

## SPECIAL ON BRIXTON

# The Fire THIS Time

BY now the social and economic background to the Brixton riots will be familiar to most people. A housing waiting list, in the borough in which Brixton is situated, of 18,000; a third of the housing stock sub-standard; high unemployment with about 2 out of 3 of the unemployed being black; a high robbery rate (in fact the highest in London, it being twice the nearest figure); next to no social amenities.

This is all very true. The area around the Railton Road (Frontline)/Mayall Road triangle is inhabited by mainly black council tenants and mainly white squatters (leftists/anarchists/marginals). Empty houses are also used by local blacks as drinking and gambling clubs, dope centres and venues for all-night

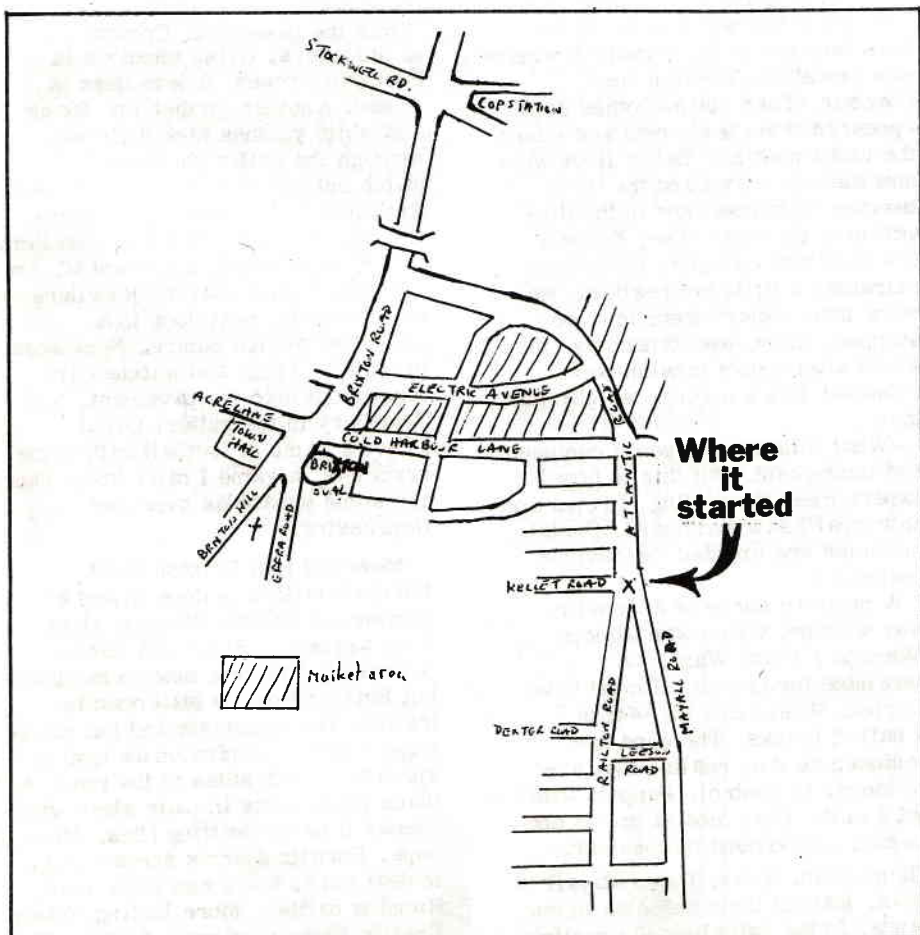
'Blues' (parties with sound systems pumping out non-stop reggae). Down the Frontline a black crafts centre has recently started in one empty building and further down a former black bookshop is now a squatted anarchist bookshop. People down here tend to live on the left-overs of capitalist society. For

years, the Triangle has been on the drawing board for demolition but only in the last two has any attempt been made to carry this out. But the council keep running out of money so it has been coming down piece-meal, making a rough area look even rougher. However, the maze of streets west of the Frontline look brighter as they have increasingly come under the occupation of white, liberal professionals and self-made respectable blacks.

Down the Frontline there are two distinct cultures - the black and the white - and it is the black culture which predominates and on the fringes of which the young whites participate. Dope and Reggae. The blacks have their own language - Patois - and this gives them an independent cultural identity that is not easily co-opted or diluted. Perhaps the most relevant aspect of this culture (in terms of the riots) is that it is very much a street culture (despite British weather). Winter or summer there are always crowds of blacks out on the Frontline rapping, smoking, laughing, visibly occupying their social space.

But it is the cops who claim they control the streets of London. Certainly in the two years I've lived on the Frontline I've noticed that the cops have always tried to intimidate the Frontline community with constant vehicle and foot patrols and, less frequently, horse patrols.

(The most bizarre policing incident I've ever seen happened a few months ago when a cop on horseback chased someone down Mayall Road.)



Actually, the cops know they cannot fully control the Frontline. Despite their claims and their patrols the police policy on the Frontline has been one of containment. Periodic raids to remind locals who is boss and to warn them not to get out of hand. Operations such as the one in 1978 when the SPG sealed off the Frontline and searched anybody and everybody have caused outrage. Blacks, especially the young second generation, are, on the whole, defiant. A month or so ago a black motorist tore up the ticket a cop had just given him and threw it back in his face, to cheers from the assembled crowd.

The cops constantly use the Sus laws to stop and search young blacks. And they do this with vengeance. Another event on the Frontline will illustrate this. Two vehicles collided and the cops on the scene immediately searched both vehicles and their drivers and passengers. The accident was secondary. With such everyday deprivation and such mindless state bullying, for being deprived, the one thing which unites the disparate elements of the Frontline community is a burning hatred for the cops. What most surprised local people when the Bristol riots happened last year was that they hadn't happened here first. Another surprise was that the anarchist graffiti which went up after Bristol - 'Bristol yesterday, Brixton today' has taken a year to be made real. The establishment knew this too. Only a few months ago Lambeth Council published a report criticising the cops and predicting trouble.

## The week before the riots

The constant intense policing of Brixton and of the Frontline in particular was heightened in the week leading up to the riots. At 11pm on Friday April 3rd., the Frontline area around Dexter and Leeson Roads was sealed off by cops with no-one being allowed in or out for over an hour. Over 20 arrests were made. Then, in the following week, Operation Swamp 81 saw over 1,000 people (mainly young blacks) stopped and searched. This was all adding to the increasing frustration of local people. At about 2.30 am on Fri 10th I was stopped and threatened by 3 young blacks with bottles. This confused and angered me (it was the first time I'd ever been hassled on the Frontline) and it was only later that I realised that they must have been victims of 'Swamp 81', perhaps only minutes before meeting me.

On Friday 10th at about 5pm a young black with a knife wound was stopped on the Frontline by cops. What followed is the source of many different stories. Whatever happened (and it isn't necessary to seek justification for what followed anyway) the cops were attacked by a gang of locals, the young bloke freed and taken to hospital. A brief battle with cop re-inforcements occurred. The cops took this as a challenge and so the following day, Sat 11th., the Frontline was under police occupation.

Usually the cops patrol the Frontline. But on that Saturday they parked up and down the Frontline every 50 yards, just sitting in their vans waiting for something to happen. It was a warm day so the Frontline was full of people standing around doing the usual things and, this time, eyeing the occupation force with hatred. All afternoon most people expected trouble of some sort. At about 5pm in the afternoon a plain-clothes cop received the free gift of a brick on the head for wanting to search a black guy's car. Up in Atlantic Road an arrest was attempted and this further angered an already angry crowd. Most of this crowd was gathered in the space at the apex of Railton Road/Mayall Road, with the cops right on the apex itself and is at the beginning of Atlantic Road. The odd brick began to fly at the cops isolated in the crowd. A window was smashed. Tension rose. Electric. Then plain-clothes cops appeared from the crowd and joined the uniformed lot. Battle lines were now clearly drawn and the first barrage of bricks flew in the direction of the cops. They threw a few back and charged. We at first retreated a little but realising we were many, there were few, we stopped. Then, spontaneously, the whole afternoon's tension being released like a spring, we charged them.

(What follows may seem confused and incoherent. But this is how I experienced the rioting. I report on only what I saw and heard. Certain incidents are omitted for obvious reasons.)

A massive surge of adrenalin. War whoops. Class war whoops. 'Whoops! Class War!' A scramble for bricks. 'I must have a brick. Where are the bricks?' A hail of bricks. The cops are confused as they realise they are no longer in control. Puppets without a role. They look at us, at one another and around themselves.

Them. Run. Away. Down Mayall Road, leaving their vehicles in our hands. In the twinkling of a rioting

eye the vehicles are smashed up and turned over. A light is instantly provided and poof! Up goes a cops van. Wild cheers. Laughter, Dances of joy. I see a comrade and we beam solidarity at one another.

Our savage celebrations are interrupted by a charge of cops. (They had regrouped with re-inforcements). The crowd splits. The cops are mad. Trucheons thrashing. I run to safety up a side street and meet another comrade. As we point with child-like glee at the rising pall of smoke; a white guy is bricked, inexplicably. He is immediately defended by black youths and all eyes look around for the idiot thrower. A nearby friend has transport and as I go to seek its availability a black guy bearing an old grudge grabs me, revenge in his eyes. Before he can find an excuse to brick me (was the brick which hit the other guy meant for me?) I make it plain that assistance is needed. Van not available. Questions from friends. Tune in to police radio. They are out of their heads. Sounds of windows going in on Coldharbour Lane. Back onto the streets.

In Coldharbour Lane an SPG van is on its side like some stranded whale. A boutique has its windows smashed and twisted dummies litter the pavement. Crowds of onlookers. Glass smashes in Electric Avenue. A jewellers is looted. Another further up. Black and white youths kick their way through the roller shutters (!) I watch out for cops on Brixton Road. Announce to the passing shoppers, who are all eyes, that free jewellery is available should they want it. Am ignored. Notice that the jewellers is, perfectly, next door to a consumer advice centre. Necklaces, bracelets, rings and watches are thrown out onto the pavement. Jewellery in the gutter. Great! I have a game of football with some bracelets, a game I can't lose. There are some squabbles over loot. Depressing.

Move out into Brixton Road. Burton's tailors is done in and a dummy set ablaze. Magical sight. Cops arrive. Pull dummy onto pavement. The tube station is closed but Brixton Road is still open to traffic. The motorists and bus passengers look in confusion as looting spreads to both sides of the road. A black youth kicks in plate glass windows as if he is swatting flies. More cops. Burglar alarms scream out to deaf ears. More and more cops. Running battles. More looting. Then I notice there's no more traffic. The

cops have sealed the main road off from the cop shop to the Town Hall.

Looting and smashing now all along Brixton Road area, the market area and up Acre Lane. My name is called out. Another comrade. We shake hands muttering 'Great! Great!' I give him a garbled resume. Bulk of crowd now around Brixton oval. Woolworths smashed and looted. Television sets, stereo, carted off. Some smashed. Occasional cop van races through and is smashed. Many in the crowd realise cops have to pass us to get into the battle area so crowds line up on either side of Brixton Road with bottles and bricks. 'Here's another' Smash. 'And another' Smash. A proletarian fair-ground. 'And the next one please!' Smash. Everyone a winner. Cops wise up and a convoy arrives, stops and a horde of meanies piles out, truncheons thrashing. Crowd splits up but sniping still possible. A charge and we escape up a side street. All casual, like, we call into a pub for a drink. A rumour goes round that a cop has been kidnapped. My comrade and I smirk into our glasses.

We decide to go to the Frontline. It is now dark and we worm our way through back streets avoiding cop cordons. We approach the top of the Frontline along Kellett Road and are met with an unbelievable sight. Three rows of cops stretch across the Frontline, facing into it. A non-stop hail of bricks batters their shields. Then suddenly a molotov (the first I've ever seen) comes up and over and smash! whoof! lands on some shields which are hurriedly dropped. Look down Mayall Road and see the Windsor Castle ablaze. The Frontline is barricaded with burning vehicles. I'm elated and pissed off. Elated that the Frontline is a no-go area and pissed off that I'm now cut off from defending it. I look around. Exhausted and injured cops sitting on the ground smoking fags. The fires, the cops, the atmosphere. Class war. 'Will they bring the Army in?' Belfast.

We detour to the south end of the Frontline which is also sealed off. Watch a shop blaze. The sub post office has disappeared. Back to the Town Hall area. Cops now holding strategic positions - the big junction at the Town Hall, the cops station etc. Still looting. More friends arrive. Talk. Back to Frontline. All fires out by now. Its getting on for midnight. Things much quieter. Cops slowly regaining control. Up to cop shop. Barricaded with cop vans. Under siege. Cops attack us and force people down back alley. Beatings. Arrests. We are split up. I wander back along Brixton Road surveying damage. Only a few civilians about now. Cops are in control. Get off the streets. Talk to friends for hours and then back to Frontline for celebratory drink. One last look at the blighted Frontline in the dawn light and then sleep. I dream of cops, cops and more cops.

Sunday 12th. Tired, hung-over. Rage at the newspapers. Commissioner McNee and others have the gall to blame 'outside agitators' (The cops were the outside agitators) Frontline is crowded with people debating. Lots of cops patrolling warily. Firemen inspect damage. Discuss events with friends. News of arrests. Early evening. More trouble, but more easily contained as over 1,000 more cops are in the area. Brixton is sealed off up as far as Kennington Oval. Fascist attack in Villa Road. Cop station again heavily protected. Cops use 'Nightsun' helicopter for first time. (Can light up an area the size of a football pitch and is fitted with infra-red cameras). More cops. They're gaining the upper hand.

### A long week

Since the weekend there has been confusion and paranoia. The gutter press stress not only 'outside agitators' but also 'white anarchists

conspiracy'. Comrades raided (Who's next?) Where are they held? Which court will they appear in? First fines are heavy. £200. Hassles about bail. Newspapers print photographs showing faces. (Who's next.) Frontline quieter than usual. Massive police presence but this isn't immediately visible. Coaches in side streets, up to two miles away. Reports filter back about treatment of those arrested. Heavy. Can't sleep. (How can the people of N. Ireland have survived 10 years of this without cracking up.) The black community is divided. The rally for Easter Sunday is called off. Recriminations. The Brixton Defence Committee and Lambeth Law Centre are organising counter-information and compiling a list of cases against the police. It's still early days yet.

Easter Weekend. Frontline much quieter than usual. Brixton still occupied. All varieties of political groupings trying to colonise the local initiative. (The worst I saw was 'Militant'. Headline - 'Brixton - Blame the Tories') Difficult to judge the atmosphere. People having re-think, trying to get these extraordinary events in perspective. It is now a higher level of confrontation. All the shops in the market and main road areas are boarded up. For how long? There is talk of more 'aid' for the community. Sticking plaster for leprosy. Class society is rotten through and through. Where will the next eruption take place? The struggle here is far from over.

Mustapha Brique

### CONTACT POINT

WOULD all comrades arrested or knowing of anyone arrested during the Brixton Festival, please contact Box Z, 121 Raiton Road, London SE24 immediately.



# BRIXTON

# No Apologies

The week preceding the riots had seen an increase in the already, intense policing of the streets of Brixton. (On Friday 3rd April Railton Road was sealed off in a police raid; all that week Operation Swamp 81 had been going on resulting in 1,000 people – mainly black youth – being stopped and searched).

After an incident in Railton Road on Friday 10th, an incident which was being dealt with by local people, the police arrived and started making trouble. This resulted in an occupation force of police descending on the Front Line on Saturday 11th April. The cops sat there all day waiting for trouble. Then at about 5.00 in the afternoon they provoked it.

The response of the local community was immediate and decisive. "These are our streets and we won't take any more police oppression." This response was spontaneous and there were no leaders or outside agitators. The police occupation force was attacked and routed. It was a joyous occasion as people felt that here, for the first time, they were taking part in mass direct action to control the streets of their community and were succeeding.

This mass action, at first an attack on the immediate enemy, the police, rippled out into the market and main road areas and people, so long denied the full fruits of their labour, took what they wanted. The size of this action was such that the police were overwhelmed. The people of Brixton were proving that the State is not invulnerable. With materials which were readily available to everyone they had the police on the run. For most of Saturday evening the Front Line was a no-go area. The police, outnumbered, bewildered and scared, concentrated their efforts on holding operations, the chief one being the defence of the police station. This allowed people to take what they wanted right from under the noses of the police. Usually the police put the protection of property before people but on that festive night they were forced to change their priorities – they had to save their own necks first and the goods in the shops came second. They became so worried that C.S. gas and a military advisor – a naval officer – were brought to Brixton police station.

The following day, Sunday, saw a repeat of the previous day's defence of the community and again people took what they needed. The police meanwhile had drafted in an extra 1,000 personnel. The whole of Brixton was sealed off and under occupation.

We do not pretend that the weekend's events were all positive. We would like to see a situation where anti-social acts (rape, intimidation of community members by others etc) are dealt with by the local community and not by any external authority such as the police. The stabbing incident of Friday, 10th was being taken care of by local people until the police arrived and provoked trouble.

## The responses of the authorities

The attempt by the authorities to call the events of the weekend a 'race riot' fell flat immediately. So then they tried to blame 'outside agitators' and 'white anarchists' for the whole thing. This was a crude attempt to distract attention from the real problems with the implicit assumption that local police – community relations are so good that trouble could only be started by outsiders: An obvious lie. It also assumes that the local community are incapable of taking the actions they carried out so well. A double lie.

Let us stress again that the riots were a spontaneous, un-led response of local people – black and white, female and male, young and old – to the militarisation of the streets of Brixton by the Metropolitan Police and also a response against the kind of society in which such everyday oppression is part.

We live here and are part of this community. As anarchists we believe people should take control of every aspect of their lives without the mediation of cops, governments, money, bosses, political parties etc. Where we differ from other so-called revolutionary groups is that we believe the State and its agents – cops, soldiers, bureaucrats etc – are parasites and enemies of the people and that direct action is the way people start to take control of their lives.

The left-wing groups active in Brixton are forever calling for revolution but on Saturday 11th they were nowhere to be seen. It was only after the cops had cleared the streets that they moved in and claimed the riots as a victory. These groups and various "community leaders" have apologised for the riots, claiming more money will solve the problems. However, the problem is not simply bad housing and unemployment or even too many police on the streets. The problem goes much deeper and is not just confined to Brixton – it runs throughout class society. At home, at work, at school and in the community generally, we are everywhere confronted with the rigid hierarchy of power in terms of class, sex and race. Everywhere we are kept apart, the easier to be controlled. The Front Line stretches further than Brixton. It goes to Bristol, Belfast, Berlin and beyond. It is everywhere the police and state authorities show their faces.

The common demand on Saturday night was for the police to fuck off from our streets and release all those arrested and drop all charges. The State's response was "we control the streets and that's all there is to it". To keep the police off the streets means more self-activity of the kind shown by the community over that weekend (Brixton Police Station, Camberwell Magistrates Court, Brixton Prison, Barclays Bank the list of rubbish to be cleared away is endless).

For people who live outside Brixton who wish to express solidarity – you have police on your streets.

Note: There are no photographs in this for obvious reasons.

SOME BRIXTON ANARCHISTS

# BRIXTON BULLETINS

## From The Front Line

Monday 13th April.

AFTER years of street crimes and brutality, and despite the infiltration from outside of thousands of paid provocateurs, the Brixton Police has finally been taught a short, sharp lesson by the local community. It has been a constant source of amazement to observers just how long the local population have allowed these professional scare-mongers to roam the streets unchecked, harassing and beating up the youth and terrorising the residents.

Over the last three years there has been a marked increase in the street crime and violence carried out by these so-called 'protectors'. The local population has stood by helplessly while their children have been snatched off the streets by these overtly racist and sexist gangs of thugs - kidnapped under the sinister 'sus law' they operate.

At least one recognised public execution has already been carried out by these murderous thugs paramilitary wing, the SPG, whilst dozens of 'unsolved' murders, which have happened behind the closed doors of police stations and prisons, are readily attributable to these state-styled stormtroopers and their cronies.

Relative calm returned to the streets on Sunday, only after they adopted their by now familiar ploy of following an afternoon of unbridled mayhem with a swift withdrawal at twilight (Lewisham residents are all too aware of this tactic). But the remarks of one of the thugs 'guarding' Stockwell station sums up the measure of their defeat - in a dejected tone he muttered to his mates: 'The whole world will be laughing at us...' But he was wrong. The world is not amused at having these gangs of thugs strutting around its streets under the guise of 'law n' order'. The world will want to know :-

\*\* Will the blonde cop whose arrogance and brutality, according to eye-witness accounts, provoked the residents to action on Friday be brought to justice ?..

\*\* Will there be a committee to investigate why the police chief lied to community leaders over the withdrawal of massive police presence on Saturday ?..

\*\* Why media reporters on the spot outside the Frontline refused to accept as contributory 'facts' massive unemployment amongst the youth of Brixton and the state run-down of services and housing coupled to increased police repression ?..

\*\* Who are the sinister brains behind the Brixton riots who planned and executed massive action against the community ...

But, above all, will remain the question of just how long are we prepared to put up with these arrogant, marauding thugs who answer to no-one but themselves ?..

## Just Passing Through

ON Sunday a group of subversive people from Worthing went up to Brixton on a sight-seeing trip, and would you believe they got caught up in a riot that just happened to be taking place. To cut a long and heroic story short, let me just fill you in on the bad news - two of them got nicked.

Graeme Thompson was arrested at about 6.30 p.m. and was charged with throwing missiles, having an offence weapon and being generally involved in a riot. His picture appeared on page two of the Sun on Monday. At about 9.30 p.m. Andrew Carroll was arrested. He was caught at the end of an alley by the S.P.G. and was badly beaten up: gash in the head, many bruises on his neck and back, and he had a finger broken. He was also assaulted in an S. P. G. van and at the Pig Station. He was, among other things, charged with assaulting a Police officer - such a charge is so fucking sickening that it really is beyond contempt.

Both their cases come up on May 5th - if you want to help in any way give a ring to Graeme (66200) or Andrew (64517) ..... or write to 11 Lincett Drive, Worthing.



## Make-up artist

Scene: the newsroom of a national newspaper. Chief Editor and minions dozing amid piles of empty paper coffee-cups and cigarette-ends.

Enter reporters:

Reporter: 'Hey Chief, the Blacks are rioting in Brixton!'

Editor: 'Yowser! Yowser! I can see it! Blazing cars! Rampaging mob! Policemen lying in pools of blood! Looting! What a story! Right, wake up you guys! Get your arses over to Brixton and bring me back a story or I'll...heads will roll!'

Beary-eyed reporters rush to door, pulling on coats and looks of sincerity.

Editor: 'And don't forget! I want a couple of you beaten up. I think it's your turn, Charlie, then we can really grab the readers' sympathy.'

Charlie: 'Aw, come on Boss! I got it at Bristol, why not let Bobby get it this time?'

Editor: 'Be gone! And if you're off work for less than 3 weeks - you're fired!'

Next day:

Editor: 'OK, guys, nice work yesterday, but the Word has come down "This is not a race riot."'

Reporter: 'Shit! I'm going to have to scrap my entire story!'

Editor: 'Yeh, I know, it's tough. But Numero Uno, blessed be His name, has decided on a great angle for this one. I tell ya, it'll really knock you out!'

Reporters, in unison:

'What is it, O Mighty One?'

Editor: 'It's ... "Conspiracy" and

Cont. on Page 7

# POLITICAL STATUS NOW?

## IRISH REPORTS

THE British govt. has been trying since March 1st., '76 to criminalise the struggle for Irish Freedom, by attempting to force the misnomer upon Irish Republican Prisoners of War in 'H' Blocks and in Armagh Womens Prison. Cajoled, beaten, degraded (most notably through forced searches of the prisoners' anal passages i.e. the so-called 'mirror-search') and denied all physical and mental stimuli (being confined to a bare cell for twenty four hours of each and every day), over 400 Republican prisoners 'on the Blanket' have determinedly and resolutely resisted the British 'criminalisation' policy. In short, Republican POWs have refused to give credence to the absurdity which Britain blindly bolsters. The hypocrisy and blatant illogicality of Britain's stance on status can be demonstrated very easily:-

In February, Humphrey Atkins, on learning of a second (now ongoing) hunger strike, stated that the British Govt: 'Will not concede that it should establish within the normal Northern Ireland prison regime a special set of conditions for particular groups of prisoners...'

**Fact:** The British Govt., despite Atkins' assertions to the contrary, at the present moment affords 'special category'/political status to 166 Republican prisoners who are held in the Cages of Long Kesh. That same political status is also afforded to a like number of Loyalist prisoners (a point incidentally which many Loyalists play down).

**Fact:** 'Special category'/political status was introduced in June '72 after a hunger strike by Republican Prisoners of War in Crumlin Rd., Prison, Belfast. It was ironically introduced by Willie Whitelaw, the present British Home Secretary; a Tory.

**Fact:** The past five years of the 'blanket' protest by over 400 male and female Republican prisoners was engendered by the British decision to withdraw political status from Republican prisoners charged and sentenced after March '76.

**Fact:** The first hunger strike came about after those long years of suffering. The seven hunger strikers terminated their death fast after 53 days, on Dec 18th last, when the

British Govt. gave assurances that the 5 demands of the hunger strikers would be met. They reneged totally on the implementation of those assurances which in turn gave way to this present hunger strike.

**Fact:** Republican prisoners 'on the Blanket' and on hunger strike have shared the common experience as their comrades with status. Involved in the same struggle, standing side by side as comrades in the same Movement, when captured, they were all 'processed' through the same judicial sausage machine which the British pompously refer to as the 'due process'. They were all arrested under special legislation, held and interrogated in special interrogation centres such as the notorious Castlereagh, where 'confessions' were extracted under torture (as Amnesty International investigations proved). All were charged with 'scheduled' i.e. politically-motivated 'offences', and subjected to periods of remand

of anything up to two years (now dubbed 'Internment by Remand'), and subjected to political show-trials in no-jury Diplock Courts where the single judge presiding over the farce handed out vicious politically pre-determined sentences to politically pre-determined verdicts.

How in the light of the above facts (which will bear up to scrutiny) can the British continue to refuse Bobby Sands and his comrade hunger strikers, and the other 400 'blanket' protesters in 'H' Blocks and Armagh Gaol the rightful recognition: the political 'status' that is rightfully theirs.

We ask you to try to prevent further torture and suffering. Save the lives of the hunger strikers. Support the National Smash 'H' Block/Armagh Committee and force the British Govt. to re-afford Political Status. Support the 5 just demands of the hunger strikers.

From the BAC

## THE HONOURABLE MEMBER...

Bobby Sands, M.P. : the bitter-sweet irony of that is not lost on us. The republican hunger striker has been returned to parliament with a larger vote than that received by our P.M., Margaret Thatcher. So, who has the greater mandate for the voters? Bobby Sands received over 30,000 votes, each cross on the pieces of paper written in blood and anger.

At a meeting at Conway Hall in London, the same night as Bobby Sand's victory, republican energies were at a high pitch. Sinn Fein had organised the meeting to mobilise support for all hunger strikers in H-Block, Armagh and for the Irish political prisoners in Britain. The meeting, tightly organised, dynamic and desperately optimistic about the significance of the recently-announced vote, was chaired by a member of Sinn Fein, and included speakers from Belfast, a solicitor who works on behalf of republican prisoners, the mother of a murdered IRA soldier and various shades of speakers from other groups in London declaiming solidarity with

the Irish people. All of which is enough to make your street-fighting anarchist groan at the grim realisation of all that invective and fervour in a cause that is not anarchy and for the establishment of a form of Irish self-determination that is often almost as authoritarian as the regime now being given the boot.

However, let us not pour too much political scorn or too much suffocating academia on republican achievements to date, nor on the examples Irish people have set in terms of propaganda, direct action, commitment of lives that their fight against British occupation has meant. In other circumstances, we would not be so critical.

The thousands of votes cast for Bobby Sands are a major repudiation of Britain's criminalisation policy of republican prisoners and the determination of the hunger strikers should right now be burning in the hearts of all political prisoners in Britain - those of us who make up the entire population.

Ann

## Six months suspended sentence for

# NF MOLE

UNLESS you are an avid reader of The Guardian, Time Out or the News of the World, you will probably not have heard of the most recent in this year's series of mole stories. In a case heard two weeks ago at the Old Bailey, carefully ignored by the press, we were told how narrowly the National Front had escaped a major reverse at the hands of Simon Read and comrade. This bastion of all that is bad in Britain had been infiltrated by Read, posing as a heavyweight racist, who achieved his purpose so well that he came to enjoy the complete confidence of leaders and minions alike.

His real purpose was to enter the Front's headquarters, have the nutty Derek Day drugged, photograph and incriminating documents he could find, destroy the switchboard with acid and seal the safe with super glue. Regrettably, Read was arrested when Day, usually a model of stupefaction, failed to succumb, became suspicious and called the police, always the Front's greatest allies at times of crisis.

After a trial lasting five days, at which he was charged with intent to cause criminal damage, Read was given a six months sentence suspended for two years, a lighter penalty than had been anticipated.

Read had pleaded not guilty, submitting that his purpose had been to restrain the Front from pursuing its violent racist activity and committing far more serious crimes than that with which he was charged.

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"Outside Agitators" and "Political Extremists" and .... wait for it... "ANARCHISTS" !

Burst of wild applause, cheering and shouts of 'Way to go !' and 'Why didn't I think of that ?' Editor: 'I knew you'd like it !'. Now, Jeff, I want some fat juicy disclosures and revelations about how the riot was organised by white anarchists, check with Scotland Yard. They've had the Word and should be out arresting some anarchists now. So keep it nice and vague on the facts but BIG on the mystery. You know, "They found anarchist literature hidden in the flat", that sort of thing. Cathy, I want you to do some nice, sad, human interest stories, little old ladies, frightened to go out, brave wife of injured policeman, stuff like that. Charlie, I like the broken arm, but not enough bruises on the face; try again tonight !' Charlie: 'But, Boss, I never got near the rioters, the police did this !'

Naturally, a judge conditioned to deal almost exclusively with preservation of property rights and maintenance of the status quo could never accept this as a legal defence, fearing that it would 'open the door to anarchy' and, in the event, it

Editor: 'Who cares who did it ! I don't want excuses ! Just get out there and get hurt ! Now, the rest of you, there should be plenty of trouble tonight; if not, make some ! I want Spectacle ! Horror ! Fear ! Pathos ! The Works ! Now, go !

Next day:

Reporter: 'Hey, Boss, I got a great lead !'

Editor: 'Lay it on me ! Lay it on me !'

Reporter: 'How about "Foreign Links" ?'

Editor: 'Oh, give it to me !'

Reporter: 'And "French Anarchists" ?'

Editor: 'I love it, I love it. More ! More !'

Reporter: ' "Secret Meetings in smoky Back Rooms" !'

Editor: 'You may stop kissing my feet and, yes, you may raise your head in my presence !'

Reporters: ' Oh ! Thank you ! Great one !'

Editor: 'This will knock shit out of our competitors. Just think of the increased circulation ! The increased advertising revenue ! Perhaps, even, an increase in my salary !..

MAK



**MOLE** continued

was allowed to be heard only in mitigation.

There were some who felt the political content of Read's plan should have been developed, thereby gaining greater media coverage and allowing such witnesses as Day and Richard Verrall to be placed in their true light as the proper defendants. However the merit of such a view is questionable because, in view of the judges comments, a guilty verdict (which the strength of the evidence made likely) would surely have resulted in a heavier sentence.

Ultimately, for one reason or another Read's plan was unsuccessful and may eventually be forgotten. Even so he has confirmed that anarchy must involve action as much as ideology and that revolution grows out of personal risk, not academic argument. Although this was only a small step towards a society which will exclude such obnoxious organisations as the National Front, it cannot be said that the door is open to anarchy yet. Read's action will serve as a reminder that it will have to be pushed rather than persuaded.

R. T.

# Brokdorf

Dear Freedom,

I felt that vol. 42 no. 5 was one of the best issues of FREEDOM for some time. I was particularly interested in the article on the demonstrations in Brokdorf, as I had read in a German newspaper about this incident. The newspaper had three pages devoted to the demonstration; one describing what happened, and two pages with pictures of brave, young defenders of the Fatherland (no not the demonstrators, but your everyday fascists, known as policemen), who had been injured in the fighting.

One picture of a helicopter repelling demonstrators said underneath it:- 'Civil war in Brokdorf: Helicopter defends police teams in front of attacking Demonstrators', maybe it should have been the other way around. Other pictures show police beating up demonstrators and keeping back crowds with 2½ foot batons, but making out the police as heroes and peace keepers and the demonstrators as the peace breakers.

However, if more mass demonstrations take place in the future then maybe we will soon be recognised as being very serious in our beliefs and actions.

Love and Anarchy  
IAN KÖGEL of Oral  
Abortions

# may day picnic

VENUE:

Long Pond, Clapham Common, SW4.  
Nearest tube, Clapham Common!  
Bring a football.  
For full details and map see enclosed leaflet.

Unfortunately, due to circumstances within our control the planned 'Anarchist Cabaret' for that evening has had to be cancelled.

# FREEDOMS CONTACTS

## Meetings

Torness Week of Action (May 9-17)

Leeds anti-nuclear power Group are hiring a 15-seat minibus to go to Torness, children welcome.  
Contact: Bill at Leeds 443920.

Worthing C.N.D. Demo.  
May 16th

..... BRING YOUR FRIENDS  
Ring Louise ... Worthing 206588

## Desires

In Brixton in '78?

I am in the process of suing the Home Office for forcible injection of a drug. If you were in Brixton prison, in the Medical (F) Wing, between June 6 and June 13 1978, would you please write to me and

give details. Perhaps you know someone who was there, and they may now be serving time either there or elsewhere. If so, could you let me have details.

I would also be interested in any information anyone may have about drugging in prisons, particularly forcible injections.

This case is not just important for me; please help if you can.

Paul Barbara  
45 Matilda House, St Katherine's Way, London, E1.

2nd Chance Project,  
56 Dames Road, Forest Gate,  
London E7.,

needs volunteers to work with prisoners in a practical and supportive way. Contact: Karl or Allan on 01-555-0289.

Hull Libertarian Collective  
are compiling a Contacts List. For copy or inclusion please contact:  
Chris Snell, 66 Mayfield St., Hull.

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