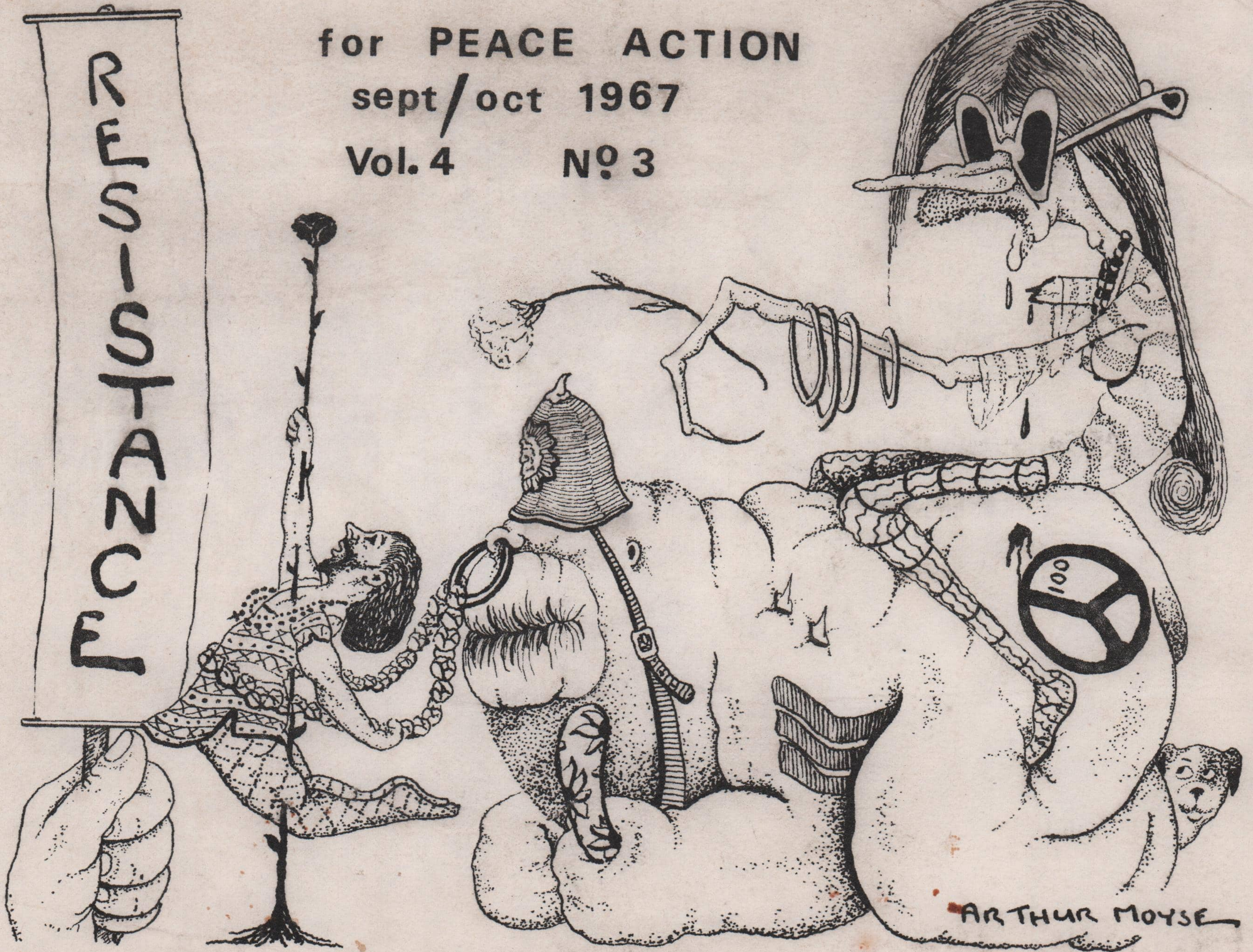


for PEACE ACTION

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# RESISTANCE FOR PEACE ACTION

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# THE PEACE MOVEMENT

PETER NEVILLE

## PEACE AT LAST

PEACE at last seems to have descended on the shoulders of the British Peace Movement. It was not before time and it is very nice to see the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament being willing to lie down with the Committee of 100. Can I throw a gentle spanner in the works?

## MIRAGE?

Peace amongst peace activists is nice, but unless it leads to understanding, it is just a mirage and after a few conversations with CNDers, Peace in Vietnam people, Pacifists and 'all-purpose Peace liberals' I wonder if it isn't a mistake, all this rather ambiguous getting together.

## YESTERDAY'S ENEMIES

Until about two years ago nobody in the various sections would speak to each other unless in clipt tones and furious shouts except in some small-town groups where manpower was too low to afford the luxury of factional quarrels. The Labour Left of CND hatred of the Committee of 100 and, dare I say it, the Anarchists, was worse than their hatred of the Tories, and that was saying something. The reason was simple, they knew that at rock bottom we wanted different things. And they were right!

## UNEASY TRUCE

The fact is that these are now our 'friends' because they have become disenchanted with Harold Wilson and the Labour Right and the Government's present policies, not because they have changed their ideas or come around to our way of thinking. They resign from the Labour Party and move where - the Anarchist Movement? Whose kidding whom? They enter the Communist Party or one of the Marxist/Trotskyist groups or try to turn the CND into a new political party with its own national membership. The lion may appear to be lying down with the lamb, but he is only doing so in order to devour him whilst he sleeps. Do not fall asleep! The CND Leftist, we must remember, comes to us with empty hands - his activists were largely you, his experience similar to part of yours with a vast experience of useless knowledge about Parliamentary lobbying and such like - idle gestures we outgrew. He is institutionalised and politically dead and has not had the experience of the Committee and the Libertarian Left. Furthermore, if he could he would get back on the party bandwagon (if he has ever left it) and he would ditch us at the first opportunity.



## WHY BOTHER?

So why do we, why should we, work with him? Possibly because he might change, possibly because he is there and lets himself be used and does no harm, and that is about all. If he wants to go for a ride its up to him. We are fighting our enemies not him, unlike the conventional left which prefers to fight amongst its own ranks and sections as a substitute for real action, we are for real action. The only possible thing to watch is that he doesn't start to think that suddenly he is part of us and can speak with our voice, this is when snags arise and this is what we have to watch. Lately we have been too accomodating and really there is no reason for this - he is no gain at all, merely so much use lumber.

## TACTICAL NONVIOLENCE

When we talk about Peace and the Peace Movement we do not mean, despite the oft repeated comments of a few 'prominant' figures, Pacifism or 'Peace At Any Price'. The Peace Movement is an integral part of the revolutionary libertarian left. To put it simply, Non-Violence (as described in the National Committee Policy Statement) is an extremely effective and economical method as far as human lives go, in the European and Northamerican context of getting things we want and it does work for small issues. It is no use the so-called Black Power brigade of phoney left wingers and former rightist Uncle Toms claiming that the non-violence practised by the Civil Rights Movement does not work, merely because this asked for the wrong things, the visible legal trappings of freedom instead of tackling the social and economic processes as well. Non-violence works and if properly tried in a relevant context can be beautifully effective, but this is not merely pacifism either - many pacifists do not understand what non-violence is about and have never used it. Non-violence isn't necessarily getting arrested, arrests are merely casualties who have been removed to a different front. Non-violence is a psychological frontal attack on another's morality and equanimity, but it is a tactic and nothing more - for some it may be the only tactic they will use - but it is still a tactic, a means for achieving a political end.

## OUR DIFFERENT ENDS

It is this political end which shows the difference between the libertarian - be he Committeeman, Anarchist or what, or a combination and the authoritarian left be they hard-line Marxist of the Communist Party, the Tro. tskist or other sections of the so-called Revolutionary Wing and the constitutionalist of the Labour Party (Note: since its early days the British Communist Party has been constitutionalist - and hence completely ineffective). To illustrate this more graphically. A year ago in Birmingham we organised a campaign against the heartlessness of the regulations of Birmingham Homeless Hostels. A copy of the Hostel Regulations with a plea for help was sent out as part of the West Midlands Regional CND Newsletter. There was not a single reply to this from any individual or CND Group - the ad hoc committee Friends of the Birmingham Homeless was composed of supporters of the West Midlands Committee of 100, Birmingham Anarchist Group and Project 84



a Student-oriented voluntary social welfare group, but the mainstay of the struggle was maintained by the first two groups. We do not know whether we were particularly successful, but some hostels were closed in favour of half-way houses, the rules were relaxed and the City Council moved faster than ever seen before. The point I am trying to make however was that despite making the group known, it was totally ignored by the authoritarian left of all groupings, the CND etc., the Churches, the voluntary bodies except Shelter a specific housing group, which however would have nothing to do with us and Social Workers (of whom an awful lot are said to be 'left') if anything most left-wing groups were against relaxing the hostel rules and accepted the views of the Council on their face value without any question.

## THE LIBERTARIAN LEFT

The Committee of 100 and other groups like Solidarity\* forming with some small groupings and some 'peace movement mavericks' the Direct Action Wing of the Peace Movement in all but name and the Anarchists and a few other minor groupings form the Libertarian Left, and this does not exist apart from these, except on paper. The Libertarian Left are distinguished from the rest of the left and the liberals because they are for the liberation of the individual, have a sense of personal honour which cannot be transcended by party doctrine or group decision and a sense of rightness in political and social action. The Libertarian Left seek to change to a humanistic and non-authoritarian free society. Peace to us means a state of society where men and women are living at their highest potential in an understanding community practising group solidarity and mutual aid. We feel that the community exists to further individual interests and any Government means not an external force or State but an agreed restraint in areas where conflict might result. The especial interests of minorities are not catered for because it is based on individual participation so the latter is part of the whole business of conscious decision making - we are all minorities of one, each working with each other.

## SEARCH FOR IDENTITY

All men and women in the Peace Movement are looking for one thing, an identity which will give them enough self-respect to go on facing the world. We feel that there must be something more to the world than its external appearances apparently offer us. The authoritarian personality, starved of early love, and embittered, seeks a blueprint of the present and future and the process of change on which to hang his attitudes, and have a group to identify with. The libertarian personality seeks some way to better express his feelings of humanity, of love. He has an insatiable curiosity and seeks a personal enlightenment. Here is why one sees the interest of the libertarian in drugs that heighten his consciousness - though this seems to be, to me a blind alley as it is a substitute for good hard thinking. The

\*NOTE: Solidarity (formerly Socialism Reaffirmed Group) publish "SOLIDARITY" an almost-monthly libertarian socialist magazine and a series of high quality leaflets and books especially on aspects of libertarian (rather than anarchist or specifically Peace Movement) thought and action. They have an outstanding record for direct action. They are not to be confused with the Vietnam Solidarity Campaign (VSC) - a hobby of Bertrand Russell the well known Trot.



Libertarian seeks to be left alone to develop his intellect and personality and experiment with human relationships in the community of others of like mind. Unfortunately, in modern society which is so inclusive and all embracing, especially now with its growing attributes of the Corporate State, this is impossible and he is forced to struggle for individual survival. As he does so he becomes aware of the rest of society being in the same plight and feels the need to change society to one where it is freer. He re-examines the social and economic system and finds this could work much better under a more libertarian system. So the Libertarian works to change society. We, the libertarians, seek to liberate ourselves and others from the harshness of rulers and of rules and self-inflicted psychoses. We see the Labour Party as being no different from any other authoritarian group (hence our continual opposition which has always annoyed our CND 'friends'). We see dictatorship as wrong whether of the ruling elite or of 'the proletariat'. We seek freedom knowing its worth and cost. We seek to oppose all the forms of inequality or their manifestations. We oppose war because it is the symptom of the sickness of the present society. We especially seek to oppose others blind obedience the reason why these inequalities exist, this obedience that arises from a lack of confidence in self. Our struggle covers every issue, be it in our work, community life, personal life, culture, or the use of naked force. We seek Peace and a Free Society interchangeably - peace to us is not no war going on - the State at political rest - is there any peace in present-day Greece?

## PARTING OF THE WAYS - FRIENDS BUT!

CND, the orthodox political Peace Movement neither supports our aims nor wants us to achieve them. They have served their purpose, they have mobilised mass action, yet failed to educate ordinary people in political reality - all they really wanted was for them to vote Labour - though they never had a real chance of effecting an abolishment of nuclear weapons etc., by this means. They go on in their small way performing useful services over the Polaris submarine bases and so on, but they are not really with us, just in parallel. The Pacifists are partly with us, partly against us, partly dead wood, to be taken as they come, noting they will infiltrate us and try and change the meanings of our words ambiguously - like equating non-violence with absolute pacifism. They serve well in places. But essentially the libertarian left working directly through the numerous Peace Action groupings that have arisen in parallel to CND (often from YCND Groups), can work to put our ideas into practise. We must say, we put our cards on the table, that is us, where do you stand, can we work together, if so where? This is the only way, and it is in fact, in reality, the actual way we shall get our kind of free society, by working together for things of mutual interest and so sowing the seed of trust and understanding, and with understanding love, and with love how can there be conflict?

**PROJECTS:** The SAVE STANSTEAD Group\*POLARIS ACTION direct action demo  
Committee of 100 activists\*meeting 2.30pm Sat 7th October,  
with the people of Essex to organ- \*Milton Hall, Deansgate, Manchester.  
ise direct action against the 3rd \*or contact Tony Hetherington,  
airport at Stanstead: Details \*47, Teilo Street, Liverpool 8  
5, Acton Way, Cambridge. \*



# PEACE ACTION

In the late 1950's and early '60's many people felt that it was unlikely that the world would survive to see the year 1967 - it was a time to "Act or Perish". The urgency of the situation made it clear that the whole suicidal process of nuclear armaments and alliances would have to be brought to an immediate end - disrupted. This was a short-term policy, and for a combination of reasons it failed. I say this not to condemn it, but to put it in its historical context and leave it there. It belongs to a time when it seemed very likely that the world was going to be destroyed outright, and it was possible to arouse the profound concern of millions of people. This depth and breadth of concern is not aroused twice in one generation, and people have learnt to live with the bomb, and are now learning to live with the war in Vietnam. What is happening now is that we are watching the gradual decay of the values and qualities of our society - the sudden axe-blow seems less imminent, and in their relief, people do not see that the cancerous growth is becoming daily larger: the individual is steadily becoming an automaton which is relieved of the necessity of thinking or deciding for itself. Individual responsibility and involvement in society is being strangled by the vast centralized political and economic institutions. The quality of life is being sacrificed to mere material quantity as power and wealth become our chief criteria.

It seems absurd, therefore, to pretend that politically persuasive arguments against the bomb, against U.S. policy in Vietnam, against the suppression of freedom in Greece, Spain, Southern Africa, etc., can have any effect on these situations. We cannot change policies without changing the institutions and the system of values they are derived from. We cannot urge people to help change the situation on the other side of the world when they are clearly powerless to change it at home. All that these arguments can achieve is to keep the issues open and remind people that such things are going on and are quite indefensible. To actually change or improve these situations we must go farther.

The problem of war and violence is the problem of the location of power and control. When this is located in centralized, de-personalized institutions, completely out of our control, it becomes important for its own sake and demands militarism to perpetuate and protect itself. This all works against the real human needs of communities and the quality of our lives, reducing our society to an amoral, introverted and helpless morass which becomes more fuel for the war machine and the authoritarian state.



There is only one answer to this dilemma: we must start building a new society based on co-operation and on individual responsibility and importance. We must start a social revolution and a cultural revolution. A social revolution in which small communities build up their own localised institutions and services to replace the centralised ones, and therefore regain their necessary share of control which will enable them to become "men, not monkeys minding machines". A cultural revolution which will replace the concepts of anger and hate and violence with love and joy and imagination: if one tries to destroy a set of values with the terminology and weapons of that system, one merely becomes swallowed up in it. We must develop local projects and communities which will make it possible for people to come together and help each other to resist repressive authorities and restrictive materialistic careers, and to develop the outward responsiveness of the individual and his importance in the community.

This is the only basis of a peaceful society - and it is usually rejected as a Utopian dream. But it is possible to make a start in this direction with only one or two dedicated and patient people who can relate national and international problems to the problems of local life and tackle these at their roots. It is a call to revolution, but not a revolution in the normal sense of the word - not the transfer of the control of existing institutions, but the construction and development of alternatives which can eventually replace the old ones. For too long we have attacked, satirised and shouted at our opponents, or merely opted out as individuals. It is time we offered a positive alternative. This could start as a club or coffee bar where it would be possible to talk with and not at other people, and where education and entertainment would be on a mutual and co-operative basis. It could develop into a more self-sufficient community based on common ownership. But the object must always be to involve people from outside, as observers or participators, so that these projects can grow and, by their example, show the young people who already condemn the society they are inheriting, that there is a way of breaking free from the grip of the centralized warfare state and a hope of saving our civilisation.

Rupert Scott

APPEAL 1 On April 28th 29 men & 12 women occupied the Greek Embassy as a protest against the British recognition of the Greek right wing's coup d'etat. They are at present facing charges which seem to change with great frequency. They hope to defend themselves against these charges and need money for their defence. Send to Bretta Carthy, 'Save Greece phoney, phoney dollars charge. Now Defence Fund', 13, Goodwin St N4.

APPEAL 2 The Legal & Welfare Group of the Committee of 100 exists to help defend those arrested in Peace Actions and look after their dependents when imprisoned. Both Jim Radford & Nicolas Walter have now been released from prison, but Terry Chandler & Melvyn Estrain are due to go up for trial on the phoney, phoney dollars charge. Send to Jeanne Smythe same address.



# THE EDGWARE PROJECT

Many of you will have heard of the EDGWARE PROJECT, but not known much about it; why it took place; what built up to it; and what followed from it. People must have had many unanswered questions, probably these will remain unanswered, until such time as you initiate your own Peace Action Group, when you will begin to understand the answers from your own experience. This is Edgware's story:

TO START at the beginning:

the Edgware Project which was held in February & March 1967 sprang from an idea put up by the London Committee of 100, that in Edgware the local YCND group should be mobilised together with other peace groups including national organisations, such as YCND, CND, Campaign Caravan Workshops, and the Committee of 100.

The local YCND group had been functioning for just over a year at this stage. It had been started by three people who were very keen to see a peace group start in the local area and play an active role in local affairs and the social life of the community. At the start of the Edgware Project there were about sixty people on the mailing list of the YCND group, many of them not active but names that we had picked up from various lists which we had obtained, and of people that had shown even slight interest.

Most of you will know what took place during the Edgware Project: one month of concentrated activity, including intensified selling, leafletting and canvassing. Also a film show, folk song concert, public meeting meeting, and two people arrested (Doug Kepper and Dave Boughton) at Edgware station. This resulted in headlines in the local paper, which kept up for most of the project. There was

intensive leafletting at five local schools, the response overwhelming.

## RESULTS

From leafletting five schools we managed to set up twelve school groups, all working efficiently. The "gospel" had been spread. The local YCND group was increased (on paper) to about two hundred.

A few weeks after the project the YCND group changed its name to EDGWARE PEACE ACTION GROUP. By this time the school groups had been increased to sixteen; some were pretty useless (those we would concentrate on), some very efficient. Those that were efficient held meetings in their schools, sold Sanity and Peace News and many other peace pamphlets, arranged their own activities, sold many badges and even had Sanity and Peace News in their school libraries!! Those that were not so successful just sold badges-- mainly "Make Love Not War".

## REACTION AND RESISTANCE.

Some groups were banned in schools, badges were confiscated, papers and pamphlets were confiscated, girls and boys threatened with expulsion, reports to parents, suppression of individual freedom of thought and expression. Reporters with the local paper-----

- \* \*NOTE: A Manual of Peace Action is
- \* being prepared by the National
- \* Committee of 100.



took a great interest in all that happened. When leafletting local schools we were often told to go away or else! The 'or else' was often the police -- they were called but were helpless to stop us. At North London Collegiate Girls' School the bursar, who just happened to be an ex-Royal Navy commander, told us to stop leafletting the girls or else he would be forced to call the police. When told that the police could do nothing he told each girl to refuse to take our leaflets. When this did not work he closed the main gate and made the girls leave by a different exit. We just went to the other exit and carried on leafletting. After this he seemed to give up. Meanwhile, when the girls heard they were not meant to take our "terrible" leaflets they took even more than we had expected to dish out.

Groups that were suppressed existed underground. Often they flourished and became very active, with lots of real individual activists. Haberdashers Aske's School was one of these. They had four cadet forces (army, navy, air, police) but the peace group was not allowed. Activity and interest flourished underground from this group. From it came one of our group secretaries, Paul Marks. Also out of this group came David Mond, who introduced his sister; both of them very active school secretaries.

### Wider Contacts

We had various petitions put out,

MELVYN ESTRIN

mainly about local problems such as closed council meetings, local race relations, etc. There were also various visits to old people's homes, groups of people went armed with Sanity and Peace News.

Also a survey of the area was conducted, and an attempt made to find out the local population's feelings on the causes we strive for. Surprisingly, the result was much better than we had thought it would be. When going to people's homes and talking to them about problems that face us, we have found their views really often coincided with ours!

We maintain that one of the best ways to canvass is to do a long-term leafletting of the area chosen then follow it up with giving away free Peace News or Resistance, then the chat -- and you must know your stuff; it is no good not knowing what you're talking about. The thing to do is to READ and READ until you know exactly what you're talking about!!!!!!

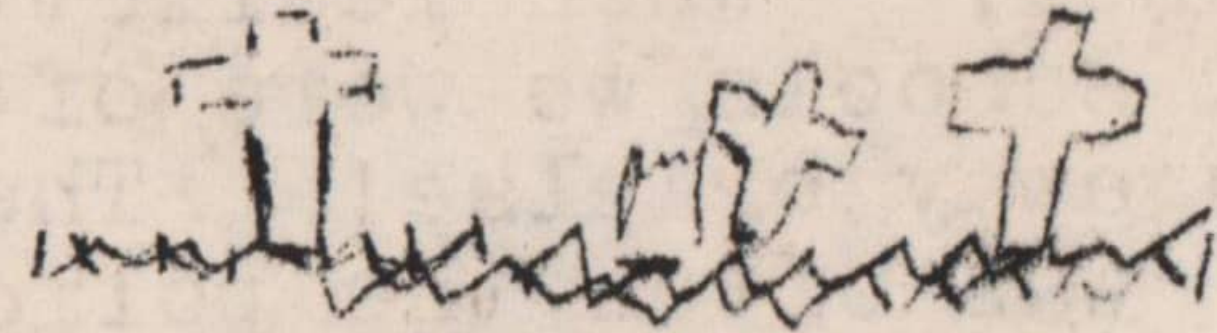
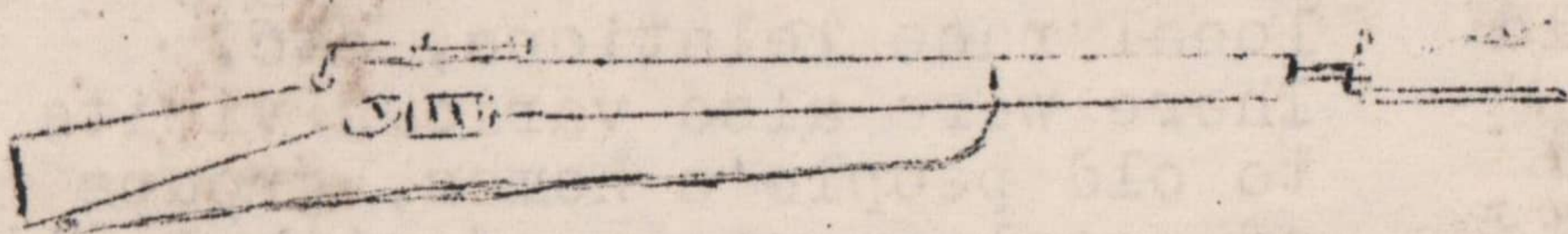
\* \* \* \* \*

To get a group functioning as the Edgware group did requires lots of hard work which usually falls onto a few people's shoulders.

I believe the Edgware Peace Action Group was the first of the peace action groups and we hope not the last. The work that they do is a very important part of peace work.



# RIFLES IN THE SANCTUARY OF GOD



by Richard York.

"Forces from him shall appear and profane the temple...  
And they shall set up the abomination that makes  
desolate...but the people who know their God shall  
stand firm and take action."

Daniel XI: 31-32.

On Sunday, February 19th, 1967, 19 days after 2,500 clergy marched on Washington to express their anguish and penitence over the war in Vietnam, many to bear witness to the faith of Jesus, 15 days after the Diocese of California in convention at Grace Cathedral had voted to support the statement that "war is incompatible with the teaching and example of our Lord Jesus Christ", 11 days after the Christian penitential season of Lent had begun, 9 days after 1,700 people gathered at Grace Cathedral for a 24-hour vigil and fast for peace, five hours after the Sacrament of Christ's broken Body and shed Blood had been celebrated on its altar, some 200 armed, flag-bearing, and helmeted troops marched into the very Sanctuary and surrounded the altar of our Cathedral.

On February 19th, 1967, we witnessed, in horror and outrage, this blasphemy, this desecration, this hypocrisy, this sanctuary of God bristling with the weapons of war. It was the Massing of the Colors, a mayor-declared civic holiday, a time to remember George Washington.

I don't know who was responsible for it, except perhaps again, all of us. For there was no one there protesting, no one there crying for the Church, no one praying for forgiveness. Only a nave filled with Daughters of the Revolution and Legionnaires, only the military chaplain preaching, only the troops sitting in the transepts with guns and flags, only the military band and the academy students in uniform, and, of course, the clergy.

My wife and I, my seminary classmate Darrow Bishop and his pregnant wife and their small child, had heard about it only a short time before. We could not believe it -- so we went up to Grace Cathedral to see for ourselves, and there it all was. As the sermon droned on and the rifles glittered in the light of a stained-glass Jesus, we stood in a side aisle, next to a painted St. Francis, shaking. It was like witnessing an execution, I suppose -- too frightening to leave, too horrible to watch. It was like watching the execution of our faith -- of our Church.

One of us had a service program. "My God," someone



11  
said, "they're going to march on the altar -- into the sanctuary with those guns!" Sonething had to be done. We had to try to stop them. And our bodies were all that we had.

I thought about my seminary studies, about the ordination I looked forward to, about my Bishop.

"This could be the end of that," I said to my wife.

She said, "Would you do it if it meant sacrificing ordination?"

"Yes!" I answered.

I thought later, this spectacle is the result of generations who have answered that and similar questions in the negative.

Then it began to happen. The organ sounded, the people stood, the march of the troops from the transepts to the sanctuary began. The five of us ran for the sanctuary door, arriving there just as the first soldiers did. We pushed ahead of them and sat down at their feet, blocking the door. Immediately vergers came running. One grabbed me by the feet and began dragging me out of the door across the polished marble floor. My friend, Darrow, got hit on the back with the butt of a rifle. All I could see was rifle butts, military boots and the tips of fringed flags. They marched on, over us and around us, into the sanctuary. (Was this what it was like in Daniel's vision, I thought. Was it like this for Becket, and for Bonhoeffer?) Then someone grabbed my wife's legs and began dragging her out of the door. Her dress went up and she fell back. Then, as the troops marched by, they began kicking us. My wife started crying. Somehow my friend's wife ended up more in the center of the sanctuary. Because of her child she received no kicks -- they only walked on her. She too was crying. The hymn played on, the troops and legionnaires marched by. Two women in the choir began crying. Another said only, "Disgusting!" Soon they were all in. Surrounding the altar with rifles and flags, the band began the National Anthem. We sat and wept.

After that a man came over to me and asked me what group we represented.

"The Christian faith and our consciences," I said.

What group, he kept insisting. No group, I said.

"We're just trying to stop them from bringing those guns into the Sanctuary of God."

"But these people are just commemorating those who gave their lives for our country," he said.

continued...



"And those whose lives our country took -- is that not the meaning of those weapons they carry?" I asked. He walked away.

Soon it was over and the death procession marched out. We gathered there in a circle, kneeling, holding hands, shaking, and prayed for peace and for forgiveness. The people could see us now, from the nave. The clergy stood in the halls and silently watched.

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\*This article appeared in the March 1967 issue of W I N / W I N  
Peace and Freedom thru Nonviolent Action: 5 Beekman Street, Room  
1003, New York, N.Y. 10038. 21 issues per year \$5.00

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Poem

old man  
sitting in the pub  
do you still love your wife  
or is beer better company  
your lips are hard  
and your eyes are dull  
did you kill a man in the first world war  
you are old, old man  
won't live much longer  
will God still exist when you're dead  
will you wear your cloth cap  
when you vote on thursday  
if i asked you my questions  
woul you be angry

Rosemarie Bayley

Reprinted from "Somethings" No 3 the poem is copyright.



# LOVE

and

# HATE

There we sat in a corner of Central Park going through all the changes that you go through before direct action. 16 members of the Flower Brigade preparing to march in the Support Our Boys in Vietnam Parade, May 13. "I'm scared. I almost didn't make it up the subway." Joe Flaherty of the Village Voice drops by to tell us it's like walking into the lion's den.

Jim Fouratt says he's definitely marching. He called the parade committee and was assured we were an officially designated group in the parade and he has this marvellous cherub look that says, we got to show them our love.

"If Jim goes I guess we all go." No-one cops out.

Since I'm supposed to know about this stuff I do my OK-I think-we're-gonna-get-the-shit-kicked-out-of-us speech. It's a quickie on nonviolent defense about removing earrings, protecting genitals and base of the head, staying together as a group, etc. Jim talks to the cops. They are going to escort us to Lexington and 93rd, our assembly point. They try to talk us out of going. Some cop's on a walkie-talkie and orders are that we get no escort. Just then a patrol car rides by with a "Support Our Boys" sticker on the windshield. We figure it's safer without the cops. Off come as many identifying items as possible. All we've got are flowers.

We march the five blocks without incident and form behind a boy scout group from Queens. It's sunny and we're really grooving. Glad there's no trouble, we wait for about an hour. Some people who like what we're doing buy us some more flowers to carry. We all have American flags, some guys have official Support Our Boys banners that they bought from vendors who came by. I have a beautifully coloured cape that says Freedom all over it. My girl is dressed in red, white and blue. Three people have pink posters that say "Love" on them.

A few college hawkniks come by. One guy swings, wants to get laid, takes a flower and says he'll even march with us. The boy scouts are really digging us goofing around: "Hey, they're kissing, look at that." The scout leaders are having a real time controlling the kids. They make them line up with their right arms extended two inches below Heil Hitler position. They order them to face front. Everything looks cool. We're all impatient to get going. The word goes out "we're movin' out". OK. Left, Right or Right, Left. The boy scouts are really showing us up.



We march a half block to Park Avenue. You can really hear the bands now. It's John Philip Sousa Day in Fun City. Man, I dig parades. A busty mother walks by with her four-year-old twins dressed in Army clothes, each with a plastic machine-gun. Two Bircher-type women see us. They ask the cops what's going on. The cop shrugs his shoulders. They confer with the boy scout leaders. They decide that we are a corrupting influence. They march the scouts around the Flatbush Conservative Club contingent. We follow. We get cut off from the boy scouts. "Be Prepared!"

Zonk! Fists, red paint, kicks, beer cans, spitting, - the whole American Welcome Wagon treatment. They grab our American flags and rip them up. Quite an interesting bit, since this parade was formed chiefly because of the flag burning at the April 15th Peace March. Daisy petals flying all over like chicken feathers. A mother drops her baby in order to get in a few well-placed punches. The baby's getting crushed along with the flower people. The baby's one of us, while Mom does her patriotic thing. Two girls are stomped on. We sound the retreat. "Get those bearded creeps." (No-one had a beard.) "Cowards, Cowards!" "Go back to the Village!" Cops appear out of nowhere. There is a flying wedge. We are marched to 2nd Ave. and get a police escort to St. Marks Place.

The Flower Brigade lost its first battle, but watch out America. We were poorly equipped with flowers from uptown florists. Already there is talk of growing our own. Plans are being made to mine the East River with daffodils. Dandelion chains are being wrapped around induction centres. Holes are being dug in street pavement and seeds dropped and covered. The cry of "Flower Power" echoes through the land. We shall not wilt. Let a thousand flowers bloom.

Abbie Hoffman, Liberty House.

BATTLE II. We are to meet in Central Park for a Head Feed and then walk to Fifth Avenue to "zap the military with love" as they march down Fifth Avenue in the traditional Armed Forces Day parade. May 20 is Flower Power Day, the idea being that if we cannot oppose the war in a spirit of love that distinguishes us from the brutal spirit with which the war-lovers support the war, we have very little to offer this society in the way of meaningful change. Politically, we need decentralisation and redistribution of power, but we also need a revolution of consciousness. "We must make love possible," Carl Oglesby has said. "Resistance plus Flower Power equals Revolution" adds a radical mathematician. "These are our brothers marching" we mean to say. "We love them. Don't let generals and politicians make murderers of them."

But what is love? How does one act lovingly? We meet in the park, about 250 of us, break bread, sing, dance, talk, meditate. We are concerned about the possibility of violence. So are the police, out in force, but discreetly in the background. Earlier in the week, some veterans of the Flower Brigade urge us to confine our activities to the park, don't seek a confrontation along Fifth Avenue. Emphasise the contrast between the gentility of flower power and the dehumanisation of military power, they advise. Others of us, including Abbie Hoffman, formerly of SNCC and the Flower Brigade, urge confrontation. Flower Power is "love plus courage" he tells us.

But at the Head Feed the consensus is for confrontation. We want to go to the parade and "do our thing". The police become very uptight. They want to



give Allan Solomonow, coordinator of the Workshop a summons for conducting a meeting in the park. Allan insists he is not a leader. The police don't understand participatory democracy. "Arrest us all, we are all leaders." 250 hands shoot up. The police retreat gracefully. "But the next time you want to hold a nonmeeting in the park," their captain says, "get a permit."

We storm a statue of Alice in Wonderland to place flowers in her lap. Bad scene. What is love? Is Johnson a man of peace because he says he is? Are we loving because we insist we are? We've so much to learn. We charge the statue from all sides, mad flower people screaming "love, love, love." Little kids playing on the statue scatter in all directions. This is Big Kid Power in its rawest form. Don't little kids have certain inalienable rights? But if we know little about acting lovingly, pity the poor police. They chase everyone off the statue and form a protective circle. Bill Nisselson receives a summons for climbing on it. Statues are for birds, not people.

Then to the parade. We line the barricades for about three blocks, cheering, singing, waving flowers; the "Hari Krishna" chant alternates with "Hell No, We Won't Go" alternates with "Make Love Not War." The press zeroes in, pot-bellied reservists from Brooklyn march by in uneven columns. Discipline breaks down. They gawk, some smile, others wince. West Point cadets march by like machines. The bagpipe music is groovy. A mounted troop goes by. Our noise startles the horses, they buck and rear. We yell louder. Another ugly scene, there's so much to learn about love. But later I ponder that a few years ago such a scene as Flower Power Day could not have happened. The same kids who today wear flowers, bells and beads and who most emphatically "won't go", would then have busted it up. Not for political reasons, but because love was for sisies and squares. Now it's for us. We'll learn.

Martin Jezer

RESISTANCE: for Peace Action.                      ABOUT OURSELVES.

About five years ago the London Committee of 100 started a monthly news-sheet, action bulletin, call it what you will (the history is still to be written). This was called Action For Peace. It was latter changed to Resistance Vol II, and became the Magazine of the National Committee of 100, or to put it another way became the nationally-distributed magazine of the Committees of 100. About two years ago it gradually petered out and the Committees of 100 were left without a magazine, though various National and London Secretaries sent out circulars and the same thing happened outside London. After several false starts, or was it, false non-starts, West Midlands Committee of 100, Birmingham Working Group decided to re-start a National Committee of 100 magazine, Resistance: for Peace Action is that magazine - we have added the term "for Peace Action" to emphasise our interest - we are for Peace and we are for action to get it. We kept the name "Resistance" for reasons of continuity and also sentiment. After consultation with four of the paper's former editors we now are aware of the general policy, if we are not yet up to their standard we apologise and hope that practice will perfect our efforts. We hope that you will support us by taking out subscriptions or selling the paper, but even more we should like your honest criticism.





god nederland and oranje: amsterdam

# THE LAST OF PROVO? ➔



# THE LAST OF PROVO?

GUY GLADSTONE

## I SELF-LIQUIDATION

On May 13th Provo Amsterdam liquidated itself. After two years of intensive provocation activists were tired and naturally anxious to deny the authorities the satisfaction of finally putting Provo down.\* Events in April precipitated this surprise decision. Papers in England reported Dutch marines cutting the long hair of "provos" who hung about the Central Station and allegedly took sailors' girlfriends. The bourgeois press raised a hurrah for the Navy, a public service done. Next day the sailors, 200 strong, marched up and down the Harlemmerstraat, locale of the Provo theatre, cellar and barge, executing impressive drill manoeuvres. Provos watched from doorways, realising that the Navy had once and for all outdone them at their own game of taking over the streets for a happening. A further blow followed. The station kids (who were not provos), resentful at being targets for the accumulated spleen of a confused and antagonised public, and jealous of Provo's precincts when they had none, descended on the barge while provos aboard were holding a party for Bernhard de Vries' marriage, tearing off fixtures and throwing hatchcovers into the canal. A few days later the barge caught fire inside. Provos decided to sell what was left of it and everyone active was invited to the Apollo Theatre to confer on Provo's future. Initially only about five were for disbanding. But when the choice was put as that of becoming a party with organisation and membership or dissolving themselves, nearly all declared in favour of suicide. A street hand-out summoned everyone interested to come on May 13th to the Vonder Park (Amsterdam's Hyde Park) and debate with them their liquidation. Something might come of blowing themselves up, their handout suggested, with a picture of a bomb-split house, sloganed "Destruction is Construction", "Call to Permanent Revolution", "Self-Provocation". Along with 600 of the faithful came the press, radio and TV. Headlines next day left a lingering doubt in the public mind whether Provo really had disbanded.

Sadly I must confirm their dissolution. The activists are gone abroad or sitting quietly at home wondering at themselves. Or "gone underground" for those who look forward to a resurgence. Bernhard de Vries, first Provo Councillor, disappeared to Rome to star in an anti-LSD film. Hans Tuynman, purchaser of the barge and lunatic happenner, has left for North Africa and the Holy Weed. Roel van Duyn, philosopher, lecturer and prime mover of PROVO, is writing an anthology - "The Best of Provo." Rob Stolk has a job and awaits a six week prison sentence for his alleged part in producing PROVO 7 (issue that called for smashing of windows of government criminals.) The Provo cellar, once centre of plots and communications, now houses Tom Bonman and a collection of primitive African art-objects. The Apollo

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\*PROVO, all letters capitals: the magazine. Provo, 1st letter capital: the movement as a whole. provo, small print, individuals part of the game.



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Theatre is boarded up, three cigarette adverts, undefiled, on the front door; police drove out the last occupants a few days before the liquidation. The press is idle. PROVO 16 was prepared but never printed and a debt of £400 exists for paper. Provos have not yet decided to sell the press to clear the debt. PROVO always more than paid for itself (20,000 of each later issue) and given the will, would have been continued.

## II INHERITORS

Luid Schimmelpennick continues to sit on the Amsterdam municipal council, by virtue of the 13,000 votes cast for Provo, though he now styles himself "Independent" or, as do other provos, "ex-provo." Provo never put much store by their one seat in fifty, and only the Communists with a typical lack of humour are sufficiently bothered by the anomaly of a representative without a party and with three years office ahead, to demand another ballot. Provo is an attitude; strictly speaking there was never a provo organisation. Attitudes tend to outlast their organised expressions. Thus provo thinking reappears in other guises.

The beat music papers in Holland, their readership slipping because original Dutch groups are almost non-existent, have taken to including political news, the interest PROVO used to cater for; "Hitweek", the equivalent of "The Melody Maker", has frequently pictured and commented on police truncheoning teenagers. "Hippies" are a very new phenomenon in Holland. Some of those behind "The Paper Tiger", a new fortnightly which leans heavily on "International Times", formerly worked for PROVO. "The Paper Tiger" has been promoting Love-Ins every Sunday in the Vondel Park, a possible rallying point for Amsterdam's provotariat. The provotariat are a hang loose lot who made up numbers at provo happenings and the royal wedding riots, and regularly clashed with the police; their nonconformity is more political and challenging to the authorities than London's numerous weekend lightshow hippies. But like the notion of an "underground" (Provo was from the start above ground, directed at the public and provoking a confrontation with repressive authority), the banana skins and Chairman Mao badges have an imported flavour; they are unconnected with any awareness of the local and international political context.

Veteran provo Hans Metz, despite 5 weeks in jail for No.5, continues with a magazine from Amsterdam, "God Nederland and Oranje", and has brought copies to London while there for the Dialectics of Liberation. It features the best of PROVO's cartoonists in their no-holds-barred style. Two examples from the July issue, No.7: Vietnam; the world as an apple eaten through by a giant grub - it breaks surface in South East Asia and wears a stars and stripes top hat. And Greece; the baby Crown Prince in a pram with tank treads, behind him a soldier and a bishop, barking Right! Right! Right! at a line of men on crutches, each with his left leg cut off.

Provo Amsterdam's self-liquidation has by no means proved the end of activity elsewhere. Provo is more truly decentralised and anarchist than the Committee of 100. "Lynx" from the Hague (which first publicised the



Bilderberg Conferences - see IT 28 May), the surrealist "Breakfast in Bed" from Maastricht and a new paper from Utrecht, "Playful Henry Volte" (a typical Provo "image") continue the work of provocation in print. Belgium's "Revo" has just reprinted the very first issue of PROVO with its instructive "Practical Anarchism" article; these notes on home-made bombs led to its seizure by Brussels police, as in Amsterdam two years ago. Dutch provos have introduced street happenings to Copenhagen. Sweden's "Provies" are the most active and sophisticated of groups inspired by Provo. And in Berlin with the sacking of a mayor and demands for dismissal of the chief of police after the recent student riots and scandal over police brutality, events have repeated themselves almost exactly after the pattern of Amsterdam last year. It looks as though Europe-wide young people in revolt are bearing in mind Provo's example. Make your point hard so the authorities are forced into a response.

### III LIMITATIONS

Criticism of Provo usually stems from a misunderstanding of its aims. These are necessarily limited by their concentration on provoking a crisis of authority. Provocation is both ends and means.

Provo was severely criticised by marxists, situationists and anarchists for not coming out more strongly beside the building workers in July of last year. Four days of rioting between workers and police ended in complete victory for the police and authorities. It was said Provo missed a revolutionary moment, a chance to involve the working class in their struggle against reactionary authority, something Provo has never done. But the whole flare-up was over nothing more than the docking of holiday pay, an immediate material protest which the violence obscured. Provo's first concern is to illumine the moral and social implications of living in an authoritarian society. It is vain to suppose that anyone could have in a few days transformed the building workers' economic grievance into revolutionary consciousness when such consciousness was obviously lacking - there was no call for workers' control. Secondly, Provo, recognising the limits of its tactics and being generally opposed to violence, has always declined to engage the authorities in a head-on, man-to-man battle.

Provo used to hire a theatre hall close by the Dam (Amsterdam's Trafalgar Square) and on one occasion, some provos removed the pedestrian control barricades from round the flowerbeds and took them into the hall, mindful of a well known Dutch proverb: "When one sheep has gone through an open gate the rest will follow". Result: end of their hiring the hall. Provo has never claimed a revolutionary role. Provocation is at best a precursor of revolution, it might conceivably precipitate a revolutionary situation. But Provo has never counted on involving anyone but its own, the provotariat, in the work of provocation.

Provo's forte is playing games with the authorities the moral of which is unmistakable. For a time Provo used to make a weekly award to Amster-



dam's mayor as best Provo publicity man. The award grew by a thousand guilders (£100) every week. But mayor Van Hall never accepted the invitation to receive his award from the hands of the "Black Peters" (Provo servants of "Klaas", their version of the good time Santa Claus should bring). Van Hall asked that the money be sent to the starving in India on his behalf. No, you must come in person. Van Hall betrayed the starving Indians. A more recent provocation was the production of a fake issue of "De Telegraaf", with the aid of a rival paper's press. This right-wing daily has frequently advocated strong measures against provos. On April 15 50,000 copies of "De Telegraaf" ("raaf" means raven, a bird that lives on carrion) were sold in the streets of Amsterdam, headlines announcing "Final Solution of the Provo Problem." The last action of Amsterdam's provos did something to redress their eclipse by the navy and showed, how with one eye on the press, provo inventiveness was equal to any occasion. After the Central Station hair-cutting a number of the kids concerned went to the Commandant of Marines to apologise for antagonising his sailors. The Commandant subsequently complained they had only approached a deputy and had still to apologise to him personally. Provos quickly printed 200 broadsheet tickets on which they drew historical parallels at the Navy's expense as well as slogans like "Beter Oorlam dan Oorlag - better a dram (of liquor) than warfare", and themselves went to the Commandant accompanied by a reporter. They gave him the tickets to hand out to his sailors, inviting them to a Provo-Marines get-together party, at which a well-known anti-colonialist, anti-militarist film, "De Jantjes" ("The Johns") would be shown and the sailors would be able to get off with provo girls and be duly disaffected. The Commandant publicly lost face in this episode when, most unsportingly, he declined the invitation, saying his sailors could only attend out of uniform.

Provocations like these are successful within their own limits. Obviously Provo needs the authorities to score off, the revolt in that sense is adolescent. After the failure of the White Bicycle Plan, Provo does not seem to have attempted to put any of its White Plans into practice on its own (and nearly all demand official co-operation.) In spite of this PROVO has acted as a channel for a continuous flow of constructive ideas for social reform and for to-the-point criticisms of a death-oriented society.

## REPRESSION UNMASKED

The best work Provo ever did was to expose the brutality of the police and undisguise their political function. In March 1965 the German Prince Claus (ex-Nazi and cornet in the Wehrmacht) married Princess Beatrix of Holland. The morning of the wedding 200 Jews marched silently through Amsterdam, their numbers growing to 1,000 and joined by provos. Police used clubs to disperse the crowds on this happy occasion. Ten days later an exhibition of photographs of the wedding day events attracted the police again. A photographer took pictures as three of them truncheoned a completely innocent youth who happened to be passing the building to get to his bicycle but ended on the cobbles with severe concussion and smashed glasses. The film was shown that night on the TV news and was later made into a longer film, "My Bicycle was Standing There", which was forbidden for public show-



ing. The three policemen concerned are going to be tried this autumn.

Between autumn '65 and autumn '66 there have been 80 complaints against the Dutch police. Only two have been investigated. One concerned a kid with long hair who, while out with his girl friend, was set upon by a policeman and lost his sight in one eye. The cop was tried and then a right wing paper called for a public collection to pay the 100 guilder (£10) fine. Van Hall, the old Mayor of Amsterdam, would never accept responsibility for the police and remained remote from public feeling. The new mayor, Sankelden, following pressue, has declared publicly that the Mayor is answerable for the conduct of the police and has promised more contact with the people.

Provo cannot be seen for what it is without this background picture of a neo-police state. In this context, in a society where a political party calls for work camps and paramilitary training for dissident youth, on top of the universal conscription, Provo has proved its worth. Too much repression and provos are forced to abandon their public games at authority's expense, in which case blatant fascism exists and the public knows the score anyway. Too little (!) repression and the would-be provo provokes nobody because there is no evidence of a real grievance, no reaction from authority and no public dilemma.

By liquidating themselves Amsterdam's provos remained, to their last breath, a step ahead of both their persecutors and the public, neither of whom are quite sure they are dead. Amsterdam still has 100 extra police which the rest of Holland is asking for the return of, while the Mayor protests "it may all happen again any day now." For their part, the provos, by a typical inversion regard their vanishing triak as one more feather in their caps. "Now we all have short hair and jobs they don't know who is a provo and who isn't", opined Rob Stolk. And on the Dam, and around the Leidesplein, the provotariat waits for something to fire its discontents as Provo once did.

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MEANWHILE IN THE BRITISH PRESS:

The novel "A Greentree in Gedde" by the Scottish author Alan Sharp, which was awarded a £1,000 prize for literature by the Scottish Arts Council, has been removed from the shelves of the Central Library, Edinburgh.

A library official said "There is no question of ban or censorship. Complaints have been received, but the book is available on request.

Mr Ronald Navor, director of the Arts Council, when told of the library's decision said: "At no point in the adjudication for the award did anyone suggest that the book was unsuitable for teenagers. The judges thought it showed considerable literary merit and I think you can take it from me that they were not horrified or corrupted by it."

AND SO THE JUGGERNAUT MOVES THE NEXT STEP IS?



Armed Forces Day is a great occasion in Georgia. Thanks to Senator Richard Russell, no state is more favoured with Army bases and defence contracts. This, coupled with the South's military traditions, means that Armed Forces Day in Georgia is sort of like Derby Day in Kentucky or Rodeo Day in Wyoming. Atlantans celebrate by taking the whole family to an open house at the mammoth Marietta plant of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. This year more than 75,000 visitors took guided tours of the latest in tanks and bombers.



The Atlanta Workshop in Nonviolence, the Atlanta Committee to End the War in Vietnam, and the Southern Students' Organising Committee sponsored a demonstration at the gates of Lockheed during the open house to voice our opposition to the Vietnam war and to Lockheed's involvement in our hot and cold wars as a member of the military-industrial complex and as a war profiteer. In addition to setting up picket lines at the gates being used by visitors to the open house, we had planned to circulate inside the gates in pairs wearing black armbands as a symbol of our mourning for the dead of all nations in the Vietnam war and giving away flowers to visitors as a token of our goodwill and as an expression of our affirmation of life.

I had notified the police of Cobb County beforehand of our planned demonstration. Trouble was certainly possible, since Cobb County is a stronghold of the Klan and of the John Birch Society and since the Lockheed plant is so important to the county's economy. On our arrival at Lockheed, I was informed that the police authorities wished to see me. I was taken to a shady spot where the captain of the State Patrol, the County Sheriff, the Chief of Security of Lockheed, a Lockheed executive, and all their lieutenants were gathered. I was handed a list of rules which read in part:

"No visitors are to be permitted on the premises carrying or wearing armbands, flowers, loudspeakers, pamphlets, placards, signs, banners, or other propaganda material of any kind, (American flags, not large enough to be considered hazardous in crowded areas, are not prohibited.)"

I informed him that I thought the rules flagrantly unconstitutional and somewhat ridiculous, since they would make it illegal for any woman wearing flowers to enter Lockheed grounds. I also suggested that the rules had been hastily made up with our demonstration in mind. He said Lockheed has always had these rules. We decided to test the ban on flowers and arm-



bands after lunch. When lunch time came, Sue and I went inside to get lunch from a concession for the group, scrupulously obeying the ban so that we would at least start our jail term on full stomachs. Inside we saw a group of Boy Scouts parading with a large Confederate flag. I walked over to a Lockheed security officer and showed him the regulations. He grabbed me and rammed a gun into my back, roughing me up a little. He was joined by half a dozen other guards who rushed Sue and me towards the security station. Non-violence triumphed, however: Sue was initially separated from me, but when she caught up and told the guards who were gripping and half-dragging me to let go, they did.

As we were escorted away, other guards ran over to join us, presumably to make sure that such dangerous people didn't get away. "What did he do?" they asked.

"He created a disturbance!"

"How?"

"He criticized a little Boy Scout carrying a Confederate flag!"

This last sentence was said with bewilderment and with a half-sob of shock and disbelief. One thing was amazing - my accusers never did really lie. It may have been that they thought I had done enough to go to jail without needing help from them. As I protested that I was only interested in seeing that the rules were equally enforced, I received a barrage of hostile questions like "What have you got against that flag, young man?" and hurt explanations: "That is the American flag down here!"

The higher-ups at the security station evidently decided that it had all been a mistake, (though they certainly didn't say so directly or apologise.) The Sheriff was all Southern hospitality and insisted on sending lunch out to all the demonstrators. We loaded up with cheese burgers and cokes and left, followed by the hostile stares of the deputies, state police, and Lockheed guards, who did not seem to understand why we had been released, much less given free lunch. Maybe they were wondering if the Sheriff were a Communist.

Somewhat later a couple of men in VFW hats came over to where we were picketing. One of them began to tear up our signs. The numerous police gathered a few feet away did nothing. One of the VFW's could not rest at that and threatened to beat up all the "dirty yellow-bellies". With his fists out for a fight he skipped, boxer-fashion, up and down the line to see if anyone would accept his challenge. The demonstrators made no move until he came for the second time to a relatively new convert, Cliff, who had just resigned his job with Lockheed. Cliff put up his own fists, and the VFW started to swing. A second too late, Sue jumped between them. When his friend realised that he had hit a woman, the friend pulled the fighter - who wanted to try again to connect with Cliff - away.

About half an hour before the rest of us, one couple left the demonstration. As they were walking to their car through the extensive Lockheed parking lot they noticed the pugnacious VFW guy following, this time armed



with a pair of scissors. When they started to run, he chased them. They ran and ran and ran and he kept chasing. The people watching did nothing. Finally they reached a Lockheed security guard. He let them inside the security station for protection, but did nothing to catch their pursuer.

In spite of this incident, the demonstration was very successful. Marietta is hard to get to from downtown Atlanta, and it was exam time at most of the colleges, but we still had about 50 people picketing in shifts over the course of the day, and a significant number of them stood in the broiling sun the whole time. After Marietta, I don't think there are any skeptics left who doubt that a radical peace group can exist in Atlanta. And I strongly suspect that we will be having more response to our call for practical training in nonviolence.

Henry Bass.

My home is  
where I am  
for ann

in your being  
they rape buddha  
displease allah  
crush tao  
make fun of krishna

in your being  
they castrate babe-in-arms  
for fear of guerilla campaigns  
by the under-fives

in your being  
they ruin buildings architecture  
burn up paddy fields  
and import rice  
(like coals to a burning Newcastle)

in your being  
steal my mind & soul & sensitivity

Dennis Gould

5.4.67.

dennis gould, poet and publisher editor of "whisper and shout"  
freelance journalist resides at nuttree cottage, greenbottom,  
nr littledean, gloucestershire. poetry readings for schools,  
colleges, hospitals, prisons, theatres, pubs, clubs, cafes.



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5  
10  
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## BECOME IMPOSSIBLE

I'm sure we've all tried for long enough... There comes a time... A circulation of about 6,000 is both ridiculous and all PEACE NEWS deserves. If something quite drastic is not done the thing will nose-dive straight into the ground and that will be that.

The history of the movement shows that no-one and nothing is indispensable. There are other papers like FREEDOM and IT (International Times) that increasing numbers of young people prefer to buy, sell and read. And the duplicated ones are moving again - RESISTANCE, RSG, UNDERGROUND etc. Every University has its own publications.

PEACE NEWS cannot be reformed. It needs nothing less than a traumatic experience, a revolution. It has to explode or expire. It has no future as yet another intellectual imperium pronouncing from on high. No one is listening any more. Even the dons have indigestion.

We need a weekly paper (which may or may not be PEACE NEWS) that is a newspaper of the independent peace movement. Is a creative newspaper all that difficult to envisage?

We need news and views from both sides of the fence. What are 'they' (the warmen) up to? And what are we doing about it? What is the lowdown on the top political lobbies? Who fixed what, when, how? What skullduggery lies behind each Government decision? We know that politics is a conspiracy. Can we drag it into the open and hang it by its own petard?

Then on our own side of the fence we need a paper whose staff is continually on to all the pace-makers in the movement asking: "What did you do last?" "What are you up to now?" "What's in the pipe line for the future?" Working that way a paper can make things happen. It can be ahead of events.

PEACE NEWS should be full of people. Reports of events should be full of people. Reports of arguments should be full of people. Abstract leftist notions about the nature of change should be ditched for good. If there is going to be change it is because people make it. If things stand still it is because people are standing still. The buck stops with the individual or it stopeth not at all.

There is a sense in which Committee of 100 supporters cannot complain. It seems we write the greater part of the newspaper (the back page) most weeks. But what kind of newspaper is it that puts its news on the back page? PEACE NEWS must be unique! The news should occupy the front page and at least half the paper. And the standard length of articles should be half-a-page. Then they might actually get read. If PEACE NEWS wants to be a



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theoretical journal then that's fine. SANITY (Canada) has just done this and made a brilliant job of the transition, but SANITY is monthly and now the movement over there is without a newspaper.

We, too, need a good monthly. Is it too much to ask for the recognition of a simple formula: a weekly for news and views and a monthly for the longer articles? Why does everyone always want to do everything? Why not some division of labour and a little trust?

14/7/67

Peter Cadogan

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THIS WE AFFIRM

John Calder is soon to defend Our most basic and vital liberties - for the right to freely communicate our ideas, thoughts and opinions with others is once more in danger. Once more the continuous dissemination of all knowledge and the unimpeded access to freely offered information is under attack and the artist's essential right, to preserve his creative vision in its original form, is questioned. Calder & Boyars have long been subject to a sustained campaign from a politically-motivated censorial group. On the basis of a successful private summons the Director of Public Prosecutions is to prosecute Calder at the Old Bailey this Autumn for publishing Selby's LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN. The Majority Verdicts Bill ensures that three enlightened and tolerant jurors are essential while the cost of an adequate defence could mean the compulsory liquidation of this specialist literary publishing house.

WE have not chosed Calder to fight OUR battles, nor has he volunteered his services but circumstances force him to represent all men of good will. His fate will detirmine the future permissive or repressive climate.

WE must help him now.

ARTHUR MOYSE    TINA MORRIS  
DAVE CUNLIFFE

ASSOCIATSHIP

NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF 100

- \* Be sure that you are on the Committee of 100 National Mailing
- \* List by becoming an Associate of the National Committee. The
- \* suggested payment is £1 a year (20/- cheaper than CND) but it
- \* can be more or less according to circumstances. Circularisation is expensive. If you want to hear from us - please pay your way. National Mailing is done as a service to the movement rather than on a subscription basis. Help it to be a better service. (Incidentally the Associatship carries no rights or privelages with it, we are not that kind of grouping, merely it lets us have money for funds and in return newsletters, calls for action and appeals are sent to the associate - Ed).

Send to Peter Cadogan, Secretary, National Committee of 100 at either:

13, Goodwin Street, London N.4.

Tel. 01.272.5524

5, Acton Way, Cambridge.

Tel. 0CA3.51104.

MESSAGE FROM PHILIP SEED, NATIONAL TREASURER:-

WE NEED MONEY FAST NOW to produce leaflets, pamphlets, stickers, posters, badges, promote communications and to help new groups to find their feet - in other words to expand our activity as the National and International situation changes.



## ④ THE ONE PEACE NEWS WOULD NOT PUBLISH

Dear Comrades,

Jacob Gewirtz asks: "What the hell is pacifism, anyway?" I ask Jacob Gewirtz and any others listening, why pacifism? What has pacifism got to do with either the Peace Movement or "Peace News" the movement's paper?

The week following Gerwartz's letter Lionel Watson comments Pacifism "...as interpreted by Peace News...often seems to be the abuse of other people. Thus according to your good paper Marshal Ky is a fascist, General Dayan is a murderer...President Johnson is the devil incarnate, and the demon chorus is supplied by a large number of folk in Greece, Israel, Britain, South Africa...Meantime what has all this to do with the art of loving one's enemies I cannot imagine, but perhaps it is I who have got pacifism all wrong and perhaps some kind soul will enlighten me."

I think we should get the whole matter straight once and for all. Pacifism is an attitude of mind more than anything else. It concerns one's own personal relationship to society and the world. It may overlap this but essentially that is it, and the British Pacifist Movement largely reflects this.

The Pacifist Movement is not the Peace Movement and never has been, and the chances of this coming about seem decreasingly remote. The reasons are two-fold. Firstly because to the greater majority of pacifists it stops at the attitude and goes no further, and secondly because a large proportion of the Peace Movement are not pacifists and do not pretend to be, in fact they feel that the pacifists as a body get in the way of successfully effecting peace action.

Do not misunderstand, I am not attacking the pacifist for being a pacifist, but I am taking him to task for failing to realise that the term peace means what it says and not pacifist, that peace action means action to bring about peace and peaceful solutions to political and social problems and not merely to bring about a 'pacifist society' whatever that means, that War Resistance means active resistance to war, the State and its war machine, that non-violent direct action implies what it says and not merely legal placard waving, and that this is a way of acting to achieve a political end (which we call peace) and is not an end in itself or another way of saying pacifism (this is something that many groups like the Committee of 100 have been refusing to face for years).



We in the Peace Movement are of several diverse political viewpoints, anarchist, socialist, liberal, marxist, solidarist, syndicalist, even trotskyist, though we do not say that all who share our political feelings are necessarily in the Peace Movement. We are united in a feeling of political humanism, of concern for right actions, and a love of human freedom. We are also united in something else - the fact that we believe that attitudes are not enough, that individual stands, whilst having their place, are not enough. We must change the world. That is where we seem to differ from most pacifists, who do not seem to believe in action. Those pacifists that are working for peace are doing so largely through non-pacifist groups. The Pacifist Movement is not an effective voice for peace and has so far lamentably failed to even put its ideas over to the Peace Movement. It has quite failed to notice this and many pacifists still come up with a rather irrelevant holier-than-thou attitude as though they are the great leaders of a crusade that has already, in reality, passed them by.

We support Peace News now because it is getting more realistic in its approaches to action, to social welfare, to the arts, to life itself. We wish it had more trade union news and was more working class in its content, but pacifist, Never, lets not be irrelevant. We want to accomplish Peace in our time. We are not respectable middle class pacifists. We do not like life as it is. We want peace in our time and we are going to get it even if we have to take revolutionary action to get it. It is not merely our attitude to the world, we want the world.

22nd June, 1967

Peter Neville.



This letter was written as part of a continuing correspondence in PEACE NEWS, but not published. Furthermore it was the writer's 3rd letter on this subject in reply to published correspondence by the orthodox pacifists over the last 2 years. In fact, at no time has PEACE NEWS given adequate space to those arguing against the standard pacifist line. This looks rather like censorship of views not in accordance with those of PEACE NEWS. Is this, in fact, what is happening and will the Editors and Directors of PEACE NEWS, once and all, clarify the paper's position. Is it the paper of the Peace Movement, or of the Pacifist Movement alone?

THE EDITORS.

RESISTANCE: for Peace Action,  
Committee of 100, National Committee.



# THE HIPPIES

When men and women conglomerate from small and nomadic groups into large and settled communities they, by the very nature of their new way of living, become divorced from the basic needs of living. As the community grows larger so the simple tasks that once devolved onto each man become the prerogative or the burden of minorities within that community and within that community there arises a class of men alien to the pre-history of the small groups.

Once the community accepts the need for the imposition of discipline on those unfortunates who must provide the labour for the community's basic needs then there must come into creation an external body of men to enforce that discipline and those who will control that body of force will be the grey clerks who by social manipulation hold the keys to the grain stores and who will by virtue of these historical and inevitable happenings create laws and social mores to protect themselves and their claim to the communal grain, and their right lies in the strong arm of blind force.

When man no longer turns each day to the soil for his daily food but offers in exchange his labour for the right to eat, then he creates a market and that labour must be offered in competition with that of other man, for he has now become as meat in the open market to be hoarded or sold, yea, even unto himself, for by that act of communal integration man sells his one justification to call himself an individual and becomes the numbered creature of the grey clerks who dangle the keys of the grain stores from their soft fingers. And when men reject, for themselves and their descendants, the daily need to seek their own food from the earth and the animals within stone-throwing range of their own hearth, then they in their turn will produce a parasitical group to match the moneyed clerks. They are those who dwell within the group, feeding at the common table, yet refusing to hawk their labour on the common market. Like maggots within the apple they live out their lives content to feed on the body that provides their adult womb and they are accepted, fed and clothed by a perverse claim to love and loyalty from their blood kin. But as the communities grow larger and their structure becomes more complex there comes the ability to reject



reject, and the non-conformist and the slob, the sick and the aged, find that they are no longer the conscience of the group but the despair and the grudging responsibility of the community. For the sick and the old there is naught but cold charity, for they dare not protest, for the ice of Heaven is but a dozen meals away and charity demands humility, while the slob will exist only as long as he possesses sufficient animal cunning to scrounge his handful of corn. But for the non-conformist there is a community of like talent within the growing social communities. As the primitive churches died before the great cathedrals and the columned monasteries the non-conformists became the neophytes ever ready to chant a mass for a seat at the table while Brother Barebones cleans away their shit. No longer the need to dig in the dark soil for the means to exist or to break bread at the family table to the sour glances of the Great Unwashed, for as Church and Court flowered they provided a porch under which the moneyless offered good conversation in exchange for a crust. And they existed and sat on the steps of the great cathedrals and discussed infinity and the glory of God with one eye on the poor box and the other on Brother Barebones as he dragged the bread of charity to the side door. And when the winters came and the harsh rains beat down they huddled within the darkness of the cathedrals and discussed the glory of God and whistled for Brother Barebones and his organised charity. And when the Court hung its war swords on the panelled walls and cleared the great hall for the measured dance the non-conformists sat in the ale houses and discussed the musik for the latest tread and Death and the Devil. Without war a State begins to die, for in peace all its evil becomes manifest and floats like bright scum upon its surface, and feeding off this bright scum are the non-conformists, the hippies, the beats, the beautiful people or the flower children. Call them what you will, for the choice of words is yours. They exist by virtue of their poverty and they cannot exist except within a static society, and they are the compost for the fashionable culture of the moment. God grant that there will always be those among us who will possess the courage to sit in the sun while others labour, but let them know that we accept them because they amuse. This surely is the tragedy of the cult of the poverty-stricken non-conformists, that society does not fear them. It either tolerates them or throws them the bread of contempt. They are the non-conformists who would so dearly love to conform to the romantic images of literature and folklore, but they lack the talent to produce those mighty works that thunder in the collective minds of men, and like



children they accept the role that art has falsified for them. Words, words, always words, pouring forth in a flashing stream century by century from cathedral steps to rush strewn tavern, words words from New York to San Francisco, Paris, Berlin and the coffee houses of London. And they must dress the part in uniforms as regimented as the civil outfits of Her Majesty's Guards, for who would dare toss a flower with the flower children in tatty tweeds or overalls, for acceptance demands the coloured shirt and the beads.

Acceptance is the key to entry into these groupings, for who dare mock the old soldier with his medals when the sharp boys sell the pin up badges by the thousand and the counter clerks in the Kings Road discuss the price and the prettiness of their latest collection of beads and miniature cow bells with the counter clerks from suburbia defying God and the State every Saturday afternoon. For there they strut in their flower shirts and their beads and bangles, while the hard boys 'phone the factories for fresh supplies, for they are the hippies and the flower people and they harm nobody, frighten nobody and influence nobody, for their creative limitations are manufactured for them and they pay to wear it. They play with words as children play with dolls and like children they find their realities in the superficial superficialities that they hold in their hands. Always they seek the world beyond reality, like the poor old woman at her seance, and be it drugs or the babblings of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi the end is always the spoken or the written word gathered and held like a Woolworth's charm, not as a key to the infinite but as the end in itself for they literally find their salvation in the word. Yet I cannot accept them, for they play their game without thought or understanding of what lies behind their pretty play acting. I buy the "International Times" in the Charing Cross Rd. from a man draped in beads and wearing his flowered costume, and find within its pages a defence of violence from Michael Abdul Malik, while on the Unclassified Advertisements pages these two advertisements follow each other: "INTERESTED IN BEING PART OF A HIPPIE MARRIAGE? GOOD LOVING SHOULD BE SHARED. DRUG-USERS AND THE GREAT UNWASHED, PLEASE ABSTAIN." and "FRIENDLY COMMUNITY HOUSE HAS VACANCIES, £2 PER WEEK SHARING. NOT WANTED, DRUG TAKERS AND DIRTY PERSONAL HABITS." Long live the great unwashed.

Arthur Moyse

(THE EDITOR wishes to point out that the views expressed by the writers of the signed articles do not necessarily coincide with the Editor's own views. Replies to the above article are requested.)



# THE COMMITTEE COWED

## OR SOME ROYAL MUD SLUNG

WE heard from a friend the previous night that there were no motor boats for hire in Southampton and that we had better try nearby Hamble.

Hamble is a yachtsman's village on the banks of the river of the same name that flows into Southampton Water. It was the week of the Royal Regatta and the Tuesday of the Britannia Cup. It wasn't yachting we were after. Over the way from the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes is the Westlands Hovercraft factory from which hovercraft are sent via the US to do war service in Vietnam. We thought people ought to know.

When the alarm clock went at 6.0 a.m. we were 80 miles away on a farm in Warwickshire. The three of us - John Taylor, John Mackay and myself - climbed into a disintegrating plebsmobile and set out.

Hamble is a charming little place. We did a preliminary prowling. My two companions, both landlubbers to their socks, discovered a local boatsman's boutique (she was charming mind you) and decked their heads with tangy year. John Mackay took off his shoes and looked born to the part.

Now that we had hats all we wanted was a boat! Please God we had to find a boat... The river was choked with them, all at their moorings, idle, dreaming of their bowler-hatted masters in the distant city. We too had dreams, of a handsome 25 footer, a cabin cruiser, fast, responsive and an ideal platform for an aqua-demonstration. Everyone was very kind, very helpful, but "No, sorry, there is no boat."

Eventually we were offered (wait for it -- groan, groan) a dinghy! True, it was a big dinghy and it had a useful-looking outboard motor, But of all the things to try to cut a dash in! My face fell as my heart sank. The fact that I was the only sea-dog amongst us made me the skipper for the day and I muttered weakly: "Yes -- we'll take it."

The boatman gave us a short course on how to operate the outboard motor and just as we were about to cast off volunteered the information that

- (a) we should not go into the Solent
- (b) the boat was not licensed for the Isle of Wight
- (c) we should not stray from the mouth of the Hamble
- (d) there was rough water in the Solent that would get worse and
- (e) thunder was coming up.

Ah well!



(35)

We phut-phutted down the marked channel and into open water. We could see Cowes on the misty horizon. My feeling was that it might as well have been New York...

\* \* \*

A wakeless Southampton-Cowes Hovercraft shot by at 50 knots and Calshot came up on the starboard bow. I had been trained there during the war. Now it was all silent and dead with the great black bulk of the last of the PRINCESS flying boars on the slipway and beyond them the deserted hangars in which Scott-Paine and Aircraftsman Shaw had designed and tested the prototype MTBs and HSL; of the last war. In the distance was the house in the trees from which, so local legend has it, Marconi broadcast the first radio messages. Everything seemed so long ago and so much all gone.

Ahead of us, in the Solent now, loomed the vast bulk of America's biggest liner UNITED STATES. She was right off course -- the captain was giving his passengers a free view of the Regatta and going very slowly. For that small mercy I was suitably grateful. A big ship at speed makes an ugly wake.

But it was certainly choppy. The bows of the dinghy rose and plunged as we pressed on. The outline of the Royal Yacht was now clear against the Cowes coastline and under the lee of the land hundreds of little white sails moved backwards and forwards.

We had been going for over an hour. Suddenly the power of the engine began to fall away and there was no response to increased throttle. I had horrible visions of being adrift in mid-Solent (without a licence!) but we were lucky. We at least kept going. We were now too far out to turn back even if we wanted to. The petrol situation meant that we had passed the point of no return. It was Cowes (and refuelling) or bust.

"Steam gives way to sail" says the rule of the road at sea. It was the dinghy's sole claim to seniority. We picked our way through the racing yachts. Some whizz-kid pressman in an inflatable boat with a powerful outboard motor whipped about at some disgusting rate of knots -- doubtless doing the Duke for good copy. For my part he could have the Duke -- all I wanted was some revs. We looked for a suitable jetty and God-be-praised found one. We rowed, yes rowed, the last few yards to give the smoking engine just that much more chance of recovery.

The beach was crowded with holiday makers. Two of us went ashore to find petrol. The tyranny of the motor car does not, it seems, extend to islands. All the main streets were de facto pedestrian precincts and one really felt different in the place. A car was a foreign body. The place belonged to people. The more so since in mid-afternoon all the pubs were open. When the Duke drinks we all drink. He should get about more! Only we didn't have time to join him. Cowes, it seems, boasts only one garage and we had to find it in a hurry to get back aboard if there was going to be any



3  
6 demonstration at all.

Then we stumbled on the BBC. There were piles of electrical-looking gubbins and lots of unconnected wires. This was clearly not good. We asked the man. He told us. Not only had we come in the wrong boat we had also come on the wrong day. Britannia Cup or no Britannia Cup television was tomorrow. Muttering unprintable mutters we carried our precious can back to the boat. We refuelled, unfurled our banner and laid it along the bottom of the boat. We then pulled the string-thing on the top of the outboard -- and prayed. God hearkened to his heathens. It went. The new petrol helped, the old mixture had been too rich.

We were only a couple of hundred yards from the Royal Yacht Squadron and its noisesome starting gun. We cast off and set a course parallel to the beach and some 25 yards out. As we reached the RYS the two John's upped the banner "Cowes Kills - Westlands Hovercraft go to Vietnam". Straight past we went, and then by the adjacent promenade packed with spectators. There were plenty of eyes on us but we were too far away to hear any comments. We went the full distance, turned out into the open water and went round again. Nothing was done to intercept us. We made for the BRITANNIA to do our stuff round that. Astern the hovercraft factory loomed over Cowes. Perhaps now a handful of people knew what it was all about.

The royal yacht is big and seen from a dinghy is even bigger. We chugged resolutely round it and carried the banner. A handful of naval ratings looked at us with some interest. Maybe we started some 'tween-decks discussion.

We had obviously slipped up in our staff work. Timing is of the essence. We had got it right at Ascot and wrong at Cowes. Still we had done something and learnt a lot. But the day was not yet over. Out into the Solent again and up Southampton Water. As we approached the Hamble a Royal Barge dashed past us. We altered course to take the wake fore and aft and noticed that there was 'nobody' on board -- just the crew. Presumably she would come back loaded.

We handed the dinghy back to the unsuspecting boatman, collected the deposit and made our way back to the car. Then we thought we might have a bite to eat in the village before setting out on the three hour journey back to the farm and the summer school proceeding there quite happily without us.

\* \* \*

But Hamble this time was different. It fairly oozed expectancy. Lots of people were standing about. The whole local police force, strength two, was turned out. Rather smart photographers had ubiquited. And, yes, there at the end of the jetty of the local yacht club was the self-same Royal Barge. It was apparent that A Person was about to arrive. We got the message.-- Prince Charles was coming to town.