

--- SOLIDARITY

FOR WORKERS' POWER

Volume 2 Number 11

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THE KING IS DEAD

The present crisis in CND is primarily one of confidence between the leadership and the ranks. In the last few issues of 'Solidarity' we have documented the growth of opposition first in Witney CND, later in Lambeth YCND, Kent YCND, and a number of other areas. Since Aldermaston this opposition has steadily increased. Bristol CND has sent in a resolution expressing 'grave dissatisfaction at the action of the CND Executive and Canon Collins in disassociating themselves from the revelations by the Spies for Peace'. Hull CND 'request the Executive to consider replacing the Canon as the Campaign's spokesman'. Kent Region CND refer to 'the public attitude taken by prominent individual members of the National Executive and in particular Canon Collins, as contrary to the spirit and purpose of the Campaign'. Twickenham CND and many other groups have also criticized the leadership.

The leadership is generally felt to be timid, unimaginative, and striving desperately to remain respectable in the face of an increasingly radical rank-and-file challenge. It is also being criticised for its bureaucratic attempts to retain control of the movement. In response to this growing restlessness various manoeuvres are afoot. A sacrifice of the Priest King is being planned with all the appropriate ritual. His closest associates plan to replace him with what they take to be a less discredited leadership (namely themselves). Restricted meetings and conferences are taking place in the Russell Hotel and elsewhere. 'Limited circulation' bulletins are circulating in an unlimited manner. Permutations and combinations are being openly discussed. A palace revolution seems in the air.

A palace revolution would however solve nothing. The replacement of Canon Collins by Peggy Duff, Ritchie Calder, Anthony Greenwood, Fenner Brockway, Donald Soper or J.D. Bernal would be about as meaningful as the forthcoming change in the leadership of the Conservative Party. Councillor Peggy Duff, for example, is chairman of the Labour-controlled St. Pancras Borough Council Civil Defence Committee. As such she participates in the whole elaborate fraud of Civil Defence. And Peggy Duff's attitude during the recent Aldermaston March - and in particular her desperate attempt to prevent the demonstration outside RSG 6 - are well known. It is obvious from all these people say and do that they don't stand for different things. They stand for marginally different ways of doing the same thing. Their whole outlook is deeply rooted in traditional politics. It is hostile to anything unconstitutional (which is bad enough) and to anything which they cannot themselves control (which is even worse).

CND is a broad movement, comprising many different tendencies. The solution to its problems is not for any one tendency to assume control and then seek to utilise this control for imposing its political line on

the movement. This is precisely the cause of the present malaise. Any such plan would have to seek to convert CND into something which it is not. It would be doomed to failure. It could only lead to mass demoralisation and to a mass withdrawal of support.

The only solution is surely to allow the movement to develop with its own momentum, and through the assimilation of its own experiences.

We are claiming no special rights. Our eyes are not set on the fruits of office. It is not a question of a movement in the image of 'Solidarity'... or in the image of any other tendency for that matter. It is a question of a climate of opinion where all tendencies, however heretical, are not only tolerated but are welcome. Only on this basis can CND remain a viable mass movement.

A 'leadership' which denounces, denigrates or 'dissociates itself' from its more radical rank and file only succeeds in showing how little it has understood the dynamic of CND. It fails to grasp what has kept CND a mass movement at a time of unparalleled, increasing and fully justified contempt for traditional politics.

SOLIDARITY PAMPHLETS

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WHAT'S WRONG AT FORDS

The Ford workers have received a major defeat. It would be tempting to place the entire blame for this defeat on the 'betrayal' of the union leaderships. Unfortunately things are not as simple. Real life never is.

It would also be easy to place the responsibility for the defeat on the lack of militancy of the Joint Shop Stewards Committee. But even that explanation doesn't fully fill the bill. Both analyses are partly true - but they are not the whole truth. Another important factor - possibly the most important factor - was and still is, the relationship between the Dagenham Shop Stewards Committees and the men in the shops.

1. THE GROWING CLEAVAGE.

For years the Communist Party has played a dominant role at Dagenham. No one can dispute that many of its members are the salt of the earth, the cream of militants at Fords. However side by side with this, the Communist Party as a party must take the lion's share of responsibility for the slowly growing cleavage between the men and the Shop Stewards Committees.

One of the factors contributing to this cleavage has been the Party's repeated use of Committees under its control to push its own policy and interests in a way which has alienated the Committees from the mass of ordinary workers. The sort of things I have in mind are the frequent sending of well-publicised donations to 'front' organizations, and the sending to various places of delegations 'on behalf

of Ford workers', often on issues on which the mass of Ford workers themselves are either apathetic or hostile.

Another factor contributing to the cleavage has been the constant subordination of the interests of Ford workers to the political interests of the Communist Party. For example no action is ever encouraged that might embarrass or affect the electoral prospects of any of the many local and national trade union officials who are members or supporters of the Communist Party. In the AEU alone these include Reg Birch, Bill McLoughlin, Vic Wymans, H. Lyall. There are many others in other unions.

Among actions in the same category was the suspension of the production of the 'Ford Worker', the paper of the Joint Shop Stewards Committee, because it allegedly interfered with the sales of Party publications and the political work of the Party.

2. SOWING ILLUSIONS.

The Party has also contributed in sowing illusions in the role of the Trade Union officials. For example the pamphlet 'What's Wrong at Fords' (published by the Joint Ford Shop Stewards Committee) can end with a call to 'Press your union executive for action now'... and this after a whole series of unparalleled actions by the union officials against the interests of the men. The Party has always been defensive about unofficial action, autonomous job organization, and on the whole question of whether it is in the interests of workers to increase production.

These attitudes are clearly shown in the publications of the Communist Party. For example its policy statement 'Men and Motors' calls for the 40 hour week, three weeks holiday with pay, the reduction of purchase tax on cars (!), etc, etc. But it makes no analysis of the importance of unofficial actions - which constitute at least 95% of the total disputes in the car industry. It says nothing about the need to create an industry-wide shop stewards organization. It deals at length with proposals for the amalgamation of the unions into even larger monoliths, but it ignores any discussion on the basic organizational tenets on which the Trade Unions are organized.

3. DIVIDED FACTIONS.

One of the worst features about the Party's role is that its members have worked as a closed faction within the factory. The key decisions for the committees which they control have been taken behind closed doors at Party meetings, without the knowledge or participation of either the mass of Ford workers or even the majority of Ford stewards.

This is not to say that the Communists at Ford are united. Far from it. As long ago as the Communist Party crisis in 1957 there was Kevin Halpin, acting as a front man for the King Street bureaucrats,* (a role he has since played again on several occasions) and Johnnie McLoughlin, the famous victimised bell-ringing shop steward at Briggs, an outspoken opponent of the leadership.**

The divisions persist in 1962-63. It is an open secret that Party members around Halpin were denouncing as 'ultra lefts and trotskyists' other Party members who wanted to carry out an all-out struggle in support of the victimized men, in defiance of King Street instructions for the Party to 'lie low' and leave the men outside the gate. Claude Berridge told one steward who asked him what he was going to do about the sacked men to 'grow up'. He went on to say that some victimizations were inevitable.

4. MILITANCY WITHOUT RESPONSIBILITY.

All this may be objected to on the grounds that certain Party members have made militant statements. But, because of the unreal character of discussions which take place in private,

* Kevin Halpin sat on the 1957 Commission on Inner Party democracy, signing the majority report which came out 100 per cent in support for Democratic Centralism. This Commission was itself a good example of Democratic Centralism in action. Of its 15 members, no less than 11 were full-time Party officials. Only one of the remainder (Halpin) was an industrial worker. A minority report which called for a drastic revision of undemocratic practices within the Communist Party was signed by 3 people: Peter Cadogan, Christopher Hill and Malcolm MacEwen, all of whom have since left the C.P.

** At the 25th (Special) Congress of the Communist Party, in April 1957, McLoughlin interrupted a speech by Rothstein - who was bespattering the opposition inside the Party with insults - and said: 'You are the enemy, you lying old swine!'. Not much homogeneity there, despite the carefully entertained mythology of both the Communist Party and the yellow press.

we have witnessed the phenomenon of militancy without responsibility. These discussions are not based on the consciousness or feeling of the men in the shops. In one recent case, for example, there was a meeting to discuss and decide on action. At this meeting the Briggs and PTA stewards voted against action whereas a number of stewards from the other plants voted in favour of it. Since there was a majority in favour the walkout took place. The better organized and militant PTA and Briggs men came out, whereas the other plants, including some of their more verbally militant stewards, remained at work. The result was a deep loss of confidence in the Shop Stewards Committee, and also a loss of confidence of the various plants with one another.

The point I am trying to make is that stewards should represent the workers who elect them. A 'militant' who fails in this respect is wasting his time. A steward who, for reasons of personal prestige, tries to outbid others in militancy, without reference to the men he represents, can sometimes be as much of a menace to the creation of real job organization as his opposite number, the steward who uses his position as a brake on the struggle in the shop.

If stewards don't represent the workers, it doesn't matter how militant they are. Their efforts are wasted. They cannot substitute themselves for mass consciousness and mass action, however active they may be. The actions of some stewards remind one of people trying to pull themselves up by their own bootlaces.

Bolsheviks and nearly all traditional socialists, including the most right-wing social democrats, share a common conception, namely that the working class must have a leadership (they all mean themselves, of

course!). Bolsheviks and Fabians also share the view that socialist consciousness must be injected into the working class from outside, by an elite. These ideas tend to discourage all local initiative, and to instil into the minds of workers the idea that others will solve their problems for them. They are not only pernicious in a general way. They have also contributed directly to the defeat at Fords.

5. HOW TO REBUILD.

What is important now is that the lessons be learnt and assimilated by as many militants as possible. Job organization at Fords must be rebuilt from the ground up. It must move forward step by step, each step being based on the consciousness, confidence and will of the Ford workers themselves.

This doesn't mean that revolutionaries should pretend to be something else. We leave that to the Communist Party. We believe in absolutely open discussion of the most radical ideas. What we say is that when a revolutionary is elected by the men, he must represent the men, not himself, or the party or sect of which he is a member. He should not act as a little tin god and build up his own little mystique of leadership. On the other hand, he should state his own opinions absolutely openly and honestly.

The solution to the situation at Fords is not for the Communist Party - or any alternative leadership - to be twice or twenty times as militant. The real solution lies in the development of an entirely different organizational attitude, one which will help build the Stewards Committees into a homogeneous whole, accurately reflecting the feeling of the men.

It is very easy to make militant demands, especially when you have no responsibility. 'Solidarity' could of course present demands on behalf of Ford workers which are even more 'militant' (and even more remote from the real fee-

lings of Ford workers) than are those presented by anyone else. Unfortunately this is not what is needed. What lies ahead is an uphill job. Our ideas about it should at least be clear.

KEN WELLER.

about ourselves

Another long delay! No apologies. Our reasons were many. The police have been taking an unusual interest in our activities and several of our supporters and associates have had their homes searched. This has caused quite a bit of disruption (it makes an interesting difference to be on the receiving end!). The cops seem to think we can help them with certain enquiries. We cant. And if we could, we wouldn't. Questions to Mr. Profumo might prove more rewarding.

But we haven't been inactive. We have contributed certain sections to the new joint pamphlet advertised on p.16. We have reprinted 'The Meaning of Socialism', which has now sold well over 1,000 copies. We have also done a fair amount of organizational work. 'Solidarity' speakers have addressed a number of YCND and other groups.

There is now a flourishing autonomous 'Solidarity' group in Reading. They have already produced their first pamphlet 'Civil Defence and Direct Action - How to make the most of your Council meetings' (price: 6d., available from: H. Jackson, 1c, Bulmershe Rd., Reading). Their second venture - also on Civil Defence - is on the stocks.

We have just been notified of the formation of another autonomous 'Solidarity' group, in Glasgow. They have just published their first leaflet entitled 'MASS ACTION OR MASS GRAVES'. Developments are pending in other parts of the country too.

The circulation of the paper has steadily increased. The Aldermaston special sold 1,600 copies. This was of course higher than our average. But we still need money. Despite a fairly encouraging response to our last appeal we need still more to help us bring out two important books: one is on 'The Hungarian Revolution' by Andy Anderson, the other on 'The Revolutionary Movement under Modern Capitalism' by Paul Cardan.

We also need many more subscribers (9/- for 12 issues, post free, from our publisher). We feel we are only reaching a fraction of our potential readership. Why not help us by ordering a dozen or more copies, on a sale or return basis?

BEYOND COUNTING ARSESES

On February 9 and 10, 1963, the Committee of 100 held an important conference in London to plan the way forward in the struggle against the Bomb. A number of individuals and ad hoc groups submitted documents for discussion. One such document, called 'BEYOND COUNTING ARSESES' was signed by eight active Committee members. It called on the Committee to initiate, amongst other things, a campaign of civil disobedience in print. It was distributed to the 150 or so people attending the conference from various regions. We understand the text has since been discussed in a number of CND and Committee of 100 groups.

Immediately after the Aldermaston March, with its great demonstration at RSG 6, the signatories were 'visited' by the Special Branch - then busy looking for the 'Spies'. Their homes were thoroughly searched, but we understand the authors were unable to help the police in their enquiries.

Some time later copies of 'B.C.A.' even reached Fleet Street. In mid-April, the Daily Herald mysteriously referred to it and did its (modest) best to scare its dutiful readers with gruesome tales of delinquent disrupters. On April 28, the Sunday Telegraph reprinted certain passages out of context, the better to incite sundry retired colonels, police brass and other top people against the young pamphleteers. It mentioned nothing of course of the careful analysis which had preceded the 'blood-curdling' conclusions.

In reprinting this four-month old text in full, we hope to help redress the balance. The police have copies. We are therefore telling them nothing. The press have already quoted the more 'disruptive' passages in full. But only in order to smear. We feel a wider public is entitled to know the full argument and to judge for itself.

At a time when support for unilateralism is certainly not falling off, the anti-war movement is suffering from a general malaise.

In this document a group of members and supporters of the London Committee of 100 criticise the two unilateralist organizations in Britain, and try to suggest a way forward.

C N D

Bureaucracy

CND nationally is dominated by a bureaucratic and largely self-perpetuating leadership, and is more and more resembling the traditional political parties of 'left' and 'right'. Its recent document 'Three Steps to Peace' is a classical instance of a leadership, without reference to its own supporters, betraying the very principles on which its movement was based.

The Campaign has done a useful job developing a mass awareness of the danger of nuclear war. But its whole emphasis on 'pressurising' politicians, on winning Conference majorities, on calling for summit conferences, etc, is based on a profound illusion and condemns the movement to an impotence now perceived by thousands.

We live in an increasingly authoritarian society, in which the powers that be are quite capable of coping with opposition directed through the traditional channels. These traditional channels of protest have themselves become built-in stabilisers of the whole society.

Annual Conference

The introduction of an annual policy-making conference, long opposed by the National Executive, has proved to be a dead letter. At the first such conference in 1961 a resolution demanding Russian and American unilateralism was carried. The Executive took no notice and succeeded in getting it reversed the following year.

In 1962 the resolution on industrial action against the Bomb was first played down by the Executive and then misinterpreted so as to make it quite innocuous.

Red Square

The opposition of the CND leadership towards the demonstration in Red Square is typical of a hatred of any radical action. Sidney Silverman and Canon Collins, breaking off their 'valuable' discussions with Khrushchev, flew back from Moscow a day early in order to denounce the wreckers. They refrained from criticising the demonstration only when they realized the favourable impression it had created at home.

Sterility

People steeped in traditional political thought (and this includes the C.P.) are increasingly dominating CND at policy-making levels, helping the trend towards bureaucratisation. Although many CND groups remain active and in many cases extremely radical, CND has degenerated as an organization beyond the point where it is worth trying to reform it.

Some of the proposals now being voiced to convert CND into a membership organization (presumably giving the Executive the power to expel dissident members and control local policy) illustrate the extent to which CND is following the path of the Labour Party and the official Trades Unions structure into political sterility.

THE COMMITTEE OF 100 AND ITS ILLS

Return to Tradition

All radical groups have a tendency to revert to traditional forms of action and thought. This is due to the all-pervading influence of the environment in which they try to work. It can only be countered by an awareness of the danger and a constant resistance to it. In the Com-

mittee of 100, recent proposals to lobby local councils about Civil Defence, hold fasts and vigils, put pressure on the churches and work through CND are all examples of this trend.

The day after Wethersfield the Daily Worker urged the peace movement to follow the Committee's revolutionary challenge by sending telegrams to the Foreign Ministers' Conference. After the Cuban demonstrations the London Committee did in fact send telegrams to K, K, and Mac. The contrast between traditional and revolutionary politics could hardly be more striking.

Lack of common ground

The Committee's basic weakness is the lack of common ground among its members and supporters. When it was formed in October 1960, apart from its unilateralism it was agreed on one thing only: a specific form of action - the mass sit-down. Two and a half years later

it is doubtful whether even this remains to unite us.

Meaningless compromise

Another weakness of the Committee, again arising from its basic lack of common ground, is that it has taken its libertarian methods of organization to absurd extremes. The way in which a determined minority can prevent any decisions being reached has paralysed the

London and National Committees for some months. The result has usually been compromises that have pleased few and satisfied none. The Committee's continual production of innocuous leaflets is a case in point.

Chaotic Organization

There is a dangerous tendency for the Committee to leave its decisions to be implemented by others, and to pass pious resolutions. The very process of decision-making has become ridiculously diffuse: one proposal may be flung back and forth between the National Committee

its Planning and Working Groups, Regional Committees, Area Working Groups, and so on. This allows splendid opportunities for minority blocking, and people become so sick of the original idea that nothing eventually gets done. Both the Red Square and the London demonstrations over Cuba took place in spite of rather than through the Committee's normal structure.

Leadership or Democracy?

The do-it-yourself philosophy which the Committee has developed is in flat contradiction to its reliance on Big Names. The Committee of 100 has become mesmerised by Bertrand Russell as its spokesman. In August 1962 a press statement from him, saying that he wished the

September 9th demonstration cancelled, had the effect of an ultimatum: an ultimatum that was accepted by the Committee in the face of enormous opposition from its own militants.

The way in which the Committee has been damaged by the resignations of Vanessa Redgrave and Bertrand Russell is a measure of the extent to which we have used the publicity value of Big Names rather than carefully formulating our own collective ideas.

Back to the Womb?

Within the Committee of 100 important conflicts are never resolved. We prefer to paper them over. Those who see the Committee purely as being against the Bomb are returning to traditional forms of ideas, action and organization. Others want the Committee to develop along wider and more radical lines. In this situation the result is stagnation, and we are even beginning to set up and adhere to our own traditions. The perennial back-to-the womb suggestion for a mass sit-down in Whitehall is one example.

The Committee of 100 today has perhaps three real assets: a rapidly diminishing reputation, a valuable fund of experience in the technique of illegal demonstration, and a body of supporters prepared to take radical action.

Resting on our history

The Committee of 100 has made history. The first sit-down, September 17th and the Public Order Act, Wethersfield and the Old Bailey trial, the Red Square demonstration and the leaflet 'Against ALL bombs' are solid bases for future action. But we can no longer afford to rest on this history. There are few examples of radical action initiated by the Committee's central structure in the last twelve months.

A CLARIFICATION OF OBJECTIVES

We don't want to get blown up.

We started off as a movement against 'The Bomb'. This struggle has led us to realise that our opponent is the state itself, and the social and economic interests it protects.

The Warfare State

We discovered (some of us with surprise) that our rulers, their government, their police, their courts and their press, act as a team to smash any real challenge to their bomb. We realised that the Labour Party and the Trades Union hierarchies are not alternatives to the established order. They are as much parts of the machinery of preservation as is Parliament itself.

We have had to learn, slowly and painfully and incompletely, that a solution to our problems can only come from ourselves. Neither Parliament, the knights of the TUC or the National Executive of CND can succeed on our behalf.

Pilgrimage

The annual pilgrimage from Aldermaston should surely be welcome to the government, for it ensures that our energies are not diverted into more 'dangerous' paths. (Let us hope that Aldermaston 1963 will change this tradition).

Other struggles

The discovery that the Bomb is not an isolated cancer within an otherwise healthy society, but is in itself an example of society's basic rottenness, gives us common ground with those who are reaching similar conclusions about society from their involvement in other struggles.

Direct action in industry

The shop stewards' movement and groups of militants in industry daily face misrepresentation by the mass media, the obstruction of their 'officials', the Special Branch, and even court action in much the same way that we have. We have both heard the same kinds of screams from the establishment and the traditional left: 'undemocratic! subversive! Beatnik! Wildcat!'. We are both drawing, tentatively, the same sorts of conclusions about society.

An ultimate expression

We cannot know which particular struggle will open the most eyes. We do know that each partial struggle is a part of the same fight. It is the involvement of people in many different issues that will finally raise the consciousness of the majority to the point where it can effectively challenge the state. Thousands of people are already involved in the fight against the Bomb, because it is the ultimate expression of the way the state prevents us from living our own lives.

A MASS MOVEMENT?

Self-hypnosis

We have allowed the expression 'mass movement' to hypnotise us. Certainly, there is little to be achieved as a traditional small pressure group. But mass action does not have to mean a yearly orgasm in Whitehall or public conscience-washing in Trafalgar Square. We have been bedevilled by two contradictions. We have demanded mass action, and only seen this in terms of masses of people acting at one place and at one time. We have looked for new ideas, and yet imprisoned ourselves in the mass sit-down.

Towards a real mass movement

We believe that a mass movement means a continuous day-to-day struggle waged by vast numbers of ordinary people against the state in all its forms.

We do not say that same-place-same-time mass action has no further part to play in our movement. We cannot see it as an end in itself.

BEYOND COUNTING ARSES

A ritual
pas-de-deux

Although the Committee of 100 has been extremely radical in its time, we now seem reduced to demonstrations consisting of a ritual pas-de-deux with the police. The Committee accepts its role, and the authorities impose their own very tangible control over how far resistance goes. ('All right son. You've made your point. Now walk along nicely into court'.)

At Wethersfield the state was so scared that it brought out the troops. At Greenham Common we queued up to be arrested.

In the past our yardstick of success has usually been the total column inches in the Guardian or the number of arrested arses. We need new criteria on which to judge our actions.

Some valid
criteria

We must attempt to hinder the warfare state in every possible way. A strike at a rocket factory, although not an immediate prospect, would succeed in this respect. The demonstration against Polaris caused the U.S. Navy to press for the Proteus' withdrawal. Secondly, we must make clear the relationship between the Bomb and other issues. The Industrial Sub-committee's leaflet on the rail strike shows what can be achieved in this direction, and the recent demonstration at Newington Lodge by the S.E. London Committee is a further welcome departure.

Thirdly, we must make clear the relationship between the Bomb and the state as a whole. At Wethersfield the state used armed troops and barbed wire. As Pat Pottle said, the mask was off. Fourthly, we must try to capture the imagination of ordinary people, as did the Honington slogan 'Plough Up All Bases!'.
THE HONINGTON SLOGAN

Most important of all, our actions must always be of the do-it-yourself type. We must understand that a victory won as a result of a struggle is valuable in itself. It heightens the self-confidence and self-reliance of those who have participated in it. This is part of our general thesis that means adopted profoundly influence the ends achieved.

SOME PROPOSALS

Civil disobedience
in print

The Committee of 100 should announce that it intends to unmask and publicise the most secret preparations of the Warfare State. We should publicly urge people to send us such information in confidence. We should undertake to publish the location of rocket bases and what goes on in the germ warfare centres. We must give details about the secret hide-outs of 'civil' defence - and the secretly kept lists of those who will be catered for in the event of nuclear war. We should publish the names of the emergency government 'gauleiters' and details of phone-tapping and of the activities of the Special branch. The campaign against the Bomb must be linked to a great struggle for the protection and extension of our civil liberties.

Off with
the lid

As recent events have shown, the Official Secrets Act does not really function to prevent espionage, but to keep the facts from the people of this country. There can be little information that a foreign power can not obtain by bribery, blackmail or plain observation. We propose that the Committee should deliberately take the lid off these facts, and let people know what the state does in their name. It is clear that activities of this sort would have to involve certain measures of secrecy, analogous to those practised by V.N.D.

Resistance

Secondly, we should declare ourselves in favour of all action that disrupts and hinders the nuclear state. We must attempt to weld into a mass campaign individual acts of resistance in the armed forces, in industry or in everyday life. This should include a campaign to form anti-militarist groups and to agitate within the armed forces.

Civil Defence

We should organise mass disruption and exposure of the fraud of civil defence. This could be done by joining civil defence and working from within. The Committee should try to simulate war conditions during civil defence exercises. This might be by means of columns of 'refugees' blocking up the roads, or by mass dislocation of radio and telephone communications. We believe this to be more relevant than sitting outside the Home Office or lobbying local councillors.

Conscription

The possibility of the re-introduction of conscription is a challenge we may soon have to face. We could organise resistance on a scale far exceeding the campaign in France during the Algerian War, and using much of their experience.

Thirdly, we should publicly try to link up with locally organised struggles over conditions of work, increases in rent, etc. This is one case where a simple press statement, a leaflet or a public meeting could have a big impact. Although our ultimate aim should be a recognition of a common cause, we should realise that this is hardly an immediate prospect.

These three proposals we have thought about in some detail. In addition, there are a number of actions large and small which could form part of a campaign such as we envisage. Thousands of people could be involved at varying levels of commitment in activities which are both meaningful in themselves and suited to our present organization and strength.

Illegal publicity (saturation flyposting, stickering and slogan-stamping) can be used to ram home a particular issue. 200 copies of a whitewashed slogan all over a town in one night could have an immense impact.

V.N.D. should be used more aggressively, breaking into or jamming BBC programmes on specific occasions.

From coin-boxes all over London people could be involved in the mass dislocation of military and government telephone systems.

A demonstration at parliament could involve several months action by direct participation in debates or the aerial distribution of leaflets. This could also be done to local councils.

The disruption of the opening of Fylingdales by even the threat of entry into the forbidden danger-zone would cause more consternation in Whitehall than a dozen sit-downs.

We believe that these ideas - fragmentary as they are - can give a purpose to small localised action that at present seems pointless. We must weld into a sustained and coordinated campaign actions within the capabilities of ordinary people.

WE DO NOT BELIEVE IN PASSIVE MARTYRDOM. WE ARE NOT IN THIS MOVEMENT TO OPT OUT OF A BURDEN ON OUR CONSCIENCES BUT TO FIGHT FOR WHAT WE BELIEVE IN.

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painted.

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jail house rock

On Saturday May 18 there was a second Committee of 100 demonstration at the RAF base at Marham. The author of this article was arrested during a spontaneous sit-down, later that day, outside an improvised courtroom, in the neighbouring village of Shouldham.

As we look back on our 7 days in Norwich gaol State Holiday Camp many significant facts come to mind.

The courts at Shouldham were a farce. The State was showing the iron fist in the velvet glove. In one or two cases the Bench remanded people in custody without even hearing what they were charged with. Bail was refused in most cases despite repeated and eloquent attempts by the solicitor, who pointed out that obstruction was a very minor offence.

After an interesting scuffle with two paranoid CID men, the 32 of us were carted from Shouldham to Norwich in a removal van. We got to the prison at about midnight after a long and uncomfortable journey.

The screws had bloody big leather truncheons. We felt they would have no compunction about using them (non-violently, of course!). Yogi, the Chief Officer, told us we would get along fine if we were cooperative. We were given baths and taken to our cells.

In our cell which was a converted class room there were 8 of us, all steaming great nits, I'm glad to say. We were then introduced to the speciality of the prison menu: pre-war corned beef (no kidding!). Also bread and marge; this was laughingly called our supper.

On the Sunday, rather shocked to discover we weren't being served breakfast in bed, six of us went on hunger and water strike, much to the disgust of our less fortunate comrades who boldly faced the still harder ordeal of continuing to eat what was being offered!

What really worried the screws was the heinous crime of Colin Seal who was caught passing tobacco to an ordinary prisoner. He was put on Governor's report. Fortunately (for the Governor) he was let off with a caution.

We refused to work on account of the pay (9d. a day) and so were cooped up in the cell for 23 hours out of 24. We repayed the screws by singing on exercise and at night (which pleased the cons) - and by getting out Solidarity pamphlets on bog paper.

At one point a screw tried to put one comrade in solitary confinement for singing. He quickly changed his mind when we all picked up our bedding and said we were going too. He consoled himself by calling us 'a lot of shit'!

Another highlight of our stay was a visit from the prison doctor, who told us to drop our pants and say 'Ah'. He then walked out, beaming.

By Wednesday, all of us had come off our hunger strike for fear of being too weak to go to court.

All through our stay we were on very friendly terms with the ordinary prisoners, who were treated like animals by the screws. The most important lesson we learnt, I think, was the importance of solidarity, really sticking together, and telling the screws that if they punish one they punish all.

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OUT SHORTLY

RESISTANCE

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LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO TEXAS

by Bill Mensinger.

Art and I were hitch-hiking from Chicago to Mexico City by car and plane. Most people know how you hitch-hike by road, but have never heard of hitch-hiking by air. You really shouldn't try it some time. It's slower, for one thing.

We started at private hangars in various Chicago airports, dressed like Joe College. 'Pardon me, sir. My friend and I are students on our way to Mexico for a vacation and we were wondering if you were flying South, if you could possibly give us a lift part of the way.'

That's how we came on.

After trying all the Chicago airports, we gave up and went to Route 66.

Art is of the petty-bourgeois school of hitch-hikers. He thinks the Joe College get-up will draw rides from people who - as they love to tell you themselves - don't ordinarily pick up hitch-hikers. Besides, Art thinks it's 'nice'. The proletarian school of hitch-hikers, on the other hand, holds that the type of people who don't ordinarily pick up hitch-hikers aren't going very far and are a pain in the ass. People who ordinarily pick up any hitch-hiker drive faster and farther, and make better company.

The chance for an empirical test came on Route 66 outside of Chicago. We stood in our collegiate costume, with neat valises and a corny sign saying 'Mexico or Bust'. A hundred feet up the road was a Negro in work clothes. A car came along, hit the brakes as it passed the Negro, passed us as it slowed down, and stopped ahead of us. We ran up to the car

wondering whether it had stopped for us or the Negro. They really hadn't stopped for either of us. They had stopped to eat their lunch. But they took us to St. Louis anyway.

We decided to try plane hopping again at Dallas, which has the second largest private airport in the Northern Hemisphere. The airport was big and clean, and full of the big, clean people you see in a movie like Giant. Everyone was very nice. 'We'd sho'like to give you boys a ride, but we're flyin' No'th today. Sho' hope you boys get a ride soon.'

The airport was surrounded by flowers and pretty little wooden houses with neatly mowed lawns and lots of little Negro children playing. An all-night cleaner at the airport, a Negro, told us that he would never live in the North where all his brothers and sisters had moved with their families. 'One summer in Harlem was enough for me' he said.

We got a ride with a couple in their thirties flying to Houston (400 miles) for a Sunday bar-B-Q. They said they did that sort of thing all the time. The man looked like Rock Hudson, and his wife looked like Pat Nixon.

Art had been sitting silently. After an hour or so of East Texas, he gave me an ominous nudge. 'Bill', he said, 'I'm sick'. 'Ma'am', he said timidly, 'do you have...'

Mrs. Nixon turned around and caught on at once. 'Sorry, we never take any. We never get sick and we almost always fly alone. Better open one of those throw pillows and hurry.'

Art tried but couldn't make it. He dropped the pillow and pulled his shirt

open. I looked out of the window. Pat and Rock pushed their air vents open.

Art kept apologizing between heaves, saying that if he knew he would get sick he wouldn't have flown. I kept quiet.

'It's still a long way to Houston', Rock said. 'I guess we better let you boys down somewhere. If you stay up here you'll be sick all the way'.

Art looked worried.

I was worried.

Art kept apologizing to Mrs. Nixon, but she kept quiet.

Rock landed on a ranch air-strip in the middle of the brown desert. 'We're sorry boys, but we're in a hurry'. He sounded terribly annoyed. 'There's a telephone in the hangar. We're late. Sorry'. Mrs. Nixon said 'Sorry'. The plane took off and we were alone.

The sky was perfectly clear and blue, and hot as Texas. There was no shade; it was hotter in the hangar than outside. We were surrounded by a perfect circle of nothing.

Art washed himself at the pump while I tried the phone. It didn't work.

I stood in my wash-and-wear suit slowly rotating in the middle of Texas, looking for something anywhere on the horizon. There was what appeared to be a cabin, apparently one to ten miles away. Art rested a long time, then we began to walk.

On the way to the cabin we crossed a dirt road. A car was coming towards us. We stood in the road and waved. It was an old black Ford driven by an old man accompanied by his old wife.

'Say, could you give me and my friend a lift into town?' I asked.

'Nope, we just come from town.'

I tried to explain the situation. We asked if he could drive us to a telephone. He said yes, but that he

couldn't bring us back. Then he drove off.

The cabin turned out to be about two miles off. There were five broken down cars in front of the cabin, rusting as we watched. We expected to see avalanches of fenders and bumpers and cranksides if we talked too loud.

Inside was a man, barefoot, in overalls, and a woman with a herd of small children clinging to her raggy dress. There was a lopsided table still standing, and remnants of furniture lying in heaps on the floor.

The single room was dark for such a bright day, and smelled of cooking and whiskey.

We asked if there was a town nearby. 'Corsicana's the nearest town. I walk there a coupla times a week.' He pointed. 'It's that way. I'd drive ya ther 'ceptin' none of them cars out there is workin' just now.'

'Could I use your phone?'

'Sorry, we ain't got no phone here. Never did.' He looked at Art, who was panting heavily. 'Like to offer you some water, but we ain't got running water here.'

The woman and her children were standing perfectly still, starring at me in my wash-and-wear suit and Art in his suit that would need a lot of washing before it would be fit to wear.

'We saw you land' the man said with a broad smile. His teeth were rotten.

'Wish we could help'.

'Well, thanks', I said.

'Luck'.

We walked down the dusty road toward the town. After a few miles we came across a rusty tractor sitting outside a shed. Art fiddled around and got the tractor going. We rode it another few miles, then sighted an old red barn through the dust. Inside the barn was a Negro man, bending over, drinking water from a trough-like basin. We called out, 'Hello'. He turned and walked toward us.

As soon as we told him our story he began to apologize.

'I don't know how I missed seein' ya land. Maybe I musta been in the barn. I don't hear so good, ya know'

He looked as if he was in a terrible fix. 'Come on. You fellas get in the truck. I'll take ya into town. I'll bring back the tractor. Don't worry about it none. But we gotta hurry, cause I hasta be here when the masta gets back'.

I gave Art a quick look to see if he had heard the word 'masta'. I could tell he had.

The old slave (by all indications that's what he was) drove us quickly and fearfully into the town of Corsicana, Texas. The pick-up truck bounced and rattled so much we could hardly hear what he was saying, but we could hear the refrain, 'Us little men gotta stick together'.

He left us off at a gas station muttering that he 'better hurry back to the ranch before the masta gets there'.

I stood at the corner with my 'Mexico or bust' sign. Art lay in the grass, too weak to stand. We must have made one hell of an impression on the town. People pointed and laughed as they drove past. Although the sign pegged us as college, we looked for the most part like migrant laborers who'd just been in a brawl.

A police car drove past very slowly and parked. I started trembling. A cop walked up and stared at us for a long time.

'You boys is strangers in town.' Was it a statement or a question? I knew I should say 'Yessir', but I thought my voice would crack and the cop would think I was putting him on.

'You boys is going' to have to come with us.'

'We thought hitch-hiking was allowed, sir.'

'I said you boys is goin' have to come with us. That your stuff there?' He nodded at our valises.

'Yes sir'.

When we reached the police car, I turned round and begged. 'Officer, what did we do?' 'Get in the car', the cop said in a terrifyingly soft voice.

While they were emptying our pockets at the police station, I asked 'Are we going to be allowed to make any phone calls?'. The cop behind the desk shook his head no. 'We're supposed to be allowed three calls.' He just shook his head. When he got to our draft cards, he looked up and demanded, 'Which one of you is from New York?'. I nodded. 'You from Chicago?' he asked Art. 'Yes sir'.

We tried to explain about how we got to Corsicana, but they laughed and wouldn't let us finish.

One of the cops brought us to a cell. 'You boys is goin' to stay here' he said.

Six or seven prisoners were there to greet us, but didn't. The cell was as hot as urine and smelled like it. Art lay down on the mattress, breathing heavily, while I paced the cell. The jail was really one big room, partitioned by rows of bars into cells. Our cell had a mattress and a filthy toilet with a basin of 'drinking' water next to it on the floor. A frightening bug, something like a cockroach, crawled out of a hole in the mattress. Now I noticed the wall was covered with roaches. It was classic.

'Goddam those lights. Can't we turn them off?' Art cursed, turning on his side. His arms were covered with large pink blotches.

The prisoner in the next cell, a heavy Negro, walked up to the bars. 'Nope. These here lights is always on'.

'Yeah, them mother-fuckers keep them fuckin' lights on the whole fuckin' night,' added a voice from another cell.

He looked us over. 'What are you in for?' he asked.

'I don't know. We were just standing by the side of the road and they brought us in here.'

'Well, guess you boys will have to see the judge.'

'Is he here tomorrow?'
'Nope. Judge don't come til Tuesday.'

'But that's two days'.
'Nope. It ain't either. He don't come til next Tuesday'. He walked back to his mattress and lay down.

Art groaned and complained about his rashes. I turned to the other side of the cell where the Negro prisoner was hanging on his bars. 'Are we going to get anything to eat?' 'No more today. We got fed half an hour ago. We gets fed two times a day, in the mornin' and in the night and that's it. They never shuts the lights and they never opens the window and that's it.'

He reflected about this for a few moments. 'They got me in here the fourth time this year now. They don't like me in this town.'

I sank down on the floor and lay there feeling terrible for a few hours thinking and knotting my fingers. It got dark outside, but the cell remained as light and hot as ever. I lay on the floor with my eyes shut. When I opened them, the big Negro was at the bars again. He looked like he wanted to talk.

'Don't you worry. They bringin' in guys like you now and then. You gotta be real nice with 'em. Plead. Beg 'em. And look real sick. Maybe they lets ya get our. Can't tell'.

Several hours later a cop came by to poke around in a desk and make some phone calls. When he was about to leave, I jumped up to the bars and said, 'My friend's very sick.'

'We can't let you boys out', he said.

Art scrambled up from his mattress and showed the cop his arms and shoulders, covered with red blotches. 'I'll die if I have to stay here all night,' he whined. I think he meant it.

We begged and pleaded while the Negro stood tense-faced and the cop alternately laughed and scowled.

Finally, he decided to open our cell and let us sit in a chair. I looked at the big wall clock. We had been begging for fifteen minutes.

Now we begged before five or six cops. We said that we hadn't done anything, that we hadn't meant to do anything, that we were sorry for what we'd done. They had us tell our story over and over again. After forty minutes of this they went out to have a conference. The Negro's face had relaxed. He was smiling.

Then the cops returned and led us upstairs. We started walking down a long corridor. I got a sudden vision of being led to the gas chamber and almost bolted. The sight of a water fountain broke my fantasy. Very timidly I asked if I could please, please have a drink. They laughed and granted us permission to drink water.

They opened a door and seated us before a man operating a teletype machine. They told us we were being investigated. We said nothing to that. They told us there was a bus for San Antonio at 12.02. We said nothing for a long time. Then Art asked quietly if we could please, please take the bus.

One cop gave us a long, grave speech about how they had our names and descriptions and if there was any record of us we would be arrested again.

We swore that we had done nothing and said we were sorry.

'You boys still got eight hours before we can finish checkin' you out'.

We pleaded again. The cop laughed and said we didn't look as if we could hurt anybody. We agreed fervently. They marched us downstairs, gave us back our belongings, and told us: 'The bus leaves in ten minutes. Don't come back to Corsicana'.

We picked up our bags, thanked them, and left.

(Reprinted from issue No.2 of 'The Wooden Shoe', obtainable from M. Garson, 1937 $\frac{1}{2}$ Russell St., Berkeley 3, California, USA.)

WHITE GUARDS ? OR WORKERS ? - 5

In this issue we complete our translation of passages of Ida Mett's 'La Commune de Cronstadt', begun in Solidarity II, 6. We hope shortly to reprint the whole series as a pamphlet.

FIRST SKIRMISHES

On March 6, Trotsky addressed an appeal by radio to the Kronstadt garrison:

'The Workers and Peasants Government has decided to reassert its authority without delay, both over Kronstadt and over the mutinous battleships and to put them at the disposal of the Soviet Republic. I therefore order all those who have raised a hand against the Socialist fatherland immediately to lay down their weapons. Those who resist will be disarmed and put at the disposal of the Soviet Command. The arrested commissars and other representatives of the Government must be freed immediately. Only those who surrender unconditionally will be able to count on the clemency of the Soviet Republic. I am meanwhile giving orders that everything be prepared to smash the revolt and the rebels by force of arms. The responsibility for the disasters which will affect the civilian population must fall squarely on the heads of the White Guard insurgents.'

TROTSKY, President of the Military Revolutionary Council of the Soviet Republic.

KAMENEV,* Glavkom (commanding officer).

On March 8, a plane flew over Kronstadt and dropped a bomb. On the following days Government artillery continued to shell the fortress and neighbouring forts but met with stiff resistance. Aircraft dropped bombs which provoked such fury among the civilian population that they started firing back. The Provisional Revolutionary Committee had to order the defenders not to waste their ammunition.

By 1921 the Kronstadt garrison had been markedly reduced. Figures issued by the General Staff of the defenders put the number at 3000. Gaps between infantrymen defending the perimeter were at least 32 feet wide. Stocks of ammunition and of shells were also limited.

* This Kamenev was an ex-tsarist officer, now collaborating with the Soviet Government. He was a different Kamenev from the one shot by the Stalinists in 1936.

During the afternoon of March 3 the Provisional Revolutionary Committee had met in conference together with certain military specialists. A Military Defence Committee was set up which prepared a plan to defend the fortress. But when the military advisers proposed an assault in the direction of Oranienbaum (where there were foodstocks, at Spassatelnaia), the Provisional Revolutionary Committee refused. It was not putting its faith in the military capacity of the sailors; but in the moral support of the whole of proletarian Russia. Until the first shot had been fired the men of Kronstadt refused to believe that the Government would militarily attack them. This is no doubt why the Provisional Revolutionary Committee had not set out to prevent the approach of the Red Army by breaking the ice around the foot of the fortress. For much the same reasons, fortified barrages were not set up along the probable line of attack.

Kronstadt was right. Militarily they could not win. At best, they could have held a fortnight. This might have been important, for once the ice had melted, Kronstadt could have become a real fortress, capable of defending itself. Nor must we forget that their human reserves were infinitesimal, compared with the numbers the Red Army could throw into battle.

DEMORALISATION IN THE RED ARMY

What was morale like in the Red Army at this time? In an interview given to 'Krasnaia Gazeta' Dybenko * described how all the military units participating in the assault on Kronstadt had had to be reorganized. This was an absolute necessity. During the first days of military operations the Red Army had shown that it did not wish to fight against the sailors, against the 'bratichki' (little brothers) as they were known at the time. Amongst the advanced workers the Kronstadt sailors were known as people most devoted to the Revolution. And anyway the very motives that were driving Kronstadt to revolt existed among the ranks of the Red Army. Both were hungry and cold, poorly clad and poorly shod - and this was no mean burden in the Russian winter, especially when what was asked of them was to march and fight on ice and snow.

During the night of March 8, when the Red Army attack against Kronstadt started, a terrible snow storm was blowing over the Baltic. Thick fog made the tracks almost invisible. The Red Army soldiers wore long white blouses which hid them well against the snow. This is how Poukhov ** described morale in infantry regiment 561 in an official communique. The regiment was approaching Kronstadt from the Oranienbaum side.

* Old Bolshevik. President of the Tsentrobalt (Central Committee of the Sailors of the Baltic Fleet) in July 1917. After October Revolution became member of 1st Soviet of Peoples Commissars. Together with Antonov Ovseenko and Krylenko was put in charge of Army and Navy.

** Poukhov: 'The Kronstadt Rebellion of 1921'. State Publishing House, 'Young Guard' edition, 1931. In series 'Stages of the Civil War'.

'At the beginning of the operation the second battalion had refused to march. With much difficulty and thanks to the presence of communists, it was persuaded to venture on to the ice. As soon as it reached the first south battery, a company of the 2nd. battalion surrendered. The officers had to return alone. The regiment stopped. Dawn was breaking. We were without news of the 3rd. battalion, which was advancing towards south batteries 1 and 2. The battalion was marching in file and was being shelled by artillery from the forts. It then spread out and veered to the left of Fort Milioutine, from which red flags were being waved. Having advanced a further short distance it noticed that the rebels had fitted machine guns on the forts and were offering them the choice of surrendering or being massacred. Everybody surrendered, except the battalion commissar and 3 or 4 soldiers who turned back on their steps'.

On March 8, Ouglanov, commissar for the Northern Sector, wrote to the Petrograd Party: 'I consider it my revolutionary duty to clarify you as to the state of affairs on the Northern sector. It is impossible to send the Army into a second attack on the forts. I have already spoken to comrades Lachevitch, Avrov and Trotsky about the morale of the koursantys (cadet officers, deemed most fit for battle). I have to report the following tendencies. The men wish to know the demands of Kronstadt. They want to send delegates to Kronstadt. The number of political commissars on this sector is far from sufficient'.

Army morale was also revealed in the case of the 79th Brigade of the 27th Omsk Division. The division comprised 3 regiments. It had shown its fighting capacities in the struggle against Koltchak. On March 12, the division was brought to the Kronstadt front. The Orchané regiment refused to fight against Kronstadt. The following day, in the two other regiments of the same division, the soldiers organized impromptu meetings where they discussed what attitude to take. Two of the regiments had to be disarmed by force and the 'revolutionary' tribunal imposed heavy sentences.

There were many similar cases. Not only were the soldiers unwilling to fight against their class brothers, but they were not prepared to fight on the ice, in the month of March. Units had been brought from other regions of the country where by mid-march the ice was melting already. They had little confidence in the solidity of the Baltic ice. Those who had taken part in the first assault had seen that the shells from Kronstadt were opening up enormous holes in its surface, in which the unfortunate Government troops were being engulfed. These were hardly encouraging scenes. All this contributed to the failure of the first assaults against Kronstadt.

REORGANISATION

The regiments to be used in the final assault against Kronstadt were thoroughly reorganised. Groups that had shown any sympathy towards Kronstadt were disarmed and transferred to other units. Some were severely

punished by the Revolutionary Tribunal. Party members were mobilised and allocated to various battalions for purposes of propaganda and for reporting back on unsure elements.

Between March 8 and March 15, while the cannons exchanged fire over the ice at Kronstadt, the 10th Party Congress was held in Moscow. The Congress despatched 300 delegates to the front, among them Vorochilov, Boubnov, Zatousky, Roukhimovitch and Piatakov. The 'delegates' were nominated 'political commissars' and appointed to the military sections of the Tcheka or to 'special commissions for the struggle against desertion'. Some just fought in the ranks.

The Revolutionary Tribunals were working overtime. Poukhov describes how 'they would vigorously react to all unhealthy tendencies. Trouble makers and provocateurs were punished according to their deserts'. The sentences would immediately be made known to the soldiers. Sometimes they would even be published in the papers.

But despite all the propaganda, all the reorganisation and all the repression, the soldiers retained their doubts. On March 14 there were further acts of insubordination. Regiment 561, reorganised on March 8, still refused to march. 'We will not fight against our brothers from the same "stanitsas"', they proclaimed.

Small groups of Red Army men surrendered to the rebels and started fighting on their side. Witnesses described how some units lost half their men before even entering the line of fire of the insurgents. They were being machine-gunned from the rear - 'to prevent them surrendering to the rebels'.

Official sources described how issues of the Kronstadt Izvestia were being read with great interest in the Red Army. So were the leaflets distributed by the Kronstadt rebels. Special political commissions were set up to prevent such material from entering the barracks. But this had an opposite effect to the one expected.

Party organizations throughout the country were mobilised. Intensive propaganda was carried out among troops at the rear. The human and material resources available to the government were far greater than those available to Kronstadt. Trains were daily bringing new troops to Petrograd. Many were being sent from the Kirghiz and Bachkir lands (i.e. were composed of men as far removed as possible from the 'Kronstadt frame of mind'). As to the defenders of Kronstadt, their forces were not only diminishing numerically (through losses sustained in fighting), but they were more and more exhausted. Badly clad and half starving the Kronstadt rebels remained at their guns, almost without relief, for just over a week. At the end of this period, many of them could hardly stand.

* Cossack villages. Regiment 560, also composed of Cossacks and Ukrainians was fighting on the side of Kronstadt.

THE FINAL ASSAULT

Aware of these facts - and having taken all necessary measures in relation to organization, supplies and the improvement of morale - Toukhatchevsky, commander of the 7th Army, issued his famous proclamation of March 15. He ordered that Kronstadt be taken, by all-out assault, in the night of March 16 to March 17. Entire regiments of the 7th Army were equipped with hand grenades, white blouses, shears for cutting the barbed wire and with small sleighs for carrying machine guns.

Toukhatchevsky's plan was to launch a decisive attack from the South and then to capture Kronstadt by a massive simultaneous assault from three different directions.

On March 16 the Southern Group opened its artillery barrage at 14.20 hrs. At 17.00 hrs. the Northern Group also started shelling Kronstadt. The Kronstadt guns answered back. The bombardment lasted 4 hours. Aircraft then bombed the city, with a view to creating panic among the civilian population. In the evening the artillery bombardment ceased. The Kronstadt searchlights swept over the ice looking for the invaders.

Towards midnight the government troops had taken up their position and started to advance. At 2.45 am the Northern force had occupied Fort No. 7, abandoned by the Kronstadt defenders. At 4.30 am government troops attacked Forts 4 and 6 but suffered very heavy losses from the Kronstadt artillery. At 6.40 am government officer-cadets finally captured Fort 6.

At 5.00 am the Southern Force launched an attack on the forts facing them. The defenders, overwhelmed, fell back towards the city. A fierce and bloody battle then broke out in the streets. Machine guns were used, at very close range. The sailors defended each house, each attic, each shed. In the town itself they were reinforced by the workers militias. The attacking troops were, for a few hours, thrown back towards the forts and suburbs. The sailors re-occupied the Mechanical Institute, which had been captured early by the 80th government Brigade.

The street fighting was terrible. Red Army soldiers were losing their officers, Red Army men and defending troops were mixing in indescribable confusion. No one quite knew who was on which side. The civilian population of the town tried to fraternise with the government troops, despite the shooting. Leaflets of the Provisional Revolutionary Committee were still being distributed. To the bitter end the sailors were trying to fraternise.

Throughout March 17 the fighting raged on. By the evening the Northern Group had occupied most of the forts. Street fighting continued throughout the night and well into the following morning. One by one the last forts - Milioutine, Constantine and Obroutchev - fell. Even after the last one had been occupied, isolated groups of defenders were still desperately fighting back, with machine guns. Near the Tolbukhin lighthouse a final group of 150 sailors put up a desperate resistance.

THE BALANCE SHEET

Figures issued by the Military Health Authorities of the Petrograd District - and relating to the period between March 3 and March 21 - spoke of 4127 wounded, and of 527 killed. These figures do not include the drowned, or the numerous wounded left to die on the ice.* Nor do they include the victims of the revolutionary tribunals.

We don't even have approximate figures as to the losses on the Kronstadt side. They were enormous, even without the reprisal massacres that later took place. Perhaps one day the Archives of the Tcheka and of the Revolutionary Tribunals will reveal the full and terrible truth.

This is what Poukhov, 'official' Stalinist historian of the revolt, says on the matter: 'While steps were being taken to re-establish normal life and as the struggle against rebel remnants was being pursued, the Revolutionary Tribunals of the Petrograd Military District were carrying out their work in many areas'.....'Severe proletarian justice was being meted out to all traitors to the cause'. 'The sentences were given much publicity in the press and played a great educational role'. These quotations from official sources refute trotskyist lies that 'the fortress was surrounded and captured with insignificant losses'.**

In the night of March 17 to March 18, part of the Provisional Revolutionary Committee left Kronstadt. Some 8,000 people (some sailors and the most active part of the civilian population) moved towards Finland and permanent exile.

When the Red Army - defenders of the 'soviet' power - finally entered Kronstadt, they did not re-establish the Kronstadt soviet. Its functions were taken over by the Political section of the Secretariat of the new Assistant-Commander of the fortress.

The whole Red Fleet was profoundly reorganised. Thousands of Baltic sailors were sent to serve in the Black Sea, in the Caspian and in Siberian naval stations. According to Poukhov, 'the less reliable elements, those infected with the Kronstadt spirit, were transferred. Many only went reluctantly. This measure contributed to the purification of an unhealthy atmosphere'.

* So numerous were the latter that the Finnish Foreign Ministry started discussions with Bersine, the Russian ambassador, with a view to joint frontier guards patrols clearing the corpses from the ice. The Finns feared that hundreds of bodies would be washed onto the Finnish shores, after the ice had melted.

** On September 10, 1937, Trotsky wrote in 'La Lutte ouvriere' of 'the legend that would have it that Kronstadt 1921 was a great massacre'.

In April the new Naval Command started an individual check. 'A special commission dismissed over 15,000 sailors in "non-essential" (i.e. non-specialised) categories V, G, and D - as well as sailors not considered reliable from the political point of view'.

After the physical annihilation of Kronstadt, its very spirit had to be eradicated from the Fleet.

** ** *

Ida Mett's 'La Commune de Kronstadt' concludes with an account of the attitude to the Kronstadt events of various Russian political tendencies (anarchists, mensheviks, right and left Social Revolutionaries, etc.), and with a critical analysis of various Bolshevik writings on the subject. We hope to include some of these passages in the pamphlet on Kronstadt now being prepared.

SPICE FOR PEACE ?

Military Intelligence sleuths, recently trailing one of their bosses, the Right Honourable John Dennis Profumo, War Minister, Privy Councillor, member of Boodles, holder of the Order of the British Empire, Ex-Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, ex-Parliamentary Undersecretary for the Colonies, ex-joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation, Harrow and Brasenose, etc, etc, found him strolling gaily along Whoresguard Parade.

Under direct cross-examination Her Majesty's Minister admitted having been a CND (Complicated Nocturnal Delights) supporter for years.

If Mr. Profumo does not lead M.I.5. to the 'Spies for Peace', he has at least led them to the 'Piece for Spies'.

CHRISTINE

MORE REVELATIONS NEXT WEEK

Nevertheless I am sure you understand that, in the circumstances, have no alternative but to advise the Queen to accept your resignation.
Yours very sincerely,
HAROLD MACMILLAN.

He didn't know what a queer was, and when I explained, he said stoutly, 'We have none of this in Russia.'

I laughed and said they just by you

Ivanov... the hairy-chested Russian, Profumo's rival in a piggy-back lark in the pool

storm grows

When he dared me to swim in the nude, just for the sheer hell of it, I said I would.

In I went again, with Stephen standing on the side of the walled pool holding my costume. Then it happened.

His climb

girl who rocked the Government

Profumo storm grows

FOR MACMILLAN

Profumo



Thank God it was a WOMAN !

The farcical thing about it all was that—on more than one occasion—as Jack left Christine at the flat where she stayed, Eugene Ivanov, the handsome young Russian naval attache, walked in.

In fact it was something of a standing joke among us.

MORALS

MR. MACMILLAN returns to London today to the most serious situation he has had to face since he became Prime Minister.

Ivanov in Military Spy Job

By GORDON BROOK-SHEPHERD, Sunday Telegraph Diplomatic Correspondent

CDR. EUGENE IVANOV, the Russian former Assistant Naval Attaché in London involved in the Christine Keeler-Profumo case, is believed to have been a full-time member of the Russian Military Intelligence

During her friendship with Mr. Profumo she paid for her break of office to see her and for dinner around and the suburbs.

More To Come

Still the unfolding of the drama that has everything—political power, sex, violence and espionage

to the top

Onward Christian Soldiers

Political Bombshell

'wonderful huggy bear of a man

politics

We'll f

Profumo rocks shares

LABOUR MPS AIM A STORM