

## **Report from People's Weapons Inspection of Nuclear Weapons Contractors**

We went first to Lockheed Martin, at about 9.40am, where we found four Community Support Officers waiting for us and the doors already closed. Zelda and Martin were supposed to try to get in and do present the letter etc. We began talking with the CSOs when the building manager came out and agreed to take our letter and questionnaire in to give to LM if they would take it. The fire escape gate was locked shut and a sign said the roof was out of bounds (or similar)! They were clearly expecting us there and determined not to allow any access to us. We stayed for a while, but soon decided it was better to move on.

We then at about 11.00am went to the Rolls Royce offices at Buckingham Gate, where Steve and Irene were to go in and do the talking. However, they both tried to enter the revolving door at the same time and while they were sorting themselves out a security guard came and shut the inner door. When other people coming to the offices arrived, he kept stating that the building was 'in lock down!' No-one — other than him — could get in or out. After some time he agreed to take a letter which he would endeavour to give to a member of RR staff. In the meantime the police were also called. They seemed to realise we were the same group 'from Carlisle Place'. Some office workers from over the road were grateful to be informed of what was going on so close to their workplace. We stayed there for about an hour. There was no external evidence (i.e. a sign) that BNFL were in the building, and this was denied ( a common pattern). There was a RR sign visible from the outside.

Later after a lunch break we walked to Raytheon on Park Lane. We overshot first time as it was easy to miss, walked around the block and Steve and Martin managed to get in after trying the locked revolving door, then turning the handle on what later turned out to be the fire exit door. After the receptionist heard our initial requests, she got on the phone and a security guard and a number of stocky office workers turned up to hang around at the bottom of the stairs. While not panicky, they did seem concerned that that we were in a building of a 'sensitive nature', denied that any top staff were present (another common pattern), that there was anything untoward going on (ditto) or that the company was involved in anything related to nuclear weapons (ditto again) — and further, that they wouldn't know about it anyway (likewise). The electronic shutter outside the door was put down for a while, preventing us leaving! The police were called, we were threatened by the staff with arrest. Steve was just beginning to get into a good dialogue with the office staff when an apparently more senior manager came down the stairs and told them to leave and stop talking to us! Shortly after that we agreed to leave, as it happens just before the police arrived. We were inside probably about half an hour. We stayed for a further half hour. Steve again got a good dialogue going with the police. One in particular said he had left the army because he was unhappy interfering in the affairs of countries where it was none of our (i.e. UK) business to even be there...

After a break in Berkley Square we walked to the BAE Systems Offices. Irene, Martin and Steve began to enter the main building entrance. However we had been seen by an off duty policeman, who stood in the revolving door as we were entering. We did eventually get into the spacious and warm lobby with Zelda's help, the off duty man later being a bit apologetic as we were harmless — he was concerned what we were going to do.... Once more, as with the two previous places, we were told we were in the wrong place.... that this was 5-7 Carlton Place, and that BAE Systems were around the corner at 6. However, we could see

the signs on the wall saying that BAE were on Lower Ground, Ground and First Floor. Security and more police turned up, and somehow persuaded us to go round the side to the BAE 'entrance' where 'someone' (a Mr Fitzgerald) from BAE would take our letters and answer our questions. Mr Fitzgerald turned out to be a Security contractor and of course answered no questions although he took the letter and questionnaire and said he would pass them on for a reply. So we taped off the already-locked-from-the-inside door as a Nuclear Crime Scene. Realising that people coming to that door were in fact entering through the main front door, we went to tape up the side doors there (the revolving door had also been shut). Security prevented us, so three of us blockaded the doors for about 15 minutes while Zelda kept an eye on the side door, making sure it was kept shut. We had a lively — sometimes friendly, sometimes animated (it wasn't all 'We're okay, You're okay!') dialogue with the security there, who kept telling us things manifestly untrue e.g. that BAE staff could not come through this way — they even said that they had to go through a shared toilet to get in or out that way! Despite this, they were able to go through yet another entrance apparently near the car lift to the underground car park. The blockade did however apparently persuade a member of BAE staff to come out and tell us that we would be getting a reply from him to the letter and questionnaire. He was very nervous, shaking and sweating and refused to be engaged in conversation by Steve. Shortly afterwards we left.

The police were pretty much friendly all the time, particularly at BAE. Steve especially was able to have extensive and persuasive dialogue with security, police etc, though rarely with anyone more involved in the work of the company, Raytheon being a partial exception. We were repeatedly told we were in the wrong place, had the wrong office even if the right company, and that the top staff were not in that day... Don't believe a word of it...

Our Weapons Inspectors Suits attracted quite a bit of attention walking around. When we went to a cafe for lunch, one of the cooks put his knives on the serving counter and said "its all I've got!" — with a smile...

Overall, it seemed like a productive day, although there were lessons to learn and experience to gain from it. [Lesson 1: go and have look first at where you intend to go!]

Martin