

NO MILITARY SOLUTION

SO the shooting has begun. That mysterious force, the Special Boat Service (the Navy's equivalent of the Army's SAS) was on South Georgia three days before an Argentinian submarine (ex-US Navy, WW2) gave the Royal Navy's task force the excuse to go in strong to seize the island that held the demolished whaling station and the base camp for a British Antarctic Scientific Research Station.

The casualties: one injured sailor on the Argentine sub and one Briton, drowned when his helicopter accidentally ditched before going into action. A medal will undoubtedly be awarded—to the Briton.

As we go to press, British Admirals are slavering at the chops with the possibility of a great victory. Now with a marshalling base only 800 miles from the Falklands themselves, the possibilities of showing

the USA just how you go in with a rescuing force of SBS, SAS, Paratroopers, Marines, 'hunt-&-kill' submarines, air superiority, naval gun power, a frogman force relaying information from the land—all the strength of a professional organisation of killers—makes the result a virtual certainty.

If only President Carter had called in the British to rescue the hostages in Iran, he might be President yet! Even the desert at night is not as hostile as the South Atlantic as winter draws on.

So there is great international prestige in power terms to be won for Mrs Thatcher if this operation goes well. (Britain no longer a second-rate Power?). If it fails, she will almost certainly follow the trail laid by Anthony Eden after Suez—she will break down and crawl away to oblivion in the House of Lords. Anybody who

saw her performance in the Panorama programme last Monday can hardly fail to note that she is on the brink of breakdown already.

But the seizure of the Falklands is hardly likely to fail. But what then? If Argentina is beaten off by force, why should she do any kind of deal for 'sharing sovereignty' or administration? A military victory does not mean a solution. An armed truce could go on for ever—for Argentina will find allies to help her beat any economic blockade and perhaps even a naval one—for how can Britain maintain forever a costly exercise 8000 miles from home?

The most significant ally will of course be the Soviet Union—dependent upon the Argentine for a significant portion of her wheat supply and happy to replace

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**MIND
HOW
YOU GO!**

FOLLOWING the ATS raid of 1.4.82 at FREEDOM and Little @ premises, harassment of anarchists continues. The latest example of this disturbing new trend took place on Monday 26.4.82. A FREEDOM reader who had been to the bookshop only twice, and that in the last fortnight, reports that he was visited by Special Branch at work. He was called into his manager's office where he was interviewed for half an hour by a Detective Sergeant from Special Branch. It was made perfectly clear to him, by the police, that his continued association in the FREEDOM Bookshop was frowned upon, and could cost him his job. We have also heard that a 'Peace News' paper seller suffered exactly the same fate at almost exactly the same time.

Bearing in mind the arrest of 10 anarchists in Glasgow while distributing their local paper 'Practical Anarchy' this begins to add up to increased police pressure upon dissident voices in Britain. Perhaps the lack of large scale riots has left them concentrating on less spectacular forms of dissent.

Without wishing to create an irrational air of paranoia we feel we must warn readers to take particular care about what they are heard to say and seen to do (and which bookshops they visit). We would much appreciate reports back from any other anarchists/groups who are suffering a similar fate at the hands of the forces of 'Law and Order'.

EDS



POLICE ON THEIR WAY TO FREEDOM BOOKSHOP ???

Continued from front page

the USA in Argentine affections. So, anything can happen once the Islands have been 'reclaimed'.

It has been calculated that with the money being spent on these military adventures— from both sides—every sheep farmer on the Falklands could have been given about £400,000 and a croft in the depopulated highlands of Scotland—rather more hospitable than Falkland and much nearer to the protective embrace of Westminster! More British, even.

But then Maggie would have missed her moment of glory—which might win

her the next election, far outweighing the misery of 3,000,000 of Our Own People suffering from her capitalist policies here at home. And who will pay for her glory? Along with all of us—those same three million, for the next measure lined up on the statute book for the defence of our freedom is the taxation of unemployment pay—while child benefits are to be withdrawn.

This is what capitalism means; this is what statism means; this is what nationalism and patriotism means. The many are robbed and killed for the power and the glory of the few.

Planning permanent oppression

WHILE all good democrats in the West are pointing the finger of scorn at General Jaruzelski and his martial law in Poland, a similar condition in part of Great Britain has assumed the air of permanence.

Martial law, of course, has not been declared in Northern Ireland — just a jolly old 'State of Emergency' — which is the British democratic way of doing the same thing without seeming to. Both 'martial law' and 'state of emergency' are supposed to describe temporary conditions in a troubled state — conditions laid upon the people by their authorities to 'restore law and order' and then when things are back to normal (ie, the troublemakers have been crushed) the abnormal restrictions are removed and it's business as usual.

When Jaruzelski introduced martial law in Poland he was very careful to say that it would only be temporary. Only for as long as it took to destroy Solidarity, which seems to be taking longer than he thought. When the Labour British Government sent mainland British troops over to Northern Ireland in 1969, it was to 'keep the peace' between Catholics and Protestants and the first thing they did was to erect barbed wire barricades between the two communities. It was to be a temporary measure.

The Brits are now in their thirteenth year in Ireland, and not only has their presence taken on the air of permanence but their administration is now quietly indulging in practices which are literally *building-in* the divisions they were sent to resolve.

The barbed wire barricade is proving to be relatively temporary — only because it is being replaced by *permanent* brick walls, 20 feet high and of a strength specified by the military who, without any statutory right, is dictating to the (probably willing) Northern Ireland Housing Executive what they want and where, in any housing projects going on.

Within pedestrian areas, 'walkways' are being made wide enough and with strong enough foundations to take heavy military vehicles; community building plans are

altered — like one in the Ardoyne, which has a chronic housing shortage, where the army demanded a group of houses removed from the plan.

And round them all, cutting off the communities that occupation has failed to pacify — those bloody great walls, establishing the boundaries of the ghettos.

Ironically, the very day after this story was reported in the *Guardian*, the BBC presented a long radio 'documentary drama' on the uprising in the Warsaw ghetto in 1943 — an event sparked off by the building of high walls around the ghetto by order of the Nazis. Of course Jewish and Polish workers provided the labour, just as have the Catholics and the Protestants in Belfast — building their own cages.

Twenty years later, East German workers — some of whom, after all, might have survived service in Warsaw — were themselves building the Berlin wall, not to keep intruders out, but to keep themselves in.

But then — haven't workers always built their own prisons? And the political complexion of their governments has never made the slightest difference.

PS

The World of the State

They say everything is connected. And so it is, particularly where imperial relations are concerned.

As a fellow member of the Organization of American States (OAS) together with Argentina, the USA has been careful not to condemn too harshly the Argentinian occupation of the Falkland Islands. Besides, the USA also needs some semblance of impartiality for credibility since it is trying to play the role of a mediator,

and the image of a world's policeman is enhanced if he sometimes also plays the world's referee.

The other policeman of the world, the USSR, is supposed to be a left-wing state whilst Argentina is supposed to be a right-wing one, so it might be reasonably supposed that Moscow would censure the Argentinian invasion of the Falklands. Yet this was not to be, for on sensing world opinion in the body of the United Nations already going against the Argentinian position, and with memories of its own presence in Afghanistan freshly in mind, the USSR has instead become more warmly disposed to Argentina than it would have been.

This has made the USA, currently no great ally of the USSR, become less warmly disposed to Argentina than it could have been. But the sacred impartiality of the Great Mediator still has to be preserved, and as Washington fidgets uncomfortably, Haig's ignorance for once passes for cool imperturbability....

Meanwhile, the EEC have decided to back Britain, if only to make the upstart member feel a little better and perhaps forget all about the recent wranglings about more privileges and having to pay less money. All European countries are ready to back Britain except, of course, Spain, which has memories and reservations about Gibraltar freshly in mind....

And the latest clone as Foreign Secretary, Francis Pym, is able to impress the insecure in the House of Commons by claiming that Britain does not appease dictators.... presumably these dictators must be Argentinian ones, since Britain seems all set to strike a deal with Chilean dictators.

So the verbal battle even after the shooting has started goes on, with the Argentians inventing historical reasons for claiming the habitat, and Britain inventing imperial reasons for claiming the habitation, with neither side prepared to admit that what must be most attractive is the accompanying economic claim to the oil, and the political claim to ruling credibility and to the patriotism of the Argentinians in Argentina and the British in Britain in this Age of Monetarist Uncertainty for both governments....

BUNN NAGARA

IN BRIEF

THE pope has told 4,000 housekeepers, who work at the homes of bishops and priests, that they 'cannot thank God too much' for giving them the opportunity to serve the clergy. Meanwhile, His Holiness has problems with his forthcoming visit to Britain & Argentina, so that the tour may have to be cancelled. However, this would not cause too much distress, tickets are reported to be going very slowly. A spokesperson for the organisers has put on an optimistic front, there is time for an improvement.

STIRRINGS FROM OVER THE WATER

A well known comrade is managing to stir up events even in placid Orkney. A neighbour had put in a planning application on the island of Sanday. Stuart Christie and Brenda Earl noticed this, put together a few seemingly unrelated points and found that the gentleman was none other than Brigadier Dennison, late of Her Majesty's armed forces and long time mercenary. He went to Oman in the 1950's, and organised the late Sultan's security forces. Later, the Sultan became unreliable from the point of view of Western interests, so he was deposed in favour of the present Sultan Qabus. The Brigadier continued in his influential position. Ostensibly, he was simply an employee of the Sultan. However, his work must have been made much easier by the large numbers of other British soldiers, who were also acting as advisors. The procedure was to resign, take up the post in Oman and then, after returning to Britain, find one's old position and rank somehow still available. In the 1970's there was a guerilla war in Oman. The Sultan's forces were also helped by Iran, at that time a good ally of the west. The Omani campaign, just across the Gulf, gave wonderful training opportunities. The war is now over. Sultan Qabus, still firmly in power visited Britain a few weeks ago.

Stuart and Brenda publicised his identity. The local press was indignant, after all the Brigadier had been serving democracy. They spoiled their case somewhat, by chopping about a letter from Stuart, cutting some bits, interpolating their own views and completely misrepresenting his. The story is continuing to spread, being picked up by other papers and local radio. Experts on the Middle East, like Fred Halliday, have been consulted from afar. If the stir continues to spread, it will soon reach the national press.

Brigadier Dennison is not available for comment. He is rarely on the island. Commuting must be a problem.

DP

PORTON DOWN DEMO

On April 24th a demonstration was held in Salisbury followed by a march to Porten Down. About 3,000 Animal Activists took part to protest against the use of animals in Chemical and Biological Warfare Research. We arrived at Porten Down at 4 o'clock. The main chant was 'What do we want? "Animal Liberation". When do we want it? Now!' Feelings were running high among the protestors. A group of about 20-30 people mainly from the ALF and Hunt Sabs pushed at the gates scuffling with the police. A smoke bomb was thrown. Then a breakaway group of about twenty young anarchist punks bravely jumped over the eight feet high barbed wire fence. The police were completely taken by surprise. Then the fence was pulled down and at least 75% of the protestors followed the lead given by the punks. They quickly ran across the fields nearer to the main buildings, coming closer and closer to the main buildings. The police reformed at each fence but to

no avail. Each fence was pulled down by protestors. Finally the demonstrators came close enough to stone the buildings breaking windows. The police (civil, MOD, dogs, plainclothes and probably armed) were there in force, about 500. The protestors remained there for an hour. Long enough for the police and authorities. A few arrests were made by the police. Young punks, I think.

The demo was really well organised by the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection.

Their address is: BUAV, 143 Charing Cross Road, London WC2 0EE. Tel: 01-734 2691. Membership £2.00 pa.

Also good are Animal Aid, 111 High St, Tonbridge, Kent. Membership £4.00, £2.00 to unwaged, students, OAP etc, and Animal Liberation Front: ALF, Box 190, 8 Elm Avenue, Nottingham, England.

Anti-Authoritarianism = Anti Speciesism

PETER T

SCRAM ATTACK

THE Scottish Campaign to Resist the Nuclear Menace has been attacked by fire. Their library in Edinburgh was completely destroyed in an arson attack on April 16th. The library was the most comprehensive of its kind in this country. It contained material on nuclear energy collected over seven years. Some of this is irreplaceable. An electric typewriter and a duplicator were also destroyed. If smoke had not been noticed by a passerby the whole office would have been destroyed. SCRAM say 'We have no idea who carried out this act of aggression against SCRAM, but there must be many organisations who would like to see SCRAM immobilised now that our case against nuclear energy is so strong. We are sure that our many supporters will rally round at this time of need. Our campaigning will continue unabated.' It is suggested that the most likely perpetrators are the British Movement. Donations are asked for: SCRAM, 30 Frederick Street, Edinburgh. EH2 2JR

SCAT ATTACK

ON Saturday 10th April at the SCAT (Scottish campaign against Trident) demo, 5 Clydeside A's and 5 punk A's were arrested for giving out free Practical Anarchy newspapers and charged with either (1) Distributing leaflets of a violent and offensive nature. (2) Breach of the peace, depending on which police station they were taken to.

The reason for the arrests was in no way political but due entirely to the use of the word fuck in the headline FUCK THE FALKLANDS.

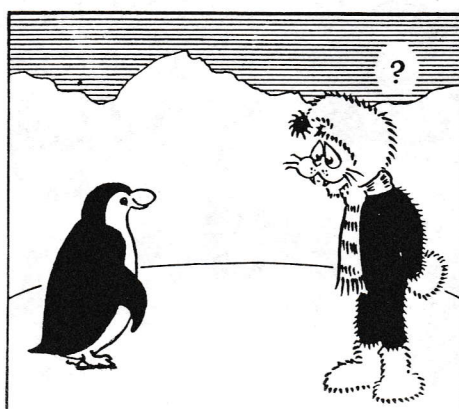
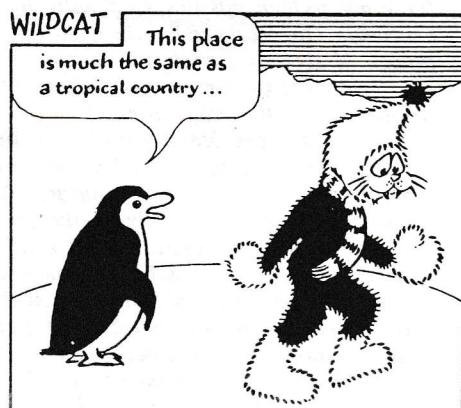
Anyone wishing further info etc write to—Glasgow Bookshop Collective, Box 3, 488 Great Western Rd, Glasgow G12.

A SAE would be appreciated.

GORDON N secy (reluctant)
Clydeside A's

ERRATUM

On page 13 of our Review section, a reference is made to a TV series, wrongly titled 'Cause for Concern'. It should have been 'Rough Justice'. Sorry!



Greenham Common

'My responsibility is to act against preparations for nuclear genocide, I choose to do this by visible acts of nonviolent resistance.'

Georgina Smith
(aged 52 from Leamington)

STREET THEATRE IN COURT or HOW THE WOMEN OF GREENHAM COMMON PEACE CAMP MADE THE LAW LOOK AN EVEN BIGGER ASS!

NEWBURY is a small market town, best known for its racecourse and the nearby USAF airbase of Greenham Common. When the women from the Peace Camp appeared in court they gave individual performances of star quality. All were charged with 'wilfully obstructing the highway', when, as several pointed out that it was the police who obstructed the Highway. They also obstructed a hole cut in the fence to allow traffic in and out of the airbase.

As only one of the 34 women arrested was defended by a solicitor, the others simply made individual and powerful statements. These silenced officials and the public but caused outbursts of applause after each woman finished. The statements speak for themselves.

Unfortunately, it would need photographs to give an idea of the impact of their visual appearance. Some women wore feathers American-Indian style, others face paints and baggy trousers. Seven musicians from the Fall-Out Marching Band played outside the court, adding a carnival atmosphere. Families gathered outside, there was also good support from Newbury CND group.

Susan Hancock from Edinburgh said, 'I don't recognise the authority of this court. I was obstructing those who would destroy us all.'

Nara Greenway and her fellow Buddhist Nuns stood to make their individual statements. They began with a prayer chant which completely perplexed the court officials, not knowing if it might go on for hours. Then, in eloquent, simple statements, they stressed the individual responsibility of everyone in the courtroom to take action for peace. Whereas all the other defendants were fined £25, they were fined only £1 each, since they had 'no means'. Many of the women said they would not pay the fine, since they believed that it was the officials responsible for bases who should be in the dock. Anxief Robyns from London said, 'We have to take responsibility for people and animals. I think that what I was doing was responsible.'

Sue Cowgill, a teacher from Lancaster, 'I refuse to allow my children to be placed under the trust of politicians.' Her twin sister Liz Cowgill made one of the most impressive speeches. It held everyone's attention. 'I have worked in Indonesia and seen how the West encourages military expenditure. "Cruise" is a "first strike" missile—the latest horror weapon. I was witnessing with my body, as one nonviolent step. Nuclear policies are politically and morally indefensible.'

Jane Lockwood from Wolverhampton didn't make a verbal statement. She put on a deathmask and assumed the role of a skeleton.

At the very end of the case, a new feminist version of 'Down by the Riverside', entertained the court officials. A saxophone came out of its case, played by Jenny Perringer, which might be a case for the Guinness Book of Records(!). So the Fall-Out Marching Band played a gig in No 1 court, Newbury, Wed 21st April 1982.

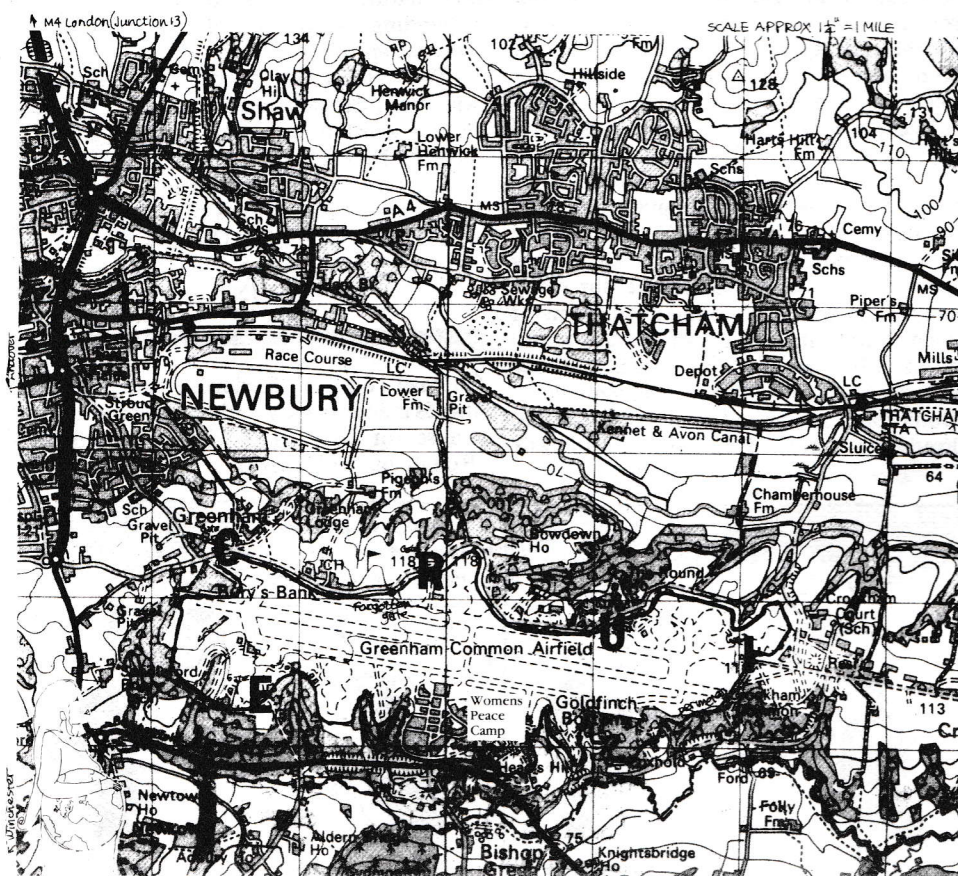
Greenham Common Peace Camp goes on. New ones are springing up all over the country. This week has BURGHFIELD, twin town to Aldermaston (and only 5 miles away) in the plutonium stakes, put back on the map with the first peace camp at a totally British Institution. Burghfield, you may remember, was left off the new edition of the Ordnance Survey maps.

What is Burghfield Royal Ordnance Factory?

The Ministry of Defence has instructed the Ordnance Survey not to include the site of Burghfield weapons factory on their maps.

The policy is in line with the secrecy that has always surrounded the activities of the factory. What we do know is that Polaris warheads are manufactured at Burghfield and that Trident nuclear missiles are to be produced here in conjunction with Aldermaston in the near future. Large convoys are frequently seen on the roads between these two sites; these convoys carry radioactive plutonium for use in the warheads. In one Polaris submarine there are sixteen missiles, each with three warheads. One warhead has the destructive power of sixteen Hiroshima bombs. The new Trident II submarine has the capacity of over 2,000 Hiroshima bombs.

Linked to the development of the missiles, the nuclear industry presents grave health and pollution hazards to people in Britain, especially in the areas around nuclear installations. At similar plants in America, it has been found that cancer rates are much higher amongst the local people than elsewhere: Burghfield releases more radioactivity than these establishments, and we therefore believe that the risks here are at least as great.



FRANKFURT MARCH

I joined the 50,000 or so other souls at the end of the Marburg to Frankfurt march against the atomic industry. The weather was foul and we people who arrived in coaches were glad that we weren't in that part of the march which had walked from Marburg 2 days earlier. Intense cold, high winds and hail took most of the pleasure out of walking.

At the assembly point I felt like I was an alien just stepping out of my flying saucer, but, in reality I saw only a few differences between this and other similar rallies in GB. The same trendy lefty hairy males in worn dufflecoats trying to sell the same worn lefty ideas, every faction trying to ignore the others in as comradely a way as possible, because they, and they only, have the right to lead the workers, etc, etc. Germany has no or little Libertarian tradition and the authoritarian parties are very well organised. The Communist Party (DKP) especially has eg, free local papers, which contain much useful information, and the DKP in general has a very polished style and good packaging, pity about the politics.

Looking around I eventually spotted a rainbow flag, except that rainbows don't normally have black in them, could this be a message? I joined this group, who were individualist in politics, for some time, but the question continually on my mind was 'where are the organised Anarchists?'

We spent the next hours walking, stopping only to eat and drink. I had started at 05.00 hrs, and it was now 16.00 hrs, I was about dead. Suddenly, confusion. A large black flag, sporting a rainbow and black star was surging ahead. 'Oh, it's pretty' said someone behind me, 'my God, it's the Anarchists!' came a reply. With Green and Rainbow flags around them they were making a bid for the head of the column. Scuffles broke out. The stewards were pouring in. The black flag was down on the ground. Then up again. Short fight. Agreement. 'You can walk where you like, but not right at the front.' The people, who I was now with, fell back. The Reds, now united (against us) rushed forwards and dominated the front. The

stewards, mostly from the Labour Party (SDAJ) made no attempt to stop them. Revenge can be sweet, around the next corner the final rally was bedecked with Blackflags and banners, with many Green and Rainbow-and-Black evident (I particularly liked the black and lavender striped one, which had white interlinked symbols on). The Anarchists had got there first and were surrounded by a densely packed crowd who had come to hear the music, and consequently the Reds couldn't get through to get their banners on TV. The frustrated grinding of 1,000 Leninist molars was evident.

There are lessons to be learned from all this. Leninists hate organized Anarchists. Anarchism in a comprehensible form is directly against their religion, and, like all religious fanatics, they will stop at nothing to put a spanner in your works (in a comradely way). Incidents like the one described above mostly reinforce the popular illusion that Anarchists are crazy egoists who just cause trouble. Intervention or support must be intelligently prepared and organized. In Frankfurt the Anarchists handed out no literature, and had no papers on sale. This was a mistake.

What about marches in general? This one was very well organized and had obviously cost a lot in terms of money and manpower. I spoke to one of the organizers later. He said they were following a tradition started by the Aldermaston marches. This made me think of all the money and effort spent on marches since. Has it been cost effective? Would direct action have been better? Furthermore, doesn't sending people on marches once a year 'for peace' just give them a sense of duty done, free to relax until next year. Listening to the radio in the coach on the way back the jubilation on hearing the numbers in the various marches was evident. 50,000 here, 200,000 there, 120,000 elsewhere, OK, good, impressive, sense of solidarity, but the overall effect of playing the numbers game is questionable. The governing bodies just shit more quietly in somewhere more remote. Marches don't work. Torness should have told us that.

Beyond the Bullshit

OVER the last 2 years a conference of (some) anarchists has been held at Oxford. This year the format and the location is different—less talk, more action and a squatted building for a venue.

Brixton Anarchists are organising this 'Beyond the Bullshit' event. They write: 'We hope that EVERYONE will decide to come—wherever you're based, whether you're an anarchist, anarcho-syndicalist, anarchist-feminist, libertarian socialist...etc It's an ideal opportunity for everyone to find out what's been happening—or not—around the country and for people to make new contacts.'

We will try and find accommodation for everyone who turns up, but please let us know in advance if you're coming. Phone us on 01-274 6655 or write to us at 121 Railton Road, London SE24. Bring sleeping-bags with you.'

If you've got any ideas about the weekend, then send in the details. A few suggestions for possible discussion topics have already been made. These include—

Civil disturbances/creative vandalism
Squatting and the refusal to pay
Expropriation—exchanging techniques
The Right to Shirk

Pornography, rape and sexism
Fascism, Bolshevism—fighting back
Tape exchange network/media access
Please be specific when offering ideas for discussion.

If you find you're unable to come, but have material to circulate, send it on. If you can come, don't forget to bring with you any locally produced material/reports (including tapes, videos, posters, stickers, badges, etc).

The venue is the Centro Iberico, 421 Harrow Road, London W10 (Westbourne Park tube). The dates are June 18-20 and the festival/weekend will get going between 5-7pm on the Friday. Cheap food will be provided as will some 'entertainment'. Facilities include a self-managed creche. Registration fee of £1 will be payable on the day.

IN BRIEF

THE poor continue to get poorer, according to a new report from the Low Pay Unit. The reason is the differential effect of inflation. The official retail prices index includes many consumer goods, which the worst off cannot buy. While this runs at 12%, an adapted index, taking into account actual spending patterns, gives inflation of 14% for the badly paid.

PRESIDENT Reagan's inaugural celebration cost a record 15.5 million dollars. The previous one, for Carter, cost 3.5 million.

AVON & Somerset have now reached one year for their experiment in traffic libertarianism. They had postulated two opposing theories for the behaviour of motorists. The first was that without the restraining influence of people in uniform, there would be chaos, anarchy one might say. The other was that, the uniformed enforcers caused their own problems. So,

they pulled out traffic wardens and police during morning and evening rush hours. The result is that there has been no increase in accidents. There has also been an improvement in traffic flow, by 1% in the morning and 4% during the evening. It is not reported that Avon and Somerset police intend to extend this approach and disband themselves entirely.

ALARMING opening to a story in the *Guardian*, 'Two armed social workers stormed the residence of a Congress MP in Delhi...'

LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTER

CRITICISMS

Dear Comrades,

I would like to dissociate myself from the current wave of criticism of FREEDOM coming from these barren northern wastes, especially as a few 'democratic centralists' in the NEAF seem motivated by a desire for their opinions to be voiced as the collective judgement of us all. (NEAF Bulletin—'any follow-up should be in the name of NEAF')

The main cry seems to be for a paper with a more 'agitational' content. If by that is meant what I think it means, I would have thought that, from a libertarian point of view, it was axiomatic that meaningful agitational literature is best, even only, produced by those actively engaged in campaigns. I hope they do not mean the same thing as leninists and other vanguardists mean by an 'agitational' paper; that is a paper produced by a central elite group for use by 'active workers' as a means towards mass recruitment—I left that behind a dozen years ago with all the other Trot garbage. If however they mean something of practical use at a local level in their own interventions then they have WILDCAT and SUBVERSIVE GRAFFITI. I know FREEDOM Press is situated in Angel Alley, but papers like they want do not descend from the sky.

The ironic think about these criticisms is that the NEAF groups between them produce a half dozen local papers—such as ANGRY (Hull), TREASON (Tyne and Wear) and SEDITIOUS WHISPERS (Doncaster)—and in addition are planning to produce a regional paper. Rather than criticise FREEDOM for not doing what it is not cut out to do, we should be putting our own houses in order, namely fitting our own output to our own campaigns and making it relevant to the 'real needs' of the locality.

The further irony is that many of the vocal critics of FREEDOM are connected with DAM, the producers of DIRECT ACTION. The embattled collective round that paper have struggled for months to get both material and the payment of bills for copies sent. No fault of theirs that No 7 was mainly remarkable for hopelessly out of date industrial news, the promise of more out of date news, and a front page article which, once you took away the swear words, comprised a great headline with an apology for the small size of the movement and a plaintive suggestion that the working class might care to take a look at the syndicalist message. That is a paper with a supreme advantage over FREEDOM in that it is produced for an organisation, committed to a specific active industrial policy—or so one is led to suppose.

There is a further demand for FREEDOM to be more newsy (on top of being agitational, theoretically coherent, etc.—

please God, send us a Jesuit—). Well, news needs reports, reports needs reporters; the reporters in our movement are by definition those involved in activity worth reporting. If enough of this does not appear in FREEDOM then it is not being reported, or it is not happening. Either because we are sitting waiting to read what others are doing or because we are too busy producing national papers, regional papers, local papers and leaflets that we have begun to measure activity in litres of duplicating ink and reams of paper.

From personal experience I have always found FREEDOM a useful means of getting things moving if ever I have wanted to make any kind of initiative at a national or local level. During a period of wild enthusiasm in the early seventies it provided me with the chance to set up a local group, my first national contacts, information about ASA which I joined, and the first step by means of which I was able to launch a Libertarian Education Network Bulletin (now superseded by a better team) though at the time I was isolated and had to do the whole lot single-handed. Those of us who have had to work from such a position have reasons to appreciate the value of FREEDOM as a contact.

So far as any other criticism of the paper's content, like anybody else I often find it remote, or trivial, or even embarrassing. However it is boring but true that the content of any paper is only as good as the contributors make it. If you don't like what appears try to go one better; if you disagree with something write and express your opposition; if you feel you have something new to say, then say it. It is a first principle of anarchism that we resent any attempt to spoonfeed us our opinions and ideas, and that we are scornful of those in other movements who accept such a position. By the same token we should not expect the FREEDOM group to spoonfeed us our agitational material like some libertarian version of Rupert Murdoch with Donald Rooum in the role of Page Three.

Given the limitations which beset a small group of writers trying to produce a regular and frequent publication for the benefit of a very diffuse movement the FREEDOM group do a good job: better than SOLIDARITY which folded through lack of commitment, or DIRECT ACTION, which struggles from issue to infrequent issue, to mention the two periodicals which should be able to do what the critics demand from the vantage point of organisations supposedly committed to active grassroots work, as part of a clear ideological commitment.

Sorry this letter has been so long, but I think the whole movement could do with a bloody good dose of SELF-criticism. I'm pleased to notice that that is happening, and the anarchist movement is coming out of the doldrums—rock on Sussex. I read about it in FREEDOM! Off me ass.

Dear FREEDOM,
Oh dearie dear! I hoped the letter from the Hull & Doncaster groups would get the non-response it deserved, but no.

They talked of the 'duty' of FREEDOM to be a 'mass agitational anarchist paper' and gave tips on how news could be telephoned into the FREEDOM office. They failed to mention the appeal by the FREEDOM editors before Christmas for news from groups and articles and they ignored the obvious fact that FREEDOM is as good or as bad as its contributors—contributors that include Hull & Doncaster groups, Tyne & Wear Anarchist Group, Stub City Anarchs.

FREEDOM can have the most fantastic editorial group but unless they receive material they have little to edit, typeset, paste-up, print, fold, wrap-up and send off. They could attempt, and do attempt to stimulate reader and group response, but many anarchists find meeting a deadline—never mind actually writing anything—a congenital impossibility.

As for a mass agitational paper and ringing in news, all I can suggest is that Hull and Doncaster pass on any tips they have to the Morning Star, Newsline and Socialist Worker, as the editors of these papers would like to know too how to go about creating a mass agitational paper. As for Busby-ing in news, well it's a well known fact that FREEDOM is staffed by a battery of reporters feet up on the Home News desk, just waiting for the day's big story to break all highly conversant with the skills of shorthand. The fact that it costs a bomb (Bomb! Get it!) to phone during the day (FREEDOM journalists are on NUJ rates after 6pm) presumably will be solved by reversing the charges, and therefore contributing even more to the Deficit Fund.

Besides the cloud-cuckoo land aspect there is also the prolier than thou attitude in these letters—an obsession with strikes, demos, action. Talk about Rentacrowd! And no smiling please, because according to Tyne & Wear, the revolution is too serious a business.

There is a paper that is libertarian, that does in an informative way report creative libertarian activity on a wide front, and that paper is Peace News. Obviously not quite macho enough for some folk, though. I happen to subscribe to FREEDOM not because I'm itching to wear my helmet and kick proof jock-strap at the next demo (any demo!) but because on the whole FREEDOM keeps in a sharper focus an anarchist critique of the world we live in.

FREEDOM is not perfect, and it may be recalled that I wrote a mildly critical letter in response to the editorial on the military take-over in Poland, but on the whole I would say the mix of editorial, news and reviews is about right. If FREEDOM is to be improved, then it is

LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LET

up to me, and you: Hull, Doncaster, Tyne & Wear, etc to make the effort and send material in, instead of carping and whining.
PETE GRAFTON

THE FUNCTIONS OF FREEDOM— EDITORIAL REPLY

OVER the years there have been a number of critical letters to FREEDOM. Many of these authors have since disappeared. The criticisms are usually similar, that the paper is somehow detached or aloof. You would think that instead of a small group of people producing a paper, after doing the other things one does in order to live, that we have a vast network of news agencies sending in information. If we get relevant information, instead of vague criticism, something can be done.

We would suggest that the functions of an anarchist paper include

- 1) Making anarchists and bringing out the anarchist feeling that is inherent in many, a difficult task given the resources available.
- 2) Reporting on and advertising events of special interest to anarchists.
- 3) Commenting from an anarchist viewpoint on current events.
- 4) Debating our disagreements and giving our fellow anarchists the benefit of our honest opinions.
- 5) Discussing the breadth of the anarchist vision which distinguishes it from left politics.
- 6) Maintaining worldwide contact amongst anarchists.

Others areas could be added and there could be disagreements about priorities and balance. That is the point about the recent letters, specifically in relation to points 2 and 3.

We are not complacent. We too find faults in the paper. But let us put it this way. If FREEDOM is to reflect an active anarchist movement then we must know what that movement is. Or, to labour the point, if all you activists out there, who are critical about not being represented by us, do not tell us what you are doing, how the hell are we expected to know?

We think that the paper has been improving. We intend that this should continue. It should continue walking its tight-rope between a discussion magazine and an events listing.

To answer a couple of specific points from recent letters. Yes, we sometimes put in something, just to ensure that we come out fortnightly. What do you want? If we are provided with more material then this would happen less frequently. And yes, some of the opinions in letters startle us. They do stimulate debate.

DOUG WAKEFIELD

Dear Comrades,
I thought you'd be interested to know that I've just finished working with a TV team from BBC 2 on a programme about Doug Wakefield, who is now serving a life sentence in Albany prison on the Isle of Wight. He has spent the past five years intermittently in solitary confinement, and the programme is about this aspect of prison. It will be one programme in a BBC 2 series called 'Brass Tacks', and the programme will be called 'Solitary'.

As many FREEDOM readers have expressed an interest in Doug's case, and many have also started writing to him as a token of their support and solidarity; you might wish to make a mention of this in a forthcoming issue of FREEDOM.

Incidentally, I am interviewed about Doug in the programme and I took the opportunity to give FREEDOM a well deserved plug by mentioning that I was only able to start corresponding with Doug following an appeal for correspondents you put in for him. You can have that plug for nothing, if they use it. With best wishes to all,
Yours fraternally,
PETER MILLER

THE POPE

Dear FREEDOM,
I see a few people have commented on my letter concerning the Pope. It wasn't my intention, as Peter Dodson felt, to attack the right of individuals to hold religious beliefs or to fuel religious sectarianism as Keith of Clydeside suggested. Having upbringing myself I was aware of sectarianism as a child (in the respectable Thames Valley never mind Clydeside). I am also aware of how religious institutions are still a powerful means of social control, protecting exploitation and preventing rebellion, however.

The Pope's visit is particularly dangerous with its potential as a media spectacular like last year's royal wedding. The system has a constant need of diversions to stop people thinking about the rotten state of society and to encourage them to practise being sheep instead. This year's forthcoming diversions to be given full media saturation include Popeye's visit, Di's baby and the world cup. The Falklands farce is proving a good diversion at the moment whipping up patriotic and nationalist hysteria but it could either fizzle out or turn very sour. We must show some alternative to the reactionary Paisleyite/Orange lodge anti-Pope protests.

Anyway, local worshippers attending

church services or masses have been reaching out and picking up Anarchist books, pamphlets and leaflets on the back's of pews where they expected to find their hymn books. Unfortunately I haven't been able to get any copies of the Anarchist Song Book; I wonder what the songs would sound like sung by a choir to organ accompaniment. And have you noticed how most religious statues have the hands just like they're holding an invisible cigarette? Just the place for a real one or perhaps put an anarchist newspaper in their hands instead.

USE YOUR IMAGINATION
PAUL COOK

IN BRIEF

HERE is a considered judgement, arrived at by carefully weighing all the evidence. There has been wide publicity for the case of Errol Madden. He confessed to the theft of a toy car, after lengthy police questioning. He had a receipt in his pocket all the time. Alan Goodson, Chief Constable of Leicestershire, was answering questions about the police complaints procedure at a conference 'Scarman & After'. He is of the opinion that an independent procedure would be prohibitively expensive and impractical. In order to secure public confidence, there could be some change for 'presentation purposes'. He was then asked about the Madden case. He said that he had not heard the details, but if it was suggested that the police enquiry was a whitewash, he did not believe it.

POLICE in Bombay detained 1,240 workers and trade unionists last week. This was a 'precautionary measure' during a 24 hour strike.

IT is a pleasant change to be able to report some perceptive words from Conor Cruise O'Brien, writing in the *Observer*. 'There is a freemasonry among governments which transcends ideology, regimes and ... General Galtieri, if fate had formed him in Finchley, would have been a democrat. Margaret Thatcher, born in Buenos Aires would have become, well, authoritarian.' Apparently, he hasn't noticed that she is anyway and he goes on to spoil this insight, by saying that a clever pig (his word) like Henry Kissinger, is preferable to 'ones who are no brighter than you have to be, in order to qualify as a pig at all'. Still, it's a step forward. Keep it up, Conor.

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Treason, Box 37, Brunswick East, Victoria, 3057.
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Rainbow Anarchists of the Free City of Christiana, c/o Allan Anarchos, Tinghuset, Fristaden Christiana, 1407 Copenhagen.
Anarkistisk Bogcage, Rosenborg- gade 12, 1130 Kobenhavn K.
Tel (01) 12 26 82.

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Stephen W Holland, age 27, 2 Gylgadynda Creke, The Mining Community Huts, NY Alesund, Spitsbergen, Svalbard A Arctic Ocean Isle.

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Syndikalistiskt Forum (anarcho- synd bookshop), Husagatans 5, 41302 Gothenburg (tel 031 132504).

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Tel: Barcelona 218 40 40, Tues/ Thurs afternoon.

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THE NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST
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MUSIC, CULTURE, RIPOFFS
Lunch (£1.00) will be available.

DESIRES

DO you live in Nottingham? Do your friends think you're cracked because of your Anarchist ideas? Do you ever get uncontrollable urges to vote or, even worse, stand for election as a Labour councillor? Well, Nottingham Anarchist Group won't be much help to you because it hasn't met for about eighteen months. This is because the regulars have moved away, or become involved in other things.

You don't have to be a fully paid up member of anything to be Anarchic, but a group that meets regularly at least gives you a chance to talk with other Anarchists, and maintains contact with other groups. I do not think there is now an organisation in Nottingham which publicises an Anarchist analysis of local events and situations, through leafletting, fly-posting etc, so please get in touch with the remnants of the old group at our contact address.

If sufficiently vast numbers of people (greater than two!) are interested, a meeting may be arranged.

Our new contact address is: 'Mushroom', 10 Heathcote St, Nottingham. Tel 582506.

WE are compiling a broadsheet/ booklet of anarchist type cartoons and would be grateful if people could send us cartoons so that we could include them. The intention is to produce the publication every month (or when there are enough cartoons) for distribution throughout the 'movement' so that they can be included in local papers, leaflets etc.

We feel that there is a need for this as at present there is a lack of material and when you've seen one cartoon you've seen them all.

All drawings sent will have to be their actual size, because we have no method of reducing.

Solidarity Project 35 Printing Collective,
1 Chapel Hill,
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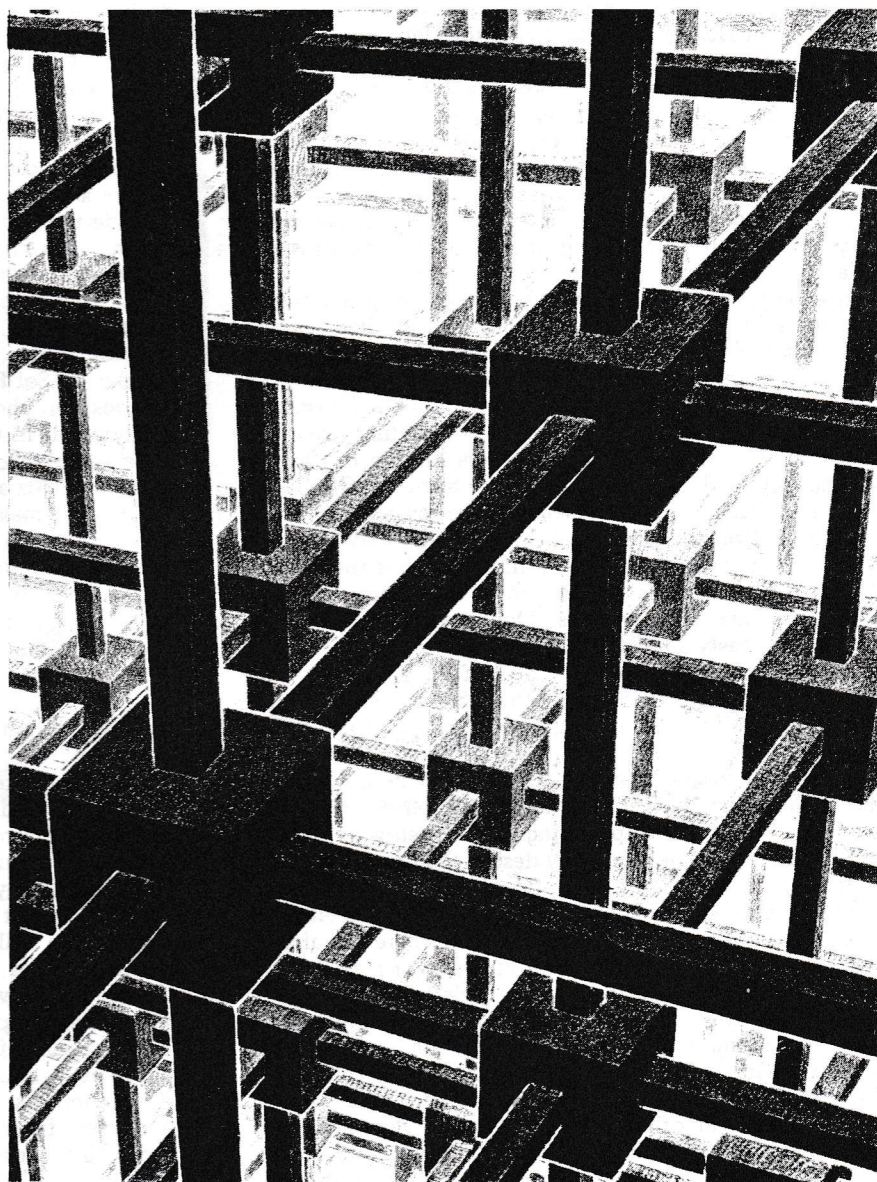


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IN HONOUR OF THE BRITISH NAVY

obstacles to freedom



THE PRISON FILM

by Mike Nellis & Christopher Hale

Published by RAP – Radical Alternatives to Prison

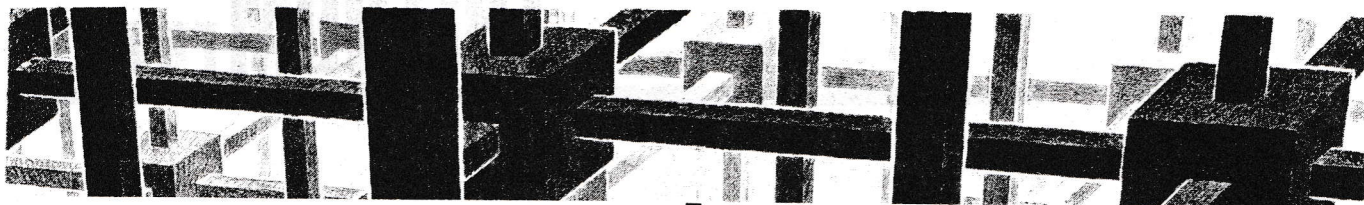
WHOEVER pictures happiness and suffering as meaningless, is a depressive, a cynic or a misanthropist. Prisoners survive gaol in different ways. No matter whether they are villains, politicians, Jehovah's Witnesses, or nobody in particular, their very survival is a triumph of indomitability. Their spirit is not broken – nothing can break them! 'At certain times you feel astonishingly free.' (Victor Serge, *Men in Prison*.) That quality is what we admire and celebrate in the best prison movies.

The main part of this booklet is based on Mike Nellis' useful *Notes About the Prison Film*, which accompanied a season 3 years ago at the Scala Cinema in London. It helps us to understand the strengths and limitations of films about prison. The aim is 'to stimulate discussion of the ways in which life inside prison has been misrepresented by the various media – press, TV and the cinema.' That is too ambi-

tious. Mike Nellis entitles his piece *The American Prison Movie* (although he writes about some others too.) There is nothing about TV.

It is interesting to learn that there have been over 300 prison movies. These amount to an important aspect of movie production, a genre. It is good to be reminded of such marvellous films as *I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, or *Cool Hand Luke*, or *Attica*. However, the booklet is not just a detailed shopping list for a small elite of movie enthusiasts at the co-organised National Film Theatre prison film season. Not only have these movies reached a mass audience in the cinema's heyday, many of them are now reaching the millions again through TV, like the classic *Birdman of Alcatraz* a month ago.

Nellis underlines that the popularity of American prison films cannot be explained by any single factor like the appeal of cussedness or morbidity, and certainly not by public concern for the state of the prisons. Certain directors and writers tended to specialise in this field. Sometimes the same screenplay was used more than once. There was a



peak in the thirties (as with other aspects of cinema entertainment – Walt Disney often said that the Depression was his greatest ally in assembling a talented staff) and a revival in the seventies. More recently, press exposes, gay liberation and permissiveness brought sexuality to the fore in the prison film. Homosexuality was, Nellis writes, one of the few new ingredients to be added to prison movies. It served, he says the customary purposes of deepening the bond between prisoners and, where rape occurred, increased the range of barbarities for which prison could be held responsible.

It emerges from Nellis' short history of the prison movie that there have been many subjects with at times similar preoccupations and appeal, from crime films to the POW film to the army film and the asylum film. Compare *Cool Hand Luke* inspiring his fellow-convicts to lay the tarmac in double-quick time, one of the most exhilarating sequences in the movies, with the lunatics' illegal fishing trip led by MacMurphy and their triumphant return, in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. Nellis expresses qualms about anarchic individuals like MacMurphy of *One Flew*, who rekindle self, rebellion and liberty in others, but are not nice to know. That is more or less true of many stars in prison films, as in many other films. Think of James Cagney in *White Heat*, nasty and formidable.

Movies rarely have any practical effects. No filmmaker can take as his or her realistic motto Thomas Paine's fulfilled hope that he had lived a life of honest and useful labour. A film may make us thrill, laugh, or cry, in a word entertain us. Film may affect morale. It may offer new information and fresh insights. It may have the inspiring effect of positive example. The America-purifying poster below – old but grimly topical – is nearer to my desires than to the facts.

If a film is made with exceptional skill, it is more likely to be effective. Mike Nellis' surprise that *Birdman of Alcatraz* was singled out for official criticism when 'there had already been hundreds of inferior prison movies which might conceivably have had this effect' – may be largely explained by the fact that this film, based on a great bestselling book, with fine acting by the star Burt Lancaster and first-class work in every department of filmmaking, was better than the rest. At times Nellis hardly seems to realise what he freely declares at other times, that some films are better than others. Silly people snoot at 'making value judgments'. If, like most film critics, you concentrate on describing the content of a film and theorizing about it and exclude consideration of the skills that went into the making of the film, it becomes harder to see why and how one film is out of the ordinary.

REALISM

Nellis calls *Cool Hand Luke* 'in the main, a realistic film'. It is not specious but professional to point out that at all times this 'realism' is effect as well as intention. With film as with writing and so much else, honest intentions are not enough. You have to work really hard to realise those intentions. Sometimes the effect may be more honest than the intentions. (Money helps, too.) There is nothing intrinsically

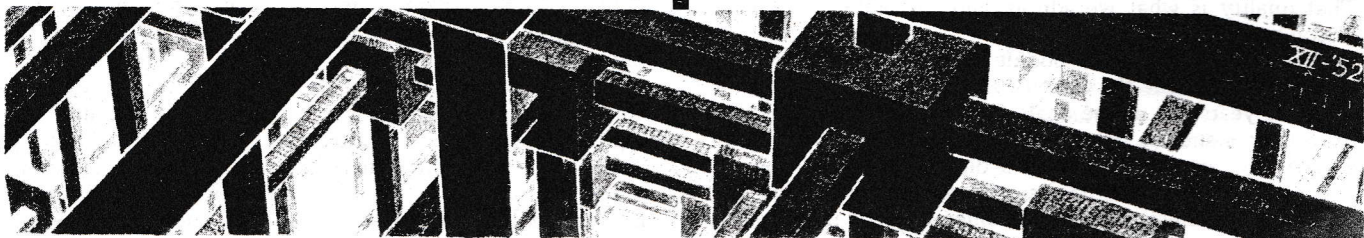
realistic about, for instance, the selective use of the telephoto lens in the prisoners' hut at night. It is appropriate. The spectacular dawn shots as the work lorries grind out of the prison are a technical and artistic choice – like the bizarre opening close-ups of the heads of parking meters being sawn off by the drunken Luke. (This is a clever suspense device, because we can't tell at first what is going on, and this is also the only scene in the film which is completely outside the prison world.) I might call Conrad Hall's photography (*Marathon Man*, numerous *Outer Limits*) glorious. I can't call it realistic.

As well as praising Paul Muni for his characteristically convincing and radical performance in *I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, Nellis might have mentioned the cinematography by Sol Polito – not less realistic because Polito was famous for photographing the best musical sequences in Hollywood. In the early 1930's – much as now, or at any time – Hollywood technicians were hailing the latest inventions in lights and film stocks as heralding greater realism. What they meant was that these new techniques enabled them to do their jobs, ie, create effects for the audience, ever more skillfully and believably. Social habits of perception change. If you expect realism as we think of it nowadays, the photographs in, say, the 1931 *American Cinematography Annual* may seem stylised, peculiar, even comical; otherwise, they're brilliant.

Technical and artistic thoughts as well as political ones are in my mind, when I wonder how realistic a current TV documentary is.

Nellis has some discussion of prison films as entertainment. The reader must bear in mind that politicians should not hiss entertainment in order to applaud commitment. The two are usually diffused into one another. It is true that technicians may become so involved with the niceties of their craft, that they hardly think about how what they are absorbed in will end up – eg lighting a TV ad. That sort of absorption has existed across the centuries whatever the product and whether the consumer was aristocratic or middleclass or popular. You do your job as well as you can. Nothing shameful about that. It is praiseworthy. As Marx wrote at his most blackly ironical, crime does not only produce criminals, it also produces lawyers, professors of law and scientific inventions like the lock, perfected by worthy technicians, and it also stimulates the emotions through literature and the theatre. And through film. Being aware of such ambivalence is not being on the path to cynicism.

Nellis examines *I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, and tells how its effects were more radical than its makers intended. This 1932 movie was based on the story of the wrongful conviction and suffering on the chain gang and escape from it, of a man in Georgia. As a result of the film, of a Court hearing and of newspaper publicity, and investigation led to the dismissal of a few wardens, and a reduction in the use of chains. It took 10 years before a new state governor, anxious to restore the good name of Georgia, finally abolished the wearing of stripes, shackles, and leg irons. A year later he pardoned the victim. Nellis doubts whether this great film would have had any impact at all,





had not its Northern-state supporters stressed how un-American and alien such a practice as the Georgian gang was. To me, it would still be a great film. That's a film fanatic for you.

What Nellis writes of the movie *I Want to Live* is not very different from the effects of *Birdman of Alcatraz*: 'The Pulitzer Prize-winning publicity which the newsman Ed Montgomery gave to Barbara Graham's case helped to turn public opinion against capital punishment but was insufficient to save Graham herself.' The birdman Robert Stroud died before he could be pardoned. Like Malcolm X, he set an example for thousands or millions.

One basic point Nellis makes is as follows: 'Prison films are a supplement to the press...They reinforce each other's stories and occasionally imitate each other's style, being by turns 'documentary' or 'sensational' depending on what effect is intended. They give depth and colour to prison news and, like crime reporting and the public executions of old, they help to mark out important boundaries in the public awareness — between freedom and constraint, between good and evil, and in extremis, between the living and the dead.' To this comment, Nellis adds that even the best of them are surrounded by an air of fiction and unreality: they are 'only movies'.

I would like to have seen this crucial link between crime and the press further explored and illustrated. I'd like to know, for example, how the (not mentioned) movie *Sacco & Vanzetti* of 1971 ('Here's to, Nicolo & Bart' movie theme by Joan Baez) was received and distributed in the USA. I still know next to nothing of how the newspapers across that vast country present crime and prison.

Nellis' view is that prison films engage the psyche not the conscience. He ends by declaring that 'Ultimately, it matters little that prison movies are so uninformative about prison life, or that their commitment to reform has not been taken seriously.' This statement is fair enough for American prison movies. It is far removed from films about prison and crime on British TV, which touch RAP's aims much more intimately.

More might also be said or speculated about practical effects. There is a time and a place when the showing of a film to a certain audience may have far more powerful impact than in the West End or in a local cinema. I'm thinking of when I saw *Attica*, the 1973 documentary story of the largely black prison riot of 2 years before and its vicious suppression, with its strong interviews with self-aware convicts, in a black community centre in Railton Road, Brixton. The recent Australian prison riot movie *Stir* may well have had consequences in Australia, I don't know, though I find the film deplorable from every point of view.

There are moments when public opinion is unusually susceptible. The Rape episode of the Thames Valley Police documentary series on BBC TV would not have caused such a public uproar, if it had not fed the controversy sustained by women's organisations, inflamed by the notorious legal judgments condoning rape. However good the cause, there's a lot of chance about. Coppola didn't make *The Conversation* because of Watergate. That was in the future, and the film

came out in an atmosphere sinister with bugging.

The powers-that-be weighed heavily on Stanley Baker when he made the movie *Robbery*. There is no way that you can appreciate from this film the mass popularity of the Great Train Robbers. Baker wasn't allowed to make the populist film he wanted about villains. He had to make do with following it by *Where's Jack?*, and retreat into history with his almost millennial ending to the populist tale of the highwayman Jack Sheppard. This film might have been different and had a different significance, if Baker had made the earlier film he wanted to make — *Where's Jack?* might not have been made at all.

There are practical ambiguities, too. I'd be chary of recommending an individualistic troublemaker in prison to see *Cool Hand Luke*, for its message is not only of indomitability. Luke also gets shot on and finally murdered by the unyielding authorities. 'Take it easy', I'd have to say to my friend: 'We want you to survive.' *The Glasshouse* is more explicitly anti-individualistic, as Nellis points out. The grim realities of prison are always behind and around the solo resister.

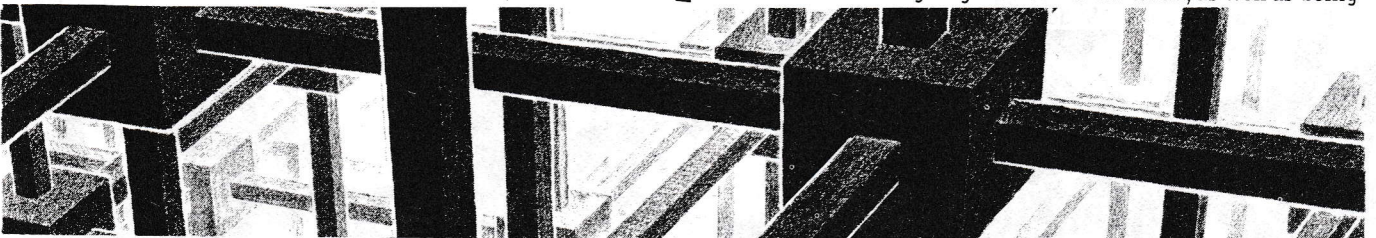
BRITISH TV

Britain is home to RAP. In our context of crime and prison, the prison film has come to mean TV. In several respects, British TV films — all the more important in the absence of a native film industry — contradict Nellis' comments about American prison movies. I'd like to have seen his essay extended and tested. Unfortunately the other part of the booklet, *Punishment & the Visible* by Christopher Hale, is academic, pretentious, and insensitive. Page after page about Bentham and Howard and Dickens and Lombroso do not compensate for the absence of the *Law & Order* series. Better not to mention TV at all, than to be briefly trivial about it. I'd like to put in a word for *Porridge*, too. Ronnie Barker as Fletcher is very reactionary but also very funny.

Two British TV documentary series, one drama series, one drama-documentary and several one-off documentaries cast a unique light on the entertainment business in Britain. The showing of the *Police* series is (as its makers Stewart & Graef hope) getting nearer to affecting life, to getting made, than I might have imagined possible. (Only a fool could say it has nothing to do with prison.) This is because for the first time the public is seeing, on TV, not with actors and actresses, what goes on in police routines. There was no intention of making a yellow press expose, or the police force would not have allowed the series to be made and shown. This series opens our eyes. If the crude police behaviour in the Rape episode is how the police treat what they themselves describe as 'a sensitive area', it is frightening to think how they behave in 'less sensitive' areas. This kind of film calls for all sorts of practical responses.

STRANGWAYS PRISON

The *Strangeways* documentary series — and a series is the more effective for going on week after week, as well as being





repeated — was less likely to stimulate direct practical responses, but equally eye-opening. We were given new information, new insights, new perspectives. 4 patronising and dismissive lines in Chris Hale's essay is not good enough: it displays a disturbing lack of humanity, and a closed mind towards new experience. There are still areas in our society where just getting a camera there and taking pictures is like being a Victorian explorer. Even more so, when the building is itself Victorian, and conditions the inmates and guards accordingly, no matter how society has changed. Who can think of prison in the same ways after seeing — amongst many other things — Christmas in Strangeways, or the young delinquent brothers interviewed in their cell, of the tight-arsed deliberations of the prison visitors, or the submarine-like shots along the heavily gloss-painted corridors of the prison? We could almost smell the disinfectant. Black-and-white is no longer the colour of reality.

The drama-documentary *A Sense of Freedom* was based on Jimmy Boyle's saga from Glasgow gangland to Barlinnie Open Prison. Boyle sculpts now, still in prison. It was liberating in the same way as several American movies, for example in the exalting sequence when Boyle picks a hole through the wall into the next cell, and then, aided by his fellow convicts, into the next cell — and the next, sitting back to roar with laughter, framed by the successive gaps in the wall. There was also a determined attempt in this film to convey the stifling monotony of prison life. This film was as enviably photographed by Chris Menges as any American prison movie. Incidentally, we say Jimmy Boyle smearing his cell with excrement long before the IRA 'dirty protest' was heard of.

As the producer said, this was the story of a man who wouldn't lie down. In this respect, Nellis might call it a 'conventional' prison film. Such categorisation and simplification smacks of theory and of authority and of bureaucracy; with the addition of brutality, that is how prisoners are treated. Not every convict is such a strong personality, however. Different people, different responses, as Cohen & Taylor showed so originally in their book *Psychological Survival*. Not every one has the potential to be a sculptor or study for a university degree. Not everyone wants to. The *Strangeways* series told us a lot more about ordinary people.

It seems very odd not to mention the *Law & Order* series in this booklet. Its writer G F Newman is a bestselling novelist. His many-layered creation of the linked worlds of the policeman, the villain, the law courts and prison was recreated on TV with similar subtlety. Corruption stinks, and is almost overpowering. (Of all American movies, only *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*, has the same bleak banality of corruption.) Nellis wrote in his *Notes on the Prison Film*: 'The Prison Officers Association's wholly negative reaction to *The Prisoner's Tale* in the *Law & Order* series, and their opposition to the televising of *Scum*, Roy Minton's play about borstals, is one of the more unappealing examples of interference in media policy that have occurred in recent years. Juvenile crime badly needs its equivalent of *Cathy Come Home*, and *Scum* could well have been it. Although it is being remade as a feature film...., this is not the same as having the status of a BBC Play for Today.'

The extraordinary ATV documentary *Broadmoor* was a

reminder how few say-so's it takes to be imprisoned there, and how violence and drugs intermingle in the treatment of prisoners. The regular imposition of 'the liquid cosh' was also a key feature of the Thames TV report *Holloway: the inside story*. Largactil and Depixol are to prisons as Valium and Librium are to many people outside.

It is very hard to picture the undramatic institutionalisation of prisoners and warders and police except in documentary films. 'Fancy the police letting such behaviour be seen in public!' people have said of the TV *Police* series. The police let the films through their net partly because of current public feeling against them, and partly because they are so institutionalised in their minds and actions that doubts about their behaviour never occurred to them.

How much do people see what they want to see, and how much of that is brutality? The boredom and banality of prison life includes warders. Brian Stratton's book *Who Guards the Guards?* was primarily about the brutality in Parkhurst prison, and the growth of fear and anxiety about the screws in the punishment cells. Stratton also says that there were landing screws who were decent, just wanted a quiet life, and let the guys get on with doing their bird. A realistic film about prison would be about monotony for the screws as well as for the prisoners, about boredom and amiability as well as brutality and dehumanisation.

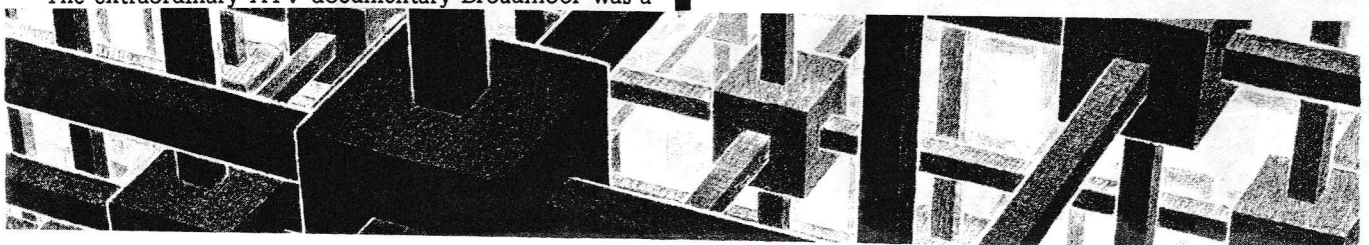
A friend was approached by a popular investigative TV documentary series interested in doing a programme about a lifer. They eventually decided not, because in their view there was little or no visual material available.

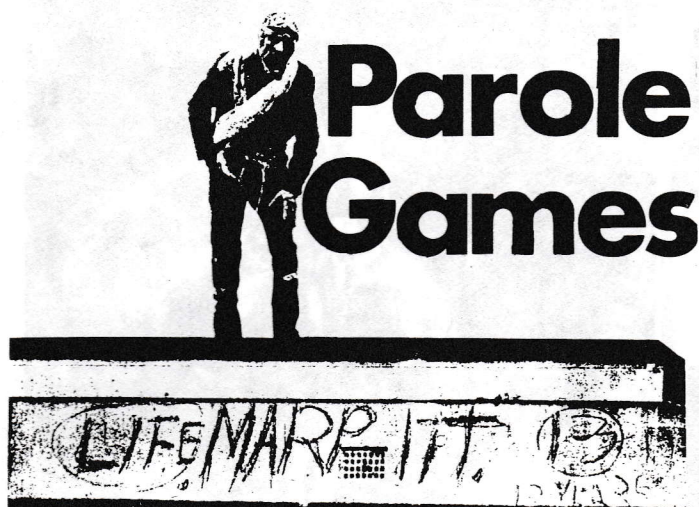
So political pressures and the difficulty of conveying monotony and boredom are not the only obstacles to realism. Filmmaking demands strenuous efforts of imagination as well as commitment and professionalism. That is the challenging truth behind George Star Wars Lucas' boast as a student that he could even make a film about a telephone directory. Or as Ronald Webster, a TV documentary filmmaker more people should know of, used to say: 'Send would-be film directors with 10 minutes of film into the wood museum at Kew. That'll sort em out.'

In talking of recent American movies, Mike Nellis says how wary they have been of new developments such as the doubts about prison's efficacy as a deterrent, the crisis of overcrowding, and so on. In Britain, we are learning of these and other problems from television films and to some extent, from the press. It is important to mention that the British TV crime and prison films contrast astonishingly with not only most Hollywood movies; also with most British newspapers' presentation of crime and police. A 'quality' paper was not above conniving with the police to create a Trotskyite 'criminal conspiracy'. Then there are the press conventions of Monsters, Maniacs, Kings, Queens and Emperors of Drugs, Vice or Violence, Mr Big, Mr Fixit, The Most Dangerous Man/Woman in Britain, (actual Daily Mirror front page: Iron Rule of the Jail Czar), and of course Super-sleuth. Only with the aid of TV and the press can the need for radical alternatives to prison take root in the awareness of our community.

End of *I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*: 'How do I live?!? ...I steal...'

JULIUS





BRITAIN has not only more prisoners than any other European country, but she also has more prisoners serving 'life' sentences than all the others put together – running at the present at over 1600.

When a judge gives a life sentence, he can make a recommendation as to the length of time he thinks the criminal should actually serve; as, 12 years, 15, 20, 25. He can also specify 'for the rest of your natural life' (as though there can be a natural life in prison) which means the prisoner never gets out. Or he can make no recommendation at all, in which case the fate of the prisoner is left to the Parole Board to decide, in view of the prisoner's behaviour, mental attitudes, health, etc, when they think he is fit to 'join' the community, as life outside is laughingly called.

The case of one prisoner has been taken up by RAP (Radical Alternatives to Prison) who, in conjunction with the prisoners' organisation PROP, have published a 60,000 word report, meticulously researched and documented by Ian Cameron, a member of RAP's Policy Committee who works for Release and has used some of their time and resources in the production of this mammoth work.

It should be stressed that Release are not connected, as an organisation, with this report, and indeed, feel that its subject falls outside their scope of interest, which is mainly the support of those arrested on drugs charges. Ian has, in fact, spent much of his own money and given hours and weeks of his own time, in following up this case, visiting prisons, collating facts and preparing his arguments against the parole system in general and against the Home Office's behaviour on this case in particular.

The report is called 'An Account Paid in Full' and it deals with the case of Frank Marritt – a murderer. From the outset, Cameron makes no attempt to get sympathy for Marritt on account of any misunderstanding about the nature of his offence. He was found guilty in 1965 of a particularly nasty – though completely unpremeditated – killing of a young woman in a moment of uncontrollable, drunken, anger.

Marritt was – is – a product of punitive state education from early days. He did time (three years) in an 'approved school', from the ages of 15-18, after which he did two years in the army and then went into the Merchant Navy.

All this time in authoritarian institutions – during which he must have been subjected to a lot of short, sharp shocks – resulted in this ill-educated and inadequate boy turning into a drunken and violent man, presumably so used to taking orders and doing as he was told that he had no means of arriving at conclusions for himself.

He had a young wife, who had walked out after a quarrel the day before the murder, when he picked up a young woman in a pub and took her home to his empty house.

Both drunk, a quarrel ensued, in the course of which she threatened to tell his wife of their affair. There is no doubt but Marritt wanted his wife back and this threat made him panic and hit the girl – at which point she picked up a knife and threatened him with it. Snatching it from her, Marritt went berserk, stabbing, cutting and bashing her to death. No doubt his life as a soldier had taught him a bit about unarmed combat.

His wife returned next morning and together they buried the body – while the man dreamed up a story about a sailor bringing the woman back to his house, killing her and vanishing in the night – a story his fuddled brain had no hope of sustaining. A neighbour called the police and the game was up.

From then on the state took over. Marritt, as we have said, was sentenced to life imprisonment, with no recommendations. For the first seven years he was a model prisoner – but seven years is the time that consideration of parole begins. He was turned down and at about the same time, the Prison Medical Officer decided to take him off the daily dose of the 'liquid cosh' he had prescribed almost from the beginning. The sudden withdrawal of drugs had the effect of so disturbing Marritt that he began to refuse work, to agitate (in a strictly personal sense) for proper consideration of his parole, and from then on he was nearly always in some sort of trouble within the prison – although he was in Hull Prison at the time of the riot in 1976, and took no part in it whatsoever. Neither has he at any time been guilty of violence in the nick – even during two rooftop protests – his protest being in the form of non-cooperation, as a result of which he has spent month after month in solitary confinement, without pay and from time to time on punishment diets.

It is impossible here to go into the details contained in this report. Marritt has now done more than 16 years in prison and there is no indication when the Parole Board is going to recommend his release. The situation now is that his continued imprisonment has made him alienated and withdrawn – and this condition makes him 'unsuitable for release'!

It is the good old Catch 22. Destroy a man's sociability with your punishment – and then declare him so unsociable that he must be kept in for more.

At the moment there is a small series of three programmes ('Cause for Concern') running on television, raising the cases of men doing long terms of imprisonment when there is some cause to believe they may be innocent. There is no such cause in Marritt's case; what is on trial in this RAP report is the parole system itself – and the prison system behind it.

Ian Cameron's view is that every case is a special case, and he has taken up an unpromising case precisely because there is no question of the man's guilt – but if attention can be drawn to the misuse of Home Office power, totally cynical disregard of the 'rehabilitation' purpose of imprisonment, and the negative use of the parole as a punishment in this case – then other despairing longterm prisoners may find a more enlightened and human approach to their case.

We are told that consideration is being given to ways and means of reducing the prison population. Marritt's family have visited him and supported him all through the years. His brother in law has offered him a home on his release. Why not, Mr Home Secretary, reduce your prison population by one now? Surely this is truly an account paid in full!

PS

Ian Cameron's report 'An Account Paid in Full' is itself full of many details and insights into long-term prison life. Further enquiries should be addressed to RAP, 97 Caledonian Road, London N1 (01-278 3328)

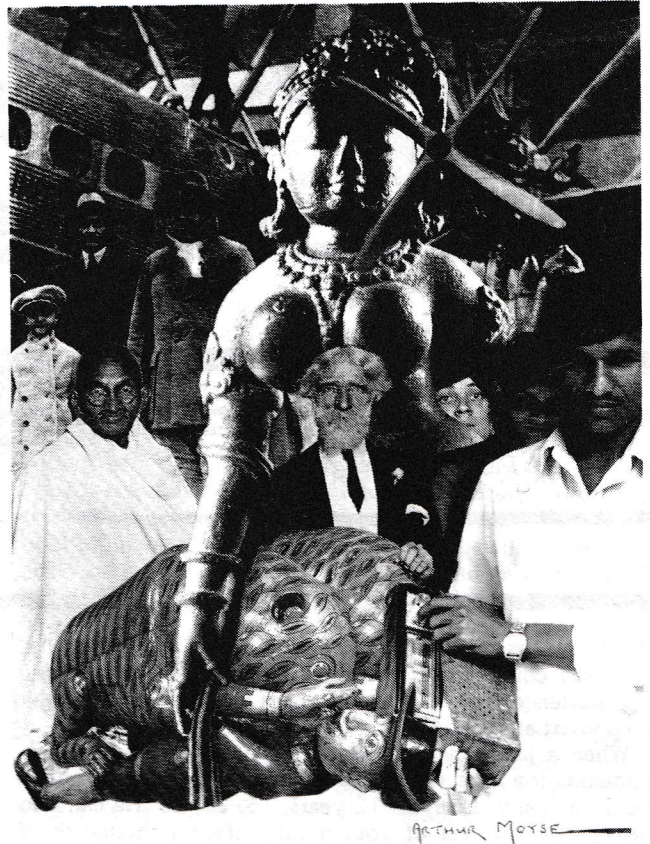
the painted tiger

LONELY within a small room within the Victoria and Albert Museum is Tippoo's Tiger encased forever, so I am informed etc, in a glass case on which visitors are asked not to lean. The tiger is of carved and painted wood and is of life size and is forever engaged in the act of devouring a screaming carved and painted figure of a prostrate life size European carved in 1790 costume. The painted casing of the tiger and the lately to be lamented European is obviously of Indian workmanship but is held that the mechanism within the body of the Tiger comprising crank, bellows and pipes, causing the Tiger to growl, the dying victim to protest and raise his left arm to and from his mouth to act out the physical agony, are of European workmanship, and most probably the work of French artisans employed by the Sultan, for 'Citizen' Tipu had a secret and unofficial alliance with the Revolutionary French government of the hour. 'A lamentable toy!' will, and rightly, cry those concerned with the shaping of the undisciplined mind of the young and the adult irresponsible, but from 1808 on the British public loved it, for 'Tippoo Sahib' the Sultan of Mysore or his painted wooden Tiger explored every facet of popular entertainment for the masses and the minorities, from storming the boards of the Royal Coburg Theatre to broadsheets and prints, entertaining the minds of the literati such as Keats, Blake and Wilkie Collins, and being the subject matter of 'the largest painting in the world'.

For 'Tippoo Sahib', for a brief time in British emotional pop culture, filled the role of the American people's guilt complex about the American Indian distilled into the figure of Geronimo, 'I left my heart at Wounded Knee' and thumbs down for Custer. Why should this painted Tiger gnawing a crying wooden figure of a European be of interest to us? Because London is awash with Indian culture and the Town and his sari-draped frau are breathless as they move backwards and forwards across London to take in the costumes, the carvings, the paintings, the perception of the Universe through 2000 years even to Science in India at the Science Museum, sherry for the Fourth Estate. I have made the pilgrimage from the Commonwealth Institute to the Hayward and the surface of the mind is washed with a display of a culture, a banal mysticism and a superficial philosophy that only the Japanese exhibition at the Royal Academy could live up to playing second violinist to.

There are three small exhibitions relating to the Indian continent that expose the 'great' Indian exhibitions for the trivia that they are, and one is Sultan 'Tippoo's' hate fantasy of his painted Tiger in that small room within the V&A that, so I am privately informed, will go on public display outside the V&A when the Top Brass eastern and western and the trailing press gang have left for points east and west, and will not be called upon to explain away what would now be considered, give or take a Falkland Islander, bad taste: such as eating people is wrong. Two is the small and very worthy exhibition of Indian science from way back, man, and it is very sad for it highlights the abject poverty of that great continent as does the third exhibition at the Museum of Mankind at the back of the Royal Academy Bondstreetwise.

It is a small exhibition and it is a magnificent exhibition, as always with the British Museum staff, for the museum has recreated in full size an Indian village from central Guj-



ARTHUR MOYSE

arat. We drank the wine and we dipped the tiny rice balls into the dip of liquid sugar and herbs, and the small and gentle Indian guide answered our questions, and always with the soft and ready smile that seems unto me a defensive mask and here in this reconstructed Indian village is the tragedy of millions of men, women and children.

If you question why do the Indian people move to the western world then here is the answer. Poverty, hunger, sickness and an early death is too great a price to pay for the painted silken saris, the banal philosophy of the parasitical castes of priests, the hedonistic mysticism that loves all living things except their fellow men and women and who see their reward for the rejection of the world (but not its food bowl) as an erotic flower-scented paradise, but for me strictly for the birds and the bees. Here in 1982 are the crumbling brick wall and the cow dung drying on them. The dusty electric meter and the old bicycle and always the stench of starvation.

But poverty does not engender virtue, for let me give you but two quotations from Durrans and Knox's excellent £2.95 exhibition only catalogue. Having referred to the caste system as a means to maintaining high selling prices of foods there is this some lines later: 'Participation in electoral politics has also had the effect of turning people's attention to issues beyond the village', and concerning the matter of the Untouchables, labelled by Gandhi as the 'Children of God' and now known by good-hearted liberal bureaucrats as the Harijans, we learn that in this village they are still literally untouchable by the orthodox Hindus who make up 90% of the 2,000 people of Vasna. But, and this is what is important in relation to the untouchables and the lumpenproletariat of this world, that while poverty is not a virtue, salvation can only lie, not with the bleeding hearts or the political Godfathers, but in some sort of communal-self support for, I quote, 'Nevertheless, in some respects substantial progress has been made, especially where groups of Untouchables organise their own advancement, for instance by forming cooperative units for production or marketing.' I have myself altered the name Harijans back to Untouchables for a rose is a rose is a rose as Gert said. And I agree with the authors that the break up of the caste system lies in industrial development, for the technical world has no use for a caste

system, based on race, religion or sex, for they are creating a new caste system, based on mental skills and the marked paper.

I am of an age that sixty years ago would be in a working class western school where a tiny minority of children literally had no boots to wear, where it was the norm for every family to have a male relative who had served as a private soldier in India. I am of an age when our growing questing minds were clogged with the history of the British in India. We knew of the East India Company, the Mutiny, the Black Hole of Calcutta and our school books were filled with drawings and writings of Mother India. By God we knew little of England, Ireland, Scotland or Wales, but we were childish authorities of our poverty on the brightest jewel in the British crown, and on that rare school day out we would be transported to the Kensington Museum to view the loot of small and ancient wars, and there was Tippoo's Tiger the Sultan of Mysore's sad and ineffectual piece of voodoo magic against the British overlords.

What do the great State halls of these Indian exhibitions offer us? No more than a shallow and too often banal dead culture. Colourful, pretty, erotic and like Japanese and Chinese art completely stylised and never with European depth, in that the painting or the sculpture is a visual attempt to explore the social, political or philosophical problems of men and women, be it figure, landscape or polemical subject matter. It is as though those who had arranged the Indian cultural exhibitions would be aped by massive exhibitions of western culture in which all sculpture ended with early Norman, and all painting was no more than med-

ieval monkish illuminated bible decoration. Culture as a thing peculiar to a particular geographical society is now dead, for culture is a means of communication, and is the product of a leisure class – for the hunter does not stand around painting. But he does when he is resting in the cave. Then he ain't hunting.

Again we may regret these matters for there is no virtue in them, but western culture as with the English language for technical, economic and military reasons sets the world style, and Chinese art, Japanese art and Indian art, as people like to imagine it, has now become no more than a pastiche commercial thing strictly for greeting cards and 'Christmas' calendars. The major galleries in London in this massive art golden handshake to the Indian government are giving us their version of our Christmas greeting cards with those perennial Dickensian pictures on the front of snow, coach and horses, cooked geese and huge round Christmas puddings. Take it at that level and the exhibitions at the Hayward and the Commonwealth Institute are worth, along with the Japanese exhibition at the Royal Academy, your time and enjoyable attention.

But if you want to feel that you understand the bitterness of India, then it's Tippoo's Tiger at the Victoria & Albert Museum, and if you wish to understand in some small way the agony and the despair and the fighting on the streets of London then the magnificent exhibition at the Museum of Mankind of part of the Indian village of Vasna, tucked away behind the Royal Academy's Japanese exhibition, is your necessity.

ARTHUR MOYSE

FREEDOM versus REPRESSION

FREEDOM VERSUS REPRESSION

Review of Jack Abbott, *In The Belly of The Beast*. Hutchinson, 1982. £6.95 166pp

'THEY crowd my memory with their faceless presences, and if I could enclose all the evil of our time in one image', writes Primo Levi *If this is a man*, account of the life and death hell of Auschwitz, 'I would choose this image which is familiar to me: an emaciated man, with head dropped and shoulders curved, on whose face and in whose eyes not a trace of a thought is to be seen.' The concentration and death camps begun by the British, developed by the Bolsheviks and 'perfected' by Hitler and Stalin are not different in kind from the 'normal' civilian prisons of Western 'civilisation'. They are, on the contrary, no more nor less than heightened expressions, the 'ordinary' prisons of Western civilisation taken to their 'natural', logical conclusions. The same goes for the American-supported 'Tiger cages' in South Vietnam during the war, or the 150 camps into which many of the 400,000 East Timorese survivors of Indonesia's murderous repression since 1975 are concentrated today.

We didn't need Foucault's study of the birth of the prison, *Discipline and Punish*, excellent as it is, to tell us that prisons everywhere exist to serve three closely related functions: (1) to deprive certain selected Scapegoat-victims of their freedom, to repress and destroy their freedom of independent thought and action; (2) by ruthlessly punishing those who value libertarian thought and action in defiance of existing repressive institutions of private economic and State power, to deter others from similar threatening action to the existing system of power and privilege. Together with the Law, courts and police, prisons exist to 'encourage' maximum self-policing conformity and collaboration by 'normal' citizens. (3) The third function of prisons is simply torture: by the most inhuman means to cripple and destroy the bodies, minds, dec-

ent feelings and independent spirits of the victims – to produce, by means of deliberate institutionalised sadistic cruelty, broken *Muselmanner* of the sort described by Levi above.

Jack Abbott's book, written in the form of letters to American novelist Norman Mailer, describes well the methods, aims and effects of the hell of normal prison 'life': 'They know what they are doing, even if they never admit it to anyone...No one expects me to become a better man in prison. So why not say it: The purpose is to mark me, to stamp across my face the mark of this beast they call prison.'

Born in 1944, until his release (largely due to Mailer) in 1981, Abbott had spent his entire life (except for 9½ months) since the age of twelve in different kinds of prisons, including approximately 14 years in solitary. In all that time, 'the only serious crime I have ever committed in free society was bank robbery during the time I was a fugitive.' I defy any one after reading Abbott's account of his years of continuous, systematic and deliberate mental, physical, emotional and spiritual torture *either* to doubt that prisons in our 'free' capitalist democracies are designed to serve the functions mentioned above, or to believe that inflicting the unimaginable hell of imprisonment on human beings can ever be a justified means of achieving a society of free, equal and happy human beings. But then, as Libertarians have always correctly argued, prisons exist to defend injustice and repression. No society which maintains prisons can be free or just.

This is why Libertarians—those who believe in the radical diagnosis and solution of social problems—should always support 'liberal' demands for prison reform, only on condition that such support is always conjoined to and based on a radical insistence on the abolition of all such private economic and State power-serving institutions of repression.

I can be free, happy or fulfilled only if all are. This radical truth—that we must always *be* what we are *for*, and endeavour

to the maximum degree uncompromisingly to practice our libertarian principles—underlies Kant's defense of the French Revolution against conservative critics. Freedom is the necessary precondition for acquiring the maturity to discipline oneself and respect the freedom of others—not a 'gift' to be bestowed when some self-appointed paternalist or authority certifies you as 'mature enough for freedom'.

These truths should be kept in mind in the light of Jack Abbott's fate since his probationary release last year. Abbott killed a waiter (a young writer) after being refused permission to use a restaurant toilet late at night. He now seems certain, following his recent trial and manslaughter conviction, to die in prison—almost certainly by violent means. Norman Mailer, who has written an Introduction to *Beast* expressing his love and admiration for Abbott as a man, writer and survivor, is reported to have agreed that Abbott should be imprisoned—again.

From a libertarian point of view, this is tragic nonsense. Abbott can only be destroyed—not benefitted in any way—by being imprisoned again. *Beast* is as moving an account as one will find of the extraordinary, almost super-human effort Abbott has made so far to preserve spiritual freedom and dignity in completely inhuman conditions. Abbott must be given the freedom to discipline himself, to exercise and enjoy his freedom in genuinely freedom-respecting fashion. And what if Jack Abbott kills again? A 'free society' which 'solves' its problems of maintaining the repressive, unjust status quo by means of prisons requires radical abolition, not defense or maintenance. This is the only rational (libertarian) answer to the question.

PAT FLANAGAN

TEACH YOUR OWN

Teach Your Own by John Holt
Lighthouse Books, £5.95; 357pp

AT what point do you decide that bullying, petty crime and unremitting boredom in 'lessons' justify you in taking your child from school? When teachers spend much time and energy in trying to bring some kind of order; trying to stop fights and the mindless mayhem that is at root a protest against containment and conditioning—do you abandon the child to the 'inevitable consequences of class conflict' after trying and failing to have content, methods and relationships more humane and democratic? Or do you take her out of school.

This is the dilemma of the young parents I spoke to last week. It is the dilemma of those who see their children change from bright, curious, open and trusting infants to timid, anxious or even fearful creatures who begin to suck their thumbs and look with apprehensive eyes for approval. Fortunately not all kids undergo such a change, but the growth of Education Otherwise here and of Growing Without Schools in America makes it look as if school, for too many kids, is a dreadful place.

Teach Your Own, by the author of *How Children Learn*—a widely-known and sensitive observation of children, suggests how to set about educating at home in such a way as to provide something far better than school and without the destructive features inseparable from mass education in capitalist society. It examines the legal difficulties and makes positive suggestions for overcoming them. Although the examples quoted are based on American and Canadian law and practice they are helpful. More exact details about British law and the experiences of parents who have fallen foul of it can be got from Education Otherwise—address in the book.

MICHAEL DUANE

BOOKS FROM FREEDOM BOOKSHOP

Titles marked * are published in the USA. N American Purchasers please convert £1 at 1.75 dollars (US) or 2.15 dollars (Canada), plus postage as in brackets.

Arthur Moyse: Fragments of Notes for an Autobiography that will never be written.....[Illustr] (30pp ppr)

£1.25 (25p)

Arthur Moyse: More in Sorrow; Six Short Stories [Illustr] (24pp ppr)

£0.60 (19p)

Poland:

The Book of Lech Walesa: A collective portrait by Solidarity Members and Critics (203pp ppr)

£2.50 (36p)

Michael Dobbs, K S Karol, Dossa Trevisan: Poland, Solidarity, Walesa (128pp ppr)

£4.95 (94p)

* Oliver MacDonald (Ed): The Polish August: Documents from the Beginnings of the Polish Workers' Rebellion, Gdansk, August 1980. (175pp ppr)

£4.00 (49p)

Robert Polet: The Polish Summer (44p ppr)

£0.75 (19p)

A Miscellany:

* Washington State Penitentiary: Anarchist Black Dragon (14pp) (postage £0.13p) Those who produce this journal specify 'Free to Prisoners: Outsiders—A contribution', but I wonder whether it would be allowed into—let alone out of—an English prison.

Dora Russell: The Soul of Russia & the Body of America (24pp ppr)

£0.60 (19p)

* Kenn Knabb (Ed): Situationist International Anthology (406pp ppr)

£6.00 (94p)

Henry Gifford: Tolstoy (OUP Past Masters Series) (88pp ppr)

£1.25 (25p)

Pete Grafton: You, You and You! The People Out of Step with World War II (169pp ppr)

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Radical Statistics Nuclear Disarmament Group: The Nuclear Numbers Game. Understanding the statistics behind the Bombs. (95pp ppr)

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* B Traven: To the Honorable Miss S and other Stories. [with an Intro by Will Wyatt] (149pp ppr)

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