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PHYSICAL RESEARCHERS



EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED in Washington from October 16 to October 23 was planned in detail by the Pentagon. Everyone who came to Washington that day walked smack into a Pentagon trap.

My awareness of the extent to which the demonstration was controlled by the Pentagon stems from my thorough familiarity with the Pentagon's plans—and the demonstrators'—well before the demonstration. I was, at the time, stationed at the Pentagon in a highly placed intelligence-and-security unit. Our job, essentially, was to observe, report and coordinate information; we had been planning for the demonstration since August, and at Thanksgiving we were still collating reports of arrests. I read several thousand pages of government reports, I knew what was expected of us and of the protesters, and I was appalled to see how neatly the government had the peace movement pegged.

During the demonstration itself, I was stationed at various times in two of the command posts, on the roof, on the press truck, at the mall, with the demonstrators ("observing" in civilian clothes), inside, outside and through the MP lines. I went a lot of places the demonstrators and press couldn't go, and everywhere they could. I had coffee with the marshals. I found out from the soldiers on the line how they really felt about the demonstration—and why they went away feeling scorn for the peace movement. I watched reporters as their moods changed from sympathy to disgust.

Because of my job, I know too much about the war. To help shorten it I want to tell why the confrontation of October 21 backfired, and to outline the change of tactics needed for Pentagon demonstrations that won't backfire.

OBJECTIVELY SPEAKING, PERHAPS the best thing that could have happened on October 21 would have been for somebody to have been killed. For American soldiers to have shot unarmed American civilians exercising their right of free speech would have been a blow from which the administration could never recover. Yet, almost totally, the Pentagon either prevented violence or convincingly argued that the fault was the protesters'.

The Pentagon not only knew what moves were being planned against it; it also demonstrated consummate virtuosity in handling both the protection of the building and the manipulation of news. Since basically the same preparations will be made for future confrontations, it is important to examine them.

First of all, there was intelligence. Intelligence reported that a demonstration would take place. The Pentagon started its overall planning, which became more specific as more EEI (Essential Elements of Information) came in. Basically, the Pentagon found out the date of the demonstration and the approximate number of participants, together with their organizational affiliations, leaders and means of transportation.

This estimate was considerably more accurate than the estimate of the sponsors of the march, since it was based on chats with the operators of nearly every bus company in the United States, visits to the "ride to Washington" bulletin boards of colleges and other gathering places, and religious attendance at meetings of the participating groups.

Although the Department of Defense likes publicly to minimize the danger, and especially to provide low estimates of the number of demonstrators, privately they put some of their best planners and security officers on the job. The planners

dreamed; they accepted the mundane and the fantastic. Beginning with a list of every possible move the marchers could make, they outlined the steps required to restore the status quo (which is in all cases what the Army will try to do), and they determined the logistics requirements: how many men, for how long, which units, what equipment.

In Vietnam, this procedure has failed; on the Pentagon lawn it worked perfectly. The Army had the marchers' moves planned for weeks ahead and, because of the massive coordination of its intelligence and communications nets, knew better than any single demonstrating group the plans of every group of participants, from the Michigan busloads to the East Village hippies. The minor details, such as who would try to break in and who would be arrested, were left up to the demonstrators.

At the most obvious level, the demonstration was manipulated from the start by the negotiations of General Services Administration (GSA) counsel Harry Van Cleve Jr, with representatives of the Coordinating Committee. What was not so obvious is that Van Cleve had specific reasons for every requirement and detail he laid down. Briefly, he wanted the demonstration where he could control it; and probably with the unwitting cooperation of the demonstration's leaders, he got it there. The ground was ideal for defense: a high wall separated the mass of demonstrators from the building, narrow approaches prevented a large-scale charge, there was a clear field of observation from the building and ready access for reinforcements by truck or on foot.

AS AN AMUSED OBSERVER of the Pentagon's feverish planning, I have to admit that the Pentagon's main fault was one of excess. We had plans to counteract everything, with minimum visible force (for the benefit of the press) and with a hefty reserve just out of sight.

For public relations purposes, the front line of MPs, except at night and during the clashes, wore the Class A uniform rather than fatigues. It is the usual day-to-day uniform of MPs in garrison; they wear the same thing directing traffic into Arlington Cemetery, except that at the Pentagon they wore helmet liners instead of caps.

We expected civil disobedience in the form of breaking into, throwing rocks at, or painting and defacing anything in reach. We anticipated arrests in numbers quite close to the actual outcome. We accurately estimated the number of demonstrators. In addition, we considered racist violence extremely probable; and we were ready for people who might try to burn themselves to death.

We had the orders, neatly mimeographed: anyone setting himself on fire was to be extinguished with blankets. At convenient locations barely out of sight, blankets were ready. Conferences with firefighting authorities revealed that CO<sub>2</sub> fire extinguishers freeze the victim, and soda-acid types damage the skin. Plain water turns the victim into a boiled frankfurter. Norman Morrison burned himself here, at the river entrance, and caught the Pentagon off guard; it was reported to security officials as "a small fire of undetermined origin." But self-immolation will not upset the Pentagon again.

Attorney General Ramsey Clark was in charge of the security of Washington over the weekend, with Undersecretary of the Army David E. McGiffert having nominal control of the troops. Like all the service secretaries, however, McGiffert

is a civilian. The military commander was the commanding general of the Military District of Washington, Major General Charles S. O'Malley Jr. Lieutenant General John L. Throckmorton, commander of the Third Army (much appreciated for his handling of the Detroit riot after the National Guard bungled it) was also in Washington over the weekend. Throckmorton was reportedly invited by the White House to "see if he could lend a hand"; in military terms, he has three stars to O'Malley's two, and he was the man to contend with—as he probably will be again whenever or wherever the President needs protection from his people.

In trucks and jeeps Throckmorton's troops jammed into the Pentagon, beginning some time after dark on Friday. They slept on the floor, on air mattresses, or not at all—creating an exciting and dramatic atmosphere in the usually drab corridors. Field kits, helmets, rifles, tear gas machines (looking like flamethrowers), cases of C rations—everything was there to give us that defender-of-the-castle feeling. At one time or another, there were approximately 2500 men, in addition to the 3000 Pentagon personnel who regularly work on weekends.

Among the extras were the Military District of Washington security force in the Pentagon (MPs who regularly work the Pentagon area, and who probably know more about its geography, secret entrances and gas-susceptible air ducts than anyone else in Washington), Pentagon counterintelligence and security people, and public information officers from the office of the secretary of Defense, working under Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs Phil Goulding. Representatives of the Army Photographic Agency provided propaganda coverage, not to mention, as Arlo Guthrie says, the aerial photography: various military helicopter and aerial reconnaissance pilots passed over from time to time.

With an eye to economy, the Pentagon shipped in forces from such nearby bases as Fort Hood, Texas (the 518th MP Battalion), and the Presidio of San Francisco (70th MP Bn.). Virginia provided elements of the 74th Transportation Bn. from Fort Eustis and the 91st Engineer Bn. from Fort Belvoir. The best-looking troops, remarkably well-disciplined, were from the 503rd MP Bn. at Fort Bragg; they did much of the work at the mall entrance, and as far as I can tell they never slept. Men from the 519th MP Bn. at Fort Dix and the 6th Armored Cavalry at Fort Meade were also seen. About 3000 members of the 82nd Airborne spent their weekend in tents along the runways at Andrews Air Force Base, across the Potomac and considerably south of the Pentagon, where enough helicopters had been assembled to transport them anywhere in Washington, a battalion at a time.

Although practically no one was aware of it, some 25,000 additional troops were denied their weekend passes and placed on alert status from one end of the country to the other. Contingency plans were formulated to airlift them in at the first sign of massive trouble. The nature of this trouble, if it came, was not expected from the peace demonstration, but rather from an anticipated split movement by black nationalists to destroy Washington. With a 60 per cent black population, Washington had squeaked through a nonviolent summer with a great deal more nervousness than it publicly admits. There were military units standing by all through the hot weather, ready to move at the first wise remark to a big white cop.

Logistic support for the Pentagon defenders included more than 500 trucks, buses and jeeps. Finally, a reserve of bull-

dozers was held at the south post of Fort Myer, for use either in Washington or at the Pentagon if it became necessary to move large numbers of people out of the way.

Not only military personnel protected the Pentagon; there were also the famous U.S. marshals who even scared me. All arrests on federal property fall under their jurisdiction; MPs can detain civilians but cannot arrest them.

Besides the marshals, there were, in larger numbers than usual, the U.S. Special Police, also known as the Pentagon Guard Force or the GSA Police (for General Services Administration). They are the men in blue who carry off most of the demonstrators at small Pentagon get-togethers. They are underpaid, sloppily trained and not to be taken seriously as a security force; but they do carry revolvers, and might be a considerable health hazard if frightened.

D.C. metropolitan police, Arlington County police, Virginia State police and U.S. park police (responsible for national park lands and often seen on the mall riding horses) all participated. Although not under the military chain of command, they established liaison and worked out their respective responsibilities beforehand. The Bureau of Corrections had extra people at Occoquan Workhouse, which they emptied of its regular inmates for the occasion. Also on hand was a supply of prosecuting attorneys and U.S. commissioners to roll out the justice. Lawyers from the Justice Department mingled with the crowds; D.C. police, FBI agents and special agents of the 116th and 902nd Military Intelligence Groups also circulated in the crowd, looking respectively for trouble spots, hard-core communists and threats of violence on a scale to require the services of the 82nd Airborne.

For the most part, the command post was a means of keeping the major commanders alert to what was happening: a sort of glorified telephone exchange. All the major decisions had been made beforehand, and it was the task of subordinate commanders to execute them.

SOME REPORTERS GLEEFULLY mentioned that a map of the District had replaced Vietnam on the "war room" wall. In fact, the map of the District had been there all summer—because of the fear of ghetto riots—and the maps of Vietnam can be found elsewhere in the complex.

The Army Operations Center (or "war room") conjures up an image of diabolical generals sitting at a tremendous table pushing buttons to alter the world's geography to their liking. Actually, it is a suite of connecting rooms, offices and conference rooms in which various Army representatives—logistics, operations, intelligence, manpower and the like—each have compartmented areas. A staggering series of switchboards provides communications potentials which would take a scientist to appreciate: direct lines go everywhere you could want them to. Teletype machines, pneumatic tube systems and electronic data retrieving and processing equipment clutter the tiny rooms, carpeted in ubiquitous Pentagon green.

This is only the Army Operations Center. The Air Force Command Center, the office of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the National Military Command Systems Support Center, the Washington end of the Moscow "hot line" and myriad other "nerve centers" in the building were not even operationally aware that anything unusual was up at the Pentagon. The claim that Pentagon procedures were hardly modified—and certainly not disrupted—by the demonstration is entirely true.



To understand this, you have to overcome a misconception about the Pentagon. Too many people think the importance of the Pentagon is a function of its size. It *is* the largest office building in the world, with more than 30,000 employees, both military and civilian. But most of them are engaged in routine: determining which inductees will go to which schools, contracting for hardware, ordering pencils. Untold numbers are involved in serving each other: working in finance, payroll, supplies; rearranging offices; selling food in the cafeterias; picking up garbage; painting and rebuilding. In the basement there is a complete printing plant which turns out much of the Defense Department's classified literature, and at the south loading ramp the pulping plant shreds the same classified literature and turns it into huge bales of ugly gray sludge.

Behind this bureaucracy is the power of the Department of Defense. The Big Brass, virtually all of it, works within the Pentagon. Decisions are made which profoundly affect national policy; it is this focus of decision, not the building's size, which makes the Pentagon critical, symbolically and in fact.

Yet decisions are never made quickly; nor are there more than a few dozen people in the entire Pentagon who make them. Masses of information are tabulated; studies of appalling complexity and irrelevance are made; plans are set forth to cover, on a global scale, "contingencies." We are prepared: when Monaco attacks Gibraltar, we will know what to do. Contingency planning is a favorite sport here, because no one is wrong until the contingency arrives—and when it does, everyone is too involved with the emergency to blame the planners. I have only seen one contingency plan that approached reality: the one for October 21.

When the world's contingencies are prepared in three-ring binders, and the workers have tabulated everything countable, and the computers whir to a brief rest, everything goes to the decision-makers. In major cases, the President is consulted (or consults them). Otherwise, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who are military, and the Defense secretary's people, who are civilians, try to thwart each other. Finally, somehow, things are decided. This is not a process which a weekend demonstration, or even a week-long demonstration, can disrupt. In any case, an alternate command center, away from Washington, is always ready. Remember that the Pentagon is fully confident of continuing all its essential operations without interruption in the face of a nuclear warhead exploded in Washington.

At colleges and local draft boards civil disobedience can, indeed, throw the bureaucrats into a panic; but to disrupt the Pentagon by aggressive civil disobedience is a project which, viewed in the light of the Pentagon's countermeasures, is laughable. Even if you accept the challenge posed by the Pentagon's elaborate preparations, you end up, sooner or later, in front of a U.S. marshal.

**O**N FRIDAY, WHEN THE MARSHALS arrived, they were wearing yellow armbands, white helmets and brandishing new billy clubs. By Sunday night their clubs weren't new. One marshal had a streak of somebody's blood that crossed from one side of his conservative business suit to the other.

These men had worked Selma and the University of Mississippi, strikes, riots, every kind of disturbance. Their work is dealing with mobs. They are all professionals; there are no young marshals, no draftees. They're efficient; they're savage;

and *they know the people they face are criminals.*

The marshals handled almost all of the clubbing that was done. Their method, however, was one which, from the outside of the line, made it look as though the soldiers were doing the dirty work. For example: on Saturday night, for reasons no one admits to knowing, a press conference was called inside, and the troops started moving outside. Their purpose was to get the demonstrators off the blacktop in front of the mall entrance. The soldiers walked slowly forward, shoulder to shoulder. The demonstrators, if they were standing, were pushed back. Realizing this, many of them sat down. They were stepped over. The marshals moved in after the troops, clubbing people for "crossing the line," and carried several dozen off to the vans. One demonstrator yelled that if you sat still you couldn't be clubbed. He was wrong.

Even if each demonstrator had been armed with a deuce-and-a-half-ton truck, the marshals would have come out ahead. They use their clubs with expertise, and they don't entertain the qualms MPs have about slugging people. Sometimes they hit with the club fully extended, but hardly ever on the head, because clubs are not light weapons. They hit ribs and arms, and heads only when they can't aim properly. Often they *aim* at a shoulder, which effectively puts a demonstrator out of action, but hit the head (if a marshal aims at your shoulder, don't move; you might get hurt). They also have a method of shortening up on the club and jamming the end of it into the solar plexus.

I have to tell you about a girl who was arrested by the marshals on Saturday night. Four of them carried her to the vans, spreadeagled; they had her skirt bundled up around her waist and her legs wide apart because they were trying to put her into two different vans at once. She was a very pretty girl, not a symbol, not a hippie—but concerned, very scared. It was dark then, about midnight.

When the reporters saw this young girl and caught sight of her panties—I heard someone say "Beaver shot!"—they turned their floodlights on and the cameras started whirring. One reporter ran right up there in between her legs to get a good shot. They'd never use the pictures; no editor in the country would print them. They kicked around the darkrooms for a couple of weeks. Laughs.

Getting arrested at the Pentagon isn't pretty. Even the satisfaction of being a martyr was minimal: arrests were processed at the south loading ramp. Ordinarily that's where they process the Pentagon's garbage.

Tactically, arrest was futile. For civil disobedience on a Pentagon scale to be useful, one of three things must happen. You can come in small numbers, be arrested, and follow through merely as moral witnesses. You can come in large enough numbers to make the authorities look incompetent. Or you can show the authorities to be brutal.

This is not as easy as it seems; despite the undeniable bloodshed on October 21, hardly anyone except the participants came away convinced that the Pentagon had used excessive muscle. This was partly due to advance preparation of the press: they were told more or less what the Pentagon had available, and to be so restrained in the use of it was the government's greatest public relations victory. Yet, for the press, the government took it one step further, and actually tamed the marshals for a while.

On Sunday night, when the deadline expired, those who

wished to walk to the vans were permitted to do so; and those who refused were carried off with great care. It happened that the vans were loaded directly in front of the press truck.

I was inside the lines, next to the vans, and I could hear the marshals grunt to each other, "Don't throw him, be careful." The order had obviously come down that there was to be no chance for the press to prove police brutality—and there wasn't.

**I**F THE PENTAGON WAS SHREWD in its handling of the press, the demonstrators were at best indifferent, and frequently contemptuous. Yet many of their leaders claimed that publicity for the cause was a prime reason for the demonstration: something big for the people to see, a step up from hassles with General Hershey's minions at the local boards. A lot of the demonstrators, possibly most of them, hoped to reach the press—and through them the public.

The initial bias of press people I spoke to—who vaguely knew I was "connected with" the Pentagon—was toward cynicism. They knew their material. They were hoping for a bit of violence, because it makes a good story. They were, on the whole, as ready to write about brutal arrests of innocent girls as about the terrible state of American youth, since both make popular reading, despite the fact that the entire fourth estate generally receives from the President and his Defense Department special passes, credentials, admissions, background briefings, off-the-record seminars and periodic wedding invitations. The administration provides untold amounts of ready-made news—and it will be there as a necessary news source when the demonstrators are suburban householders. This demonstration was no exception (with Pentagon press passes). Briefings were helpful, friendly and sympathetic. The authorities outdid themselves to have typewriters, batteries of telephones and every other comfort ready.

Yet, to suppose that the press in general, and the Washington press in particular—men and women whose day-to-day jobs involve listening to an assembly of the best con men in the nation—can be gulled into believing anything the Pentagon wants, is to underestimate the press. They turned their backs on the demonstration not only because of what the Pentagon said, but because of what they saw themselves.

A derogatory label, accurately applicable to the fringes of the demonstration, has been tagged on to the whole affair. The papers tabulated how many panties and bras were discovered all over the Pentagon grass, not how many honest people came, did their thing and left.

Personally, I couldn't care less about a demonstrator's sex life; but he has no business attaching it, like a footnote, to everybody else's protest. And the lovemaking wasn't symbolic, because nobody makes love symbolically. The walls around the place were scrawled with things like, "Johnson fucks." Well, he probably does, but it's not a turn of phrase likely to gather support for his opponents.

Granted that the thousands came purely out of a moral concern. They talked to the soldiers, to the press, to America—and they bored the living daylight out of everyone.

**I**N A MASS MOVEMENT, the most unexpected thing is individuality. The failure to have one person confront one other person, without the background of tramping feet or chanting in unison, was a major failure of the October demonstration.

I was behind the MP lines during the afternoon, in a relatively quiet spot. The officers and NCOs were maybe 50 yards off, taking a break; nobody was there but those young MPs of the 503rd, shoulder to shoulder.

A girl came over to one soldier and propositioned him in a pretty fair demonstration of barracks language. The gist of it was that if he put down his rifle, she'd let him have it over in the bushes. Of course, none of the soldiers said anything. So, after trying this with several of the boys, she left, calling them all machines and fascists and fairies, and feeling smug.

A Saigon bar girl makes you feel more loved. The girl in Washington was pitting "love"—impersonal—against "war"—impersonal—and ending up with a total failure to communicate. She confused military discipline with inhumanity, and so—as one of the soldiers who listened to her—I must say that she didn't give us half a chance.

A more profitable approach would be: Chat. Rap. Relax. One-to-one offense. Not the Big One: war and peace. The little ones, you and me. The soldier is wary, but curious, especially if the demonstrator is a pretty girl: "My name is . . . I am here because . . . I have done a few things for peace . . . I remember some demonstrations where the soldiers weren't as fair as your group is." Every decent preacher knows a story beats a lecture; you need his interest before you can change his mind. The soldier knows you'll tell him war is bad. He listens when a pretty girl tells him something interesting about herself.

If I seem to speak mostly of girls, it is because during that weekend I didn't hear one male demonstrator who could keep his antagonism out of it. In any case, the soldier will remain impassive—but watch his eyes. They will tell you whether to go on talking—or whether the man has already reenlisted.

A soldier wants to know a girl's name and address. If you have somebody there who can read Army patches, you may be able to find out where he is stationed. Get the addresses of girls in the area who are willing to spend some times with soldiers, and spread the addresses around (if you live in a big city, you can practice by infiltrating the local USO, an altogether untapped gold mine for discreet young pacifists).

Tell the soldier how to contact you, how to reach you on his free time, or at least how to reach a peace group in the area where he is stationed (remember that he can't write things down out there, and passing written information will cause him grief if anyone finds out; the best time to give out information is when the shifts change).

Do not mistake him for a war machine. Preach, degrade, insult—and you lose. Those MPs had been robbed of their weekend passes; they slept on the floor and the Pentagon cafeterias were put off limits. So many sore feet. Soldiers think in simple terms: *Once you attacked, we knew why we were there.*

**T**HE MAJOR OBJECTION TO AGGRESSIVE civil disobedience at the Pentagon is that the Pentagon knows how to handle it. The goal must be, apart from a simple affirmation of dissent, to catch the Pentagon off guard: to amaze it, shock it, jar it into constructive thought.

Morrison's self-immolation accomplished all of these things except the last; the only thought he elicited was how to extinguish crackpots. Thus another element of the approach: the maneuver must not appear to be that of an isolated extremist. A sense of humor will help, together with style (not more moralizing, for everyone in Washington knows that war is bad;

they have not quite convinced themselves that it is also unnecessary). A successful "attack" on the Pentagon will involve surprise, originality (something left out of the contingency plans) and (for the press) dramatic impact.

Along these lines, my familiarity with the ground and the defending forces has suggested two general approaches, neither of them seriously illegal and neither preventable unless the Pentagon knows in advance the exact time and place of the gesture. For this reason, they cannot take place in conjunction with a major demonstration; in fact, to make surprise possible, these gestures are limited to a few participants. Once they are started, someone should notify every press representative in Washington—with courtesy notification to the FBI and the Pentagon guard office (EX3-7100 and OX7-4151 respectively).

The first gesture might be called the Suburban Napalm Ploy. Well aware of the effect that massive fire can have in the jungle, the Pentagon would probably be stunned by the effect of a little fire in suburbia: specifically, on the access roads which serve the Pentagon. It would take seven expendable autos—the \$70 kind that can barely crawl away from the junkyard.

A little advance reconnaissance will tell you when people start leaving the Pentagon; it varies with the season, but the usual time is just before five o'clock. As everyone is leaving, drive into the access roads and have an accident. Then let the car go up in flames.

Have a friend on a motorcycle nearby. Nothing else can leave the scene quickly in Washington's evening traffic. The Pentagon very nearly disrupts itself automatically when everyone tries to go home at once, and a little push would make a big splash. Just one car, abandoned at the "mixing bowl" on Shirley Highway, to the west of the Pentagon, would make a very satisfactory spectacle; but for the perfectionist, here are the seven locations: (1) On the Boundary Channel Road at the corner of the north parking area, near where the speakers' stand was set up on October 21. (2) On the Boundary Channel Road beyond the approach to the river entrance. (3) At the entrance to the bus and taxi lanes running under the concourse. (4) On the roadway between the mall and river entrances, blocking the approach to both. (5) At the west approach to the mall entrance, where the vans of arrested demonstrators departed. (6) At the exit from south parking as it passes under Shirley Highway. (7) At the exit from south parking near the heliport.

The second gesture can be called the My-God-I'm-Patriotic Ploy. At its simplest: Come visit the Pentagon. It's open to the public. Arrive between eight in the morning and six in the evening, Monday through Friday. You can wander through the whole building (except for a few restricted areas, of course).

Variations on this ploy depend on how soon the GSA guards notice your presence. They have a stereotyped impression of pacifists and their appearance, and if you look wrong to them, they will probably try to evict you. At this point you begin to scream about your rights as an American. Know who your congressman is, and demand to telephone him immediately. Call the newspapers. You have the Pentagon in the position of trampling an American's rights, and until you do something illegal you can bring its employees unimaginable publicity and grief. It is hard to imagine, unless you have seen it, the degree of consternation and confusion caused in high Pentagon officials when "obvious Commie rat-bastard pacifists" visit their domain without doing anything illegal.

If you are in the Pentagon during legal hours, the GSA guards may be told to follow you discreetly and to make no moves until you do something naughty. Just keep walking: walk around corners, use the stairs, step into the men's room (if you're a man) or have dinner in the cafeteria (the food is inexcusable). If you are there with friends, split up and meet back at the concourse later on. You'll lose the guard and he will have the whole force looking for you.

If you find yourself in the building after six o'clock, tell the guards you were lost. Play innocent.

If no one challenges you, you can cause a remarkable disturbance by staying inside the building after security hours—six o'clock—when guards are posted at the gate and passes are required to enter or leave. If you dress sedately, you'll never be noticed. If you look unusual, stay in the men's or ladies' room until after closing.

Since anyone is free to enter before six p.m. and leave after eight in the morning; a range of adventures presents itself. Few of the offices will be locked, so you can paint interesting emblems in them; or you can remove all the furniture; or collect used newspapers, crumple them and fill somebody's office with them. Or, of course, you can simply telephone the guard office and challenge them to a game of hide-and-seek. The possibilities are infinite. All you have to know is that anyone can get into the building during the day, and, with a little imagination, play all night. I would discourage ordinary vandalism; to carry the thing out with humor and style would hit the Pentagon in its weak spot and make the impregnable fortress look as silly as it really is.

The peace movement as a whole has mangled its use of the best ready-made symbol going: the American flag. The flag has a violent effect on the emotions of people who have never thought much about what it means and don't even know what America's foreign policy is. There is no excuse for scorning the flag because of a personal opinion of the thing. If a bunch of people walk down the street carrying the flag, people will feel proud of them. If they burn it people will hate them.

The effect on the press—particularly the photographers—and the public of 30,000 American flags advancing on the Pentagon would be overwhelming. A nice gesture afterward would be to walk to Arlington Cemetery and place the flags on some of those new graves.

And how would it look on television for all those marshals to be clubbing little girls with American flags?

Also: telephones. 30,000 telephone calls would tie up the Pentagon better than 300,000 people on the lawn. The Government Printing Office in Washington sells, for about a dollar, Department of Defense telephone books which have every number you need to know. You may not be able to talk to anyone, but neither will anyone else.

In areas where the police are less well prepared, aggressive civil disobedience may be very effective. But at the Pentagon it is always, inevitably, going to fail. The Pentagon is just too well-prepared.

Of course there's always the moral satisfaction of having participated on October 21. It was a significant moral victory for the peace movement, right?

Remember high school, when the football team scored a moral victory?

It meant you lost the game.



16 CENTS

## WASHINGTON, D. C.

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For several weeks it has been hard to tell whether Gen. Westmoreland was acting as a press agent or a military commander. The Battle of Dak To gives one a chance to judge his capacity in either role. It showed him as a press agent, although not the enemy's decline in Vietnam, he is a flop. Last week's "My battle that was" was found by the U.S. and world press with much of the text being American sounded like a press agent's story for the week's story. It is a shame that the press agent's story was so bad.

"Reflecting the general frustration at the base [of Hill 873 near Dakto] at the slow and costly course of the fighting, one officer who had volunteered to fly into the perimeter in a helicopter said: 'I don't care any more if I get back to the world, a world too stupid to stay out of war, too stupid to know how to fight it, too stupid to know how to end it.'"

Washington Post roundup from Daktu, Nov. 23

John Sutton, falsely reported killed in an  
accident on his return home to Elizabethton  
by Crathole's CBS News, Nov. 24.

Cambridge into South Vietnam. They had these guns commanded valley and these hills are but a few miles from the borders and that the jungle growth is low and that the military men can see without being observed. It is of the fact that some 5,000 men of the army for several months classed the enemy moved troops onto the mountain and built them strong positions from 100 mm. shells. The "stepping," Francis Nivola, correspondent in Saigon, wrote that the 17th Brigade had been in October. Only some few

... enemy commanders in the  
... themselves prepared to  
... held by relative  
... strongpoints must  
... prepares his escape route. If  
... permanently once the  
... and artillery firepower  
... for a few days, impos-

## FEBRUARY 13 1967

At this tense moment, when there is hope everywhere that one may come to save a little of the Vietnam New Year feast, the rest of the world may spare a little time to consider what is asking of us Americans. It is little time to consider what we live by is threatened. This can be seen if it is possible for intellectuals and gut men to take the sensitive and painful lay to the mind, where the decisions are really made. To state that the President wants peace, and he's more hopeful than I am, is not getting it, even if it is only because the growing Sino-Soviet alliance is making the United States feel that Hanoi, but it must be the signal. Hanoi is only as on the towel. The signals we have been getting are not a readiness to negotiate a peaceful settlement. But for that to be a defeat, and that's how Johnson sees it. To let the homology, to sit down with the rebels, to accept the new kind of regime, open or disguised, would be to admit that we had lost the war. And that, the world should recognize, is very hard indeed.

[illegible]

When Gen. Lemay said we could win the war by taking them back to the Stone Age, he was speaking up from the depths of our deepest horror. What fate could be worse than to put people back in the Stone Age without refrigerators?

Now were frantic because they and had never heard of the comforts we were bringing them. Down there in the jungles, the people were hungry, too. As a matter of fact, the world to get at, emerged as a source where the war had almost forgotten—Man. To us it dawned with him to admit that the Machine lost to Man, that beautifully computerized war, with the most complicated machinery for killing ever assembled and the most overworked men ever mortally had failed. To ask us to give each man a fair share of the world was like asking a Jew of us: "Give up your faith in God, or you will suffer greater things than I really teach the foundations of our society." We could not see the invisible blows that rain down on Detroit with the same worries about Hanoi. We ask the world: Dry your tears, those uprooted peasants—if you look closely you will find they are still there. And think of our poor frustrated life.

At his press conference March 10, President J. F. Kennedy said that the United States was not engaged in an invasion of the North. "We would be glad to stop their invasion of South Vietnam," he said. "If they would stop their invasion of South Vietnam," he said. "Was this a Freudian slip, or deliberate? If what we are saying is already described as an invasion, then we are already in an invasion."

"A leader of Washington morning he is convinced is perished" and advised his staff said Hubert T. Adair, Friendship House, "Congress money for this program, a nation that sells in poor Washington."

"They expect us to fight  
we don't even have peace in  
a lot of our country. ... The  
black men. We don't have  
Vietnam when we don't have  
... from the ...  
... really ...  
... began ...  
... Vietnam ...

(In SMC's Today show Nov. 22 I was asked whether  
heretical West.pton reporters like myself were invited  
to private press briefings. I replied that we were and  
that it was an advantage, since much of the  
kind is untrue. What is true one is known  
record" - not to print. I gave an example  
Munkar at private briefings & .

under view of the situation  
mistake public statements  
not deal with the  
was the only reason  
if this is  
line that the  
the  
South.

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# Reviews



## I. F. Stone: The Journalist as Pamphleteer

by Sol Stern

**C** I. F. STONE celebrated two birthdays on January 19, 1968—the 15th of his newsweekly, and his own 60th. There were no bouquets from the National Press Club, nor was he honored by one of those perfunctory testimonial dinners which leftish organizations are forever tendering, in a profound mood of despair, to those who have served the cause well. Appropriately, I. F. Stone celebrated with 1200 of his readers in New York's Town Hall, which he rented for the occasion, and he ran the whole show himself.

Stone's weekly has been a striking experiment in journalistic freedom in an age which has witnessed the emergence of journalism as big business. The "important" national columnists and commentators—the Restons, Severeids and others—have made it less because of their contributions to public enlightenment than because of the powerful institutions for which they work. One cannot imagine any of them, even including Walter Lippman, successfully marketing on a home-fashioned basis their own observations on the Washington scene; one cannot imagine them functioning successfully as journalists without their privileged communications with the seats of power, granted to them mainly because of the influence of the corporate structures for which they work. The price they pay for such power, of course, is imprisonment in the system which it is presumably their professional duty to scrutinize carefully and critically. The big national media, forever ballyhooing the freedoms bestowed by the American system, are in effect that system's own refutation.

Ironically enough, it is I. F. Stone, rather than his more "influential" col-

leagues, who has proved the virtues of a truly free journalistic marketplace. Working anachronistically as a 19th century entrepreneur, he is one of our few free men. A decade before the new radicals began to talk of the notion, Stone began one of America's most important "counter-institutions," his own newsweekly, now almost an institution in itself in the publishing world.

When Stone's first issue went out to the readers in 1953, its prospects seemed as bleak as the times. General Eisenhower was about to be inaugurated for his first term; Joseph McCarthy had just been appointed to head a Senate investigating committee; American and communist troops were still fighting a bloody stalemate along the 38th parallel in Korea. From Death Row, Sing Sing, the Rosenbergs were appealing to the new President for clemency.

The American left was in its most profound state of disarray since the Palmer raids of the early '20s. Not the least of the casualties was the New York Compass, the second of two short-lived successors to P.M., the newspaper where Stone had first made his reputation as a Washington correspondent.

When the Compass folded, Stone had few options. As a journalist, he had pretty much burned his bridges to respectability behind him when he publicly supported Henry Wallace in 1948, at a time when many of his old liberal colleagues such as Max Lerner and James Weschler were already enthusiastically embracing the Cold War. Stone had become anything but an "insider." A journalistic pariah without a newspaper to work for, he wasn't even a good credit risk. Perhaps if he had trimmed his sails a bit, he could have returned to work for

the New York Post, where he had started as an editorial writer in the '30s. But "Izzy" had been spoiled, having always enjoyed the good fortune of writing for publishers who let him have his say.

So it was partly necessity, partly inspiration, that led him to try to make it on his own by selling his reporting through the mails. The major problem was finding the several thousand people who might, in that time of fear, be willing to sustain a radical newsweekly to be delivered to them through the mails at a cost of \$5.00 per year. It was, Stone now recalls, "like looking for a needle in a haystack." Luckily, he was able to use the subscription lists of the defunct Compass, where he had gained a considerable personal following, as well as those of a number of other organizations with select radical memberships. It also helped that he had \$3500 in the bank—his severance pay from the Compass.

By January 1953, Stone had rounded up 5000 paid subscribers—not a lot, but enough to keep alive during the first tough years. And unspectacularly, without promotional campaigns or publicity, the subscriber list began to grow. Within a short time, Stone had paid off the loans that helped him get started, and he stood unencumbered, the successful bourgeois owner of a tidy little business. The weekly's growth, steady during the '50s, began to accelerate during the '60s. In the last few years, the circulation has almost tripled to its current 38,000. The weekly now grosses over \$100,000 per year. Since the costs of the enterprise—other than mail rates and printing—have remained relatively fixed, Mr. Stone's venture is turning a neat profit.

Now, with the hardcover publication of his second collection of essays from