

...rs rose to the occasion
 ...ag the law. I do not
 ...many infractions were
 ...under my eyes - dozens,
 ...hundred - while the police
 ...Normally they would have
 ...with the utmost severity to the
 ...those infractions. Indeed, there
 ...es when the crowd, more alert
 ...c safety than the see-no-evil,
 ...evil guardians of order, began
 ...st. When a heavy object - a
 ...think - was thrown: "That's
 ...What do you think you're
 ...a crowd like this? Somebody
 ...hurt." The crowd, in short,
 ...thority did not move, *within*
 ...ontaneously created its own
 ...ce. In my opinion, the official
 ...as right and justified by the
 ...Nevertheless, it ought to be
 ...that the police, quite simply,
 ...enforcing the law. If they had
 ...doing so, there would have
 ...able.

...his suggests two things.
 ...First, that in a tense
 ...situation leniency is a good
 ...idea - something everybody
 ...knows from private life while
 ...generally following the oppo-
 ...nciple in public affairs, as
 ...our corporate persona were
 ...tightly' than our private natures.
 ...that October 27 was a unique,
 ...able event, something to cherish



Mr Manchanda: 'I found myself agreeing with him. The main enemy is in Grosvenor Square'

...in our memory book, for, short of Utopia, we shall not see it again. The police were submitted to a test and they passed it. They proved their endurance. But supposing, which seems likely, another and bigger demonstration is organised for Grosvenor Square, do you think they will stand by and again watch the law broken - a thing that is against their whole nature as policemen? A policeman unable to say "Move along, there. Step lively. Move along", as he sees a crowd collecting, is a broken man, whatever society he lives in and is employed by. Still more if he turns his back on an act of flagrant

vandalism committed on State property. And danger to life and limb?

If there is anything than Mayor Daley's police that stand by (as pre-Hitler Germany, in right-wing Karamanlis the American South notwithstanding, Communists, Socialists, groes, are roughed up, killed, by hoodlums. A not a political expert; enforce the law impartially be an accomplice in crim

G...ranted that h
 ...ways exercise
 ...justice: in c
 ...tries, he is r
 ...poor than o
 ...it a coinci
 ...illustration of this gen
 ...among those arrested dur
 ...there were *one* student a
 ...lance fashion model and
 ...rest are listed as unemplo
 ...ing to the poorest categor
 ...a bricklayer and a wa
 ...though many students
 ...and I myself was
 ...umbrella, just as much c
 ...a walking stick or "a pie

A remedy for this re
 ...injustice might be to rev
 ...tice and have a harsher
 ...rich than for the poor - a

How to be...

... these sides and took bets, you were fearful, as a sort of from Mars or D-Day, D-stand... With a tense contest right on their doorstep or... live, on video, how could... be expected to turn their... to a war in a remote country... which the sole active British... was training police dogs... Viet Cong? Like many... and histrionic persons, Tariq Ali... to have no sense of the impact... drama he was mounting on the... clowns in the gallery. In... no common sense. "What do... hope to accomplish, etc.?" is a... nonsensical question, which was... it was an unwelcome interruption... theatre of revolution.

In his bed-sitter in Hampstead, Mr Manchanda, the leader of the Maoist group, accepted the question as perfectly legitimate. "I do not know," he said, and then added, with a mischievous smile, "but I know we are giving the Government the jitters." This is incontestably true. The effect of the march, he went on, more realistically, would be to call the Vietnamese question to public attention, which was the same as what Tariq Ali said and yet quite different. In fact, to my pleased surprise (for on the basis of rumour and Press reports I had been expecting a frighteningly left-irrealist in comparison to the burning-eyed Tariq Ali), Mr Manchanda, I and rather merry, had his feet propped up on that Saturday night to look up on the address, we were told he was out, which was a blow, as we had an appointment with him for an interview. "Oh, he'll be back," an American girl's voice said. He's just gone to the Laundromat. In the entry hall of the two-story house, not far from where Karl Marx had lived, there was an empty table with some milk bottles. The baby belonged to the family up the stairs, perhaps his disciples; we met two American girls and a young man in the small bed-sitting room whose chief article of furniture was a large duplicator. These young people, unlike the supernumeraries at the Dwarf, were not wearing the same hair styles, and fashion theories of the pace-setting New York. They were dressed in plain, ordinary clothes; one of the girls was wearing a hat. The furniture was old and some of its stuffing, but the room was neat and there were ashtrays. Mr Manchanda went out to get some coffee in the kitchen.



Tariq Ali, of the Vietnamese Solidarity Campaign. 'In concentrating on the manner of the demonstration, he lost sight of the matter'

Behind me, above the Regency-style sofa on which I was sitting, was a sight familiar to me from North Vietnam: Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin. Above them was a big coloured photograph of Mao and on the opposite wall a nice one of Ho. No slogans, no poster art. The girls were bending over a tract they had just taken out of the duplicator.

Mr Manchanda, a former teacher, was an old-fashioned classical Marxist. Like many of those men, he had a witty mind, referring to Tariq Ali as a "revisionist playboy", and remarking, after the march was over, that he had not cared to join Tariq Ali's "guided tour of the West End". He explained with patience the doctrinal differences between them. It was a question of correct slogans about the Vietnamese war.

For a long time, the Trotskyists of the Vietnamese Solidarity Campaign had refused the slogan 'Victory for the NLF', on the ground that the NLF, a coalition of a number of class elements, had a bourgeois nationalist complexion; their slogan was 'Support for the Vietnamese Revolution', i.e., for a non-existent phenomenon. Similarly with the Maoist slogan 'Long Live Ho Chi Minh', rejected by the Trotskyists on the ground that Ho had betrayed the revolution at Geneva in 1954, also that he exemplified the cult of personality and was a 'bureaucrat'. "If Ho is a bureaucrat," observed Mr Manchanda, with glee, "I wish we had more bureaucrats in this country."

I must say that on these issues, which had no direct bearing on the march, I considered the Maoists to be completely right. As for the march itself, here too I found myself agreeing with Mr Manchanda: the main enemy is in Grosvenor Square; march on him there; never mind if you are repeating yourself. On the issue of violence v. non-violence, there did not seem to be a real theoretical difference. The Manchanda group had been described

in the newspapers as favouring violence, and the Tariq Ali group not, but actually Tariq Ali was organising dramatically for violence (that list of first-aid stations, manned with doctors and nurses) on the supposition, amounting to prophecy, that the police would start or 'provoke' it, whereas Mr Manchanda, when I asked him whether it was true that he planned to storm the U.S. Embassy, shrugged and said simply, "We are too few." In Grosvenor Square, the next day, a lilting voice I thought I recognised as his could be heard urging restraint on the crowd, though possibly this was merely *pro forma*. In fairness to the sincerity of Tariq Ali's position, it should be added that the sheer fact of marching on Grosvenor Square contained a potential of violence, which handing in a petition at Downing Street did not. Grosvenor Square, if not a death-trap, is a box in which pressures build up almost by themselves. Once you have marched into it, you find yourself waiting for something to happen, and the next stage is to wish for something to happen; you cannot just stand there all afternoon, looking at the police while they look back at you. That wish, incidentally, was shared by TV viewers and by the Press at large; the contemptuous descriptions of the march as a "fizzle", the "non-event of the year", and so on, by people who opposed it, reveal an acute disappointment with the relative peacefulness of the encounter. Instead, one might take heart from just that. The fact that so little did happen in the interior of that box is probably a lesson in the effectiveness of Gandhian techniques. For the first time perhaps in history a massed police force practised 'passive' resistance, and it worked. Thus if the police are brutal, as in Mayor Daley's Chicago, it is not from necessity, as they insist, but from choice.

What came out of our meeting with Mr Manchanda, following on our meeting with Tariq Ali, was a series of paradoxes. The Trotskyists, in slogans and stance to the 'left' of the Maoists, in practice were to the right of them. The Maoists, generally thought of as inflexible revolutionary extremists, showed empirical wisdom and adaptability. The style of Tariq Ali was radical; the style of Mr Manchanda was modest petty bourgeois, recalling the home lives of Marx, Lenin, and Trotsky himself. Maoist China, they say, is hermetic, suspicious, hostile to foreigners, yet the Maoist cell in Hampstead was as open as the laundromat where Mr Manchanda had been doing his smalls. Though we

were not treated as trespassers but simply as guests - the reverse of what had happened in Carlisle Street. It was even possible to take exception, as I did, to the icon of Stalin; "We can continue that discussion another time," said Mr Manchanda after a few words defending Stalin's place in the history of revolution.

This, too, was perhaps a lesson in the persuasiveness of non-violent techniques on the plane of ordinary human relations, for the next afternoon, marching up from the Embankment, when we came to the crossroads of choice at Trafalgar Square, whether to turn left with the Trotskyists down to Whitehall and Downing Street or right with the Maoists to Grosvenor Square, I had no real hesitation in making up my mind, and what slight hesitation I had was purely journalistic, for the police had told us the previous night that Grosvenor Square might be a 'decoy', to draw Her Majesty's forces off from the real site of battle. Innocent of the sectarian character of Left-wing politics, they seemed to think that Mr Manchanda could be in cahoots with Tariq Ali to execute a master coup.

Scotland Yard was alert, almost comically so, to all contingencies. They gave themselves full credit for the elaborate precautions they took, to screen buses of demonstrators arriving from the country and make sure there were no hidden marbles or other weapons aboard, to screen airports and other points of entry for agitators arriving from the Continent, to screen the universities and uncover the identities of potential 'troublemakers'. An inspector told us there were Special Branch men assigned to every university as a matter of course - a piece of news, casually delivered, which as an American I found disturbingly unpleasant, for if we have FBI on all our campuses, it is kept secret, and, if known, would cause a national uproar. I am against police spies on campuses. Despite appearances, English are tougher than the Americans, more pragmatic and cool-headed - the result probably of having a seasoned ruling class trained in the public school system. There was nothing crude or inefficient in the handling of that march, the advance precautions, was swift and almost silent. On Monday, five years ago, three of them unemployed, were given sentences up to three months imprisonment for "possessing offensive weapons": one had allegedly thrown a bottle, one was carrying a flagstick, one a walking-stick, one admitted possessing three bags of marbles, and one

MARY McCARTHY ON THE DEMO:

'... something to cherish in our memory book, for, short of Utopia, we shall not see it again ...'

We invited Mary McCarthy to cover London's anti-Vietnam war demonstration of October 27 exclusively for The Sunday Times Magazine. She has observed the American and the North Vietnamese theatres of the war and has written books about both. And in May she watched the anti-de Gaulle riots raging in the streets around her home on the Left Bank in Paris. So much controversy and confusion surrounded the events and personalities of October 27 that we believe they deserve observation by a commentator of Miss McCarthy's stature.

It was very English to call it 'the Demo', and no wonder the pet name stuck, conjuring up the spectre of 'demos', the people (sometimes pejorative), but on the other hand 'democracy' (good), which withstood the test of the demonstration. Small family-style states are fond of making up diminutives, whose effect is to diminish, make cosy; compare 'the telly' to big gross American 'TV'. Yet the striking fact about the October 27 dual march was that it was organised and directed by aliens in competition with each other: Tariq Ali, a young moustached Pakistani, leading the way to Downing Street, and Abhimanya Manchanda, a middle-aged clean-shaven Indian, to Grosvenor Square.

For the English, these rival pied pipers were difficult to swallow, let alone assimilate. A well-fleshed, somewhat lachrymose police sergeant sought to explain his obscure sense of injury relating to the Demo, which in principle he did not exactly oppose but saw as a conflict of rights: the right to push your pram, undisturbed, down the Strand on Sunday and the right, slightly less hallowed, to march. We were standing in a pub near a Central London police station on the eve of the demonstration. What stuck in his craw, he confided, leaning forward and lowering his voice, was "those foreigners". "It's the bill you're paying for Empire," I replied. He appreciated the point (English fair-mindedness) and laughed. The discussion continued. I made some feeble joke about seeing him tomorrow, in jail. "You don't mean to say you're going to march?" "Certainly!" "Stay home and watch it on the television. Take my advice." He made a face, leaning forward in another burst of confidence and wrinkling up his broad manly nose. It →

