

PEACE & FREEDOM THROUGH NONVIOLENT ACTION

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Second Anniversary Issue

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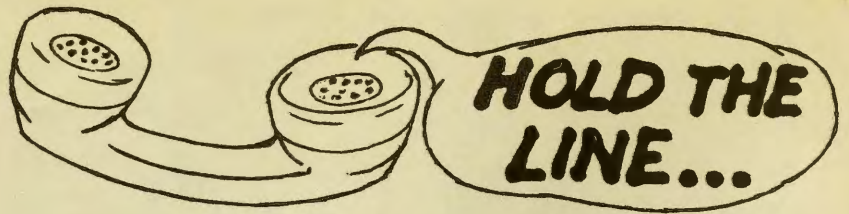
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Because of the widening war in Vietnam, federal legislation was passed which, in April, 1966, restored the 10% federal excise tax on telephone service. At that time, the tax was 3% and due to be dropped entirely in 1969. "It is clear," said Rep. Wilbur Mills, who managed the tax legislation in the house, "that the Vietnam and only the Vietnam operation makes this bill necessary." Thousands of people across the country are refusing to pay either all or a portion of the phone tax as a protest against the war. In no case that we know of has a telephone company discontinued service, although several have threatened to do so. The War Resisters League is coordinating the campaign.

The WRL now has the names of phone tax refusers in virtually every state from Maine to Hawaii.

J.R. Burkholder of Goshen, Ind., suggests that all phone tax refusers notify the President and their Congressmen about their act of refusal.

Mrs. Betty Mitson, a widow living on social security income in New Oxford, Pa., has had her phone disconnected rather than jeopardize her social security. Actually, the risk to such an income is virtually nonexistent, but Betty Mitson's sacrifice should make us all reconsider how much we are willing to give up in the cause of peace.

Gren Whitman of Baltimore reports: "After many letters, even a personal visit by a woman trying to collect, the IRS garnished my salary to get 68¢-67¢ tax, 1¢ interest. I decided to go through the appeals procedure, drew up a long explanation of why I was refusing—with great emphasis on my conviction and the illegality of the war. Then two arm-waving boisterous sessions with the taxmen—and I expect they'll garnish my salary again. Alan Brick and Dean Pappas were somehow scheduled for their first hearing at the same time. They showed up with about 20 witnesses, passed out leaflets, talked to the employees, scribbled in the 'guest book'—Stop the War, etc.—and when the taxmen refused to allow all the witnesses into the hearing, Brick and Pappas walked out."

Jeannette Rankin, elected to Congress even before woman's suffrage, and the only member of Congress to vote against both World Wars, has joined the phone tax refusal campaign. So has Dave Dellinger, editor of *Liberation* and chairman of the National Mobilization Committee.

Last issue we reported that the American Telephone and Telegraph Company maintains that there are fewer than 2,000 phone tax refusers. It turns out that that estimate is based on a sampling taken during the first quarter of 1967. In Hanover, New Hampshire, there are now ten times the number of refusers that there were then. How typical is Hanover? —M.C.

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The reactions of the various arms of the government to the demonstrations in Oakland, Calif. on Dec. 18 and 19 have been irrational and almost frenzied. While the peaceful sit-ins went very much as planned, with about 290 persons arrested on the two days, police and federal marshals conducted a series of incoherent harassments that involved the first arrests since 1947 of men charged with not carrying draft cards and arrests of nearly all the head monitors, including seven who had not committed civil disobedience.

The marshals were roundly upbraided by U.S. Attorney Cecil Poole who has to choose whether or not to prosecute five demonstrators dragged off from doorways when they proved not to have their cards with them. One of the five, John Shippee, a head monitor for this demonstration, was not sitting in and was apparently singled out, as were other head monitors, because of the blue sash he wore to denote his role as a monitor. He is a member of the Resistance who has sent his card back to his draft board, and says he has no intention of taking part in any deal with Poole to drop charges if he will produce his card.

These arrests were reported to have been made by acting U.S. Marshal Trevelyn Blazzard, on his own initiative. Poole later told newsmen, "From a sensible view, this is not the kind of offense that rises to the dignity of an immediate arrest. It's similar to not having your driving license."

Another of the five was an attorney who volunteered a little advice at the wrong time and left his card at home by mistake. Two others got additional charges of assaulting a federal officer when they were grabbed by plainclothesmen who did not readily identify themselves. This tactic caused a roar of outrage in the local liberal press, but the U.S. marshals, caught in a position where no rational response is possible, have refused to back down.

Late on Monday afternoon, the marshals staged a short but dangerous farce in the hearing room of the U.S. Commissioner in Oakland as the five were arraigned. Showing obvious signs of strain, the marshals terrified the crowded hearing room by shoving a gun into the back of a spectator just a few feet in front of the Commissioner and within inches of children among the thirty supporters of the Resistance men. One marshal shouted, "If you move, you're a dead man," and five others covered the roomful of startled pacifists. A thorough search of everyone near the suspect turned up nothing more menacing than a set of keys and the whole courtroom broke up into protesting groups of people, stunned by the paranoid show of force. Commissioner Jewett broke up the hearing and refused to admit he had even seen the event take place.

The smoothly running demonstrations were treated by the local press as something quaint as it tended to play down the deeper meaning of the acts of the nearly 300 persons who were willing to risk jail at Christmas. Editorials in the *San Francisco Chronicle* were favorable but so far no newspaper has commented on the harshness of the sentences handed out by Judge Delmar Brobst, an early judicial appointee of Governor Ronald Reagan. Brobst conducted the hearings severely without allowing any statements by the defendants, most of whom pleaded "no contest" to a charge of disturbing the peace. First offenders will actually serve 19 days, but second offenders will have to spend 45 days in jail, with 45 days sus-

pending on promise of good behavior for a year. Chances of that clean year seemed slim after Oakland police made it clear that they have identified previous civil disobedients and will round them up at future demonstrations whether they commit law violations or not.

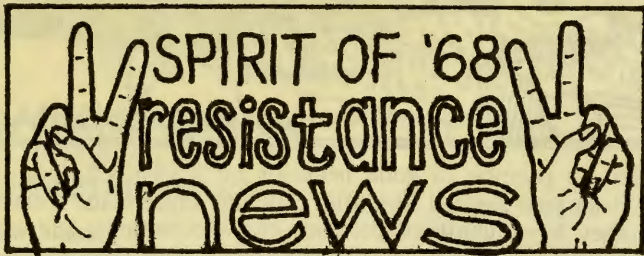
Long-time pacifist Roy Kepler was one of seven monitors nabbed for trying to keep the demonstration orderly. He was caught getting into his car three blocks from the demonstration. James Sacco and this writer, two other head monitors, were picked up at seven in the morning of the first day, almost before the action had gotten underway and were charged with the same offense as those who had actually sat in doorways. Head monitor Shippee was nabbed on the draft card count; monitor Jim Black, who took over when others were arrested, was grabbed three blocks away while walking with his wife. She was not arrested, but my wife Dorothy Obluda was seized on Tuesday morning while standing in a crowd watching our teen-aged son carried off for blocking a bus. A few minutes before her arrest, a police captain said, "I see, Mrs. Obluda, you're here instead of your husband today." Shortly thereafter, she was snatched under both arms by two men dressed as service station attendants, dragged to a patrol wagon and charged with disturbing the peace and resisting arrest.

Alvin Wasserman, a San Francisco clinical psychologist, was also picked up for monitoring, and along with the six others, pleaded not guilty. Then in another of the many courtroom dramas of the day, Judge Brobst mistakenly sentenced him to 20 days in jail before allowing him a trial. Wasserman was freed when spectators set up a howl.

One young lady, Lee Zepp, who was in jail along with many of the other demonstrators after the nonviolent action of Oct. 16th, drew gasps when she told the judge he was sentencing her to only 20 days when her repeater friends got ninety and that she wanted the same sentence as they were given. The judge was flustered and refused to consider the novel request.

The effectiveness of the protest must be measured now in terms of the reaction of the community to the fact that their friends have drawn long jail sentences at Christmas time. The week's demonstrations ended with a tremendously impressive ceremony on the top of San Francisco's Twin Peaks at sundown on Thursday, Dec. 21st. The Civil Action Day Committee which sponsored the activities on an ad hoc basis put together a remarkably beautiful hour and a half of dancing and music which was sympathetically covered by TV and local press, emphasizing the dedication of the darkest day of the year to the people in jail or facing prison for their opposition to the war. It, like the demonstrations themselves, was magnificently run. Ida Wilcher, a Bay Area dancer who herself was arrested on October 16 and whose husband Denny was taken this time, planned the ceremony. She and others also made five hundred hand-dipped candles that were lit at sundown.

The tactics taken by the planners—of meeting with the police and making clear the nonviolent nature of the demonstration—seem justified, even though all of the head monitors who met with police were jailed (except for one young girl and a minister). Only a relative handful of middle-aged police were detailed to the demonstrations, armed only with clubs. They left their mace at home this time, and they were not violent, even if they were capricious in their choice of arrestees.



"Better to go out in a blaze of glory than to give in. Either we're for this slaughterfest or we're against it. I'm ready to face a firing squad rather than compromise."—statement of Frank Little, a Wobbly fighting the draft in 1917.

"And the struggle against the Selective Slavery System still goes on. On Dec. 11, our brother, Tally, of the Provos of Boston, had his conviction for draft refusal affirmed by the U.S. Court of Appeals for the First Circuit.

"As with Frank Little, Tally refuses to collaborate with the authorities. Some old time anarchists have asked us whether his use of the courts might be an inconsistency. However, he is not trying to win the "right" to resist in the courts; Tally explained to me that he has been cooperating with the court procedure in order to give our lawyer friends in the movement an opportunity to provoke the authorities. Lawyers get frustrated if not given a chance to do their thing. He continued, 'Besides, the really meaningful appeal had been when I appealed to others to join me in resistance to war.'"—news release from Mark Twain Column, spokesman for the Boston Provos.

... Answering the appeal: *Directly*

375 NEW RESISTANTS: First there was Dave Miller (though he wasn't even really the first) then the 158 resisters on April 15, then the glorious 1200 on Oct. 16. Reports are still incomplete, but the activities of the Dec. 4-8 Stop the Draft Week added about 375 new resisters to the Resistance movement. During the week at least six men not of draft age also pledged to "refuse" registration.

TRIALS IN CHICAGO

Martin D. Hindman, Seaman Apprentice:

20-year-old veteran of two tours in Vietnam on *USS Stoddard*, DD566, he left in November 1965 and returned to San Diego, California in May 1966. While the *Stoddard* was there it bombarded the coast of Vietnam and received return fire from the coastal batteries.

In December, 1966, the *Stoddard* was stationed back in Vietnam, with Hindman aboard this tour also. While in Vietnam, a dying South Vietnamese was brought aboard for medical treatment. Hindman was affected by the death and began thinking about his actions as an American sailor.

Upon his return to home port Hindman went AWOL. He was AWOL for 92 days before being apprehended by the FBI in his parents' house. He was willingly apprehended.

With six months to go before the end of his tour of active duty, Hindman went on trial on Dec. 26 at the Great Lakes Training Center. He intended to state his moral opposition to the war and the wearing of a military uniform.

Jeremy Mott, Recognized Conscientious Objector:

Jeremy Mott, 22, a member of CADRE (Chicago Area Draft Resistance) went on trial on Dec. 26 in the Chicago Federal Building for "refusal to remain in civilian employment." Mott was doing alternative service as a recognized conscientious objector at Bethany Brethren Hospital in Chicago. He had been doing this for nine months and had 15 months to go before completing his service. He was given five years.

Fred Avilles, Draft Refuser:

Refused induction in March of 1967. Was arrested in November. Has pleaded Not Guilty. Trial: Dec. 26.

FIRST TRIAL IN DENVER: *Alan Haifley*

The Denver Resistance called for nationwide support demonstrations on Jan. 3 for Alan Haifley, the first of their members to be brought up on trial. Their letter doesn't specify the charges.

JUSTICE IN BLACK AMERICA (CONT.): *Ed Oquendo*

Ed Oquendo, a 22-year-old organizer for Youth Against War and Fascism and Blacks Against Negative Dying was sentenced Dec. 15 in Brooklyn Federal Court to the maximum five years imprisonment for draft refusal. Ed is now out of jail on a \$1000 appeal bond; the case is being handled by Conrad Lynn.

Ed Oquendo's being given the maximum sentence seems part of a consistent government policy to penalize black refusers to the full extent of the law, while white refusers are given lesser sentences. (Cf. the case of Clifton Thurley Haywood, WIN, vol III, no 20.)

... Answering the appeal: *The Homefront*

1400 NEW SUPPORTERS-IN-ACTION

According to the Resistance National Newsletter of December 13, more than 1400 *statements of support* were collected during Stop the Draft Week. *Resist*, a national adults'/women's support group, is attempting to foster and co-ordinate all local support groups. They circulate nationally "A Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority" and publish a bi-monthly newsletter that tries to cover all resistance and support activities: *Resist*, 763 Massachusetts Ave. Room 4, Cambridge, Mass, 02139.

And the Lawyers Do Their Thing . . .

About 20 New York resisters have been reclassified. In addition, one Queens College student, not a participant in The Resistance, was reclassified 1A when he told his draft board that he had participated in the Oct. 21 march on Washington. In Ithaca, N.Y., seven of the original 16 members of the Ithaca Resistance have been reclassified, including Father David Connor, Assistant Catholic Chaplain for Cornell United Religious Works, United Ministry Chaplain Rev. Paul Gibbons and James Matlock, professor of English at Cornell. In Los Angeles four resisters have been reclassified and in San Anselmo, Calif. two members of the Resistance who are ministerial students received induction notices on Dec. 7. Boston has the largest total of any city with 25 resisters reclassified. From London comes word that three Americans studying in England who handed in their cards on Oct. 16 at the American Embassy have been reclassified but have not lost their student visas. Finally General Hershey's policy reached its ridiculous extreme in the reclassifying of Henry Braun, a 37-year-old Temple University professor, a married man with two children, as 1A—this despite the fact that men over 35 are no longer liable under the law.

THE ACLU FORCES A RE-RECLASSIFICATION:

On Dec. 19, the American Civil Liberties Union commended the action of Camden New Jersey Local Draft Board No. 7 in returning to the Rev. Henry Bucher his 4-D classification exempting him from military draft. The Rev. Bucher had handed in his card on Oct. 21, and had been reclassified soon afterwards. Rev. Bucher then became one of six plaintiffs in five suits brought by the civil liberties group against local draft boards, challenging such reclassifications. Despite the Camden's boards backing down, Rev. Bucher will continue his suit in an attempt to get a final court determination that the reclassification order was unconstitutional.

In another ACLU sponsored suit in Seattle, Washington, the previous week, John Peffers and Jeffery Hess had their induction and delinquent notices withdrawn. They had been reclassified, declared delinquent and ordered to report for induction after they had leafleted at an armed forces examining station. . . . **Finally the Spirit of 1967 was Matt Clark:**

Readers of the Nov. 30 issue of WIN know all about Matt Clark. Matt is alive and well in Washington and was very much

a part of the Stop the Draft Week there. On Friday, Dec. 8, when about 50 Washington demonstrators were using a little "mobile" tactics of their own to try to get to Dean Rusk's house, the police surrounded the little band and asked for Matt. Naturally, the rallying cry, "Will the real Matt Clark step forward!" went up, and in the resulting confusion the group was able to break in three different directions.

—Bob Murphy

That Invidious Strength:

A Pacifist Underground in the USSR?

Sam Coleman

Because it's impossible to know the exact source of an event, let's begin with the story in the *N.Y. Times* of January 23, a little AP shirttail to a bigger story. This little story tells about fifty young people demonstrating in Pushkin Square in Moscow to protest the arrest the previous week of four young people, and to demand the repeal of the notorious Article 70 which provides up to ten years in prison for agitation and propaganda against the Soviet government. By August 31, we learn that the three young intellectuals have been tried secretly for leading this demonstration. On December 10, we learn that of the four originally arrested the week before the demonstration, nothing has appeared in the Soviet press, and that one of the four, Mr. Dobrovolsky, had developed an interest in religion, that they had been young writers, that they had published *Phoenix '66*, an underground periodical. We learn from the next story (December 12) that Mr. Galanskov, apparently the editor of *Phoenix '66*, wrote two essays, one calling for universal disarmament and peace, the other defending Sinyavsky and Daniel. Petitions have been circulated on behalf of the four, who have been held practically incommunicado in prison for almost a year without having been brought to trial. On December 22 we are reminded that there is no date set for the trial of the Four; on December 24 reporter Henry Kamm suggests that since these four are not well-known writers, they are simply being held in prison; well-known writers must be brought to trial and sentenced. Perhaps so; perhaps, however, in view of the 144 names on two petitions for the Four, and in view of the demonstration on their behalf, and in view of the secret trial of the lesser-known three organizers of the January demonstration on behalf of the Four, there is another factor at work.

For there is something new in the attitude and beliefs of these Four: because of the article on disarmament, and the religious interest of another, and apparently other information, *Peace News* (London, Dec. 1) asserts that there is an underground pacifist movement in the Soviet Union; that Yuri Galanskov is a declared pacifist. *Peace News* reproduces part of a leaflet, apparently printed in Russia, bearing a picture of Galanskov and demanding his immediate trial or release. These matters may add up to what is delaying or preventing an open trial like that of Sinyavsky and Daniel. The state-sponsored Russian "peace" groups are being embarrassed and perhaps crowded by a genuine peace movement, pacifist in orientation, independent, and even critical of the Soviet government; says Galanskov:

The supporters of general and complete disarmament must clearly understand that disarmament and peace throughout the world cannot be achieved as a result only of the political efforts of governments; that all the negotiations, agreements and partial concessions on matters of peace and disarmament create only the illusion of activity on behalf of disarmament

throughout the world are conceivable and possible only as the social-psychological by-product of the economic and moral development of mankind along the lines of achieving economic justice and moral decency. (*Peace News*, Dec. 1)

After the Revolution of 1917, which absorbed or destroyed most of those who were animated by a radical vision, came the generation which matured under Stalin. The Krushchev Revelations of 1956 caused Sinyavsky to look back upon the grisly landscape he had traversed unfeelingly, anaesthetized by the ideological assurance that he was merely promoting what History had decreed. He wrote the poignant confession "On Socialist Realism," and smuggled it out of Russia not so much because he wanted to see it in print—and that could not be done in Russia—but more importantly because it could redeem him from his docile complicity in mass crimes only if it were a public confession:

So that prisons should vanish forever, we built new prisons. So that all frontiers should fall, we surrounded ourselves with a Chinese Wall. So that work should become a rest and a pleasure, we introduced forced labor. So that not one drop of blood be shed any more, we killed and killed and killed.

O Lord, O Lord—pardon us our sins!

Achievements are never identical with the original aim. The means used change its appearance into something unrecognizable. (*On Socialist Realism*, pp 162-63, *Vintage Russian library*.)

A new generation matured after the Revelations. The most thoughtful and radical among them understood that, to paraphrase A.J. Muste, there is no way to the just and peaceful society—justice and peace *are* the way. By jailing millions, one nurtures not liberty but tyranny. And it is from this generation that the new radical pacifist movement among young Russian intellectuals apparently emerges. The official peace-movements are government-sponsored. Even Daniel and Sinyavsky were bemoaning the "cult of personality" and not radically attacking the position of the government. But Galanskov is a true radical—in opposition to the established order of things.

This group draws on the inner tradition that flows through Tolstoy and the Old Believers; they are a product of the growing intellectual movement so necessary for a country moving into industrialization—the big achievement of the Revolution; they have heard about and met with the world outside the Soviet Union and the parishes of Marxist-Leninism.

Lots of countries can boast of political prisoners: that's the sign merely of their opposition but not of their radical opposition. The radical opposition doesn't seek power for itself, but seeks to end all agglomerations of power. "Accursed is the land that has no heroes," says Galileo's assistant in Brecht's play. And Galileo answers: "Accursed is the land that needs its heroes." Yuri Galanskov, I think, wants the kind of land we want; a land that needs no heroes. He should be free to say so.

the Third Christmas of La HUELGA

Maury Englander

Christmas has always had at least one unreal aspect to it in this part of the country; the palm trees and cacti of southern California have somehow never deterred the residents from applying artificial snow to their windows, and life-sized Santas, complete with reindeer and more snow, to their front lawns. But for more than 200 families of this small town, this was the third Christmas of La Huelga, the grape strike.

When they first went out, more than 27 months ago, against the giant vineyards of the valley, their numbers were much greater than they are now. Many have had to leave to seek work elsewhere. Those who remained have gradually lost their cars, TV sets, home appliances and whatever small savings they might have had. Before the strike a man might have earned \$1500 to \$2000 dollars depending on the weather, working eight to 10 hours a day, during the eight month season. Since the beginning of the strike many people in the bay area as well as the rest of the country have been working to provide much needed food and clothing. The actual cost of maintaining the strike is staggering: over \$40,000 a month. This seemed a great amount until one considers that the rent must be paid for workers who were never able to make enough money to buy their own homes and the fact that the government will not provide any assistance since they are not "unemployed."

In the beginning, there was no lack of contributions to the strikers. Food, clothing and money all came in regularly from individuals as well as organizations and other labor unions, but as the months wore on the pledges were gradually forgotten. Labor leaders sent letters of support, students proudly wore "viva la huelga" buttons and the people of Delano tightened their belts another notch.

On Saturday, Dec. 16, cars from all over California, some four or five dozen in all, came to Delano. Many of them were driven by people from the San Francisco Bay area who had been making monthly trips under the auspices of the Agricultural & Labor Support Committee (address: 568 47th St., Oakland, Calif.) bringing contributions of food and clothing. But this month there was something additional: it was Christmas and beside their usual cargo there were hundreds of gaily wrapped boxes and bags filled with toys and gifts for the children of Delano.

As we arrived at the union headquarters we were ushered into the community kitchen and served up a large dinner of chicken, rice, tortillas and vegetables. We were the guests of these people and their tradition and pride demand that we be treated as such. That most of them probably had not seen a meal of this sort during the last year did not matter.

Later that night when most of the group had left I talked with some of the men. They spoke easily, almost matter-of-factly of the difficulty of their jobs, low pay, long hours, the unbelievable actions of the growers, the local police and the town politicians. One man in his mid-twenties had been picketing fruit since he was twelve. Now with a wife and six children, he is a striker. As we talked, he kept glancing at the clock. It



A player of Peter Schuman's Bread and Puppet Theater, during a demonstration last autumn in support of La Huelga, at the Hudson River pier in Manhattan where the grapes of the struck vineyards were unloaded. photo: Howard Harrison

was a bit after 9:00 and he was due to begin his shift of picketing at the Guimarra vineyards, some 45 miles away, at ten. At 6:00 the next morning they would be relieved by another crew. For the last 27 months the picketing has continued around the clock, 7 days a week. It hasn't been easy. Picketers have frequently been attacked; one was run down by a truck. In the beginning it was necessary to go to court to overrule a county law that required pickets to stand fifty feet apart along the road and forbade the use of bullhorns. Guimarra has been bringing workers in from other parts of the state. Most of them knew nothing of the strike and the bullhorns were the only means of informing them. Whole crews have walked off the job when they found out what was happening. But the job of organizing farm workers has a long hard road ahead. They continually face the combined force of the growers, the local police and politicians—and even their fellow workers, who, through ignorance or the economic pressure of the long strike, have been forced to yield. For more than a thousand men, women and children of Delano, La Huelga has become a daily fact of life. For the past 27 months they have quietly fought their battle for a decent wage and a chance for a better life. That they have survived this long is in a way a miracle, due in part to the help of friends throughout the country. The crisis will come in the spring when the next grape crop will begin. They will need help to make it that far; contributions of food and clothing (and MONEY) may be sent to UNITED FARM WORKERS ORGANIZING COMMITTEE, P.O. Box 130, Delano, California. 93215

HOW I LOST THE WAR

Khalid Kishtainy

Most of those who saw Richard Lester's *How I Won the War* felt and laughed at the stupidity and waste of war. Viewers of the film in general sympathised with the anti-heroics of its heroes. Why do we sympathise with the anti-war views, admire the heroes of such films, and yet look with such disdain at those Egyptian soldiers who took off their shoes in Sinai and walked home?

Isn't it the typical hypocrisy of the intellectual to put such views on the screen and crack jokes on the military "heroes", and yet at the same time to admire Moshe Dayan, his valiant staff and his efficient army? Why should we, the Arabs, feel disgraced at the June fiasco?

If there is a war in history which can serve as a study case for the uselessness of wars between nations, it is the Arab-Israeli war. The one who looked through the whole affair and understood the essence of the armed confrontation was not Amir or Dayan, Nasser or Eshkol, Johnson or Kosygin, but the shrewd Arab *fallah* who took off his army boots and walked home.

The Arabs and Israelis fought three major wars in twenty years, but in none of three wars did any of the combatants achieve his aim. True, the 1948 war established the state of Israel, but this was not exactly the aim of the Jews. The real aim was a Jewish Home in which the harassed and menaced Jews might settle and live in peace, in tranquility and security.

However, Israel is now the "unique" state which can achieve anything except these simple necessities. The Jew himself can feel relaxed and peaceful anywhere in the world nowadays, except in Israel.

The Israeli strategists say that they are better placed now. They have shortened their frontiers by one third and are now on the gates of Damascus and Cairo. But what does that mean to the Israeli people? Did it bring peace any nearer?

They have also annexed the Western Bank, adding one million Arabs to their population. With the Arab high rate of birth, even the Jewish majority, the cherished dream of the Zionists, will soon disappear. The Arab world is really a hole in which the Jew has been put. The more he takes from it, the bigger it gets and the deeper he sinks.

When the crisis began by Nasser's closure of the Gulf of Aqaba, the Israeli government was in economic deep waters. The Zionist movement was at its lowest ebb and even Ben Gurion was calling for its liquidation. There was more emigration than immigration, and the Israeli Cabinet and the Zionist Organisation were throwing mud at each other.

Who should come to their rescue other than the Arab militarists and nationalist politicians? The June war has shown that peace is not simply a passive condition for reconstruction, progress and conciliation, but can also be an effective weapon for redressing wrong, removing injustice, and even frustrating aggression. What the Arab politicians needed for their warfare was not MIGs, but simply leaving Israel alone.

The Arab *fallah* who has learnt from centuries to distrust his masters—be they the feudalists or the militarists—knew that his blood would not solve anything. He had been sent across the same hills over and over again in history. What could the Arab armies have achieved even if they had managed to hoist their flags in Tel Aviv? Nothing more than a military victory. They certainly could not have wiped out the Israeli people, or liquidated their entity. The Arab *fallah* knew better and he took off his boots.

He knew what he needed: not how to fight but how to read: not a captured tank but a school for his children. His needs are nearer at hand, as are his real opponents and enemies, namely the bullying officials, the fat officers, and the opportunist commanders and statesmen. Furthermore, he acted like a true pacifist. He did not turn his rifle against them.

The Israeli militarist who gloats with intoxication about his June exploits may indeed be the living prototype of the comic-heroic figure of fiction and films, like *How I Won the War*. He might be Don Quixote charging the wind mill, or Shaw's Captain Sergius attacking the wrong guns. Many heroic episodes which have filled the Israeli press may prove to be a wealth of material for war comedies. Why a producer will only have to show General Moshe Dayan, with an eye-patch on his face, next to a bootless Arab soldier. And I shall know my hero in this film: the discarded pair of boots.

Peace News (UPS)

The Greeks HAD a Word for It...

Matches were lit, candles went out, candles were lit, matches went out. It was a good wind for Dec. 10, and we were quickly becoming numb. But we had to wait, because Miss Mercouri was late. Some sang FREIHEIT, others tried to lead some cries, most of the people just chattered in the cold. And so we stood, and stood. And all of a sudden we were walking, candle wax dripping on our gloves and shoes.

The window displays all the way down 42nd St. were Christmas-time cute.

We stopped traffic for blocks. The cops didn't expect much from this crowd; they looked quite apathetically at this, after the preceding week's anti-draft demonstrations.

And we continued that way, past the inscription ". . . and they shall beat their swords into plowshares . . ." on to UN plaza where the sound truck waited, playing recorded "Zorba the Greek" music. Well, Melina got up to speak, and they moved the soundtruck until it was under a streetlamp. "Illya Darling", some of the crowd shouted. Her statement was excellent, her appeal was magnetic, the people cheered and Seeger sang.

Jeff Shiro of SDS climbed onto the truck, and as he gave his thoughtful, informative speech, the crowd grew impatient. They called for him to stop. Why? He gave a speech comparing the Greek and Vietnam situations, and he included a segment about American companies profiteering from the Greek military dictatorship. One fellow became incensed; I don't understand Greek, but I knew what he was saying. Someone else mildly echoed the resentment in English. "You shouldn't talk against our president; it's not good." People began walking away. Jeff had to cut his speech short. Mixed applause and hisses answered him. And that was that.

A good many of the Greek-Americans at the demonstration understood the implication of both problems. And they were dedicated to peace and freedom regardless of geographical area. The leaders of the demonstration had made their position on Vietnam clear; but those who cried "DEMOKRATIA" and freedom in the crowd cried it for themselves alone, and extended their indignation only as far as it might benefit themselves.

Eileen Morris

replies

Dear Mr. McReynolds,

I feel I must resort to brevity—it would take me all night and then some to tell you how I feel after having read your “Letter to the Servicemen.” I’d like to help you in any way I could, if I could . . . for I believe in what you’re doing—I believe it very strongly.

The problem is—I’m a Marine who left college after two years and am only now realizing the real horror of my mistake. Sure, I knew what I was getting into—I’ve got to be in it before I can really honestly write what I feel about it. God, what a hypocrisy, what a lying, animalistic farce.

Some more information, please—I’d like to know more of your cause. Could you mail it to my wife at xxxx?

Someday I hope to be helping you or people like you to put an end to this war—to all wars.

Thank you again for a wonderful letter

Dear David McReynolds,

I am interested in whatever information you could furnish concerning the “war” in Vietnam and with conscientious objection. I am, as you can tell, in the service, and therefore it may be that you have thoughts about me and my present friends that are, if not malicious in nature, at least condescending. Therefore again, I wish to make one point: some people take a lot of shaking before they really awake. Also, some people have had too large a dosage of the sleeping pill which has many brand names—national pride, American patriotism, the Code of Conduct. It is not entirely their fault for the things they do and think. The fault lies, as David Harris said, in the fact that this is a logical extension of America’s chosen place in the world.

But be that as it may. Before I came into the service I spent a time in the Haight (San Francisco). But at that time I was still too bound by the convention that raised me. I entered college and didn’t fully appreciate the education I was offered. So when I was arrested for being “intoxicated” under age, the college officials said I should sit out a semester. The parole board said that if I didn’t join the service I would be on parole until I was 21, because of my juvenile record. So I joined the Navy.

I didn’t fully realize what I had done until last month, when my ship shelled a beach. There were people, then smoke, then just parts of things that might have been people. I may have helped to load that shell!

When I first joined, I took several aptitude tests and did fairly well. At this point I wanted to show my parents I was still worth something, so I signed for special training. This involved a three-year extension on my original enlistment. But at this time this didn’t seem like much. At the moment I am still stuck with those years. I am trying to lose them, But I am afraid that the Navy is a little too upset over the money it invested in my education

In our September 30 issue (WIN vol. III no. 16) we published David McReynolds’ “Open Letter to Our Men in Service,” which has also appeared in the *Berkely Barb*, the *East Village Other* (NYC), the *Fifth Estate* (Detroit), the *Natural* (Spokane), the *Seed* (Chicago), and has had wide distribution in reprint form as well. Even though they are still coming in, we felt our readers would be interested in the kind of responses received so far from men in the armed forces. The examples on these pages were chosen to give an idea of range rather than ratio; in fact, the majority of “favorable” over “unfavorable” letters is much greater than this selection indicates. Names, addresses, and details which might tend to identify authors have been deleted for their protection. —Eds.

I don’t hold much hope for my qualifying for C.O. If all else fails, I can go to my extension physical under the mild influence of any one of a number of drugs which show up in a routine blood test.

Be that as it may, I really didn’t mean to bother you with my mis-spelled problems. But I am very much interested in whatever literature you could send me

Thank you very much

Dear Fools,

I read with interest your phony article on the draft and have but one thing to say: You’re full of shit. I have been in Vietnam for the past 17 months and have learned quite a bit not only about the Vietnamese people but about insignificant phonies like yourself and the rest of the idiots that follow you.

Never did I know how cold people could be in support of their own country. Naturally after I found out that I would be coming to Vietnam I was full of optimism as far as my tour was concerned. I felt I would be contributing to the cause of freedom. I was right. What in hell’s name have you done? It’s people like you that are killing Americans. Ho Chi Minh knows he has no chance of winning a military war. Only an ass like yourself would think different.

May I ask a question? What do you and your cronies do for a living? I imagine you have a doctorate or something like that? Pussies like you are a dime a dozen. For every thousand of your scum there might be only one medal of honor winner. Who do you think has more respect?

Sure I could be discharged as a conscientious objector. But before I took a discharge like that I’d put a discharge all over your face. You tried to give me some advice so I’ll give you some. You and your running mates are a small minority who aren’t worth the trouble of answering. I’m answering for one reason, to tell you what I did with that witty little article of yours. Right now it’s about 16 fathoms under water. Now what do you think of that little bit of information???

P.S. I bet the little girls and boys in your little group don’t even get free mail. Who do you kill to get the postage?

Dear People of the War Resisters League,

Some of my friends and I are very much interested in your organization. We’ve read your open letter in the *Berkeley Barb* and know what was said is very real.

I have already been to Vietnam and I know for sure how phony the war is. I was more or less brainwashed by our society and thought that I was being patriotic in fighting over there, but six months on the front lines and I had seen enough to make me puke. I’ve seen the children and women that were messed up by our troops and I want to cry every time I see a guy come back with one arm or leg.

While I was in Vietnam a friend and I started telling people how phony the whole thing was. Our platoon sergeant told me that we would get into trouble if we said anymore.

There are quite a few of us in the service who feel the way I do. I am still in the service and would like to know what we can do to get released or where we could go if we decide to desert. Send us any pamphlets we could read and pass on. Thank you very much

from GIs

Dear David McReynolds:

. . . I am a pacifist. I am only one recently, however. It took several trips on LSD to develop a conviction, but now that I have a conviction for the first time in my life, I feel quite whole. I would die for it.

And the way things are going I would imagine there'll be quite a few of us dying through persecution in years to come.

I am in Thailand—a little remote, but relative to my home, far too remote for words. I will be a father in a week or so. I don't know why I mention this, probably just an outlet for my despondency. But it's such a god-awful feeling to be so unable to be with my little wife and to comfort her at this time.

The army is a poison, make no mistake of it. It doesn't attack the heart, respiratory system, blood stream, or nerve centers. Just the soul.

I wish I had had this conviction when I was drafted. At that time I headed for Canada—but the day before induction I returned home, since I am the oldest of several children, and my parents are separated.

If I had had a conviction then I would certainly have challenged the draft law—

You'll say it's not too late for me to resist—

But the hardships it would bring upon my wife and child—I can't face that—

P.S. How would you reconcile this dilemma? Am I coping out?

Dear Mr. McReynolds,

After reading your article, I would like you to read my opinion. All I believe in is myself and the warmth of communication and understanding between one human being and another. I despise the army and those that use it just to live as a career bum. As anywheres you find some beautiful people, even some lifers, but the army has fewer beautiful people than any other form of organization. I am stationed in Vietnam and my job is driving a tank. If I were attacked in any way my only response would be to fight back and kill if necessary. That is what I have done in the past and shall continue to do for the rest of my time. I am certain the U.S. is wrong here but so are the North Vietnamese. Wars cannot be stopped by only one country ceasing all aggression; all countries must stop aggression. There is no such thing as co-existence; either friends or enemies. The U.S. tries for co-existence rather than real friendship. The world did not come into being with boundaries and war will never leave the earth until boundaries are taken away. I have no solution for this war but I would prefer to face possibly killing someone or being killed in the months I have left rather than spending a far longer time in a dank prison. I enjoy life, every moment and it is too valuable to spend any of it imprisoned. It's a beautiful idea to stop this war and all wars but that won't happen until all people are good people.

Dave:

Read your open letter, "What Is It To Be A Man?" Although I don't agree fully with some of your remarks, I must go along with your views as a whole. If you think I'm worth the trouble, send me what you have in the way of supportive literature. Make certain this is in a plain type envelope for obvious reasons.
(Danang Air Base)

Dear Mr. McReynolds,

With reference to your "Open Letter to Our Men in Service," I would like to make a few comments. I am an enlisted Petty Officer in the U.S. Navy, presently stationed near the Vietnam war zone. I am not as directly connected to actual fighting as many of the servicemen but nevertheless, I am a part of the total effort and therefore as responsible as the man who pulls the trigger. But unlike the draftee I am here because of a decision I made myself. I don't regret that decision and I doubt if I ever will. I don't claim to be a patriot, in fact, I don't recognize the word for I think the word lost its true meaning years ago. I am here today because of an obligation—not to society as many men would say (to hell with society)—but obligated to the principles by which I attempt to live my life. I think you said this is part of being a man. This much we agree on; but after judging your commentary I am inclined to think your principles incorporate somewhat of a different standard than mine. . . .

If you say that Vietnam is not a war of ideals then one of us is wrong. To me it is clearly evident that it has a communist odor. May I ask—do you have an alternative to the mess in Vietnam? Do you say—let's go home, be happy, make babies and forget about a country who will no doubt succumb to an ever-growing evil? That would be just great for you and me. We could have ourselves an orgy every night not caring or thinking that perhaps our children might like to participate in such things when they grow up. Your solution is all too simple. . . .

You have the constitutional right to demonstrate your peace movements so we naturally have no argument there. Perhaps these peace movements are helping to prolong the war by giving the North Vietnamese and their associates the idea that we just might up and leave the mess behind. Nevertheless it is your right and basic rights is what the whole mess is about as I can see it.

To sum it all up, I am inclined to think that our adversaries in Vietnam are an actual enemy and until I am convinced otherwise, I will continue to fight within my present capacity. If I do live through it all I will gladly go home and make babies and will be all the happier for it.

I do wish you much success in your peaceful ways. I surely hope it all proves functional.

Dave:

I have just finished reading your article. You said to write if we disagreed with you. I am NOT writing to say that "What's It Take To Be A Man" is a pile of garbage. HELL NO!

Unfortunately, I am a member of the U.S. Army. Before the title of "soldier" was associated with my name, I thought the Army was nothing but a bunch of shit. Now that I am in I have realized that it is a useless organization for killing and wasting lives. I am a medic; and you have no idea of the men and boys who have come back from Vietnam missing arms and legs, paralyzed for life, and able to live (if it can be called life) what remains of their lives as vegetables who cannot do anything for themselves. And I hate to imagine the innocent women and children in Vietnam who have been killed and crippled for life by the "war machine."

I just wish that I had known and realized what I do now, while I was still a civilian! If you know of anyone who could supply me with information on getting out of this damn mess, I would certainly appreciate it. You just don't know what a waste of one's life it is to be in the "New Action Army" (I sure as hell don't want anything more to do with *their* type of "action!")

A HAPPENING FOR THE BIRDS

NEW YORK, December 19. In theatre, a good review draws crowds. Last winter, some anonymous suburbanites let loose large helium filled balloons trailing colorful peace banners aloft in the cavernous main concourse of Grand Central Station. As the balloons drifted upward, a hidden tape recorder began screeching. Sounds of death. The demonstrators disappeared as suddenly as they had come. Only the noise, the balloons and large opened cartons, in which they had carried the balloons, told of their presence. The happening was a great critical success. The few members of the press, tipped off an hour or two in advance, gave it excellent reviews.

So this winter, with the rumor and then a public announcement of a second Grand Central peace happening, the press, the police, peace activists and free people showed up in force.

Uniformed police filtered through the crowd; plainclothesmen, their shoes polished bright, tried to look invisible. Free

people clogged the main concourse and cavorted before obliging TV cameras. From the fringe, parents gawked at the strangers with long hair; many of them, so one surmised, taking an intense interest in their sons and daughters for the first time. But this was not the demonstration.

Suddenly, and simultaneously, from all entrances to the station, came people carrying Christmas shopping bags. The bags were opened and doves (they looked like pigeons) fluttered into the air. There was a cheer, a muffled cry "Peace", and the demonstration was over.

Police grabbed one young man by the neck and wrestled him out of the station. Whether he came with a dove or just had long hair I couldn't tell. Uniformed officers of the ASPCA (why is there no American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Vietnamese? Keith Lampe asked) happened out of nowhere and gently arrested two adults who did release doves.

—Martin Jezer



THE GREAT CHRISTMAS MILL-IN December 23rd Fifth Avenue

Who milled in? Shoppers milled in but didn't plan to. Peace activists, freaky and straight, militant and moderate. Cops in uniform, sans clubs, cops in plainclothes looking odd, the pregnant wife of a WIN contributor; LBJ in a wheel-chair with a ghastly face. Santa milled in and was interviewed.

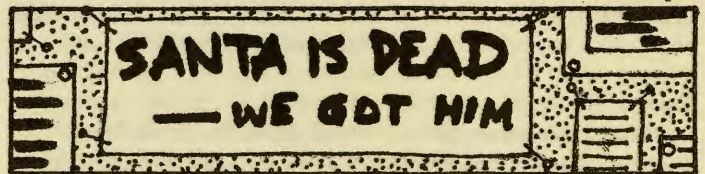
Media: Santa Claus means a lot to kids. What do you plan to say if a kid speaks to you?

Santa: I'd want to tell him that while his parents are buying toys at Saks, their government is buying napalm at Dow to kill kids in Vietnam.

Salvation Army didn't mill-in, didn't play rock, stood still. But Inspector Fink (hippies' friend) did mill in, as did more than a dozen grandmothers and 14 young counter-pickets.

What did they do: Said "Merry Christmas" and "Peace in Vietnam" and "Ho ho ho, We Won't Go." Distributed leaflets, handed out WINs. Sang Christmas carols. Slowed traffic. Did street corner speaking. Split to Grand Central and Times Square for more merry disruption. 30 arrested, 16 booked, no one hurt. Merry Christmas.

—Santa's Helper



—posted aboard an aircraft carrier
of the Seventh Fleet, Tonkin Gulf

Photographs: Howard Harrison



CHANGES

Ever since mobile tactics arrived in New York, most pacifists have been going through a failure of nerve. They act like orthodox Thomists trying to cope with death-of-God theology.

One of the subtler signs of loss of nerve is a retreat into greater formality. The Big Pacifist Conference at the UN chapel was an example of this. Close your eyes during it and at times it sounded like a bunch of sociology professors discussing minimal reforms in next semester's curriculum. That motel-lobby decor, those formal invitations, that mimeographed Guest List—oh my. You can't go Hume again, folks.

Yet there were good moments before I left. Tom Lewis from Baltimore reminded us that the regime would prefer us to remain in our classical pacifist bag: public, predictable, respectable. Tom—who helped throw blood into draft files—advocated creative property damage for pacifists.

The times continue to change; they will continue to continue to change; our fatigue enlarges the desire to believe that change can be ignored and that we can comfortably repeat ourselves.

I think that if we wish to be as helpful as possible, we must all become theatrical freaks—and leave the respectability to opportunists within the several political parties. If you are a professor, this might mean getting into a clown costume (Pagliacci is a good symbol for coming months) and roaming your campus with a ludicrously large sandwich board advertising, say, "Next Week's Guerrilla Calendar."

Many pacifists did not participate in the Christmas Mill-In despite the gentle leaflets and ads for it. My guess is that most of those who stayed away rationalized that they were being called on to provoke injury when actually they were being called on only to risk injury. Sure: somebody might hit a cop with a bottle and the cop smash your head. But there are lots of innocent victims in Vietnam too. At least one person stayed

away because of a dislike of chaos. But it's always been chaos and pacifists must give up the attempt to impose an impossible form and discipline. "Nonviolent discipline" is inherently contradictory: discipline creates repression; repression creates violence. Dig how bloody the street demonstrations are in India. Gandhi's feeling can't be turned into a form. Many pacifists must start to cope with the problem that their feeling is more violent than that of Walter Teague, their big arch-enemy.

Culturally, we're entering a period of radical egalitarianism, radical anonymity, radical flexibility, radical label-evasion. A period of who-can-hang-a-name-on-me. This means there'll be fewer pacifists—but many more gentle people.

My only difficulty with disruptive tactics is that they do, in fact, raise the anger level in the nation. But we must regretfully continue—and intensify—our disruptions because now we understand—despite our desire to repress it—what SNCC understood three years ago: morality doesn't work. The regime can't take the pacifist moral-approach seriously because it can't relate it to anything it understands. The regime understands only inconvenience, disruption, property damage, economic loss. So we must share Stokely Carmichael's concept of bringing the war to this country. If we're clever and industrious, we can do it in gentle ways.

We must say to the regime: from now on, if you want your trains to run on time in this country you must stop murdering.

For me, the best new proposal is Allen Ginsberg's: let's do some careful research work and find out exactly which institutions are making exactly how much from the war, then place those institutions under coordinated merry-prankster siege. Until now, the economic approach has been spoiled for most of us by such simplistic slogans as BIG FIRMS GET RICH WHILE GI'S DIE. We know that most low-risk capitalists oppose the war because it isn't a low-risk situation; we know that Forbes magazine came out about a year and a half ago relatively strongly against the war. But we can certainly zap the proper banks and corporations one or two at a time. People with accurate facts and figures should post them to WIN.

* * *

Recently I was discussing with a friend the fact that more and more shit is being sent through the mails (for example, Eat Your Draft Card and Send the Evidence to Gen. Hershey) and he asked how much it would cost to insure a package of shit at the post office. We both quickly realized that the way the system works, it will cost you a crock of shit just to insure a tiny lump.

—Keith Lampe



Can Nonviolence Meet the Challenge of Today?

Three years ago I visited Ramdas Gandhi, the only living son of the Mahatma, and told him his father was a great prophet in 1935 in predicting the American Negro would be the next large group in the world to use nonviolence. Yet already the first signs of the eclipse of American nonviolence had occurred with a riot in Harlem—even while I told Indian audiences how Gandhian principles had been used in the Montgomery bus boycott, then in lunch counter sit-ins, in public parks and beaches, movie houses, interurban buses and other segregated institutions in my native country.

A not-quite-total eclipse of nonviolence had begun in India before my arrival in 1963. There was universal hatred of the Chinese for their recent border attack, and India was sending missions to both United States and Russia for more arms. Disastrous riots between Hindus and Muslims occurred in the two years I was there and, after I left, the Kashmir dispute broke out into full-fledged war with Pakistan. Gandhi today is a great saint in his own country but—like Jesus in our western culture—he is more worshipped than followed.

Gandhi himself was disappointed that India, after winning independence without shedding a drop of British blood, decided to raise an army for national defense, and in 1948 at the end of his days lost the will to live because of mass communal riots. “Our way was nonviolent only superficially,” he analyzed. “our hearts were violent.” To better understand this distinction between heart and tactic, consider six characteristics of nonviolence found in Martin Luther King’s *Stride Towards Freedom*, the most concise and readable American book on the subject:

1. Nonviolent resistance does resist. If one uses this method merely because he is afraid or lacks the instruments of violence he is not truly nonviolent.

2. Nonviolence does not seek to defeat or humiliate the opponent but to win his friendship and understanding.

3. Its attack is directed against the forces of evil rather than against persons who happen to be doing evil.

4. It embodies a willingness to accept suffering without retaliation; as Gandhi said, “Rivers of blood may have to flow before we gain our freedom, but it must be our blood.”

5. Nonviolence avoids not only physical violence but also internal violence of the spirit. The resister refuses to hate his opponent. At the center stands *agape*—New Testament love.

6. Nonviolence has a deep faith that the universe is on the side of justice. The resister has confidence in the future.

From these characteristics it can be seen that ideal nonviolence is a kind of compromise between an other-worldly spirituality and a liberal, progressive materialism, fitting well into modern social actionist Christianity. It goes beyond simple *non-resistance* found in the Sermon on the Mount, yet its disobedience is civil—for which word Webster gives the synonyms *polite*, *courteous*, and even *gracious*. Its Christian ideal of “hating sins but loving sinners” reflects the high ideals found in all religions of the world; ethically, nonviolence means refusal to engage in deceit or dishonesty.

Yet along with this, nonviolence also embodies characteristics of armed conflict. Consider five of these from Shridharani’s *War Without Violence*, which I first read as a CO facing World War II:

1. Both war and nonviolence use *direct action*—employed by the guerilla and the soldier, the rioter and the policeman. There come times to people everywhere when emotions need

to be shaken up to reach decisions, when the conflict for ethical values needs to be dramatized by direct action. The “fight” for freedom, honor, security, democracy, etc. becomes more tangible.

2. In both cases this action comes after attempted negotiations, persuasion, and reasoning have failed. It is action to which participants feel entitled when all else has been tried.

3. Action, whether violent or nonviolent, requires planning, training, discipline and strategy. Campaigns may be defensive or offensive.

4. The dynamic power of suffering is utilized in both; participants are appealed to not to be timid but risk everything—even life itself—for a worthy cause. Contrary to its name, nonviolent action often involves considerable violence, and the ability to take it without inflicting it is a chief goal in training.

5. In both violent and nonviolent conflict, there is opportunity to display heroism and courage. The participant has satisfaction in giving nobly of himself.

Because of so many similarities it is not surprising many if not most Americans, white or black, see no great distinction between one tactic and the other. Indeed, much so-called *civil* disobedience is not civil at all, but just disobedience. In the South, however, nonviolence appealed to many Bible Belt Negroes as the only proper Christian tactic. When the method became effective against bigoted Klansmen and bomb-tossing racists, many outsiders joined—frankly as an expedient means of attaining an objective. Thus the nonviolent movement in America became, as Gandhi finally saw it was in India, less of the heart. But nonviolence without the heart quickly fails, and those who joined only because the movement was effective, quickly abandoned it when it was not—as well they might.

Personally, I have every faith nonviolence can still meet today’s challenges. It has rightly been termed unfair and unjust—as turning the other cheek certainly is. (It is pertinent to note the fears of Gandhi’s assassin: “I firmly believed that the teachings of absolute nonviolence as advocated by Gandhiji would ultimately result in the emasculation of the Hindu community and thus make the community incapable of resisting the aggression or inroads of other communities, especially the Muslim.”) But violence too is unjust, the side winning being the one with the greatest physical strength rather than with the more righteous cause. I admire Muhammed Ali, who perceives that the carefully refereed violence of the ring wherein participants agree to rigid rules is a far different thing from war where napalm falls on the just and unjust—on volunteers, draftees, and civilian men, women and children alike.

Today the race to outviolence one’s opponents has resulted in its being measured by megatons. Yet the more total violence becomes, the more totally ineffective it becomes to accomplish any useful purpose. Though long established in the world, it has reached its dead end and—in my opinion—is the first insanity in the Establishment the true revolutionary ought to reject. If he devotes to nonviolence a small part of the energy, dedication and money now given to violence, I believe this more altruistic way will prove the more practical and effective way, and its results more lasting. Napoleon, at the height of his military successes, was almost a Gandhi when he said, “There are only two powers in the world—the power of the sword and the power of the spirit. In the long run the sword will always be conquered by the spirit.”

—Franklin Zahn

MARSHALS PRO CON

Marshals, theoretically, are supposed to keep people orderly, informed, and most of all cool in the face of trouble. Those who wanted to be marshals at the Oct. 21st Mobilization merely showed up for a meeting the night before and were told, "If you don't know anything about nonviolence, sorry about that. We don't have time for a workshop. Do the best you can." Then people were assigned various positions, handed armbands, and that was it.

We knew what we were in for Oct. 21st, and things are getting rougher. The violence on both sides is escalating, so I ask you: how in God's name can we allow well-meaning but untrained kids into positions of responsibility? It's a fact that most of them don't know what's coming off, think of nonviolence as "curling up in a ball," and become just as unhinged as the other demonstrators when trouble begins. To have kids like that responsible for stopping mass panic is insane. To me, it's criminal. Think of all those weekend peaceniks who went to D.C. expecting the whole show to be professional, who got beaten down simply because they were swept along with the tide.

I'm not saying that we could have kept a couple of the contingents calm—we all know they came wanting to start something. But the casualties could have been so much smaller if only the marshals had known what they were supposed to be doing.

So, okay, the obvious question is: "What should pacifists do about it?" Much as the idea repulses me, the answer is fairly plain: if you've had any real experience or training, you've got to become a cop of the peace movement.

There was some question about pacifists attending the Mobilization because of its violent aspects. Morally, if we know there's a chance of violence, we can't be anywhere else. I don't say officially support, I say morally we can't turn our backs.

Which brings us to the next question: our numbers are so small that even if we all became cops, what good would it do? More, certainly, than if we weren't assuming the role at all. But more than cops, we've got to become teachers. Various New England CNVA folks were running around a few weeks before Oct. 21st, telling kids what might come off. There wasn't time, however, for any significant training in nonviolence. But now we've got the time. There won't be too many massive demonstrations in the near future, so we *can* begin to educate. The government is becoming more and more brutal, and the weekend peacenik had better know how to cope with such things, even if he doesn't believe it can happen to *him*.

I'm not making a pitch for setting up any elaborate training network. All I'm trying to get across is that it's up to each of us, individually, to reach the people in our areas. No one else can do it. And it *has* to be done. If only one or two listen and learn, that's one or two more cool heads. Elementary courses in first aid could be extremely important, so consider that, too. Leaflets explaining what to do in case of attack or gassing could be valuable.

We take these things for granted as full-time doves. But as I've noticed travelling through New England, the average person has no conception of how to react. It's getting later and later, but instead of wringing our hands we ought to try. The more nonviolent cops the better.

—Steve Trimm

Power tends to corrupt, but blue armbands corrupt absolutely. There's an obvious paradox implicit in any protest against militarism which requires being regimented into marching ranks by shouting martinets, ordered to close the gaps, link arms, straighten the lines, etc. At the Lincoln Memorial on Oct. 21st, there was one megalomaniac on the mike commanding people to double-time. Later, there was an absolute psychopath shrieking—purportedly at the panic of the crowd, yet the thing I heard was his own arrogant frenzy.

These Jekells and Hydes, however sincere, aren't doing any good whatsoever except for their own egos. Somehow concomitant with donning their sacred blue armbands comes the contemptuous conviction that none of their fellow demonstrators could possibly negotiate their way across a bridge unless herded, harassed, hounded, and hollered at. Their dedication makes it worse. When Marx dreamed up his inane notion of the withering away of the state, Malatesta pointed out that evil men will never give up power and privilege for obvious reasons, but good men are even worse: they'll insist on staying in office for the benefit of the people.

One time years ago at an AEC demonstration, some crazy lady wanted us to line up in height formation. And on the opening day of the New York World's Fair, a CORE picket captain pulled me physically out of the way of a police wagon on its way to make arrests. Conversely, a relatively perceptive police sergeant once pointed out to a group of us how we should line up to picket and sort of apologized with, "I know that's what you're against."

Admittedly the marshals are only carrying out their instructions—the old Eichmann cop-out—but these instructions should never have been given originally, and if given should have been refused. Furthermore, marshals end up with a terrible ego hang-up, so that smartly dressed-up ranks become the most important thing in the world to them. In the final analysis, it doesn't matter how loosely we resemble a drill team, *TIME* still describes us as an unruly mob.

In Washington, my friends and I joined the main body of walkers at several points, though naturally we refused to goose-step for peace. Whenever a marshal opened his mouth, we'd yell, "De-escalate the marshals," or else start shouting out an exaggerated "Hep, two, three, four . . ." We invariably received reactions of approval from all those around us.

In effect marshals are only scabbing on the cops, and about the only thing lower than a cop is a scab. Certainly the lowliest of scabs would be a cop-scab. Tragically, the organizers of demonstrations can't face the fact that all this regimentation is not only superfluous, but also downright harmful and ineffective: harmful because it turns people into leaders and led; ineffective in that arm-linked sheep aren't the ones who make it into Pentagons, but rather individuals acting on their own, with imagination and verve. Were the leaders to concede this, their own egos would be pulverized, but if they can't exhibit more confidence in their fellow men than they do, they should quit calling themselves radicals.

Until the peace movement stops acting exactly like what it's supposed to be against, it will get nowhere. Worse yet, if it does achieve any short-run successes, it in turn will have to be overthrown.

—Robert S. Calese

MAIL-ORDER DROP-OUT COUNSELING

A NEW PROJECT

Michele Clark

I graduated from the City College of New York in September, 1966. I don't know why the freshmen were so beautiful last year—I haven't been back to the campus since January. But judging from what I read in the newspapers, the spirit of that entering class has borne some fruit. President Buell Gallagher has lost some of his famed liberal cool, resorting to city police to subdue the demands of students for a modicum of beauty and justice in their school environment.

Last year I was astounded by the precociousness of those 17 and 18 year olds. They knew something about politics and economics immediately. They knew, or sensed, that the system was a flea-eaten carcass. Many of them were ready immediately to plunge into political activism. Others, more cautious about politics, felt life should be a joyous experiment and were ready to laugh at or foil whatever institutional force attempted to push them into a rigid mold.

By October, I began to notice that these beautiful kids, full of energy, confidence and excitement in September, were becoming pale, pimply, depressed, and nervous. I began to avoid them because they continually asked me: "How did you ever live through four years of *this*?"

Many freshmen come to college eager to learn. Perhaps in high school they were reading William Burroughs when their English class was studying Edna Ferber. Perhaps they went along with Edna but longed for more substance. If they complained to a sympathetic guidance counselor they were probably told: "Wait until you get into college. Then you'll *really* learn something."

The trusting high school student comes to CCNY or NYU or BU or Miami U seeking knowledge. He has some idea about what he's specifically interested in; what he'd like to study in depth. But no one in the university complex asks him about this. The university wants to process him neatly into predetermined requirements; into classrooms where he can learn quickly enough that intellectual excitement is a myth he mistook for reality. Knowledge, after all, is only a matter of scoring above C on a certain number of examinations. If this thoroughly frustrated freshman complains to a sympathetic guidance counselor he will probably be told: "Wait until your junior year. After your requirements are over, you'll *really* learn something."

The freshman student at a large multiversity takes on many of the characteristics of the deprived slum child. He isn't getting what he wants and needs most. There is no way he can effectively make his needs known. Huge but intangible walls hem him in on all sides. He gets cynical quickly. And, like many a deprived child, he wants to drop out of the insane, inane and frustrating environment which is crushing him.

But the freshman is also, usually, from a middle-class background. He may want to drop out, but it's not so easy to do. His life, up to this point, has been structured around his plans to learn, graduate and enter a career. Even if he has radical tendencies, he has still thought of his life, generally, in the terms his parents laid down.

Confronted by the disappointment of college, he begins to re-evaluate more intensively his parents' structures. But still, it is very difficult for a middle-class young man or young woman to make the break. What, he wonders, will become of him? Where will he go? Who will support him? Can he support himself without a degree?

The male student also has to face the loss of his 2-S deferment. This alone is keeping half the young men I know inside the university. But more and more young men are saying: "Hell no, I won't go!" to General Hershey and his crew. There are many ways, both legal and illegal, to avoid conscription.

Many potential drop-outs feel that if they leave college without that BA or BS they have, in some way, failed. They say: "If the game is so cheap and stupid—I should be cunning and strong enough to play it and win." In one sense, this is true. Understanding that the multiversity system is hollow should make it easier to pass exams and sit through boring courses, knowing that what you are doing has little to do with real knowledge.

But, brothers and sisters, these are the exuberant sixties—not the wily, introverted fifties! The goal is "to be fruitful and multiply". The middle-class sensibility always puts labels and titles like 'college graduate' above the goal of living as a dynamic, passionate human being. Students should come to recognize that playing the academic game, even with cunning and cool, is a barren bore. A debilitating trap. Dropping out of this game could be the most 'successful' move a young man or woman can make—if he or she drops into a richer, broader life.

It would be exceedingly worthwhile for students to work in the movement outside the campus—for a term, a year, or forever. Radical campus politicking is only a moderately good training ground for radical citizens. The more students who become ex-students, the more students who carry community organizing into wider areas (the docile middle class, for instance), the faster the movement for change in this country will grow.

There are many organizing projects which people around the country are involved in. They may range from community work to radical theater, craft cooperatives to underground presses; some or all of these projects need new people to help them in their work. If these projects could offer, say, room and board, to a student who wants to drop out, perhaps that student would more willingly, easily, leave the campus. I know when I dropped out after my sophomore year, if someone had told me there was something definite I could do, something that wasn't selling hats at Macy's, I would probably have followed that person and never returned to the campus.

Working from the New York SDS office (and after February from the West Coast as well) we would like to compile lists of projects which need more workers. If you are working on such a project, send us the specifics: what kind of work you're doing and what kind of person you'd need. And you out there across the country who want to drop out or know someone else who does: send us names, addresses, and preferences. Based on what the student wants to do and what he has done previously we will try to suggest a number of projects he could work with. If many students want to do something similar, and there is no existing group which meets their needs, we will put them in contact with each other.

The aim will be to help students to begin to recognize and fight their own oppression in the system, so that sometime in the future they will be able to fight effectively against the oppression of others.

Write to: Drop-Out Counseling
c/o Students for a Democratic Society
41 Union Square West, Room 436
New York City 10003

A PRIMER FOR REVOLUTIONARIES

Marvin Garson

The other day I ran into Neal Singer, an old friend I hadn't seen for close to ten years, and we got to talking about what I realized had been my first electoral activity.

December, 1954. A reactionary period, the height of McCarthyism. American involvement in Vietnam was just beginning. I was thirteen years old, a student at Junior High School 234 in Brooklyn, N.Y., where the authorities were conducting a rigged "election" to create a puppet "student government."

In that period the natural source of inspiration was MAD magazine, the only widely-circulated organ of radical sentiment. We decided to run Alfred E. Neumann as a write-in candidate for student body president. It was to be an educational campaign.

Neal had a toy printing press, a little tin affair that ran off rubber type. We hand-set the slogans for the Neumann campaign (I only remember one: "SOCIAL SECURITY FOR VAMPIRES"), printed a few hundred leaflets and distributed them outside of school.

As election day approached we got bolder and the authorities grew nervous. We handed out leaflets inside school, during an assembly period where the puppet candidates were going through their routines. A teacher got hold of me and hauled me out. The principal himself made a speech about "the few who were trying to spoil it for the rest."

The Alfred E. Neumann campaign was definitely not catching fire. Most of the kids were engrossed in the "real" campaign: who ya gonna vote for, Arthur or David? (Not their real names; no one remembers their names anymore. The so-called "real" candidates have been consigned to the dustbin of history.)

There was a great deal of resentment against us, and bewilderment as to our motives. Our supporters were cowed by the general police-state atmosphere of the school. (Students were routinely marched about and lined up to be counted by "marshals" recruited from the school's lumpen elements. I am told that Richie Ruggiero, a head marshal in JHS 234, is now serving a prison term for manslaughter.)

On election day we knew we didn't stand a chance even of a good showing, but we had to go through with it to maintain our own pride.

Voting was conducted by secret ballot, but the teachers hinted that they had ways of knowing. In my class Alfred E. Neumann got two votes. They did not appear in the official results the teacher posted on the blackboard.

She set the two write-in ballots aside, made the speech about "a few who were trying to spoil it for the rest", and tore up the ballots before our eyes. She said she knew whose ballots they were; and everybody knew she knew. If we didn't come forward and admit who we were, it would go harder. We came forward proudly and got sent to sit for a while in the principal's office.

That was my first experience in electoral activity, but not in politics. I had had a previous try at direct action.

It was at Public School 193 in what I calculate to have been June, 1952. We always had to wear ties (blue ties on assembly day, any color on ordinary days). It was so terribly hot that we asked the teacher for a dispensa-

tion. She refused. The fifteen boys in my class met at lunch-time to decide what to do about it. We couldn't just break the rules by coming in without ties; that would be breaking the rules. Someone came up with the idea of mocking the rules by wearing ties with no shirts. We all pledged ourselves to it.

I was wearing my shirt when we assembled in the schoolyard again after lunch. I was prepared to take it off, but I didn't want to be stuck in case my comrades finked out. Schoolyard mutter made it clear that they had indeed finked out. A favorite line was "I asked my mother and she said no." (Of course she said no, dummy, why'd you ask her?)

It was obvious the thing was off. Then Jeffrey Wolfert walked in wearing a tie without a shirt. He didn't have a shirt rolled up in reserve. Jeff had trusted in the pledge of his comrades. Now he was in for it.

I took off my shirt and put on my tie. No one followed. Jeff and I walked into the classroom alone together.

The teacher pretended not to see us at all throughout the afternoon. At three o'clock she announced in a completely neutral voice that Jeffrey and Marvin had been given demerits for improper dress.

These two abortive revolts were followed by almost a decade of political quiescence, after which a more mature protest movement using many of the same tactics began to emerge.

Next year Arthur and David will be running for class president again, during hot weather when many people will be chafing at halters they are forced to wear around their necks. Most citizens will earnestly discuss which one looks like the winner; and there may be a "few who try to spoil it for the rest" by running a candidate who can't win.

This time we won't sit quietly in the principal's office if the teacher tears up our ballots.
—Berkeley Barb (UPS)

IN BRIEF:

TEACHING & LEARNING

The plight of a handful of Russian poets imprisoned for criticizing the Soviet state is not nearly so dramatic as the wholesale terror in Vietnam and so only about a dozen pacifists turned out to picket the Soviet mission to the U.N. on December 30.

It has long been the practice of New York police to forbid demonstrations on the block on which the Soviet mission is located. Therefore the New York Workshop first set up its picket line around the corner and across the street. Around and around in a circle we went—an unusual sort of demonstration for people who have spent over a year now launching submarines, doing guerilla theatre, using mobile tactics and disrupting. But as the demonstration wore on, as the December chill began to penetrate, and as the police piled more and more barricades around us, five people decided that if Russian poets can test the rules, so could they, and off they went to picket in front of the building. They were all quickly arrested and taken to the precinct house directly across the street.

The New York Civil Liberties Union has taken the case and will educate the police about the right to demonstrate. And the Workshop learned something too. It turned out that despite all the urgings to criticize the

"other side," when you go out to do just that, the police are as arbitrary and the public as hostile as if you were calling to an end to the war or something.
—Maris Cakars

PROTEST BRINGS RESULTS

When Albon Man, longtime member of the War Resisters League, recently received his bill from W. & J. Sloane, well-known New York house furnishings store, with whom he has a charge account, it included a slip from the Treasury Department urging purchase of U.S. Savings Bonds Freedom Shares "backing our men in Vietnam." He decided to reply with a protest letter.

In response, he received a letter from Harold Weinberg, vice president and treasurer of the company, which said, "This slip was included with statements that went out to our customers at the suggestion of the U.S. Treasury Department to our Credit Manager, who put these in the mail without our approval in advance.

"As soon as we received your letter, we immediately discontinued these insertions in our statements.

"You can well understand that we do not take sides in any political, religious or moral issues, nor did we intend to take sides by including this item that was printed by the Government Printing Office."

WIN readers would do well to follow Man's example. If you receive any bills or ads which include this Treasury Department enclosure, take time to write in your protest. The government has probably pressured many companies across the country to include these insertions in their mailings.
—J.P.

SIDEWALK RIGHTS UPHELD

Ruling in the case of Elliot Katz, a student, who was given a summons for setting up a peace table on a sidewalk, the New York Court of Appeals, in a 5-to-1 decision, outlawed a section of the New York City Administrative Code declaring it "unlawful for any person . . . to encumber or obstruct any street . . . with any article or thing whatsoever."

Aryeh Neier, executive director of the New York Civil Liberties Union, who handled the case, expressed hope that the decision "will put an end to police harassment of people and causes they don't like." He recalled that last summer in New York, "dozens and dozens" of individuals had received summonses for similar activities.
—J.P.

REMEMBER THE MADDOX!

The basis for the American bombing of North Vietnam is the Tonkin Resolutions. This blank check for Lyndon Johnson to escalate the war into North Vietnam was a response to alleged North Vietnamese torpedo boat attacks on the U.S. destroyers *Maddox* and *Turner Joy* in the international waters off the Tonkin Gulf.

Now, a veteran of the "campaign"—John White of Cheshire, Conn.—writes in the *New Haven Register* that the attack never took place.

In August '64 White was a commissioned officer aboard the *U.S.S. Pine Island*, the first American warship to enter the combat zone in response to the two destroyers' call for help. North Vietnamese torpedo boats were in the area—as they had every right to be—harassing the American destroyers. But White in-

sists that no shots were fired at the destroyers. His evidence: radio messages from the destroyers supposedly under fire and a talk with the chief sonarman of the *Maddox* who was on duty during the "attack" and whose sonar scope picture was negative, meaning no torpedoes were in the water. This information was relayed to the commanding officer, but somewhere between the commanding officer, the Pentagon, and the White House, the story got changed and the waters off North Vietnam were said to be filled with North Vietnamese torpedoes aimed at innocent U.S. destroyers protecting the peace. "Let's hope," White wrote, "our warships aren't attacked by Chinese sampans next." —M.J.

WAR TOY SALES DECLINE

"As the toy industry heads towards its moment of truth on December 25, one of the more noticeable trends is that military toys are not selling as well as they did in recent years."

So concludes Leonard Sloane in a *New*

York Times feature article on Dec. 10.

Edward Kapitanoff, president of Western Model Distributors, is quoted as saying, "I don't feel the present situation in the world helps to sell toy or hobby military products."

A most significant quote is that of Mel Helitzer, president of Helitzer Waring LaRosa Inc., an agency specializing in the youth market. He says: "The pressure by women's groups—like parades in front of the Toy Center at Toy Fair time and in front of toy stores at Christmas—counts too. It may not appear to have an effect, even to the people marching, but it does on manufacturers, buyers and parents." —J.P.

1967 HIROSHIMA TOLL

The A-bomb hospital in Hiroshima announced on December 25 that 62 of its patients died in 1967 of ailments caused by the after-effects of the August 1945 nuclear weapon dropped by the U.S.

Total deaths since this special hospital for A-bomb victims opened in 1956 is 531. —J.P.

CHICAGO'S FUZZY PEACENIKS

The Chicago Peace Council has exposed and ousted three policemen who had infiltrated its ranks and posed as militants. They are John Valkenburg, Michael Randy and Morton Frankin.

Police Superintendent James Conlisk confirmed that Randy is assigned to the department's supersecret intelligence division.

"At our meetings, they invariably took the most militant positions, trying to provoke the movement from its nonviolent force to the wildest kind of ventures," reported Karl Meyer, chairman of the Council.

They also infiltrated other local peace groups including CADRE, SDS, and CDS (Citizens for a Democratic Society.) Franklin, under the alias Martin Frankel, posed as a merchant seaman. On a leaflet announcing a meeting August 18 on police brutality, he was characterized as a "recent victim of police harassment and brutality." —J.P.

A SENATORIAL REBUKE

At a Unitarian church in Kansas City, Mo., on Dec. 10, Senator Stuart Symington spoke on the topic of Vietnam. After being refused acknowledgement by the Senator during the half-hour question period which followed, Raymond Townly stood up, read his statement of noncooperation, and then gave his and another person's draft cards to Symington. The Senator's response was: "You should wear a coat in a house of God." At this point about 15 people who were not with the Resistance stood up and left, evidently in protest to Symington's comment. —Jim Bridges

BRINGIN' IT ALL BACK HOME

The plant of Dow Chemical Co. in Torrance, California, where the company produces all its napalm, was the scene of a demonstration by over 900 persons on Dec. 17.

They marched through the center of town and to the Dow plant, where a barbed-wire fence had been erected in front of the parking lot. A rally was held at a nearby park at which speakers called for a nationwide boycott of Dow products. The demonstration was sponsored by the local Peace Action Council, Vietnam Summer, Women Strike for Peace, and Student Mobilization. —J.P.

DRAFT CONVICTIONS DOUBLE

"Convictions for violating the draft laws doubled in the last year and judges handed out stiffer sentences," said an AP dispatch Dec. 12.

"Figures from the Administrative Office of the U.S. Courts showed that 748 persons were convicted during the fiscal year ended last June 30. This compares with 372 during the 1966 fiscal year.

"The number of prosecutions in the last fiscal year—and the number of convictions—are the highest since World War II." —J.P.

STUDENTS 84% AGAINST LBJ

"In a referendum on the Vietnamese war at 19 universities in the northeastern U.S. including Harvard and Yale, 84% of the 21,000 polled voted last week against the present Administration policies and in favor of more dovish one," reported the *New York Post* on December 15.

"The 21,000 polled represented 40% of the possible students, faculty and administration officials eligible to vote at the 19 colleges.



photo: Graham Keen

"Ooh, it's a demonstration," a short fat woman said happily as three Americans in unusual costumes moved towards 10 Downing Street, London, with a giant cardboard draft card. It was indeed a demonstration planned by Stop It Committee for Dec. 4.

Earlier, members of the committee, a group of Americans in Britain who demand American withdrawal from Vietnam, had collected a puzzled crowd on Fleet Street with a relatively new type of demonstration: guerrilla theatre. With theatrical advice provided by a member of the San Francisco Mime Troupe and members of London's own Cartoon Archetypical Slogan Theatre, about 16 members of Stop It Committee assembled with American flags and assorted costumes at the corner of Essex Street and Fleet Street, under a statue of Samuel Johnson.

They formed ranks, in two columns, and marched, doubletime, legs high, down the center of the street to the statue of the dragon, which they surrounded and claimed as American property. Girls in stars-and-stripes hats and men in white coats, with signs identifying them as US Army induction medics, began exhorting the crowd to join the American Army. Two young men ran around the monument carrying a signreading "Army Call Up Centre," screaming "Join the Army, Kill the Commie!"

Demonstrators began going out into the crowd that had collected and dragged bystanders up to the induction center, while others passed out facsimile American draft cards and food packets. Though no members of the daily press attended, this demonstration of American insanity achieved its desired objective: members of the crowd began to react, some quite angrily, against this "pro-war" demonstration. The demonstration provided a visual example of America's arrogance of power.

The second phase of the demonstration took place at 2:30 pm at 10 Downing Street. At that time Jean Kilbourne, Harry Pincus, and Michael Haag drove up to present Prime Minister Wilson with an American draft card and a letter inviting him to join the American movement of resistance to the draft. Miss Kilbourne was stunningly dressed in spangled gown with a Miss America sash, Mr. Haag wore US Marine dress, and Mr. Pincus was conservatively attired in black with a bowler hat. They carried a large draft card made out to Mr. Wilson and signed by L.B.J. Smith.

After some argument the police allowed the three demonstrators to present their letter, but then promptly tore up the draft card and began pushing the crowd that had gathered. —Robert Hurwitt, *Peace News* (UPS)

The poll results varied very little among the colleges. The organizers of the poll, several students and faculty members from Harvard, were surprised at how 'dovish' such normally conservative schools as Emmanuel College (a Catholic women's college in Boston) appeared to be on the referendum." —J.P.

FLOYD TURNER "GUILTY" AGAIN

Incredibly, Floyd Turner's flag-burning conviction was upheld Dec. 13 in Seattle.

You may recall that at his original trial (see WIN vol. III, no. 13), another man confessed to the burning, and testified that Floyd did not participate in it. Other witnesses confirmed this, placing Floyd several miles away at the time of the incident. Nevertheless, Judge Manolides found Turner guilty and levied the maximum sentence. Floyd spent 45 days in jail before friends were able to raise the punitive \$3,000 cash appeal bond.

Since Judge Manolides is not a "court of record", a legal fiction holds that the trial which began on Dec. 11 was completely new, all previous proceedings being expunged (including Floyd's time behind bars, I suppose). The prosecution was not bound, even, to charge him with the same offense. The charge this time was "aiding and abetting" a desecration of the flag.

The first day was spent primarily in choosing a jury sufficiently unconcerned with public affairs not to have heard anything about the case. The prosecution opened the second morning with star witness Louis Scott, who repeated his June 2 testimony: he claimed to have seen Floyd, on the night of May 12—in the dark—through high-power binoculars from an apartment across the street, hold the flag while another man (whom Scott could not identify) burned it.

This time the defense not only produced Stan Iverson, who set the flag alight, but also Roberto Cruz, who brought it to the party, and Michael Travers, who held it. Rich Beyer reconfirmed that Floyd was with him fetching a piano while the flag was burned.

At this point, we were all confident that a jury of zombies could not fail to find "reasonable doubt" of Floyd's guilt. In summation, the defense laid little stress on the factual argument well covered by a virtual parade of witnesses. Most remarks were directed to the probable unconstitutionality of the law itself.

The Deputy Prosecutor had the last word to the jury. He used it for an emotion-charged tirade of flag-waving. Knowing the defense would have no opportunity to rebut, he then—and only then—threw out the fantastic assertion that two flag-burnings must have taken place. His clincher: "You've seen the defendant and heard his beliefs. You can see for yourselves he's the kind of person who would burn a flag!"

The jury was out about an hour and a half before bringing in its verdict of "guilty as charged." Judge Bradford seemed as stunned as we were. He allowed Floyd to remain free on the original bond.

The Prosecutor is in something of a box: he almost has to charge at least Iverson and Travers with either perjury or flag-desecration. I don't think he wants the latter; with the facts not in question, it would become a very sticky, purely constitutional case. Yet the former would pile incredibility upon incredibility, to utter madness. —Louise Crowley

"TIME TO END THE WAR"

This is the head on the lead editorial in the January issue of *McCall's*, a mass circulation women's magazine. "*McCall's* believes that it is an urgent necessity for our country that the war be ended," says the editorial.

"Never before in our history have we been engaged in a conflict so murky in its origins and objectives, so little understood, so unpopular in its appeal. For the most part, those who pursue it and those who support it do so with as heavy a heart and as serious misgivings as those who oppose it. Hawk and dove and just plain common sparrow—we all long for an end to it." —J.P.

LETTERS:

Dear Fellow Dissenters,

How do you feel about chemical warfare? Chances are that you have already experienced chemical warfare firsthand, through U.S. Army teargas. If not, let me assure you that it is not pleasant. U.S. Army chemical warfare is being used to kill plants and subdue peasants in Vietnam; it is also being used to silence dissent in the United States.

Chemical warfare is a dirty business and the U.S. Army evidently realizes that it is unpopular, for they have established their chemical warfare school in a place where they feel it will be safe from demonstrations. The headquarters of the Army's chemical warfare school is located at Fort McClellan, Alabama, about 50 miles northeast of Birmingham. They evidently feel that many people object to chemical warfare but very few of them are likely to come to Alabama and face George Wallace's State Troopers in order to protest their chemicals.

We are trying to prove that they are wrong. Please help us close Fort McClellan on the Washington's birthday weekend. We are planning an anti-war rally in Birmingham and obstruction of the gates of the fort, to celebrate the birthday of this country's most famous revolutionary. We need money, volunteer organizers, and people willing to face both Lyndon Johnson's and George Wallace's armies. If you can help in any way please write to AACD, Box 728, Oneonta, Alabama, 35121.

Resist,
James Bain

Dear Sir:

I wonder if most of the WIN readers wouldn't be interested in knowing that—at long last!—a world government body—World Constitution and Peoples Parliament—is actually going to meet, at Interlaken, Switzerland, August 27-September 10.

A plenary session was held in Milan in the summer of 1965 at which a framework of a world constitution was laid down and a *Magna Carta Mundi* for mankind was begun. Already some 150 delegates have declared themselves, coming from over 40 countries. Anyone over 18 can declare himself a delegate to the Constitutional Convention by securing 1,000 signatures and raising his expense money. Those who cannot qualify for the Constitutional Convention or who are more interested in the Parliament (to pass upon and ratify the Constitution) can qualify with only 250 signatures.

Since the principle object of both bodies is to outlaw war, the two power blocs are natur-

ally not too enthusiastic. But the smaller, weaker, "easy prey" countries are. A separate section for official representatives of nations is being provided.

We have seen what has happened to the primary charge given the United Nations: "to keep the peace." We have seen what has happened to the United Nations Association, The United World Federalists, and other well-intentioned organizations which tried so hard to get the U.N. to do it. So our chief emphasis is on "People!" And we hope that hundreds of able, responsible young leaders will come to take meaningful and durable action. None of us expects to change the world overnight. That will be done by and during the whole next generation.

Natural and helpful as all the many varied protests may be as signals, and to test their substance and that of the participants, aren't they really aimed at a more constructive and enduring plan to rid the world of war and the violation of human rights?

For petitions, stamps and other materials, write World Constitution and Parliament Assn. 8800 W. 14th Ave., Denver, Colo., 80215

Arthur Armstrong
Atascadero, Cal.

Dear WIN:

Generally, the articles I read about how women have to make their place in the movement have disgusted me as much as the male chauvinists they attack. I feel that women should be people, men should be people, and we should work together, using whatever strengths and weaknesses our respective sexes give us. But recent events have made me realize something.

First there was Stop the Draft Week in New York. Only one woman was booked on Wednesday. Apparently the cops who busted her hadn't gotten the word: no women, just take the men. There were other women who would have been busted. I was taken half way across City Hall; and they could have gotten me on felonious assault, a charge they just love. But they put me down and let me walk away.

It wasn't till I heard about the scene at the UN on Thursday (how they weeded out the men and only gave in and took the women when the women forced them to) that I began to understand why they had let me go on Wednesday. If they can get records on the men, bust them on demonstrations, discover they have no draft cards, give them 1-A delinquent, start litigation, lock them up for 5 years—they figure if they can do that, they can kill the movement. And I'm almost afraid they're right.

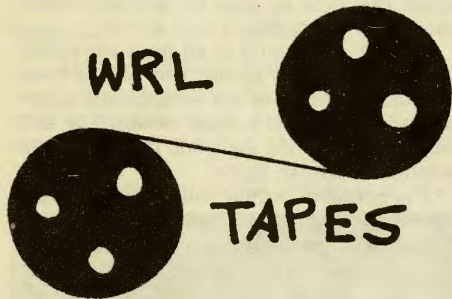
I asked one of the girls who was at the UN why the girls hadn't headed straight for the (Cardinal) Spellman funeral when they saw they weren't about to be busted. She told me they didn't seem ready. Well, let's get ready. Let's work with the men (I mean with them, not behind them, though we have a lot to learn from them) as long as we can. Forget the battles against male chauvinism. If there are men around who are sick enough to think women are worthless except in bed, ignore them and show them they're wrong by working with men as equals.

When the government starts weeding the men out, it's going to be up to us, and Johnson (accustomed to Southern belles who think it's immoral to kiss in front of cameras) thinks

we can't do it. Let's get the training we're going to need.

Gen. Hershey and Ramsey Clark (of the Justice Dept.) are setting up a special division of the Justice Department to speed up convictions in draft cases. Time may be running short. We women have to keep up with the men so we can carry on when they've gone. Let's show Johnson, let's show our men, let's show ourselves that we can do it.

Jill Boskey
Washington Area Resistance
3 Thomas Circle, N.W.
Washington, D.C.



A year ago, the War Resisters League initiated a tape program. We now offer a greatly enlarged list of recordings incorporating a new price scale based on running time. All tape used is top grade, splice-free, virgin Scotch or RCA, half-track, monaural, and except as noted 3 3/4 ips.

As the tape program escalated, multi-duplication became imperative, with some slight loss of fidelity. The tapes are still more than adequate for ordinary listening and discussion groups, etc. If full-track maximum fidelity is required for broadcast or mastering purposes, however, special arrangements and prices can be worked out.

The prices noted are for outright sale, not rental—a rental service would be far too complex for the WRL to maintain. We will be pleased to furnish any further information required.

1. WALDEN LECTURES. A series of three lectures entitled "Technology and the Human Spirit" delivered by Dr. Roy Finch in March 1966 at the Walden School in Berkeley, California. The individual lectures are: Failure of the Abundant Society; Roots of Alienation and Nothingness; Coming Metamorphosis of Mankind. One hour of excerpts from the ensuing discussions is included.

2. RADICAL PACIFISM. One of the most stimulating meetings of the WRL Forum Series, April 1966. Speakers are Glen Smiley, FOR; Derek Mills, SANE; Eric Weinberger, CNVA. (Smiley 14 min, Mills 11 min, Weinberger 13 min, and discussion.)

1 hour—\$4

3. WRL DINNER 1966. In April, Professor Mulford Q. Sibley presented the annual WRL Peace Award to Norman Thomas. Note: Present stock of this tape is at 7 1/2 ips. Specify if 3 3/4 ips is required. (Sibley 25 min; Thomas 35 min.)

1 hour—\$4

4. REPORT FROM SAIGON. The Manhattan Center meeting, May 1966, at which A.J. Muste and I.F. Stone report on their respective trips to Saigon. Isaac Deutscher then dis-

cusses the international implications of the war. (Muste 30 min; Stone 30 min; Deutscher 40 min.)

1 1/4 hours—\$6

5. DELLINGER—PICKUS DIALOGUE. The thorny topic of coalition was the theme of an intensive two-day WRL Conference in June 1966. The main speakers are Dave Dellinger and Bob Pickus. Comments also from Sam Coleman and Bill Davidson and a masterful summing up by A.J. Muste. (Dellinger 30 min; Pickus 35 min; Coleman 30 min; Davidson 5 min; Muste 20 min.)

2 hours—\$6

6. REPORT FROM HANOI. A.J. Muste, the chairman of this December 1966 meeting at Community Church was late in arriving because of what proved to be his last arrest for Civil Disobedience. After A.J.'s brief introduction Dave Dellinger presents an eye-witness report of conditions in North Vietnam. (Muste 3 min; Dellinger 60 min.)

1 hour—\$4

7. BAYARD RUSTIN. In superb form right after the 1964 March on Washington, Bayard Rustin offers a masterly analysis of the non-violent approach to Civil Rights, including such specific tactics as creative disorder, angelic troublemaking and peaceful dislocation.

1 hour—\$4

8. WRL DINNER. It was a lucky day when we unearthed this one—A.J. Muste in April 1965 giving a full report on his Stockholm trip before presenting the annual WRL Peace Award to Bayard Rustin, who accepts with a Civil War freedom song. Milton Mayer provides an outrageously funny conclusion. (Gottlieb 5 min; Muste 30 min; Rustin 10 min; Mayer 25 min.)

1 1/4 hours—\$5

9. SAIGON PROJECT. Reports by four of the six participants in the April 1966 Saigon mission: Brad Lyttle on the actual events; Bill Davidson on the distortions of the press coverage; Sherry Thurber on their contacts with the Vietnamese; A.J. Muste with a political analysis. (A few moments of A.J.'s talk were lost during a reel change at the meeting.) The discussion period—given in its entirety—features a good deal more of A.J. (Lyttle 50 min; Davidson 20 min; Thurber 15 min; Muste 25 min; discussion 30 min.)

2 1/2 hours—\$7.50

10. A.J. MUSTE MEMORIAL. This is a three hour program presented by WBAI, the Pacifica Radio Station in New York, in honor of A.J. Muste who had died three weeks earlier on February 11, 1967. The first half is a memorial meeting at Community Church on February 13, 1967 originally scheduled with A.J. as chairman to launch the Spring Mobilization. The second half consists of Steve Post interviewing a group of A.J.'s coworkers at the station the previous evening. Speakers at the meeting were: Dave Dellinger, Grace Mora Newman, Barbara Deming, Beverly Sterner, and James Bevel. Those interviewed were: Keith Lampe, David McReynolds, Maris Cakars, Tom Cornell and Ed Lazar. The Broadcast concludes with a song by Pete Seeger and a eulogy by Donald Harrington.

3 hours—\$7.50*

11. VILLAGE THEATRE TRIBUTE and A.J. MUSTE SPEAKS. A memorial meeting for

A.J. Muste was held at the Village Theatre in New York on March 12, 1967. Speakers were: Alfred Hassler, W.H. Ferry, Nat Hentoff, Robert Gilmore, Fred Halsted, George Hauser, Isadore Hoffman, Kay Boyle, David McReynolds, Stewart Meachem, Arnold Johnson, Brad Lyttle, David Miller, I.F. Stone, Tracy Mygat, Frances Witherspoon, Marjorie Swann, and Dave Dellinger. Added to the tape are both the first and the last known recordings of A.J. himself: the first from NBC's opening Town Hall Meeting of the Air, May 30, 1935 on which he represented the Workers Party of the United States (8); the last, two days before his death, speaking at a conference on Conscientious Objection held by the National Lawyers Guild (34 min.)

3 hours—\$7.50*

12. WBAI DOCUMENTARY. A sensitive and moving tribute to A.J. which includes excerpts from a number of A.J.'s own speeches as well as reminiscences, anecdotes and homage from former associates. Narrator and co-producer is Steve Post.

1 1/2 hours—\$5*

13. QUAKER MEMORIAL MEETING. On February 20, 1967 a memorial service for A.J. Muste was held after the manner of friends. Some of the speakers were Robert Gilmore, Norman Thomas, John Nevin Sayre, Bayard Rustin, Jim Peck, and Brad Lyttle. Unfortunately the recording facilities were rather poor and much editing was required.

1 hour—\$4*

14. DEVI PRASAD. A report on the peace movement around the world given in April 1967 at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, Santa Barbara, California, by Devi Prasad, Secretary of the War Resisters International. Question period included. Dubbed from a KPFF broadcast.

1 hour—\$4

15. WRL DINNER 1967. Ralph DiGia presents the annual WRL Peace Award to Barbara Deming. Guest speaker Devi Prasad reports on international activities in the peace movement and on his own U.S. tour. (DiGia 15 min; Deming 15 min; Prasad 15 min.)

1 hour—\$4

16. PRISON. Ralph DiGia, a World War II CO, Sam Coleman, a McCarthy era victim, and Terry Sullivan, a recently released draft resister discuss and compare various aspects of prison life (work, leisure, food, homosexuality, etc.) in several types of Federal institutions. This tape, with David McReynolds as moderator, was made specifically for the benefit of all those young men who may be facing a similar experience.

2 hours—\$6

17. GALLIMAUFURY. Leonard Brown of KPFF interviews Gordon Mustain, a returned Vietnam veteran now a pacifist as the direct result of having been forced to kill an 18-year-old Vietnamese boy. The dramatic impact is intensified by striking audio techniques.

1 hour—\$4

Order from: War Resisters League, 5 Beekman Street, New York, N.Y. 10038

*Tapes 10, 11, 12, and 13—the entire A.J. Muste Memorial Series—may be purchased as a set for \$20.

The War Resisters League (WRL) was founded in 1923 and is the American section of the War Resisters International, a worldwide pacifist movement.

The Committee for Nonviolent Action (CNVA) was founded in 1958 to sponsor imaginative nonviolent direct action projects for peace.

The N.Y. Workshop in Nonviolence is a local New York City pacifist direct action group which functions as an affiliate of both CNVA and the WRL. General meetings open to everyone are held on the first Wednesday of each month at 8:00 p.m. at 5 Beekman St. Coordinator: Allan Solomonow. (Telephone: 212-227-5535)

Local WRLs and Workshops are being formed across the country. Contact one in your area:

Atlanta Workshop in Nonviolence, P.O. Box 7477, Atlanta, Georgia 30309. (Telephone: 875-9449)

Chicago Workshop, 1608 W. Madison, Chicago Ill. (Telephone: 312-HA.7-2533)

Monterey WRL, 365 Spruce, Pacific Grove, Calif. (Telephone: 375-7750)

New England CNVA, RFD 1, Box 197B, Voluntown, Conn. (Telephone: 203-376-9970)

Philadelphia CNVA, 1526 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. (Telephone: 215-LO.7-8770)

Portland WRL, 52 N.W. Macleay, Portland, Ore. (Telephone: 222-4642)

War Resisters League - Western Region, 514 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif. 94117

War Resisters League of Southern California, 1046 N. Sweetzer, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069

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SAN FRANCISCO: Jean Pelletieri, 2030 Franklin St., No. 501

SEATTLE: Sue D. Gottfried, 4811 N.E. 107th St.

WASHINGTON, D.C.: Rod Robinson, 3 Thomas Circle NW

Beginning last issue, we're listing correspondents in various centers of peace action. If you've been wondering why WIN carries too little or no news from your area, chances are it's because nobody has volunteered to send it to us. So, how about you?

"There Is No Way to Peace/PEACE Is the Way" - A.J. Muste: A button designed and produced as a memorial to Rev. Muste by high school students of Great Neck, L.I. Proceeds to go to the WRL. 25¢ each, 5/\$1. Use facing coupon.

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THE POLITICS OF ESCALATION IN VIETNAM, by Franz Schurmann, Peter Dale Scott, Reginald Zelnik. (Foreword by Arthur Schlesinger Jr., special endorsement by John Kenneth Galbraith.) A factual look at the spurious "peace offensives." 60¢.

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 Albuquerque, N.M., U.N.M. Campus, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Amherst, Mass., Amherst Center, Sun., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Atlanta, Ga., Five Points, Fri., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Babylon, N.Y., Grove's Sq., Sat., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Baltimore, War Memorial Plaza, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Bedford Village, N.Y., Village Green, Sun., 10:45 a.m. - 12:15 p.m.
 Bellingham, Wash., Federal Bldg., Fri., 3:30 - 4:30 p.m.
 Bennington, Vt., Main & N. Smith Sts., Fri., 5:00 - 6:00 p.m.
 Berkeley, Calif., City Hall, Sun., 12:30 - 1:30 p.m.
 Boston, Old State House, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Brunswick, Maine, Mall, Sun., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Bryn Mawr, Pa., Post Office, Tues., 11:00 a.m. - noon
 Carbondale, Ill., Student Union (north entrance), Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Champaign-Urbana, Ill., Green and Wright Sts., Thurs., 11:45 a.m. - 12:15 p.m.
 Chapel Hill, N.C., opposite Post Office, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Charlotte, N.C., Post Office, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Chicago, Civic Center Plaza (Picasso statue), Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Chicago, Hutchinson Court, U. of Chicago, Wed., 12:15 - 12:45 p.m.
 Chicago, State St., Madison & Washington, Sat., 11:00 a.m. - 1:00 p.m.
 Claremont, Cal., Pomona College, Thur., 12:30 - 1:00 p.m.
 Cleveland, Soldier and Sailor Monument, Sat., 12:15 - 1:15 p.m.
 College Park, Md., Main Library, U. of Md., Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Columbia, Mo., Student Union, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Columbus, O., Student Union, Ohio State U., Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Cortland, N.Y., Post Office, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Corvallis, Oreg., Oreg. State U., Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Dayton, O., 2nd & Ludlow, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Denver, Cherry Creek shopping center, Sat., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Del-Mar, Calif., Post Office, Sat., 11:00 - noon
 Denver, Colo., 16th & Court Pl., Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 East Hartford, Conn., Pratt & Whitney, Thur., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Easton, Pa., Center Square, Sat., 11:00 a.m. - noon
 Eugene, Oreg., City Park, Sat., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Everett, Wash., Federal Bldg., Wed., 12:30 - 1:30 p.m.
 Fayetteville, Ark., Maple & Campus Dr., Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Flushing, N.Y., Quaker Meeting House, Sat., 1:00 - 3:00 p.m.
 Flushing, N.Y., Queens College, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Freeport, N.Y., Post Office, Sun., 1:00 - 2:00 p.m.
 Great Neck, N.Y., Shorewood Dr., Thomaston (Post Office) Sat.,
 11:00 a.m. - 1:00 p.m.
 Greensboro, N.C., Post Office, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Hanover, N.H., on the green, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Hartford, Conn., Old State House, Wed. & Sat., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Hemet, Calif., Post Office, Sat., 11:00 a.m. - noon
 Highland Park, Ill., public library, Sat., 12:30 - 1:00 p.m.
 Honolulu, Hawaii, Varney Circle, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Ithaca, N.Y., downtown Post Office, Sat., 11:00 - noon
 Iowa City, Iowa, Washington & Clinton St., Wed., noon - 12:30 p.m.
 Irvine, Calif., lower plaza coffee shop, U. of C., Mon., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Jenkintown, Pa., York Rd. & West Ave., Sat., 1:00 - 2:00 p.m.; Thurs.,
 11:15 a.m. - 12:15 p.m.
 Kensington, Cal, Sun., 11:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.
 La Jolla, Calif., Post Office, Sat., 11:00 a.m. - noon
 Lancaster, Pa., Penn Square, Sat., 11:00 a.m. - noon
 Laguna Beach, Calif., public library, Sat., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Little Rock, Ark., Federal Bldg., Fri., 4:00 - 5:00 p.m.
 Louisville, Ky., Guthrie Green, Mon., 4:30 - 5:30 p.m.
 Lynbrook, N.Y., Post Office, Sun., 1:00 - 2:00 p.m.
 Los Angeles, New Federal Bldg., 300 N. Los Angeles, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Los Angeles, UCLA Campus, election walk, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Madison, N.J., Madison Borough Hall, Sun., 12:15 - 12:45 p.m.
 Media, Pa., Old Post Office, Thurs., 11:15 a.m. - 12:15 p.m.
 Miami, Public Library, Biscayne & Flagler, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Miami Beach, Lincoln Mall & Washington Ave., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Middletown, Conn., Episcopal Church, Main St., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Milwaukee, Wisc., Fed. Bldg./Post Office, Sat., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Minneapolis, University & 17th St., S.E., Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Monterey, Cal., Colton Hall, Sat., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Montpelier, Vt., Wed., noon - 2:00 p.m.
 Mt. Kisco, N.Y., Bedford U., Sun., 10:45 a.m. - 12:15 p.m.
 Nanuet, N.Y., Rt. 59 & Middletown Rd., Sat., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 New Brunswick, N.J., 118 Church St., Sat., 11:00 a.m. - noon
 New Haven, Conn., Church & Elm Sts., Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 New Orleans, Elk Pl. & Canal, Sat., noon - 12:30 p.m.
 New York, N.Y., 168th St. & Broadway, Wed., 5:00 - 7:00 p.m.
 New York, Times Square, Sat., 12:30 - 2:30 p.m.
 New York, women only, 6th Ave. & 8th St., Sat., 11:30 a.m. - 1:00 p.m.
 New York, Washington Square Arch, Sun., 10:15 - 10:45 a.m.
 Norman, Okla., Student Bldg., Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Northampton, Mass., on the Green, Sun., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Oakland, Calif., 15th & San Pablo, Sat., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Oakland, Calif., Oakland Memorial Plaza, Sat., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Oberlin, O., Tappan Square, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Oklahoma City, Okla., County Court House, Fri., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Palo Alto, Calif., Stanford shopping center, Sat., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Pasadena, Post Office, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Peoria, Ill., Bradley Hall, Bradley U., Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Philadelphia, City Hall, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Philadelphia, Houston Hall Plaza, U. of P., Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Phoenix, Ariz., Federal Bldg., Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Pittsburgh, Stanwix St. at Liberty Ave., Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Pittsburgh, Stephen Foster Hall, U. of Pittsburgh, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Pomona, Calif., Sat., 11:00 a.m. - noon
 Port Chicago, Calif., waterfront entrance, every day, 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.
 Port Washington, N.Y., Post Office, Mon., 3:45 - 4:45 p.m.
 Portland, Ore., park next to Portland State College, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Princeton, N.J., Nassau St., Sun., 10:00 a.m. - 11:00 a.m.
 Princeton, N.J., Palmer Sq., Sat., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Princeton, N.J., Washington Rd. & Prospect St., Wed., 12:15 - 1:00 p.m.

Providence, R.I., Westminster Mall, Thurs., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Raleigh, N.C., Main Post Office, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Richmond, Calif., Civic Center, Sat., 11:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.
 Richmond, Ind., Earlham College, Wed., 12:15 - 1:00 p.m.
 Ridgewood, N.J., Van Neste Sq., Sat., 11:00 a.m. - noon
 Riverhead, N.Y., 1300 Ostrander (Rep. Pike's office) Sat., 11:00 a.m.
 Riverside, Calif., on the Mall, Sat., 1:00 - 2:00 p.m.
 Sacramento, Calif., Capitol Mall, weekdays, 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.
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 San Francisco, Federal Bldg., weekdays, 8:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.
 San Francisco, Union Sq., Sat., 1:00 - 3:00 p.m.
 San Jose, Cal., 1st & Clara Sts., Thurs., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Santa Ana, Calif., Prentice Park at 1st St., Sun., 1:00 - 2:00 p.m.
 Santa Barbara, Art Museum, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Seattle Wash., public library, Wed., 12:30 - 1:30 p.m.
 Seattle, Wash., the Hub, U. of Wash., Wed., 12:30 - 1:30 p.m.
 Spokane, Wash., Monroe & Riverside, Wed., 5:00 - 8:00 p.m.
 Springfield, Mass., Court Sq., Sat., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Stamford, Conn., City Hall, Sat., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Stephens Point, Wisc., Post Office, Sat., 11:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.
 Syracuse, N.Y., South Saline & Washington Sts., Wed., noon - 1:45 p.m.
 Tacoma, Wash., Univ. of Puget Sound, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Tempe, Ariz., Hayden Library, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Tucson, Ariz., main Post Office, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Vancouver, B.C., Georgia & Granville Sts., Sat., 12:30 - 1:30 p.m.
 Victoria, B.C., Douglas & Yates, Sat., 1:00 - 2:00 p.m.
 Washington, D.C., 11th St. near F, N.W., Wed., noon - 1:30 p.m.
 Washington, D.C., "The Mall," Catholic U., Thurs., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Washington, D.C., Georgetown U., Thurs., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Waterbury, Conn., The Green, Wed., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Waukesha, Wis., Sat., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 White Plains, N.Y., County Courthouse, Sat., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Whittier, Calif., Greenleaf & Philadelphia, Sat., noon - 1:00 p.m.
 Wilmington, Del., Federal Bldg., Wed., 11:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.
 Wilmington, O., Wilmington College carillon, Wed., 11:50 a.m. - 1:00 p.m.
 Winona, Minn., Post Office, Sat., 11:00 a.m. - noon
 Worcester, Mass., City Hall, Sat, noon - 1:00 p.m.

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This list is only as complete and up to date as we are able to make it with your help. If you know of any vigils which have been changed in time or location or discontinued, or for which we have no listing, please send us that information now. If there is no vigil in your vicinity, and you would like to start one, let us know that also, and we will do whatever we can to help you.—Eds.

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