



RESOURCE SHEET 1

UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS summary version

- 1** We are born free and equal, and should treat others in the same way.
- 2** We have all these rights in the Declaration, no matter who we are, where we're from or what we believe in.
- 3** We have the right to life, and to be free and feel safe.
- 4** Nobody has any right to make us a slave. We cannot make anyone else our slave.
- 5** Nobody has any right to hurt, torture or humiliate us.
- 6** Everyone has the right to be protected by the law.
- 7** The law is the same for everyone. It must treat us all fairly.
- 8** We can all ask for the law to help us when we are not treated fairly.
- 9** Nobody has the right to put us in prison, or to send us away from our country, without good reasons.
- 10** If we are accused of breaking the law, we have the right to a fair and public trial.
- 11** Nobody should be blamed for doing something until it has been proved that they did it.
- 12** Nobody has the right to enter our home, open our letters or bother us or our families without a good reason.
- 13** We all have the right to go where we want to in our own country and to travel abroad as we wish.
- 14** If someone hurts us, we have the right to go to another country and ask for protection.
- 15** We all have the right to belong to a country.
- 16** When we are legally old enough, we have the right to marry and have a family.
- 17** Everyone has the right to own things or share them.
- 18** We all have the right to our own thoughts and to believe in any religion.
- 19** We can all think what we like, say what we think and share ideas and information with other people.
- 20** We all have the right to meet our friends and work together in peace to defend our rights. It is wrong to force someone to belong to a group.

- 21** We all have the right to take part in the government of our country. Every grown up should be allowed to vote to choose their own leaders.
- 22** The place where we live should help us to develop and to make the most of all the advantages (culture, work, social welfare) on offer. Music, art, craft and sport are for everyone to enjoy.
- 23** Every grown up has the right to a job, to a fair wages and to join a trade union.
- 24** We all have the right to rest and free time.
- 25** We all have the right to a decent living standard, including enough food, clothing, housing and medical help if we are ill. Mothers and children and people who are old, out of work or disabled have the right to be cared for.
- 26** We all have the right to education.
- 27** We have the right to share in our community's arts and sciences, and any good they do.
- 28** There must be peace and order to protect these rights and freedoms, and we can enjoy them in our country and all over the world.
- 29** We have a duty to other people, and we should protect their rights and freedoms.
- 30** Nobody can take away these rights and freedoms from us.

This is a simplified version of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights from Amnesty International UK. It has been developed for the purpose of enabling younger children to understand the rights in the Declaration. For the full version of the Declaration see www.un.org/en/documents/index.shtml



RESOURCE SHEET 2

CASE STUDIES

CASE STUDY 1

Armando Valladares Cuba

WHO HE IS

In 1960, Cuban Post Office worker Armando Valladares was arrested by the Cuban authorities on charges of terrorism. He had refused to put up an 'I'm with Fidel' sign on his desk. He was sentenced to 30 years in prison. Amnesty International said that he was being held just for his opinions and adopted him as a prisoner of conscience.



During the 22 years that he spent in prison, he was tortured and kept in isolation for long periods of time, even years. He fell ill with a disease of the nervous system that left him unable to walk and confined to a wheelchair for several years.

HOW HE WROTE

In prison, Valladares began to record images and thoughts in poems written on the torn-off margins of President Fidel Castro's official newspaper *Granma*. He believed that 'poetry is a weapon'.

Some of these fragments were smuggled out of prison in his dirty laundry. Some were sent out of Cuba squeezed into empty toothpaste tubes. They were published in Spanish as two books of poems while he was still in prison: *From My Wheelchair* (1977) and *The Heart in Which I Live* (1980). Following his release in 1982, he wrote *Against All Hope*, a prize-winning book about his prison experiences. He later became an American Ambassador and is an artist.

WHAT HE WROTE

Wings will grow some day

Wings will grow some day
on my wheelchair
I will be able to fly over parks
carpeted with children and violets

My chair will be a winged dream
without the deranging obsession of bars
and I will be able to climb the rainbow
and alight on a quiet mountain

My chair will be a dream without eyes
a metal swallow above the earth

YOUR TASK

Compose a short poem about escaping prison. Write it down using the materials provided on a small piece of the *Granma* newspaper, roll it up and squeeze it into the end of the empty toothpaste tube (or hide it inside the collar of an old shirt) and hand it to your partner.

Granma

ORGANO OFICIAL DEL COMITE CENTRAL DEL PARTIDO COMUNISTA DE CUBA



Trabajo por cuenta propia

- ¿Cómo se ampliará?
- ¿Qué actividades se incluyen en él?
- ¿Cuáles prohibiciones se derogan?
- ¿Cómo se organizará y se controlará?
- ¿Qué impuestos se pagarán?

Páginas 3, 4 y 5



Losas de un naufragio de ¡hace un siglo!

Estas losas se mantienen en buen estado de conservación, incluso ocho años después de ser colocadas en áreas exteriores del fuerte de San Salvador de La Punta, y fueron rescatadas de la corbeta San Antonio que naufragó en la bahía habanera hace más de 100 años.

Página 16

Pegó duro el Cuba en segundo desafío

Cuba noqueó a Nicaragua 11-0 en ocho capítulos durante el segundo desafío de la serie de cinco que ambos conjuntos celebran como parte de su preparación para el Campeonato Pre-mundial y Prepanamericano de Béisbol.

La escuadra cubana, con solo un hombre de los que alinearon en el primer encuentro (Frederich Cepeda), bateó bien el pitcheo rival, en tanto los lanzadores de Eduardo Martín maniataron a la ofensiva visitante, al dejarla solo en dos imparables.

Cámara de Diputados de México exige liberación de los Cinco

Legisladores mexicanos de distintas tendencias políticas exigieron en la Cámara Baja al Presidente Barack Obama que ponga en libertad a los Cinco luchadores antiterroristas cubanos prisioneros políticos en EE.UU.

En una de las acciones solidarias más trascendentes realizadas en México en favor de René González, Antonio Guerrero, Gerardo Hernández, Fernando González y Ramón Labañino, el recinto de la Cámara de Diputados escuchó hoy encendidos reclamos a favor de su libertad, reporta la agencia Prensa Latina.



A 12 años de su injusto encierro y en medio de una campaña internacional por el fin de esa ignominia jurídica, la sede parlamentaria organizó el foro denominado "Héroes prohibidos: crónica de una injusticia", el cual fue antecedido por la apertura de una muestra gráfica, concebida con el mismo mensaje.

Yeidekol Polevski, senadora del Partido de la Revolución Democrática (PRD), actual secretaria de la Comisión de Relaciones Exteriores de la Cámara Alta, tuvo a su cargo las palabras de inauguración de la exposición.



Justino Di Celmo en la protesta contra el terrorismo que asesinó a su hijo Fabio en las criminales acciones contra Cuba.

Las razones de Cuba Continúan los planes terroristas desde EE.UU.

Páginas 7, 8 y 9

Esta tarde, Mesas Redondas de Telesur sobre Elecciones en Venezuela

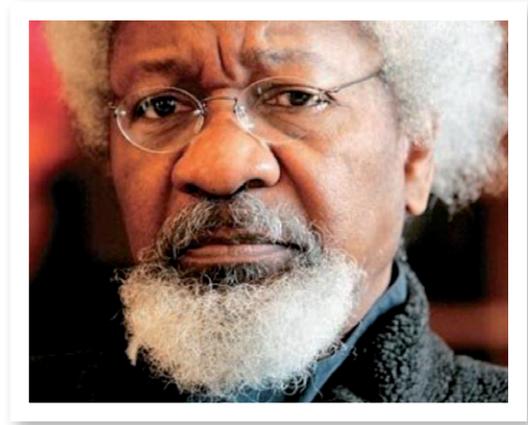
Cubavisión, Radio Rebelde y Radio Habana Cuba transmitirán hoy, desde las 6:15 p.m., dos Mesas Redondas Internacionales emitidas esta semana por el Canal Multinacional Telesur donde se analizan pormenores del próximo proceso

electoral en Venezuela, la estrategia política del PSUV y los ataques mediáticos contra el proceso bolivariano.

El Canal Educativo retransmitirá estas Mesas Redondas al final de su programación.

CASE STUDY 2

Professor Wole Soyinka Nigeria



WHO HE IS

Wole Soyinka is a Nigerian poet, playwright and University professor. In 1967 during the Nigerian civil war over Biafra, he appealed for a cease-fire in an article. For this he was arrested and held without charge or trial in Kaduna Prison for nearly two years. He spent most of that time in solitary confinement in a cell that measured four feet by eight feet. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1986.

HOW HE WROTE

Soyinka was denied medical attention and refused books, pens and paper. He made his own *Soy ink*, began keeping a prison diary and wrote poetry on discarded cigarette packages and toilet paper and between the lines of books he secretly managed to acquire.

Many of his notes were later compiled in his 1972 book *The Man Died: The Prison Notes of Wole Soyinka*. Every time one of his letters or poems was smuggled from prison, the international press seized upon it as an important literary event and evidence that he was still alive. Soyinka was released in 1969 and left Nigeria, not to return until a change of government in 1975.

WHAT HE WROTE

In his secret prison diary he wrote about the insect wars in his cell.

The predatory rounds begin with the rains... From a long hibernation they emerge, beetles, flying-ants, sausage flies, moths, a violent flock of fragile wings battling the lone bulb on the pole. It is a blind and fierce riotous whirr from the long silent sleep.

Finally the last corpse is borne away on invisible shoulders to unseen larders, a long wing is dropped on the doorway pile for later building schemes.

In *A Shuttle in the Crypt*, his book of prison poems, he writes about child hunger in Nigeria.

Children slay the cockroach for a meal

Children slay the cockroach for a meal
Awaiting father-forager's return
The mind of hungered innocence must turn
To strange cuisine – kebab of houseflies
On a broomstick prong; beetles broiled in carapace
Slugs are scientific stores of high protein –
They tell me – I never tried it yet.

© Methuen

YOUR TASK

Mixing the ingredients provided, make your own *Soy ink* and write a short poem about an incident happening inside a prison cell.

CASE STUDY 3

Irina Ratushinskaya **Ирина Ратушинская** **Ukraine**

WHO SHE IS

Irina Ratushinskaya is a Ukrainian-born poet, scientist, dissident and novelist. In 1983, age 29, she was convicted of 'agitating to undermine the Soviet Union'. Evidence used against her in the Kiev Court included the possession of anti-government literature and human rights documents. Five of her poems were considered 'anti-Soviet'. She was sentenced to seven years in jail.



© Mikhail Evstafiev

She was deported to Strict Regime Labour Camp No. 3 in Mordovia, 300 miles southeast of Moscow, where she was locked up in the Small Zone, a tiny barracks reserved for women political prisoners. Intense international pressure brought her freedom in 1986.

HOW SHE WROTE

Irina scratched verses onto bars of soap with a pin or the burnt end of a matchstick. She memorised her words and then washed them off the soap. She also wrote poems in minute handwriting onto four-centimetre-wide strips of paper, and rolled them up in cigar-shaped tubes made from plastic strips sealed with a match and managed to persuade prison staff or soldiers to smuggle them out to her dissident husband Igor Geraschenko in Moscow. He passed them on to Western journalists. Igor realised Irina was desperate for paper. He used to write her abusive letters full of threats of divorce and poisonous insults, all concentrated in a small square in the middle of the page leaving lots of blank paper on the borders. He knew this mail would always be delivered to her.

In the Small Zone the women had to sew mailbags. Irina asked the prison staff for coloured cotton, scissors and a needle to improve her needlework. On the top of a piece of cloth she embroidered 33 different flowers all in a row. Underneath she embroidered rows and rows of the same flowers in different arrangements. She asked if the finished cloth could be taken as a birthday present to an Estonian friend in another part of the prison. The prison staff agreed. Her friend immediately realised that the 33 flowers in the top row represented the letters of the Cyrillic alphabet. Irina had sent her an embroidered poem in code. Friendly soldiers carried these across Russia and some were dropped over the wall into the British Embassy in Moscow later to be published in her book *Grey is the Colour of Hope*.

WHAT SHE WROTE

Ratushinskaya addresses this prison poem to **Kolyma** – not a person but the name of a political prison in Siberia. She wants a new nickname now. She has been reduced to nobody, an outcast, a nameless statistic. Everything that was her has been stripped away – hope, friendship, dignity, identity. Her precious crucifix has been ripped off and she has been brutalised by the prison and its guards. **Zek** is short for the Russian word *zeklyuchennyi* meaning prisoner.

Give me a nickname, prison

Give me a nickname, prison,
this first April
evening of sadness
shared with you.
This hour for your songs
of evil and goodness,
confessions of love,
salty jokes.
They've taken my friends,
ripped the cross from its chain,
torn clothes,
and then with boots
struck at my breastbone
torturing the remains
of hope.
My name is filed
in profile, full-face –
a numbered dossier.
In custody –
nothing is mine!
Just as you have
no one, nothing!
On the window's grating
here's all of me – christen me,
give me a name, prison,
send off to the transport
not a boy, but a zek,
so I'll be welcomed
with endearments by Kolyma,
place of outcasts, executions
in this twentieth century.

YOUR TASK

Write a poem to a friend from prison using either the

- 26 embroidered flowers provided as letters of the alphabet, cut up and glued onto the cardboard sheet to spell out a poem;
- soap and a pin.



Here are 26 flowers. Secretly label each of them with a letter in the alphabet. Then (with the help of a photocopyier) make enough copies of the embroidery to make a secret flower poem about imprisonment.

CASE STUDY 4

Victor Jara Chile



WHO HE WAS

Victor Jara was a well-known Chilean theatre director, teacher, poet, folk singer and political activist. His songs were often about the life and struggles of the downtrodden. He was a high-profile supporter of President Salvador Allende and a member of the Communist Party.

In September 1973 he was arrested days after General Pinochet had overthrown the elected government of Allende and taken control. He was taken to the Stadium Chile (a large sports stadium) in Santiago which was used as a mass jail for him and thousands of other detainees. Soldiers tortured, beat and injured his hands before shooting him, at the age of 40. His wife Joan found his body in the morgue amongst hundreds of other murdered people.

HOW HE WROTE

Victor Jara wrote his last song on scraps of paper in the stadium while being held captive. The scraps of paper were smuggled out by those who survived.

WHAT HE WROTE

In 1983 Joan Jara, Victor's wife, published a book about the life and death of Victor Jara. The book's title *Victor: An Unfinished Song* primarily referred to the last words he wrote in captivity. The poem (below) remains unfinished, as he was led away and shot. It didn't even have a title but has become known by some as *Estadio Chile*

There are five thousand of us here in this little part of the city.
We are five thousand;
I wonder how many we are in all the cities and in the whole country?
Here alone are ten thousand hands which plant seeds and make the factories run.
How much humanity exposed to hunger, cold, panic, pain, moral pressure, terror, insanity?
Six of us were lost as if into starry space.
One dead, another beaten as I never could have believed a human being could be beaten.
The other four wanted to end their terror: one jumped into nothingness,
another beating his head against a wall, but all with the fixed look of death.
What horror the face of Fascism creates!
They carry out their plans with knife-like precision.
Nothing matters to them.
For them blood equal medals, slaughter is an act of heroism.
O God, is this the world that you created? For this seven days of wonder and work?
Within these walls only a number exists which does not progress.
Which, slowly will wish more and more for death.
Let Mexico, Cuba and the world cry out against this atrocity!
We are ten thousand hands which can produce nothing.

YOUR TASK

Using the materials provided, write a very short poem or song about something you care about. Try to put yourself in the position of an imprisoned writer and imagine that this could be the last piece of writing you will ever write. Teach your poem or song to a friend.

CASE STUDY 5

Hugh Lewin

South Africa

WHO HE IS

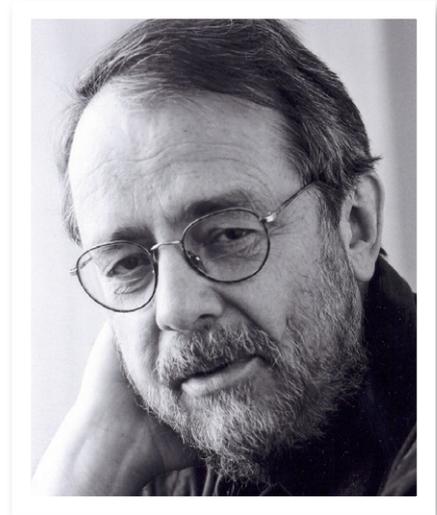
In 1964, the security police in Johannesburg arrested Hugh Lewin, a journalist, poet and activist in the African Resistance Movement. He was tried and convicted of sabotage against the apartheid regime, which segregated non-white people in South Africa. He spent seven years in prison.

HOW HE WROTE

Lewin managed to keep a secret prison diary recording his experiences, and those of his fellow inmates, written between the lines of the pages of the Bible, which he was allowed to keep in his cell. On his release he wrote a prize-winning book *Bandiet out of Jail* based on his prison diaries, and wonderful books for children.

WHAT HE WROTE

Here is one of his prison poems.



© Louise Gubb

Touch

When I get out
I'm going to ask someone
to touch me
very gently please
and slowly,
touch me
I want
to learn again
how life feels.

I've not been touched
for seven years
for seven years
I've been untouched
out of touch
and I've learnt
to know now
the meaning of
untouchable.

Untouched – not quite
I can count the things
that have touched me

One: fists
At the beginning
fierce mad fists
beating beating

till I remember
screaming
don't touch me
please don't touch me

Two: paws
The first four years of paws
every day
patting paws, searching
– arms up, shoes off
legs apart –
prodding paws, systematic
heavy, indifferent
probing away
all privacy.

I don't want fists and paws
I want
to want to be touched
again
and to touch
I want to feel alive
again
I want to say
when I get out
Here I am
please touch me.

YOUR TASK

Imagine yourself in Lewin's shoes, serving a long prison sentence for your action against South Africa's racist apartheid system. Using the materials provided, write a poem about a right for children that you feel is important.

26 But as to the dead, that they are raised, have ye not read in the book of Moses, how God spoke to him in the bush, saying, "I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." God is not a God of the dead, but of the living. Therefore ye greatly err.

28 A scribe who had heard them dispute, perceiving the justness of his reply, came to him, and proposed this question: Which is the chief commandment of all? Jesus answered, The chief of all the commandments is, "Hearken, Israel, the Lord * is our God: the Lord † is one;" and, "Thou shalt love the Lord ‡ thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." This is the first commandment.

31 The second resembleth it: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." There is no commandment greater than these. The scribe replied, Truly, Rabbi, thou hast answered well. There is one God, and only one; and to love him with all the heart, and with all the spirit, and with all the soul, and with all the strength; and to love one's neighbour as one's self, is more than all burnt-offerings and sacrifices. Jesus observing how pertinently he had answered, said to him, Thou art not far from the kingdom of God. After that, nobody ventured to put questions to him.

35 As Jesus was teaching in the temple, he asked them, Why do the scribes assert that the Messiah must be a son of David? Yet David himself, speaking by the Holy Spirit, saith, "The Lord § said to my Lord, Sit at my right hand, until I make thy foes thy footstool." David himself, therefore, calleth him his Lord, how then can he be his son? And the common people heard him with delight.

38 Further, in teaching, he said to them, Beware of the scribes who affect to walk in robes, who love salutations in public places, and the principal seat

* Jehovah.

† Jehovah.

‡ Jehovah.

§ Jehovah.

CASE STUDY 6

Nawal El Saadawi Egypt

WHO SHE IS

Nawal El Saadawi is a doctor, writer and campaigner for women's rights. She has faced death threats, prison and exile for her ideas. She has written over 50 novels, plays and short stories, many about the difficulties that women and girls face in Egypt. In 1981 her outspoken criticism of Egypt's President led to her imprisonment for three months in Qanatir Women's Prison.



© Carlos Reyes-Manzo

HOW SHE WROTE

In prison, she asked the Governor for writing materials, but was told: 'It would be easier to give you a pistol than pen and paper'. Despite this, she still managed to keep a diary on strips of toilet roll and cigarette papers, using an eyebrow pencil smuggled in by fellow prisoners. She usually wrote after midnight and hid the rolled up strips of diary entries inside her hair rollers, eventually smuggling them safely from the jail in her suitcase. The smuggled materials became the basis for *Memoirs From The Women's Prison* and novel *A Woman at Point Zero*.

WHAT SHE WROTE

An extract from her book *Memoirs From The Women's Prison*.

'Writing – such has been my crime ever since I was a small child. To this day writing remains my crime. Now, although I am out of prison, I continue to live inside a prison of another sort, one without steel bars...

The most dangerous shackles are the invisible ones, because they deceive people into believing they are free. This delusion is the new prison that people inhabit today, north and south, east and west. We inhabit the age of the technology of false consciousness...'

YOUR TASK

Step into Nawal El Saadawi's shoes. Write a diary entry using the materials provided. Roll it up to fit inside one of the hair curlers provided.

CASE STUDY 7

Zarganar Burma

WHO HE IS

Zarganar – that means ‘Tweezers’ in Burmese – is the stage name of Maung Thaura, a Burmese comedian, writer and human rights campaigner. He became famous in the 1980s for his comedy: his cross-dressing stage and TV acts often poked fun at the Army rulers of Burma, the lack of basic freedoms and the worsening standard of living and corruption in his country.

In 1988 he was imprisoned in solitary confinement at the notorious Insein Prison in Rangoon for taking part in a demonstration for democracy. During interrogation he was tortured, severely beaten and lost his teeth. He was jailed again from 1990 to 1994 for making political speeches. He was forced to re-enact his jokes in front of military intelligence interrogators while they hung him upside down. He was again arrested and jailed in September 2007 for publicly supporting a mass protest for democracy by Burmese monks.

In November 2008, he was sentenced to 59 years – later reduced to 35 years – for organising a group of volunteers to distribute relief aid for victims of Cyclone Nargis and for criticising the military government’s failure to deal with the disaster. The tragedy left 140,000 people dead and millions homeless. He was sent to Myitkyina Kachi prison in Burma’s far north. He was released in October 2011.

HOW HE WROTE

Access to reading and writing was strictly forbidden in the appalling conditions in Insein Prison but Zarganar managed to compose poems and plays in his head. He disciplined himself to memorise each one by heart. When he was freed he wrote more than 100 of them down.

During his second prison sentence, spent in a cell among dog kennels, he persuaded prison guards to give him some toilet paper. He got hold of a pencil stub. He wrote poems and songs on paper scraps, and crumpled them up into tiny pellets that he secreted inside his shirt collars. He sent the shirts (and the bits of writing) to his wife to wash.

During his third and fourth prison sentences his access to paper became easier. He had a broken biro and wrote on paper scraps including the paper lining of Chinese carpets. He bribed guards to smuggle his writing out to his wife and sister-in-law.

WHAT HE WROTE

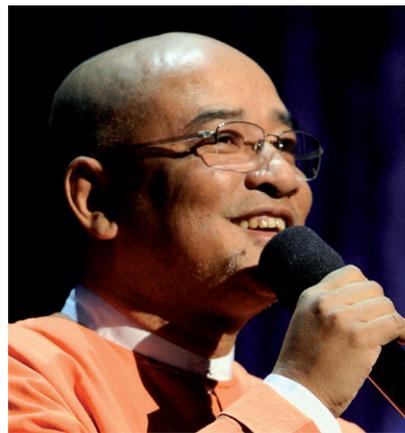
Zarganar wrote many poems in prison, including this one composed in Insein Prison in 1989.

Untitled

From the tree of my feelings
Sprang exquisite leaves,
Tendrils, branches
Which awoke my senses
And entwined my thoughts.
And from the lines
Composed in mind,
Came these verses
Written in blood.
On blank pages
With invisible ink.

YOUR TASK

Use the materials provided to write a short poem about being in captivity. Memorise it, then crumple up the text into a tiny pellet and hide it in your shirt.



© AI

CASE STUDY 8

Partaw Naderi

Afghanistan

WHO HE IS

Partaw Naderi is a scientist and poet from Afghanistan who writes in the Dari language. In the 1970s he was imprisoned for three years at the notorious Pul-e-Charkhi prison for his opinions and writing. He had just begun to write poetry.

He is now widely regarded as one of the leading poets in Afghanistan. After five years in exile, he returned to live in Kabul where he is President of Afghan PEN, the writers' organisation that campaigns for freedom of expression.

HOW HE WROTE

In prison Naderi managed to write on the silver paper inside cigarette boxes, empty spaces in the government newspaper, bits of wrapping paper – whatever he could lay his hands on. After he was freed from jail he fled the Taliban who had begun to rule Afghanistan.

WHAT HE WROTE

My Voice

I come from a distant land
with a foreign knapsack on my back
with a silenced song on my lips

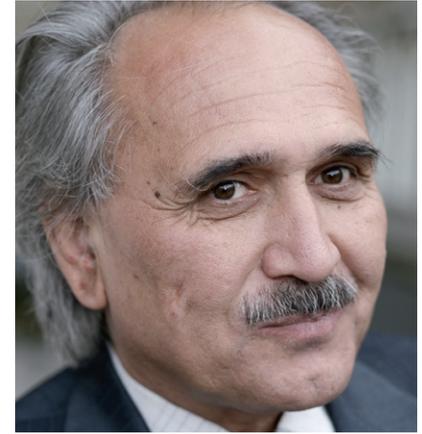
As I travelled down the river of my life
I saw my voice
(like Jonah)
swallowed by a whale

And my very life lived in my voice.

*Translated from the Dari by Sarah Maguire and Yama Yari for the Poetry Translation Centre www.poetrytranslation.org
© The Poetry Translation Centre 2005, 2008*

YOUR TASK

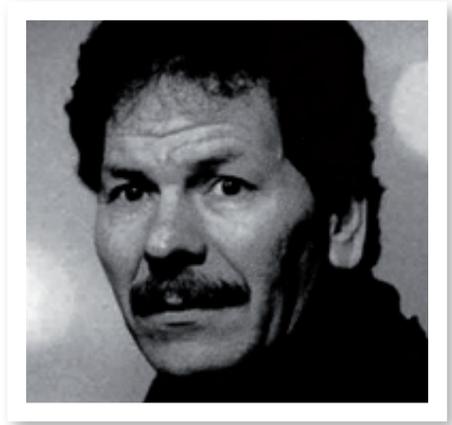
Use the materials provided to write a short and secret poem about what it feels like to be imprisoned.



© Crispin Hughes
www.crispinhughes.co.uk

CASE STUDY 9

Faraj Bayraqdar Syria



© Faraj Bayraqdar

WHO HE IS

Syrian poet Faraj Bayraqdar was imprisoned in 1987, held for six years without charge or trial and severely tortured. In 1993 he was tried for 'belonging to an unauthorised organisation' and sentenced to another nine years in Tadmor jail. Amnesty International considered him a prisoner of conscience and campaigned for his immediate release. In November 2000, he left jail fourteen months before the end of his sentence.

HOW HE WROTE

Bayraqdar describes his poetry as a defence. During his first years in prison he learned to write without pen or paper, composing small paragraphs and then committing them to memory. There were no pens or paper in Tadmor prison but he managed to train his memory and also got friends to memorise some of his verse instead of trying to remember it all himself. Once, while he was ill in Tadmor prison, guards gave him a pen and chemist prescription slips so he could write down the names of medicines he needed. He wrote his poem *Portrait* on one of the papers but destroyed it when prisoners were subjected to a body search. Later he and fellow prisoners in Tadmor made their own ink from tea and onion leaves, and he used a wooden splinter found in the yard as a pen.

WHAT HE WROTE

Portrait

The curse said to him 'be', so he was
his eyes two dirty copper buttons
his nose an exclamation point,
drawn viciously
his mouth the shape of a stifled voice
and his tongue in the barrel of the gun.
On his shoulders peacocks rest
bloated with defeats
he owes debts
that would break the blood banks,
engulfing them in scandal
He tends to us with a blind heart
and guards us with barbed wire
his intentions ensnare
and his smile heralds a massacre
his wisdom is death
and his justice hell...
Forgive me... I'll stop.

I'm about to faint
maybe he's not exactly like that
but he is...

YOUR TASK

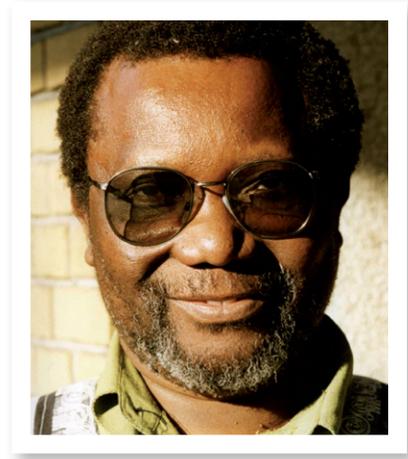
Compose a short poem or sentence about a torturer. Write it down using the materials and methods Bayraqdar used.

CASE STUDY 10

Jack Mapanje Malawi

WHO HE IS

Jack Mapanje is a Malawian writer and poet. He was Professor of Linguistics in the University of Malawi before being imprisoned in Mikuyu Maximum Security Jail in Malawi from 1987 to 1991 for his poetry book *Of Chameleons and Gods*. It upset Malawi's President Dr Hastings Banda and his regime. It was banned in Malawi shortly after publication and all copies were seized. He was released in 1991 and emigrated to the UK, where he has been working as a poet and teacher, and has taught creative writing in prisons.



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HOW HE WROTE

In prison, Mapanje saved up white anti-malarial pills that prisoners were given. He used them as a chalk to teach a fellow prisoner how to read and write. He couldn't write anything in prison because he had nothing to write on so he produced 25 poems in his head. After three and a half years in Lilongwe Prison, he could only remember the titles though. So he sat down and tried to recall the verses. He still has two or three that he has not yet recovered.

He later wrote a memoir about his experience *And Crocodiles Are Hungry At Night*, with stories about maggot-infested vegetables, the constant struggle with malaria and diarrhoea and messages smuggled out on soap wrappers and pencil leads hidden in his matted hair.

WHAT HE WROTE

One of his prison poems tells how a solidarity postcard from an Amnesty International member in the Netherlands miraculously got through to him in his cell in Mikuyu Prison, and offered him hope.

To the Unknown Dutch Postcard-Sender

But however these colours slipped through
The sorters, your Groeten uit Holland,
My dear, has sent waves of hope and reason
To hang-on to the fetid walls of these
Cold cells; today the midnight centipedes
Shriller than howling hyenas will dissolve;
We will not feel those rats nibbling at
The rotting corns of our toes; and that
Midnight piss from those blotched lizards
Won't stink; and if that scorpion stings
Again tonight, the stampede in D4 will jump
In jubilation of our Groeten uit Holland.

YOUR TASK

Imagine that you are a political prisoner. A message of support has arrived for you in prison out of the blue from someone you don't know. Use the materials provided to write a reply.

GLOSSARY

Groeten uit Holland – Greetings from Holland
Fetid – rotten

SUBSTITUTING NUMBERS AND LETTERS

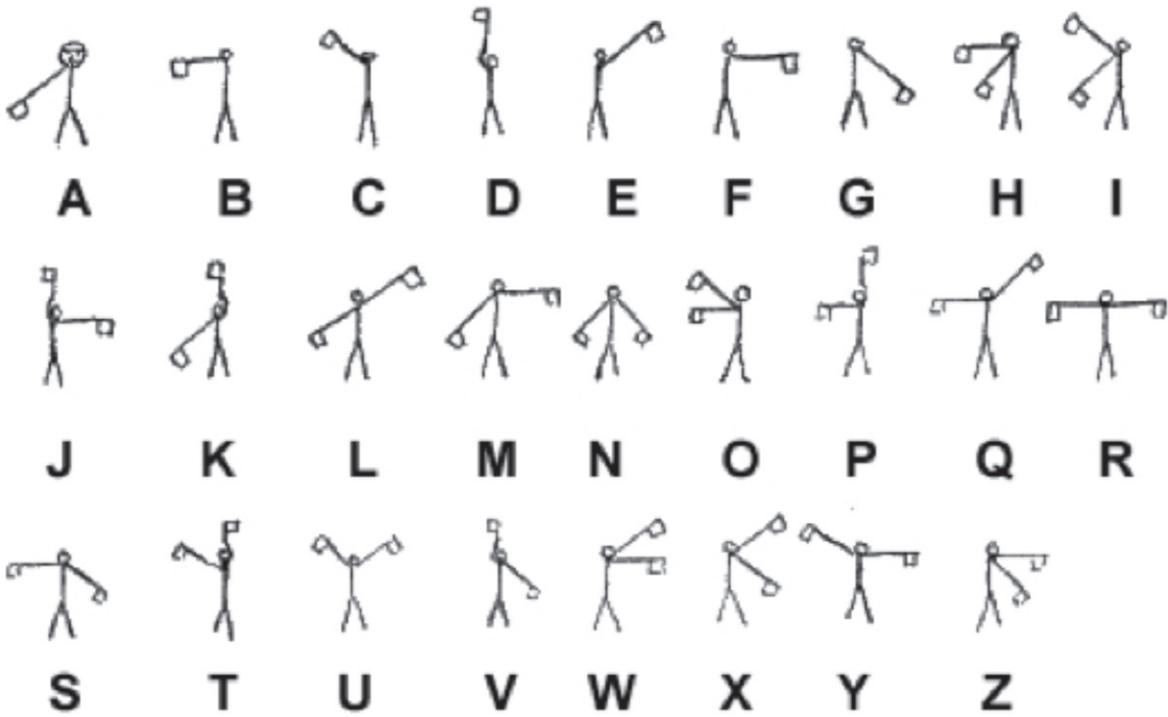
There are many simple codes that you can make and use that substitute numbers for letters and vice versa.

1. Write down the numbers from 1 to 26.
2. Directly underneath the numbers write down the 26 letters of the alphabet.
3. Each letter in your message can now be substituted with the number above it.

The code can become more complex if you write the alphabet out backwards. Or you can move the alphabet on a few letters so the first number starts at D or U for instance.

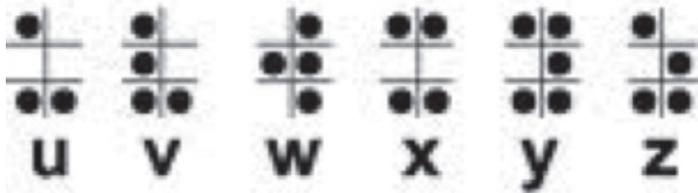
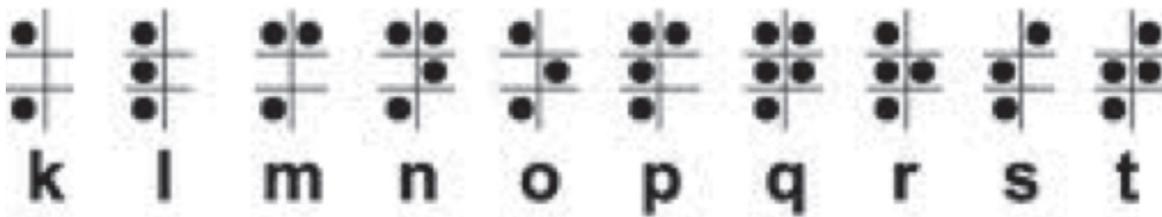
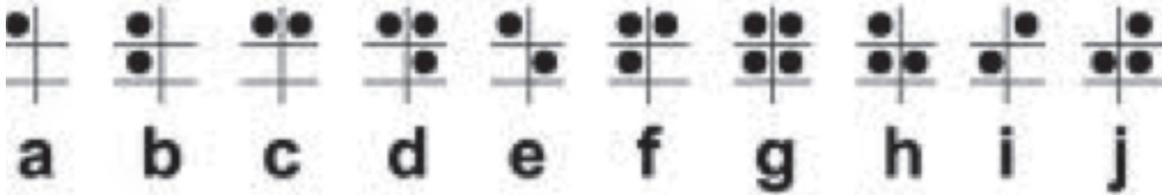
B.4 SEMAPHORE

Messages can be exchanged using two flags and this Semaphore signalling code.



BRaille

In 1829 the blind teacher Louis Braille invented this system of using different arrangements of raised dots for each letter. The system bears his name and enables blind and partially sighted people across the world to read and write through touch. You can use it as a code for passing messages.



MOON

The Moon System of Embossed Reading, or Moon code, is another writing system for the blind. It was invented in 1845 by Dr William Moon. It uses this system of raised symbols to represent the letters of the alphabet.

∧	∩	∪	∩	└	∩
A	B	C	D	E	F
∩	○		J	<	└
G	H	I	J	K	L
└	N	○	∩	∩	/
M	N	O	P	Q	R
/	—	∩	V	∩	>
S	T	U	V	W	X
└	Z				
Y	Z				

2. Send a message with invisible inks

WHAT YOU NEED:

Fruit juice (orange, lemon or apple)
Paper
Sunlight or heat source
Paintbrush, cotton bud or toothpick, to be used as your pen.

WHAT TO DO:

Squeeze some juice into a cup. Dip your 'pen' in and write your message on a piece of paper. If this doesn't work, try another mixture of ingredients.

Experiment with other fruit juices; baking soda dissolved in water; onion juice; vinegar; diluted honey; soapy water; dissolved sugar.

Allow the paper to dry.

Heat the paper. Iron it, put in on a radiator or hold it up to a hot light bulb or lamp. The 'ink' should oxidize and turn brown, so the message can be read.

OTHER WAYS TO CREATE INVISIBLE INKS

Vinegar writing can be revealed with red cabbage water and heat.
Lemon juice or starch solution can be revealed with iodine solution.