

THE Daily TIMES

CLEAN MEAT



RESISTANCE

FOR PEACE ACTION

VOL. 4 NO 4

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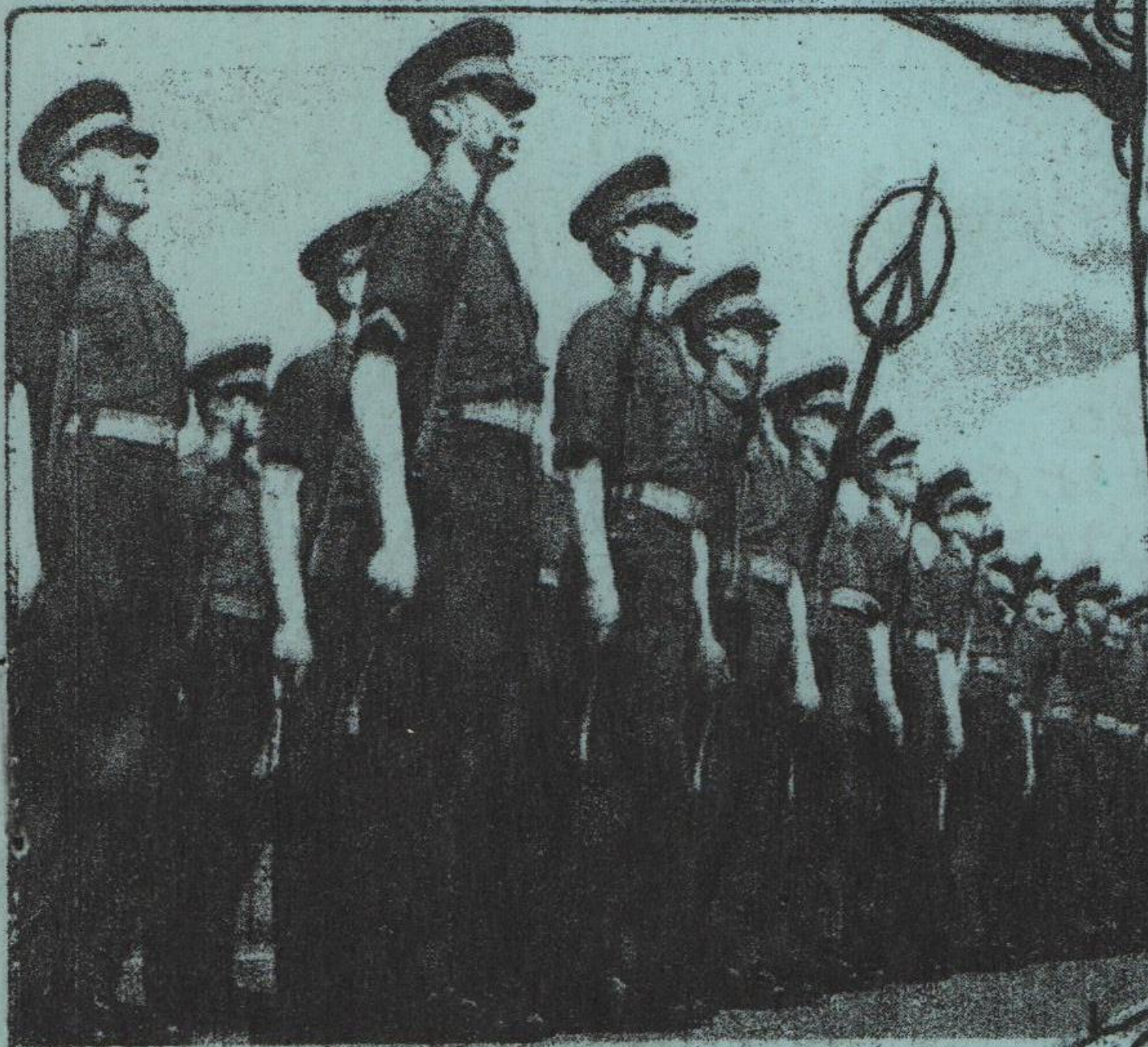
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There's one thing more shocking

1. Bizzy and his friends were sitting on the ground when they saw a cowboy hat. It cost nothing. "I've only got sixpence," sighed Bizzy. "I've only got a penny," said Boo. Ricky had

2. "You know how much that makes? It makes ten pence. They sat on some rocks to eat the chocolate. Suddenly Bizzy said: "Don't you think that's just like somebody wearing a cowboy hat?"



drill. After completing basic training...

LOVE

3. Ricky and Boo had a lot of fun and they did a surprise. Because Bizzy was a cowboy. They were really dressed as cowboys.

agreed Ricky. They looked at the one who looks like an Indian Chief. "A good one," said the other.

GOVERNMENT SURPLUS

SALES BY AUCTION



ARTHUR MOYSE

CHATTING TO MY TYPEWRITER

We've been silent for a long time now,
Haven't we, typewriter? You
Sitting quietly on the table
Me, mute in my chair. I wonder,
Have you been thinking
About the same things as me?
About how wonderful it would be
If there were nothing left in the world
But the beautiful things - birdsongs,
Flowers, the smell of fresh cut grass -
Those subjects poets now long dead
Used to praise in their writings.
I had a dream last night
About all this, typewriter,
I'll tell you it. I dreamt
I woke up one morning
And the newspaper was full
Of happy things. No stories about
Polititians arguing, murders,
About accidents on the roads.
Only news about trees blossoming
In the streets. Pages of pictures
Showing dawns and sunsets, idling rivers
And smiling faces. But there's no time
For discussing such visions.
Soon we must go back to work,
Start talking about our
Wicked world. Come on, typewriter,
Let's get going.

d.j.

RESISTANCE

Magazine of the
Committee of 100
National
Committee.

VOL 4

NO 4

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West Midlands
Committee of 100

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Editor: Peter Neville,

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LABOUR PARTY

"It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death of the Labour Party after a long and painful illness. She will be buried with appropriate ceremony on Sunday, the First of October 1967, on the beach at Scarborough." So ran Jim Radford's ad in The Times, starter for a demo/happening along March of Shame lines, duly executed by two vanloads of Committee of 100 supporters from London and Cambridge, a further thirty sympathisers making up the cortege.

POLITICIANS IN CHURCH

Before burying Wilson that afternoon a dozen of us went to observe him at morning devotions in the Central Methodist Hall. Our entry in mid-service, after the lessons (pure accident, contrary to press supposition), in top hats, bowlers, dark suits and widows weeds, met at the church gates and in the porch with only slight obstruction from the police, due I suspect to the number of press cameramen present. A steward then escorted us to some empty pews, right at the front and facing inwards to the aisle. Here we enjoyed a close side view of the obese sleuth himself, not to mention his deputy the disconsolate porpoise. Shades of Brighton evidently possessed the Cabinet as time and again their anxious eyes strayed from the hymnbook towards us. We stared back or winked wickedly, raised questioning eyebrows, gave sick smiles, coughed objectionably and thought how easy it would be to disrupt this hypocritical pantomime but for having our own counter-spectacle to perform a few hours later.

The sermon was on "the idea of service" and was studded with such gems of unconscious irony as "The Church is the only organisation which exists for those who do not belong to it." In an unctuous warble, nauseous with resounding generalities beloved of politicians, the Reverend John Dover rehearsed his pulpit postures before Her Majesty's Senior Ministers (sorry - servants). True Tory idiom....."as we have become more democratic"....."and if the Church, and if the Conference, and if the Country".....interlaced with lavish "and brothers." His last appeal was to the congregation to remain seated until Brothers Brown and Wilson etc. had left the House of God. As we made our way out we were hemmed in and held back by an aggressive group of plainclothes (including five "women" conspicuous in regulation black stockings.)

SPEECHES & HAPPENINGS

Early afternoon we gathered on the Spa below the delegates' hotel, the Grand, assembling our effects. A large crowd gathered

(3)

as well, curiosity aroused. What did it all mean - the coffin (black wood facsimile), a giant stars and stripes and trailing after it a small union jack, forged dollar bills, a laurel wreath, three bunches of yellow flowers, soap bubbles, joss sticks, flute and a steel drum? Answer: We had to bury him, he was beginning to smell. But it was here that we came unstuck.

A happening of its nature cannot convey much analysis or argument. Its purpose is to involve immediate spectators and stimulate them to make their own analysis, to do their own reasoning on the basis of commonly understood facts. Our choice of event, a burial, could not by itself convey the reasons for the burial. It had to be supported by conventional speeches; thus we became demonstrators in happeners clothing. The meaning of our action had to be found outside the enactment, in the speeches. This flaw turned the burial into a spectacle that could be misrepresented instead of an action that spoke for itself and needed no explanation.

Before we moved off Stan Banks passionately denounced Labour's complicity in the Vietnam War, his words reinforced by the banner behind with the legend "A 1/2 million dead, 3/4 million burned and wounded children in Vietnam." After a slow procession through near-empty streets behind our "Labour Party R.I.P." banner we returned to the beach and a much larger crowd, including a battery of press photographers round the open grave. Ceremonies continued with Peter Cadogan reciting promises, all since betrayed, of Socialism's pseudo-champions in the British Labour Party, and after each dated promise the pall-bearers intoned "Rhubarb Rhubarb Rhubarb Amen." Finally Jim Radford in dog collar conducted the burial with a skilful adaptation of the Book of Common Prayer. The mike was then offered to anyone who would like to come forward and pay their last respects. The response was as slight as when we invited spectators to join the funeral procession. Why?

DEMONSTRATION OR CIRCUS?

Was it simply that the symbolic burial of a political party was too strange an event for anyone in the street to identify with? Or was it disbelief in our seriousness - for since when have political issues been presented entertainingly outside the pages of "Private Eye" and "Oz"? Entertaining the burial was, the curiosity aroused was unmistakable. But equally clear to us was our failure to provoke a serious dialogue which would have confirmed that our point had been taken. For some locals, I suspect, it was music hall revived on Scarborough Sands, a relief from the Labour Party Conference instead of an attack upon it. Monday's Daily Mirror, the only national daily to feature more than a paragraph on the burial, presented the happening/demo as just that - an offbeat sideshow, all part of a Sunday afternoon stroll. Fair enough, for that was how most of the spectators digested it. The entertainment or element

of "what's going to happen next?" was not working with the information or element of political consciousness, i.e. knowledge of what had already happened in the world at large. On the spot, speeches and ritual even detracted from each other; meaning lay too far outside enactment. While over the media, which we continue to place a naive trust in and whose coverage we were essentially relying upon, the happening was recuperated, made part of the official spectacle - all in a week at Scarborough. Thus the Establishment contains dissent. Significantly the main coverage of the burial was on T.V. Television conditions everyone to treat life as a spectacle, alienating people from their active selves, by overwhelming viewers with unevaluated - but selected - appearances. A crowd used to T.V. spectacles will tend to stand aside and watch whatever someone else is laying on - the indifference of democracy.

INSTITUTIONALISED PROTESTERS

It is high time the peace movement and all radical protest got down off this revolving stage which separates actors from audience, activist from the masses, and stopped shaking the Establishment's media-gloved hand. We bewail the gap between politician and voter, conman and conned, yet in the Committee of 100 we are not in practice any nearer to the people than are the men who run the party machines. They at least have on their side all the weight of habitual modes of thinking - leave it to the politicians, it's their job, they've been running the show for years - this is the prevalent attitude. And by going to Scarborough we lent our support to this pernicious irresponsibility, witlessly involveing ourselves in the dumbest of contradictions. We play into its hands if we compete with the Establishment on its own ground.

REAL LIFE ACTION

How often is there a political event, or reaction to a political event, that a man in the street can and will join, and in so doing add his criticism and his feelings to it, in this way orienting himself in relation to real ongoing processes of history? Not often, but only on such occasions - and they invariably involve people's working lives not their weeken leisure - only such occasions create the consciousness among people that radicals should rely on. Our burial service was not properly understood, ignited no smouldering fires, because it took place in a vacuum of consciousness. Who were we performing to in Scarborough besides the press cameras? We should have gone to Stockport, Lancashire, where for nine months workers have been out on strike against the anti-Trade Union measures of the American-owned factory of Roberts Arundel. The working population of Stockport already knows intuitively just why a Labour government cannot knock Johnson over Vietnam: because the dollar

bolsters our sagging economy. In Stockport the "special relationship" between Britain and the U.S.A. has reality for the man in the street. In Scarborough, outside the conference rooms, the "special relationship" has only a T.V. reality; maybe it lacks even that. Had we gone to Stockport, would the Commissioner of Police have been so obliging over the little matter of the funeral route?

Guy Gladstone.

SAVE GREECE NOW FUND

Chairman: Pat Pottle

Secretary Sue Abrahams

Treasurer: Bretta Carthy

'Save Greece Now Defence Fund', 8, Vincent Square Mansions, Walcott
Street, London, S.W.1.

OR

the above fund's account at Midland Bank Ltd, 138, Tottenham Court
Road, London, W.1.

30 men and 12 women faced charges arising out of the occupation of the Greek Embassy on Friday 28 April, 1967. At their trial several were fined heavily, some because 'students' were cautioned but three "leaders" were imprisoned merely for their previous records as political activists.

The imprisoned men:

MICHAEL RANDLE Pentonville Prison, Caledonian Road, London, N.1.

12 months Lost appeal. Teacher. Married, two children.

TERRY CHANDLER Wandsworth Prison, Heathfield Road, London, S.W.18

15 months Lost Appeal Printer. Single with business

Derek Foley Springfield Prison, Grendon Underwood, Aylesbury,
Bucks.

6 months Lost Appeal. Teacher Single.

Are you going to let them stay out their full term? Write to your M.P., raise it at public meetings, party meetings, trade union branch meetings, letters to the press. Get them out. But meanwhile how about help for the defendants costs, dependents, and so on. And how about wishing them a Merry Christmas by continuing their work - get the fascists off the Greek people's backs. Save Greece NOW!

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POEM

Terry Chandler
15 months

Michael Randle
12 months

FOR

Derek Foley
6 months

Mikis Theodorakis

Due to the utter arrogance & authority
Of both legal and political masters of
State it has become necessary for all
Men of goodwill to take up their bodies
Against those public servants & institutions
Who imprison the gentle nonviolent warriors
To place these said bodies in front of the system
Alter its course deflect its permanent prostitution
Of obedience and public loyalty therefore you
Are called upon to resist apathy uphold anarchic
Order upset the sterility of generals and with
Humility sit-down: sit-in: stand-up and be counted
Go limp in the arms of jailors/soldiers/sailors
Inflict yourself quietly singing songs & psalms
With mind & conscience on the polite hypocrisy
Of demos demon democracy as Henry
David Thoreau wrote: "The only place for a
just man when even one friend is imprisoned is
in prison." 1849. Most of us are imprisoned
in mind. So honour your professors/priests/
philosophers do your suspect dignity. Walk
beyond the boundaries & respect yourself. They
are in prison. We sit in comfort. Sincerely.

- Dennis Gould.

Dennis Gould. 9/11/67

"The Whisper & Shout", 56, Jackson Avenue, Mickleover,
Derbyshire, England.

PETER KROPOTKIN

ORGANISED VENGEANCE CALLED JUSTICE

This article was originally published as a pamphlet in 1902, and reprinted in 1948 by Freedom Press. We print here only the second half, for reasons of space. Kropotkin begins with a resume of the development of concepts of "justice" from primitive tribes to the present.

This historical resume, short as it is, shows nevertheless how the State and the evolution of Vengeance, called Justice, are related institutions - derived from one another, supporting one another, being historically one.

But a moment of quiet thought is sufficient to understand how both institutions hold logically together, how both have a common origin in the same idea: Authority looking after the security of society and exercising vengeance upon those who break established rules or laws. If you admit the existence of judges, as specially selected members of society entrusted with the care of applying codified traditions, it does not matter by whom chosen or elected - you have an embryo of State round which other powers that may be will gather. On the other hand, if you admit the centralised structure called State, one of its functions will be to administer justice. Hence the judges.

But can we not have judges elected by the people? Let us see where it leads us to. First it must be said that the idea of laws made directly by the people has never been seriously entertained; their drafting must always be left to some more enlightened man. Then, besides the judge and the lawmaker (legislator), other men will be needed to explain such laws, to interpret older ones, to study their connections and leading ideas; law universities with staff of teachers and students, acting like a drag on society with all the weight of their inherited traditions and their hair-splitting about the letter of the law. But that is nothing compared with the auxiliaries needed by the judge: on one side the gendarme, the police, the prostitute, the spy, the agent provocateur; on the other, the gaoler, the executioner and all the sequel of turpitude which necessarily accompanies them. Finally, you must supply some supervising body to keep all that army of functionaries going. You must not forget to provide money for their maintenance and so on. In short, there is not one function of the State

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today whose services can be dispensed with if we want to keep the judge - be he elected by the people or not.

But what about the Code? The Code, all codes, represents a gathering of traditions, of formulas borrowed from old conceptions absolutely repugnant to all Socialist ideas of today; survivals of our slavish past, slavish in action, slavish in speech, slavish in thought. It is of no consequence that some of the leading moral ideas may be in accordance with our own; the moment a punishment is decreed for the non-fulfilment of a good action we will have nothing to do with it. A Code is the past stereotyped and put across the path of human progress.

Every legal punishment is legalised vengeance, vengeance made obligatory, and we must ask ourselves what is the use of vengeance? Does it help maintain social customs? Does it ever prevent the small minorities of breakers of good custom from doing so? Never. On the contrary, to proclaim the duties of vengeance is simply helping the existence of anti-social customs. Think of the amount of filthy perversity thrown into society by the police institution, far more dangerous to society than any act committed by criminals. Think of the "well-intentioned lies" of magistrates meant to get the truth out of the criminals. Think of all that happens round us and you will understand why Anarchists have no hesitation in declaring that Punishment is worse than Crime. And everyone studying these questions and going to the root will come to the same conclusion, and will try to find some other means of protecting society against the evil-doers.

NON-INTERVENTION

Everyone will see that arbitration, arbiters being chosen by the contending parties, will be sufficient in the very great majority of cases to quell arising disputes. Everyone will admit that the policy of non-interference now so greatly favoured is a bad habit acquired since the State found it convenient to assume the duty of keeping order. Active intervention of friends, neighbours, passers-by would prevent a large proportion of conflicts. Let it be everybody's duty to assist the weak, to interfere between fighting people, and police will not be required at all.

The student cannot help being struck by the fact that for a couple of centuries there has been a parallel development going on: on one side legal punishment and vengeance have been less and less bloody, not to say milder, torture has been abolished, penalty of death has been limited to fewer cases and in some countries totally abolished; on the other hand anti-social acts have diminished. There is a far greater security in our everyday life than in that of our forefathers. Many factors have helped towards softening of manners, but softening of punishment is certainly one of them.

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Should we not continue in the same line; or should we suppose that a Socialist or Communist society would be inferior in that respect to a capitalistic government?

We can do without judges in society, as well as we can do without bosses in production.

CONCLUSIONS

So-called Justice is a survival from a past serfdom based, for the interest of the privileged classes, on the Roman law and on the ideas of divine Vengeance.

In the history of society, organisation of Vengeance under the name of Justice is coterminous with the State; they imply one another; they were born together, flourished together and are doomed to perish together.

Coming from an age of serfdom it helps to maintain serfdom in present society; through its police, prisons and the like, it is an open sore, throwing out a constant stream of purulence into society, a far greater evil than the one it is supposed to fight against.

Any society founded on better economics than ours will certainly come to the conclusion that it is unwise to keep any punitive institution.

The way of doing without it will be found in voluntary arbitration, in greater effectual solidarity, in the powerful educative means which a society will have that does not leave to the policeman the care of its public morality.

REMEMBER

TERRY

MIKE

DEL

Modern victims of ORGANISED VENGEANCE CALLED JUSTICE.

Lord Parker said: "It must be recognised that what conscience dictates is right may in the last resort merit severe punishment. It cannot justify offences which are against law and order in this country."

COMRADES: YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED! You must choose: Conscience, or Law and Order. Manifestly, you can no longer adhere to both.

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STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS

"...stemming from the Vietnam war there is unquestionably a new spirit abroad that is mounting rapidly and is doing so very largely outside the confines of the old - or established - peace organisations. The demos of Grosvenor Square and Cambridge witness this, and they are only the beginning. If we in the Cttee fail to grasp what is happening and fail to commit our know-how to some kind of positive relationship with what is new then we shall just get left behind like any other sad sect left over from the past."

Peter Cadogan 21.11.67

Committee of 100, London Committee

The London Committee of 100 holds unreservedly: that America is the aggressor in Vietnam, that her forces have behaved barbarously, & that Vietnam is one nation,

While advocating non-violence both as a way of life and as a means to change society; does not condemn the Vietnamese for struggling to achieve freedom and gives it full support to all of those people of Vietnam who are making any effort to rid their country of foreign aggressors;

It unconditionally demands, unilateral withdrawal of all Western troops and insists that the Vietnamese shall be permitted to determine what society they wish.

Passed by 24 votes to 4, with 5 abstentions. Meeting of 1/11/67

Committee of 100, West Midlands Committee Meeting of 25/11/67

Passed the above motion unanimously. It is therefore Committee Policy.

- Also passed unanimously:
- 1) That the National Committee be a liason between groups whether they be regionally based or town based.
 - 2) All Policies and Demonstrations to be planned by groups and these to be put to other groups either directly or through the National Committee Meeting.
 - 3) National Committee Meetings should be delegate meetings, Voting should not take place as these are only liason meetings.
 - 4) That we abolish the position of National Secretary as being in line with the above

That West Midlands Committee of 100 should engage in an Anti-Election Campaign in the Dudley Constituency (covering Dudley and Stourbridge) when the date is announced. George Wigg having gone to the other side of the tracks.

FLOWER OR POWER REVOLUTION

A.J. Muste once said he loved men not because they were all lovable, but because that was the only way. I'd like to explore the method in this studied gladness.

I'll make three points. First, radical pacifists are in a quandary; second, that as a way out of this quandary some have identified with the middle class bohemians; third, this has led to some banal rationalisations and martyrdoms which are at best stupid and, at worst, politically disastrous.

The quandary, we know. War and protest rage, but war rages more. In fact, as Genet helps us see, much protest legitimises the war. The whores in the Balcony, even when they blaspheme the heads of state, become the heads of state. Today's Fulbright is tomorrow's Humphrey, sabotage by compromise, even if you win the rat race you're still a rat and so forth. So how to stop (or at least protest) this damned thing without legitimising what is endemic to it, the brutal violence of the American don't-do-it-yourself-we'll-do-it-for-you status quo? This is our pacifist quandary.

GREAT SOCIETY AND GOOD SOCIETY

Our radical quandary is somewhat different. How to replace the Great Society with the Good Society, power with Justice and bigness with humanness? As radicals we are concerned primarily with ends. Yeah dad, we know corrupt means make corrupt ends, but we're sick to our guts of bearing witness to hell; we wanta be ushers to redemption. We can't wait for history to absolve our sanctity; we wanta help it along a bit.

And the historical moment is right. There's lots of protestors but no change in policy and everyone from Kennedung to the socialists - who warn they'll vote Republican - tows the Empire line. Draft calls are up but kids don't wanta fight; China's got herself the big bomb and the Viet Cong are winning; taxes are up and Pentagon popularity is down; the Republicans can't find a peace candidate and Dayan prefers his sandy Jewish dukedom to the Buddhist rice paddies of Vietnam. The soldiers wanta come home: they don't like their college boy officers, they're sick from VD and they hate Vietnam. Even Congressmen think we're looking too closely at China and the market is due for a dip. The question is when. August '68? The Republican convention? The only answer Lin Piao hasn't gotten from his computer is how many Americans in China are necessary for revolution here.

So whatta we do? We redistribute lilacs, kites, and doughnuts while Buffalo Negroes give out washing machines and clothing. Cur

slogan "flower power plus resistance equals Revolution" belies the fact that we have recovered from intelligence at the very moment when it might do us some good.

The logic is great. Though year after year, at conference after conference, we admonish our forebears for concentrating on means to the exclusion of ends, we pick a straw (or a daffodil) from the same old gutter to justify our nonposition. "Can our protest be meaningful," we ask rhetorically, "if we use the same means as the opposition?" So we look for people who use different means.

"Hey man, dig those painted cats puffing green stuff."

"Yeah, with dots on their skulls."

"It's Spring, man. And in the Spring, I bloom."

"Wow".

But blooming in Central Park is not blooming in Watts or Hanoi. So replace the long pipe with the button, keep the dot and the flower, and move out on Fifth Avenue crying "make love, not war." The GI does both, but he's been dropped out of school so he has to kill for bread and take foreign women.

ENDS AND MEANS

A bit of gardening. The bohemian's love scream is a profound admission of his inability to work for a loving society through public action; and, the philosophies in whose name "flower power" is proclaimed were devised (and remain) as means of adjusting to slavery. What Ginsberg neglected to report on his return from India is that he had diarrhea for a month after drinking the holy water of the Ganges; this, as a symbol of how corrupt the path to nirvana has become.

The juxtaposition of slave philosophy with masks of freedom is not surprising, since outwardly slaves and free men are alike. Both seem happy and carefree, reckless and irresponsible. How close is Marx's portrait of Communist Man to the stereotype of Sambo. Slaves, however, smile at their rulers because they have no other weapons. If we are slaves, let us say so and be done with it. If we would be free, let us not pretend to that form of current bourgeois degeneracy the Russians kindly dub "positive nihilism." Flower power and resistance are antithetical and have nothing to do with Revolution, Abbie Hoffman and Paul Goodman aside. Resistance implies, no matter how cynically the phrase appears in Shakespeare, "To Thine own self (i.e. class or cause) be True;" flower power, no matter how sincerely it comes from the mouth of babes, is, to quote Peer Gynt, the philosophy of Trolls: "To thine own self (fantasy, ego, etc.) be enough!" Let us love the utopia we struggle for and not pretend to love the anti-utopia we live in. If you don't believe flower power is fan-

tasy embodied in desperation, go to Tompkins Square some weekend night and watch how effective it is against Puerto Rican hecklers. And watch the tenacity to which it is clung. And ask yourself if love is really blissful go-getting.

One more philosophical weed. Radical pacifists don't oppose violence because it is the enemies' means, but because it is an inadequate (and therefore inhuman) way to achieve Justice and Freedom. Let's remember that the radical pacifists who taught us - Muste, Dorothy Day and even Bayard (who unleams faster than he knows) declared for a fraternity of the common man and urged non-violence in the labour struggle where violence had been tested and had failed. The rare successes of nonviolence come about because our means are equal to our enemies', not because they are different; failures result when politics and support are inadequate. Flower power withers, first, because it is inadequate to the current forms of political, economic, and military power and, second, because its love is wholly self-centred and has no affinity whatsoever with the actual struggles of oppressed peoples either here or in Vietnam. It neither raises nor answers any political questions in which anyone, including the poor, have any concern. Let's deal with the psychological question after the Revolution.

Nor do we oppose the enemy because violence is his means; we would oppose him equally if he insisted on injustice and unfreedom with clever arguments and smelly poppies.

JUSTICE AND FREEDOM

Anyway, the notion that we have to wholly reject the enemies' means is superficially idealistic. Even with regard to violence, the most extreme case, radical pacifists quickly distinguish between the struggle of Vietnamese and the war waged by the U.S. The movement for national liberation is not immoral but misdirected in its instruments of purpose; the movement for imperialism is immoral in its entirety no matter what its instruments. A.J. did not throw flowers at his Saigon agitators, he talked politics, that is he chose a language the people understood.

If pacifism is a philosophy of means which I deny, it does two things flower power does not, it insists on the irrevocability of Justice and Freedom and it introduces a broad range of workable political instruments.

If our means differ from the enemies', these differences lie in ultimate effectiveness, action and program. Our actions must not be apolitical but political in the high sense.

By eulogising pacifism as a means, the advocates of flower power identify themselves not with those who struggle for social justice in Vietnam but with those who live off self-indulgent pretense and self-righteous illusion. Already, an advocate of flower power lies close to the President and she needs no help from us.

Harvest time is done. Radical pacifists must support all those seeking national liberation, critically to be sure, but fraternally and actively nevertheless. Actions built around this support should be aimed both at stopping the imperialist war machine and ensuring victory of peasants, workers and farmers over local and international tyranny. Such strategies should include, at a minimum, a genuine "peace corps" of well disciplined (yes, a tactic of the enemy) pacifists who willingly volunteer for guerrilla movements in countries much in need of educated personnel, helping to train citizens, at home and abroad, in tactics and principles of massive nonviolent resistance to oppression. For those who insist that home is the place to work, the job is also clear. Radical pacifists must remind the anti-war movement that it must be a peace movement as well, that it must provide a critique of the causes of war and a program for eliminating those causes once and for all.

Let's remind Americans (including our bohemian friends) that contrary to LSD dreams and TV fantasies, freedom is not in the mind but is a condition of social life to be fought for and won. Radical pacifism was born in politics; let it return to politics. If we would have flowers bloom, let us throw water on the fire and not on the barren ground.

EVAN STARK (WIN)

IMPORTANT:-

01-603-8654

Remember this number. It could get you out of jail - especially if you have been nicked on a phony drugs charge.

It is the number of RELEASE. Read about Release in the next issue of Resistance. A 24-hour counselling service providing on-the-spot advice to arrested persons etc., regarding searches, arrests, court procedure and interpretation of the law. Release is in contact with several lawyers and doctors and is especially interested in drugs cases upon which it is providing a dossier.

If you are arrested outside the London Area Release might be able to help you though it is at present London-based and oriented though costs often arise if lawyers etc., have to travel. More about

RELEASE in the next Resistance.

STUART CHRISTIE

AND THE SCOTTISH

DAILY EXPRESS

The Scottish Daily Express had planned, from the time of Stuart Christie's imprisonment, by using every sentimental device, to present the eventual homecoming of a repentant youth to his granny and mother. With hypocritical concern, their plans went into operation on Monday 17th of September, with the announcement that Stuart was to be released. The victims in this plot were principally his mother and later on his grandmother. The men from the Scottish Daily Express who were primarily involved are Ian Brown, Wilson Russell, James Hastie and David Sharp.

Express reporters invaded Stuart's grandmother's home; slept in chairs, made food and walked in and out at will. As a result of these uninvited "guests" Mrs. Scott was unable to undress for bed for the several days of their stay. They even went as far as accompanying her to a neighbour's house. All this was to prevent any other press men getting to her. During the week prior to Stuart's release the public were fed lies about Stuart singing hymns in prison and his wanting to get up into the Scottish glens. All this was in preparation for the return of "a good little boy with Mummy" to "see his poor, auld granny." Such is the contempt the Express has for its readers.

When the Express found out that Stuart had no intention of returning to Glasgow immediately, from London, he was threatened with the publication of a story about "poor granny waiting in vain." To prepare this, they had "imprisoned" her in their Glasgow office for three hours in order to exhort distressed quotes from her. To get her in a state of apprehension they began by saying "We have bad news for you!" The public now knows the background to the "sob" story in the Express of Friday, 22nd September.

The deciding factor in Stuart's decision to remain in London was the discovery that the "waiting plane" was full of press vultures, with the Express well to the fore, stagemanaging the final leg of the "sentimental journey home to grandmother." Fortunately Stuart was rescued from the clutches of the Express by his Anarchist friends. But the Express men - reporters or hired thugs - not to be beaten tailed the car through the back streets of North London till they lost them. At one point they even tried to bribe the driver of the Anarchists' car not to lose them. Having lost their "scoop" and by now the laughing stock of Fleet Street, the Scottish Daily Express produced a feature article on Friday 22nd, entitled "The Hidden Thoughts of Christie." Their line had now changed from wishy-washy humbug to vicious attack.

And now, to try and maintain their prestige, they are attempting to get Mrs. Christie to denounce Stuart; presumably by stating that she was horrified by his confession of guilt and sorry she had fought for his release. Finally, a piece of evidence of the Express's fly, snidy cunning. Up until Stuart "ditched" them his mother was presented as a widow. Widow and son suited their sentimental line. But after the rebuff to the Express his stepfather was mentioned by one of the Albion street rags. And finally the Sunday Express referred to Stuart's own father.

The rest of the press accused Stuart's friends at London airport of being in league with the Express. This leaflet indicates otherwise.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

When the yellow press screams about "freedom of the press" this means for them freedom to suppress news, distort the truth and fabricate lies to suit their own political ends. It means freedom to shop small left-wing papers to the CID to get a story. (Scottish Solidarity were reported to the police by the press over the "Vote Phos for Us" leaflet and the "Rebel Song Book.") It means freedom to denounce workers on strike, to hound John Duddy's father to death, to pay people to get Duddy's love letters to his wife. (See Private Eye.) In the end, it means freedom for the press to protect the ruling class of which the paper barons are a part.

We end with some suggestions:

- 1) Stop buying the Express.
- 2) Anytime workers on strike are being abused by the Express, they should "air their grievances" outside the paper's offices.
- 3) Let Glasgow's leftwingers take action outside or inside the Albion Street office of the Express.
- 4) Use the inside information we get from sympathetic journalists and printers against the Express. This leaflet was compiled from information given by Express reporters and Stuart Christie.

We would not be nasty enough to suggest that thousands of people continually phone the Express, Bel 3550, leave the phone off the hook, and jam up the works.

Published by: Glasgow Solidarity Group, Federation of Anarchists, Syndicalist Workers' Federation. c/o Parker, 40 Murano St. Glasgow NW.....10,000 copies distributed on the streets of Glasgow.

NASTY THOUGHTS ON THE CIA

PAUL JACOBS

"The U-2 Powers was flying was a dud. It was supposed to go down." The man who made that astonishing statement to me a few weeks ago is an aircraft engineer who had been in a position to know a great deal about the U-2 programme; he tossed it off casually, too, as if he weren't talking about an occurrence that had disturbed the whole world, wrecked the 1960 Paris summit conference, forced the cancellation of Dwight Eisenhower's trip to the Soviet Union and effectively wiped out the "spirit of Camp David."

By chance, I was in Moscow on May 5th, 1960, the day when Krushchev announced that an American U-2 had been shot down on the morning of May 1st. So I witnessed the disastrous effects on the Russians of that announcement plus the exposure, a few days later, of what seemed to be the U.S. government's stupid attempt to cover up the real purposes of the U-2 flight. That was a tense and anxious time for an American to be in the Soviet Union; no one knew what the consequences of the U-2 incident were to be.

Like everyone else in Moscow at the time, I was mystified by how the plane had been brought down. Krushchev claimed it had been shot down by an anti-aircraft rocket while flying at 68,000 feet, but no journalist believed the Russian rocket defenses were that capable.

My disbelief increased when I went to the exhibit hall in Gorki Park where the shot-down U-2 had been put on display. Even to my unpractised eye, the plane did not look badly damaged; the wings and fuselage were almost intact and the cameras and other delicate scientific equipment were virtually undamaged. Indeed, the cameras were in such good condition that the Russians had been able to develop the film taken by Powers and were exhibiting the photos. Powers obviously had not used the self-destruction mechanism on the plane.

What Powers had been carrying with him on the flight was absolutely loony. Laid out on a table under a glass case was the kind of junk that men carry in their pockets and wallets when they drive off to work in the morning but not, I thought, when they go out on an aerial spy mission: a driver's licence, social security card, Masonic Lodge card, commercial flying certificate, business cards, old receipts for rental cars and a listing of birthstones. There was also a "poison needle" which Powers had obviously not used. But what was most bizarre was the display of items which Powers had with him in the plane "For Grafting Russians", as a sign in the case put it.

The "grafting" collection included a group of cheap rings and watches, presumably for trading with the natives, plus bundles of 50 rouble notes, neatly bound in manila wrappers. I looked at the money in absolute disbelief, for the equivalent in American terms would have been for a Russian spy to walk into a gas station in Iowa and attempt, by sign language, to get the attendant to break a hundred dollar bill so that he could call the Soviet Embassy in Washington. My God, I thought, as I moved around the hall, is the CIA really that stupid?

MONEY MOTIVES?

The more I looked at the exhibit, the more puzzled I became about what had really happened. My first thought was that Powers had been a Soviet agent planted inside the CIA operation expressly to bring a plane down inside the Soviet Union and expose the entire operation. As I stood in the exhibit hall reading the pages of Powers' confession, which had been enlarged for display purposes, that seemed a possible explanation, for otherwise why hadn't Powers blown up his plane when he bailed out at 14,000 feet and then used his poison needle like a good spy is supposed to do? But I thought that maybe his plane really had flamed out and that perhaps he was just a lousy spy who preferred living in a Russian prison to dying for the good old CIA.

Powers' behaviour at his trial in August did much to corroborate the notion that his motives were less patriotic than monetary; in sharp contrast to Rudolph Abel, the Russian spy who refused, adamantly, to admit his guilt after being caught, red-handed to coin a phrase, by U.S. government agents, Powers was absolutely garrulous with the Russians. Not only had he failed to use his poison needle, but he described, in detail, the flight which had failed, pointing out that he and other CIA pilots had been flying along the borders of the Soviet Union for years. And not only did he jabber away about these earlier flights, but he gave specific evidence about his employment by the CIA. In America, the reaction to Powers' testimony was much tongue-clucking and sighing for the good old days when spies went to their death silently and martyred, only regretting, like Nathan Hale, that they had but one life to give to their country.

Still, gradually, the U-2 indictment faded away in my memory as it did for most Americans, until it was revived, very briefly, in February 1962 when Powers was exchanged for Rudolph Abel. I wondered idly why Powers, a mere pilot, was important enough to the United States to warrant his exchange for a super-spy like Abel, who was clearly a key link in the Russian espionage system. But after Powers' return to the United States, his public clearance by the CIA and his testimony before a Congressional committee, he disappeared from public sight.

Then, in 1965, I again began thinking about the U-2 when I read Eisenhower's book Waging Peace. In it, the former President writes about the incident in some detail, explaining that the intelligence flights had been going on for some years. Eisenhower also pointed out that although the Russians knew about the overflights (the U-2 could be tracked with radar), the plane flew too high for it to be shot down either by missiles or by another plane. But, as Eisenhower wrote, the Russians could not publicly acknowledge the existence of the flights, for to do so would have meant revealing that their defences were incapable of shooting the plane down. And, said Eisenhower, he'd been told by the CIA and the Joint Chiefs that "in the event of a mishap the plane would virtually disintegrate. It would be impossible if things should go wrong, they said, for the Soviets to come into possession of the equipment intact - or unfortunately, of a live pilot. This was a cruel assumption but I was assured that the young pilots undertaking these missions were doing so with their eyes wide open and motivated by a high degree of patriotism, a swashbuckling bravado and certain material inducements."

Well, I thought at the time, that just shows how wrong the CIA, the Joint Chiefs and a President can be; once again, I tucked the matter away in the back of my mind. But when I read the Ramparts article by the CIA operative who was at a training session where Powers had been introduced as a hero, I started to wonder what Powers was doing back with the CIA? Why had he been introduced as a hero? A few weeks later, I got a possible answer in the aircraft engineer's off-hand statement that Powers' U-2 "was a dud. It was supposed to go down."

A DELIBERATE ACCIDENT?

Had Powers' plane been deliberately brought down by the CIA, because the agency wanted the Russians not only to capture him but to have his connection with the CIA revealed to the world? That was a plausible explanation of how the plane was brought down; if the Russians hadn't succeeded in shooting one down in more than four years, why should they have been able to knock off Powers' U-2? And if Powers' capture was what the CIA wanted, this would also explain his survival and the weird collection of paraphernalia he carried with him. It would explain, too, why his connection with the CIA was admitted instead of being denied and disowned, the normal procedure in such cases.

One item of testimony at Powers' trial tends to strengthen this view: in the flier's description of his last flight, he said, almost incidentally, that he'd been more nervous and tense than on any previous mission and he also told the court that he had never seen the plane he was to fly until the morning of take-off. Acc-

ording to Powers, the U-2 had been flown to the CIA base in Peshawar, Pakistan, the night before his flight and it, unlike the other U-2s, was without identification marks.

If the engineer is wrong, we have been doing Powers a grave injustice and he really is a patriot, a hero, who sacrificed his public reputation for what his superiors told him was the good of the country. But if the engineer is right and Powers' plane was a dud which was supposed to go down, what was the motive behind the action? Did the Joint Chiefs and the CIA want to torpedo the Paris Summit Conference and Eisenhower's visit to the Soviet Union? Did they want to embarrass Krushchev by forcing him to admit publicly that the flights had been going on for years without the Russians being able to prevent them? Were they seeking to destroy Krushchev's efforts at persuading him comrades to establish more amiable relations with Eisenhower and the U.S. government? Were they afraid that a relaxation of the cold war atmosphere would weaken the U.S. against what they obviously believed to be a cunning enemy? It is equally possible in this situation that the interests of the American and the Russian intelligence services were the same; perhaps the continuation of the cold war served the interest of the Russian counterpart of the CIA and Joint Chiefs.

I have no way of finding out the answers to these questions. But perhaps Senators Morse, Church, McGovern, Fulbright and Kennedy might make a few enquiries. And perhaps former President Eisenhower might check around a bit just to see whether those hush-hush boys conned him, too, so that the cold war could continue until a good hot one, like Vietnam, came along.

 Repro. with thanks from RAMPARTS magazine, (June 1967), 301 Broadway, San Francisco, California, U.S.A.
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AROUND THE MOVEMENT

Val Dickson is now full-time organiser for the Greek Concerts, anyone interested in hearing a Greek Pop Group or holding a musical evening contact Val at 13, Goodwin Street, London, N.4. (This is no connection our reporter understands, with National Committee Funds). Geoffrey Thomas is now Assistant Secretary to the National and London Committees, one gathers his posting is permanent, at least until the building of the new National Committee Headquarters at Stanstead. Laurens "The Red Woman is upon us" Otter is now installed in the London See - it is believed that a red hat is in the offing. Once more the Factories For Peace Are in the News - this time a lock-out of supervisory grades in South Wales, pull your finger out Tom, this'll never do. We have just received an election leaflet from Cambridge - why, nobody else is standing - something about it all being in the mind - delusions mate. Solidarist.

VIVA!

BY A
PAPER
TIGER

Oakland, California: an anti-draft demonstrator spins under a hail of blows from a police truncheon. His rough plywood shield bears the legend "Viva Che".....

Berlin, Germany: Thousands march to the U.S. Embassy. Flacards dot the crowd; a portrait of a dishevelled, bearded man, beret rakishly aslant, with a kind and thoughtful face.....

London, England: 20,000 people roar approval of the slogan. "Viva! Viva Guevara!"

And in Havana, Cuba, half a million stand in silent homage to the man they mourn, the builder of their revolution.

Four facets of a single picture from our recent television screens, and a picture which can hold little joy for those who killed this remarkable man. Did they think they could erase him, wipe him out as if he had never been? They hunted him as he knew they would; they killed him as they had to do; did they think this was the end?

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Ernesto Guevara was born in Rosario, Argentina, in 1928. He was a frail child, and suffered early from the asthma which has plagued him all his life and probably contributed to his death. So his father moved to a mountain town, and took care that the boy had plenty of outdoor activity. His later obsession was soon apparent, for he had a voracious appetite for revolutionary literature, and while still a teenager took part in riots against the Peron regime.

Ernesto qualified as a doctor of medicine in 1953 and immediately left Argentina to avoid being drafted into the dictator's army. He arrived in Mexico in 1956, where he married his first wife; she introduced him to Fidel and Raul Castro, and promptly lost him to a greater passion. Guevara trained as a guerrilla under the veteran Colonel Bayo at his school for Cuban revolutionaries, and the ex-students landed in the island in December 1956. The "invasion" was a bloody fiasco. Twelve men only survived, including Guevara and the Castros, and escaped to the Sierra Maestra; from

there, in two short years, the Cuban revolution grew and swept to power. Ernesto 'Che' Guevara was the strategist and field commander of this, probably the most successful popular revolution of modern times. For six years he worked in the Cuban government. Then in April 1965 he disappeared. In October, Fidel Castro published a letter which he said came from Guevara. "I have fulfilled the part of my duty which bound me to the revolution in your territory.....In the new battlefields I shall continue.....the duty to fight imperialism wherever it may be." A legend was born, and overnight 'Che' Guevara became the most wanted man in the Western hemisphere.

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Rumours flew thick as to his likely whereabouts, but finally centred on the remote mountains of Bolivia, where for some while the American-backed Bolivian army has been fighting a running battle with guerrillas. Confirmation of his presence there seemed clear when Regis Debray, the young French Marxist now on trial at Camiri, was invited to go to Bolivia to interview Guevara. It is probable that 'Che' himself knew that would be the means of bringing his last message to the world. His death was attended (as the Guardian's man-on-the-spot confirmed) by a CIA agent.

Mysteries remain. It is not even certain that the emaciated body brought down from the mountains was that of Guevara, although neither the Americans, the Bolivians, or the Cubans (or the Argentinians, who had his fingerprints) have seen fit to deny it. Debray himself was convinced. "I spend the time thinking about Guevara, my comrades who are dead, and about my trial, too" he said in an intensely moving interview printed in the Times of October 28th. Debray confirms that Guevara probably knew the end was near. He was asked: "Unlike many journalists, as soon as Guevara's death was first announced you accepted it without showing the least surprise. Would this be because you knew he was in a desperate situation?"

"Yes", came the reply. "In seven months the guerrillas had had no contact with the outside world. This led me to foresee, as by evidence, that they were going to be finished soon. The guerrillas were the victims of the surroundings. They were assailed by hunger, cold and deprived of food and medicine. Finally the Army cut off any possibility of retreat."

But even if identity is sure, the mode of death is still a mystery. The body was buried hastily, without public display; this was explained as being necessary in the climate, probably partly true, but if they had nothing to hide why not at least allow some of the many foreign journalists present to examine the remains?

Under the headline "'Che' killed after capture", Paul Montgomery in the Times (despatch dated Oct. 12th) puts these doubts into words. He states that the supposition is that Guevara was captured with a minor wound, perhaps in the wrist or thigh. "So far as can be learned 'Che' said little to his captors during the day he was alive apart from acknowledging that he was Guevara....." The pattern becomes clear. When he didn't talk, they shot him. Probably they could not risk bringing him to trial, perhaps still on a stretcher, half dead from torture yet still not broken. They dared not keep this man alive a moment longer.

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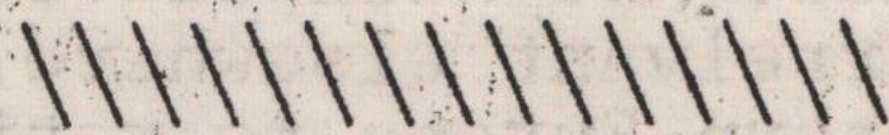
"Revolution" is a popular word these days. The BBC and ITV compete in commemoration and praise of the so-called "October Revolution" of 1917. (Despite ITV's marginally longer list of credits to world sources and their devastating final title: "A Granada Novosti Production", for my money BBC won hands down on both accuracy and presentation. Not that it matters.) Newspapers echo the tale with endless monotony. Never were the once-terrible Bolsheviks so respectable in the capitalist world. This very fact shows more eloquently than any torrent of words how this once-genuine revolution has lost the right to use the term. Never, indeed, has "revolution" been on so many lips in so casual a manner. They even use it to sell television sets!

Those who respect 'Che''s memory can only laugh sickly at this spectacle, and cherish hopes that one day we, too, may know the true meaning of the word. 'Che' himself took a world-wide view. His thoughts were by no means restricted to his home continent, although naturally this was his main concern. In a pamphlet "Message to the TriContinental" available from the Cuban Embassy (22 Mount St., London, W.1) he ranges far in a cultural and historical sweep of unexpected brilliance. This was the most fascinating political tract I had read for many years. Unlike most Marxists, Guevara scorned jargon-phrases and outworn cliché-slogans, so that when he used (for example) the term U.S. Imperialism, he explained it and placed it in its context so that even the most non-intellectual reader such as myself could see the validity of the phrase. He accepted that what was right for Latin America would be irrelevant elsewhere. No-one expects revolutionary groups in Western Europe to retire to the hills and undertake guerrilla warfare with the support of a repressed peasant class; least of all Guevara. Yet he would have had something to say to us, if he had travelled here.

Debray, perhaps, is his heir, in thought if not in action. "The duty of a revolutionist is to make the revolution." The famous tautology in fact makes sense. Here Debray is talking more

to those who pay lip-service to the revolution than to the uncommitted. He is talking in particular, I believe, to Western Europeans: to we secure and happy people who can demonstrate in the streets about Vietnam and then go home to our wives and children; to the thousands in the "Vietnam Solidarity Campaign" who shout loudest in Trafalgar Square and march noisily to the U.S. Embassy and don't quite manage to burn it down, somehow; to nice middle-class people who fill halls and pass resolutions about Greece but shut out of their minds the imprisonment of three people in England for the only revolutionary action so far undertaken against the Fascist Greek regime outside that unhappy country. Revolution everywhere, except at home. U.S. get out; out of Vietnam, out of Bolivia, even (quietly) out of England, but they don't go and try to push them out. This last honour is left to the so-called pacifists and "nuclear disarmers", who make up probably the most truly revolutionary group in this country today; a fact which, thank god, more and more of them are coming to recognise, as their liberal bourgeois values are knocked away in struggle. (No-one knows this better than Lord Parker, which is why "our people" get long prison sentences while the Grosvenor Square rowdies are let off lightly.)

At the present time the common enemy of revolutionists everywhere must be United States imperialism. People cannot hope to emancipate themselves from home-grown tyranny until they have destroyed tyranny from across the sea. The Pax Americana - the world safe for capitalism - is even more vicious than the Pax Britannica once was; not, I may say, intrinsically, but because now the Americans can call upon greater technical resources to maintain their presence and uphold their power. It seems likely that America is however over-reaching herself in Vietnam. She is losing the military battle there, and is also losing at home; and more and more, her own troops are rising in revolt. This is a classic necessity for any successful insurrection. It is possible that the U.S. will be forced out of Vietnam not, finally, by the Vietcong, but by her own people. This aim would have been Che's too, and while trying to create his "two or three Vietnams" in South America, he must have looked on with joy as the American opposition moved from mere protest to active resistance.



Guevara's achievement was immense and durable. Not least was this: the whole might of a great imperial power was seen to be terrified of one man. One man, if he is the right man, is the seed of their destruction. And now his myth is on the loose, the legend and the idea are on the run and however many of us they manage to destroy, they cannot kill Che Guevara.

He wrote his own epitaph. "Wherever death may surprise us, let it be welcome, provided that this our battle cry may have reached some receptive ear and another hand may be extended to wield our weapons....." His battle cry is heard. Here, in Western Europe, we are not landless peasants sunk in poverty, and our Revolution will be of a different kind. It will have more to do with Freedom and less with economics; it will be a revolution of the common man in the real sense of the word, the revolution which is shown in the uprising of Scottish and Welsh nationalism, the need to manage our own affairs. We will submit to no dictatorship, not even that of the proletariat. Soviet Russia will undergo this revolution as much as America or Britain, and Guevara's Cuba, too, will have to change. But when the histories are written and another jubilee comes round, the kindly, bearded face of Che Guevara will be there among the heroes.

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ABOUT OURSELVES

This edition of RESISTANCE marks the fourth edition of the present volume. Since we have started several changes in the original group have taken place. One editor has left the Birmingham area to take up a new appointment and another has had to leave for personal reasons though he hopes to be more active later. Members of the old Resistance Group have come back to help but the present duplicator is not what it was (Christian NVA we need help - on your knees).

Meanwhile in London a new magazine has started serving the London Committee Area - Resistance Shall Grow. It ran to 200 copies last issue whilst we ran to 500. Both sold out very quickly. Unfortunately lacking capital and manpower and having this edition to prepare we were in no position to do a new printing. Our problem is two-fold, manpower (for production work) and money (for operating expenses). RSG has a different kind of problem, we, in a sense, have its provincial market and however good it gets we are both, even if different in style and direction, complementary, especially as to sellers and groups' support. Furthermore the existence of the excellent YCND magazine Underground with the growing number of local magazines could also hamper our individual growth.

Discussion has therefore been going on between supporters of both the West Midlands Committee of 100 and the London Committee of 100 both with the full Committees and between the editors to see if some kind of single Committee of 100 magazine could in future be produced jointly. Nothing has been firmly decided yet, but do not be surprised if the next edition of each is the same magazine. If this were to be done, now is the time.

LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED?

CAROL WALLACE

On July 18th I sat-in at Newark City Hall, middle of the floor; dialogued gently with all comers including rifle-toting cops; got off pretty nicely to a blood-lined paddy-wagon; was released at the police station and offered bus fare to go home to my children. It's real good to be white. A white woman sitting alone on the floor of Newark City Hall looking pious and quiet gets lots of respect. Maybe I should never do it again.

If you want to know what I think as a pacifist about the Afro-American "Viet Cong", read the July 28 edition of LIFE Magazine and stare a long, long time at the cover. It could have been my kid lying in a pool of his own blood - except that I'm white, and we don't live in the ghetto. Joe Bass, Jr. got it the day he was born black, not the day he was shot. He is recovering from his blackness. He will be a target.

All the revolutions I have ever heard of involved property changing hands. The 13 American colonies were taken from an absentee landlord in 1776. All the shooting done in Newark by black people, LIFE says, was shots fired in the air to decoy the police away from the looters. All the shooting done in Newark by the police, LIFE says, was to protect private property - to take vengeance on those who stole milk and beer. People were shot in the back of the head for taking food and clothing from the stores that live off them.

Is this revolution? Revolution WOW! What will poor pacifists do? The natives are restless, and the Viet Cong would never invade the CNVA farm. Pacifists keep mum in public on whether it's right for the NLF to use guns instead of reason, and the NLF will never move to Queens. Pacifists keep our sights trained on the Pentagon, knowing that some people are more violent than others and the Pentagon is the most violent of all. The Viet Cong never called me "hunkie" and could not come down from Harlem and loot the stores on Avenue B.

Man, it's hard to live right next door to a VietCong!

The revolution is here, in America, in every ghetto in the United States, and some pacifists want to say to the black people "Shhhh, now, don't do anything destructive - the war in Vietnam comes first." The Viet Cong won't come to 5 Beekman Street. (New York equivalent of 13 Goodwin Street - Ed.) The Viet Cong only kills American soldiers who go to Vietnam. The black people are right here, and what if they make a mistake and attack me without realising I'm on their side? (Thereby losing the best friend who

ever told them to cool it at any cost - to themselves.)

The whole point, of course, dear fellow-pacifist, is that the black people have been and are nonviolent. They are not killing. They are being killed for taking food and clothing from the stores that cheat them. The black people have traditionally been Christian pacifists living in the midst of ku-kluxers, brutal cops, and the constant death of hunger and rat-ridden firetraps. Now black people are messing around with private property, and some pacifists quake at the words "black power".

We are pacifists because of our conviction that we need to love our brothers, to love all men. But we love the Vietnamese easier than we love our black brothers. We have looked long at pictures of napalm-burned children. Have you seen how many Afro-American children have burn scars on their bodies from exploding gasoline stoves, tenement fires, and the many times they have been left so young to cook for the small babies when mother had to go to work? And the deepest wounds of all are the destruction through contempt of the human heart and mind - and the destruction through segregation of self-respect. No Vietnamese ever walked around with such wounds as some people have whose self-respect has been insulted every day for a hundred years.

Reprinted from WIN magazine, 5 Beekman St. New York 10038 (No.14).

DISAFFECTION—U.S. STYLE

from LIBERATION August 1967

MIKE MCKEATING

Some months ago, when Bob Hope was on his Christmas tour of Vietnam, he quipped: "Don't worry, boys, fifty percent of the people at home are behind you!" Anyone who has been around a military base in the last year or two could well give a similar warning to Mc Namara: "Don't worry Bob, fifty percent of your troops are behind you!"

When I finished my tour of duty in the Far East (including seven months in the combat zone in Vietnam), I was sent to the Naval Receiving Station at Treasure Island in San Francisco, to await release from active duty. It was at Treasure Island, which is a great clearing house for troops going to and returning from Vietnam, that I first became aware of the magnitude of the opposition to the war among American servicemen.

This opposition was fairly widespread, but it had two characteristics which struck me as very strange in a free society: fear and frustration. Frustration at the inability to express adequately one's opposition, and fear of reprisals if one did. This fear, I soon learned, was well founded.

During my three months at Treasure Island, I saw many instances of reprisals and threatened reprisals against sailors who expressed opposition to our policies in Vietnam. I knew one sailor who spent three months in the brig for "disobeying an order", ie. refusing to work sixteen hours a day in punishment for participating in a peace demonstration. He spent the entire three months in solitary confinement because the brig officer was afraid that he would "incite the other prisoners with his radical ideas." He started his sentence in the naval brig in Honolulu, but was later transferred to the naval brig in San Francisco because reporters kept trying to interview him in the Honolulu brig.

Another sailor was called in by an C.N.I. (Office of Naval Intelligence) investigator and questioned about his participation in a peace organisation. He was told that he would be "accused of being homosexual" if he did not stop participating in peace demonstrations. Yet another servicemen with whom I had become acquainted was under constant harassment because he had joined the Committee for Non-Violent Action. He was finally court-martialed and sentenced to thirty days at hard labour for wearing a peace symbol on his mess jacket.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION

A Jehovah's Witness spent upwards of six months in the brig under circumstances that amounted to religious persecution. He received orders to Vietnam, and flatly refused to go. He was sentenced to three months in the brig. Upon his release he applied for a discharge as a conscientious objector. His application was recommended by the chaplain at Treasure Island. It was turned down by the Bureau of Naval Personnel, however, and he was again ordered to go to Vietnam. Again he flatly refused, and the last I heard he was serving another three-month sentence in the brig.

Then there was the case of the man who had returned from a full tour of duty aboard an aircraft carrier in Vietnam, and was awaiting discharge. Word got out that he had pacifist sympathies, and he was constantly harassed by a group of "lifer" petty officers who openly professed philosophies that would make Adolph Eichmann look liberal. He was assigned extra duties, his liberty card was misplaced and so forth, until he finally went A.W.O.L. As soon as he was declared an "unauthorised absentee" his locker was cut open and some pacifist literature was found. This was turned over to O.N.I. investigators. A few weeks later he voluntarily surrendered and was court-martialed. The official charge was "unauthor-

ised absence", but the prosecutor dwelt on the subversive literature evidence. Irrelevant? In a military trial, anything goes.

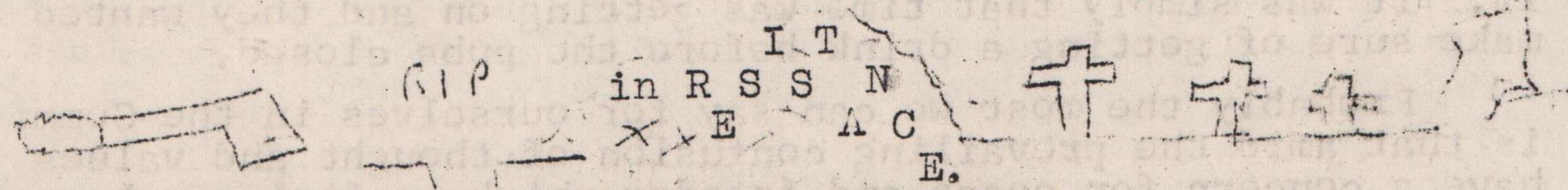
SUBVERSIVE

A few weeks before a big peace demonstration at Berkeley, officers began warning everyone that there would be plainclothes O.N.I. men at the demonstration, and that any military personnel caught participating would be court-martialed under Article 134 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice for conduct prejudicial to the Armed Forces. Even so, apparently word got out that many of the sailors were going to participate. On the morning of the demonstration the officer of the day ordered the gates of the base closed, and no enlisted personnel were allowed to go ashore.

There were many more instances. At least one sailor who was being harassed for his pacifist activities had to be put on tranquillisers by Navy doctors. Men who were discovered belonging to peace organisations or having participated in peace demonstrations would have letters stating that they were subversive inserted in their service records and forwarded to their next commanding officer.

This is what I call frustration. Admittedly, military life necessitates a more rigid discipline than civilian life. But we cannot allow free thought, and the orderly and legal expression of that thought, to be infringed upon, even in the military.

WHAT WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE



- "I Was A Spy For The S.B." by Heatwave Flagg-Lamb
- "The Homeing Pidgeon".....by Ralph Showman.
- "The Seven Sisters Story" by Fireall Niggery & the Democrats.
- "Who Actually Owns Polaris" by Nick Sharpstung.
- "The Place of a Woman in the London Peace Movement" by Melvyn.
- "The Use of Pins in Clay Modelling" by Cretin Nonviolent Action.
- "Dining Out in London on £1200 a Year by Oliver Cromwell
- "How to Cook" or "Take One Trot and Simmer Slow" by Alisdair Buckle
- "When I Shout, Jump on the Shovel" by Harry Locksmith.
- "Don't Call Me, I'll Call You" by Nicolas Webster.
- "Its All Greek to Me".....by Kathy Lost.
- "Its Staying All Greek too" by Judy Beck & Val Harrison.
- "Solidarity Men, Solidarity!" by Acton Openness.

DEBATE THE PEACE MOVEMENT

From John Fawcett, (Editor, Resurgence) 22 Nevern Rd. London SW5:

Reading the article on the Peace Movement by Peter Neville I found myself thinking: "well, if that's the spirit of the Peace Movement we are not going to get very far." To be blunt, the article strikes me as narrow, sectarian and ungenerous. There are many good, honest, sincere and unselfish people in and out of peace organisations all over the country whose concern for peace is as deep as anything we can show in the Committee of 100. Of course we may argue that they are ineffective, but who are we to say so?

Peter writes as though from some soundly based pinnacle of achievement and authority, of some clearly conceived philosophical framework to which the "if only" argument only needs to be applied for all to be well. (i.e. "if only they were all like us.")

Yet simply to attend a Committee group meeting is at once to become aware that the Committee consists of a spectrum of viewpoints so wide as almost to defy analysis and certainly to defy classification within any one specific category, unless one expects a general concern for peace. I recall on one occasion we had a heated discussion about the pros and cons of sabotage, a question that seemed to split the meeting down the middle. In the midst of an eloquent plea from a Christian member that sabotage was incompatible with the doctrine of "love thy neighbour" four young men stood up and walked out while she was in mid-sentence. Were they expressing disagreement with what she was saying? Were they deciding to leave the Committee altogether? Not a bit of it. It was simply that time was getting on and they wanted to make sure of getting a drink before the pubs closed.

Probably the most we can say for ourselves in the Committee is that amid the prevailing confusion of thought and values we have a concern for peace and freedom which we feel can best be expressed by non-violent direct action, even if at times this involves acts of civil disobedience.

On wider questions we are as divided and confused as any other group, and even in our own narrow compass there is (e.g. the sabotage issue) an infinity of the same division and confusion. So can we abstain from articles that seek to define the Elect and those who are not of it? Especially as even within the Committee the turnover of membership, although recently it has braked somewhat, has always been pretty rapid. After all, as an organisation it is not yet ten years old and how many of its original membership, or even that of five years ago, remains today?

Lastly can we bear in mind how much we ourselves are liable to change even in quite fundamental matters? I have myself in the last few years moved much closer to an anarchist cum libertarian standpoint than earlier would have ever seemed to me possible. But it is the first step to wisdom in politics to recognise that there are no panaceas, and that if we think we have one we are mistaken.

I am deeply grateful that the peace movement is growing, even if not all newcomers join the Committee. People in the FPU, CND, the Quaker field, the Labour Party and many other organisations are our friends and co-workers. The real path to progress lies not in delineating their shortcomings, but in achieving a very clear grasp of our own.

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From Lilian Middleton, 134 Leigh Hall Rd., Leigh-on-Sea, Essex:

I would very much like to know what exactly you mean by "love" - your magazine is full of the word, yet your front page editorial is full of a kind of undercurrent of nasty innuendo. I am a left C.N.D.er, and I very much resent the aspersions like "he would ditch us at the first opportunity." Why should not the C.N.D. turn into a Political Party if they want to?

You talk a lot about the individual, but only those who agree with you entirely seem to have any rights. I don't know what you think you are accomplishing by trying to stir up trouble again. Why can't we all decide to work together on those things we agree on and agree to differ on those we do not? Where oh! where is "love"?

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Peter Neville replies:

The idea in writing my article was both to clear away a few growing ambiguities that were beginning to cloud our viewpoints and would perhaps later confuse our actions, and also to start a debate going on Peace Action. It is perhaps ironical that neither correspondent wishes to take up the debate. Rather they feel it is necessary to stress that because everything appears to be well everything will remain well. What I wanted to do was to re-examine where we stand, to ease our future, and so prevent any future battle between opposing factions at the wrong time.

This is a Committee of 100 magazine and John Papworth quite truthfully says the Committee of 100 embraces, or should embrace, a broad spectrum of opinion. I agree entirely. What worries me is the fact that as far as the National Committee goes it is getting dangerously sectarian and completely unrepresentative of

opinion in both the London Committee and most provincial Committees and Peace Action Groups, who feel that the National Committee of 100 has become an oligarchical farce that represents nobody but the regular attenders, headed by the indomitable "servant of the National Committee" its National Secretary and chief interpreter, Peter Cadogan.

Here one must be careful for the last person that tried to make critical remarks about the National Committee was accused by Cadogan of, I quote, "character assassination", which means in everyday speech, honest criticism.

Why I find it important to bring this up here is due to a rather heated discussion I had recently with Cadogan and another prominent Committeeman (or rather woman.) I was asked by Cadogan, rather sarcastically, what people in the Birmingham Peace Movement had been doing recently. Amongst other things I mentioned two lads who plastered a block of council flats with stickers. Upon hearing this both Cadogan and his friend raised their hands in horror and said: "But you cannot do that it is property," or words to that effect. I looked rather puzzled and said "So what?to quote Proudhon, "Property is Theft." "It's against Committee of 100 Policy" was the reply. Also, "It is very bad for our image."

I discussed this with many friends at the AFP Conference and with Committee of 100 supporters in both the West Midlands and London Committees. Nobody could see the slightest objection. Furthermore nobody had ever heard that such an action was against either National or London Committee Policy. As far as the West Midlands Committee was concerned we have never had such a policy while I have been in the Committee. Lord knows we have fly-stuck all over the Midlands and beyond. In fact the only policy statement that the West Midlands Committee has ever passed was on the question of sabotage:

"We regard sabotage as one of a number of alternative forms of action each one of which is relevant to differing circumstances. It is up to the individual to decide his actions in the light of his own conscience, his sense of responsibility and agreement with his fellows."

:- in other words we leave the matter quite open. For "sabotage" one could also insert "nonviolence", "damage to property", or even "violence". The debate is still open and can be re-opened at any time. Our general attitude is based upon understanding of the feelings of our fellows and a desire to work with each other on points of agreement, but never at any time to superimpose our views on anything onto each other. It works remarkably well.

What I should like to know is how did this authoritarian suggestion come into being that x, y, or z, were or were not Com-

mittee of 100 Policy, and who makes this policy?

The National Committee of 100 is not a delegate conference with the instant right of recall if one's delegate puts private views before delegated decisions. It is merely a general gathering which meets in different areas every quarter. Various matters regarding co-ordination of demonstrations and so on are discussed. Most decisions are reached on unanimous votes. And everyone who goes can have a vote. In essence it looks completely libertarian. However there is one snag, only regular attenders know the idiosyncracies, like for instance the standing orders that have been lost, the appointment of officials which are not for a specified term but seemingly for life, the numerous subcommittees that may or may not report to Committee Meetings of the National Committee. In other words despite all this apparent libertarianism the workings of the National Committee are really known only to a few and most "youngsters" in the Committee have only a very confused idea of the structure and workings of the National Committee, particularly the powers granted to the National Secretary, which only become apparent when his wishes are crossed.

Also this general "Policy." There is a very clear policy statement, but even this is not accepted by the London Committee. However, rather like a religious sect the National Committee has recently seemed to acquire a life of its own. The National Secretary has used his position to make nasty comments about people in London Committee and associated Peace Action Groups that deviated from the National Committee line. Policy motions have been passed, like sending nonviolent troops to Rhodesia, merely because the National Secretary has put them on the agenda until they have been passed by an inexperienced audience of newcomers; which have no relevance to the interests of most Committee activists.

Many people in the Committee of 100 have just stopped going to National Committee meetings or dropped out altogether, simply because this has ceased to be a co-ordination and action grouping. Many, witness the Greek Embassy demo, just ignored the National Secretary because, as someone told me, "He blabs too much - he might believe in openness, but it is damned authoritarian to name names without permission just because he has this need for openness." It once cost one prominent Peace Activist, a doctor, his private practice.

John Fapworth says we are a politically broad grouping. Cannot we keep it so? We cannot if one or another action which might seem relevant to an individual or even to a whole Committee, is condemned as against a policy which has never been passed or agreed to by anybody. Furthermore can the National Committee resume its co-ordinating role and leave policy making to the individual group?

To reply to Lilian Middleton. She asks what do I mean by "love"? Let me be perfectly blunt about this. I am not a Christian-pacifist. I do not believe in the doctrine of "Love thy neighbour." I am an Egoist-Anarchist-Individualist, a Stirnerite if you like. I believe that people in the world exist to maximise their own advantages. The feelings which they express are feelings which they choose to show because it is their wish to do so. As one tends to exist with one's fellows it is necessary to provide for oneself and protect oneself. To preserve one's ownness, one's ownership of self. One associates with others to the degree it is necessary to survive as an entity and as it pleases one. To protect oneself one associates in such a way as is apparently relevant to oneself.

My participating in the Peace Movement is not based upon love, but because I understand that is what best serves my interests. It is not in my interest to be blown up by a Hydrogen Bomb, it is not in my interest to be arbitrarily treated by bullies be they in the Houses of Parliament or in Washington or the local police station. In order to combat these I associate with my fellows of like interests, of whatever is their felt-motivation, in protecting myself, what I like and what I, through my ownness, care about. That is why I am in CND, YCND, the Committee of 100 - the Peace and Anarchist movements. That is also why I as an individual equate action on the social front as well as the political front as being important.

I feel an identity with the oppressed in Vietnam, Rhodesia and South Africa because I myself at differing times of my life have been trapped in such a cage, in the Army, at work and in school. That is why I feel for the Barbican strikers, and the people of Bolivia that Guevara hoped to help. I have freed myself from the artificial bonds put upon me by State and society, and I seek to free others because, pie-in-the-sky, Papworth's panacea, my dream perhaps, I sincerely believe that when we achieve a free society my life will be happier because knowing that other men are free to pursue their interests unhampered by artificial bonds, they will guarantee my freedom as I guarantee theirs. For a state of "Love" substitute a state of Grace or a state of Freedom.

I do not love the Police, or the Army or anyone that visits harm on others, these could just as well visit harm on me, or you. I hate these with a righteous anger and seek to defeat them. If you seek to use love or flowers or anything else as a weapon to defeat these, then I understand, but to express "Love" in the typically sado-masochistic way of the absolute pacifist is completely beyond my comprehension, furthermore it could be positively dangerous to the rest of us.

Lastly let me re-emphasise the need, expressed in my article, to understand each others' motivation. I can and do work very

well with CND Labour Party Left-wingers, on things of mutual interest. I can work reasonably well with Socialists as well be they Marxists or even C.P. One works as an individual with individuals and that is the only basis for action. It is not necessary to pretend to all have the same views, "in unity we stand" etc; this is rubbish; what normally happens is "in unity we fall." It is in disunity we stand.

One of the greatest mistakes of our time is to play games with mass organisation or general titles - how many National or International Peace Groupings are there, that do not recognise each other, that merely confuse the, dare I say it, layman? Society is an interconnecting network of interests and relationships. So should be the Peace Movement. The point is to understand that when we form a co-ordinating group, like the Committee of 100, it exists primarily to co-ordinate and nothing more. When it begins to assume an identity of its own it is time we looked at it afresh, or wound it up.

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