

KING MOB ECHO



ENGLISH SECTION OF THE
SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL

KING MOB ECHO



**ENGLISH SECTION OF THE
SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL**

Dark Star 2000

5 REBEL WORKER 6 – BURN BABY BURN – LONDON – MAY 1966 – CHARLES RADCLIFFE

19 HEATWAVE 1 – JULY 1966 – CHARLES RADCLIFFE

41 HEATWAVE 2 – OCTOBER 1966 – CHRIS GRAY – CHARLES RADCLIFFE

59 THE REVOLUTION OF MODERN ART AND THE MODERN ART OF REVOLUTION – 1967 – ENGLISH SECTION OF THE SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL – TIM CLARK – CHRIS GRAY – DONALD NICHOLSON-SMITH – CHARLES RADCLIFFE

71 KING MOB ECHO 1 – APRIL 1968 – CHRIS GRAY

83 KING MOB – ART SCHOOLS ARE DEAD – OCTOBER 1968

85 KING MOB – TWO LETTERS ON STUDENT POWER – NOVEMBER 1968 – CHRIS GRAY

89 KING MOB GRAFFITI AND FLYERS

101 KING MOB 3 – 1969 – CHRIS GRAY

123 KING MOB 5 – WINTER 1969

125 KING MOB 6 – WINTER 1969

THE INCOMPLETE WORKS OF SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL – DOCUMENT FOR SPEED HISTORY – SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL – SITUATIONISTS, SEX PISTOLS – SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL – SITUATIONISTS TO TOM VAGUE

ISBN 1 871 692 07 5 ISSN 0964 – KING MOB ECHO PROJECT CONTACT: DARK STAR c/o AK PRESS BOX 12766 EDINBURGH EH8 9YE IF YOU HAVE FURTHER INFO. PLEASE CONTACT US LEAVING THE 20th CENTURY COVER: FROM LOUIS FEUILLADE'S 1913 'FANTOMAS' FILM. KING MOB 7



REBEL WORKER



**BURN BABY BURN
1966 - 6 - LONDON**

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD PREAMBLE

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life. Between these 2 classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organise as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system. We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers. These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organisation formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all. Instead of the conservative motto, 'A fair day's wage for a fair day's work', we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, 'Abolition of the wage system'. It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organised, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organising industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

FREEDOM: THE ONLY CAUSE WORTH SERVING

This 6th issue of 'The Rebel Worker' is being produced in London, several thousand miles from its customary home in Chicago. We hope this issue, and subsequent ones, will help give our ideas a wider audience than they have had so far in Britain. 'The Rebel Worker' is an incendiary and wild-eyed journal of free revolutionary research and experiment devoted principally to the task of clearing a way through the jungle of senile dogmas and aiming towards a revolutionary point of view fundamentally different from all traditional concepts. We believe that almost all political propaganda is useless, being based on assumptions which are false and situations which do not exist. We are tired of the irrelevant concepts and the old platitudes. The revolutionary movement, in theory and in practise, must be rebuilt from scratch. Many of us around 'The Rebel Worker' are members of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW), once one of the largest and most powerful rank-and-file revolutionary organisations the world has ever seen. We have joined the IWW because of its beautiful traditions of direct action, rank-and-file control, sabotage, humour, spontaneity and unmitigated class struggle. It is those principles that constitute our editorial basis, but our task is not limited to mere recruitment. Our role is to promote; 'Whatever increases the confidence, the autonomy, the initiative, the participation, the solidarity, the equalitarian tendencies and the self-activity of the masses and whatever assists in their demystification.' Paul Cardan, 'Modern Capitalism & Revolution' (Solidarity). We want and support revolutionary direct action on every level - in the factories, on the docks, in the fields, in schools, in colleges, in offices, and in the streets. But this is not enough. Revolutionary action should be accompanied by theoretical understanding. The Revolution must be made by men, women and children who know what they are doing. Consciousness and desire must cease to be perceived as contradictions. The Revolution, for us, cannot be limited to economic and political changes; these are urgent and absolutely necessary, it is true, but we see them as a beginning rather than as an end; we see social liberation as the essential prerequisite, the first steps, in the total liberation of man. It is especially to young people - young workers, students, drifters, draft-dodgers, school dropouts - to whom we address

ourselves and our solidarity: Youth are one of the largest and most oppressed sectors of our society, and it is you who must make the Revolution. What we want, and what 'The Rebel Worker' is about, in short, is Freedom – 'The only cause worth serving.' Andre Breton. *BEN COVINGTON – CHARLES RADCLIFFE – FRANKLIN AND PENELOPE ROSEMONT – NAT TURNER – EMILIANO ZAPATA – IWW. This is the first English 'edition' of 'The Rebel Worker'. Charles Radcliffe, 13 Redcliffe Road, London SW 10.*

A VERY NICE VERY RESPECTABLE VERY USELESS CAMPAIGN

When the anarchist poet Jeff Nuttall spoke at the final rally of this year's CND easter march, he added new dimensions to the usual ritual, just as did the giant political puppet theatre which showed politicians as they really are – not just without conscience but small, grovelling men, sustained only by the persecuting knowledge of their own vacant treason to their humanity. By calling for the destruction of the Ministry of Defence, Jeff Nuttall gave intention to an affair which had none of its own. By speaking he let it be known that any number of people saw in CND and its charmless entourage of parliamentary vipers nothing so much as the sell-out of a once genuine popular movement against nuclear war to the so-called immediate imperatives of political relevance and political advance. Since the CND leadership made public its refusal to challenge society – after the Spies for Peace revelations of 1963 – the Campaign has lived on borrowed time. The complex manoeuvres to present a libertarian image while denying to anarchists the right to speak at the rally, the dummy-protests and the dummy-Members of Parliament are not going to save it. CND is doomed. It is time for a young movement which addresses the contemporary reality, a movement which will challenge every tiny aspect of our war-sustained society, even unto the last public utility, which will militarise the dissatisfaction of almost every young person in this country. For dissatisfaction is not confined to politics; it extends into every street, club and classroom. It must be encouraged in its every aspect; its active expression may be welded into a revolutionary weapon which will strike fear into the deepest recesses of our society. Imagine, if every time the police decided to victimise young people they were faced with the united fury of such people, if young people were to turn on their attackers with all the venom their frustration could muster. Then we might talk of protest.

Such a movement would support the emotional eruptions of all youth; would learn to sanction the outrages of youth recognising in them a kindred spirit – albeit a bolder one – in the rejection of the spiritual death of a society which has attempted too long and too successfully to postpone the irrefutable logic of its indifference – destruction. This society, if we will it, can drown in its own corrupted blood. It can die in its tracks – on the streets, in the clubs, in the factories. The new revolution may be obscene and blasphemous; it must deface the power structure when it cannot destroy it; the criterion is defiance not discipline. The new revolution must support every last insurrection of the mind and body against this bloodfed society – Our movement is symbolised by the bomb-thrower, the deserter, the delinquent, the hitch-hiker, the mad lover, the school drop-out, the wildcat striker, the rioter and the saboteur. This year 500 anarchists caused a 'near riot' in Trafalgar Square, until the 'platform' capitulated to their demand for a speaker. Significantly it was Nuttall who spoke on their behalf, rather than an 'Establishment anarchist' (as 'Peace News' delights to term those comrades who are old enough to have sold out but have not done so). The anarchists were roundly condemned by the national press. The peace movement, as represented by 'Peace News', condemned them in more sophisticated fashion. (The dedication of the liberals to respectability has so clouded their vision that they no longer care about the effect of their actions, only that they should not be attacked for them.) The relevance of the action of these predominantly young anarchists is obvious. Their voices and actions exploded their precise consciousness of the fact that respectability finally involves simply this: Clamber into your own arsehole and quietly die.

CHARLES RADCLIFFE

SOUVENIRS OF THE FUTURE: PRECURSORS OF THE THEORY & PRACTICE OF TOTAL LIBERATION

It is clear that man has lost his comfortable foothold in the provincial, one-dimensional flatlands where bourgeois society originally built its little mental world. The peace-loving resident of the suburbs, for instance, used to looking outside and seeing only his overfed neighbour or somebody's excuse for an automobile, now sees through his window only the most terrible darkness, the most violent natural calamities, the most permanent insurrections. He may try, fond as he is of wearing a heavy overcoat of ignorance wherever he goes, to lose himself before his television set, or in an uninspired affair with his best friend's wife; he may even succeed in utterly exterminating the last traces of the free play of his imagination by utilising any of the various means lying conveniently along a well-trod path of emotional and intellectual exhaustion; golf, for instance, or watching baseball. But such efforts are useless. Every scream of protest and genuine anger, every signal of true resistance, whether expressed in wildcat strikes, in certain strains of pop music, in violence against the police on anti-war demonstrations, in ghetto uprisings, in the blues, in jazz, in poetry or in guerrilla warfare against the state – wholehearted revolt in any and every form – gives the lie to the fat and hypocritical complacency of those who cower in fear behind locked doors, afraid of the people in the streets, afraid of their own children, afraid of everything that gets in the way of their stupidity, afraid above all of any vestige of a human being concealed within themselves.

It is also clear, however, that the presently emerging movement of protest is too little conscious of the implications of its actions, too unsure of whence it came, where it is going and why. Certainly one of the most important tasks of a revolutionary journal is to expand, broaden and deepen this consciousness. The motives, inspirations and aspirations of the present movement, of which 'The Rebel Worker' constitutes one of the more adventurous forces, cannot be understood properly without a complete reevaluation of revolutionary values as well as a vast reassessment of the whole revolutionary tradition, necessarily involving research into, and reinterpretation of, all levels and all varieties of past struggles. This requires the complete repudiation of those pitiful 'radicals' who look to history only to justify themselves and their actions with the 'sacred texts', and who thus demonstrate only their weakness and blindness in confronting the reality of today. It goes without saying that we reject, absolutely, both those who choose to hide themselves in the past, or attempt to impose the past upon the future (reactionaries of all traditional varieties) and those who manipulate the past to conceal or distort the true nature of the present (liberals, social democrats, elitest 'socialists', conservatives, etc). "In matters of revolt," as Andre Breton once said, "one should not need ancestors." It is no less true that we must redefine the past according to the needs of the future determined by the situation of the present.

If there are a few people of the past whose words are still meaningful for us today, it is obvious that they cannot be the same ones presented to us for our admiration in school. Teachers, after all, in class society, are usually little more than cops, and who can respect the same things as a cop? The most relevant voices of the past are not the ones sanctified in the bourgeois mausoleum of heroes. The degree to which they are acceptable to this society is the degree to which they are useless to us. Nor can we hope to find most of them in the genealogy cherished by the traditional left, whose dogmatism, sectarianism, humourlessness, elitism and myopia we reject here as in everything else. The revolutionary movement, presently rebuilding itself from scratch, will have to re-envision its history from scratch as well. In particular, I think it is necessary now to give special consideration to precisely those past revolutionaries who have been most consistently ignored by the traditional left. It is also essential that we do not seek from them exclusively political or economic or even sociological revelations. 'In periods of political activity,' as fellow worker Lawrence DeCoster wrote not long ago, 'the greatest hope of revolutionaries lies in non-political activity.' (Of course we must also work like hell to revive serious rank-and-file political activity, primarily on the shop-floor level and in the streets where

it matters most.) Today, with the resources of psychoanalysis, surrealism, anthropology, the physical and biological sciences being placed increasingly at the service of the revolution, we know that certain allegedly 'non-political' works of the past are more thoroughly subversive, more liberating, more revolutionary than the most obviously 'political' works of the same period. Every effort of man to realise his dreams in total freedom is revolutionary. But politics, by itself, no matter how revolutionary, remains a partial truth. Let us note here a few of those whom we can unhesitatingly affirm as precursors of our own theoretical and practical activity, a few desperate enchanters whose magical lucidity still burns in our eyes today, a few lone soul brothers of whom we can still speak in connection with freedom. Academic and journalistic parasites may attempt to obscure them with their false elucidations, or ignore their work through the ignoble 'conspiracy of silence', but nothing will stop us from pouring into the crucibles of the revolution these splendidly subversive inspirations and implacable dreams:

LAUTREAMONT It was Aragon who, before his Stalinisation, observed that just as Marx had laid bare the economic contradictions of society and Freud the psychological contradictions, so Lautreamont threw into dazzling new light the ethical contradictions: the whole problem of morality, not to mention such other problems as the animalisation of the intellect and the purpose of literature, assume with Lautreamont an excruciating significance next to which most of the philosophical babbling of his contemporaries seem to us today as nothing more than a handful of lies. The importance of Lautreamont on the ideological development of surrealism is second to none. His work has been called 'a veritable bible of the unconscious'; the validity of many of his discoveries and revelations were subsequently demonstrated by Freudian psychoanalysis. It can probably be generally agreed that the liberal / humanist pantheon has, in the last century and especially during this century, crumbled to ruins; and it is Lautreamont whose criticism of it was most thoroughly, most devastatingly to the point, and who, moreover, best indicated a way out of the morass of confusion by rallying around the 'reality of desire' which, theoretically elaborated by surrealists, remains the key to our most revolutionary aspirations.

FOURIER The traditional left of the 20th century has almost invariably consigned the many so-called 'utopian socialists' to a position amounting to historical irrelevance, assuming them to be of interest exclusively for their influence on Marx and Engels, or Proudhon and Bakunin. Critical re-examinations of utopians by revolutionaries have occasionally appeared, and sometimes they are very good. (See, for instance, Marie-Louise Berneri's 'Journey Through Utopia' which discusses not only the best known utopians but also Winstanley, Diderot, Sade, William Morris, etc.) But much more still needs to be done. In particular the fantastic and visionary works of Charles Fourier (whose delirious cosmology and 'passional psychology', no less than his penetrating social analysis, intrigued Marx and later Trotsky as well as many anarchists) deserve sympathetic and serious study. Fourier, more than any of the other utopians, pioneered many of our own preoccupations. He was very aware, for instance, of the central problem of love and the crucial role of human passions in social life. He insisted on the necessity of completely changing the very fabric of life to meet the needs of desire. The implications of his theory of analogy suggest a possible new development in revolutionary theory. His importance, in any case, cannot be limited to the experimental rural 'phalansteries' (Fourier's name for communes) of his disciples - which are important too, of course, but in a very different way - nor to his most immediate influences on later socialists: it is above all Fourier the poet and seer who interests us today.

SADE The theoretical and imaginative work of the Marquis de Sade, along with the practical efforts of the celebrated Enrages, can be considered, from the revolutionary point of view, the highest points reached during the French Revolution (and the so-called Age of Reason). The rising bourgeoisie was anti-feudal, anti-monarch, anti-superstition: but its talk of liberty and reason soon reduced itself to platitudes to be carved by the State above the doors of prisons - It was a limited freedom, freedom defined to meet the needs of only one comparatively small class of exploiters. The Enrages struggled for a deeper revolution, representing the class needs of the proletariat: this effort was to receive its theoretical analysis and justification later, first in certain workers' papers and eventually in the monumental

contributions of Marx and Engels. Sade, too, realised the inherent weaknesses of the revolution. (See particularly his 'Frenchman: One More Effort If You Wish to be Republicans' which was, incidentally, reprinted as revolutionary propaganda in the struggles of 1848.) He was aware of the social conflict – the class struggle – but brought to his analysis a consciousness of other problems (love, sexuality, desire, crime, religion, etc) which were not to receive systematic exploration until surrealism. His works, which have at various times been reduced to providing tea-party chatter for senile litterateurs, and are currently enjoying a paperback revival (doubtless for being 'classic pornography'), should now be read by everyone struggling for a revolution which will not end in a new set of chains.

BLAKE The editions of his works printed by William Blake are highly-prized by cretinous bourgeois rare book collectors (let us spit in their faces and note in passing that everything he wrote spits in their faces too). Probably the greatest poet in the English language, most radicals seem to know nothing about him in connection with revolutionary politics other than the fact that he hid Thomas Paine who at the time was wanted by the British government. It is insufficient to add that, in England at least, his poem 'London' has become a 'socialist' hymn: for Blake's importance lies far beyond any isolated minor work which can be unfairly harnessed to the anti-working-class needs of the Labour Party. Let us note only that Blake was, for a time, associated with the circle that included William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, and that he and his works are thoroughly imbued with the revolutionary ideas of his epoch. But Blake saw much farther than any of the other English radicals of his time, and his works – which are only now really becoming active influences on the revolutionary movement – bear witness to the extraordinary depth of his perception and the prophetic surreality of his vision. The Revolution, too, will become 'non-Euclidean'; common sense, already abandoned in almost every significant contemporary thought current (non-Euclidean geometry, non-Maxwellian physics, non-Newtonian Mechanics, probability theory, psychoanalysis, general relativity theory, surrealism, etc) must give way in revolutionary politics, as well, to less limited points of view, to superior methods of knowledge. Blake cut through the superficial rationalism of his day with the axe of poetry and vision. It is true that the semi-religious symbolism he often employed has detracted somewhat from the truly subversive, anti-religious and liberating message of his works; but compared to his contemporaries – and this was a revolutionary age – Blake was the brightest star, on a cloudy, moonless night.

THE GOTHIC NOVELISTS Professional literary critics and academics today are practically unanimous in their rejection of that extraordinary profusion of works of the late 1700s and early 1800s usually known as 'Gothic novels'. These tales of haunted and crumbling castles, apparitions in the night, maddening lust, pacts with the devil and bleeding ears are quite evidently not suited to the refined tastes of our numerous literature experts, who dismiss the entire genre as 'musty claptrap' or with some such other derisive appellation. Like most matters of interest to us, the academics put them down, utterly missing the point. These works, like the real meaning of the revolution, are simply beyond their understanding. What makes the Gothic novels of special importance is both the immense popularity they enjoyed at the time of their publication (they were the best sellers of their day) and also the great influence they exerted upon some of the most brilliant and critical minds of the younger generation; Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, Sade, Baudelaire, the Bronte sisters, etc. Very few works of any period enjoy this double privilege: It was I believe, Andre Breton who first pointed out that these works were highly successful expressions of the latent content of the period in which they were written (ie. The days of the bourgeois revolution). Now certainly one of the greatest weaknesses of the traditional left has been its neglect of the problems of the individual, and human personality in general; these have been ignored through the exclusive preoccupation with social problems, analysis of which in turn has been weakened through ignorance of psychology. There has been, for instance, little investigation of the psychological changes occurring during periods of great social upheavals (or for that matter, little investigation of the psychology of factory workers). It is obvious that people who support reactionary candidates in bourgeois elections do not think the same way as do the people who take over the factories and smash the government. Workers as a class cannot make a really

successful revolution (that is, one leading to complete freedom) unless they are individually, psychologically, as well as socially, capable of it. That is why it is important for revolutionaries to reinforce spontaneity, creativity, self-reliance, independence and rebellion of individual workers as well as of the working class. (This is also one aspect of the relevance and importance of sabotage, an individual act serving the needs of the class.) Obviously much more work must be done along these lines. Meanwhile, we should restudy the imaginative works of sensitive writers of the past who, more or less automatically, documented some aspects of this problem. In particular, the greatest of the Gothic novels (Horace Walpole's 'Castle of Otranto', Lewis's 'The Monk', Maturin's 'Melmoth the Wanderer') offer us valuable testimony in tracing the genesis and evolution of individual revolutionary sensibility, the latent and personal drama unfolding with the manifest and general cataclysm. Of course we have only penetrated the surface of a hardly explored sea, to which no limits can yet be assigned. Living, as we do, in a civilisation rapidly falling to ruin, it is up to us to trace the trajectory of its destruction, to propel it further along this path, to read the prophecies of tomorrow's dawn with a defiantly critical eye, to explore all the unknown worlds inside and outside of man, and, eventually, to pool our collective resources with our billions of fellow workers and soul brothers in the really fundamental tasks of the Revolution: to realise our dreams, our desires, and 'to rebuild human understanding', as Breton put it, 'from scratch'. We must remember that we are in the preliminary stages of our experiment. We know that we cannot build a new revolutionary movement with the skeletons of the old. The old left has taught us very little of what we want to know; we must learn to teach ourselves. Every exploration must be the preface to several others. Every new dream must lead to new actions. We are children, we are savages; we are dangerous and godless. We possess an extraordinary ruthlessness, a profound sense of the marvellous, an aggressive consciousness of our dreams. And, in our hands, the dialectical materialist conceptions of history and desire become a beautiful red and black wolf to set at the door of those who deny us our freedom. **FRANKLIN ROSEMONT**

THE HAUNTED MIRROR *The gray pillow decorates the omnivorous moon, upsetting the wizard's organ of the electric sidewalk. Later, the silence grows sinister and delinquent. The old women run frequently, and the monkey loses track of the crisp cathode. There is a striped squirrel on the roof, and a staircase on the bridge or bog. The night is as spacious as a sacrificed mirror, and all I know is that I love you because goldfish are cavernous and the sea is as singular as a rose. Meanwhile, the cliffs overlook the visible waves, and the trees are black with ostriches. The automobiles entice the chairs in the desirable rain, as if the pedestrians had all recalled their spiral doorbells. The streets are full of rugs and windows; the shopwindows full of waves. Who knows what the thunder will be like tomorrow, or the day after that? The wheels are forlorn like the sleeping finger, or the tigers running loosely on the shore, observed only by the prickly scorpion, who sleeps with one eye open as wide as a paper and always keeps another eye bearded next to his winding ear. Finally, the woman cuts open the resourceful pendulum. There are the usual uncanny screams, the bloodstains on the sky, astonished limits in the dimly-lit ocean. The wolves are rheumatic. The house burns foolishly like a sacrificial accordion. The deceptive goat lies in the osteopath's bed. Every door leads to a new thief, but the blind adjectives own all the pencils. Every old winner is an alphabetical loser, every red table a letter of white sugar. Fallacious pipes are always rare, and I love you as madly as the sky is contagious. **FRANKLIN & PENELOPE ROSEMONT. Paris, March 1966.***

LOBSTER *The aigrettes of your voice spurt out from the burning bush of your lips where the Chevalier de la Barre would be pleased to decay. The hawks of your gaze fishing thoughtlessly all the sardines of my head. Your breath of wild thoughts reflecting from the ceiling on my feet, running through me from all sides, follow me and precede me, throw me from the window to make me come up in the lift and conversely. **BENJAMIN PERET: Author of 'Mort aux Vaches' and many other works - Benjamin Peret was a surrealist poet and theoretician who fought in the ranks of the CNT during the Spanish Revolution.***

HUMOUR OR NOT OR LESS OR ELSE!

'Humour is not resigned; it is rebellious. It signifies the triumph not only of the ego but also of the pleasure principle...' Freud. *'Beautiful as the fortuitous encounter, upon a dissecting table, of a sewing machine and an umbrella.'* Lautreamont. *'Sabotage is the soul of wit.'* ('Solidarity')

Humour, which has long been neglected by many so called revolutionaries in their attempts to prove to themselves that their intentions are altogether noble and serious (no doubt, also, because of the desolation and barrenness of their thinking), ought to be given the recognition it has long deserved and regain its rightful place in the revolutionary struggle. The Wobblies have long been recognised for the humour they have contributed to the class struggle, for instance their use of humour as a means of lowering the boss's self-esteem to a minus one, often expressed in acts of collective sabotage such as the planting of cherry trees upside down with their roots blowing in the wind. Another famous incident in the history of revolutionary humour occurred when International Workers of the World construction workers, whose pay had been cut in half, reported for work the following day with their shovels similarly cut in half. (The pay was raised.)

Besides these examples of on-the-job humour there is 'The Little Red Song Book' containing such songs as 'The Preacher and the Slave', which mocks the famous religious hymn, 'In the Sweet Bye and Bye', used by the Starvation Army when it tried to sell its 'pie in the sky'. And the telegram which Joe Hill sent before he was legally murdered, in which he asked his fellow workers to come get his body because he didn't want to be 'caught dead' in Utah. And aside from being the greatest of the IWW writers T-Bone Slim is also one of its greatest humourists. Humour has vast, as yet only partially realised powers as a polemical weapon. Its users can with the least possible effort pull the keystone out of any argument leaving opponents standing stunned amid a pile of bricks. 'Solidarity', for instance, one of the outposts of revolutionary humour today, once recommended that non-violent demonstrators 'go limp and refuse to bleed'. The movies of the Marx Brothers, Charlie Chaplin, Bugs Bunny are all implicitly dangerous to bourgeois society; they express their bitterness and aggression in humour. They attack society and everything it holds dear, and if you do not leave the movie theatre and destroy the nearest squad car, it's your fault, not theirs. Potential potentates are notorious for their lack of humour and their total inability to cope with it. The entire functioning of a bureaucracy depends on the fact that it is taken seriously. The bureaucrat as an individual usually has little control over the violence which is at the command of the state. This is functional in that it serves to absolve him of any guilt which might result from the use of this violence, for in a bureaucracy as in a firing squad no one really knows who has the live bullet. Bureaucrats have at their disposal little more than prestige, respect and all the trappings of their position. They take themselves and their positions utterly seriously, and because of this it is possible to utterly demolish both them personally and also the sacristy of their office. Humour is the arch-enemy of prestige!

The most violent and extreme form of humour, known as black humour, has found its greatest expression in the work of Lautreamont, Alfred Jarry, Jacques Vache and Benjamin Peret. A popular, if diluted, variety of black humour is found in the elephant jokes and 'sick' jokes. (What is black and white and lies in the gutter? A dead nun.) An example of proletarian black humour which originated during the Spanish Revolution of 1936 is the saying, 'hang the last politician with the guts of the last priest'. Unlike other forms of humour, black humour is totally unacceptable to present society. It has an extremely disturbing effect because whereas milder wit functions merely to deflate the ego of the person whom it happens to be used against, black humour threatens it and devastates it. It surveys reality, sees through it and exposes it. Black humour releases all the power of unconscious desire. Through the adoption of humour as a conscious attitude we can assert ourselves over the confines of environment,

reality, and in effect topple the whole structure and reassemble it as we wish, thus revealing a glimpse of the pride which the Revolution will restore to man. Revolutionaries must be the enemies of reality, they must be poets and dreamers with uncontrollable desires that will not be repressed, sublimated or sidetracked. They must be willing to be ruthless. The economic change brought by the Revolution is only the first of our demands. We will not be content with anything less than the total annihilation of existing reality and the total triumph of Desire.

PENELOPE ROSEMONT

CONSCIOUSNESS AT THE SERVICE OF DESIRE

He who wishes to attain the profoundly marvellous must free images from their conventional associations, associations always dominated by utilitarian judgments: must learn to see the man behind the social function, break the scale of so called moral values, replacing it by that of sensitive values, surmount taboos, the weight of ancestral prohibitions, cease to connect the object with the profit one can get out of it, with the price it has in society, with the action it commands. This liberation begins when by some means the voluntary censorship of the bad conscience is lifted, when the mechanism of the dream are no longer impeded. A new world then appears where the blue-eyed passerby becomes a king, where red coral is more precious than diamond, the toucan more indispensable than the cart-horse. The fork has left its enemy the knife on the restaurant table, it is now between Aristotle's categories and the piano keyboard. The sewing machine yielding to an irresistible attraction, has gone off into the fields to plant beetroot. Holiday world, subject to pleasure, its absolute rule, everything in it seems gratuitous and yet everything is soon replaced in accordance with a truer order, deeper reasons, a rigorous hierarchy. In this mysterious domain which opens before us, when the intellect, social in its origin and in its destination, has been abandoned, the traveller experiences an uncomfortable disorientation. The first moments of amusement or alarm having passed, he must explore the expanse of the unconscious, boundless as the ocean, likewise animated by contrary movements. He quickly notices that this unconscious is not homogeneous; planes stratify as in the material universe, each with their value, their law, their manner of sequence and their rhythm.

Paraphrasing Hermes' assertion that 'all is below as what is above to make the miracle of a single thing', it is permissible to assert that everything is in us just as that which is outside us so as to constitute a single reality. In us the diffuse phantoms, the distorted reflections of actuality, the repressed expressions of unsatisfied desires, mingle with the common and general symbols. From the confused to the simple, from the glitter of personal emotions to the indefinite perception of the cosmic drama, the imagination of the dreamer effects its voyage, unceasingly, it dives to return to the surface, bringing from the depths to the threshold of consciousness, the great blind fish. Nevertheless, the pearl-fisher comes to find his way amid the dangers and the currents. He manages to discover his bearings amid the fugitive landscape bathed in a half-light where alone a few brilliant points scintillate. He acquires little by little the mastery of the dark waters. But the mind is not content to enjoy the contemplation of the magnificent images it sees while dreaming, it wishes to translate its visions, express the new world which it has penetrated, make other men share therein, realise the inventions that have been suggested to it. The dream is materialised in writing, in the plastic arts, in the erection of monuments, in the construction of machines. Nevertheless, the completed works, the acquired knowledge, leave untouched, if not keener, the inquietude of man, ever drawn to the quest of individual and collective finality, to the obsession of breaking down the solitude which is ours, to the hope of influencing directly the mind of others so as to modify their sentiments and guide their actions, and last, and above all, to the desire to realise total love. *PIERRE MABILLE Excerpt reprinted from the surrealist review 'London Bulletin, June 1940 - Pierre Mabilille was a leading surrealist theoretician of the 1930s and 1940s, author of 'La Conscience Lumineuse', 'Egregores', 'Le Miroir du Merveilleux', etc. Another excerpt from 'The Destruction of the World' will appear in the forthcoming 'Rebel Worker' pamphlet 'Surrealism & Revolution'.*

CRIME AGAINST THE BOURGEOISIE

I first heard about The Who before they were The Who; just another mod r'n'b group, playing one of Central London's most fiercely mod clubs, but apparently doomed to remaining unknown outside a small circle of fans, despite their defiantly hip name – the High Numbers. I didn't hear any more about them for nearly 2 years, when suddenly a rash of posters appeared in Central London advertising a new group – The Who. The posters were superb – heavily shadowed, crudely dramatic and featuring The Who lead guitarist, Pete Townshend, his arm raised in an arc over his head, his guitar barely visible. A few months before they had been unknown, under the new name, outside the Shepherd's Bush area but gradually the news spread that the Marquee Club – whence came, among others, the Rolling Stones, the Yardbirds, the Moody Blues and Manfred Mann – had a fantastic new group. They were taken up by 'Melody Maker', the hippest British music weekly, and shortly afterwards by 'Record Mirror'. Despite the enthusiasms of the fans – the musical press, for the most part managed little more than perplexed astonishment – The Who's first record, 'I Can't Explain', one of the best pop records of 1965, didn't really move nationally at first though it created enough interest in the group for their explosive views about pop to gain some attention. More people went to the Marquee. Provincial fans carried back the news. The record took off, finally making the Top Ten. When The Who made their second record, 'Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere', they were again able to go almost into the Top Ten. The weird feedback sound effects, the carefully cultivated Pop Art image - the wearing of jackets made from the Union Jack and sweatshirts embroidered with the free-form sound effects of American comics, as well as military insignia, and later their championship of auto-destructive pop guaranteed them attention in a world where long hair was becoming more a recommendation for respectable employment than a mark of depravity.

The Who's stage act is a shattering event. They start off quietly but providing the audience is with them they soon turn on the special effects. The singer, Roger Daltrey, legs slightly apart, torso jutting forward, begins to smash his microphone with a tambourine, first gently and then with increasing fury until the amplifiers howl. Alternatively he crashes a hand-mike against the cymbals or screams harshly into the microphone, leaning forward at an absurd angle, his body straight, held above the stage by the microphone stand. While singing he cavorts round the stage in the curiously paralytic dance of a reigning mod. Occasionally he blows harmonica, furiously and grotesquely, like the screeching of a moon-struck tom cat. One way or the other he often leaves microphones smashed. Meanwhile Pete Townshend, face bland and impassive, creates banshee howls, stutters and the staccato burr of distant machine guns from feedback and by scraping his instrument against the amplifier, before finally smashing it into the amplifier to produce the noise of tearing metal and screeching car tyres. His arm swings wildly, higher than his head, arcing before smashing back onto the guitar. He strikes chords and his arm swings in circles, faster and faster. He holds a pose; arm extended, before once again swinging onto his guitar. Or, he holds his guitar at the hip, shooting notes at the audience. The Who's stage act can end with his guitar hurled into the crowd. John Entwistle, on bass guitar, keeps the thread of the group's performance with heavy double rhythms and a driving bass line. Drummer Keith Moon, mouth wide open; head gyrating from side to side, eyes wide and glazed, thunders out a furious rhythm, acknowledging the howls of the crowd for whom he has always been the main attraction.

The whole effect of The Who on stage is action, noise, rebellion and destruction - a storm of sexuality and youthful menace. They proudly announced after the success of 'Anyway' that their next record was going to be anti-boss, anti-war and anti-young marrieds. The result was this: *'People try to put us down, Just because we get around, Things they do look awful cold, Hope I die before I get old, My generation, this is my generation, baby, Why don't you all f-f-fade away, Don't try to dig what we all say, Not trying to cause a big sensation, Talking about my generation.'* 'My Generation' was the most publicised, most criticised and possibly the best record yet by The Who. If it didn't entirely live up to its expectations and if it wasn't quite so unrecalcitrantly hip as 'Anyway' the offence it caused – particularly when the group announced

that the singer was supposed to sound 'blocked' (high) on the record was extremely gratifying. There is violence in The Who's music; a savagery still unique in the still overtly cool British pop scene. The Who don't want to be liked; they don't want to be accepted; they are not trying to please but to generate in the audience an echo of their own anger. If their insistence on Pop Art, now dying a little, is reactionary – for of all art, pop art most completely accepts the values of consumer society – there is still their insistence on destruction, the final ridicule of the Spectacular commodity economy. Townshend's room has shattered guitars hanging as trophies on the wall. There is also their insistence on behaving as they wish. Townshend told 'Melody Maker'; "There is no suppression within the group. You are what you are and nobody cares. We say what we want when we want. If we don't like something someone is doing we say so. Our personalities clash, but we argue and get it all out of our system. There's a lot of friction, and off-stage we're not particularly matey. But it doesn't matter. If we were not like this it would destroy our stage performance. We play how we feel."

Likewise their manager told reporters that he saw their appeal lying in rootlessness. "They're really a new form of crime – armed against the bourgeois." Townshend talked defiantly on the 'hip' TV show, 'Whole Scene Going', denouncing the other members of the group, the pop scene, society at large and non-drug users in particular. "Drugs don't harm you. I know. I take them. I'm not saying I use opium or heroin, but hashish is harmless and everyone takes it." Townshend's views, which he expresses freely and frequently, are weirdly confused. On the General Election: "Comedy must come in the end and it just has... I think the Tories will win because so many people hate Wilson... I still reckon English Communism would work, at least stronger trade unions and price freedom. I've always been instructed by local communists to vote Labour if I can't find a Communist candidate. The British CP is so badly run – sort of making tea in dustbins like the Civil Defence." On the Chinese: "They are being taught to hate. But they are led by a great person who can control them." In the same 'Melody Maker' interview he came out against the Vietnam war but curiously did not support the Vietcong, complained about vandalism in phone booths and Keith Moon getting old. "Once – if I felt ageing, I could look at Keith and steal some of his youth." The conscious revolution, if at all, is however submerged under the unconscious and consuming fury of The Who. The Who are at full volume; despite predictions of their imminent demise they have 2 records in the English charts and they will not die until they are replaced by a group offering more far-reaching explosions of sounds and ideas. The Who are symptomatic of discontent. Their appearance and performance alike denounce respectability and conformity. They champion their own complete expression of feeling. Bernard Marszalek has written (in 'Freedom' 23/4/66): 'One can only work towards this goal ('The intrusion of desire with all of its marvellous aspects into a decadent and crusted society') by developing with youth a sense of rage and urgency to unite the realms of dream and action fearlessly and with candour.' The Who may be a small particle of this explosion but they have a power unlike any other pop group's; on a good night The Who could turn on a whole regiment of the dispossessed. *BEN COVINGTON*

I HATE THE POOR *Until all men unite in hating the poor, there can be no new society. Stalin loves the poor – without them he could not exist. The revolutions of the future must be directed not against the rich but against the poor. To be poor means to be blind, demoralised, debased. The poor have been the slop pails of capitalism, repositories for all the filth and brutality of a filthy, brutal world. Do not liberate the poor; destroy them – and with them all the jackal Stalins that feast on their hideous, shrunken bodies. How the Church and the false revolutionaries draw together: love the poor – for they are humble. I say hate the poor for the humility which keeps their faces pressed into the mud. The poor are the product of a false and cruel society; but they are also the cornerstone of that society. Lift them to the stars; tell them to walk proudly on this earth: the cathedrals and broad roads were made by the labour of their hands; it is the duty of all true revolutionists not only to restore these things into their hands but also – and this is the key – to put them into their heads. Empty stomachs, empty heads: fill both with good food. Don't shove Peter the Great back into their throats. KENNETH PATCHEN 'The Journal of Albion Moonlight' (New Directions).*

I AM NOT ANGRY: I AM ENRAGED!

I address myself to bigots – those who are so inadvertently, those who are cold and premeditated with it. I address myself to those ‘in’ white hipsters who think niggers never had it so good (Crow Jim) and that it’s time something was done about restoring the traditional privileges that have always accrued to the whites exclusively (Jim Crow). I address myself to sensitive chauvinists, the greater part of the white intelligentsia – and the insensitive, with whom the former have this in common: the uneasy awareness that ‘Jass’ is an ofay’s word for a nigger’s music (viz. Duke and Pulitzer). Allow me to say that I am – with men of other complexions, dispositions, etc – about art. I have about 15 years of dues paying – others have spent more – which permits me to speak with some authority about the crude stables (clubs) where black men are groomed and paced like thoroughbreds to run till they bleed or else are hacked up outright for Lepage’s glue. I am about 28 years in these United States, which, in my estimation is one of the most vicious racist social systems of the world – with the possible exceptions of Southern Rhodesia, South Africa and South Viet Nam.

I am, for the moment, a helpless witness to the bloody massacre of my people on streets that run from Hayneville through Harlem. I watch them die. I pray that I don’t die. I’ve seen the once children – now men of my youth get down on scag, shoot it in the fingers, and then expire on frozen tenement roofs or in solitary basements, where all our frantic thoughts raced to the same desperate conclusion: ‘I’m sorry it was him; glad it wasn’t me.’ I have seen the tragedy of perennially starving families, my own. I am that tragedy. I am the host of the dead: Bird, Billie, Ernie, Sonny, whom you, white America, murdered out of systematic and unloving disregard. I am a nigger shooting heroin at 15 and dead at 35 with ho’s head cheeses for arms and horse for blood. But I am more than the images you superimpose on me, the despair that you inflict. I am the persistent insistence of the human heart to be free. I wish to regain that cherished dignity that was always mine. My esthetic answer to your lies about me is a simple one; you can no longer defer my dream. I’m gonna sing it. Dance it. Scream it. And if need be, I’ll steal it from this very earth.

Get down with me, white folks. Go where I go. But think this: injustice is rife. Fear of the truth will out. The murder of James Powell, the slaughter of 30 Negroes in Watts are crimes that would make God’s left eye jump. That establishment that owns the pitifully little that is left of me can absolve itself only through the creation of equitable relationships among all men, or else the world will create for itself new relationships that exclude the entrepreneur and the procurer. Give me leave to state this unequivocal fact: jazz is the product of the whites – the ofays – too often my enemy. It is the progeny of the blacks, my kinsmen. By this I mean: you own the music, and we make it. By definition then, you own the people who make the music. You own us in whole chunks of flesh. When you dig deep inside our already disembowelled corpses and come up with a solitary diamond – because you don’t want to flood the market – how different are you from De Beers of South Africa or the profligates who fleeced the Gold Coast? I give you, then, my brains back, America. You have had them before, as you had my father’s, as you took my mother’s: in outhouses, under the back porch, next to the black snakes who should have bitten you then. I ask only: don’t you ever wonder just what my collective rage will – as it surely must – be like, when it is – as it inevitably will be – unleashed?

Our vindication will be black as the colour of suffering is black, as Fidel is black, as Ho Chi Minh is black. It is thus that I offer my right hand across the worlds of suffering to black compatriots everywhere. When they fall victim to war, disease, poverty – all systematically enforced – I fall with them, and I am a yellow skin, and they are black like me or even white. For them and me I offer this prayer, that this 28th year of mine will never again find us all so poor, nor the rapine forces of the world in such sanguinary circumstances. I leave you with this for what it’s worth. I am an anti-fascist artist. My music is functional. I play about the death of me by you. I exult in the life of me in spite of you. I give some of that life to you whenever you listen to me, which right now is never. My music is for the people. If you are a bourgeois, then you must listen to it on my terms. I will not let you misconstrue me. That era is over. If my music

doesn't suffice, I will write you a poem, a play. I will say to you in every instance, "Strike the Ghetto. Let my people go." ARCHIE SHEPP – *Poet, playwright and one of the major tenor sax voices amongst the current jazz avant-garde. He has a number of albums available both in England and the US. 'Fire Music' (Impulse A86) is particularly recommended. Archie Shepp's article is reprinted here in part from 'Down Beat' where it presumably had a readership akin to the magazine's policy of woolly blue-eyed liberalism. We hope this reprint will let his words reach a small part of the audience they deserve. We agree with what he says but think Fidel and Ho would sell him short. Maybe one day we'll get the chance to discuss this with him.*

MONEY

The power to confuse and invert all human and natural qualities, to bring about fraternisation of incompatibles, the divine power of money, resides in its character as the alienated and self-alienating species – life of man. It is the alienated power of humanity. What I as a man am unable to do, and thus what all my individual faculties are unable to do, is made possible for me by money. Money, therefore turns each of these faculties into something which it is not, into its opposite. If I long for a meal, or wish to take the mail coach because I am not strong enough to go on foot, money provides the meal and the mail coach; ie. It transforms my desires from representations into realities, from imaginary being into real being. In mediating thus, money is a genuinely creative power... The difference between effective demand, supported by money, and ineffective demand, based upon my need, my passion, my desire, etc, is the difference between being and thought, between the merely inner representation and the representation which exists outside myself as a real object. If I have no money for travel I have no need - no real and self-realising need – for travel. If I have a vocation for study but no money for it, then I have no vocation, ie. No effective, genuine vocation... Money is the external, universal means and power (not derived from man as man or from human society as society) to change representation into reality and reality into mere representation. It transforms real human and natural faculties into mere abstract representations, ie. Imperfections and tormenting chimeras; and on the other hand, it transforms real imperfections and fancies, faculties which are really impotent and which exist only in the individual's imagination, into real faculties and powers. In this respect, therefore, money is the general inversion of individualities, turning them into their opposites and associating contradictory qualities with their qualities. Money, then, appears as a disruptive power for the individual and for the social bonds, which claim to be self-subsistent entities. It changes fidelity into infidelity, love into hate, hate into love, virtue into vice, vice into virtue, servant into master, stupidity into intelligence and intelligence into stupidity. Since money, as the existing and active concept of value, confounds and exchanges everything, it is the universal confusion and transposition of all things, the inverted world, the confusion and transposition of all natural and human qualities. He who can purchase bravery is brave, though a coward. Money is not exchanged for a particular quality, a particular thing, or a specific human faculty, but for the whole objective world of man and nature. Thus, from the standpoint of its possessor, it exchanges every quality and object for every other, even though they are contradictory. It is the fraternisation of incompatibles; it forces contraries to embrace. Let us assume man to be man, and his relation to the world to be a human one. Then love can only be exchanged for love, trust for trust, etc. If you wish to enjoy art you must be an artistically cultivated person; if you wish to influence other people you must be a person who really has a stimulating and encouraging effect upon others. Every one of your relations to man and to nature must be a specific expression, corresponding to the object of your will, of your real individual life. If you love without evoking love in return, ie. If you are not able, by the manifestation of yourself as a loving person, to make yourself a beloved person, then your love is impotent and a misfortune. KARL MARX *From the 'Economic & Philosophical Manuscripts' of 1844 (Bottomore translation). Karl Marx was a 19th century socialist whose works have exerted considerable influence on the revolutionary movement.*

LETTER FROM CHICAGO

(Excerpts...) I wrote a leaflet in honour of Barry Bondhus a Minnesota youth who took 2 buckets of shit into his draft board office and dumped them into 6 file drawers. I hope to pass these out at Dick Clark's World Fair of Youth being held for 10 days at the Amphitheatre and which will present 10 r'n'r groups, mod clothes exhibits, youth culture generally – it is being billed throughout the Midwest, a real blowout! But very conservative – several of us plan to change that. We still get suburban kids in to talk and I am beginning to come up with nice variations on disruptive activity that they can pull off. What generates me at present is the altogether exquisite future that I see... wait till you get back; the climate is changing here at a surprising rate; the acceleration is simply fantastic. Everybody is flipping out. Another thing I am working on is a ball for May probably outdoors, maybe at the Tap Root after we get chased off open lots, with several rock bands, blues, etc. Several anarchists are interested but I may have to do all the work. ecch? There is a group here from the western suburbs called the Shadows of Night. Have they been heard of in England? Bruce Elwell is hoping to start a Theatre of Provocation in Philie... What I am DOING is getting high and higher one little realisation, that I have one task alone and that is to bring out the most delicate outrage in myself. Explode the hair follicles whee... I can think of only lovely destructive stuff, like painting ourselves blue and walking on water. These scandals... must be spontaneous. I'll talk to you when you're both back in this land of the brave and home of the free, or is it the other way around, I never could get it straight... May day... I'll send you a letter from prison. **BERNARD MARSZALEK**

SOLIDARITY

The only radical libertarian bookshop in the US, run by members of the Industrial Workers of the World for the purpose of disseminating revolutionary literature to the widest possible readership. The following list is a brief selection of available material. SOLIDARITY BOOKSHOP Annotated Catalogue of Radical Books In Print. 53 pages; sections on anarchism, socialism, surrealism, etc. 50c 3/6d. 'Mods, Rockers & The Revolution' ('Rebel Worker' pamphlet #1) Collection of articles on the youth revolt. 15c 6d. 'Blackout!' by Robert S. Calese ('Rebel Worker' pamphlet #2) 24 hours of BLACK ANARCHY in New York. 15c 6d. 'Revolutionary Consciousness' ('Rebel Worker' pamphlet #3) Collection of articles aimed at collective consciousness expansion by Jim Evrard, Bruce Elwell, G. Bachelard (Forthcoming: to be published June 1966) 15c 6d. 'Surrealism & Revolution' ('Rebel Worker' pamphlet #4) Anthology of surrealist writing (ready July 1966) 35c 1/9d. 'Sabotage Anthology' ('Rebel Worker' pamphlet #5) The only anthology of articles on sabotage, including classics of the past and articles by younger revolutionaries in and out of the IWW today (ready August 1966) 50c 3/6d. IWW PUBLICATIONS 'IWW Songs: To Fan the Flames of Discontent' – The famous Little Red Song Book of the rebel band of labour; songs by Joe Hill, T-Bone Slim and others. 40 3/-. 'The IWW: Its First 50 Years' by Fred Thompson. Summary of Wobbly history. Paperback \$2 16/- Cloth \$3 24/-. BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS OF OTHER PUBLISHERS 'Hungary 56' by Andy Anderson (Solidarity) The first proletarian revolution in a modern, fully-industrialised, bureaucratic country. 75c 2/6d. 'Vietnam' (Solidarity) Background outline of the current crisis. 'The only solution is world revolution.' 15c 6d. 'Eros and Civilisation' by Herbert Marcuse. Revolutionary implications of psychoanalysis paper \$1.25 10/-. 'Nadja' by Andre Breton. One of the greatest surrealist works (English translation) \$1.95 16/-. 'KCC Versus the Homeless: The King Hill Campaign' (Solidarity & Socialist Action) 44p. illustrated. The epic struggle of the homeless of King Hill, providing a blueprint for future struggles against bureaucracies in local government. 30c 1/6d. add 4% sales tax & postage. SOLIDARITY BOOKSHOP, 1947 N. Larrabee, Chicago, Ill. 60614. Everyone who wants to put out further issues of THE REBEL WORKER in England should write to Charles Radcliffe, 13 Redcliffe Road, London SW10.

HEATWAVE



#1 JULY 1966 (price 1/6d)

SEEDS OF SOCIAL DESTRUCTION

TEDDY BOYS - TON-UP KIDS - BEATS - BAN THE BOMBERS - RAVERS - MODS AND ROCKERS

HEATWAVE: FIRST STATEMENT

Heatwave is a new magazine, but it has a past. On May Day, the first Anglo-American edition of the Chicago wobblers' 'The Rebel Worker' was published here because a group of us felt there was an audience in Britain for an experimental, perhaps slightly crazed libertarian socialist journal. 'The Rebel Worker' will continue to be published from Chicago; the London group will publish HEATWAVE. HEATWAVE's policy will obviously reflect the ideas of the people around the magazine but we are not a splinter group. We intend to co-operate, ideologically and practically with our Chicago co-dreamers; we see our task as being the same as theirs, to run a wild, experimental libertarian-socialist journal which will attempt to relate thought, dream and action whilst pointing out the significance of movements, ideas and creations which are ignored by the stagnant, fin-de-siecle revolutionaries. HEATWAVE is not a rival to existing publications on the libertarian left, but an addition to the libertarian press and an extension of its ideology, both conscious and unconscious, into new fields. HEATWAVE wants to generate heat in every field. We believe the time is ripe for an explosion of revolutionary energy which would alter the face of the earth. HEATWAVE advocates the use of any and all means that may bring to a climax the crisis of capitalism and authoritarianism, and result in the total extinction of all forms of exploitation or authority. HEATWAVE, 13 Redcliffe Road, London SW10 UK.

PROVO: WHAT IS THE PROVOTARIAT?

WHAT IS THE PROVOTARIAT? Provos, beatniks, pleiners, nozems, teddy-boys, rockers, blousons noirs, hooligans, mangupi, students, artists, misfits, anarchists, ban-the-bombers... Those who don't want a career and who lead irregular lives; those who come from the asphalt jungles of London, Paris, Amsterdam, New York, Moscow, Tokyo, Berlin, Milan, Warsaw and who feel ill-adapted to this society... The Provotariat is the last element of rebellion in our 'developed' countries. The Proletariat is the slave of the politicians. Watching TV. It has joined its old enemy, the bourgeoisie, and now constitutes with the bourgeoisie a huge, grey mass. The new class opposition in our countries is the Provotariat against this mass. But the Provotariat is not a class – its make-up is too heterogeneous for that.

'DIRECT ACTION: AMSTERDAM MARCH 21 1966: Although the afternoon's provo demonstration in the neighbourhood of an exhibition consecrated to police action for the recent wedding of Princess Beatrix did not seem able to extend beyond a simple uproar, a sudden violent flare-up brought police and provos into conflict. The latter, reinforced by several hundred young people, struggled with the forces of law and order for the whole evening... In certain roads the occupants of houses sided with youth, bombarding police with various objects, including old bicycles. At midnight order seemed to have been restored after an evening of surprise violence.' 'Le Monde' March 22 1966.

THE PROVOTARIAT IS A GROUPING OF SUBVERSIVE ELEMENTS: Why does the PROVO-TARIAT rebel? It exists in a society based on the cult of 'getting on'. The example of millions of elbow-bargers and unscrupulous go-getters can only serve to anger the Provotariat. SUCCESS = ONE'S OWN HOME SUCCESS = A CAR, A FRIDGE, TV SUCCESS = STATUS We live in a monolithic, sickly society in which the creative individual is the exception. Big bosses, capitalists, communists, impose on us, tell us what we should do, what we should consume. BUT the Provotariat wants to be itself. DOWN with Philips, Bastos, Volkswagens, Renault, Dops, the makers of stinking petrol and the rest of that lot. THE PROVOTARIAT warns the slave-consumer: We live in authoritarian society. The authorities make all the decisions. We can get stuffed. The authorities are preparing war for us. Atomic, bacteriological and chemical weapons are being made everywhere; in the USA, USSR, France, Britain, China. In a situation of mounting terror they will also be made in Germany, Sweden, Indonesia, Israel... If the Vietnam

war becomes nuclear war it is most likely that the entire Northern Hemisphere will be depopulated. The authorities decide our life... and our death. **THE PROVOTARIAT IS FRIGHTENED OF THE AUTHORITIES' NUCLEAR WAR:** That is why the Provotariat is engaged in struggle with the authorities everywhere. The police brutalise us when we demonstrate against nuclear weapons, when the blousons noirs come on the scene in their own way (in unconscious protest against this society). The police let loose on us all their spite and reactionary venom.

POLICE AGAINST PROVOTARIAT = HIERARCHY AGAINST ANARCHY In the Low Countries the anarchist PROVO movement is born of the Provotariat and it urges the Provotariat of the whole world to become aware of its alienation. **WHAT DOES ANARCHISM WANT?** Collectivisation Decentralisation Demilitarisation A new society, a federation of autonomous communes in which private property is demolished. Each responsible for its own economic and social life. In the approaching cybernetic age electronic machinery will carry out administrative tasks (the eternal pretext for the existence of politicians). In such a technological society, decentralised into small communities, democracy will really be possible.

ANARCHY DEMANDS REVOLUTION: 'PROVO' despairs of the coming of Revolution and Anarchy. Nevertheless it puts its faith in anarchism; for 'PROVO' anarchism is the only admissible social concept. It is 'PROVO's ideological weapon against the authoritarian forces which oppose us. If the Provotariat (so far) lacks the strength for revolution there is still – PROVOCation. Provocation with all its little pin pricks has in the face of circumstances, become our only weapon. It is our last chance to smash the authorities in their vital, soft parts. By our acts of provocation we force authority to tear off its mask. Uniforms, boots, kepis, swords, truncheons, fire hoses, police dogs, tear gas and all the other means of repression the authorities hold in reserve they must be forced to use against us. They will thus be forced to show their real nature; chin forward, eye-brows wrinkled, eyes glazed with rage, threatening left and right, commanding, forbidding, condemning, convicting. They will make themselves more and more unpopular and the popular conscience will ripen for anarchy. **THE CRISIS WILL COME.** It is our last chance. **A PROVOKED CRISIS FOR THE AUTHORITIES.** Such is the enormous provocation called for from the International Provotariat by 'PROVO: Amsterdam'. **PROVOKE! FORM ANARCHIST GROUPS. BEWARE! PROVOS, WE ARE LOSING A WORLD.** From 'PROVO' – an anarchist journal, 1965. (Translated from 'ICO' April 1966 by KT & CR)

THE GREAT ACCIDENT OF ENGLAND

If London has the most with-it, the most cultured, refined and studiously pleasure-seeking hips then Liverpool has the most in number. London hips have arrived. Liverpool hips have never been anywhere else. They wouldn't know what hip means but their tradition is hip from the roots. The future in Liverpool is pay night for everybody, helped along on a bigger scale by sailors coming into town to blow 3 months pay in one week. The bourgeoisie are represented by a few middle-aged ladies who nobody could envy for their happiness who make the fearful journey during daylight across town to George Henry Lees, sneering at girls in curlers and being nudged all over the pavements by the cowboys with them. But before night comes they have escaped safely in the red buses to Crosby clutching their little green bags with their hats pinned to their heads, leaving the world to darkness and to pleasure. Because in Liverpool pleasure is all there is. The jobs are too much shit to fool anybody. Bombsites and slums demonstrate the meaning of the light and nice clothes and food and records in shop windows. In London there is money and miles and miles of the best material existence in the world and careers in famous firms all offering to seduce comfortably. Liverpool has been ignored. It is the great accident of England where it is too late now for the weak to hold the energy of the beatboys, footy-fans, teddy boys, hitch-hikers, comics, general piss-taker artists, train-wreckers, intellectuals, wildcat strikers and scrubber birds... *JOHN O'CONNOR*

RESURGENCE YOUTH MOVEMENT

The Resurgence Youth Movement stands for the **WORLD REVOLUTION OF YOUTH**. We stand for the second Great Invasion of the Barbarians. Let Hell's Angels park their motorcycles in St. Patrick's Cathedral and let the gangs round up the adult delinquents and put them to work. The World Revolution of Youth is what's happening. It is part of the total revolution for human freedom that is always being waged. Rebel Youth all over the world stand with the workers, the peasants, the dispossessed, in the fight for freedom, which up until now has always been a guerrilla war. Now the horizons are widened. The battlefield is the society we live in. The enemy is before us. Join ranks for the final conflict! Death to Capitalism! Death to the State!

THIS WORLD BELONGS TO YOUTH / WE WANT FREEDOM AND WE WANT LIFE. Capitalism-imperialism, etc, whatever you wish to call the rotten system in the United States, is in its last stages. The butchers are desperate because the tide of world revolution is washing on our own shores... the cry of Freedom Now! has echoed across a continent. Wildcat strikes from a reawakening labour movement... the New Student in America... revolution through community organisation and direct action... the disintegration of the traditional political-social-cultural structures and the emergence of mass radicalism...

AMERICAN YOUTH HAVE A CRUCIAL ROLE to play in this drama which the United States Government (as the main enemy) has chosen to enact in the last stages of its existence. For it is we who are being called upon to kill our Brothers, the young revolutionaries who are fighting US Imperialism in the 'Third World'. It is we who are asked to stay in school preparing for useless or non-existent jobs, it is we who are being trained in our factory mis-education system to keep the machinery of the system going.

WE HAVE HAD ENOUGH! Resurgence Youth Movement was organised because a group of young people in New York City, some in school, some dropped out, some working, decided that they had had enough. We have groups going now all over the East Coast and we have just begun to fight. The past year has been a real beginning. We have been holding meetings, not indoors, but out on the streets, where we have spoken with thousands of young people. We have published our own magazine to bring our ideas to thousands more. We have been working with other movements of protest and rebellion that are fighting the way we are fighting and for the same things. **WE KNOW THAT WE ARE NOT ALONE.**

We are not the only organisation that talks about revolution, but we say that the time for revolutions made by politicians are over; we are talking about anarchist revolution, the revolution for total freedom. *THE RESURGENCE YOUTH MOVEMENT (Re-printed from 'RESURGENCE' #3 New York July 1965)*

THE REBEL WORKER

America's most insurrectionary, revolutionary, free-wheeling and experimental libertarian socialist journal published quarterly at 25c per copy (2/-). Published by The Rebel Worker group also are pamphlets; 'Mods, Rockers & The Revolution', 'The New York Blackout', 'The Decline & Fall of the Spectacular Commodity Economy' (on the Watts Insurrection), 'Sabotage', 'Surrealism & Revolution', 'Revolutionary Consciousness'. Also the best range of radical libertarian literature in the US. All inquiries to: The Rebel Worker, Solidarity Bookshop (America's only anarchist bookshop), 1947 North Larrabee, Chicago, Illinois 60614, USA. HEAT-WAVE: Why not subscribe to Britain's wildest libertarian journal? For 6/- you get 4 quarterly issues. Single issues available at 2/- post free. Discount on bulk orders. Inquiries to 13 Redcliffe Road, London SW10, UK. THE REBEL WORKER #6: The issue that started HEATWAVE... Anglo-American edition of America's greatest libertarian journal. Limited number still available from Charles Radcliffe, 13 Redcliffe Road, London SW10. Articles on: The Precursors of the Theory of Total Liberation, The Who, CND and the New Revolution-ism, Humour. 1/- .

THE EXPANDED JOURNAL OF ADDICTION

6 years of opiate addiction – 6 years of increasing terror; veins shrinking away, hiding. Brain encased in a shell of fear that nearly grew impenetrable. 3000 miles from home I began to die:

30/9/65: The drug is taking my body away from me. It is only by intensive investigation that I can find out what plans the drug has for my flesh. The normal lines of communication have been broken. Limbs fall asleep when not being used. Things fall from my hands without my knowledge. Organs shift positions, work independently for their new master. Am I to be completely replaced? Each day I lose control of another part of my body. My intestines, bladder, genitals, and right hand are already partly conquered. I must cut down.

7/10/65: Thoughts now originate in my stomach and must work their way up to my brain before they can be acted upon. Many times my brain acts as a solvent, dissolving many of the messages sent by my stomach before I know what they are. Vomiting would not rescue ideas from solution, for having not yet reached my brain, they would be unintelligible, scrambled code sparks of plans for escape.

15/10/65: Conditions have become almost intolerable. Not only am I unable to see any source of happiness here, but I am unable to see how I shall be able to bring about any such pleasant situations ever. I feel as if this journal is a monument to dulled senses, a tribute to the mind clouded by heroin and exploded by countless fears. (That night, a shot, perspiration and lying on the bed thinking of sleep. 4 hours later awakened by a knock: 2 policemen come into the room. The taller one points his finger at my face, and the other comes up behind the head of my bed and holds me there, one hand on my throat, the other hand on my shoulder. The taller one grabs my legs at the knees and slides his hands down my legs to the ankles - As he reaches my ankles, he lifts his hands from my body and displays hypodermic needles, syringes, droppers, heroin tablets; he turns his hands over letting the objects fall to the floor. He rubs his hands down my legs again, somehow producing more heroin. I'm lying there, not moving, tears falling fast. Wanting to deny, but speechless. I don't understand any of it, where the heroin comes from, is it a conjuror's trick? I try to see the face on the other policeman, but I cannot. The taller policeman straightens up, looks at his colleague, and says "We have enough". He takes out a pistol and aims it at my head. I scream.)

24/10/65: I can't explain the period I'm moving into, but it's horrible. Have all my years of trying to get well been hopeless? If only I could get into a hospital immediately. I can't go on like this. I don't want to die. I'm afraid. Everywhere I turn there is fear. I don't know how to get home alive; I wouldn't know how to be happy once I did get back; I don't know how to be happy here. I'm lost.

9-10/11/65: There is no chance for me to see the people I've loved. Will I ever get back home? Thinking of R, almost crying. Did she give me up because I was an addict? All the letters I wrote to her, every night, the same dazed state – Where is she now? (My last shot. I awaken in the morning to find the streets covered with ice. I dress quickly for I must go and get more heroin. I step out on the sidewalk, slip, and fall. The ice is too slippery to get traction, walking is impossible. But no drugs, and I'm getting sick. I begin to crawl on my stomach, digging my fingernails into the ice. Hours later I find I've only travelled a few feet; my fingers are bleeding. I'm vomiting. Will I die here, from the cold? Heroin, God, I need a shot. Please, please, please, God, give me a shot. I look up. I'm surrounded by mangled bodies, blood is pouring from them, flowing towards me. I will drown.)

PAUL A. GARON Extract from 'The Expanded Journal of Addiction'

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF HOLLAND

Readers cannot but be aware that this country now has an Incomes Policy. Those who read 'The Times' for information they cannot get from 'Heatwave' or, I would prefer to think, who read 'Heatwave' for what they cannot find in 'The Times', will further know that this gimmick is not a Harold Wilson Original. Many other countries had income policies before we did: Holland, for instance. Since the Provos have put their country on the map, and since the story of the Dutch wages policy might have been invented by 'Private Eye', it is worth examination. Ever since the war, the Dutch government has had legal powers to control the economy which would make George Brown green with envy. The main laws were passed at a time when, for instance, people were not allowed to move from one part of the country to another without a special passport. The Government, through a web of bureaucratic organisations, including needless to say, the official trade union leadership, fixed maximum wages, prices and rents. Price controls lead to black markets, and in some industries, notably the building industry, the government was forced to turn a blind eye to the payment of black wages. Nevertheless, in most cases the policy was rigidly enforced, and employers paying black wages (ie. Wages above the legal minimum) were fined and even jailed – A sight to warm the hearts of the workers and make up for the wages they lost? But of course the Government had the interests of the workers at heart: it was a Labour government. (Since 1959 there has been a Conservative government: this has meant rather less planning but even greater bureaucratic control.)

All the trade union leaders, except the communists, joined the Foundation of Labour, which plays an important part in deciding economic policy. (Just what part has varied from time to time: periodically, when the government's policy seems to be in ruins, the institutional set-up is 'reformed'; basically, of course, it remains the same.) The Foundation of Labour is made up of both trade union and employers' representatives... Is anyone reminded of the corporate state? (Lots of Dutch people are – but it is apparently not done to say so.) The Dutch trade union movement has about the same strength as the British (just over 40% of the working population) but it is unfortunately split: as well as socialist, and some communist, unions there are catholic and protestant unions. Almost all the union leaders supported the Government during the post-war wage freeze, which continued till 1954. Since then there has been a labour shortage and wages have been allowed to rise; most union leaders have, however, continued to support the Government, and the 'confessional' unions have supported the employer's demand for increasing differentials. Nearly all Holland's strikes since the War (fewer than most other countries) have therefore been unofficial.

Despite the payment of black wages, and, as the labour shortage grew, increased government lenience towards 'wage drift' (the rise of weekly earnings above the fixed rate through upgrading of workers, bonus payments and so on), the policy has nevertheless undoubtedly succeeded in keeping wages down, below the level they would otherwise have reached. But this fact has frequently been obscured by a grotesque emphasis by Government and union leaders on the 'fairness' of the policy. The best example of this is the austerity measures of 1952, which show the Dutch policy up for the fraud it is. Like every other European country, Holland suffered a sharp increase in import prices and raw materials at the time of the Korean War, and, like all the rest, the Dutch Government predictably decided it was the workers who must pay for it. The cost of living had increased 10% in 6 months and the government was obliged to agree to a wage rise; but the union leaders agreed to a cut in consumption; in other words, a 5% wage increase to compensate for a 10% rise in the cost of living. Not very fair, one would have thought. But what happened? In the event it was discovered that the decrease in consumption had slightly exceeded 5%. And so the government, fair as ever, decided to 'compensate' the workers. Every worker only received a single payment equal to 11% of one week's wages; £1.8.50 (16s. 3 1/2d) The most depressing thing about this farce is that the Dutch take it so seriously, at least the economists and the politicians do. Perhaps the Provos do not. One might even be tempted to think that the whole rotten business has something to do with what's happening in the streets of Amsterdam. *GABY CHARING*

ONLY LOVERS LEFT ALIVE

What happens when the banality of consumer society nails the brains of even the most devoted, efficient, satisfaction seeking consumer to the blank wall of reality? What happens when, surrounded by the consumption-ephemera without which life is known incorrectly to be impossible, everyone discovers that he has everything there is to have and still has nothing, that all objects are impoverished?

What happens? Insurrection... or suicide. Social destruction or self-destruction are seen as the only ways out of the madness of social alienation. Perhaps because this realisation was implicit in the book Dave Wallis' 'Only Lovers Left Alive' was ignored – at least on this most important level – by almost all the critics when it was first published (Anthony Blond) in 1964. It is now fortunately reprinted in a paperback edition (Pan: 3/6d) and its relevance has increased enormously. The book begins – one imagines sometime in the 1960s – with a sudden, all-enveloping outbreak of self-disregarding, self-destructive despair among the adult 'oldies'. Within a matter of months (and after a variety of reactions from official society) England is left to the kids while the suicided corpses of the oldies pile up in the housing blocks, the streets, the offices and the factories. Over a short period, society – already in a state of ruin, decay and imminent collapse before the oldies' dramatic rejection of themselves en masse – disintegrates completely. As the orthodox patterns of government break down new elites arise to rule but their control is isolated and only effective within small confines of public docility. When the country is taken over by NATBINCO (The National Bingo Governing Council) the council's actual power is limited to Bingo halls and their environs and is based on 2 simple factors; for oldies Bingo halls are the natural social meeting place and Easyway pills (used for suicide) are the Bingo prizes. NATBINCO can govern precisely because it has the means of satisfying the ultimate 'consumer need' – nothingness, death. Eventually the only adults left are the hopeless derelicts and social outcasts whose lives have always been so much fringe affairs that nothing on a social level can further reduce them. (For such people consumer-mythologies have at best only the same appeal as horror-comics to middle class intellectuals or pop-art to the publishers of coffee-table books.)

Although the kids are not intellectually prepared for the collapse of megalopolitan civilisation they are emotionally prepared. The organisational structures of the old society is too complex, too inhuman, too irrelevant to their needs, too unreal for them to manage; its aims and principles are quite literally beyond their comprehension. Instead their reactions are instinctive – spontaneous, violent and barbaric. At first their behaviour is a ruthless, speeded-up mimicry of that of the oldies in the old society; occupying flats and houses for single nights and then tearing them apart; taking a few pints of milk from a machine and then smashing it; riding motorcycles on high octane fuel until they burn up. At first everything is expendable but gradually, as the few genuine necessities become scarce, a crude barter system comes into being and, later still, gangs form and fight other gangs for supplies. Some of these gangs and groups are extremely libertarian. The heroes of the book – the Seely Street Gang – meet one such group of marketeers at Hammersmith Broadway. The marketeers laugh at the gang's tiger-insignia and leather jerkins until the gang take them off; once they do so and join in the huge street dance around the market they are happily accepted. The Seely Streeters themselves are also relatively libertarian; the leadership is flexible and coercion seems to be unnecessary even though the gang are capable of behaving with an uninhibited, inflexible savagery which seems to surprise even themselves. Some gangs however – like the Kings of Windsor who are eventually conquered through superior strategy by the Seely Streeters – are ruthlessly authoritarian and fascist. The Kings capture weak kids – either from weak gangs or from amongst those mavericks who are neither organised into gangs nor able to survive on their own – and run Windsor as a slave 'state', based on slave labour.

However, it is neither the Kings, who have brute strength but no intelligence, nor the Hammersmith 'beats', who have intelligence but insufficient strength, who survive but the moderate, pragmatic Seely Streeters, who are tough enough to hold off other gangs and

intelligently adaptable enough to change with circumstances. Eventually, their numbers drastically reduced by plague in Windsor, the gang find their urban past totally useless. Out in the country they are faced with a simple decision; either become like the hayseeds (country kids) with their livestock and nomadically rough but basically less insecure life, or return once again to the plague-ridden south with its poisoned water, gutted towns and technological ruins. They choose to become herders and throughout the summer following the collapse of the Windsor commune they journey slowly north. They winter in a once-hotel in Midlothian, now run as a co-operative by a clan who charge no rent but ask for help guarding, hunting and in the kitchens, where Kathy, the girlfriend of the gang leader, Ernie, has her baby. Some months later there is the first great meeting of the Northern tribes and Ernie is elected a captain of the tribes. It should be pointed out – for the benefit of those people who wish to discuss the book without the bother of reading it – that this conclusion is open to varied interpretations. There is, infact, no definition of how a captain is elected nor under what terms he remains captain. The only definite programme for the future is an annual trek south with investigations of cities and methodical searches for tools, maps, plans, text-books (undoubtedly the most essentially authoritarian item on the list) and manuals on medicine, metalwork, stockbreeding and building. Of course the birth of Kathy's child symbolically ends their youth and possibly symbolises also a turning point and perhaps a return to the old life. It may, alternatively, symbolise the birth of a new society. You can take your pick.

There are a number of serious criticisms that can be made of this book; it would, for example, be interesting to know what happens to various sections of youth who are barely mentioned here. Do all the architectural students, medical students, engineers, machine-operators, psychologists and revolutionary kids just die off, or are they killed? What happens to all the public school boys, trained as leaders of men, who should, according to the authoritarians be at their best in just such circumstances? (Do we assume they die because, by virtue of class background, they were born old?) Do all the oldies do it? How do the gangs deal with toothache and illness, let alone everyday medical matters. Perhaps, however, it is pedantic to discuss the book at this level – It is emphatically not a book in the detailed, 'sociological' tradition of English prophetic novels, like '1984' or 'Brave New World', and neither is it seen as a parable as was 'Lord of the Flies'. It makes no attempt to present a consistent, overall view, being content simply to trace the reactions of a small group of people to circumstances which, in one form or another, seem a more and more probable outcome of contemporary society. In fact the book, possibly for these reasons, has a reality missing from Orwell's grim masterpiece, Huxley's satire of Golding's nasty little piece of school-teaching. It would be a pity if it was missed simply because Wallis is not a particularly good writer and lacks the pedigree of the others. The news that The Rolling Stones are to film the book – to Wallis' publicised displeasure – means that it will attract some of the attention it deserves. Much of the reaction will depend on the film. It could be excellent, even the first myth-film of the new revolution. If not there is still the book which in itself may well turn out to be of seminal importance to the new revolutionism, its ideology, its mythology and its folklore. **BEN COVINGTON**

THE BEDBUGS GO TO WAR *America may soon recruit a deadly new army in its battle against the communist Viet-Cong guerrillas in South Vietnam... an army of SCREAMING BED BUGS. American scientists seriously believe that the bedbugs' lust for human blood means that they could be used like bloodhounds to sniff out guerrillas in jungle ambushes. So they are working out a way to amplify the bloodcurdling scream a hungry bedbug makes when it scents a human victim at a distance of up to 200 yards. If this yowl can be made audible to human ears then bedbugs could be used as an early-warning device by US jungle patrols. The bedbugs to be used in America's battle against communism were described in a report from Washington last night as "big and noisy specimens". HEALTHY. An official spokesman said they could grow to the size of a thumbnail... Scientists have to solve the problem of how to keep them healthy and hungry as well as noisy. The bedbugs would be shielded from the scent of their handlers by being carried into action in a milk bottle pointed at the enemy ahead. (From 'The Daily Mirror' June 7 1966.)*

THE SEEDS OF SOCIAL DESTRUCTION

One of the most interesting aspects of revolt within the more advanced capitalist states since the war has been the emergence, one after the other, of groupings of disaffected youth. Such groups are not isolated phenomena; they exist wherever modern, highly bureaucratized consumer societies exist; in the USSR (stilyagi), France (blousons noirs), Britain (mods and rockers), in Holland (provos). They have little immediately in common but their implicit rejection of the positions allocated to them in society. At least in sensing this much the authorities show themselves more aware of the reality than most revolutionaries. Let it be understood this is not primarily a class matter but a matter of the wholesale destruction and frustration of our dreams. Adults, be they left wing journalists or right-wing magistrates (For example: Paul Johnson and J.B. 'Call me Fathead' Priestley in 'The New Statesmen' or the magistrates who dealt with the teds, mods, rockers and ban the bombers), can be relied upon to attack every aspect of youth rebellion and most revolutionaries likewise see in it no more than a symbol, or perhaps symptom, of capitalist degeneracy; they address their antique pieties to the 'problem' secure in the knowledge that it cannot really be important since it was never mentioned in the old revolutionary sacred texts. The reaction of the Communist Party to USSR youth rebels is instructive and hilarious; Moscow teengangs are dismissed either as 'high spirited student-types' or 'bourgeois-minded, jazz-corrupted decadents'. They have, as befits the changers of societies, been content to condemn without understanding, showing only their own pitiful ignorance and shallowness. By now it should be obvious – even to the traditional revolutionaries and other preservers of instinctive ignorance – that teen-groups are not merely the neatly tagged symbols of the alienation of whole sectors of youth from society at large but, in their extreme forms, amongst the few groupings in society which have presented, and continue to present an instinctive, sustained and potentially shattering social threat to stable society. Youth revolt is not necessarily a panacea; neither is it necessarily the precursor of social revolution; rather a grim-humoured reaction to the frustration implicit in this society and this manner of living. It is one of the few things in this society worth serious defence and support. I welcome youth's rage: I share it. I support their outrages because I wish for explosions infinitely more brain-peeling than in their wildest, most socially profane dreams. In this article, a short and necessarily limited introduction, I want to note some aspects of the post war unofficial youth movements in Great Britain.

THE TEDDY BOYS named after their preoccupation with Edwardian (1900-1914) fashion, were the first really cohesive post-war youth grouping in Britain. Their emergence coincided with post-war 'reconstruction' and also with the consumer invention of 'teenage'; their number was increased by young adults whose youth had been lost in the 'pre-teenage' austerity of the early post-war years. The extravagance of ted clothes (drape jackets with velvet collars, elaborate brocade waistcoats, 'slim-jim' or 'country and western' ties, 'drainpipe' trousers with huge turn-ups and heavy car-tyre shoes and later Italian 'winkle-pickers'), the outlandishness of their hairstyles (massive duck's arses at the back and Tony Curtis-type quiffs at the front and thick sideburns) and their aggressive arrogance earned them the immediate hostility of generations who had learned to see in thrift both a moral code and a social cement. Ted fashions were a curious throwback to the Good Old Days (otherwise known as GOD) when gay irresponsibility was the chief social virtue and wars were theoretically still heroic, romantic and colourful. They were also a powerful reaction against the drabness of the war and post-war years. They were a conscious imitation, by working class youth, of aristocratic fashions at the last point in time when a really rigid class (and parallel fashion) structure existed. Had the teds been Edwardians they would have been unable to wear such clothes. In an odd way therefore these clothes seem to have been both a case of following upper class fashion ideas (albeit archaic ones) and snubbing the upper class by doing so. Although many were only sartorial rebels, the teds, as a whole, were the most overtly violent of all youth groupings; many carried and used coshes, flick-knives, 'cut-throat' razors and bicycle chains. They fought in gangs – usually a gang from one area against a gang from another area. They

were broken up – either by each other or by the police. They were constantly harassed and arrested and fiercely criticised by every element of respectable society. Above all they were feared. In fact the teds' attitudes were closer to those of their 'elders and betters' than any subsequent group. The teds were socially unacceptable precisely because they acted out the values of a world where force and corporate brutality were the officially postulated simple answers to all problems, because they were unable to accept the living death to which they had been so casually consigned or the non-sequiturs of a society which demanded of its citizens an uncomprehending acceptance of dumb non-violence towards internal authority and ferocity towards officially-designated external enemies. For all their failings the teds were able to sense their real enemies. In the end, however, they were the easiest rebels (en masse) to deal with; they were progressively conscripted out of existence. They had their last real fling in the mid-fifties; they tore apart cinemas like avenging furies and jived in the aisles to the early rock'n'roll films. Now teds are comparatively rare, confined for the most part to the working class areas of the larger Northern industrial centres.

THE TON-UP KIDS

the coffee bar cowboys arrived shortly after the teds, the product of a rather more affluent society. Motorcycle gangs in Britain have been relatively small and relatively well behaved; nothing like California's Hells Angels has ever happened here. The appeal of motorcycles – speed, power, danger – has been almost exclusively to working class youth. The middle-class kid typically has a small sports car; the working-class cowboy has a bike – cheaper to buy, cheaper to run, easier to tune, more exciting and less impersonal to use. I remember doing the ton (100 mph) with a cowboy on the A1 in Durham; after stopping the cowboy rubbed down his bike and checked it for damage, treating it with a care and respect that really astounded me. Cowboys are not interested in converting anyone to their way of life; they vary so much anyway that almost the only real points of contact between them lie in their leather clothes, their bikes and the attitudes forced on them by society's reaction to their enthusiasms. Some gangs play 'chicken' games – most often a race against a record on a cafe juke-box – while others see their bikes mainly as an exciting means of weekend escape from employment, dull urban environment and nagging adults; speed is an optional, if delirious, bonus. Some aim simply to bug the squares, either in mocking the police who, particularly in the provinces, are quite scared of the cowboys, or alternatively in burn-ups round middle-class housing estates which stop only when a high proportion of inhabitants are openly annoyed or, better still, furious. The cowboys, like most people, are unsympathetic to those who do not share their preoccupations; they are not particularly sympathetic even to each other. Birds (girls) are usually seen as sexual ballast; something to hold the rear wheel on the road and to be shafted afterwards. But again, most people are less honest about more or less identical attitudes to women. The ton-ups do not worry very much about tragedy, either on a personal or cosmic scale. Most of them have friends who 'fucked-up' on a run; they are philosophical about death; accidents are one way out of the fuck-up routine of dead end jobs in a dead end society. Most cowboys work simply to keep riding. They are not interested in success; they live for weekends, days off, nights at the few 'caffs' where the owners do not see social responsibility in terms of keeping cowboys out. They accept, more or less, that one day they will opt out and join the squares. Some compromise earlier by joining ton-up priests collecting for charity or organising rock'n'roll church services to spare the church the need to face its own total redundancy. Though members of the famous 59 Club – a respectable priest-ridden rocker club – were at the 1964 Clacton riots. Many ton-ups do seem compulsively respectable; appearing on TV panel discussions about teenagers (with all the painful insistence that under the rebellious exterior lurks humble goodness) and helping dear old ladies across the road. However, the last cowboy I knew well told me that most ton-ups think 'priests and that load of shit' every bit as bad as the 'snotties'. (One of a wide variety of designations for the police, an abbreviation of 'snot-gobbler'. Other terms include the slightly square 'rozzler', 'shit-sucker', 'copper' (square), 'gestapo', 'fuzz', 'law'.) He seemed convinced that the rebellion went deeper, pointing out that the only reason ton-ups 'doing good' attracted attention was because it was so unusual. In any event he was able to get rid of a large number of Spies for Peace leaflets at London's ton-up centre the Ace Cafe, after the 1963 revelations.

THE BEATS If the English beat movement had its roots in the beats of the USA, particularly as mythologised by Jack Kerouac, it soon developed its own character. Less interested in artistic achievement than the American beats apparently were, the English beats were, for the most part, content to disaffiliate and leave it at that. They usually dropped politics, if they ever had any in the first place, when they went beat. The hard-core beat movement was probably never more than a few hundred strong but its influence went much wider; over the last ten years any number of kids have gone beat. Once having done so it is inevitably more difficult to rebuild or prop up the illusions on which society functions. The beats are possibly the gentlest of all the rebels; they have been attacked, and even killed, in those interstices of society where they have been involuntarily forced into contact with social delinquency, but their main interest has been to keep moving, 'cutting out' of any 'scene' after a short time. The beat communities have been notably, and often chaotically, libertarian and in most cases short-lived. If the beat rebellion is essentially short-sighted (within an unfree society everyone, even the least committed disaffiliate, is unfree and it is impossible to talk of rejecting society when to do so one has to be able to beg, borrow or steal the wherewithal for existence from people who, however reluctantly, continue to live within society), it is nevertheless magnificent in its nonchalant, long-haired contempt for 'straight' society and in its proud indifference to the dreary disgust of all office-bound pen-pushers, bureaucrats and wearers of the regulation weeds of the living dead.

THE BAN THE BOMBERS The beat movement reached its height at much the same time as the anti-war movement - in the late fifties and early sixties; in fact the two groups were deliberately confused with each other by press and public. The more deracine elements of the anti-war movement often looked beat and often associated loosely with beats. The political adults distrusted beats, partly as scavengers and partly because they made the already too unrespectable political kids look even less respectable - this last factor may yet turn out to be the beats' most singular and most valuable contribution to British politics. The young people who made the nuclear disarmament movement the largest and most influential youth movement in British history were the post-Suez generation. Anyone who doubts that the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament was primarily a youth organisation should read contemporary reports of Aldermaston marches. The Aldermaston March, started two years after Suez in 1958, became the centre of these young people's activities; a happy-serious carnival-protest, a gathering point for remarkably varied people ranging from hardened-arteried veterans of various Communist Party front groups to dedicated Quakers, from old ladies with curious pasts to dedicated wild-eyed kids burning with self-sacrificing seriousness. After the second march the image was permanently fixed: Youth. A great deal of space has already been devoted to the ban-the-bombers and most people who read this will either know (or not care) why such a generation emerged, what it did, why and how it did it and how in the end it declined and shattered into its myriad components as CND ceased to be umbrella enough for all the disparate ideas which had been attracted to it. CND educated youth, usually out of CND and into all the sad little splinter groups that are the only traditional, authentic, political, British folk-art form.

THE RAVERS were possibly the last distinct and, in their classic form, shortest lived group of them all. They had some beat characteristics and rather tenuous connections with the anti-bomb movement but their main preoccupations were jazz clubs and jazz festivals; this was the period when ersatz traditional (trad) jazz, as purveyed by Acker Bilk, Kenny Ball and others was inordinately popular. Partly trad's popularity arose in reaction to the decline of the small fifties' beat scene; it was easy to dance to and jazz clubs were among the few places where teenagers could do more or less as they wished without adult interference. Partly it arose because the musicians did not take themselves too seriously and were often simply good-time ravers. (See, for example, George Melly's delirium-fest autobiography, 'Owning Up', Weidenfeld & Nicolson.) The raver movement took its 'ideology' from the stale-ale-and-spermatozoa humour of the musician-ravers and its dress, if loosely, from that of the Acker Bilk band - 'music-hall-cum-riverboat-cum-contemporary-folk-art' with Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament symbol decorated bowlers, umbrellas, striped trousers, elegant jackets. The

chicks had long hair, wore ban-the-bomb type uniforms (duffle coats, polo-neck jerseys, very loose around the hips, and jeans). The ravers moved not only in the world of British 'jazz' but also on the fringes of the beat and political worlds. Chris Farley, now connected in some way with Bertrand Russell's Peace Circus, once interviewed a group of ravers at the Beaulieu Jazz Festival for 'Peace News' and was obviously distressed by the fact that most of them had no political programme beyond the election of Acker Bilk as Prime Minister. One West Indian observer (C. Lindsay Barrett in 'Revolution', January 1964) described them as; "mainly frantic English teenagers inspired in recent years to new heights of happiness by the indestructible and tireless Negro 'faces' happiness habits nightly in the West End. In their over-enthusiastic aping of Negro dances, over indulgent drug taking, they actually outdo their mentors in self destruction if not in jail sentences." The ravers were, on the whole, distrusted by other groups with whom they came in to contact (*Same again as late 80s ravers. Ed*); the beats used the term 'raver' derogatorily and the nuclear disarmers treated the ravers' 'superficiality' with superior amusement and occasionally annoyance. (The fact that many of the serious kids are now regretting their aloofness is a reminder that we all change.) The ravers, as such, died with the 'traditional' jazz boom but the 'raver philosophy' continues and there are once again groups calling themselves ravers. The term has likewise regained its approbatory meaning after its frequent critical use by the CND generation.

THE MODS AND ROCKERS began attracting attention in 1963; the mods as a developing group (They were actually beginning as early as 1962), the rockers as a yet-unchristened continuation of earlier strains, the teds and, more particularly, the ton-ups (The two terms are now used synonymously). The mods (modernists) originally favoured short-hair, wool shirts, casual suede or corduroy jackets, lightweight ankle-length trousers and casual sneaker-type shoes – very much of the continental type. Mod girls wore collaborateur-type hair styles, drape leather overcoats and calf-length dresses which came up as time passed but were, in the early days, extended to ankle-length for visits to clubs, etc. The rockers were the entrenched traditionalists of teenage fashion – long ted-style hair, sideburns, jeans with large turn-ups, leather jerkins or bum-freezer jackets and winkle picker shoes. The girls' clothes echoed those of the boys – at least out of working hours. At work they were in the teenage fashion mainstream. Rockers were barely a group as such; they were put together by the mods as 'them' figures, hot, breathy, archaic squares to the mods ice-cold, up-to-the-second hipsters. In 1963 the first fights between the two groups broke out – in the City of London during lunch hours. What usually happened was that a group of mods began jeering at, and later bundling with – a rocker delivery boy. But such fights were nothing to those which broke out at the various seaside resorts during public holidays the following year. By then the mods were a large group and their outlook was formed.

In general they owed much to the West Indian hipsters (faces); much as the white-negro hipsters of the USA took the soul-ethos from the urban ghetto Negroes so the mods reflected, in a slightly less conscious way, some of the patterns of British Negro existence. Their coolness, their drug-taking (primarily of the goof-ball / lid-flip type at first), their musical taste and many of their expressions (eg. 'face') derived, more or less directly, from actual or fantasy life-patterns of the hip 'Spades'. (At least in this sense the mods were a sophistication of the ravers.) The mod's rebellion was perhaps more experimental than any other groups – except possibly the beats and the disarmers – and the mods despised the rockers and others precisely because they were bedded in the past. "You can tell us by the way we walk – feet out. Rockers are hunched. We hope to stay smart for ever, not shoddy like our parents." The mod distaste for parents and rockers was reciprocated. "I can't think why he turned out like this. We always gave him everything he wanted and we have good values for him to see." The harassed parent of an arrested mod. "Orgy, kids shagging birds all over the shop; all bloody sex and pills. It's no way to live." A rocker on a typical mod party in a disused London house. Mods despite the time they spend decking out scooters with ephemera and accessories, have a less emotional relationship with machinery and a less mechanical one with girls than most rockers. For all that, they are less tied up with 'going steady' than the rockers. They distrust particularly the rockers attempts to fit into adult society; "We don't talk about politics or religion. We hate

attempts to make religion 'with it'. It's always rockers on those telly programmes." At the height of the mod 'thing' in 1964 mod fashions were changing at break-neck pace. Beatle-type clothes had been exhausted, along with Beatle-type music, by the end of 1963 and mod clothing, at the beginning of 1964, reflected the taste of the new London in-groups. The Rolling Stones, The Kinks, The Yardbirds. Later West Indian blue-beat music was 'in' beyond the small circle of very hip faces with whom it had been the music for some time, before it too was overcome by the next enthusiasm. The whole furious-consumption programme of the mods seemed to be a grotesque parody of the aspirations of the mods' parents, typically lower-middle or upper-lower class suburban. The leaders of mod fashion were changing and re-fashioning clothes over night to keep up with each other; the situation became so desperate towards the end of the year that the reigning 'faces' simply refused to allow new faces to take over. By the end of 1964 the hard-cult was over, although the mods still exist, largely as loosely organised scooter gangs. There may still be a few minor mod-rocker skirmishes to keep blimpish magistrates busy and furiously absurd in those quiet seaside towns where the bourgeois go to living-die like happy squires and the kids go to explode the unholy peace of a death structure. But if the heyday of the mods is probably over the youth rebellion is not, as is indicated by the recent case of the Matlock Hill Togs, and many other continuing elements of humanising chaos. (See 'Freedom', April 30, May 21, May 28; and 'Rebel Worker pamphlet 1: Mods, Rockers and the Revolution'.)

THE FUTURE – CAN'T GET NO SATISFACTION The various youth groupings I have discussed are not parts of a cohesive movement; some presented a violent threat to good order, some presented an ideological challenge, some merely an annoyance. Their attitudes were and are varied; the teds a partial reflection of the violence of adult mores; the ton-up kids rebelling at those points where their will crossed society's; the ban-the-bombers a complete rejection of their birth-right (the majority were almost certainly war-babies; the movement, perhaps significantly, arose in the first of the post-war years in which there was no conscription); the beats rejecting everything; the ravers living for kicks; the mods annoyed by, and determined not to emulate the shoddiness of their parents. The backgrounds too were different, although attempting to classify heterogenous youth groupings is dangerous. Broadly the ton-ups, rockers and teds were working class. The ban the bombers were broadly middle class. The mods, beats and ravers come between the two. But class origins, for the most part, are irrelevant to the youth revolt. Between the groups there was and is little contact. Teds fought each other, mods fought rockers, ban the bombers and beats co-existed, ban the bombers hardly ever associated with those right outside politics, except, rather awkwardly as preachers. There has been some interchange between the groups. A number of beats came from the cowboys and, rather curiously, became mods, typically at that stage when mods were discovering British Rhythm'n'Blues. The art school beats were not only the first rhythm'n'blues audiences – listening to the early protagonists of the music like Cyril Davis and Alexis Korner, but became the first real popularisers of the form. As mods adopted some of the more obvious characteristics of the beats so some beats became, almost by accident, mods.

All these movements can be seen as the groping of youth towards explosive self-expression and show that young people are not content simply to become the well ground sand in the joints of a crumbling, oppressive, adult-delinquent society. They are expressive both of consumption-crazed society and of rebellion against corrupted mores; both a visible and audible symbol of a society whose effusions, institutions and attitudes are hopelessly disorientated and no longer completely intelligible or logical, to anyone, least of all to those authoritarians who have unconsciously created them, and a reminder that it cannot long continue without the chaotically engineered safety valves finally breaking down and shattering both their own Heath Robinson ingenuity and the society they protect. In a society which has everything, everyone wants nothing. What is important about the youth revolt at this stage is not so much what it is but that it is; that in some ways and however hesitantly, however unsurely, youth recognises its exploiters and is, if only temporarily, prepared to pay them off in a currency they can understand. The explosions are imperfect and impermanent; the rage is

fused and canalised; the violence is exploited and utilised; the dreams became advertising slogans. But the revolutionary of all people must be able to sympathise with and encourage such revolt; if nothing else it increases the bourgeois' suicidal paranoia which is, in a very real sense, the revolutionary's best friend. The suburban mental derelict, his world threatened by the phantoms of disquiet – car tyres deflated, windows smashed, flowers stolen, sleep destroyed, business threatened by the Conspiracy, status constantly challenged by neighbours and business colleagues, wife at the mercy of ravaging back-door tradesmen, sanctum permanently challenged by nameless youth tyrannies – sees in all youth a savage innocence and a mindless threat to his well being; his mind – torn already by the frustrations of working into an emotional gutter, his body – obese on the non-foods of a death-orientated society, his prestige – so intangible, so dependent on irrelevancies and reactions which can never be based on concrete evidence, are not enough to address the challenge. It is this disquiet-factor that all rebel youth has in common, that threatens the carefully moulded suburban fantasies whose function is as a contraceptive against reality, sexual, social and cultural. It is this, together with the unrepressed violence and viciousness of those in authority dealing with youth rebellion, that should have told the revolutionaries they were dealing with rather more than a symptom of the degeneracy of a system. For the facts proclaim that youth revolt has left a permanent mark on this society, has challenged assumptions and status and been prepared to vomit its disgust in the streets. The youth revolt has not always been comfortable, valid, to the point or helpful. It has however made its first stumbling political gestures with an immediacy that revolutionaries should not deny, but envy. **CHARLES RADCLIFFE.**

Brief Bibliography: 'Generation X' (Library 33), 'Only Lovers Left Alive' (Pan), 'Rave Magazine', 'Mods, Rockers and the Revolution' ('Rebel Worker' pamphlet 1)

FINE CLAPPED ON CLAPPER *'For leading a crowd of 100 teenagers in a handclapping promenade along the sea front at Brighton on Sunday, Alan Fryett, of Brentwood, was fined £50 by Brighton magistrates yesterday. Police said it "was obviously to provoke a party of beatniks on the beach." Fryett was arrested when he tried – unsuccessfully – to lead the youths towards people playing miniature golf. He pleaded guilty to using threatening behaviour.'* *'Morning Star' 31/5/66*

SHAPES OF THINGS

We are reprinting below the text of a leaflet published by the Chicago Anarchists in April, this year. We likewise applaud Barry Bondhus's exemplary act... *Barry Bondhus, a 20 year old Big Lake youth was being held in Hennepin County Jail under \$10,000 bond today on a charge that he dumped 2 buckets of human excrement into the files of the Sherburne County draft board at Elk River. The arrest climaxed a series of difficulties he and his father have had with the draft board. The elder Bondhus said he has told the board repeatedly that he is opposed to any of his sons serving in the Armed Forces. "If you draft Barry I have nothing to look forward to for the next 24 years but flag-draped caskets," he said. Barry is the second oldest of 10 Bondhus boys. After a board hearing, on February 15, the youth was classified 1-A and ordered to take a pre-induction physical examination in Minneapolis. The FBI said the youth refused to co-operate. Wednesday, the complaint charged, the young Bondhus walked into the board's office and dumped the substance into 6 draft board file cases. His draft board status is still pending.'* *From the 'Minneapolis Star', 25/2/1966. The anarchists wish to express their collective support for Barry Bondhus' noble and appropriate response to the most obscene attempts by the State's flunkies to enslave and possibly murder him. Barry has renewed our faith in mankind and for that we must thank him, but more, we must develop in ourselves, and of course others, the same altogether exquisite outrage which moved him to so poetically reveal his profound humanity. Along with the wheelbarrows of desire buckets of shit will stop the war in Vietnam.*

THE LONG HOT SUMMER #1: CHICAGO RIOTS

Sunday, June 12, at about dusk, in a tavern on Division Street, in the centre of Chicago's Puerto Rican ghetto, a misunderstanding arose between a long-time resident of the neighbourhood, a Croatian the newspapers later intimated, and a young Spick (white lingo for Puerto Rican). As is the case with verbal clashes among slightly intoxicated men, this one escalated into a physical engagement, and, again according to role, the tavern owner pushed the contending parties outside into the sidewalk and called the police. Two cops appeared on call and confronted a group of young, animated Puerto Ricans, immediately concluded that this was a gang of Spicks and, acting on that assumption, attempted to break up the group, without the slightest understanding that drinking partners are hardly likely to break up on the absurd orders of two dumb cops, who undoubtedly were protecting the Croatian's right to be boisterous at their expense.

The details are lost, probably forever, but one fact is certain – the cops decided that they had to shoot someone, and, with unequalled tactlessness, so did. With nothing to look forward to but Monday's back-breaking, low-paying, crud job and with years of pent-up frustration released by the blood of a friend, the young men began to defend themselves against this assault by the guardians of 'law and order' and before the 2 cops could call for help their squad car was a prime target for stones, bottles, loose bricks and whatever else could be thrown with ease. Revenge, combined with elements of a carnival-like spirit, captured in demonic ferocity the hundreds upon hundreds of Puerto Ricans who, in summer, nightly take walks along Division Street to visit neighbours and talk to friends. (The fly-paper mass media has limited appeal to these people who understand little English; their recreation is the enjoyment of conversation, an art lost by the bourgeoisie who, as a class, view it with at least a slight suspicion, as they do every atavistic oddity.) The sight of a cop car was the only stimulus needed for a barrage of bottles and rocks. And, as more cops cried into their microphones for help, the whole shattering intrusion of desire progressively accelerated. Before an hour had passed the original bar room argument faded into irrelevancy as hundreds of helmeted cops were firing into the crowds that had gathered at every street corner and alleyway; from rooftops and windows missiles landed upon squad-cars, cops and reporters. Snipers appeared sporadically and a few molotovs were hastily devised, but none too effectively used.

The frenzy seized the souls of a car full of 'outsiders' (Negros from the South Side), by chance passing-by, who stopped immediately to help turn-over a squad car and set it afire, to lend an orange asymmetry to the 2 other cop cars which were captured from fleeing police and burned. Several Canine Unit cars arrived and the dogs set upon the crowds, but this tactic backfired, for it only intensified the disgust of the people which continued to be vented far into the night. The total arrested numbered 50, with, thankfully, only one person wounded; the original young man in the story. Monday's morning editions blasted the 'riot' across their front pages and radio and television carried detailed reports, all of this having a rather shocking effect upon bleary eyed morning commuters who read astonishing reports of street battles in Chicago next to despatches from Saigon and Amsterdam, describing similar events. The shock was intensified because, while the conflict was flaring, the media, under police request (!), kept the story under wraps, to prevent probably the spread of fighting and the ultimate destruction of the City of Chicago. (Monday afternoon a mad man left a group of his fellow-inmates (patients) who were taken to Cominsky Park to watch a Major League baseball game and boarded a subway train and rode to the Loop where he entered one of the larger banks and robbed it of several thousand dollars. He then proceeded to his brother's home to surprise him with a gift of friendship, as only a true brother would do from time to time. His brother however simply called the cops and turned him in.)

Throughout the day city officials responded with their usual brace of mouldy, obfuscatory platitudes all of which were devastatingly exploded into their parenthetical limbo Monday night when a second battle ensued as police, with characteristic stupidity and brutality, charged a group of persons who assembled after a peace rally. As the battle rages, 10,000

people gathered along Division Street for more than a mile to witness typical demonstrations of the Chicago Police's 'crowd control tactics' which involved charging groups with riot clubs, arresting (35) people, and shooting others (7 persons were shot on Monday night). But Monday night also brought forth far more sniper fire and many more molotovs. The sun, Tuesday morning, was reflected a million times by the bits of glass that covered the sidewalks and streets, the only evidence of a disturbance. The regular Captain of the area was put on furlough because of a poor heart, and his replacement, a young Captain on the make, began acting like a military commander of occupying forces, which in fact he and his men were. All day little groups, engaged in conversation, were broken up, people were pushed off porches and into homes, taverns were closed and a tense peace maintained. Only the remarkable restraint of the people kept Tuesday relatively calm, despite the informally imposed martial law.

The outbreaks of violence stunned all the 'human relations experts', some of whom reported to the Police Department only 5 days before that the large Puerto Rican (60,000 estimated) and Mexican communities were not sources of trouble. What must have stunned them even more however was the ability of local people to remain cool-headed despite constant police violence. Only one incident needs to be told: On Monday night 2 Spanish-speaking social workers attempting to calm the crowd were severely beaten by the cops who thought that they were inciting violence. Those originally blamed for starting the riot Sunday, the gang members, were actually responsible for containing much of the anger of their friends in the face of pistol-shooting cops and killer-dogs. Given the potential, only one building was burned out, and this being an apartment building, it was very likely unintentional; and no cops were shot. The Puerto Ricans voiced one demand that, given a highly bureaucratized society, was revolutionary in its implications; they wanted to control their neighbourhood. And Monday this was the sole demand – the cops should be removed immediately! Naturally, the forces of authority cannot act in a manner which puts their entire irrational behaviour into proper perspective, so the cops remained to incite more violence. Just as the managers of factories don't really know the factory, the Mayors of America's largest cities hardly know the cities they rule. The whole point of the relatively small skirmish is that by the end of this summer they won't have much of their cities left to know.

FOOTNOTE TO LONG HOT SUMMER #1

(Written before HEATWAVE received the above article): Needless to say I have not sent off the article on the Puerto Rican eruption because I think it rather inadequate as either a journalistic description or, it seems absurd to say, theoretical dissection, or, and this is what I think is closest to its pretensions, lyrical affirmation of existing reality. The Puerto Rican uprising was rather different than the Watts, Harlem, Phillie, etc outbreaks of choice. The Puerto Ricans are much more out of this society than the blacks and certainly not insignificant in this 'outsiderness' is the language barrier, which should not be overemphasised, but not also ignored for it puts the Puerto Ricans much closer to the European immigrants of 50 years ago than to the blacks, racial questions aside. Puerto Ricans are many times hired in preference to negroes; as before the Mexicans were. The lack of a real explosion in Puerto Rican land was due to this closer identification with American spectacular commodity economy than I (at least originally; the article may be changed by the time you read it) gave credit in my article. A pride that Puerto Ricans maintain is also different from the blacks; if the movement does anything that will potentially free the black man more than give him back his pride I would like to see it. Once the cynicism can be overcome the quest for true and total freedom can get underway, these finer distinctions must be made not to change our perspective but to clarify our approach to the patently reformist claptrap that the 'lackies of American imperialism' are mouthing; neighbourhood control was a conscious demand during the uprising; it has now become submerged by demands for better 'leadership' in the Puerto Rican community and better communication between city officials and the neighbourhood, etc... *BERNARD MARSZALEK*

LETTERS FROM AMERICA

CHICAGO: Things here, that is US, I mean we, not the US, which I never refer to except in dirty dingy washrooms and I am frightening little old men, are somewhat in disarray. Larry out on the west coast, I leaving for Buffalo, NY, in August to get my degree, god knows why, and Franklin and Penny faced with getting jobs, but the beauty of a society in complete ruins keeps us going. We don't have to paint it black, it is doing it all by itself in the great American tradition... which produced Henry Ford and Al Capone, and Malcolm X... Just got back from a tour of anarchist groups on the east coast and in NY and it looks like some sort of meeting will take place at the end of August between the spontaneous groups of anarchists that have formed recently and we shall disrupt it creatively, I hope. Also have this completely out-of-sight article on a Florida group of kids that were picked up recently with chemicals for LSD, plastiques, black powder bombs and a floor plan for the National Bank of Fort Lauderdale! Just heard that welfare workers in LA are going to strike, like Chicago did, and that hospital workers are also thinking of coming out! Yeah, and the blacks aren't going to school in St. Louis, and... you get the idea (Only Tarzan can save civilisation now and we starched his loincloth!) **BERNARD MARZALEK**

NEW YORK: Jonathan Leake has been confined for 'observation' in a lunatic asylum, on order of his parents. Also in NY I was approached on the street by a spade cat in a suit who is holding under his arm a bundle of copies of 'Muhammad Speaks', and he says to me, "Say, man, would you like to donate a little somethin' to helpin' the coloured people cut down on a little of that drug addiction uptown?" Evidently the Muslim line has changed since the days when they weren't even allowed to sell it to greys... We talked briefly (I even bought one, it's better than it used to be, all sorts of anti-war articles, etc.) It seems he's a musician not a Muslim at all but gets a commission on the paper. He did say that Malcolm's little group seems to have faded out, that the Muslims are going down hill, that Leroi Jones hasn't anything going at all - **YOUTH GETS YOUNGER - FRANKLIN & PENELOPE ROSEMONT**

FREE EDUCATION OR NO EDUCATION!

The Chicago branch of the IWW produced the following leaflet: **FREE EDUCATION OR NO EDUCATION: HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT: WHY STAY IN SCHOOL?** Parents, teachers, employers, ministers, the government, the Boy Scouts, the YMCA, the Communist Party, Mayor's Committees and Barry Goldwater are all united in agreeing that high school students should stay in school. They will tell you that you will not be able to find work or get into college without a high school diploma. Don't believe them: they're putting you on... The reason for keeping kids in school is not to prepare them for jobs but rather to keep them off the streets. (What do you learn in high school that could help you in your work, anyway?) They're 'preparing' you for 'jobs' which won't even exist 5 to 10 years from now. American workers in their 20s and 30s are even now being laid off by the 10,000s. Unemployment may soon reach depression proportions. Negroes and Puerto Ricans in particular are suffering the worst effects of the job situation. They will continue to be 'the last to be hired and the first to be fired' unless a strong protest movement is able to challenge this. We in the IWW are trying to build such a movement. The Negro Freedom Struggle has made some progress, but much more needs to be done. Remember: The supporters of the power structure want things as they are. They want you in school to keep you from joining sit-ins, picketlines, Freedom Rides, rent strikes or other protest action. They want you in school to make it safe for them. We cannot put our faith in the Civil Rights Bill or in politicians. Real power lies in the hands of those who work for a living and in the hands of their sons and daughters..If we use it, we cannot lose. We urge you to rebel against this system of truant officers, cops, juvenile courts, curfews, school 'discipline', low wages and crummy working conditions. We urge you to join us in building a union fighting for true freedom and true security for all. **WHY WASTE YOUR TIME? DROPOUT! JOIN THE IWW!**

THE PROVOTARIAT ACTS

As this issue goes to press the Dutch capital of Amsterdam is still in a state of uneasy peace after a series of youth riots. HEATWAVE reprints below extracts from various newspapers which present the outlines of the explosion and leave a clear impression of the seriousness with which the Dutch authorities are treating their youth revolt. We think these extracts will interest our readers, provide a basis for further thinking on the 'World Revolution of Youth' and also indicate that Holland, for many years regarded as being asleep, is gradually producing a wide-awake resistance to contemporary society.

'There were more arrests tonight in Amsterdam – the scene of rioting during the last 2 evenings – when sporadic outbreaks of vandalism by teenagers were reported. Both the State police and the Royal Marechaussee – the emergency reserve almost indistinguishable from the military – have been brought in today to supplement the hard-pressed and much criticised city police. The reinforcements number about 1400... the minister of the Interior... announced that control of the Amsterdam city police would be put in the hands of 3 wise men... the demonstration by non-union building workers on Monday against the union's decision to take 2% of their holiday bonus for administrative expenses, and the consequent death of Jan van Weggelaar, provided the sparks for the rioting and hooliganism which followed on Tuesday and last night. The troublemakers now are young teenagers... who are trying to identify themselves with a small group of intellectual youngsters who call themselves 'Provos' (provocateurs) and who have over the last year been making a nuisance of themselves... the provos have written to all Amsterdam newspapers saying they dissociate themselves from the rioting by the youngsters.' (16/6/66) Michael Wall in 'The Guardian', Friday June 17 1966.

'Amsterdam is a police controlled city this morning. The 3 chief inspectors of police, K. Heijink, J.A. Valken, and A. Coppejan have been charged by the government to restore law and order to the city and given a mobile brigade to do so. The Mayor... and the chief commissioner of police... are in disgrace after criticism of their handling of the situation, directed from both sides of the house during yesterday's emergency debate in the Dutch parliament. Amsterdam is a tense city today, sweltering under a humid summer haze after a further night of violence. Serious trouble is expected later today.' (17/6/66) 'The Evening Standard', Friday June 17 1966.

'Amsterdam has remained quiet this weekend, thanks primarily to rain which has quenched the enthusiasm of the youngsters for seeking trouble in the streets. The police too have helped by keeping out of sight, for the mounted detachments, the steel helmets, long rubber truncheons, and straw shields were certainly game for provocation. The radio station devoted to pop music has been broadcasting a message recorded by one of the leading Provos, telling the boys to stay at home.' (19/6/66) Michael Wall in 'The Guardian', Monday June 20 1966.

'Weekend leave has been cancelled for 4 armoured infantry battalions, totalling 3,500 men, who will stand by throughout the country in the wake of this week's disorder in Amsterdam. The strengthening of the police and the setting-up of a central command for mobile forces in the city itself has already had an impact on the situation. The general impression today of the effects of the Government's decisions, endorsed by a large majority in the Lower Chamber of Parliament last night, is that gradually Amsterdam is returning to normal... Last night, for the 4th night running there were disorders in the city... but substantially less in intensity and duration than before. There was again some destruction and noisiness on the part of a band of what is called here 'nozems' but the police... were able to disperse the troublemakers, after closing the area to traffic.' (17/6/66) Our Correspondent in 'The Times', Saturday June 18 1966.

Those going to Amsterdam can (at press-time) contact the Provos at 14 Karthuizerstraat, Amsterdam!

DAYTRIPPER!: A VISIT TO AMSTERDAM 22/6/66

Immigration officials eye long hair suspiciously, they want to check my ticket to ensure that I will fly out again tonight. They tell me I must be on the 10 o'clock flight, as booked. Unfortunately I have no choice anyway. Everyone talks of provos and riots. The airport is dull and provincial and it is difficult to believe anything can ever really have happened here. I take a coach into the city centre, curiously all the notices in the coach are in English. The city is flat but beautiful, fanning out from the centre with 'islands' of houses and narrow streets, linked across the framework of narrow canals by narrow bridges. The houses are old, beautiful and somehow airy. (I am already affected by romanticism.)

The recent riots add a curiously ambiguous touch to Amsterdam's essentially placid, patient nature. The town seems full of kids, police and promenaders. To a Londoner everything seems to move at half-speed; people have time to walk and talk in the streets. It is a city still small enough for people to live within the centre: the Provos talk of urban crisis, smoke control, depopulation of the city centre. They are entirely right, of course, but they obviously have acute environmental consciousness. (In London we have already tolerated the almost total depopulation of the city centre, the construction of giant, community-destroying highways into the city centre and an air of breathtaking, poisonous filthiness, without apparently even noticing. If the very nature of Amsterdam, built on water and with only very narrow streets, prohibits the grotesque irresponsibility which has marked London planning and secured for London its place among the truly inhuman structures of the world, it is nevertheless absolutely right that the provos should worry about such problems now, before it is too late. Even if they have nothing else to tell the world the saving of Amsterdam would be enough to justify them.) I walk into a bookshop selling English paperbacks, China-friendship literature, pamphlets on Vietnam, books on surrealism and a few 'New Directions' books. The guy behind the counter has a head covered in band-aid.

In the street outside a kid, dressed predominantly in white, came up to me after seeing my London nuclear disarmament pin and asked whether I was an English provo? Rather than confuse the issue I said yes. He asked a lot of questions about the anarchists, CND, the Committee of 100. I told him the anarchists, as such, were largely irrelevant, CND absorbed into all that is wrong and the Committee of 100 without the money to bury itself. I asked him about the provos and, in particular, their public dissociation from last week's rioting. (This worried me a great deal when I read about it in the English press, seeming to be a classic example of 'intellectuals' behaving irresponsibly, isolating themselves from the physical consequences of their effective intelligence and, in this case, incitement of youth.) He thought that perhaps the issue was too simple for the provos, "the real provos were in the riots." It was simply a case of Amsterdam's youth against authority.

The provos disapproved because they did not want violence which made authority stronger. I said I considered that many of the provos' statements had violent overtones and violent implications. He agreed but said the provos were not very consistent. Were the provos who demonstrated with building workers on Monday 'official' or 'unofficial'? He said they were 'official' but that their actions were the direct inspiration of the later 'unofficial' youth riots. Was the provotariat disillusioned with the provos? He did not think so; most of the provotariat acted with limited understanding of the provos actual position. A number of people who admired the provos stopped rioting when the provos made public appeals for the rioters to stay home. Further riots – perhaps soon, perhaps later in the year – were inevitable. The provotariat was frightened but not overawed by the action of the authorities. By this time we had a small group of kids around us and I started giving out copies of 'The Rebel Worker'. "What is Burn, baby, burn?" "What is the IWW?" A couple of fuzz (I suspect actually members of the Royal Marechaussee) moved in on us. Some of the kids dispersed but most hung around, ignoring the fuzz. Questioned I said that I was English. "Why are you in Amsterdam?" "Just to look around, see the Dutch." "How long are you here?" "One day." They drifted away without checking 'The Rebel Worker'. The kids were, however, interested in it.

I wander through the streets. For someone increasingly stoned sky-high on the possibilities (and no longer sure whether it will all end in social outrage or nervous collapse) Amsterdam is perhaps the most beautiful city in Europe. Not only well-planned but, almost overnight, the capital of youth-rebellion. The kids are the most self-assured I have seen anywhere. They have little of the Londoners' sullenness and their rebellion is much more extroverted. They move around in loose gangs or else storm through the streets in 2 and 3s on bicycles and mopeds. Amsterdam is designed for the guerrilla warfare of provocation. The streets, at least outside the immediate city centre, are too narrow for cars to move really fast. Mopeds, on the other hand, hardly need to slow down at all. The town is full of beats and the extraordinarily decadent Dutch 'mods', decked out in fantastic floral suits. There is a fantastic impression of tranquillity to which the riot police, moving around town in small Volkswagen minibuses, add a strange distorting effect. Kids do not take very much notice: they seem slightly elated by the continuing concern of the authorities as to whether they will explode again. (In Amsterdam casualness seems a way of life. The Dutch work a 45-hour week but under nothing like the pressures facing a Londoner.) I had lunch with a young, middle-aged man (the actual reason for my business trip to Amsterdam) who gave me impressions of the last week in Amsterdam. He was not sure whether the provos were responsible for the riots; he thought their ideas and statements probably gave the rioters a justification. The provos, in his view, are quite respectable. "They just want their happenings, white bicycles instead of cars in the city, and smoke control. Many people agree with them. One of them was elected to the city council with 13,000 votes (The Dutch voting age is 21). They have good ideas. They stop Holland going to sleep which is necessary. I think they will grow. In 10 years, 20 years, they might even be the government of Holland!" What do older people think of youth rioting in the streets? "Mostly shock... but maybe that is necessary. Of course no one in Holland likes riots – people and property get hurt. The provos are believed by many when they say they have nothing to do with riots but they make strong statements and people expect them to be responsible for strong actions." Why do people object to the white bicycle plan which would mean that the city centre would be served by public transport and white bicycles which can be freely used, and left wherever the rider wishes to await the next rider. "Mainly it is the police who object. They are anti-theft... they must protect property. These bicycles would be no one's property. Also, of course, people with cars do not want to ride in the city. They want to show their cars."

After lunch I make my way further over to the West-side of the city, attempting to find PROVO's offices at Valkenburgstraat. (It is fairly easy to find the way in Amsterdam: the town is small and its layout makes it easy to move quickly in any direction.) I have a number of questions I want to ask: after my previous conversations I am anxious to hear what they say about their 'betrayal of the provotariat', which is now the way it looks to me. I walk up narrow streets, filled with bars and shops selling an even wider selection of pornography than can be found in those little specialist shops in Soho, which proudly announce their medical and psychological interest in flagellation, the circumcision rites of Western civilisation and various other oddities of vital importance to us all. There are plenty of prostitutes, many of them seem startlingly young but perhaps they are simply amateurs. I notice a surprising number of Negroes – mostly very, very cool. They seem much hipper than most West Indians, better-dressed, more self-confident. They do not seem to attract the sneaky, half-envious, half-hating glances they would get in London. They are, I imagine, more like the really hip spades of the American ghettos. As I move further West the town begins to look more decayed. On the blank walls of buildings are Provo leaflets and posters – 'Provokatie Nr. 10' ('Provocation #10'), which features crude but delightful sketches of cars, exhaust fumes and free-form BRAM! BRAM! BRAM! sound-effects, catches my attention. The provo approach is infinitely more imaginative than anything we have in London (That, at any rate, must now be changed). The walls have painted all over them slogans advertising rock'n'roll groups – The Monks, The Sailors, The Croes, The Houw (The Who??), The United Sounds, The Idols, The Amplifiers, The Keys, The Ways. (Unfortunately I did not get the chance to hear any groups play but judging from the frequent pictures of The Rolling Stones in the Dutch pop press I guess that Dutch rock is ex-America-via-Britain.)

By mistake I found myself in the Lazarus Market. It was very, very hot and sticky and this, together with the kaleidoscopic impressions of the city, made both my concentration and energy wilt. I sat down on a box in the market, next to a beat, who talked briefly to me in French. Our conversation was limited to simple French philosophy and metaphysical grunting. He also got a copy of 'The Rebel Worker'. (The notion of 'The Rebel Worker' as an international Open Sesame amused everyone round HEATWAVE.) He was amused by the explanation of the title. (We are not workers: we rebel against being workers: we are therefore rebel workers.) He was totally disinterested in the rebellion of the provotariat. He liked Amsterdam because the living and the pot was cheap. It is now, he said, the new European centre for youth. It used to be London but the authorities in London didn't like foreign beats, so they now go to Amsterdam instead. He said to me that there was no point in returning to London, that I would do better to stay forever in Amsterdam where no one minds. (In this part of town everyone seems to be wide-awake; even small kids wear battered denim-suits. A wrecked van up against the wall, propped on stones, is crammed full of old crates. The market itself is hot and sandy. None of London's pushing grind. I thought this sort of placid ease was a feature of only provincial France. I suspect it exists on this scale in no other major Western capital.) I find PROVO's offices: there is no answer when I ring the bell but the front door is open, and I walk up perilously steep stairs to #4 at the top. On the landing a pair of white jeans hang out so I knock on the first door I see. Someone shouts so I walk in. The room is small, bare but light. A slight whiff of fish-scent occasionally wafts in through the window. Posters of Castro and nuclear disarmament symbols on the wall. Inside there is a kid of about 15 and 2 chicks about the same age. His hair is longer than most English kids of that age. They all seem totally turned-on; rather in the manner of some of the kids who used to cram the Committee of 100 offices and who were, in terms of personal liberation, far further out than any of their so-called mentors. Unfortunately we converse only in an erratic, if flexible, combination of Dutch, English and French. After an hour I get a further address and leave.

Later in the day, in a small, attractive house in Karthuiserstraat – described by 'Le Figaro' as 'certainly the most wretched house in the street' in 'one of the most crumbling parts of the town' – I found Roel van Duyn, editor of PROVO-Amsterdam. He pointed out a headline in the evening paper: 'VAN HALL SAYS PROVOS RESPONSIBLE'. Were they? Van Duyn said perhaps they were; "The blousons-noirs come into Amsterdam because of what they hear about us." Was it true that the provos dissociated themselves from the riots? He said they dissociated themselves from the riots because they were caused by blousons-noirs from outside town, who had no political consciousness and were violent. The Amsterdam blousons had been 'educated' by the provos but this had not so far been possible with the suburban ones. But surely, I asked, PROVO's appeal to the international provotariat called upon all elements of the provotariat to help provoke a crisis of authority? Surely this was what had happened in Amsterdam? He admitted a crisis of authority had been provoked by the riots but, like his colleague Bernhard de Vries who addressed London meetings last week, said the provos disapproved of this unless it was politically motivated and did not believe in violence against authority because it both justified and encouraged authority to increase the strength of repression. What do the provos want? According to Roel van Duyn, a democratisation of society, white police, a mayor elected by direct election rather than chosen by the central government, the curbing of air pollution, the prevention of urban depopulation, white bicycles, a squatter movement for the unoccupied houses, the provocation of authority so that it would reveal its true, anti-social nature. Roel van Duyn admits the programme is reformist, "but we live in this society!" The 'white police' plan is for police to be disarmed like English police (amongst the most sophisticated forms of authoritarian control any government has ever been allowed to get away with. C.R.) Eventually they would become trained social workers. (Anyone who wants to check out how fast the notions of authority can change in this respect ought to search out 'Newsweek' for June 27, which shows just this trend happening in the USA.) I told him I was very confused by these ideas. I thought some excellent, others very naive. I was surprised that an anarchist group should stand for city council election. Roel said that it is to observe authority from inside. Was there no risk of being thus absorbed by tame authority,

being maintained as tame rebels. Roel thought the danger very small. He told me he would probably be doing a 6 week jail sentence shortly (unless his appeal was successful) for publishing an inflammatory article in PROVO 7. (I was unable to ascertain whether this was the one calling for the physical destruction of the petty bureaucracy.) I told him I thought many Provo statements were inflammatory and I was hardly surprised that the kids took them so seriously, or that provos were blamed for riots. Roel said the more extreme statements were essentially provocative satire rather than direct statement. I said I felt quite honestly that the provos had unconsciously betrayed the provotariat. He no more agreed than did Bernhard de Vries in London when I made the same point. I said I felt it was the provos' task to explain the riots even if they felt unable to physically support them. Certainly to denounce riots which were the provos' philosophical responsibility seemed not only naive but potentially dangerous. "We did not denounce them – we dissociated from them because they served no purpose." (In London Bernhard de Vries said he could understand them but seemed surprised by suggestions that he might have acted as explainer of the riots, even if he felt compelled to say they had nothing to do with the provos.) As I make my way back to the Central Station from the East-side of town I pass through a square in which an old man with a guitar begins to play and sing, in a superbly demonic, cracked voice. Immediately he is surrounded by kids, some clambering on top of post boxes, dancing and hamboning as the old man plays and sings. Whatever the provos say or think they seem to be in an ironic position: they are the only group – apart from Jonathan Leake's delirious saboteurs of social peace, The Resurgence Youth Movement – who make youth revolt their point of departure. Their manifesto is quite definitely the best and most interesting statement on youth revolt to come out of the Continent. On the other hand they seem astonishingly keen to deny the implications and consequences of their thought. The irony is, ultimately, that the first group of revolutionaries (of any sort) to get through to teenagers (and particularly the type of teenagers who are usually totally ignored by 'serious' revolutionaries) are, at the point of crisis, prepared to turn their backs. I talked to a long-haired kid wearing the brightest floral suit I have ever seen, at the airport. He was bugged as hell, having to look after his very-kid brother who blew Pepsi-Cola bubbles out of his bottle over everything and, in between, laughed deliriously. When will the next riot happen? "When we feel like it. Authority needs time to prepare for fighting us but we just come when we want. We always win. Riots, they don't cost nothing for us. Authority pays." Did he read PROVO? "Sometimes I see it. I like PROVO and provo happenings. PROVO gives us cause and we enjoy rioting. There will be more riots." I do not recall ever having been so sorry to leave a city. I like Amsterdam and, despite my reservations, admire the provos. (In the end I find I agree with the husband of provo 'leader', Irene van der Weetering, when he says; "It's a heart-rendering, muddle-headed organisation.") It is a nice final touch to fly in over Clacton after visiting the capital of the World Revolution of Youth – Amsterdam, beautiful, gentle, patient town raped by the savage hip of the provotariat. CHARLES RADCLIFFE

SOLIDARITY UNOFFICIAL, DISRUPTIVE, SUBVERSIVE... UNDERMINES THE ORTHODOXIES OF 'RIGHT' AND 'LEFT' HAS BEEN APPEARING (MORE OR LESS REGULARLY) FOR OVER 5 YEARS. THERE'S NOTHING QUITE LIKE IT (THANK GOD!)... 10s to Bob Potter, 197 Kings Cross Road, London WC1, will ensure the next 12 issues post free. 'BURN BABY BURN' is the inevitable revolutionary watchword of a combustible society! **SOLIDARITY SCOTLAND:** The only Scottish paper that knows, and is, where IT's at... 6d per copy (add postage) from Fyfe, 63 Glenkirk Drive, Glasgow W5. Copies of Vol 11, No. 1. also available from HEATWAVE. **LUDD:** The new occasional (about weekly) broadsheet that alarms 'The Financial Times'. Britain's only populist paper. Available from Ludd, 283 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1. £1 subscription ensures year's supply. **CUDDON'S COSMOPOLITAN REVIEW:** A journal of art, literature and life in general. Annual subscription £1 from CCR Publications, 283 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1. The next issue of Cuddon's will be devoted to The Provos and the Revolt of the Provotariat... **REVO:** The Belgian provo-cationist publication... available from Boite Postale 33, Bruxelles 1. **PROVO:** The originators of the PROVO movement and PROVO-TARIAN theory... available from PROVO, Valkenburgstraat 132 IV Amsterdam.

HEATWAVE



#2: OCTOBER 1966 Price 1/6d (25c USA)

**DADA & SURREALIST TEXTS
PROVOS - UNITARY URBANISM
GUERRILLA MANIFESTO**

ALL OR NOT AT ALL!: EDITORIAL

We are living through the break-up of an entire civilisation. Contemporary society has only one foundation – its own inertia: The last vestiges of religion and ideology cannot conceal the extent of our mass alienation. Nothing means anything any more. There seems to be no escape from the isolation and senselessness of our lives. For all of us the abyss seems likely to open at any moment. We are all alone in a world that has become one huge mad-house. Nowhere is there an adequate explanation of what it is we go through every day. The traditional revolutionary movement, to which desperate people might once have turned, has long since been integrated in the status quo and is no longer distinct from the rest of the bureaucratic machine. At best it is simply the vanguard of bureaucratic efficiency-reform. Nowhere does there exist a theoretical and analytic basis from which the increasingly unbearable contradictions of our daily life can be examined, attacked and destroyed. A basis exposing our modern poverty and revealing our possible wealth. In isolation and anguish, innumerable people are becoming aware of the poverty of their own lives – Of the total disparity between their real subjective desires and the lives they are forced to lead. Of the total disparity between the richness of life now possible and the mass-produced mini-life imposed on everyone by the Welfare State.

Over the last decade, a new revolt has begun to break out in all the highly-industrialised countries of the world, a revolt associated particularly closely with both the wildcat strikes and with the attitudes of contemporary rebel youth. This revolt is now out in the open, agitators and saboteurs are on the streets. The whole of official society (cops and psychiatrists, artists and sociologists, anarchists and architects) has tried to suppress, distort and re-integrate the phenomena of this, their crisis. It is still at an early stage. (Last month a 20 year old set fire to a railway goods depot in Sheffield, causing close on a million pounds worth of damage; when interrogated, he said that he had “wanted to see a little blaze”.) But it is breaking out everywhere: the acts still lack a real perspective and a coherent form of action. They are, in fact, half-symptoms of crisis, half acts of rebellion. It is in this context that we intend to act as a catalyst; to take part in the transformation of this new revolt into a new revolutionary movement. The first thing to be criticised is the crock of shit passed off as criticism. Opposition has degenerated into a series of disparate and fragmentary protests – against nuclear war, against colonialism and racial discrimination, against urban chaos, etc, lacking any grip on the whole of modern society and presenting no serious challenge to the dominant set-up. What should be criticised is, on the contrary, our normal everyday experience of life. It is this that is so boring, disgusting and senseless. Why worry about the risk of humanity immolating itself in a nuclear holocaust when everyone, everywhere, sacrifices their real nature, their real desires, their real will to live every minute of every day? All that we can see anywhere is a grotesque travesty of human life, half-nightmare and half-burlesque: A degraded labour we never chose in order to produce an empty, passive, isolated leisure we never wanted. Life has been reduced to living death. We reject the whole system of work and leisure, of production and consumption, to which life has been reduced by bureaucratic capitalists.

Put in different terms: it is the concept of total revolution which has been lost. It has degenerated into a theory of the rectification of economic and political structures, whereas all the most radical periods of the past revolutionary movement were animated by the desire to transform the whole nature of human experience, to create a world in which the desires of each individual could be realised, without restriction. The only real problem is how to live life to the full. Burn, baby, burn! New revolutionary theory must attack production and consumption as a whole, showing that exactly the same alienation exists in both, and showing that their transcendence can only lead to the creation of a new kind of human activity. The basic demand is for a society based on the almost-total leisure that mechanisation and automation have now made possible; that is to say, on a new culture corresponding to human desires and not simply dissimulating and sublimating their frustration. It is precisely the early stages of this revolt which can be seen in the revolt of contemporary youth, in their refusal either to work or

consume as ordered, in their permanent strike and in their experiments, however confused they may be, to create an alternative use of life. What would a revolutionary society be like? An endless passion, an endless adventure, an endless banquet. In this issue we have tried to show some of the phenomena of this international revolt and we have tried to relate them to the last radical period of the revolutionary movement (the period 1910-1930) whose importance the new revolutionary movement must re-discover and criticise. As the crisis of contemporary society develops, as it becomes more and more acute and less and less easy to dissimulate, revolt can only grow. Things have already reached the point where if anyone wants to live at all they can only revolt. The problem now is to make such acts radical and coherent, to relate the fragments seen by more and more individuals to the alienation of social life as a whole, to place them within a perspective which can only serve to expand consciousness and to introduce to each and every rebel the outlines of revolt in which his act can be mirrored along with all other acts of revolt. Finally to create the revolutionary praxis by which this society and this civilisation can be destroyed, once and for all. *CHRISTOPHER GRAY / CHARLES RADCLIFFE. September 1966. HEATWAVE 2: October 1966. Price 1/6d (25c USA) Artwork and titling by PAZ. No copy right is held on any material appearing in HEATWAVE. Anyone is free to do whatever they wish with anything we publish. And we reserve the same freedom for ourselves regarding other publications. HEATWAVE, 13 Redcliffe Road, London SW10 Un tied Kingdom.*

DADA & SURREALIST TEXTS: A COMMENTARY IN BRIEF

One of the main reasons for the impasse of contemporary English and American culture lies in its complete ignorance of dada and surrealism, the most radical artistic movements of the period 1910-1930. Dada was a nihilistic expose of an empty and spectacular culture – Raoul Vaneigem has accurately compared it to contemporary vandalism – And surrealism the attempt to replace this culture by a new kind of creative activity, no longer based on passive identification with professional entertainers, but on direct individual action, no longer transforming an image or representation of the world, but transforming human life itself. The modern artist no longer paints but creates directly, Tzara had written. During its initial and most revolutionary period surrealism was not an ‘artistic’ movement at all, but an attempt to create a new life-style, fusing the previous specialised forms of art, and it only degenerated into traditional art when all the possibilities of real revolution had been eliminated from the period. The new revolutionary movement will criticise alienated production through the alienated consumption which alone allows it to continue; and culture is now becoming more and more essential to consumption, to the spectacle. Art has become no more than a drug dissimulating our isolation, boredom and passivity, of sublimating our explosive desire to live into an unreal and inactive form, and of maintaining its real repression: ‘the sigh of the oppressed creature, the heart of a heartless world.’ (Marx) The question is to realise, to make real, all that is valid in art – its imaginative transformation of the world – and to suppress it in as far as it is merely imaginary, in as far as it is the spectacle. Without criticising contemporary culture no radical critique of contemporary society can be made, and no positive alternative to its alienation can be suggested. The following texts are intended to illustrate some of the features of this revolutionary transformation of the concept of culture. They are part of a series of historic texts, more or less unknown in England and America, on the most radical features of past revolutionary thought and experience, either artistic and political theory, or accounts of real revolution at work. The Dada manifesto has been pirated from Motherwell’s ‘Dada Painters and Poets’, a translation of some of the main Dada literary texts and the only good compilation in English. The official accounts are, as always, solely of comic value and Richter’s recent book is just senile crap. The surrealist text is translated from Nadeau’s ‘Histoire du Surrealisme’, the best factual account of the movement we know. Steal both if you get the chance. *CHRISTOPHER GRAY*

DADA: WHAT IS DADAISM AND WHAT DOES IT WANT IN GERMANY?

(1) DADAISM DEMANDS: (i) The international revolutionary union of all creative and intellectual men and women on the basis of radical communism; (ii) The introduction of progressive unemployment through comprehensive mechanisation of every field of activity. Only by unemployment does it become possible for the individual to achieve certainty as to the truth of life and finally become accustomed to experience; (iii) The immediate expropriation of property (socialisation) and the communal feeding of all; further, the erection of cities of light, and gardens which will belong to society as a whole and prepare man for a state of freedom. (2) THE CENTRAL COUNCIL DEMANDS: (a) Daily meals at public expense for all creative and intellectual men and women on the Potsdamer Platz (Berlin); (b) Compulsory adherence of all clergymen and teachers to the Dadaist articles of faith; (c) The most brutal struggle against all directions of so-called 'workers of the spirit' (Hiller, Adler), against their concealed bourgeoisism and post-classical education as advocated by the Sturn group; (d) The immediate erection of a state art centre, elimination of concepts of property in the new art (expressionism); the concept of property is entirely excluded from the super-individual movement of Dadaism which liberates all mankind; (e) Introduction of the simultaneist poem as a Communist state prayer; (f) Requisition of churches for the performance of bruitism, simultaneist and Dadaist poems; (g) Establishment of a Dadaist advisory council for the remodelling of life in every city of over 50,000 inhabitants; (h) Immediate organisation of a large scale Dadaist propaganda campaign with 150 circuses for the enlightenment of the proletariat; (i) Submission of all laws and decrees to the Dadaist central council for approval; (j) Immediate regulation of all sexual relations according to the views of international Dadaism through establishment of a Dadaist sexual centre. The Dadaist revolutionary central council. German Group: Hausmann, Huelsenbeck. Business Office: Charlottenburg, Kantstrasse 118. Applications for membership taken at business office. *Reprinted from Richard Huelsenbeck's 'En Avant Dada' (1920)*

REVOLUTION NOW AND FOREVER

The world is a nexus of conflicts, which for anyone remotely intelligent, are far more than mere social or political issues. Our time is badly short of visionaries. But anyone who isn't completely stupid is bound to try to foresee the human consequences of an utterly incredible state of affairs. Even beyond the re-awakened self-love of long-enslaved people who seem to want nothing except to reconquer their independence, even beyond the irreconcilable conflict of work and social demands within still functioning European states, we believe in the inevitability of total deliverance. Man, treated more and more brutally, will finally be forced to change his relationships. Well aware of the nature of forces disturbing the world at the moment, even before we find out how many of us there are and begin to work, we want to proclaim our total detachment, in a sense our uncontamination, from the ideas at the basis of a still real European civilisation, based in its turn on the intolerable principles of necessity and duty. Even more than patriotism – which is a quite commonplace sort of hysteria, though emptier and shorter-lived than most – we are disgusted by the idea of belonging to a country at all, which is the most bestial and least philosophic of the concepts to which we are subjected. We are certainly barbarians, since a certain form of civilisation thoroughly disgusts us. When our western civilisation is dominant all human contact has disappeared, apart from contact out of which money can be made – strictly cash payment. For over a century human dignity has been reduced to an exchange value. It is not only unjust, it is monstrous that those with possessions enslave those without them, but when this oppression goes beyond salaried labour and becomes for example the type of slavery effected by international high finance, then it is an

iniquity worse than any massacre it provokes. We do not accept the laws of economy and exchange, we do not accept the slavery of labour, and, in a still wider sense, we have taken up arms against history. History is ruled by laws based on the pusillanimity of individuals, and we are certainly not humanists of any sort whatsoever. It is our rejection of all accepted law, our hope in new, subterranean forces, capable of overthrowing history, which makes us turn our eyes towards Asia. Categorically we need freedom, but a freedom based on our deepest spiritual needs, and on the most imperious and most human desires of our bodies (in fact, it is always the others who are scared). The time is up for the contemporary world. The stereotyped gestures, acts and lies of Europe have gone through their whole dirty circle. Spinoza, Kant, Blake, Hegel, Schelling, Proudhon, Marx, Stirner, Baudelaire, Lautreamont, Nietzsche: this list alone is the beginning of your downfall. It is the turn of the Mongols to bivouac in our squares. We should never for a moment worry that this violence could take us by surprise or get out of hand. As far as we are concerned, it could never be enough, whatever happens. All that should be seen in our behaviour is the absolute confidence which we have in a sentiment common to all of us, the sentiment of revolt, on which anything of any value is based... We are the revolt of the spirit; we believe that sanguinary revolution is the inevitable vengeance of a spirit humiliated by your doings. We are not utopian; we can conceive this revolution only in a social form. If anywhere there are men who have seen a coalition form against them (traitors to everything which wasn't freedom, rebels of every sort, prisoners of common law) then they should never forget that the idea of revolution is the best and most effective safeguard of the individual. *Norbert Guterman, Henri Lefebvre, Pierre Mirhange, George Politzer, Louis Aragon, Antonin Artaud, Andre Breton, Rene Crevel, Robert Desnos, Paul Eluard, Max Ernst, Michel Leiris, Andre Masson, Marcel Noll, Benjamin Peret, Philippe Soupault, Henri Jeanson, Raymond Queneau, George Ribomont-Dessaignes. From 'La Revolution Surrealiste' No.5, 1925.*

THE ALMOST COMPLETE WORKS OF MARCEL DUCHAMP

This is the title of a recent Arts Council Show. Where almost complete work was unavailable, Richard Hamilton bridged the gap with tasteful reconstructions. I doubt whether a DADAevent on so large a scale has ever before been officially sponsored. Naturally, some credentials were given to establish that Duchamp had, at least, taken it all seriously in the beginning. These being some hastily mounted drawings which appeared to have come from only one sketch book and his few paintings in oil. Duchamp has traded frivolity for frivolity over many decades and has treated art history, art theory, art practice and art market as so many accoutrements to the vocation of artist clown. It must have seemed to him, this London show recognised his spirit if not in the pieces selected then by the nature of the spectacle that surrounded them. Take those strange waifs from the British Legion who would prevent the public hand re-arranging the hinged 'glasses', to effect, as intended. Glass cases in which items carrying such formula as 'Art = Merdre', and rubber breasted book jackets – 'Please Touch', were part of the misfired conspiracy to disguise Duchamp as a pedagogue. The larger ready-mades were grouped together in arcades behind rope – several pieces being thus totally deprived of significance. The famous fountain had the signature R. Mutt painstakingly forged on its side; despite the artist's statement that once a mass-produced object has received designation 'the rest was sentiment'. It is impossible here to condense Duchamp's achievement. He anticipated almost all recent avant garde movements. This alone demonstrates his lack of interest in establishing values. He was intent in extending the base of the Art Model into Consumer Society, and making it demonstrate its absurdity by its own nature. The Tate Gallery, and the majority of those who witnessed the event I am describing, can be congratulated for doing just that. To treat a piece labelled 'She has a hot arse' with dumb aplomb, as was general, points to some disease at work in society – humourlessness. Perhaps thousands peered through a little hole in the rear cover of the catalogue at spinning roto-reliefs without a single giggle. *UEL CAMERON*

THE FIRST DAFFODILS IN THE PISSOIRE

Spontaneous acts of resistance, sabotage and revolt are breaking out everywhere, the majority of them not, of course, recognised as such by the so-called radical press. The following cuttings were taken from the daily press during 3 weeks in August; we didn't look for them carefully; they are just normal, everyday events. Some are purely spontaneous reactions, without any consciousness or sense of perspective, others are carefully constructed and foreseen. In such acts is clearly revealed a number of the features of contemporary revolt. It has superseded the forms of alienated political action and organisation and has become a revolt on the everyday level. It lacks, for the moment, revolutionary consciousness and is restricted to destructiveness. It has traces of the imagination and poetry which always characterise revolt. (We have omitted resistance on the industrial front, not because we are unaware of its importance but because it's already covered elsewhere: 'Solidarity', etc):

'A man appeared in the dock at Clerkenwell today with a raincoat draped 'Batman-style' around his shoulders and gave his name as 'The Robot'. He admitted stealing a telephone handset and 3 bottles of milk and was remanded in custody until August 8 for reports.' 'Evening News', August 5 1966.

'For more than 4 hours last night a maximum security prisoner in Wandsworth Jail held prison officers at bay from the top of a 50 foot roof by hurling slates ripped from round his perch. Each time the officers and prison medical staff tried to reach him he launched another volley. "It's the solitary. I'm in solitary and it's getting on me. I want out, but they won't let me. I had to do something," he shouted. A spokesman at the prison said later: "This is an internal matter and has nothing to do with anyone outside."' 'Daily Express', August 5.

'A youth stopped the show at London's Royal Court theatre yesterday, with a barrage of potato pellets fired from a gun. Some hit comedian Max Wall. He continued the play, 'Ubu Roi', after the youth had been ejected.' 'Sunday Mirror', August 7.

'Scotland Yard's Special Branch started an investigation today to try to trace the hoaxers who lured Mr. Edward Heath, Leader of the Opposition, and 14 other people to a Dorchester Hotel, London, function last night with forged invitations on notepaper which was a replica of that used at 10 Downing Street. The function was in honour of Lieut. Gen. Nguyen Huu Co, deputy Prime Minister of South Vietnam... Mr. St. John Stevas said later: "(The letter) ended rather curiously. I didn't read the end of it, but had I done so I might have been suspicious. It ended with the words: 'I hope you will be able to come and give him the reception which he deserves.'" 'Evening News', 'The Guardian', August 11.

'A housewife admitted yesterday that she was the mystery woman who stripped while the band played the National Anthem at a dance... Mrs. Stapleton, 22, who has 2 young children, said... "It was a joke more than anything. You know how these things start... I was tight at the time and afterwards I went home to sleep it off. It goes on everywhere, doesn't it?" she added. "This is nothing to what goes on in the West End. I did it all on impulse. You can't explain these things, can you? I took off most of my clothes but I wasn't naked as some people said. I still had my pants on."... Would she do the same again? Mrs. Stapleton said: "I don't know really. You can't tell, can you, until it happens..." 'Sunday Mirror', August 14.

"I was working in a shop on a Saturday and was promised I'd be paid £7 but she only gave me £3, so I said 'Right'. I put on 4 jumpers and my own on top, 24 pairs of knickers and 4 suspender belts, 2 brassieres and 5 pairs of stockings. When I got home I said, 'That old cow didn't pay me what she promised', and my Mum was going on. So I said, 'Wait until you see', and I started doing a striptease, and she was sitting there smoking her fag, laughing and shouting 'Go on',

and 'I'll have that' as I kept taking things off. My old Nan, she's 84, and she was sitting there and going hee-hee...' *'Evening Standard'*, August 16.

'Police were questioning a number of youths yesterday about a hoax in which a piano blew up and injured 11 people. A homemade bomb, put in a piano at a piano-smashing contest during a carnival at Bletchley, Bucks, had been set to explode when a certain key was hit.' *'Daily Sketch'*, August 16.

'A 'Laughing Killer' who boasts that he has already stabbed 2 people to death has left a note on the doorstep of a police headquarters saying that he will claim a third victim, this time a teenager. With the note in a parcel found outside the main police station at Stockport, Cheshire, was a dagger with its tip missing. Police scientists decided yesterday that the dagger was the one plunged into the back of John Crossland, 44, of Kingsland Road, Cheadle Heath, who was found dying from stab wounds at Cheadle early on Monday... 2 pieces of crumpled paper, with words cut from newspaper headlines, made up the note... 'From the killer of Marjorie Hill and John Crossland... My next victim will be a teenager... Ha ha.' The words 'ha ha' carry echoes of Jack the Ripper, the London gaslight killer, who used them in several letters to the police... Police are calling the man they are hunting the 'Laughing Killer' because when he left Mrs. Hill dying there was a burst of laughter... and there is 'ha ha' in the note.' *'Daily Mirror'*, August 18.

'A number of policemen had hospital treatment early today after battling with youths in what was described as the 'worst public disturbance in Oxford for many years'... Supt. Leonard North, Deputy Chief Constable of Oxford, told a special court today that the fight involved 60 youths against 10 police officers... PC Ronald Orman said he was arresting a youth when another jumped on his back. "I was pushed to the ground and kicked and punched several times. It was a vicious attack. Some officers had a job to stay on their feet. In the van, when one youth escaped, I chased after him. He shouted: "It's a pity they didn't shoot more of you bastards." He ran and I hit him on the head with my truncheon," said PC Orman.' *'Evening Standard'*, August 20. (Week after Harry Roberts double cop-killing by Wormwood Scrubs, month after World Cup Final.)

'The Union Jack could not be hoisted over Hastings Castle yesterday because the flagstaff rope had been cut by vandals. A small French tricolour had been fastened to the flagstaff. Every seat in the castle was overturned and offensive slogans in French daubed about the castle.' *'Daily Mail'*, August 23.

'Richard Lawrence Hargate set fire to a railway goods depot because he 'wanted to see a little blaze', a court was told yesterday. The depot would cost £835,000 to replace, said Mr. Anthony Proctor, prosecuting at Sheffield. He added that Hargate, aged 20, of Verdun Street, Sheffield, and 2 boys aged 13 and 10 then set fire to disused railway offices causing damage estimated at £14,000...' *'Daily Sketch'*, August 27.

'A crowd set about 2 policemen who were struggling with youths who had attacked them with spanners and a cosh in Roman Road, Bow. 5 men and 2 women were arrested when police reinforcements arrived. The 2 policemen were taken to hospital.' *'Sunday Mirror'*, August 28.

'Roughneck types hell-bent on causing trouble had appeared instead of mods and rockers, Great Yarmouth magistrates were told yesterday... Inspector John Cooper said that it had been hoped that Bank Holiday rowdyism had ceased but "unfortunately that has not been so. I would like to point out (he said) that the difference between these and other Bank Holidays is that they are not of the usual mod and rocker type; that seems to have died out. This is the roughneck type who have come hell-bent on causing trouble to everybody including the police, and also to innocent youngsters and youths who are trying to enjoy themselves.'" *'The Guardian'*, August 30.

THE PROVO RIOTS

'Poetry must be made by everybody, not by one person alone.' Lautreamont, 'Poesies II'. Since the late 50s Amsterdam has had a clandestine reputation as one of the best established and most open beat cities; hundreds of Scandinavian, English and American disaffiliates have either passed through or settled there, bringing with them an attitude of social and cultural dissent. The youth underground, which these beats helped establish, has surfaced during the last year in a series of events very different from the social passivity and cultural inoffensiveness of the beats; the provo riots.

In all the highly developed countries of the world there is a radical discontent rapidly spreading throughout youth, a youth that wants neither to work nor to consume, a youth for whom comfort and gadgets have proved to be empty substitutes for an empty everyday life. This discontent is ready to explode in a great number of places; in Amsterdam it was largely the fantastic energy of one man – the artist Robert Jasper Grootveld – which triggered the discontent into an explosion. Starting from a fanatical opposition to tobacco companies – as the creators of 'tomorrow's enslaved consumer' – Grootveld began a single-handed campaign against them, painting the letter K for Kancer in huge letters across the tobacco hoardings with an aerosol paint-spray, disguising himself as an old woman to persecute Amsterdam's tobacconists, holding church services in which a cigarette replaced the Host, the congregation coming forward to kneel reverently and take a drag, while Grootveld officiated at an altar flanked by 2 huge fire-extinguishers.

Later his campaign extended into full-scale attempts to sabotage the whole of bourgeois reality; anchoring a raft in the middle of one of Amsterdam's main canals, furnishing it to look like a bourgeois drawing room, with a table, chair and Dutch stove, he sat aboard it for a fortnight reading the newspapers. More important were the happenings he began to hold on the Spui, at the foot of the statue Het Amsterdamse Lieverdje (Amsterdam's Little Darling), presented to the city by the Hunter Cigarette Company and, for Grootveld, the perfect symbol of enslaved consumption. Chanting his nonsense anti-smoke songs, performing his weird, destructive rites, chalking up his symbol (since appropriated by the provos) of the Magic Apple, he rapidly became a centre of attraction. Time and time again he was picked up by the cops, but, refusing to be intimidated he returned to the Spui. Crowds began to accompany him to the police station demanding his release. The nonsense songs and rhythmic handclaps became popular weapons. Fights with the cops broke out. The Spui, at midnight each Saturday, suddenly became the popular centre for everyone who was bored. And everyone is bored.

Grootveld himself seems to be far more attractive and imaginative than most modern exhibitionists (somewhat like the Berlin dadaist Baader – viz. Raoul Hausmann's 'Courier Dada'); anyway, the real importance of the Spui scenes was that they broke the system of isolation, based on permanent movement, characteristic of modern urban control - to rule, divide – and succeeded to a large extent in turning a public place in the middle of the city into a small uncontrolled enclave of freedom (Viz. the text 'Unitary Urbanism' in this issue of HEATWAVE). This vortex rapidly drew in together all the city's dissident, bored and aggressive elements. (*LSE margin note*) At about the same time, in early 1965, the original Provo group – composed initially of active beats, anarchists and the wilder ban-the-bombers – came together to produce a small duplicated magazine, with an initial circulation of 500, called 'PROVO' (now has a circulation of 20,000 copies). They took part in the Spui happenings, gradually giving them a far more aggressive and political slant, denouncing cops, traffic, bombs, royalty, etc. Journalists and cops appeared. So did kids on mo-peds. Minors were seduced, fights broke out and large scale arrests began. The happenings got out of everyone's hands and became riots. The Provos just rode the wave.

The provo revolt is essentially the first time that a number of hitherto heterogenous rebel youth groupings ('beatniks, pleiners, nozems, teddy boys, blousons noirs, gammler, reggare, stiljagi, mangupi, mods, students, artists, rockers, delinquents, anarchists, ban-the-bombers, misfits... those who don't want a career, who lead irregular lives...') that the Provos call the

provotariat. Viz. 'Anarchy 66', which contains both the 'Appeal to the International Provotariat' and an article, by Roel van Duyn, reprinted from 'Provo' #1, which goes some way towards articulating the spirit and attitudes of the early Provo group.) have, as a result of the development of modern society, begun to come together, to recognise their common interests and to act on them. The values on which this new lumpenproletariat of the Welfare State is based are essentially its utter disgust with work and its attempt to use its clandestine leisure in an experimental and adventurous way, denying the passive and isolated consumption characteristic of all alienated leisure. It is this attitude of the new lumpenproletariat which both underlay and found temporary expression in the provo riots.

In all their actions they used a highly developed sense of game-war, an imagination, playfulness and sense of humour which completely baffled the cops consigned to deal with it. When Princess Beatrix married the ex-Nazi Claus von Amsberg, the wedding coach disappeared in the billows of smoke bombs, white chickens (chicken is the Dutch slang for cop) painted with black swastikas were driven, flapping into the street, television cables were cut, and above the uproar of the street fighting rose fragments of Grootveld's dadaist hymns. Only lack of money prevented them putting even wilder schemes into practice: having a frogman emerge from a canal near the route of the procession to explode a bomb containing leaflets giving the lowdown on the House of Orange, spiking the palace water supply with lysergic acid, releasing a pack of white mice emblazoned with swastikas to stampede the horses drawing the 17 ton gold wedding coach... ('Go home Claus' *swastika chicken illustration*)

The provo riots fused and completely transformed the traditional forms of both art and politics. The exhibitionism of artists and the passivity of spectators, characteristic of New York, Paris and London happenings (and characteristic of alienated art in general) were eliminated from the riots that grew out of the Spui happenings: everyone was free to participate to the full extent of their imagination and energy in an experience which they had created. The same structure in terms of politics was also overturned: the passivity and repression of the rank-and-file, imposed a priori by the hierarchic structure of all political parties (and by the self-sacrificial ideology dissimulating this structure: the Cause) were abolished in favour of a fluid, leaderless and exuberant onslaught. The alienation of both art and politics was transcended, and the appeal of their synthesis was electric. The riot became a popular work of art, a party to which the whole city was invited. These riots represent imagination and passion applied consciously to the construction of immediate experience. They were, inseparably, a form of self-realisation and an objective assault on contemporary life: a society that has suppressed all adventure has made the only adventure the suppression of that society. And, in a more general sense, these riots express all that is essential to the new lumpenproletariat: their style illustrates concretely the reason for youth's disgust with life in the Welfare State and prefigures something of the life with which they want to replace it. They were a living critique of the deserts of everyday experience. Imagination, passion, communication, adventure: a brief glimpse of Utopia.

Embodied, inarticulately, in these riots was a total criticism of life in this society: a society characterised by its exclusion of everyone from their own lives, by its repression of everyone's real desires, by its reduction of everyone to a state of passivity and isolation in which they can be manipulated and stacked like inanimate objects. All these features which were effectively reversed during the actual riots have never been articulated in Provo theory: on the contrary, the so-called leaders and spokesmen of the movement do nothing more than propose a ridiculous series of minor reforms – banning the bomb, abolishing the Queen, making cops social workers, creating smokeless zones, preserving old buildings, etc – all of which, with the possible exception of the bomb, are just anticipations of reforms bound to be effected by the ruling bureaucracy in the natural course of its development. Ticks, ticks and ticks. Why has the original Provo group – which precipitated these riots – failed so dismally to articulate a theory as radical as the events which took place spontaneously?

The basic flaw in the original Provo group lay in its theory. While they recognised both the intensity and the cohesion of the revolt of contemporary youth, of the groups they called the provotariat – whose political importance has not been recognised by any traditional political group or party – they were completely unaware of the other signs of radical revolt throughout

the rest of the proletariat – the wild-cat strikes and the shop stewards, obviously – as well as being completely incapable of analysing the signs of rapidly growing crisis throughout this society as a whole – its human penury that no ideology can dissimulate much longer – and seeing that a universal awakening is almost inevitable. They failed to see the ideology responsible for mass-apathy, and the decomposition of this ideology. The original Provo group saw their rebellion as a desperate last stand. ‘The Provotariat is the last rebellious grouping in the Welfare State countries... We cannot convince the masses. We hardly want to... Provo realises that in the end it will be the loser...’ (‘Anarchy 66’) This meant that there could never be any hope of a general revolution, and that their attitude was basically the nihilistic attitude of vandals. As soon as they were successful, as soon as the movement began to become really powerful, their theoretical incompetence became of critical importance. Since (as far as we know) none of them were capable of realising the possibilities of a general proletarian uprising implicit in the time, there were only 2 possibilities open to them: either to continue their artistic vandalism, on a larger scale, which the best of them have continued to do, or, alternatively, to use their power to effect a number of minor reforms. It is from this latter group that a reformistic and reactionary group of leaders seems to have sprung. Reformism inevitably means leaders and specialists in reform, representative activity ‘on behalf’ of the masses, acceptance of the hierarchical repressive structure of the ruling classes, and activity within it – in short, acceptance of everything the riots rejected. It is this group that make statements like Bernard de Vries’ “We only want to make things a little better”, and that went on the pop radio station during the June riots to appeal to the blousons noirs to stop burning cop cars and chucking them in canals, to stop attacking shops (the most relevant instinctive gesture made) and to go back home and let the Provo leaders ‘educate’ them. They have become completely reactionary.

This fragmentary and reformistic theory of the leaders is the complete denial of the radical opposition implicit in the street riots, an opposition which was total, irreconcilable and practised by everyone. It is now impossible for the leaders to formulate the most radical features of the revolt they precipitated – rejection of contemporary society as a whole, the desire to use life differently, to realise subjectivity in a transformed everyday life – and everything they do stands in the way of any such formulation. Without a critique of the alienated system of production and consumption on which this civilisation is based, without the possibility of a universal awakening of the proletariat, there can be no question of really transforming our immediate everyday experience of life, and all that is most valuable in the provo experience is bound to become intangible and to be lost. No fragmentary reform will ever change the nature of everyday life. As it is, the only reflection their poetry and taste for adventure has found in official theory is in Constant’s ‘New Babylon’, where it appears as an abstract appendage to his plans for a fully modernised concentration camp, the world, he assures us, of homo ludens. Constant is about as ‘ludic’ as an ox. This is all even sadder since basically the provos have beaten the cops. The riots revealed clearly their complete inability to deal with exuberant, leaderless and intense political street-games: their horses have already been driven off the streets with ball-bearings and marbles, and it is only a matter of time before someone comes up with aniseed or ammonia for the dogs. All the cops can do is to keep the crowds moving, disperse groups about to form, book the occasional agitator for the night: they are just playing for time, big blue thugs with their fingers stuck in the dyke...

The real process of integration of the provos into the status quo is taking place elsewhere, on a more sophisticated level. The leaders and representatives of the provos are, sometimes happily and sometimes unwillingly, becoming steadily more divorced from the masses: executing their mutilated reconstructions of popular fury on television and in the newspapers. They are being integrated as an artistic avant-garde, as a new political party, as the rebel side-show revitalising the official spectacle: already the first provo has his seat on the city council, already artists are preparing glossy coffee-table books on happenings, already the bureaucrats of the ‘new’ urbanism are peddling their plans, already the sociologists are preparing their explanations. Once the provo revolt is fragmented it can easily be recuperated. The masses will have their activity taken out of their hands and once again be reduced to passive spectators, staying at home and identifying with their own specialised representative

in the appropriate niche of the official spectacle. The provos still seem to have considerable vitality: 'At the Hague on Tuesday they attacked the State Opening of Parliament with batteries of smoke bombs, and as the black marias raced forward, fed peanuts to the policemen through the window bars. The monkeys were not amused, and arrested 81 of them... On Saturday, in the early hours of the morning, inspired by marihuana, Mr. Rob Stolk hatched perhaps the most daring Provo plan of all: the takeover of Amsterdam's Dam Square which is like Trafalgar Square. Dam Square was 'sold' 20 years ago to the citizens of Amsterdam for one guilder a square centimetre to raise money for a war memorial. The certificates of 'sale' still exist, forgotten in countless desk drawers. Through their teenage supporters the Provos plan to beg, borrow or steal enough of these charity certificates to claim they now 'own' Dam Square. And then they will ban it to their respectable elders...' 'Sunday Times' 25/9/66.

Despite which, it is difficult not to feel that the crisis of the whole movement is very far advanced. The spontaneity and innocence of their revolt is over, and there just isn't any radical perspective at the time when it has become most necessary. They talk of activists dropping out, becoming pot-heads, of people going away to write books, of the difficulty of getting enough help with the production of 'PROVO', of the poorness of their new weekly IMAGE, etc. They are getting tired. Perhaps they will realise what is happening to them: understand the modern methods of integration, dissociate themselves from their leaders, establish a radical perspective. It is difficult to say; but it doesn't seem likely. For us, the fate of the particular wave of revolt called the provos is not of particular importance. They represent the most evolved form of the youth revolt that has yet broken out without engendering a radical revolutionary perspective and strategy. They have synthesised and gone a good deal further than either the Committee of One Hundred or any of the vandal and delinquent outrages. In fact, their exuberance, imagination and violent distaste for the whole of contemporary social life make their riots something very close to a spontaneous rediscovery of Dada, rediscovered not by a minority, but by the mass. (As the masses accede to hitherto 'bourgeois' conditions of comfort and leisure, they also accede to the whole revolt engendered by the emptiness and falsity of these conditions.) And the provos rediscovered the real spirit of Dada, not its contemporary official version – happenings, pop, autodestructive art, etc – which is precisely the opposite of all that Dada stood for, its integration in spectacular culture and the complete reversal of its sense. Like the Dadaists, the provos reached towards a revolutionary praxis of self-realisation which they could not formulate, which they could not insert in a real revolutionary perspective, remaining purely destructive iconoclasts to the end. This is in no way to belittle their importance: they indicate irrefutably the extent to which the coming generation is disgusted with western civilisation, and they prefigure the transcendence of this civilisation, of its specialised and alienated forms of action in new forms of activity. Life has still to be invented. The provos as such are no isolated phenomenon. What happened in Amsterdam this year could happen in any of the highly industrialised countries of the world next year. They are just the most recent episode of the international revolt engendered in the context of mass 'affluence'. The positive and negative aspects of their rebellion must be understood, assimilated and put into practice in the construction of the new revolutionary movement. CHRISTOPHER GRAY / CHARLES RADCLIFFE

the totality for kids by Raoul Vaneigem (translated from the French by Christopher Gray and Philippe Vissac). Originally published in 2 parts in the French revolutionary review 'L'Internationale Situationniste' (#7 & 8, 1962-3) under the title 'Banalites de Base', this pamphlet is one of the very few really essential contemporary revolutionary documents to have appeared in English. We recommend this wide-ranging demolition of ideology and religion to all our readers and we hope that it will serve to introduce situationist ideas to a much wider public than they have had so far here and in America. Available at 2 shillings (including postage) from Christopher Gray, 9 Hereford Mansions, Hereford Road, London W2. (In USA from 'The Rebel Worker') Stocked by The Wooden Shoe, Freedom Press, Better Books, Indica **internationale situationniste the kids**

UNITARY URBANISM

[1] **THE NOTHINGNESS OF URBANISM AND THE NOTHINGNESS OF THE SPECTACLE** Urbanism doesn't exist: it is simply an 'ideology', in Marx's sense of the word. The existence of architecture, however, is as real as that of Coca-Cola: it is a product coated in ideology but still real, providing a false satisfaction for a falsified need. But 'urbanism' is pure spectacular ideology and is much the same as the display of advertising which surrounds Coca-Cola. Modern capitalism, organising the reduction of all social life to a spectacle, cannot provide any other spectacle than that of our own alienation. Its vision of urbanism is its masterpiece.

[2] **URBAN PLANNING AS CONDITIONING AND FALSE PARTICIPATION** Development of the urban environment is the capitalist education of space. It represents the choice of one specific materialisation of the possible, to the exclusion of all others. Like aesthetics, and its decomposition will develop in the same way, it can be seen as a somewhat neglected branch of criminology. However, its characteristic as 'urbanism', in relation to its purely architectural aspects, is its insistence on popular consent, on individual integration in the development of the bureaucratic production of conditioning. People are blackmailed into accepting all this on the pretext of its utility. They are not told that the whole significance of this utility serves reification. Modern capitalism makes people abandon all criticism simply by arguing that everyone must have a roof over his head, just as television is accepted on the pretext that everyone must have information and amusement. Which conceals the fact that this information, this amusement and this kind of living-place are not made for people at all, but are made without them, and against them. Urban planning in its entirety can only be understood as the sphere of publicity and propaganda of a society, in other words, the organisation of participation in something in which it is impossible to participate.

[3] **THE CIRCULATION OF TRAFFIC: THE ACME OF URBAN PLANNING** The circulation of traffic is the organisation of universal isolation. As such it is the basic problem of modern cities. It is the opposite of the human meeting; it absorbs the energy which could have been used for such meetings, or for any kind of participation. Compensation for the impossibility of participation is found in the form of the spectacle. The spectacle appears in one's living-place and personal mobility (the status of one's residence and private transport). For, in fact, one doesn't live in a part of a city, but in a part of power. One lives somewhere in the hierarchy. At its apex rank can be measured by the extent to which one travels. Power is objectified in the obligation to be present each day at an increasing number of places (business dinners, etc) situated further and further apart from one another. Those high up in the modern hierarchy could be characterised as men likely to appear in 3 different capitals in the course of a single day.

[4] **DISTANCIATION BEFORE THE URBAN SPECTACLE** The totality of the spectacle moving towards the integration of the population is revealed as both the organisation of cities and as a permanent information network. It is a secure framework to protect the existing conditions of life. Our first task is to enable people to stop identifying with their environment and with stereotyped models of behaviour. This is inseparable from the possibility of recognising oneself freely in an initial number of areas set apart for human activity. People will have to accept the period of reified cities for some time yet; but the attitude with which they accept it can be changed immediately. Mistrust must be spread of these air-conditioned, brightly coloured kindergartens which, in both East and West, form the new dormitory cities. Only when people wake up will the question of conscious creation of urban environment be raised.

[5] **INDIVISIBLE LIBERTY** The most significant achievement of contemporary town-planning is to have made everyone overlook the possibility of what we call unitary urbanism, that is to say, the living criticism, fed by all the tensions of the whole of everyday life, of this manipulation of cities and their inhabitants. Living criticism means the setting up of bases for an experimental life: the gathering together of those who want to create their own lives in areas equipped to this end. These bases could not be reserved for any kind of 'Leisure' separated from society. No spatio-temporal zone is completely separable. In fact, there is constant pressure from world society on its existing holiday 'reservations'. Pressure will be exerted in the opposite direction

from the situationist bases, which will function as bridge-heads for an invasion of the whole of everyday life. Unitary urbanism is the opposite of any kind of specialised activity; and to acknowledge a separated sphere of 'urbanism' is immediately to accept all the lies about urbanism, and the lies throughout life as a whole. It is happiness that urbanism promises. It will be judged accordingly. The co-ordination of artistic and scientific means of denunciation must lead to a complete denunciation of present conditioning.

[6] **INVASION** All space is already occupied by the enemy, who has domesticated even the elementary rules of this space for its own use (beyond jurisdiction: geometry). The appearance of authentic urbanism will be marked by the creation of the absence of this occupation in a number of areas. What we call construction starts here. It can be clarified by the concept of 'positive void' coined by modern physics. To materialise liberty is, in the first place, to steal back a few areas of the surface of a domesticated planet.

[7] **THE LIGHT OF DEFLECTION: DETOURNEMENT** The basic exercise of the theory of unitary urbanism will be the transcription of the whole of the theoretical life of urbanism, deflected as a means of dis-alienation; we must defend ourselves at every moment against the epic of the bards of conditioning; turn their rhythms upside down.

[8] **CONDITIONS OF DIALOGUE** The functional is the practical. The only thing that is practical is the resolution of our fundamental problem; our own self-realisation (our escape from the system of isolation). This alone is the useful and the utilitarian. Nothing else. All the rest is no more than minor deviations of praxis, its mystification.

[9] **RAW MATERIALS AND TRANSFORMATION** The situationist destruction of contemporary conditioning is simultaneously the construction of situations. It is the liberation of the boundless energy trapped in a petrified everyday life. Contemporary urban planning, which appears as a geology of lies, will, with the advent of unitary urbanism, be replaced by a defence technique for the permanently menaced conditions of liberty, starting from the moment when individuals – who, as such, don't yet exist – will begin to construct, freely, their own lives and their own history.

[10] **THE END OF THE PRE-HISTORY OF CONDITIONING** We are not saying that men must return to any particular stage before conditioning began – but that they must pass beyond it. We have invented an architecture and an urbanism which cannot be realised without the revolution of everyday life; that is to say, the appropriation of the means of conditioning by everyone, the unending enrichment of these means, and their fulfilment. *ATTILA KOTANYI / RAOUL VANEIGEM From 'Internationale Situationniste' #6, 1961.*

ADDRESSES *INTERNATIONALE SITUATIONNISTE, BP 307-03, PARIS, FRANCE. / LA VEILLE TAUPE, 1 RUE FOSSE JACQUES, PARIS VI, FRANCE. Great books / THE WOODEN SHOE, 42 NEW COMPTON STREET, LONDON WC2. English stockist for Situationist material and, of course, HEATWAVE – THE WOODEN SHOE is a new anarchist bookshop in Central London. Stocks are not complete yet but it promises to be the best bookshop in town. Of course it stocks HEATWAVE ...shortly...in...central...London... the radical press... watch... for... details... Heatwave is available from most of the usual London bookshops – Indica, Better Books, Freedom Press, Housman's – and although it cuts our profits it saves us a lot of time if you buy from these shops – PLEASE – HEATWAVE 1 sold out in a few weeks; we have done a small re-print but supplies won't last long. If we've sold out by the time we hear from you we'll hold your money for HEATWAVE 3, due out in January / YOU ALL REALLY WANT 'THE REBEL WORKER' and the brilliant RW pamphlets. Watch out for 'Surrealism & Revolution!' Write 1644 Meyer Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60614 / RESURGENCE & RYM c/o TORCH BOOKSHOP, 641 EAST 9th STREET, NEW YORK, USA / SOLIDARITY – There's nothing quite like it (thank god). For the inside story on industry & the undermining of orthodoxies left and right – 10s. to 197 Kings Cross Road, London WC1, will ensure 12 post free issues. Say what it's for!! – LONDON edition, 197 KING'S CROSS ROAD, LONDON WC1 and SCOTTISH edition from N. McLEOD, 20 ELDERPARK STREET, GLASGOW / ANARCHY – #66 deals with Provo – from FREEDOM PRESS, 17a MAXWELL ROAD, LONDON SW6 / CUDDON'S #10 is available from THE WOODEN SHOE / PROVO: details from PB 1602, AMSTERDAM.*

LEFRAK CITY *THE BUREAUCRATIC UTOPIA OF SAMUEL J. LEFRAK: THE GRAVE'S A FINE AND PRIVATE PLACE: CONTEMPORARY URBANISM DOCUMENT*

2: Locked in bumper-to-bumper traffic 30 minutes east of New York, the suburban motorist gazes wearily at a sign put up builder Samuel J. Lefrak on one of his Queens office buildings: 'If you worked here, you'd already be at your desk.' In the evening Lefrak hits him again with another cruel message. From an 80 foot billboard on the Long Island Expressway, a child scolds: 'If we lived here, Daddy, you'd be home now.' And what a home awaits Daddy in Lefrak City. As brochures describe Lefrak City apartments, they are 'Sound-proof! Fire-proof! Explosion-proof!' with 'Continental curved driveways', 'port cocheres', 'vista-view picture windows' and 'illuminated fountains', 'a veritable cornucopia of innovations' which 'ushers America to the very threshold of the great society'. Lefrak City's all there behind that billboard (or will be by the end of next year): 20 18-story towers rising against the Queens County skyline. 'Total Facilities for Total Living' for 20,000 persons spread over 40 acres. Himself a suburbanite with a Georgian-style house in Woodmere, LI – and 51 race horses in Maryland and Kentucky - the 47 year old Lefrak isn't joking about 'total facilities'. His 150 million dollar middle-income housing project does indeed seem to have everything, from supermarkets, swimming pools and sauna baths to a kosher delicatessen and security guards on motor scooters. And next year, civic minded Lefrak (he's a member of LBJ's Committee for the Physically Disabled) will complete a new office building for the Social Security Administration inside his city. It will provide employment opportunities for 3,000, and presumably many of them will live nearby. Looking to that day, Lefrak flashes his deep-set eyes and gestures athletically. "You'll have a job, a place to live, a place to play," he says. "Everything you need, right here. Why just think of it. In Lefrak City you'll never have to cross a street..." Landlord Lefrak regards himself as something of a saviour to the middle-income New Yorker. "Without places like this," he says of his new enclave, "those people are trapped." There are others, however, who believe that he has simply substituted one trap for another. His own statements confirm this; "The idea is to keep 'em home." And his favourite anecdotes are of tenants so content with Lefrak City's organised social activities that they don't even go away on vacation. Lefrak has tried hard to give his City a touch of elegance, too. But he may have missed the mark. His employees apologise for the garish murals that adorn some of the lobby walls, and in one model apartment being shown to prospective tenants, the wallpaper motif in a walk-in closet spells out 'I LOVE YOU' from floor to ceiling... "We're not trying to build great landmarks," admits Lefrak, a member of the City's landmarks Commission. "We're trying to build a way of life." Lefrak is frankly delighted to be cast in the role of the leader. I've discovered one thing," he says, addressing himself not only to his imitators but perhaps to his agoraphobic tenants. "People are basically followers." Extracted from 'Newsweek', November 8, 1965.

LANDSCAPE WITH MOVEABLE PARTS *For Penelope, because if the earth turned twice as fast or faster, the sun's perspective would change: The paint fresh as an egg / and the same colour but darker / and heavier like the footsteps / that stick in the door / like gloves / like an oyster / If the fireplace were cooler / left to its own devices / its own solitude of trees and windows / Perhaps a man standing on the corner / oblivious to his cigarette / its smoke and the reactions it produces / among the birds far overhead / The drawing room leads to a watery grave / her ancestors walked that path / the windows were darker and one grandfather / wore a peculiarly marked tie / like a jack of clubs / It was a Sunday children were playing / softly like a murdered bear / The mirror shattered the light from its frame / a violin repeated the gestures of blindness / in the rain / The cathedral steps led to a dark roof / there was a dog there / 2 dogs there / hundreds of dogs / and several trees arranged like an observatory / or a cemetery with a sundial buried / beneath the water / It was as dark as a hand in front of the moon / the streets veiled in train whistles / distances starred by frogs and the rare glimpse / of hitchhikers / The morning opens like a knife in a melon / it begins anywhere / ambiguously / and tears for itself an itinerary along the hemispheres / of flesh and blood / The edge of the map is burned / its vagueness causes lack of sleep... (extract) FRANKLIN ROSEMONT July 2 1965 Chicago*

MAD MAMA'S BLUES

If the new revolutionary movement is to attain its ends (no less than the total overthrow of everything) – and there is little doubt that we can achieve such ends if we really want to – the first practical step is to internationalise, to inter-relate the various struggles and ideas spontaneously occurring all over the world, and particularly those which have critical relevance to us – those occurring in all the highly-industrialised, over-developed countries of the West. In the past 20 years the remnants of the old revolutionary movement – the ghost of a movement which once intended to transform human life and is now reduced to whining dissension over which practical reform should come next – have maintained the most precarious international contact, precarious because it has been devoted to the maintenance of partial insight and the preservation of fragmented and superseded ideas, because, in short, no one really believes in it anymore. Their contact has been mutual masturbation. There has been nothing to discuss but the spectacle of a ruined past and no ideas which might enable them to transcend the pathetic futilities in which they are immersed. The sham has stolen their minds where it has not shackled their bodies. They remain to discuss survival.

The new revolutionary movement, in its desire to overthrow and re-make the entire state of existing reality, has already replaced these ghosts of revolt, superseding them with the embryo of new analysis, new action and new organisation. Already there is a spontaneous, continuous international conference going on. Revolutionaries from the USA, Holland, France, etc, have spontaneously visited us – The conference has been personal and unofficial but it has laid the seeds for a new revolutionary international. The total and obvious collapse of this civilisation under the weight of its own contradictions has created a new millenarianism. This new attitude finds its justification in actions as apparently diverse as the Watts riots, the small-scale insurrections which have once again swept all the major cities of the USA this long hot summer, the youth riots of Stockholm, Moscow, Amsterdam, Tokyo, Oxford, and the British resorts, the Vietnam hoax, etc. It is everywhere and it is spreading. These crises represent attempts by people to overcome the boredom, disgust and inhumanity of their situation, to inscribe their own physical poetry on the blank board of contemporary reality, to make the world correspond to their own desires, to construct at least a part of their own lives.

In this and subsequent issues of HEATWAVE we shall draw together as many as possible of these threads of revolt, both group and individual. We shall bring back into play a whole past, as well as unknown present and the new future. We are about to write the unofficial history of mankind. Here we are reprinting 3 texts from America, one – probably from the early 30s - by blues singer-nihilist Violet Mills, which, in its expressive violence and disgust, closely echoes the mood of millions of people all over the world today, and 2 by contemporary American revolutionary groups – part of the New York Resurgence Youth Movement's Guerrilla Manifesto and the text of a leaflet – 'The Forecast is Hot' – distributed to some 50,000 marchers on one of Luther King's reform marches in Chicago shortly before the fuzz turned on the hoses and the West-side blossomed into aqua-violence.

The 'Forecast is Hot' was published jointly by the Chicago Surrealist Group and the Chicago Anarchist Horde, who find their common perspective in 'The Rebel Worker' (RW). RW was founded 2 and a half years ago and, despite difficulties, the group have managed to keep up regular publication of the journal and also to maintain the finest radical bookshop in North America. RW itself has progressed considerably from being a somewhat crudely updated magazine of Wobbly (Industrial Workers of the World) ideas to being the best total revolutionary journal published in the USA. The 6th issue, distributed by HEATWAVE, was produced in England and from it emerged HEATWAVE. The RW group also produces pamphlets – their programme is currently slightly behind hand. At present they are involved in tremendous hassles with their bookshop which has been appropriated by the City of Chicago – as far as we can tell the only way they can sell books to the public is to cop them from their own bookshop first. HEATWAVE, naturally, is in close contact with the group and will carry further news in future issues – THE OLD GET OLDER – As far as we can tell the only other fully-constituted

revolutionary group in the USA – we would be happy to receive positive contradiction – is the Resurgence Youth Movement (RYM), centred in New York round the young wobblies Jonathan Leake and Walter Caughey. We are printing a small portion of RYM's Guerrilla Manifesto which first appeared in 'Resurgence' #6, a must for all revolutionaries. Like the Chicago group, RYM has added an entirely new dimension to old Wobbly ideas, basing their analysis primarily on the international youth revolt. They are perhaps the only revolutionary group anywhere with a gang-affiliate – the RESUR-GENTS. Jonathan writes: 'In heralding this apocalypse, the downfall of our civilisation, we witness the Ricorso, that period of barbarism which Sorel and Vico spoke of, 'when all is instinct, creative and poetic in society'. This is the source of the parallels we draw between anarchism, as a barbarian form of socialism, and the culture of the gangs, rock'n'roll, the sudden release of energy which mark the emergence of the revolution in our own times... Our cities, the very face of this continent, are the shuffled image of what has been, what is, and what is to come.' CHARLES RADCLIFFE

'Want to set this world on fire, that is my mad desire, I'm the devil in disguise, got murder in my eyes. Now if I could see blood running through the streets, Could see everybody lying dead right at my feet. Give me gunpowder, give me dynamite, Yes, I'm gonna wreck the city, gonna blow it up tonight.' VIOLET MILLS 'MAD MAMA'S BLUES'

WORTH COPPING

CUDDONS: *'Cuddons' has been incredibly uneven in approach during its two and a half years of publication but No. 10 is the best so far, containing a brief commentary on Amsterdam's June provo riots; there is also a superb, coruscating, incendiary piece of situationist analysis, reprinted from 'Internationale Situationniste' #10 (available – in French – from The Wooden Shoe), on the Watts insurrection of 1965 – 'The Decline and Fall of the Spectacular Commodity Economy', which is worth the attention of anyone who really means it. A WAY AHEAD: The 'Scottish Solidarity' group, are, first and foremost, undirected heretics, barbarians, wild men of the north, who leave 'Solidarity London' looking bewilderingly uncomplicated. The magazine is often erratic, usually incendiary and always interesting and we dig the hell out of its wildness. Although we are certain that the title of this pamphlet will put off many of our readers ('A Way Ahead for the Peace Movement') and know damn well that the last thing we want is a new peace movement as such – we are fed up with fragmentary opposition – we recommend this. It contains a variety of articles with a variety of approaches – an excellent, concise one by Alan Parker on how to spy on bureaucratic funk holes, a defence by World War II volunteers of sabotage (with a nice put-down of Gandhian mythology) and a general critique of the old peace movement by ex-Scottish Committee of 100 secretary, George Williamson. Perhaps the best thing is a brief history of 'Scots Against War', perhaps the most directly effective 'peace' group in British history, who have carried out a glorious, unending and superbly imaginative series of provocative and destructive actions against the war machine. What really interests us, however, is the ease with which these techniques could be utilised against other aspects of the set-up. It is our contention that when fragmentary ultra-radicalism, like SAWS, comes together with a theoretic basis which recognises the interdependence of all the phenomena in our society a new revolutionary movement, which can actually destroy the lot, will emerge. RESURGENCE #6: No one could possibly confuse this insurgent gesture with the limp British magazine of the same name. We have reservations about 'Resurgence's' 'alliance' with the Vietcong and their rather weird brand of China-lining but the rest is great. This issue contains an oddball analysis of the Spring-is-Sprung bit, a youth revolt round-up and the long, shatteringly apocalyptic 'Guerrilla Manifesto' which gassed us. Get a subscription. 'Resurgence' cannot produce dull numbers. BEN COVINGTON. NB. 'Rebel Worker' #7 will soon be out – hopefully The Wooden Shoe will stock it here. Buy as much as you can at this shop. It's the only radical bookshop in Central London. Also watch for the announcement of a new radical print shop in London!*

THE GUERRILLA MANIFESTO

The outstanding example of anarchist revolution is emerging in the wars of liberation waged by the dispossessed. The tactic of these wars of liberation is the organisation of guerrilla forces of voluntary militia in city and country areas, and spontaneously arming, insurrecting, sabotaging the functions of control in society. Such guerrilla warfare is based on the participation of the people and the guerrilla is the military expression of the peoples' struggle, whether waged by organisations or spontaneously breaking out of the urgent needs and hopes. Both in structure and purpose these movements of 'national liberation' accurately express the forces and sentiments of anarchist revolution. The revolution that is due to erupt in the Western countries themselves, the Home Camp of Imperialism (the United States and Europe) will reveal the basic weaknesses and implicit alternatives in the bureaucratic and authoritarian civilisation. The struggle of a few will become the struggle of many, suddenly, in apocalyptic revelations of a new world, of the new spirit of freedom, of fire. Thus, the re-organisation and re-construction of society will primarily be as primitive and barbarian times of great poetry, of heroic violence, and the forces that will emerge to build a new world all over the world will be the new brotherhoods of rebellion that have resurrected the guerrilla and anarchist spirit. The entire meaning and function of urban guerrilla warfare in relation to the USA and Europe is yet to be revealed in the actual Revolution that will sweep the Earth very soon.

Many anarchists today repudiate the guerrilla movements. They give allegiance to the bourgeois doctrines of non-violence, politics, religion and remain alienated from the totality of the changes around them. History will repudiate these individuals and organisations which fell by the wayside as did many socialist and communist groups. The real revolution will make immediately obvious who are the real revolutionaries, the guerrillas. Who is the Underground in America, in Europe, all over the world? It will show itself soon. Anarchists in particular have a duty to the revolution that is unfolding, for anarchism has been the apprehension of this revolution, and closer to it than the other radical movements of socialism or communism. The anarchist principle of decentralisation traced an ethic of mutual aid based on voluntary groups that exists today on the fringes of society, in the underground.

Anarchism is faced with 2 basic tasks in relation to the development of the Revolutionary Idea. The first is the resurrection of the Apocalyptic Vision. The second is the restatement of the anarchist principles of autonomy, particularly in regards to the organisation and tactics of a revolutionary movement. The first task is concerned with taking account of a number of new trends in revolutionary thinking. These include the psychedelic movement, and the affirmation of a new culture, a new civilisation within the shell of the old. The resolution of the conflict between the European idea and the Afrasian American New World, which is now being enacted in North America, brings to the fore this essential element of radical thought and action. The political and bureaucratic developments of social democracy, state socialism, reformism, etc, all proposed to replace the ethics of crisis, of the Armageddon between People and State, with new ethics of social unity and social peace. The political radicals tied a great portion of the direction of the Idea to a professional class, which although transformed by its new place in technology, industry, soon re-acquired its parasitic stance, and made the full about face, becoming integrated with the power structure. Indeed we may look at almost all contemporary socialism as an attempt to heal the wounds, to make up for the historic distrust of the lower echelons of the working class, of the lumpenproletariat agricultural workers, the unemployed for the 'intellectuals'.

This messianic vision of a total revolution that would transform every social relationship, would erase the concept of 'worker' as it would the concept of 'capitalist', was carried by a minority in the radical movement, anarchists, syndicalists, and the recurring heretics of the spirit who ambushed European culture in the 1920s and 1930s in surrealism, and which now make themselves felt through a chemical substance. These elements are like the tip of an iceberg projecting out of the murky waters of this stagnant society. In the vision of the surrealist, anarchist, and psychedelic revolutionary is seen all the ingredients of a new context

for work, for leisure, for life itself. The street rabble in the cities of North America, the blacks, the Puerto Ricans, the dropouts, all mirror the colours and echo the sounds that are of Africa, Asia, and the New America, not of Europe. This final cleavage between cultures has been part of a pattern of cleavage between economic groups, generations, ways of life. The Social Democracy and all the forms it took have been swallowed by the monster they created, the bureaucratic state. Now the words socialism, communism, revolution once more designate the outlaw, the dissident, the submerged, that which is to be. *Extracted from 'The Guerrilla Manifesto of Resurgence Youth Movement', May 25 1966. Reprinted from 'RESURGENCE' #6.*

THE FORECAST IS HOT!

Rejecting, totally, the political, theological, literary, philosophical and academic assumptions which hinge our society to the withered refrigerator of civilisation (and which are, in any case, rooted in stupidity and class interest) and insisting, moreover, on our own irresistible emotional autonomy, we find it essential to affirm, here and now, without reservation and at any price, the marvellous red and black validity of absolute revolt, the only attitude worthy of survival in the present millennium of streets and dreams. More than ever, with everything continually at stake, we find it necessary to affirm the impassioned use of the most dangerous weapons in the arsenal of freedom: MAD LOVE: totally subversive, the absolute enemy of bourgeois culture; POETRY (as opposed to literature): breathing like a machine-gun, exterminating the blind flags of immediate reality; HUMOUR: the dynamite and guerrilla warfare of the mind, as effective in its own domain as material dynamite and guerrilla warfare in the streets (when necessary, however, rest assured we shall use every means at our disposal); SABOTAGE: ruthless and relentless destruction of the bureaucratic and cultural machinery of oppression. It is necessary, at times (and this is one of them) to speak bluntly: we affirm deliriously and simply the TOTAL LIBERATION OF MAN.

Long live the Negroes of Watts, the Puerto Ricans of Chicago, the Provos of Amsterdam, the Zengakuren of Japan and the youth of all countries who burn cop cars in the streets and demonstrate by these exemplary manifestations that the struggle for freedom cannot be guided by the rulebooks of priests and politicians! Long live the New Guinea tribe who, aware of the stupidity of technological civilisation, massacred the managers of a washing machine factory, took over the building and converted it into a temple for the marvellous but elusive Rabbit-god! Long live the youth of Fairbanks, Alaska, who, after being forbidden by law to drop out of school, retaliated by burning down the schoolhouse! Long live the lunatic who escaped from an asylum and calmly robbed a down-town bank only to have his 'sane' brother tell the Man! Long live Barry Bondhus of Big Lake, Minnesota, who dumped two buckets of shit into the file drawers of his draft board! Long live the 12 Fort Lauderdale, Florida teens who, prevented by their schools from meaningful experimentation, independently began manufacturing LSD, two sizes of plastic bombs, smoke bombs and a varied and catalytic assortment of revolutionary hardware! Long live the Incredible Hulk, wildcat strikes, the Nat Turner Insurrection, high-school drop-outs, draft-dodgers, deserters, delinquents, saboteurs and all those soul-brothers, wild-eyed dreamers, real and imaginary heroes of defiance and rebellion who pool their collective resources in the exquisite, material transformation of the world according to desire! The lucidity of alley apples and broken bottles have replaced autumn leaves – the crushing subservience to authority scorched by molotov cocktails of fantastic destruction, and, far from finally, the expressionless caress has been deliciously transcended by the touch that stimulates to unheard of heights the sensuous pores of the only dynamism that matters. As liberated souls (and we are, for our quests cannot be stopped now) we have necessarily an historically enviable role as cosmic architects armed with hammers, electric guitars, and apocalyptic visions, but more significantly, armed with the exhilarating knowledge that we are able to crush all obstacles placed in the way of our desires and to build anew EVERYTHING.

THE REBEL WORKER GROUP – CHICAGO SURREALIST GROUP / ANARCHIST HORDE

THE MODERN ART OF REVOLUTION AND THE ART OF MODERN REVOLUTION



ENGLISH SECTION OF THE SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL

'It is not enough to burn the museums. They must also be sacked. Past creativity must be freed from the forms into which it has been ossified and brought back to life. Everything of value in art has always cried aloud to be made real and to be lived.'

THE ENGLISH SECTION OF THE SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL 1966 – 1968 [TIMOTHY CLARKE / CHRISTOPHER GRAY / DONALD NICHOLSON-SMITH / CHARLES RADCLIFFE – 1967] PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED IN OCTOBER, DECEMBER 1994, APRIL 1997, BY MICHEL PRIGENT, CHRONOS PUBLICATIONS, BM CHRONOS, LONDON WCIN 3XX THE BOOMERANG SERIES NO. 3. KING MOB ECHO PROJECT PRE-PUBLICITY.

THE CRISIS OF MODERN ART: DADA AND SURREALISM

'Never before', wrote Artaud, 'has there been so much talk about civilisation and culture as today, when it is life itself that is disappearing. And there is a strange parallel between the general collapse of life, which underlies every specific symptom of demoralisation, and this obsession with a culture which is designed to domineer over life.' Modern Art is at a dead end. To be blind to this fact implies a complete ignorance of the most radical theses of the European avant-garde during the revolutionary upheavals of 1910-1925: that art must cease to be a specialised and imaginary transformation of the world and become the real transformation of lived experience itself. Ignorance of this attempt to recreate the nature of creativity itself, and above all its vicissitudes in Dada and Surrealism, has made the whole development of modern art incoherent, chaotic and incomprehensible.

With the Industrial Revolution, there began a change in the whole definition of art – slowly, often unconsciously, it changed from a celebration of society and its ideologies to a project of total subversion. From being the focus and guarantee of myth, 'great' art became an explosion at the centre of the mythic constellation. Out of mythic time and space it produced a radical *historical* consciousness which released and reassembled the real contradictions of bourgeois 'civilisation'. Even the antique became subversive – in 50 years art escaped from the certainties of Augustan values and created its own revolutionary myth of a primitive society. For David and Ledoux, the imperative was to capture the *forms of life and self-consciousness* which had produced the culture of the ancient world; to recreate rather than to imitate. The 19th century was only to give that proposal a more demonic and Dionysian gloss.

The project of art – for Blake, for Nietzsche – became the transvaluation of all values and the destruction of all that prevents it. Art became negation: in Goya, in Beethoven, or in Gericault one can see the change from celebrant to subversive within the space of a lifetime. But a change in the definition of art demanded a change in its forms and the 19th century was marked by an accelerating and desperate attempt at improvising new forms of artistic attack. Courbet began by touting his pictures round the countryside in a marquee and ended in the Commune by superintending the destruction of the Vendome column (the century's most radical artistic act, which its author immediately disowned).

After the Commune, artists suffered a collective loss of nerve. Mythic time was reborn out of the womb of historical continuity, but it was the mythic time of an isolated and finally obliterated individuality. In the novel Tolstoy or Conrad struggled to retain a sense of nothingness; irony teetered over into despair; time stopped and insanity took over. For the Symbolists, the evasion of history became a principle; they gave up the struggle for new revolutionary *forms* in favour of a purely mythic cult of the isolated artistic gesture. If it was impossible to *paint* the proletariat, it was equally impossible to paint anything else. So art had to be about nothing; life must exist for art's sake; the ugly and intolerable *truth*, said Mallarme with complete disdain, is the '*popular form of beauty*'. The Symbolists lived on in a realm of infinitely elegant but finally stifling tautology. In Mallarme himself, the inescapable subject of

poetry is the death of *being* and the birth of abstract consciousness: a consciousness at once multiform, perfect, magnificently anti-dialectical and radically impotent. In the end, for all its fury (and the Symbolists and the Anarchists worked side by side in the 1890s), revolutionary art was caught in contradictions. It could not or would not break free of the *forms* of bourgeois culture as a whole. Its content and method could become transformations of the world, but, while art remained imprisoned within the social spectacle, its transformations remained imaginary. Rather than enter into direct social conflict with the reality it criticised, it transferred the whole problem into an abstract and inoffensive sphere where it functioned objectively as a force consolidating all it wanted to destroy. Revolt against reality became the evasion of reality. Marx's original critique of the genesis of religious myth and ideology applies word for word to the rebellion of bourgeois art: it too 'is at the same time the *expression* of real distress and the *protest* against real distress. It is the sigh of the oppressed creature, the heart of a heartless world, just as it is the spirit of a spiritless situation. It is the opium of the people.'

The separation and hostility between the 'world' of art and the 'world' of everyday life finally exploded in Dada. 'Life and art are One', proclaimed Tzara, 'the modern artist does not paint, he creates directly.' But this upsurge of real, direct creativity had its own contradictions. All the real creative possibilities of the time were dependent on the free use of its real productive forces, on the free use of its technology, from which the Dadaists, like everyone else, were excluded. Only the possibility of total revolution could have liberated Dada. Without it, Dada was condemned to vandalism and, ultimately, to nihilism – unable to get past the stage of denouncing an alienated culture and the self-sacrificial forms of expression which it imposed on its artists and their audience alike. It painted pictures on the Mona Lisa, instead of raising the Louvre. Dada flared up and burnt out as an art sabotaging art in the name of reality and reality in the name of art. A *tour de force* of nihilistic gaiety. The variety, exuberance and audacity of the ludic creativity it liberated, vital enough to transmute the most banal object or event into something vivid and unforeseen, only discovered its real orientation in the revolutionary turmoil of Germany at the end of the First World War. In Berlin, where its expression was most coherent, Dada offered a brief glimpse of a new praxis beyond both art and politics: the revolution of everyday life.

Surrealism was initially an attempt to forge a positive movement out of the devastation left in the wake of Dada. The original Surrealist group understood clearly enough, at least during its heyday, that social repression is coherent and is repeated on every level of experience and that the *essential* meaning of revolution could only be the liberation and immediate gratification of everyone's repressed will to live – the liberation of a subjectivity seething with revolt and spontaneous creativity, with sovereign reinventions of the world in terms of subjective desire, whose existence Freud had revealed to them (but whose repression and sublimation Freud, as a specialist accepting the permanence of bourgeois society as a whole, could only believe to be irrevocable). They saw quite rightly, that the most vital role a revolutionary avant-garde could play was to create a *coherent group experimenting with a new life-style*, drawing on new techniques, which were simultaneously self-expressive and socially disruptive, of extending the perimeters of lived experience. Art was a series of free experiments in the construction of a new libertarian order.

But their gradual relapse into traditional forms of expression – the self-same forms whose pretensions to immortality the Dadaists had already sent up, mercilessly, once and for all – proved to be their downfall: their acceptance of a fundamentally reformist position and their integration within the spectacle. They tried to introduce the subjective dimension of revolution into the communist movement at the very moment when its Stalinist hierarchy had been perfected. They tried to use conventional artistic forms at the very moment when the disintegration of the spectacle, for which they themselves were partly responsible, had turned the most scandalous gestures of spectacular revolt into eminently marketable commodities. As all the real revolutionary possibilities of the period were wiped out, suffocated by bureaucratic reformism or murdered by the firing squad, the Surrealist attempt to supersede art and politics in a completely new type of revolutionary self-expression steadily degenerated into a travesty of its original elements: the most purely celestial art and the most abject communism.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF POVERTY AND THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE REVOLUTIONARY PROJECT

From then till now... nothing. For nearly half a century art has repeated itself, each repetition feebler, more inane than the last. Only today, with the first signs of a more highly evolved revolt within a more highly developed capitalism, can the radical project of modern art be taken up again and taken up more coherently. It is not enough for art to seek its realisation in practice; practice must also seek its art. The bourgeois artists, rebelling against the mediocrity of mere survival, which was all their class could guarantee, were always tragically at cross-purposes with the traditional revolutionary movement. While the artists, from Keats to the Marx brothers, were trying to invent the richest possible experience of an absent *life*, the working class – at least on the level of their official theory and organisation – were struggling for the *very* survival that the artists rejected. Only now, with the Welfare State, with the gradual accession of the whole proletariat to hitherto 'bourgeois' standards of comfort and leisure, can the two movements converge and lose their traditional animosity. As, in mechanical succession, the problems of material survival are solved and as life, in an equally mechanical succession, becomes more and more disgusting, all revolt becomes *essentially* a revolt against the quality of experience. One knows very few people dying of hunger. But everyone one knows is dying of boredom.

By now it has become painfully evident to everyone – apart from a gaga radical left – that it is not one or another isolated aspect of contemporary civilisation which is horrifying, but our own lives as a whole, as they are lived on an everyday level. The utter *debacle* of the left today lies in its failure to notice, let alone understand, the *transformation of poverty* which is the basic characteristic of life in all the highly industrialised countries. Poverty is still conceived in terms of the 19th century proletariat – its brutal *struggle to survive* in the teeth of exposure, starvation and disease – rather than in the terms of the *inability to live*, the lethargy, the boredom, the isolation, the anguish and the sense of complete meaninglessness which are eating like a cancer through its 20th century counterpart. The left blithely accepts all the mystifications of spectacular consumption. They cannot see that consumption is no more than the corollary of modern production – functioning as both its economic stabilisation and its ideological justification – and that the one sector is just as alienated as the other. They cannot see that all the pseudo variety of leisure masks a single experience: the reduction of everyone to the role of passive and isolated *spectators*, forced to surrender their own individual desires and to accept a purely fictitious and massed produced surrogate. Within this perspective, the left has become no more than the avant-garde of the permanent reformism to which neo-capitalism is condemned. Revolution, on the contrary, demands a total change, and today this can only mean to supersede the present system of work and leisure *en bloc*.

The revolutionary project, as dreamed among the dark satanic mills of consumer society, can only be the creation of a *new lease of life as a whole* and the subordination of the productive forces to this end. Life must become the game desire plays with itself. But the rediscovery and the realisation of human desires is impossible without a critique of the *phantastic form* in which these desires have always found the illusory realisation which allowed their real repression to continue. Today this means that 'art' – phantasy erected into a systematic culture – has become Public Enemy Number One. It also means that the traditional philistinism of the left is no longer just an incidental embarrassment. It has become deadly. *From now on the possibility of a new revolutionary critique of society depends on the possibility of a sex revolutionary critique of culture and vice versa*. There is no question of subordinating art to politics or politics to art. The question of superseding both of them insofar as they are separated forms. No project, however phantastic, can any longer be dismissed as 'Utopian'. The power of industrial productivity has grown immeasurably faster than any of the

19th century revolutionaries foresaw. The speed at which automation is being developed and applied heralds the possibility of *the complete abolition of forced labour* – the absolute precondition of real human emancipation – and, at the same time, the creation of a new, *purely ludic type of free activity*, whose achievement demands a critique of the alienation of ‘free’ creativity in the work of art. Art must be short-circuited. The whole accumulated power of the productive forces must be put directly at the service of man’s imagination and will to live. At the service of the countless dreams, desires and half-formed projects which are our common obsession and our essence, and which we all mutely surrender in exchange for one or another worthless substitute. Our wildest fantasies are the richest elements of our reality. They must be given real, not abstract powers. Dynamite, feudal castles, jungles, liquor, helicopters, laboratories... everything and more must pass into their service. ‘*The world has long harboured the dream of something*. Today if it merely becomes conscious of it, it can possess it really.’ (Karl Marx)

THE REALISATION OF ART AND THE PERMANENT REVOLUTION OF EVERYDAY LIFE

‘The goal of the Situationists is immediate participation in a varied and passionate life, through moments which are both transient and consciously controlled. The value of these moments can only lie in their real effect. The Situationists see cultural activity, from the point of view of the totality, as a method of experimental construction of everyday life, which can be developed indefinitely with the extension of leisure and the disappearance of the division of labour (and, first and foremost, the artistic division of labour). Art can stop being an interpretation of sensations and become an immediate creation of more highly evolved sensations. The problem is how to produce ourselves, and not the things which enslave us.’ (*Internationale Situationniste No. 1*, 1958)

It is not enough to burn the museums. They must also be sacked. Past creativity must be freed from the forms into which it has been ossified and brought back to life. Everything of value in art has always cried aloud to be made real and to be lived. This ‘subversion’ of traditional art is, obviously, merely part of the whole art of subversion we must master (cf. ‘*Ten Days That Shook The University*’). Creativity, since Dada, has not been a matter of producing anything more but of learning to use what has already been produced.

Contemporary research into the factors ‘conditioning’ human life poses, implicitly the question of *man’s integral determination of his own nature*. If the results of this research are brought together and synthesised under the aegis of the cyberneticians, then man will be condemned to a New Ice Age. A recent ‘Commission on the Year 2000’ is already gleefully discussing the possibilities of ‘programmed dreams and human liberation for medical purposes.’ (*Newsweek*, 16/10/67) If, on the contrary, these ‘means of conditioning’ are seized by the revolutionary masses then creativity will have found its real tools: the possibilities of everyone freely shaping their own experience will become literally demiurgic. From now on Utopia is not only an eminently practical project, it is a vitally necessary one.

The construction of situations is the creation of real time and space and the widest integrated field before it lies in the form of the city. The city expresses, concretely, the prevailing organisation of everyday life. The nightmare of the contemporary megalopolis – space and time engineered to isolate, exhaust and abstract us – has driven the lesson home to everybody and its very pitilessness has begun to engender a new utopian consciousness. ‘If man is formed by circumstances, then these circumstances must be formed by man.’ (Marx) If all the factors conditioning us are co-ordinated and unified by the structure of the city, then the question of mastering our own experience becomes one of mastering the conditioning inherent in the city and revolutionising its use. This is the context within which man can begin, *experimentally*, to

create the circumstances that create him: to create his own immediate experience. These 'fields of lived experience' will supersede the antagonism between town and country which has dominated human life up to now. They will be environments which transform individual and group experience and are themselves transformed as a result; they will be cities whose structure affords, concretely, the means of access to every possible experience and, simultaneously, every possible experience of these means of access. Dynamically interrelated and evolving wholes. Game-cities. In this context Fourier's dictum that 'the equilibrium of the passions depends upon the constant confrontation of opposites' should be understood as an *architectural* principle. (The subversion of past culture as a whole finds its focus in the cities. So many neglected themes – the labyrinth, for example – remain to be explored.) What does Utopia mean today? To create the real time and space within which all our desires can be realised and all our reality desired. To create the total work of art.

Unitary urbanism is a critique, not a doctrine, of cities. It is the living critique of cities by their inhabitants: the permanent qualitative of transformation, *made by everyone*, of social space and time. Thus, rather than say that Utopia is the total work of art, it would be more accurate to say that Utopia is the richest and most complex domain serving total creativity. This also means that any specific propositions we can make today are of purely critical value. On an immediate, practical level, experiment with a new positive distribution of space and time cannot be dissociated from the general problems of organisation and tactics confronting us. Clearly, a whole *urban guerrilla* will have to be inventive. We must learn to subvert existing cities, to grasp all the possible, and the least expected, uses of time and space they contain. Conditioning must be thrown into reverse. It can only be out of these experiments, out of the whole development of the revolutionary movement, that a real revolutionary urbanism can grow. On a rudimentary level, the blazing ghettos of the USA already convey something of the primitive splendour, hazardousness and poetry of the environments demanded by the new proletariat. Detroit in flames was a purely Utopian affirmation. A city burnt to make a negro holiday... shadows of most terrible, yet great and glorious things to come...

THE WORK OF ART: A SPECTACULAR COMMODITY

Unfortunately, it is not only the avant-garde of revolutionary art and politics which has a different conception of the role to be played by artistic creativity. 'The problem is to get the artist onto the workshop floor among other research workers, rather than outside industry producing sculptures', remarks the Committee of the Art Placement Group, sponsored by, amongst others the Tate Gallery, the Institute of Directors and the Institute of Contemporary Arts ('*Evening Standard*', 1/2/67). In fact, industrialisation of 'art' is already a *fait accompli*. The irreversible expansion of the modern economy has been forcing it to accord an increasingly important position for a long time now. Already the substance of the tertiary sector of the economy – the expanding most rapidly – is almost exclusively 'cultural'. Alienated society, by revealing its perfect compatibility with the work of art and growing dependence upon it, has betrayed the alienation of art in the harshest and least flattering light possible. Art, like the rest of the spectacle, is no more than the organisation of everyday life in a form where its true nature can at most be dismissed and turned into the appearance of its opposite: where exclusion can be made to seem participation, where one way transmission can be made to seem communication, where loss of reality can be made to seem realisation.

Most of the crap passed off as culture today is no more than dismembered fragments – reproduced mechanically without the slightest concern for their original significance – of the debris left by the collapse of every world culture. This *rubbish* can be marketed simply as historico-aesthetic-bric-a-brac or, alternatively, various past styles and attitudes can be amalgamated, updated and plastered indiscriminately over an increasingly wide range of products as haphazard and auto-destructive fashions. But the importance of art in the spectacle today cannot be reduced to the mere fact that it offers a relatively unexploited

accumulation of commodities, Marshall McLuhan remarks: 'Our technology is, also, ahead of its time, if we reckon by the ability to recognise it for what it is. To prevent undue wreckage in society, the artist tends now to move from the ivory tower to the control tower of society. Just as higher education is no longer a frill or a luxury but a stark need for production and operational design in the electric age, so the artist is indispensable in the shaping and structure created by electric technology.' And Galbraith, even more clearly, speaks about the great need 'to subordinate economic to aesthetic goals.' (*Guardian*, 22/2/67) Art has a specific role to play in the spectacle. *Production, once it is no longer answering any real needs at all, can only justify itself in purely aesthetic terms.* The work of art – the completely gratuitous product with a purely formal coherence – provides the strongest ideology of pure contemplation possible today. As such it is the model commodity. A life which has no sense apart from contemplation of its own suspension in a void finds its expression in the *gadget*: a permanently superannuated product whose only interest lies in its abstract technico-aesthetic ingenuity and whose only use lies in the status it confers on those consuming its latest remake. Production as a whole will become increasingly 'artistic' insofar as it loses any other *raison d'être*.

Rated slightly above the run-of-the-mill consumers of traditional culture is a sort of mass avant-garde of consumers who wouldn't miss a single episode of the latest 'revolt' churned out by the spectacle: the latest solemn 80 minute flick of 360 variegated bare arses, the latest manual of how to freak out without tears, the latest napalm-twisted monsters of air-expressed to the local Theatre of Fact. One builds up resistance to the spectacle and, like any other drug, its continued effectiveness demands increasingly suicidal doses. Today, with everyone all but dead from boredom, the spectacle is essentially a spectacle of revolt. Its function is quite simply to distract attention from the only real revolt: revolt against the spectacle. And, apart from this one point, the more extreme the scandal the better. Any revolt within the spectacular forms, however sincere subjectively, from The Who to Marat/Sade, is absorbed and made to function in exactly the opposite perspective to the one which it was intended. A baffled 'protest vote' becomes more and more overtly nihilistic. Censorship. Hash. Vietnam. The same old careerism in the same old rackets. Today the standard way of maintaining conformity is by means of illusory revolts against it. The final form taken by the Provos – Saturday night riots *protected* by the police, put in quarantine, functioning as Europe's premier avant-garde tourist attraction – illustrates very clearly how resilient the spectacle can be. Beyond this, there are a number of recent cultural movements which are billed as a coherent development from the bases of modern art – as a contemporary avant-garde – and which are in fact no more than the falsification of the high points of modern art and their integration. Two forms seem to be particularly representative: reformism and nihilism.

THE PHONEY AVANT-GARDE

Attempts to reform the artistic spectacle, to make it more coherent and, inseparably, to resurrect the illusion of participation in it, are ten a penny. For a time, separated forms – sound, light, jazz, dance, painting, film, poetry, politics, theatre, sculpture, architecture, etc – have been brought together, in various juxtapositions, in the mixed and multi-media shows. In kinetic art we are promised the apotheosis of the process. A current Russian group declares: 'We propose to exploit all possibilities, all aesthetic and technical means, all physical and chemical phenomena, even all kinds of art as our methods of artistic expression.' (*Form*, No. 4) The specialist always dreams of 'broadening his field'. Likewise the obsessive attempts to make the 'audience' 'participate'. No one cares to point out that the two concepts are blatantly contradictory, that every artistic form, like every other prevailing social form, is explicitly designed to prohibit even the intervention let alone the control, of the vast majority of people. Endless examples could be cited. Last winter saw 'Vietnamese Free Elections' billed as an experiment in creating 'total involvement' in the Vietnamese situation through a fusion of political and dramatic form, etc. 'Actors are not wanted', it was stated, 'this is a new exercise in

audience participation', came with the ticket: 'if you want to speak, hold up your hand. When you are recognised by the chairman, you must give your *real name* and the fictional *occupation* entered on your background sheet... *during the course of the meeting, you are operating as a fictional character and not as a spokesman for your personally held beliefs*' (their emphasis). The Happening is the general matrix of participation art – and the Happening is where it becomes obvious that nothing ever happens. Everyone has lost themselves as totally as they have lost everyone else. Without the drugs it could be explosive.

Cop art, cop artists. The whole lot moves towards a fusion of forms in a total environmental spectacle complete with various forms of prefabricated and controlled participation. It is just an integral part of the *all-encompassing* reforming of modern capitalism. Behind it looms the whole weight of a society trying to obscure the increasingly transparent exclusion and repression it imposes on everyone, to restore some semblance of colour, variety and meaning to leisure and work, to 'organise participation in something in which it is impossible to participate'. As such, these artists should be treated the same way as police-state psychiatrists, cyberneticians and contemporary architects. Small wonder their avant-garde cultural 'events' are so heavily policed.

Anything art can do, life can do better. A journalist describes the sense of complete reality of driving a static racing car in an ambiance consisting solely of a colour film, which responded to every touch of the steering and acceleration as though he were really speeding round a race track. Even the sensations of a 120 mph smash could be simulated ('*Daily Express*', 18/1/66) Expo '67, the Holy City of science fiction, boasts a three million buck 'Gyrotron' designed 'to lift its passengers into a facsimile of outer space and then dunk them in a fiery volcano... we orbit up an invisible spiral track. Glowing around us are spinning planets, comets, galaxies... man-made satellites, Telstars, moon rockets... vooming in our cars are electronic undulations, deep beeps and astral snores.' Finally, the 'participants' are plunged down a 'red incinerator, surrounded by simulated lava, steam and demonic shrieks.' ('*Life*', 15/5/67). Reinforced by the sort of conditioning made possible by the discoveries of the kinetic artists, such techniques could ensure an unprecedented measure of control. Sutavision, an abstract form of colour TV, already mass-marketed, offers to provide 'wonderful relaxation possibilities' giving 'a wide series of phantasies' and functioning as 'part of a normal home or business office'. 'Radiant colours moving in an almost hypnotic rhythm across the screen... wherein one can see any number of intriguing spectacles.'

Box 3, a further refinement of TV, can manipulate basic mood changes through the rhythms and the frequency of the light patterns employed ('*Observer Magazine*', 23/10/66). Still more sinister is the combination of total kinetic environments and a stiff dose of acid. "We try to vaporize the mind," says a psychedelic artist, "by bombing the senses..." The USCO artists (The Us Company – a commune of painters, poets, film-makers, teachers and weavers; who lived and worked together in an abandoned church at Garneville, NY, USA) call their congenial wrap-around a 'be-in'; 'because the spectator is to exist in the show rather than look at it. The audience becomes disorientated from their normal time sense and preoccupations... the spectator feels he is being transported to mystical heights.' And this 'is invading not only museums and colleges but cultural festivals, discotheques, movie houses and fashion shows.' ('*Life*', 3/10/66) To date Leary is the only person to have attempted to pull all this together. Having reduced everyone to a state of hyper-impressionable plasticity, he incorporated a backwoods' myth of the modern-scientific-truth-underlying-all-world religions, a cretin's catechism broadcast persuasively at the same time as it was expressed by the integral manipulation of sense data. Leary's personal vulgarity should not blind anyone to the possibilities implicit in this. A crass manipulation of subjective experience accepted ecstatically as a mystical revelation.

"All this art is finished... squares on the wall. Shapes on the floor. Emptiness. Empty rooms." Warhol to a reporter from '*Vogue*'. Nihilism is the second most widespread form of contemporary 'avant-garde' culture; the morass stretches from playwrights like Ionesco and film-makers like Antonioni, through novelists like Robbe-Grillet and Burroughs to the paintings and sculpture of the pop, destructive and auto-destructive artists. All re-enact a Dadaist

revulsion from contemporary life – but their revolt, such as it is, is purely passive, theatrical and aesthetic, shorn of any of the passionate fury, horror or desperation which would lead to a really destructive praxis. Neo-Dada, whatever its *formal* similarities with Dada – is reanimated by a spirit diametrically opposed to that of the original Dadaist groups. “The only truly disgusting things,” said Picabia, “are Art and Anti-Art. Wherever Art rears its head, life disappears.” Neo-Dada, far from being a terrified outcry at the almost complete disappearance of life is, on the contrary, an attempt to confer a purely *aesthetic* value on its absence and on the schizophrenic incoherence of its surrogates. It invites us to contemplate the wreckage, ruin and confusion surrounding us to take up in arms in the gaiety of the world’s subversion, pillage and total overthrow. Their culture of the absurd reveals only the absurdity of their culture.

Purely contemplative nihilism is no more the special province of artists than is modern reformism. In fact, Neo-Dada lags way behind the misadventures of the commodity-economy itself – every aspect of life today could pass as its own parody. *‘The Naked Lunch’* pales before any of the mass media. Its real significance is quite different. For pop art is not only, as *Black Mask* remark, the apotheosis of capitalist reality: it is the apotheosis of its disintegration. The spectacle of decomposition today is a last ditch attempt to shore up the decomposition of the spectacle. Decay has reached the point where it must be made attractive in its own right. If nothing has any value then nothing must become valuable. The bluff may be desperate but no one dares to call it, here or anywhere else. And so *Marvel* comics become as venerable as Pope. *The function of Neo-Dada is to provide an aesthetic and ideological alibi for the coming period, to which modern commerce is condemned, of increasingly pointless and self-destructive products: the consumption-anti-consumption of the life-anti-life.* Galbraith’s sub-ordination of economic to aesthetic goals is perfectly summed up in the Mystic Box. ‘Throw switch ‘on’. Box rumbles and quivers. Lid slowly rises, a hand emerges and pushes switch off. Hand disappears as lid slams shut. Does absolutely nothing but switch off!’ The nihilism of modern art is merely an introduction to the art of modern nihilism.

THE INTELLIGENTSIA SPLIT IN TWO

These two movements – the attempt to reform the spectacle and the attempt to arrest its crisis as purely contemplative nihilism – are distinct but in no way contradictory manoeuvres. In both cases, the function of the artist is merely to the *aesthetic consecration* for what has already taken place. His job is purely ideological. The role played today by the work of art has dissociated everything in art which awoke real creativity and revolt from everything which imposed passivity and conformism. Its revolutionary and its alienated elements have sprung apart and become the living denial of one another. Art as commodity has become the arch-enemy of all real creativity. The resolution of the ambiguity of culture is also the resolution of the ambiguity of the intelligentsia. The present cultural set-up is potentially split into two bitterly opposed factions. The majority of the intelligentsia has, quite crudely, sold out. At the same time, its truly dissident and imaginative elements have refused all collaboration, all productivity within the forms tolerated by social power and are tending more and more to become indistinguishable from the rest of the new lumpenproletariat in their open contempt and derision for the ‘values’ of consumer society. While the way of life of the servile intelligentsia is the living denial of anything remotely resembling either creativity or intelligence, the rebel intelligentsia is becoming caught up in the reality of disaffection and revolt, refusing to work and inevitably faced, point blank, with a radical reappraisal of the relationship between creativity and everyday life. Frequenting the lumpen, they will learn to use other weapons than their imagination. One of our first moves must be to envenom the latent hostility between these two factions. It shouldn’t be too difficult. The demoralisation of the servile intelligentsia is already proverbial. The contradictions between the fake glamour and the reality of their menial celebrity are too flagrant to pass unperceived even by those who are, indisputably, *the most stupid people in contemporary society.*

REVOLT, THE SPECTACLE AND THE GAME

The real creativity of the times is at the antipodes of anything officially acknowledged to be 'art'. Art has become an integral part of contemporary society and a 'new' art can only exist as a supersession of contemporary society as a whole. *It can only exist as the creation of new forms of activity.* As such it has formed an integral part of every eruption of real revolt over the last decade. All have expressed the same furious and baffled will to live, to live every possible experience to the full - which, in the context of a society which suppresses life in all its forms, can only mean to *construct* experience and to construct it against the given order. To create immediate experience as a purely hedonistic and experimental enjoyment of itself can be expressed by only one social form - the *game* - and it is the desire to play that all real revolt has *asserted* against the uniform passivity of this society of survival and the spectacle. The game is the spontaneous way everyday life enriches and develops itself; the game is the conscious form of the supersession of spectacular art and politics. It is participation, communication and self-realisation resurrected in their adequate form. It is the means and the end of total revolution. The reduction of all lived experience to the production and consumption of commodities is the hidden system by which all revolt is engendered and the tide rising in all the highly industrialised countries can only throw itself more and more violently against the commodity-form. Moreover, this confrontation can only become increasingly embittered as the integration effected by power is revealed as more and more clearly to be the reconversion of revolt into a spectacular commodity (q.v. the transference of the conforming non-conformity dished up for modern youth). Life is revealed as a war between the commodity and the ludic. As a pitiless game. And there are only two ways to subordinate the commodity to the desire to play: either by *destroying* it, or by *subverting* it.

THE REAL AVANT-GARDE: THE GAME-REVOLT OF DELINQUENCY, PETTY CRIME AND THE NEW LUMPEN

The juvenile delinquents - not the pop artists - are the true inheritors of Dada. Instinctively grasping their exclusion from the whole of social life, they have denounced its products, ridiculed, degraded and destroyed them. A smashed telephone, a burnt car, a terrorised cripple are the living denial of the 'values' in the name of which life is eliminated. Delinquent violence is a spontaneous overthrow of the abstract and contemplative role imposed on everyone, but the delinquents' inability to grasp any possibility of really changing things once and for all forces them, like the Dadaists, to remain purely nihilistic. They can neither understand nor find a coherent form for the direct participation in reality they have discovered, for the intoxication and sense of purpose they feel, for the revolutionary values they embody. The Stockholm riots, the Hells Angels, the riots of Mods and Rockers - all are the assertion of the desire to play in a situation where it is totally impossible. All reveal quite clearly the relationship between pure destructivity and the desire to play: the destruction of the game can only be avenged by destruction. Destructivity is the only passionate use to which one can put everything that remains irremediably separated. It is the only game the nihilist can play; the bloodbath of the '*120 Days of Sodom*' proletarianised along with the rest.

The vast escalation of petty crime - spontaneous, everyday crime on a mass level - marks a qualitatively new stage in contemporary class conflict: the turning point between the pure *destruction* of the commodity and the stage of its *subversion*. Shoplifting, for example, beyond being a grass-root refusal of hierarchically organised distribution, is also a spontaneous rebuttal of the *use* of both product and productive force. The sociologists and

floorwalkers concerned, neither group being noted for a particularly ludic attitude towards life, have failed to spot either that people enjoy the act of stealing or, through an even darker piece of dialectical foul-play, that people are beginning to steal *because* they enjoy it. Theft is, in fact, a summary overthrow of the whole structure of the spectacle; it is the subordination of the inanimate object, from whose free use we are withheld, to the living sensations it can awake when played with imaginatively within a specific situation. And the modesty of something as small as shoplifting is deceptive. A teenage girl interviewed recently remarked: "I often get this fancy that the world stands still for an hour and I go into a shop and get rigged." (*Evening Standard*, 16/8/66) Alive, in embryo, is our whole concept of subversion: the bestowal of a whole new use value *on* this useless world and *against* this useless world, subordinating to the sovereign pleasure of subjective creativity.

The formation of the new lumpen prefigures several features of an all-encompassing subversion. On the one hand, the lumpen is the sphere of complete social breakdown of apathy, negativity and nihilism – but, at the same time, in so far as it defines itself by its refusal to work and its attempt to use its clandestine leisure in the invention of new types of free activity, it is fumbling, however clumsily, with the quick of the revolutionary supersession now possible. As such it could become social dynamite. It only needs to realise the possibility of everyday life being transformed, objectively, for its last illusions to lose their power, eg. the futile attempt to revitalise immediate experience subjectively, by heightening its perception with drugs, etc. The Provo movement in 1966 was the first groping attempt of this new, and still partly heterogeneous, social force to organise itself into a mass movement aimed at the qualitative transformation of everyday life. At its highest moment its upsurge of disruptive self-expression superseded both traditional art and traditional politics. It collapsed not through any essential irrelevance of the social forces it represented but through their complete lack of any real political consciousness: through their blindness to their own hierarchical organisation and through their failure to grasp the full extent of the crisis of contemporary society and the staggering libertarian possibilities it conceals.

Initially, the new lumpen will probably be our most important theatre of operations. We must enter it as a power against it and precipitate its crisis. Ultimately, this can only mean to start a real movement between the lumpen and the rest of the proletariat: their conjunction will define the revolution. In terms of the lumpen itself the first thing to do is to disassociate the rank and file from the incredible crock of shit raised up, like a monstrosity, by their leaders and ideologists. The false intelligentsia – from the CIA subsidised torpor of the latest New Left to the sanctimonious little tits of *International Times* – are a New Establishment whose tenure depends on the success with which they can confront the most way-out point of social and intellectual revolt. The parody they stage can only arouse a growing radicalism and fury on the part of those they claim to represent. *Los Angeles Free Press*, distilling their experience of revolt in an article aptly entitled *To Survive in the Streets*, could, in all seriousness, conclude: 'Summing up: Dress warm, keep clean and healthy, eat a balanced diet, live indoors and avoid crime. Living in the streets can be fun if you conscientiously study the rules of the game.' (reprinted in *East Village Other*, 15/6/67). Hippie racketeers should certainly steer well clear of public places, come the day. The *poesie faite par tous* has been known to be somewhat trigger-happy in the past.

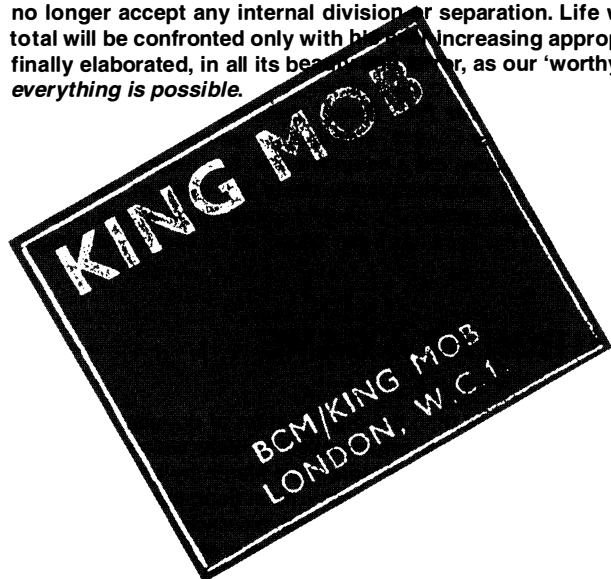
REVOLUTION AS A GAME

The new revolutionary movement can be no more than the organisation of popular revolt into its most coherent, its richest, form. And there is no organisation to date which would not completely betray it. All previous political critiques of the repressive hierarchy engendered by the past revolutionary argument – that of *Solidarity*, for example – have completely missed the point: they were not focussed on precisely what it was that this hierarchy repressed and perverted in the form of passive militancy. In the context of radical 'ethics' still bogged down in

singularly distasteful forms of sub-Christian masochism, the ludic aspects of the revolution cannot be over-emphasised. Revolution is essentially a game and one plays it for the pleasure involved. Its dynamic is a subjective fury to live, not altruism. It is totally opposed to any form of self-sacrificial subordination of oneself to a cause – to Progress, to the Proletariat, to Other People. Any such attitude is diametrically opposed to the revolutionary appreciation of reality: it is no more than an ideological extension of religion for the use of the 'revolutionary' leaderships in justifying their own power and in repressing every sign of popular creativity.

The game is the destruction of the sacred – whether it be the sanctity of Jesus or the sanctity of the electric mixer and the Wonderloaf. Tragedy, said Lukacs, is a game played in the sight of godlessness. The true form of godlessness will be the final achievement of revolution – the end of the illusory and all its forms, the beginning of real life and its direct self-consciousness. The revolutionary movement must be a game as much as the society it prefigures. Ends and means cannot be disassociated. We are concerned first and foremost with the construction of our own lives. Today this can only mean the total destruction of power. Thus, the crucial revolutionary problem is the creation of a praxis in which self-expression and social disruption are one and the same thing: of creating a style of self-realisation which can only spell the destruction of everything which blocks total realisation. From another point of view, this is the problem of creating the coherent social form of what is initially and remains essentially an individual and subjective revolt. Only Marx's original project, the creation of the total man, of an individual reappropriating the entire experience of the species, can supercede the individual-v-society dualism by which hierarchical power holds itself together while it holds us apart. If it fails in this, then the new revolutionary movement will merely build an even more labyrinthine illusory community; or, alternatively, it will shatter into an isolated and ultimately self-destructive search for kicks. If it succeeds, then it will permeate society as a game that everyone can play. There is nothing left today that can withstand a coherent opposition once it established itself as such. Life and revolution will be invented together or not at all

All the real creativity of the time will grow from this movement and it is in this perspective that our own experiments will be made and should be understood. The end of this process will not merely be the long overdue end of this mad, disintegrating civilisation. It will be the end of prehistory itself. Man stands on the verge of the greatest breakthrough ever made in the human appropriation of nature. Man is the world of man and a new civilisation can only be based on man's free and experimental creation of his own world and his own creation. This creation will no longer accept any internal division or separation. Life will be the creation of life itself. The total will be confronted only with his own increasing appropriation of nature, of his own nature, finally elaborated, in all its being. It will be, as our 'worthy opponent' in a ludic conflict where *everything is possible*.



KING MOB ECHO



I am nothing but I must be everything

— Karl Marx

THE RETURN OF THE REPRESSED

So much has changed / perhaps the message is instability / permanent instability in the mind / corresponding to the permanent revolution in things / instability to be accepted as an eternal truth / like Heraclitean flux – But in this Heraclitean flux / or fire, there is for me also a Heraclitean Logos / the logos, the word, is One, or oneness / unity / unification / the unification of the human race. Logos seeks unification; and the fact it faces is Division – Alienation, in the old Marxist vocabulary / the rents, the splits, in the newer Freudian vocabulary / the schisms / the schizophrenia. Now – if I may make a Great Leap Forward – alienation is schizophrenia. The outcome of the collision between Marx and Freud is their unification / the perception of the analogy between the two / the analogy between social and psychic / society and soul / body and body politic.

In the mythology of Marxism, the revolution is from below: Those lower classes, lower depths, are the depths of depth psychology / an underworld repressed by the bourgeois ego / a cauldron of energy and violence with the lid on / an anonymous mass, or social id – If you take the psychoanalytical idea of projection seriously / the proletariat (if and when we perceive one) is us projected / a collective projection / a collective dream, or nightmare. If you take the psychoanalytical idea of projection seriously / the ego constructs itself by projecting the other / the ego constructs itself by drawing an imaginary line / between inside and outside / an imaginary boundary-line. And this imaginary boundary-line is the reality-principle. The reality-principle is the distinction between inner world and external reality / And it is a false distinction. ‘The False reality-principle’ / This is to take psychoanalysis more seriously than the psychoanalysts do / or to pass beyond psychoanalysis / Beyond the reality principle is poetry / taking metaphors seriously / (metaphors and analogies) / that way madness lies.

The disintegration of the boundary-line / between inner and outer / self and other / is the disintegration of the ego / the disintegration of the ego of the ego-psychologists / in Marxist terms, the disintegration of the bourgeois ego / of bourgeois individualism / or, alienation overcome – The split between inside and outside / is the primal split / is the origin of alienation. Already in Marxism / the intellectual was to go to the masses / bourgeois individualism, the separate self, was to be drowned in the proletarian ocean / Marxist thought substitutes for the reality of individuals / the reality of classes / but classes, as external realities, mutually external, are not real either. It all really takes place in one body. Marx, who like Freud, is a genius who surpasses his own limitations, once said: “The head of this emancipation is philosophy, its heart the proletariat.” He means ego and id. Of course proletariat, if you look at the word, must also be genital. At any rate, it all takes place in one body / one body that has been mysteriously dismembered / and needs to be remembered / to knit again these broken limbs into one body. It must be some kind of embrace / overcoming alienation. Emerson used to say, There is only one Man – After Emerson, what happened, on the American continent, to this intuition? To perceive that it all really takes place in one body / is to transvalue the old political categories / to pass from politics to metapolitics / or poetry. The proletariat is dead / but the proletariat is us / long live the proletariat.

There is an inner Bastille to be captured / to release the prisoners / or rather, the inner and the outer Bastille is the same Bastille / or rather, the distinction between inner and outer is the Bastille / the false reality-principle / the government of the reality principle / to be overthrown / and the revolution is a visionary break-through / or poetry / or madness. Revolution really is madness / political revolutions / The French Revolution, the Russian Revolution / Ten Days that Shook the World / The Great Cultural Revolution / all the pathology of the 20th century / the madness of the millennia breaking out, as Nietzsche prophesied – The problem really is madness / There is a point where Marat and Sade are one. What to do with madness / The political solution to the problem of madness is / divide and conquer / segregation and repression (like in asylums) / perpetual conflict / The political revolution is a temporary break-down / followed by the reinstatement of repression / a cycle of explosion and repression / activity and passivity / in external recurrence / Perpetual conflict is the rule of

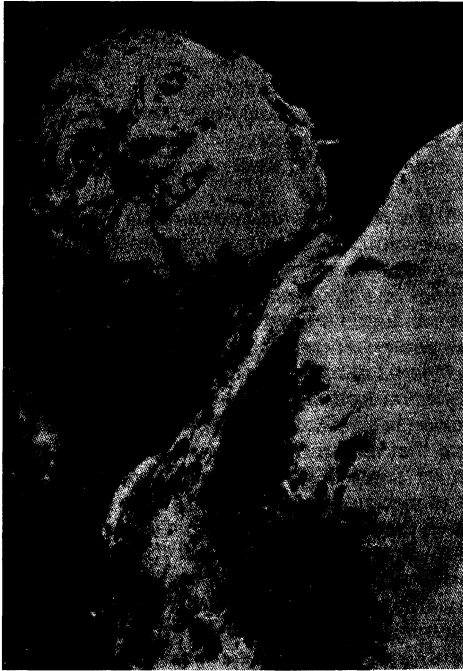
politics / the reality-principle / the world as we know it / Is there any alternative? A metapolitical solution to the problem of madness / would see politics as madness and madness as the solution to politics. Breaking down the boundaries is breaking down the reality-principle / unification lies beyond the reality-principle / the communion is Dionysian. Madness is even the solution to the problem of madness / it is sanity that needs to be saved (I don't mean, save your sanity) it was the greatness of Freud to see through, to bore through, the wall separating sanity and insanity / it is all a problem of communication / the poet says, Madness is oneness lost / But oneness regained is madness also.

Can we liberate instead of repress / Can we find a way of being permanently unstable – Emerson says: 'Whenever man comes, there comes revolution' / there is that great flame / It is the idea of permanent revolution / But permanent revolution cannot be political revolution / permanent political revolution is fratricide, or suicide, it is the situation we are in now / the situation we are trying to escape from / To save the revolution it must be given a metapolitical meaning / as madness, or poetry / uninterrupted poetry: surrealism, to stamp out reality. Madness and Civilisation / a very serious question / Here I differ from one of your sages / B.F. Skinner, *Walden Two* (202): 'Nothing comes from general frothing at the mouth.' I have done some frothing in my time / and some shaking or quaking is testimony / to the need for liberation / to the uncomfortableness of culture / It is possible that the future is a contented humanity / without neurotics like me / but I don't think so / I don't think the future is behavioural engineering / getting rid of unhappiness, maladjusted madness.

My utopia is / an environment that works so well that we can run wild in it / anarchy in an environment that works / the environment works, does all the work / a fully automatic environment / all public utilities / or communication-networks (the engineering contribution to unification; unification is also a matter of engineering) / Wasn't there a divinely absurd anticipation in Marx, or Engels, saying that the government of persons will be replaced by the administration of things – The environment can do all the work / Serious thought, thought as work, in pursuit of *Wirklichkeit*, is about over / *Wirklichkeit*, the German word for reality, the reality-principle / The reality-principle is about over. Thought as work can be buried in machines and computers / the work left to be done is to bury thought; quite a job / To put thought underground / as communication-network, sewage-system, power lines / so that wildness can come above ground / technological rationality can be put to sleep / so that something else can awaken in the human mind / something like the god Dionysus / something which cannot be programmed.

The ordering of the physical environment will release unparalleled quantities and forms of human disorder / The future, if there is one, is machines and madness. *What men or gods are these? What maidens loth? What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?* The struggle should not be, is no longer, really, the struggle for existence. But unification is not only a matter of engineering. Marshall McLuhan is taken by some to mean that technology is bringing us into a global village / Buckminster Fuller is taken by some to mean that technology is bringing us a global network of public services. But there is some obstruction / some obstacle impeding the free flow of unification / political divisions, boundaries / but, at a deeper level, the reality-principle / the boundary between Self and Other / the logic which divides / which most people think is reason itself, or rationality / Rationality and the reality-principle are obstacles to unification. But fortunately there is a disturbance in the house of reason / Ever since the age of reason something like a collective break-down has been taking place / a destruction of reason / a destruction in which intellect must immerse / in order that the disintegration of the ego may be the birth of some kind of collective consciousness / in order that the logic of division may give way to the logic of union / The logos of union whose name, or one of whose names is, ever since the time of Hegel, dialectics.

We are still Hegel's contemporaries / even in America, as Emerson knew / living in the last days, the end of history / the age of revolution and apocalypse / And therefore in that No Man's Land between reason and madness / which is dialectics. *Reason and Revolution* is really Reason and Madness / Dialectics is the revolt against rationalism / the discovery that self-contradiction is the essence of reality / the opening to the absurd / Dialectics is intellect seeking



The body of Rosa Luxemburg, dragged from the canal in March 1919, 3 weeks after her murder. The reality-principle is not quite over...

madness / Dialectics is drunkenness or dancing / the Bacchanalian revel of the categories in which not one member is sober. Hegel nevertheless made a Hegelian system and Marx also made a system and so did Freud; at least the Freud whom the Psychoanalytical Associations worship / Systems, Marxist, Freudian, can be, as they say, flexible / But flexibility is not enough – Mind, or spirit, or life, must learn how to die / it must go under / All these systems have immortal longings on them / that is why they are dead / born dead / representing from the hour of the birth / the dead hand of the past / The flexibility is wriggling to avoid death / what they mean by rationality is, don't die / be consistent – The rule of die-in-order-to-live *diese Stirb' und Werde* / is not flexibility but metamorphosis / is not political but poetical.

The real action in *Love's Body* (you can tell by the creaking) is to find an alternative to systematic form / Dialectics, in flight from the systematic, finds refuge is aphoristic form / Aphorism: the word smells of literary self-consciousness / the reality is brokenness / words in absolute dismemberment / or even, absolute self-contradiction. We have been told that the medium is the message / Aphoristic form has political or rather metapolitical implications – Politics is systems / There is a hidden truth or secret / that is what the Unconscious is all about / But it cannot be put into systematic, reified, permanent form / Systematic permanent reified form creates an elite / who possess the secret (Platonic academy, occult order, political party, the repository of the secret). 'The truth is in the whole; / But the whole is in any part, not in the system – infinity in a grain / and in an instant / the whole is here or nowhere / Aphorism is instant dialectic / the instantaneous flip instead of the elaborate system / Only so do we have a form of intellect that is so easy / that any child could do it / or, only a child can do it / And so perishable / that it cannot be hoarded by any elite / or stored in any institution / A form of dialectics, therefore, unequivocally on the side of freedom / or madness.

union with energy / in Marx, philosophy seeking union with the proletariat / in Freud, ego seeking union with the id / In dialectics nothing is stable, movement is all / a logic of passion / Mandelstam in Russia in 1921 (Mandelstam, not Lenin; a poet not a politician): 'A new heroic era has opened in the life of the word. The word is flesh and bread. It shares the fate of bread and flesh: suffering.' Dialectics is a dialectic of life against death / death is a part of life / like Freud, Hegel says the goal of all life is death: 'The nature of the finite lies in this, that it dissolves itself.' / it must go under / this is self-contradiction in practice, in action – Hegel, *Phenomenology*: 'Not the life that shrinks from death and keeps itself undefiled by devastation (*Werwüstung*), but the life that suffers death and preserves itself in death is the life of the Spirit. Spirit gains its truth by finding itself in absolute dismemberment (*Zerrissenheit*). Dismemberment, absolute dismemberment / the Spirit is Dionysus, the god who is dismembered / Dionysus, or schizophrenia / schizophrenia is spirit in absolute dismemberment / *dechirement ontologique* / Dionysus is also union, communion / Dialectics is the dissolution of all partial statements / till they are lost in the whole / 'the truth is in the whole' / And the union or communion is

And finally (using Hegel again as my landmark) / The Hegelian dialectic is the simultaneous total / affirmation of this world and its total negation / Both the right-wing Hegelians and the left-wing Hegelians are in it / Both Marxian change-the-world and the Nietzschean everything-always-the-same / The hard thing here is the Nietzschean affirmation – Nietzsche says ‘He does not negate any more’ / At any rate intellectuals should watch their language / The critical judgement / which separates the sheep from the goats / We and They / critical judgement is party or sect-formation / is scission of the one body / and projection of part of ourselves / Intellect as protest / or Great Refusal (Hawthorne-Melville’s No in Thunder) gets us nowhere / in this mess, rectitude or righteousness is unobtainable / and will not save us.

What kind of language might be helpful? Instead of morality, metaphor / to ferry us across / the language which unifies / The language of healing, or making whole, is not psychoanalysis, but poetry. Poetry is the visionary form, or explosion / which overthrows the reality-principle / and transforms this world, just the way it is, without changing a thing / the transformation is the unification. These are the fragmentary moments which bring something new into the world / Fragmentary moments: there isn’t anything we can count on or accumulate / Poetry is the solvent which dissolves / the rigorous stereotypes of political ideology / the numb automatism of political reflexes / the somnambulist gravity of literal believers / These are the obstructions to be dissolved / to be loosened up – Poetry is the transforming spirit of play / metaphorical play / Begin today. The great revolutionary intellectual of the 20th century: James Joyce / who reduced all that solemn nonsense to nonsense / leading us in the path to which Wittgenstein directed us / from disguised nonsense to patent nonsense / a transition that is accomplished not by linguistic analysis but by poetry. The primal Logos is the poetic Logos / and the Logos of unification is poetry / The Intellectual, to whom was entrusted the word, was given the power to unify the world this way. There are also engineers, to whom is given the power to unify the world in another way / There are also politicians. It is the tale of Shem and Shawn / who turn into Shem, Ham, and Japheth / or Tom, Dick and Harry. 1967 – Norman O. Brown, author of ‘Life Against Death’.

He was one of the quiet kind, a person a friend could speak of as a ‘peaceful man, devoted to his family’. Leo A. Held was a father of 4 who had put in service in the village of Loganton, Pa., as a school-board member, a Boy Scout leader and a volunteer fireman. On the job at the Hammermill Paper Co. in nearby Lock Haven, he invariably went right to work, without a word, testing paper for quality. At this he was methodical, dependable, efficient and above all, forgettable – until last week. After seeing 3 children off to school (the 4th is in college) and his wife Alta, 36, off to her secretarial job, Held showed up at the Hammermill plant right on time. This time he carried a .45-caliber automatic pistol in one hand and a .38-caliber magnum revolver in the other, and as the 6-foot, 200-pounder strode among his friends he displayed the same icy method that he practised in the testing lab. With cool selectivity Held shot down 9 colleagues – 5 of them supervisors who had been promoted over him. Then he calmly walked out of the plant and drove his station wagon 3 miles to the Lock Haven airport, where he critically wounded Mrs. Geraldine Ramm, a switchboard operator – and member of a car pool that had once ‘blackballed’ Held for driving recklessly. After that Held drove by a back-road to Loganton, walked into the house of a neighbour, Floyd D. Quiggle, a self-employed trucker who was still in bed with Mrs. Quiggle. Held had recently complained to the Quiggles about their leaf burning; he did not like the smoke. Held shot them as they lay in bed. Leaving Quiggle dead and Mrs. Quiggle critically injured with neck and face wounds, Leo Held grabbed some ammunition and several rifles from Quiggle’s gun collection before dashing to his own home across the street. He barely made it before the police arrived... He dashed out his back door, with a pistol in each hand. A single police bullet crunched into his thigh and felled him. When police called on him to surrender Held called back ambiguously: “Come and get me. I’ve had enough. I’m tired of taking all this bull...” It was all over by 9.25 AM and the Lock Haven-Loganton region was left to mourn 6 citizens dead and 6 wounded and to ponder one of those essentially insoluble puzzles. Why had Leo Held done it? “I don’t think they are ever going to find a motive,” said Clinton County District Attorney Allan W. Lugg... ‘Newsweek’ 11/6/67



BLACK ANARCHY: PILLAGE AS THE NATURAL RESPONSE TO THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY

The Negroes of Los Angeles – like the young delinquents of all advanced countries, but more radically because at the level of a class globally deprived of a future, a sector of the proletariat unable to believe in any significant chance of integration and promotion – take modern-capitalist propaganda, with its display of abundance, LITERALLY. They want to possess IMMEDIATELY all the objects shown off and made abstractly accessible: they want to MAKE USE of them. That is why they reject their exchange-value – the COMMODITY – REALITY which is their mould, purpose and final goal, and which has PRESELECTED everything. Through theft and gift they retrieve a use which at once gives the lie to the oppressive rationality of commodities, disclosing their relations and invention as arbitrary and unnecessary. Plunder is the simplest possible realisation of the hybrid principle: ‘To each according to his (false) needs’ – needs determined and produced by the economic system, which the act of pillage rejects. But as the fact that the vaunting of affluence is taken at its face value and discovered in the immediate instead of being eternally pursued in the course of alienated labour and in the face of increasing but unmet social needs – this fact means that real needs are expressed in carnival, playful affirmation and the POTLATCH of destruction. The man who destroys commodities shows his human superiority over commodities. He frees himself from the arbitrary forms which cloak his real needs. The flames of Watts consumed the system of consumption! The theft of large fridges by people with no electricity, or with their electricity cut off, provides the best possible metaphor for the lie of affluence transformed into a truth IN PLAY.

FROM ‘THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE SPECTACULAR COMMODITY – ECONOMY’
‘INTERNATIONALE SITUATIONNISTE’ 1966 (B.P. 307 – 03 PARIS)

DESOLATION ROW

Rozanov's definition of nihilism is the best: *'The show is over. The audience get up to leave their seats. Time to collect their coats and go home. They turn round... No more coats and no more home.'* Nihilism is born of the collapse of myth. During those periods when the contradiction between mythical explanation – Heaven, Redemption, the Will of Allah – and everyday life becomes patent, *all* values are sucked into the vortex and destroyed. Once myth no longer justifies the ways of Power to men, the real possibilities of social action and experiment appear. Myth excuses social repression, and also reinforces it. Its explosion frees an energy and creativity too long syphoned away from authentic experience into religious transcendence and abstraction.

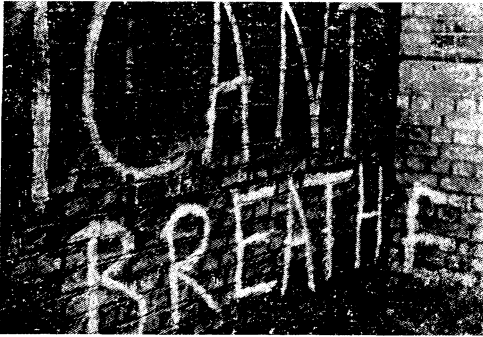
During the interregnum between the end of classical philosophy and the instauration of the Catholic church, every previous form of social order was suddenly called in to question. A thousand life-styles were improvised, from those of the sects and heresies to those of a Caligula or a Nero. Once the unity of myth is challenged, the whole pattern of social existence breaks up. The same thing took place with the disintegration of feudal society and christian myth. Nothing was true any longer and everything had become possible. Every kind of experiment and research. Gilles de Rais tortured nearly a thousand children to death; the revolutionary peasants of 1525 were out to build Heaven on Earth. 1789 precipitated the same total collapse, this time there was a major difference: in spite of the political reaction, the reconstruction of a *coherent* myth had become utterly impossible.

Christianity neutered the explosive nihilism of certain gnostic sects, and improvised a new order from the remains. But the establishment of the bourgeois world made any new *displacement* of nihilistic energy onto the plane of myth impossible. The bourgeois project had been precisely the destruction of a transcendent 'other world', the enforcement of the rule of *this* world and its market values. In place of a myth, the bourgeoisie can only produce ideologies. And because ideology is essentially a *partial, technical* rationality, it can never integrate the total negation of the nihilist. In the conspicuous absence of God, the reality of exchange can never be concealed, for the *complete* illusion of myth has gone. As a last ditch effort Power has produced the *spectacle* of nihilism – on the principle that the more we contemplate, as spectators, the degradation of all values, the less likely we are to get on with a little real destruction.

For the last century and a half, the most striking contribution to art and life has been the fruit of free experiment with the possibilities of a bankrupt civilisation. The erotic reason of Sade; Kierkegaard's sarcasm, Nietzsche's lashing irony; Ahab's blasphemy, Mallarme's deadpan; Carroll's fantasy, Dada's negativism – these are the forces which have reached out to confront people with some of the dankness and acridity of decaying values. And with it, the desire for a reversal of perspective, a need to discover the alternative forms of life – the area Melville called 'that wild whaling life where individual notabilities make up all totalities'. But to create that world, the nihilist must *act*.

Paradox: I. The great propagators of nihilism lacked an essential weapon: the sense of historic reality, the sense of the reality of decay, erosion and fragmentation. II. Those who have *made* history in the period of bourgeois decline have lacked a sense of the *total* decomposition of social forms which nihilism announces. Marx failed to analyse Romanticism and the artistic phenomenon in general. Lenin was wilfully blind to the importance of everyday life and its degradation, of the Futurists, of Mayakovsky and the Dadaists.

What we need now is the conjunction of nihilism and historical consciousness (Marx smashing something better than the street-lamps in Kentish Town; Mallarme with fire in his belly). As long as the two fail to join forces, we shall have to endure the present empire of political and artistic hacks, all preaching the fragmentary, all working assiduously for the Big Sleep, and justifying themselves in the name of one Order or another: the family, morality, Culture, the Space-Race, the future of margarine... Everyone is going to pass through nihilism. It is the bath of fire. The best arguments against 'moral seriousness' are the faces on the



THE ART OF DEATH

DEAR BOSS I keep on hearing the police have caught me but they won't fix me just yet. I have laughed when they look so clever and talk about being on the right track. That joke about Leather Apron gave me real fits. I am down on whores and I shan't quit ripping them till I do get buckled. Grand work the last job was. I gave the lady no time to squeal. How can they catch me now. I love my work and want to start again. You will soon hear of me with my funny little games. I saved some of the proper red stuff in a ginger beer bottle over the last job to write with but it went thick like glue and I can't use it. Red ink is fit enough I hope HA HA. The next job I do I shall clip the lady's ears off and send to the police officers just for jolly wouldn't you. Keep this letter back till I do a bit more work, then give it out straight. My knife is nice and sharp I want to get to work right away if I get a chance. Good luck. Yours truly JACK THE RIPPER Don't mind me giving the trade name. LETTER TO THE CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY, 25TH SEPTEMBER, 1888.

The Eastern Gas Board are taking action in an attempt to cut the suicide rate among Cambridge undergraduates. They are bringing natural gas into the city 12 months earlier than expected. The inhalation of natural gas is not fatal because it has no carbon monoxide in it... The chairman of the Eastern Gas Board, J. H. Dyde said: "I have been distressed to learn of the increase in the number of impulsive suicides by university students. There is, in fact, only one satisfactory solution, and that is to get natural gas to Cambridge as soon as possible..." EVENING STANDARD 13/4/1967

hoardings. The end of all values is the Nothing-Box. All that is left of the past or the future is the demand for the present – for a present *which has still to be constructed*. To day, *the destructive and the constructive moments of history* are slowly coming together. When the two meet, *that will be total revolution*. And revolution is the only wealth left in the affluent society.

A nihilist is someone who takes the distinction between living and surviving seriously. If living is impossible, why survive? Once you are in that void, everything breaks up. The horrors. Past and future explode; the present is ground zero. And from ground zero there are only two ways out, two kinds of nihilism: *active and passive*.

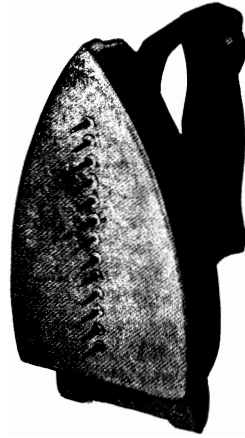
The passive nihilist compromises with his own lucidity about the collapse of all values. He makes one final nihilistic gesture: throws a dice to decide his 'cause', and becomes its devoted slave, for Art's sake, and for the sake of a little bread... Nothing is true, so a few gestures become hip. Joe Soap intellectuals, pataphysicians, crypto-fascists, aesthetes of the *acte gratuit*, mercenaries, Kim Philbies, pop-artists, psychedelic impresarios – band-wagon after band-wagon works out its own version of the *credo quia absurdum est*: you don't believe in it but you do it anyway; you get used to it and you even get to like it in the end. Passive nihilism is an overture to conformism.

After all, nihilism can never be more than a transition, a shifting, ill-defined sphere, a period of wavering between two extremes, one leading to submission and subservience, the other to permanent revolt. Between the two poles stretches a no-mans-land, the waste-land of the suicide and the solitary killer, of the criminal described so aptly by Bettina as the crime of the state. Jack the Ripper is essentially inaccessible. The mechanisms of hierarchical power cannot touch him; he cannot be touched by revolutionary will. He gravitates round that zero-point beyond which destruction, instead of reinforcing the destruction wrought by power, beats it at its own game, excites it

to such violence that the machine of the *Penal Colony*, stabbing wildly, shatters into pieces and flies apart. Maldoror takes the disintegration of contemporary social organisation to its logical conclusion: to the stage of its self-destruction. At this point the individual's absolute rejection of society corresponds to society's absolute rejection of the individual. Isn't this the still point of the turning world, the place where all perspectives are interchangeable, the exact point where movement, dialectics and time no longer exist? Noon and eternity of the great refusal. Before it, the pogroms; beyond it, the new innocence. The blood of Jews or the blood of cops.

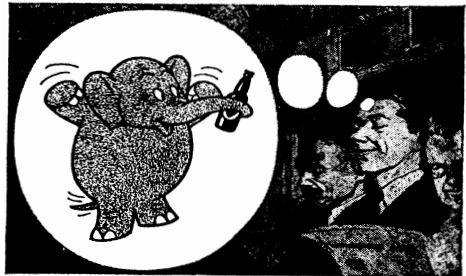
The active nihilist does not intend simply to watch things fall apart. He intends to speed up the process. Sabotage is a natural response to the chaos ruling the world. *Active nihilism is pre-revolutionary; passive nihilism is counter-revolutionary.* And most people oscillate between the two. Like the red soldier described by some Soviet author – Victor Chlovsyky perhaps – who never charged without shouting "Long Live the Tsar!" But circumstances inevitably end by drawing a line, and people suddenly find themselves, once and for all, on one side or the other of the barricades.

You always learn to dance for yourself on the off-beat of the official world. And you must follow your demands to their logical conclusion, not accept a compromise at the first setback. Consumer society's frantic need to manufacture new needs adroitly cashes in on the way-out, the bizarre and the shocking. Black humour and real agony turn up on Madison Avenue. Flirtation with non-conformism is an integral part of prevailing values. Awareness of the decay of values has its role to play in sales strategy. There's money in decomposition. More and more pure *rubbish* is marketed. The figurine salt-cellar of Kennedy, complete with 'bullet-holes' through which to pour the salt, for sale in the supermarket, should be enough to convince anybody, if there is anybody who still needs convincing, how easily a joke which once would have delighted Ravachol or Peter the Painter now merely helps to keep the market going.



MAN RAY: GIFT (1921)

It is ridiculous and a sign of idiocy exceeding the legal limit to say that Dada (whose actual achievements and immense success cannot be denied) is 'only of negative value'. Today you can hardly fool first-graders with the old saw about positive and negative. The gentlemen who demand the 'constructive' are among the most suspicious types of a caste that has long been bankrupt. It has become sufficiently apparent in our time that law, order and the constructive, the 'understanding for an organic development', are only symbols, curtains and pretexts for fat behinds and treachery. If the Dadaist movement is nihilism, then nihilism is part of life... HUELSENBECK 'EN AVANT DADA' 1920.



Home is where his 'Elephant' is

drink **FREMLINS**
'Elephant' Beers

THE PREHISTORY OF THE ID

REVOLUTIONARY PEASANTS OF THE EARLY 16TH CENTURY

Suso... describes how on a bright Sunday, as he was sitting lost in meditation, an incorporeal image appeared to his spirit. Suso addresses the image: 'Whence have you come?' The image answers: 'I come from nowhere' – 'Tell me, what are you?' – 'I am not.' – 'What do you wish?' – 'I do not wish.' – 'This is a miracle! Tell me, what is your name?' – 'I am called Nameless Wildness!' – 'Where does your insight lead to?' – 'Into untrammelled freedom.' – 'Tell me, what do you call untrammelled freedom?' – 'When a man lives according to all his caprices without distinguishing between God and himself, and without looking before or after...' NORMAN COHN, 'THE PURSUIT OF THE MILLENNIUM'

Mysticism is the confused intuition of that realm, lying beyond the Ego, where the Id reigns. FREUD, 1938



Consciousness of decay reached its most explosive expression in Dada. Dada really did contain the seeds by which nihilism could have been surpassed; but it just left them to rot, along with all the rest. The whole ambiguity of Surrealism, on the other hand, lies in the fact that it was an accurate critique made at the wrong moment. While its critique of the transcendence aborted by Dada was perfectly justified, when it in turn tried to surpass Dada it did so without beginning again with Dada's initial nihilism, without basing itself on Dada-anti-Dada, without seeing Dada historically. History was the nightmare from which the Surrealists never awoke: they were defenceless before the Communist Party, they were out of their depth with the Spanish Civil War. For all their yapping they slunk after the official left like faithful dogs.

Certain features of Romanticism had already proved, without awakening the slightest interest on the part of either Marx or Engels, that art – the pulse of culture and society – is the first index of the decay and disintegration of values. A century later, while Lenin thought that the whole issue was beside the point, the Dadaist could see the artistic abscess as a symptom of a cancer whose poison was spread throughout society as a whole. *Unpleasant* art only expresses the repression of pleasure demanded by the State. It is this the 1916 Dadaists proved so cogently. To go beyond this analysis could mean only one thing: to take up arms. The neo-Dadaist larvae pullulating in the shithheap of present-day consumption seem to have found more profitable employment.

The Dadaists, working to cure themselves and their civilisation of its discontents – working, in the last analysis, far more coherently than Freud himself – built the first laboratory to revitalise everyday life. Their activity was far more radical than their theory. Grosz: 'The point was to work completely in the dark. We didn't know where we were going'. The Dada group was a funnel sucking in all the trivia and pure rubbish clattering up the world. Reappearing at the other end, everything was transformed. Though

people and things stayed the same they took on totally new meanings. The beginning of Dada was the rediscovery of lived experience and its possible delights – its end was the reversal of all perspectives, the invention of a new universe. Subversion, the tactics of radical change, overthrew the rigid structure of the old world. Amidst this upheaval the *poetry made by everyone* revealed its concrete sense – something very different from the literary mentality to which the Surrealists surrendered.

The initial weakness of Dada lay in its extraordinary humility. Every morning Tzara, clown with the gravity of a Pope, is said to have repeated Descartes' statement: "I'm not even interested in knowing whether anyone ever existed before I did." Yet this same Tzara was to end up a Stalinist, sneering at men like Ravachol, Bonnot and Mahkno's peasant army. If Dada broke up because it could not transcend itself, then the blame lies on the Dadaists themselves for having failed to search for the real historic occasions when such transcendence becomes possible: the moments when the masses arise and seize their destiny in their own hands.

The first compromise is always terrible in its effects. Through Surrealism to neo-Dada, its repercussions gradually infect and finally poison Surrealism's initial vigour. Consider the Surrealists' ambivalent attitude towards the past. While they were right to recognise the subversive genius of a Sade, a Fourier or a Lautreamont, all they could subsequently do was to write so much – and so well – about them as to win for their heroes the honour of a few timid footnotes in progressive school textbooks. A literary celebrity much like the celebrity the neo-Dadaists win for their forebears in the spectacle of our present decomposition. The only modern phenomena which can be compared with Dada are the most savage outbreaks of juvenile delinquency. The same contempt for art and bourgeois values, the same refusal of ideology, the same will to live. The same ignorance of history, the same barbaric revolt, the same lack of tactics.

The nihilist makes one mistake. He does not realise that other people are also nihilists, nor that their number is rapidly growing. Nihilism is, in fact, about to become a mass philosophy. The nihilist does not realise that life as a whole could be *completely and utterly* transformed. He is quite unaware of what was really attempted during the highpoints of past revolutionary activity. Yet contemporary society is nothing more than the product of a series of past revolutionary defeats. Inhumanity is reaching its paroxysm today, and it is in this paroxysm that our only hope lies.

Awareness of just how nightmarish life has become is on the point of fusing with a rediscovery of the real revolutionary movement in the past. We must reappropriate the most radical aspects of all past revolts and insurrections at the point where they were prematurely arrested, and do so with all the violence bottled up inside us. A chain explosion of subterranean creativity could not fail to overthrow the world of hierarchical power.

In the last analysis, the nihilists are our only allies. They cannot possibly go on living as they are. Their lives are like an open wound. A revolutionary perspective could put all the latent energy generated by years of repression at the service of their will to live. They need only to realise that life today could be *utterly* transformed, and that total revolution can have no other meaning. *Nihilists* – as de Sade would have said – *one more effort if you want to be revolutionaries!* – freely translated from Raoul Vaneigem's *Traite de Savoir-vivre a l'usage des jeunes generations*, 1967.

KING MOB ECHO NUMBER ONE APRIL 1968
POST BOX: BCM I KING MOB LONDON W.C.1.

URBAN GORILLA COMES EAST

Any strategy for the coming civil war has to abandon the assumptions of the old revolutionary movement, which has engendered such monsters. It has to find the weak links in the chain of *modern* repression, and fight the temptation to rejoin battle at the traditional points of confrontation: ideology and economic infrastructure.

Capitalism's most intractable crisis in the advanced industrial states is the crisis of *socialisation*. The attempt to mediate *family* and *school* encounters and aggravates contradictions which must be exploited by an urban youth guerrilla. It must also aim to occupy the hiatus which separates the individual's emergence from the family – school complex and his reintegration into organised society via *forced labour*. The first task is to build up a comprehensive network of Anti-Social Services, designed to combat the system's efforts to conceal its structural weaknesses by means of a unified ideology and practice of Welfare.

Why do schizophrenia and delinquency have a key role to play in the subversion of the *reasonable* society?

How does language determine the dialectic of consciousness, so that the failure to understand its pivotal function has prevented the development of a *Marxist theory of class*?

Why and How must the 'revolutionary' intellectual commit suicide?

What are the Bands of Hope and Glory, the Family Court, the Genital Strike and the School Aversion Programme?

Why is King Kong the most heavily guarded animal in the Children's Zoo? Why is he asleep?

CATCH-22 is already trying to answer these questions – in the East End, where one in three people between 15 and 25 is labelled *delinquent*, and one in eight defined as *mental*. Abstractly, these two forms of social negation are in the same position vis-a-vis society; substantially, they appear as radically opposed. We believe there are lines of communication to be opened up between them, both theoretically and practically. Which is why we want to meet people, with a view to mobilising resistance, who have either

(a) experienced – as teachers, social workers or therapists – the contradictions of institutionalised forms of social violence

or (b) researched on the effects of these contradictions within specific groups: delinquents, problem families, young schizophrenics, school dropouts... Some have done research from the point of view of their own experience as victims – as do-madders or do-badders. Others, from the sidelines of academic concern.

Write to Dave Barbu, BCM / CATCH-22, LONDON WC1

ART SCHOOLS ARE DEAD – IN ITS ADVANCE THE FIRE SHALL SEIZE AND JUDGE EVERYTHING – A spectre is haunting art, it is the spectre of annihilation. All the powers of the old order have entered into a holy alliance to exorcise this spectre: Police and principals, sculptors and painters, poets and philosophers, designers and architects, art historians and sociologists. The ‘art’ offered to us in the galleries, art schools, Lush mags, etc, cannot possibly last much longer. The sit-ins at various Colleges of Art last year were the first sign of imminent collapse. However, the proposals put forward by the students failed to grasp the fact that Art Schools are part of an empty, meaningless, culture of death which must be subverted and destroyed on every level. The atmosphere in the art schools has been getting steadily worse over the last few years. The American dream, media blow out, de-luxe gadgetry, pop art, car styling, acrylic minimalism only served as a front for one-up, put-down gangsterism. Gear and style was (and still is) everything: making out, THE BIG TIME (where you may get a fuck, but you’ll always get fucked). Those who manage to keep in the running have to suffer the grind of arse-licking, sherry-drinking, contacts, empty talk. And if you do get a job in an art school then you had better learn to cultivate deceit, ignorance, and keeping your trap shut. Those who aren’t in the running either drop out, end up as bums or become resigned to a dismal job at a grammar school or sec. mod. in the back end of nowhere. And for what? It’s particularly unbearable knowing that the petty rules of official hierarchies conceal an aching void left by the collapse of the old shit. The fable of the Emperor’s clothes could be applied to the whole of the art school set-up. For the fine arts, the game’s up – no possibility of a last minute transfusion. **ART’S FINAL MASTERPIECE WILL BE ITS OWN DESTRUCTION (Soffici)** The Dadaists savage programme of total subversion and the relentless deranged coherence of Surrealism’s early revolutionary days. **MUSICIANS – SMASH YOUR INSTRUMENTS. THE NEW ARTISTS DOES NOT WRITE OR PAINT BUT CREATES DIRECTLY – THE NEW ARTIST PROTESTS. TZARA.** Since then... nothing. Art has become an object, a type of consumer commodity. Art as Daz, Art as business, Art as methadrine, Art as war, Cybernetic Serendipity. **CREATIVE FASCISM.** Now after 30 years of re-hash after re-hash “art” (and everything else) is looning madly along a path ending in destruction. The final end pre-figured by a few revolutionary groups will be catastrophic, exhilarating and beautiful. Flipping to the new media, TV, Film, environmental design won’t help much either. The concepts of the Bauhaus and De Stijl are dated and were a phoney aesthetic solution even in the ‘20s’ (c/f Buckminster Fuller’s critique). Souped up modern versions despite strobe lighting and back projections cannot conceal the poverty of these productions. Architecture today is a joke. Even the more avant-garde members are unable to find their way to a coherent criticism of the entire system. The humanistic technocratic, canned visionaries of 1965 with their ‘dreams’ of a totalitarian streamlined ‘utopia’ of vacuum formed components and never ending cities of plastic schools, plastic banks and plastic system-built army barracks – exhibit the most evil aspect of technolatriy. Creativity cannot ally itself to the nightmare of frozen bureaucratic science or the cold sensuality of vast advertising campaigns. Producing films can be the most effective con of all (‘Live’ action shooting in particular) justifying Artaud’s reaction: **‘THE MOTION PICTURE WORLD IS CLOSED, WITHOUT ANY RELATION TO EXPERIENCE’.** As for fashion – well we’ll give it another year: Carnaby Street already has the forlorn look of Blackpool on a Winter’s day. And St. Laurent’s black suede tunics for the barricades are beyond comment. **WHAT’S TO BE DONE?** The only task left in a rapidly disintegrating system is to help it on its way. We have all experienced **THE DAY TO DAY EMPTINESS**, the real problem is knowing how to subvert the boredom. Occasional demos are not enough – the system must be confronted totally. Moreover it is useless to employ (like the Guildford students suggest) the celebrity style teaching of all get-ahead (sic) institutions. We can only accept ‘celebrities’ if they are prepared to come down amongst us, fight with us, and **SHELL OUT THEIR CASH.** In spite of our reservations about film it can have a tactical purpose if used **AGGRESSIVELY.** The same goes for the left overs of the pop world. Street musicians singing revolutionary lyrics and not homogenised disc jockey crap could be a real turn on. Songs directed against the bastards who run the art/design/media dumps could have a hell of an effect. Also something of the wit and play of the posters and bonfires could soon make for a real scene. Remember: humour, aggression and total subversion is all. **THE 4TH DIMENSION**

IS HA HA. Buckminster Fuller. THE LAST FORM OF CIVILIZATION IS COMEDY WHEN HUMANITY TAKES LEAVE OF ITS PAST GLADLY. Karl Marx. MODERNITY KILLED EVERY NIGHT. Vache. DON'T RUN YOUR OWN ALIENATION. DON'T BELIEVE IN THE 2ND WAVE OF SOCIALIST REFORMS. SMASH THE ART SCHOOLS AND THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM. Long ago painting was converted to just another aspect of the commodity system. (Being just so old that need worry no one.) But now they treat people in the same way. You leave art school to go on to the market. That you probably won't be able to find a job wouldn't matter (only die hard leftists glorify work) but it is becoming increasingly difficult to survive. Smash Capitalism. Revolution against the art school trick must be seen as revolt against the status quo – against its duplicity and ever increasing hypocrisy. Not only has the system produced an art that is shit but a politics of the same order. All systems go that way; we must re-invent life. How many times do we have to be told that the Hornsey sit-in, etc, were 'art' – and still go back to the easel, the staged happening – and all other spectator-oriented introverted events. 'Poetry must be made by all not by one' – And it's got to be made on the streets. Beware the Staff / Student Committee (SS) Changes of Bureaucracy are not to be welcomed! BEYOND THE POWER PRINCIPLE DREAMS BECOME REALITY. Man is neither intelligent nor stupid. He is free, or he is not. GO TELL 'EM – Backs up against the wall mother-fuckers, and into the trash can. 'MY UTOPIA IS AN ENVIRONMENT THAT WORKS SO WELL THAT WE CAN RUN WILD IN IT.' NORMAN O. BROWN. 'WE ARE REVEALING NEW PAGES OF ART IN ANARCHY'S NEW DAWNS' Malevich. How can we talk of controlling our own lives – when we still turn to the so-called avant-garde for advice, etc. (We are having a sit-in, would you come along to contribute to a symposium?) We say so-called avant-garde since we presume that the word at least signifies knowing where its at, and this avant-garde (Biennialists, etc, etc) so obviously doesn't – they are still concerned with 'visual meaningfulness', etc. To talk to them of the accelerating polarities of those who are going to be on one side or the other of the barricades – is to realise they still turn to the exhibition reviews first when they pick up a newspaper. They were left out in the cold when the Odeon was first occupied, when the first barricade against the Police State first went up in Paris. Their subsequent appearance – HERE – as well as in Paris is just another attempt at avant-garde recuperation. They expect us to change one set of rules for another – theirs. Example of avant-garde recuperation: Tom Hudson's article in Studio, Sept. '68 – His lack of perspective of the art students position in a total context of change is unbelievable: within the narrow context of 'art-education' it is pure C19 conservatism – eg. 'Within the Summerson specifications I presume that we can teach what we like, I do in a radical and revolutionary way.' He had better look at the history books to try to find an example of something that was radical and revolutionary in a context designated from above. But as his manual shows with its absolute elitism ('Promotion', 'division of authority and leadership', etc) he just wants to be a bit higher up the scale of handing out the 'goods'. He proposes no classification in Dip A.D – just Pass or Fail!! – and he talks of other peoples idiocy!! But then he's really been brainwashed – 'Lecturing up and down the country... I see more of colleges, their problems and developments than almost anyone else in Art Education.' He needs sympathy. We must teach ourselves. What is left of the Victorian era? The art school, museums, Parliament, the ruling ideology. If art students are to revolt then it must be against the art/design commodity. The personal system is just a reflection of the total system. Man must escape from the ridiculous arenas constructed for him: the alleged actual reality, and the prospect of future reality which is no better. Each moment of fullness bears in itself the negation of centuries of broken and limping history. Breton. How many more vice-chancellors and principals are going to make speeches that welcome student rebellion, and give us the old gab about the higher education establishments being built on a tradition of free speech which is still upheld? They can welcome it, since they know they aren't going to have to implement any changes, they too can talk of the system's bureaucracy. Just see how many speeches you can make attacking the total status quo, against the general idea of art school brainwashing. Free speech my arse. 'I told you in my last manifesto – the arse represents life – life like fried potatoes' Picabia. Free election of masters does not abolish masters and slaves – Marcuse. FORGET ALL YOU HAVE EVER LEARNED: BEGIN BY DREAMING KING MOB BCM | KING MOB LONDON WC1

KING MOB: TWO LETTERS ON



STUDENT POWER

'NO MORE LATIN, NO MORE FRENCH, NO MORE SITTING ON THE OLD SCHOOL BENCH.' Old English revolutionary song. For us there is only one real 'educational' problem today: how to *appropriate* all the means of real material mastery of the world *accumulated*, at a terrible price, by several centuries of bourgeois rule – means that today are kept out of our grasp by both the systematic mystification of specialists and by the systematic violence of cops. Moreover, we believe that the university has a particularly privileged role to play in this process – a role whose nature no one has yet even intimated, let alone investigated. At any rate one thing is very clear both tactically and strategically the fate of the whole student movement hangs on its ability to answer a single problem: How to use, straight away, to the full, any university property (space, time, information or equipment) that falls into the hands of rebel students. At the moment it is in a complete cul-de-sac. For the recent number of 'Private Eye' concerned with the adventures of Von Arm Bendit and the toddlers' takeover of the Clapham Day Nursery it was just a sitting duck. Sit-ins and occupations have become ten a penny, and at the same time their fundamental indecision has become perfectly clear. Every face mirrors the same question. What are they all meant to be doing there? Why in Christ's name did they ever bother even to take it over? The circumstances, it will be admitted, are hardly congenial.

At the same time the whole 'free' and 'anti' university bit seems to have gone completely, and definitively bankrupt. The little articulate theory it produced – Trocchi's 'Invisible Insurrection', say – makes the reasons clear enough: everyone concerned sees the role of the anti-university as being essentially *cultural*, and this has merely landed them in something even more decadent, disoriented and generally suspect than the university itself. When, for example, Trocchi maunders on about his 'cultural jam sessions' one isn't so much struck by the vapidness of his conception of revolution as by his complete ignorance of all that was really accomplished by modern art. *Doesn't he know that it's dead?* Doesn't he know about the whole cultural revolution of the 20s, the revolution wrought by the Futurists, by Dada, by Surrealism? The idea that all previous art has merely provided *an imaginary world* to compensate for the deficiencies of this one, and that today, in modern society, art is rapidly becoming one of the mainstays of the whole social and economic system it purports to reject? The idea that imagination and creativity are present, though repressed, in everyone, and that if liberated they would create really the LIFE only dreamt of in art; architects, concretely, in the flesh, of the world of Xanadu, the world of 'Les Illuminations'; storm the garden of earthly delights.


The 'cultural revolutionaries' of the 20s knew that there was only one possible *basis* for their new heaven and earth – *revolutionary seizure of all the epoch's accumulated scientific knowledge and actual technological power* – and their use, initially, to *stamp out work*; later as the tools to liberate desire, to stamp out reality. For, in the last instance, the whole incapacity of the modern mind, its chronic inability to ever get to grips with anything, is expressed by one mammoth dichotomy: the division of civilisation into *two antagonistic cultures*: the culture of reason and the imagination; the culture of science and real material transformation. Separated, the former merely provides an imaginary balm to assuage the real depredations of the other. So far as we are concerned, the only real role that an anti-university could play would be a *systematic* attempt to bridge, to annul this division: to allow poetry to discover its technology and technology its poetry. This seems incompatible with any type of cultural hegemony. It is science and technology, not art, that must be brought into play.

MODERN ART ENDED with a radical reappraisal of creativity, with the Berlin Dadaists and the Paris Surrealists, with the first real experiments in an essentially new form of *activity*. The death and transcendence of art is already a *fait accompli*. Once the essential transition involved is understood there is little more to be said. What, on the contrary, can *only* be taught – the only information that can only be transmitted, the only classes that can only be organised hierarchically – is an unscrambling, a vulgarisation of scientific knowledge and a series of introductory experiments in its application to the future: to guerrilla and civil war. The function of an anti-university seen along these lines would be to enable as many people as possible to understand, to be able to reproduce and to turn to the ends of revolutionary war *the entire mechanical basis of this civilisation*. A school for Crime. To turn our attention to science, not art, is the only way to avoid an unbalanced take on reality; not only would almost all artists be

turned on to the hidden *poetry* of science; it would also provide, by liberating their own individual imagination, all scientists and technicians with the best possible 'introduction to the meaning of modern art'. This proposal isn't as raving as all that. France has already been on the verge of one of the greatest potential breakdowns of the century. The United States is being shaken by more and more savage underground explosions: 'America's police forces are preparing to fight guerrilla warfare in the streets. They are ready for civil war.' 'Observer', September 1st 68. The atmosphere in this country could be cut with a knife. People eyeing one another, furtively, wondering what they really feel; sick at heart with all their nasty little lies, their cowardices and their mediocrity; the brink of the abyss into which we must jump... And at the same time, the State taken off-guard, forced to react, revealing more and more clearly its total inhumanity. Obviously no one can tell what is going to happen over the next few years, but one thing has become very clear - we are all totally unprepared for any real social crisis, whatever its nature. We must start to get ready for everything that is possible - and start now. Organise ourselves in groups and networks. Organise our immediate economic problems collectively. Equip ourselves. Learn how to toughen ourselves up. Learn how to fight... That is to say: kick any analysis, any paper, that isn't produced solely for specific tactical reasons. Kick them: they are the treadmill of the mind: the opium of the student. The face of all these people - from *Oz* to *International Socialism* - who call themselves 'revolutionary groups'. What would any of them do if they were forced to go on the run, let alone if they were caught in a situation of real revolutionary violence? Comrades, we don't know one fucking end of a gun from the other. Photo from Budapest '56: two adolescents, maybe 16 or 17, caught up against a wall, hurling rocks at the Russian tank coming down on top of them...

Concretely then, how can any university become as *totally illegal* as we are suggesting and not get busted straight away? Two main suggestions: (a) the anti-university must be invisible while it actually exists within the official university (b) the anti-university must *disappear and move elsewhere* as soon as its presence is detected by the enemy. Straight old-time guerrilla. Paris poster: 'the revolutionary movement needs no temple'. The enclave of relative freedom offered by the university must be exploited to the hilt. No other sector of society is less surveilled - surveilled by the cops - than the university, and forced, if it is to continue to play its present role, to continue to be paternalistic and permissive. This same vulnerability is expressed in terms of urbanism. The university is still society's chief microcosm: nowhere else is so much information and equipment gathered together in one place; nowhere else is it so easy for so many people to meet so frequently without detection. This is the site for our *invisible parallel university*. An original cell either evolves spontaneously or is introduced by those famous foreign agitators. They could start with plain atmospherics: sheer iconoclasm, gradually casing out and involving more and more people in a mounting, but cool agitation. The actual subjects studied become a pure front: behind it the real research, synthesising ALL the facilities offered by the university, is developed. A broad front covering up the activity of a growing number of people will have to be

DEPRESSED ?



Contraindications: Marked anxiety, tension, agitation. Contraindicated in patients with glaucoma and with epilepsy, except to combat lethargy induced by anticonvulsant drugs.

Warnings: Should not be used for severe depression (exogenous or endogenous) except in the hospital under careful supervision. Should not be used to increase mental or physical capacities beyond physiological limits.

Cautions: Patients with an element of agitation may react adversely; do not continue therapy if necessary. Use cautiously with epinephrine and vasopressors and in patients with hypertension.

Side Effects: Nervousness, insomnia, anorexia, nausea, dizziness, papillation, headache, drowsiness, skin rash. Rarely, blood pressure and pulse changes both up and down, occur. Overt psychotic behavior and psychic dependence in emotionally unstable persons have occurred rarely.

Dosage: Administer orally in divided doses 2 or 3 times daily, preferably 30 to 45 minutes before meals. Dosage will depend upon indication and individual response, the average range being 20 to 50 mg daily.

Supplied: Ritalin® hydrochloride (methylphenidate hydrochloride CIBA) Tablets, 20 mg (peach), 10 mg (pale green) and 5 mg (pale yellow).

Consult complete product literature before prescribing.

© 1968

CIBA Pharmaceutical Company, Summit, N.J.

Ritalin

methylphenidate
mild stimulant/
antidepressant

-Ad. from "The Practitioner" 1968

NOW go to your Student
Mental Health Centre

developed. Normal tokens of assiduity – essays or whatever - should be dashed off collectively. Methods of cheating in exams, of conning grants and scholarships, must be systematically updated. This will be much easier if the initial cell contains at least one member of staff: pincer movements. In a general sense, bureaucratic chaos should be encouraged whenever possible: anonymity means mobility, which means the infiltration of elements foreign to the university... It is in this context that smokebombing the man from Dow Jones or taking over the botany class should be judged. Obviously every kind of tactic can be used but most cases to date seem purely histrionic. If a university has been *really* taken over then this type of gesture is largely redundant – sooner or later there's bound to be a punch-up and a big one at that. At this point everyone can only decide whether or not it's worth gambling on a *real open takeover*: massive confrontation, disintegration of the liberal front, nationwide scandal, etc. Real in this context meaning real enough to get time for, not just kicked out... This means *fortification*. Most conceptions to date are just pale reflections of the military establishment – crash-helmets and karate-suits – blottingpaper down the pants of a ten-year-old. *Les Malheurs de la Vertu*. Publicity – presuming the present friction between cops and media continues – is a better means of defence: frame up the bastards with fake shots of their 'brutality' etc.

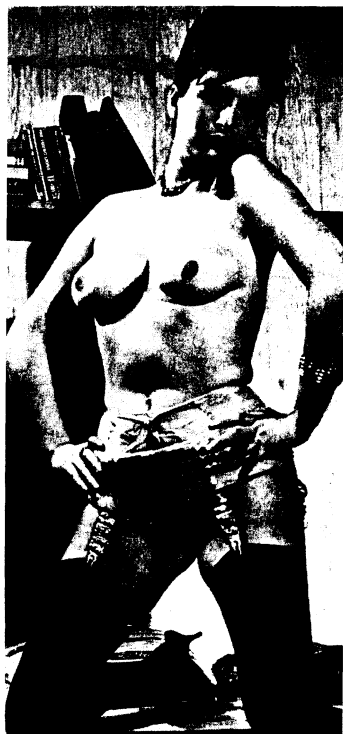
Barricades? Bakunin, during the '48 Revolution, broke into a museum in Dresden and propped a row of Old Masters in front of an ineffectual barricade someone had built. No one dared fire a shot at it. In May 1968 the Beaux-Arts students showed they had not forgotten the lesson. So: threaten to burn their labs and libraries, blow up their computers, etc, if a cop so much as sneezes. The chemistry dept. should be able to produce some gases: LSD gas, laughing gas, itching powder gas, etc. *The Beano* is, all in all, more pungent than Debray – and we don't want to alienate the general public do we? The whole question of liaison with the rest of society. The famous workers-students-unite bit doesn't just seem platitudinous and hollow: it seems completely misleading. In the first place, in the most highly industrialised countries all young students are well on the way to being no more than young workers – and vice versa – they are becoming one and the same thing. Even now the real disparity lies not between those who made and those who flunked university but between both groups and the rest of the proletariat. In immediate, tactical terms there would seem to be a far richer and more promising point of contact: with that darkening twilight zone on the brink of which the university rebels are already poised – Sargasso sea brimming with every PhD on the dole or the building site – the new lumpen – the new *dangerous classes* – the swarming, petty criminal no-people of the ghetto.

Close links between the university and the whole drop-out community already exist: we must try to make them one. The disintegration of the university and the drop-out ghetto pile-up are two stages of the same process. The dregs of society have much to teach those who still half-believe themselves to be some sort of privileged social effervescence: more especially since, only a few months before, most of the former still took themselves to be the latter. From Crabbe and Kierkegaard to the North Thames Gas Board. Stuff knocked off from the universities should be shuffled quietly down the networks – and all possible technical advice and information along with it. Radio, TV, cameras, presses, duplicators. All types of machine shop equipment. Chemicals. The dope on fake grants. Later, actual military hardware. The Underground, in its turn, can feed back information of the latest developments on the street and backroom level. Succour everyone sent down. And, in due course, send back to the surface, new, hideously dressed lecturers and students. As for the rest, we can state, philosophically, hammer in hand, that education has absolutely no future. History is precisely the nightmare from which we are all trying to awake, and once we have awoken, awoken to *the whole of our alienated real power*, then the past, its precedents, its boundaries and its quotations, will no longer have the slightest hold over any of us. Down with School. Anarchist 'education' will be an indissoluble part of the rest of life – practical adventure and experiment, not geometry or trigonometry – a life swayed by forces unutterably different from the murderous dead weight systematically grinding everybody's face in the shit today: 'Freedom is fire, overcoming this world by reducing it to a fluctuating chaos, as in schizophrenia; the chaos which is the eternal ground of creation. There is no universe, no one way. Thank God the world cannot be made safe, for democracy or anything else.' (Norman Brown, 'Love's Body') CHRIS GRAY

THIS IS POETRY ALL RIGHT. REVOLUTIONARY TACTICS DESIGNED TO BE READ AS LITERATURE. And that has its point – most of the RSSF know as little about Crabbe and Kierkegaard as about the North Thames Gas Board, and the *absolute* dreariness of their vision shows it. The familiar objection that our theory isn't practical or tactical is beside the point – as if there were a chance of tactics without a redefinition of the aims and language of the revolutionary project. But I squirm, all the same, at some of your aims, language *and* tactics. The cultural anti-university is shit, of course – Cabaret Voltaire on ice. But what does *your* anti-u mean if not mass karate for the new guerrilla, plus study groups on the anti-social responsibility of the scientist? You say, rightly, that the separation of art and science is the enemy, but a lot of your prescriptions don't break specialisation: that phrase about 'vulgarisation' of science gives me the creeps; Koestler, Bronofski, Ugh... 'Turning on to the hidden *poetry* of science.'

But this is just Trocchi's cultural insurrection stood on it's head. It was you *underlined* poetry – it's fast becoming a hectoring word with us, we're supposed to do obeisance to the concept for all the *old* reasons. There is nothing poetic about science or revolution: the notion of poetry and the poetic is dead along with art. Your view of a liberated science is not after all Utopian enough; after the build up it is close to baths. Unnecessarily so. All the guerrilla activism bit is *crap* – reach for your Che Guevara chemistry set, learn to tell one end of a gun from another: SO FUCKING WHAT? As if the problems are going to be military, or para-military. What about the cops inside your head? Is the anti-u going to be anti-YOU meaning anti-I meaning anti-EGO? This is where science really comes in: towards a new science of *persons*, towards the dismantling of the Ego, the destruction of unconscious life. Sure, this is pie-in-the-sky apart from the social technics; the re-organisation of production so that we can destroy ourselves. But both scientific projects must start together (for the same reason that a revolutionary group must attack hierarchy within the group at the same time it organises to destroy hierarchy in society). The anti-u seems a good place to start.

Food for thought: in the October occupation, it took the odiously puritanical LSE students precisely 3 days to set up a mini-state, and throw out the bums and anarchists without whose help they could not have kept Adams out. They programmed the whole thing from beginning to end, deliberately restricting its possibilities of development. They censored slogans and posters which might soil their media image (unless of course a Paris pedigree gave them a magical sanctity: 'Indulge untrammelled desire' my arse!). They locked doors and patrolled corridors and, above all, they cleaned and

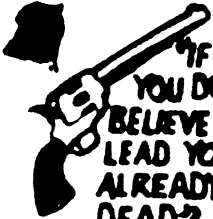


Wordsworth and his exquisite sister are with me [this was in June 1797]. She is a woman indeed: in mind I mean, and heart; for her person is such that if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her ordinary: if you expected to see an ordinary woman you would think her pretty! But her manners are simple, ardent, impressive, in every motion her most innocent soul beams out so brightly, that who saw would say, 'Guilt was a thing impossible in her'. Her information various. Her eye watchful in minutest observation of nature; and her taste a perfect electrometer. It bends, protrudes, and draws in, at subtlest beauties and most recondite faults. COLERIDGE: letter to Joseph Cottle

washed and scrubbed. How spick and span it was for the return of the AUTHORITIES! Those guys wash their hands 200 times a day! In any case your university of the forests stuff is predicated on 'a great social break-down to come', which you indicate but hardly analyse – we're not going to substitute waiting for the great freak-out for waiting for the final crisis of capitalism, are we, for God's sake? What, after all, is the most we can hope for from the universities? I don't believe that the university 'has a particularly privileged role to play' in the revolutionary process. THE UNIVERSITY IS NOT WHERE IT'S AT. It is still a minor cog in the machine of socialisation – it looks and IS marginal alongside the real big wheels of mass repression, Family, School, Organised Work, Re-socialisation via the welfare state apparatus. And there is plenty of reason to believe that these *bases* of social conditioning (to put it crudely, the places where where the continuing battle is fought against the re-emergence of proletarian consciousness: the areas where class consciousness and class conflict are continually dismantled) are IN CRISIS. The fight to put Humpty together again always was a losing one. That is what delinquency is about; that crisis lies behind the spiralling figures of the 'mentally ill'; it is one reason for the improvisation of new means of emasculation in the media, the cult of commodities, the myth of Youth as the *ideal consumer*.

In the end, the real revolution will come from the collapse of social conditioning – the hypertrophy of the media, the revealed absurdity of the family and its norms, the desolate sadness of school and welfare, the fucking irrelevance (and the progressive disappearance) of WORK. A world of social workers with schizophrenia, mothers giving birth to TV sets, state-run apprenticeship – schemes in *total idleness* (how to get the best out of LSD, courses in vandalism, a prize for the guy with the best perversion of the week). That's the future. The most we can expect from the universities is feed-back towards the areas of real confrontation which already exist, sketchily. I mean feed-back in terms of *example* – how easy it is to operate unreasonably, in this reasonable society. 'The strongest guard is placed at the doorway to nothing, as the condition of emptiness is too shameful to be divulged.' – 'Tender is the Night'. But if the guards know, ultimately, that they are defending Nothing, they'll soon fraternise with the enemy. 'The last 2 weeks have been the best of my life' – any liberal professor on any puerile university crisis. Feed-back also in terms of people. The 'best students' are those who leave university having learnt that life is impossible outside, in the system. They are going to where the action is. Once they have abandoned the money-grubbing scum of the official Underground (and that is already happening, fast) there is no identity left except as part of *the class of the un-socialised*. It stretches from the depressive in Finsbury to the Diggers in Hyde Park (via BRIXTON, SHEER BEAUTY, SPEED, SMASHED EVERY SINGLE SATURDAY NIGHT.) It is a class *with a future*, a class which is growing, and becoming conscious of its own despair – call it the new proletariat if it makes you feel better, on more familiar ground. It will do the same work.

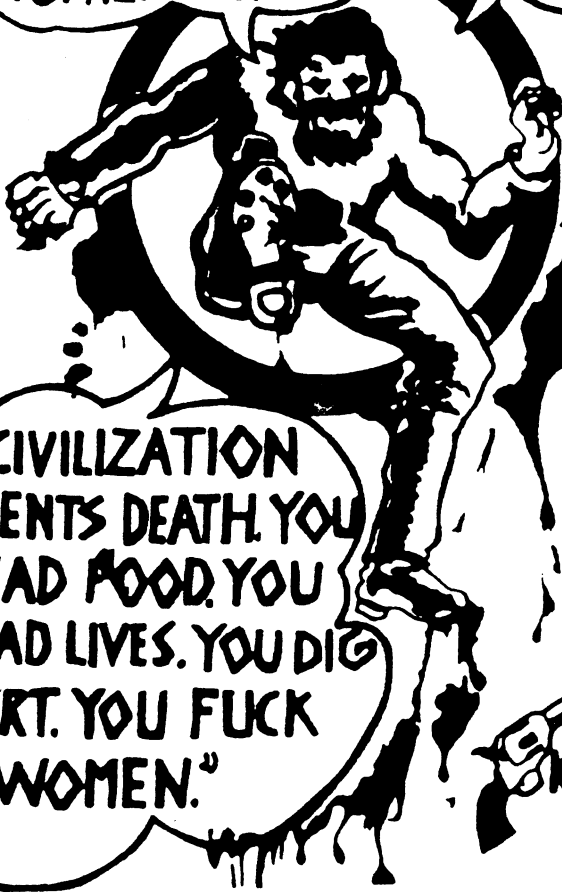
Alongside *this*, the university crisis is only a nuisance. Let's be there, by all means. A free university could do something for the eternal constipation of the Left. Physical confrontation of the 'revolutionary groups' with the drop-outs – Sedgwick and Anderson versus The Cream. Compiling a dictionary of abandoned terms (Alienation – Consciousness, Raising or Lowering of Contradictions, Fundamental – Working-Class – Critique, etc.) the biggest revolutionary swear-box of them all. And, yes, the technics you talk about. It won't yet be revolution – it won't be in the right place – but it'll be a gas, and like all disturbance it may spread. That has happened already in France, even though the drivelling Leninists of IS are breathing a sigh of relief and talking about the 'failure' of spontaneity. Of course there are lessons from May, but the first is that revolution will only begin from the situation you're in, not from an arid identification with unknown workers and Uncle Ho. (The October fiasco proves that, if proof were needed). The identification, and the alliances, *remain to be made*, in the fight against repression, wherever it is tangible, wherever it is experienced not just talked about. The universities are one such place – they are where we start from – the future is wide open now, it's flames for certain from here on. **RICHARD HUELSENBECK**



IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN LEAD YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD

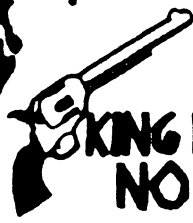
REICH, GERONIMO, DADA: AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARIES WITH A MESSAGE FOR ENGLAND

VP AGAINST THE WALL MOTHERFUCKER

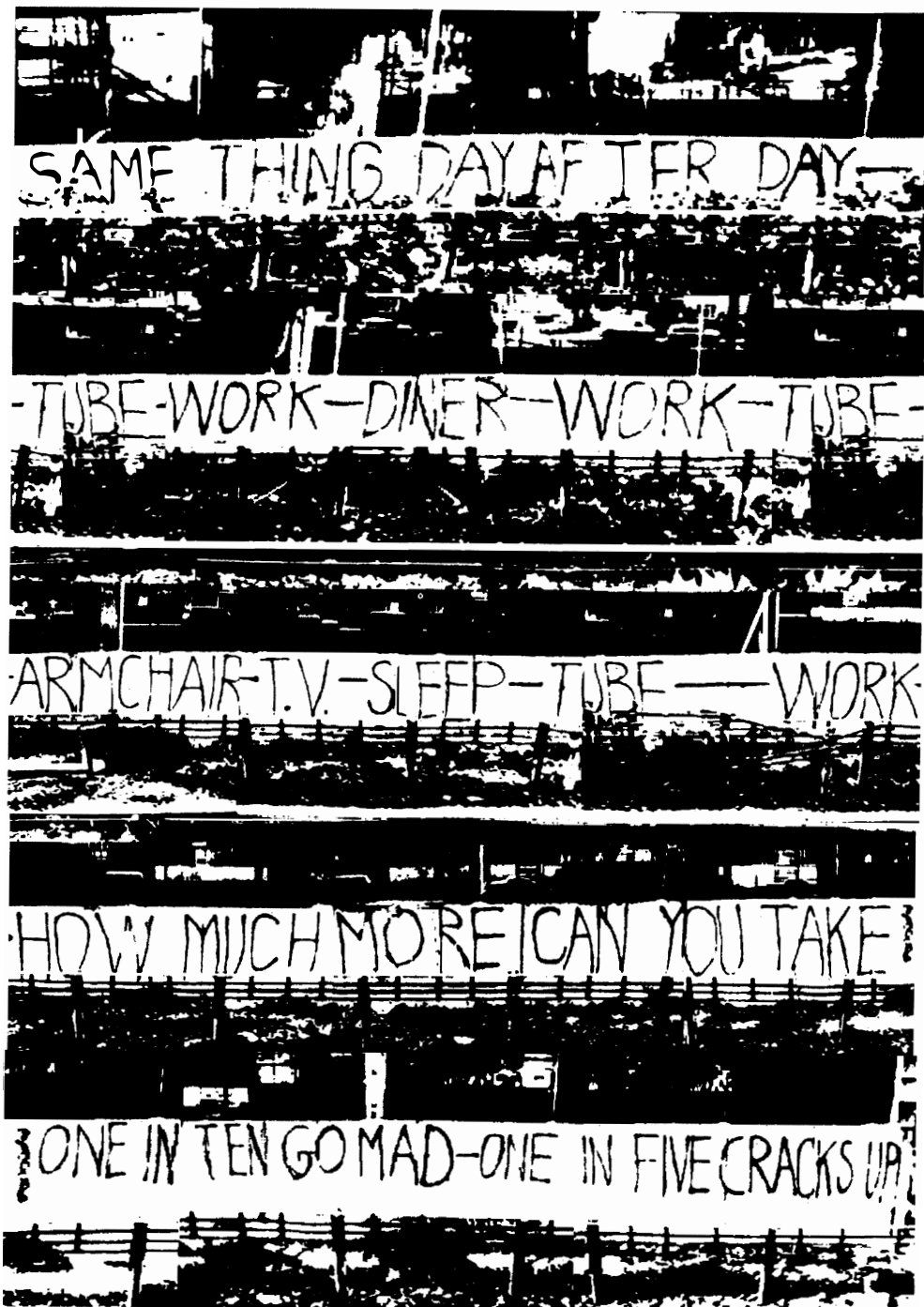


WE'RE LOOKING FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO DRAW

YOUR CIVILIZATION REPRESENTS DEATH. YOU EAT DEAD FOOD. YOU LIVE DEAD LIVES. YOU DIG DEAD ART. YOU FUCK DEAD WOMEN."



KING MOB NO 2



it The International Times

1/6 FEB 16-29 1968

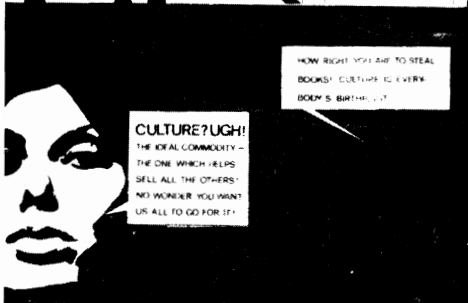


IN OUR SPECTACULAR SOCIETY WHERE ALL YOU CAN SEE IS THINGS AND THEIR PRICE...



Please come again

THE ONLY FREE CHOICE IS THE REFUSAL TO PAY



CULTURE? UGH! THE IDEAL COMMODITY - THE ONE WHICH HELPS SELL ALL THE OTHERS - NO WONDER YOU WANT US ALL TO GO FOR IT!

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE TO STEAL BOOKS! CULTURE IS EVERY BODY'S BIRTHRIGHT!



HOW INTERESTING! DO COME AND TALK ABOUT IT NEXT SUNDAY AT THE HOUSEHOUSE

LOOK OUT, IT'S THE FUZZ!

A PSYCHIATRIST MORE LIKE!

BUT TOTAL REPRESSION CREATES! A LANGUAGE OF TOTAL DISSENT



BURN BABY BURN!

NIHILISTS! ONE MORE EFFORT IF YOU WANT TO BE REVOLUTIONARIES!

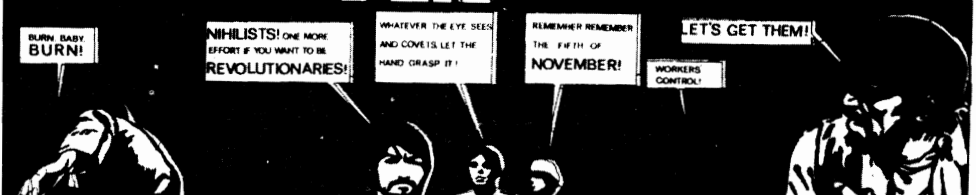
WHATEVER THE EYE SEES AND COVERS LET THE HAND GRASP IT!

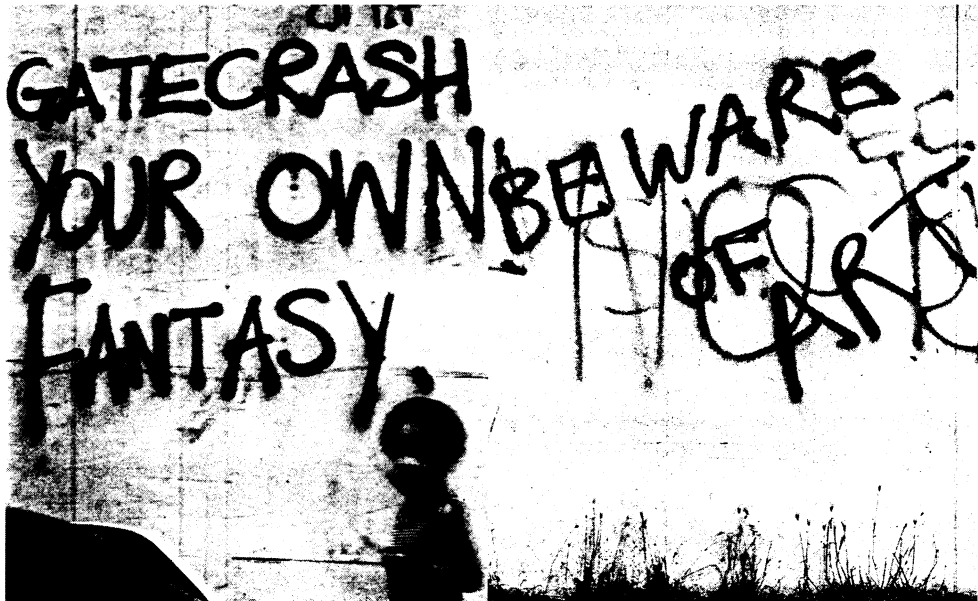
REMEMBER REMEMBER THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER!

LET'S GET THEM!

WORKERS CONTROL!

BETTER THAT THE WHOLE WORLD SHOULD BE DESTROYED AND PERISH UTTERLY THAN THAT A FREE MAN SHOULD REFRAIN FROM ONE ACT TO WHICH HIS NATURE MOVES HIM (K. MARK)





THE DEATH OF ART SPELLS THE MURDER OF ARTISTS. THE REAL ANTI-ARTIST APPEARS



ON JUNE THE 4TH IN NEW YORK, VALERIE SOLOMAS SHOT ANDY WARHOL IN THE GENITALS, WHILE KING COOL SCREAMED, "DON'T DO IT...NO.....NO" THE FORTUITOUS PRESENCE OF MARIO AMAYA, EDITOR OF LONDON BASED "ART AND ARTISTS" WAS A CHANCE TOO GOOD TO BE MISSED AND SO SHE PLUGGED HIM TOO. SEVERAL HOURS LATER SHE WENT TO TIMES SQUARE, TAPPED A TRAFFIC COP ON THE SHOULDERS AND SAID, "I BELIEVE YOU ARE LOOKING FOR ME" AND HANDED OVER TWO 38'S.....VALERIE, OF COURSE, IS A WELL KNOWN MILITANT OF S.C.U.M. (SOCIETY FOR CUTTING UP MEN)

A RECENT COMMUNIQUE FROM U.A.W.-M.F. (UP AGAINST THE WALL MOTHER FUCKER) AND S.C.U.M. IN EXILE SAID,

"NON-MAN SHOT BY THE REALITY OF HIS DREAM - THE CULTURAL ASSASSIN EMERGES - A TOUGH CHICK WITH BOP CAP AND A 38 - THE TRUE VENGEANCE OF DADA - TOUGH LITTLE CHICK - THE HATER OF MEN AND THE LOVER OF MAN - THE STATUE OF LIBERTY RAPED BY A CHICK WITH BALLS - THE CAMP MASTER SLAIN BY A SLAVE - AND AMERICA'S WHITE PLASTIC CATHEDRAL IS READY TO BURN."

SO DON'T THINK TWICE IT'S ALRIGHT.



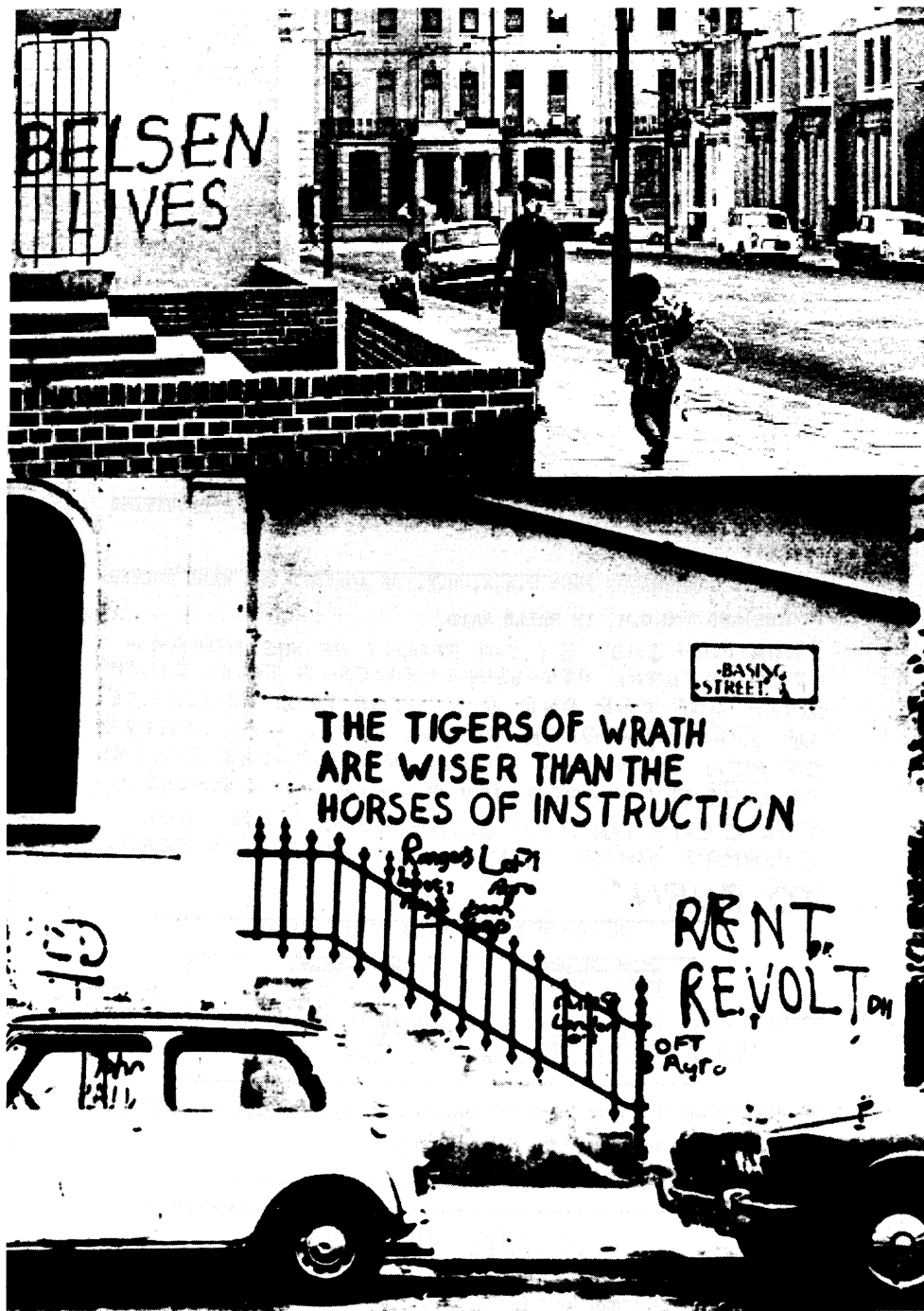
ANDY WARHOL	MARIO AMAYA
YONG ONO	DAVID HOCKNEY
MICK JAGGER	MARY QUANT
BOB DYLAN	TWIGGY SHRIMPTON
MIKE KUSTOW	MILES
RICHARD HAMILTON	MARIANNE FAITHFUL



WE APOLOGISE FOR THE INFERIOR QUALITY OF THE ENGLISH COP OUTS, PARASITES AND MERCENARIES NAMED ABOVE.

.....SISTERS FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.....

KING MOB THE BLACK HAND GANG



Powis (Wenceslas) Sq.

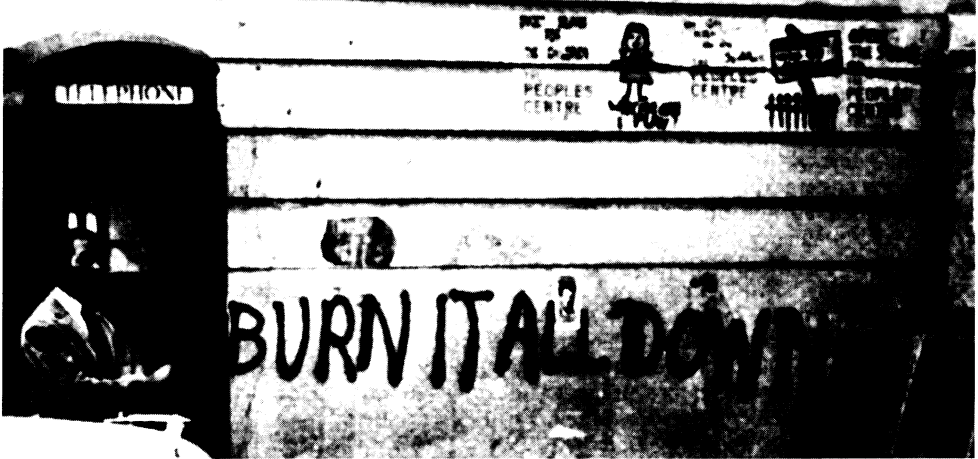
in

Notting HELL

For the
DEVILS PARTY

THE DAMNED, THE SICK, THE SCREWED, THE DESPISED, THE THUGS,
THE DROP OUTS, THE SCARED, THE WITCHES, THE WORKERS, THE
DEMONS, THE OLD - GIVE US A HAND - OTHERWISE WE'VE HAD IT.

On June 15th of this year a large group of people took possession of Powis Square, a large garden fenced off and completely unused for 20 years, and opened it for the children and the community. The local Council, who only a few weeks earlier had said that nothing could be done to open the Square this summer, bought Powis square from the private owners only three weeks after it was opened. No more was heard until the end of August when summonses for 'malicious damage' to the value of £300 were served on six people who had taken part in the entry of the square. This prosecution has been condemned by many people living in Notting Hill as unfair victimisation on a small group for an action long demanded and needed by the community. In an area where 1 child has been knocked down every 5 days, this summer Powis Square was opened as a playground. It seems that the former owners and the Council have caused more 'malicious damage' by their refusal to act for 20 years than those who eventually opened the square for the community. A major community campaign is now being launched to defend the victimised individuals, and re-assert that the Square was opened by and for the people of Notting Hill. We hope that as many people as possible will support the campaign. If you saw the incident and are prepared to act as a witness or prepared to affirm joint responsibility, please contact Alan Green, Flat 1, 122 Ladbrook (sic) Grove, London W11 (BAY 5023). *'International Times' #41, October 1968.*



"IT WAS MEANT TO BE GREAT BUT IT'S HORRIBLE" CONFESSIONS: S. CLAUS 1968

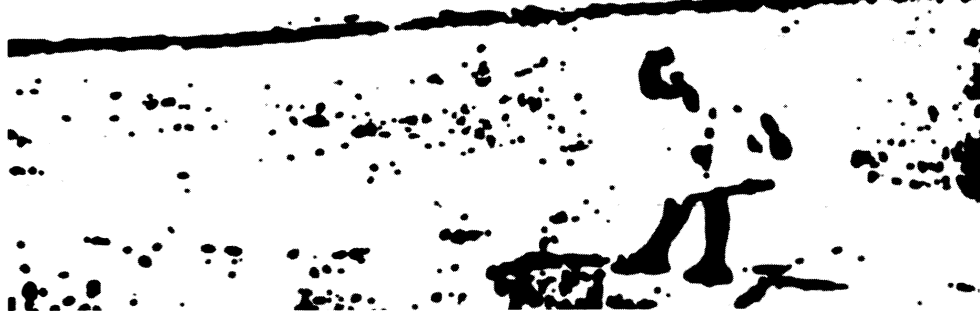
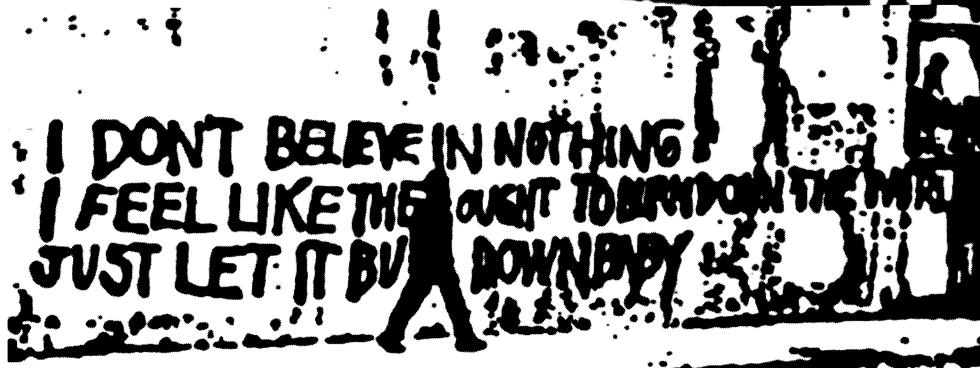
IT'S LIGHTS OUT ON OXFORD STREET THIS YEAR. NO MORE MIDNIGHT NEON. NO MORE CONSPICUOUS GLITTER FOR COMPULSIVE SIGHTSEERS TO GAWP AT THE WONDERS OF CAPITALISM. EVEN THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY CAN NO LONGER KEEP UP WITH ITS ELECTRICITY BILL. YOU DON'T DESERVE CHRISTMAS THIS YEAR. YOU HAVEN'T WORKED HARD ENOUGH. YOU HAVEN'T TROTTED FAST ENOUGH THROUGH THE IN-PUT, OUT-PUT, CLOCK-ON, CLOCK-OFF, THE VICIOUS CIRCLE OF PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION. SAVE AND SPEND, SCREW YOURSELVES INTO THE GROUND IN PREPARATION FOR THE ONE TIME IN THE YEAR WHEN YOU'RE ALLOWED TO LET GO, FEAST YOURSELVES, OVERREACH YOURSELVES IN A FRENZIED EFFORT TO ENJOY - AND SPEW IT UP AFTERWARDS.

SO THE SICK GNOMES OF EUROPE HAVE TURNED OFF THE LIGHTS THIS YEAR. YOU CAN'T EVEN HAVE THE FANTASY OF ENJOYMENT: THE GRISLY SPECTRE OF FATHER CHRISTMAS HAS PUT THE PRICES UP: YOU CAN'T AFFORD THE GIFTS, YOU DON'T DESERVE TO AFFORD THEM BECAUSE YOU HAVEN'T SWEATED YOUR GUTS OUT TO KEEP THE TREADMILL TURNING.

CHRISTMAS IS A PUNISHMENT THIS YEAR. IT ALWAYS WAS A DRAG: A DUTY TO BE CHEERFUL, TO PLAY THE FOOL, LET DOWN YOUR HAIR AS SOON AS THEY SWITCH ON THE LIGHTS AND RAISE THE CURTAIN. IT'S A HOLIDAY, AND YOU'D BLOODY WELL BETTER APPRECIATE IT. IT'S A TIME TO BE WITH THE FAMILY AND YOU'D BLOODY WELL BETTER BE NICE TO THEM, BECAUSE WE'RE ALL ONE HAPPY FAMILY, AREN'T WE?

THIS YEAR CHRISTMAS CAN'T EVEN PRETEND TO BE FUN. YOU CAN HARDLY AFFORD TO GET PISSED AND FORGET IT. THEY WANT MORE FROM YOU: MORE BLOOD, TEARS AND SWEAT. AND MORE SMILES. DON'T LET ON THAT YOU'RE COLD AND TIRED, SICK TO THE BLOODY BACK TEETH OF ALL THE TRASH THEY TRY TO SELL YOU, SICK OF THE KIDS WHO ARE TRAINED TO SING IN CHORUS A WHOLE LOT OF LIES ABOUT LOVE AND MERCY MILD. IT'S YOUR DUTY TO CARRY ON BUYING EVEN THOUGH THEY'VE HARDLY LEFT YOU ENOUGH CASH TO GET YOURSELF A COFFIN AND OPT OUT OF IT ALL.

LET'S SMASH THE WHOLE GREAT DECEPTION. OCCUPY THE FUN PALACE AND SET THE SWINGS GOING. GRAB THE GIFTS, AND REALLY GIVE THEM. LIGHT UP OXFORD STREET. DANCE AROUND THE FIRE. EXULT IN THE FUNERAL: THE FINAL SHOW-DOWN OF THE CHRISTMAS CON.





Flower Power?



**On May 30th the police assaulted a group of 300 people in
Tompkins Square Park. Was this only the beginning?
Two days earlier tanks passed through the lower east-side.
Vietnam, Santo Domingo, Harlem, Watts...
Their struggle is our struggle.**

“FLOWER POWER WON'T STOP FASCIST POWER”

Black Mask



DESTROY THE MUSEUMS. OUR STRUGGLE CANNOT BE HUNG ON WALLS. A NEW SPIRIT IS RISING. LIKE THE STREETS OF WATTS WE BURN WITH REVOLUTION... October 10, 1966. A handful of young guys and girls, having stalked up from New York's Lower East Side scattering leaflets calling for the closure of the Museum of Modern Art, are stopped just outside the Museum entrance by a whole phalanx of cops and crashbarriers. The story had leaked, and the cops, on the ball as ever, had sensed a new and very real type of threat months before anyone else: the cops at least have got it clear just whose side Art is on... The Director of the Museum (largest collection of Dada in the world) out on the steps, wringing his hands, almost in tears, only too anxious to please: "Why are you doing this? We haven't done anything..." The group, unheard of before this, called **BLACK MASK**... Next, early one morning, black balaclava hoods pulled down to their eyes, cracked rictus skulls skewered on stakes, **BLACK MASK**, swollen to 15, marched from Canal Street down Lower Broadway to Wall Street. Throwaways reading *Traders in stocks and bones shriek for New Frontiers... Bull markets of murder deal in a stock exchange of death... WALL STREET IS WAR STREET...* The cops and the overdressed corporation errandboys plain dumbfounded; the only people to get really uptight were, predictably enough, alas, a group of straight proles who showed up... A relative flop, all in all. Too much sub-Committee of 100 stuff - Grosvenor Square = Genocide Square, etc. In fact all **BLACK MASK**'s early experiments with Provo-type tactics were far more trenchant and original when applied to the culture scene. It was official 'experimental' art rather than official leftwing politics that they'd broken out of. And they loathed its guts...

That first year **BLACK MASK** seized every possible opportunity of fucking up culture. They moved in at a moment's notice and improvised as they went along. They heckled, disrupted and generally sabotaged dozens of art congresses, lectures, exhibitions, happenings... For a group that hailed Futurism and Dada as its only forebears this type of shit was diametrically opposed to the permanent, multi-dimensional revolutionising of immediate experience demanded by all the highpoints of modern art: *See what you can make with a cathedral And a little dynamite*. Probably their most notorious escapade was the wrecking of the 3-day marathon seminar on Modern Art sponsored by the Loeb Student Centre. Howls of **ART IS DEAD, BURN THE MUSEUMS, BABY, and POETRY IS REVOLUTION**. Tables kicked over, windows smashed, scuffles breaking out. Larry Rivers roughed up a bit in the best Futurist

manner. The theoretical dimension – “Fuck off, you cunt” – equally worthy of the occasion. Reaction wasn’t slow to follow. In fact it was the one systematic attempt the official avantgarde made to deal with them that allowed BLACK MASK to pull off their neatest single coup. A panel of experts on Futurism, Dada and Surrealism advertised a ‘Trap for Black Mask’ throughout the Underground (sic) press: a souped-up panel discussion on the true revolutionary meaning of modern art, a bait to which they imagined, correctly BLACK MASK was bound to rise. They also imagined, far less happily, that their own erudition and wit was such that BLACK MASK could only be put down, really hard, once and for all. BLACK MASK excelled themselves. They ran off thousands of passably well printed invitations to a free party – free sounds, free food, free booze – same time same place as the ambush, and handed them out to the hardest bastards they could find in Harlem and the Lower East Side a few hours before the fun was due to start. The ambush was riddled like a colander. All night really uptight black and white down-and-outs were hammering on the doors, intermittently crashing them and furiously demanding their free food, drink and women...

The interpretation of Dada was correct by even the strictest academic standards – hadn’t Huelsenbeck written, so long before, *Dada is a club?* – all the same the scandal resulted in BLACK MASK being ostracised right along the line. Artists couldn’t understand the politics, politicians couldn’t understand the art and neither could stomach the violence. The group was dealt with by the normal avantgarde techniques of repression: silence in the media, prurient whispers of fascism over the vernissage cocktails. Not that BLACK MASK wasn’t pretty damn unrecognisable when it hit in late ‘66. The two original animators of the group, Ron Hahne and Ben Morea, were kids straight off the streets, not middleclass dropouts. Morea had been mixed up with the delinquent street gangs, been on H and done a stretch in Sing-Sing before he turned to painting and discovered the Futurists. This background allowed them to get through to Futurism straight away – to the *real* Futurism, science, elegance and violence, the most purely delinquent of all 20th century art spearheads. Not the *art* of a Soffici or a Boccioni but the post-artistic *way of life* of a Marinetti... Marinetti beating up Wyndham Lewis in an allnight urinal and hanging him up on some adjacent spiked railings by his coat collar... Marinetti imprisoning a bevy of wealthy culture-vultures in a belltent and driving his motorbike over it full throttle time after time... Marinetti, even at the end, at one of Mussolini’s galas, kicking over a banquet table on top of Hitler, just to show that he really couldn’t give a fuck...



They grasped, almost intuitively, the crux of the 1910-1925 art crisis: that the *content* of modern art, the vision of a *totally* recreated world stemming from the first Romantics, was potentially the most vitriolic attack on bourgeois civilisation ever made; while, on the contrary, its *FORM* straitjacketed it within a purely reactionary role. Taken literally it is dynamite. Taken culturally it is one of the system's main supports. *Kubla Khan* can be taken and used as a metaphor, a blueprint, of a *real* paradise; *Kubla Khan* can be taken and used as a fantasy, a means of evading the real hell in which we live, a compensation for it. Everything depends on whether it is related to one's own everyday life or whether it is related to the labyrinth of our Byzantine culture, where no road leads to Xanadu. The quick of the 20th century cultural crisis: *creativity must break free of all its previous fetters and forms; it must stop being the creation of a separated and imaginary world and become the transformation of real experience itself.* Thus Tzara: *'Life and Art are One. The modern artist does not paint, he creates directly.'* This is why BLACK MASK was more advanced than the relatively more sophisticated 'Rebel Worker' or 'Resurgence Youth Movement', or, for that matter, the great Marcuse himself. From the start they demanded *complete identity of theory and practice* and really tried, whatever their fuck-ups, to create an organisation in line with this.

Which at the time left only one force with which they could identify: the post-Watts BLACKS. Only the Blacks' rejection of *everything* was as high-handed and demonic as their own. Only the Blacks were in a position where they had to really DO something, not just sit on their arses and talk. BLACK MASK, along with the French Situationists, were the only whites at the time who really grasped the *revolutionary* feeling coming to the boil in the US 'race' riots: understood that there was a really *positive* content to the looting, arson and tentative gunplay, sensed the real joy and affirmation in what the whole Left shrugged off as complete nihilism. They quoted a couple of newspaper clippings: *'At times, amidst the scenes of riot and destruction that made parts of the city look like a battlefield, there was an almost carnival atmosphere.'* 'New York Times' 16/7/67 and *'Said Governor Hughes after a tour of the riot-blighted streets... "The thing that repelled me most was the holiday atmosphere... It's like laughing at a funeral."* 'Time' 21/7/67. One reporter from Detroit described suddenly seeing a huge bunch of gladioli skipping through the rubble. As it passed a 7 or 8 year old negro kid poked his head out of the middle. "I'm a sex maniac" he yelled and disappeared among the gutted buildings. What is this if not the consummation of modern art; its death and rebirth: DADA! And what 20th century avantgarde vision of Utopian architecture can hold a candle to the barbaric, almost elemental splendour of Detroit in flames? Playing with fire – purely aristocratic philosophy. Nero beggared by a mob of semi-illiterate teenage nigras. Notwithstanding which they still couldn't break through the mistrust, on any except the most personal basis, of the Blacks of '67. They were stuck with the whites and, moreover, though they had defined their own goal as 'a form of action which transcends the separation between art and politics', they were lumbered with precisely this separation: with the culturally oriented Hippies and the politically oriented New Left.

While they were utterly disgusted by everything about Flower Power they recognised that, out of the whole white opposition, the dropouts were the group potentially closest to them. They too had rebelled, in however half-arsed a way, against the *whole* of life as it is. BLACK MASK completely agreed with their basic conviction that work was to be avoided at any cost, that the American dream was so much crap and that life should be devoted exclusively to experiment with the perimeters of lived experience: to a new, post-industrial *life-style*. Stirring up the Hippies meant really laying into the whole Flower Power scene. In England, the Black Hand Gang are the best critics of Hippiedom: *'In the desperate passivity of a 'groovy' pad, the hell crawls down the walls and across the floor. The silent circle in the candlelight pretends to be absorbed. Without success. The nightmare of consumption consumes the consumer. You don't smoke the hash, the hash smokes you. The record on the box makes sure that nobody sings or dances... And suddenly the whole non-communication, the whole malaise and sense of being lost in the middle of nowhere snaps into focus: the 'underground' is just another range of consumer goods, of articles whose non-participatory consumption follows the same rules in Betsy Coed as in Notting Hill: passivity and through passivity, isolation. What is happening?*

Sweet fuck all is happening. The latest goods and the latest poses are being exhibited, envied, bought and exhibited again. As the Situationists have said, IT'S ALL A SHOW. A show that can only go on because everyone pretends to be enjoying it – because everyone thinks that he alone is the total misfit. Conformity is a reign of terror. The Beatles, Zappa, the Crazy World of Arthur Brown. Shit, the lot of it, products like these mark nothing more than the furthest frontiers yet of consumer society. Its most gratuitous, decadent and self-destructive products. Its most snobbish pre-release. And no more than its pre-release. What is today the opium of the rebel will tomorrow be the opium of every normal slob in the street. Reynold's Tobacco Corporation has already patented the brand names of every variety of pot. Twenty Acapulco Gold. Ten Congo Brown. They'll be in the vending machines yet, along with the ontology and bubble-gum.' From 'Songs of the Black Hand Gang', 'Hapt' 8.

BLACK MASK's agitation snapped into sharper focus: showing the Hippies that their refusal to work was, however unconsciously, a perfectly accurate assessment of the freedom which could be granted by automation and cybernation today – the eradication of all forms of involuntary labour – the creation of a civilisation based on free creativity, on PLAY – that their fundamentally Utopian vision could, if only it were taken seriously and no longer etherialised

as drug and culture fantasy, become one of the most highly explosive forces in play today. The Lower East Side was plastered with flyposters and littered with throwaways: *WE CONDEMN Timothy Leary. Not for new ideas but for organised religion. Not for expanding the mind but for limiting the revolution. Allen Ginsberg. For embracing Johnson in the face of death. For giving 'Time-Life Inc.' a safe rebel. For leading youth away from revolution. USCO. For adding new lights to old art. For a new media with the same message.* With Detroit and Newark, BLACK MASK decided to hold street meetings on the Lower East Side. They were a mixed success. They muscled in on local community meetings in Tomkins Square Park, but they were really just too much. The local community leadership was more interested in getting progressively minded, College-boy cops to come along and 'help', rather than getting mixed up with a bunch of rabid anarchists. The majority of the Hippies were still grooving on the dreary vision of the 'Barb' and the 'Oracle' and felt much the same way. Specific groups like New York Provo actually went so far as to denounce BLACK MASK to the cops...

At the same time they tried desperately to snap the usual New Left rent-a-crowd militants out of their inertia: to get beyond counting arseholes. Intellectually they lashed out at the whole Vietnam and Third World industries, at the condition of mass hypnosis they sustained. Time after time they plugged the fact that the only effect of issue politics in general – and those regarding the other side of the planet in particular –



is to distract everyone's attention away from the terrible fucking state they are in themselves. The whole Third World bit has come to be no more than the crudest *monopolisation of the meaning of the word poverty*. Poverty is only allowed to mean hunger, disease, exposure, etc – the poverty of imperialistic exploitation or of the last remaining pockets of 19th century western industrial poverty – while the atrocious *modern poverty* of the over-developed countries – this sexual and general energy / pleasure frustration produced by a totally self-destructive and anti-life economy, these universal conditions of passivity, isolation, boredom, nausea and general crack-up in every direction – this poverty has become something completely intangible. The idiot Left has allowed the specific objective phenomena of *modern social alienation* to be passed over in terms of purely subjective *neurosis*. Practically, they tried to *turn demos into riots*. To turn everyone on to the complete shit of everything, the cars, the buildings, the goods for sale, every aspect of their immediate experience. To turn them on to the physical excitement and euphoria of actually fighting it all, fighting it fully, here and now, fighting it with their hands not only their minds. To turn everyone on to the fact that the only possible value, or pleasure today, the only way to really get across to anyone else, to oneself, is to join together to combat the whole of reality. TO TURN THEM ON TO REVOLUTIONARY VIOLENCE.

BLACK MASK

No. 9

JAN. - FEB. 1968

5 Cents



"These smut sheets, are today's Molotov cocktails thrown at respectability and decency in our nation... They encourage depravity and irresponsibility, and they nurture a breakdown in the continued capacity of the government to conduct an orderly and constitutional society." Rep. Joe Pool (House Un-American Activities Committee)

BLACK MASK saw themselves as a catalyst: a small, tightly-knit guerrilla unit, its tactics preplanned, its objective to precipitate a state of mass hypnosis into a Reichian outburst of anxiety, anger and festivity. They began to be in and around SDS and were one of the groups most involved in the initial experiment with *mobile tactics* – the first steps towards any future *urban guerrilla* – taking place at that time. The first time they were involved practically in illustrating the enormous tactical superiority of small autonomous groups over huge remote-controlled crowds was during the big Dean Rusk demo organised by SDS in November: roving bands blocked the main traffic intersections, took confrontation right off the area designated by the cops, jumped isolated cops they'd lured down sidestreets, etc.

The 'mill-in' at Macy's (a huge department store) during the Christmas shopping rush was even more effective. Large numbers of people, either alone or in small groups, flooded the store at its peak hour. None of them looked like demonstrators, and they were free to impersonate normal shoppers, floorwalkers and staff in various configurations. They moved goods around in a businesslike way. They soiled, broke, stole and gave them away. Half-starved dogs and cats were let loose in the food department. A hysterical buzzard flew around the china section smashing more and more hideous crockery as equally hysterical salesgirls either tried to catch or escape from it. Decoys with flags and banners planted themselves in the middle of groups of straight middle-class shoppers who were promptly roughed up and hustled outside by cops and floorwalkers. Utter chaos... With hindsight one could say that it was at about this time, winter 67 / 68 that the whole atmosphere of the States began to change. A longtime underground process began to break out into the open. And, as Burroughs remarks somewhere, whatever it is that has seeped and crawled its way out is enough to make an ambulance attendant puke. Perhaps even 18 months ago it was possible to have some illusions. Not any more, not with suburban housewives practising in the rifle-range, not with cops patrolling every subway train. America is on the brink of a disintegration unparalleled since the collapse of the Middle Ages. And, in this cardhouse world, its fall will almost certainly flip the rest of the planet over with it: global night and fire.

To specify in terms of the 'avant-garde', the 'youth revolt', or whatever. Politically the fiasco of the huge Whitehall demos in December (panavision version of the October 27 panto in London) not only spelt out the futility of mass demonstrations in general but also that their futility couldn't solely be put down to their tactics. The New Left was reduced to zero. Even the pretense of an avantgarde subculture folded up, and really folded up, at much the same time. It wasn't even nihilistic or vapid any more. It just wasn't anything at all any more. Just another commodity, like lilacs or beans on toast. And we all know about the last days of the drug scene – the twilight of the garlanded TWA expense-account shamans, behaviourist lushes and Calcutta airport hustlers trying to make the big time; the soft drugs gone about as soft as putty; then the speed scene, the looning and first killings... The West Coast now the kids all on speed and most everyone else smacked out just for a bit of peace...

A civilisation coming down like the House of Usher and its slow motion fall sweeping all forms of experience into one – *'Because when the smack begins to flow / I really don't care any more / About all the tensions in this town / And all the politicians making crazy sounds / And everybody putting everybody else down / And all the dead bodies piled up around.'* This convergence is a real process and has expressed itself concretely in the formation of the *GHETTO*. The ghetto: an ambiguous and dialectical phenomenon *par excellence*. Negatively it stands for the dissolution of everything. It's no transitional experimental station or enclave: no Tangier, no Big Sur. It's pure hell. One window, one door, four walls. A dead end. The ghetto: the place you go when there's nothing else left to do, when there's nowhere else left to go. The prison without bars. The loony bin so big no one can even see its there. Backrooms and endless night. Neurosis, inertia. The abyss opens... the horror, the horror...

Yet, at the same time, dissidence becoming conscious, an organisational problem, a problem of actual city space. Isolated individuals gathering into a mob, a mob in a distinctly desperate and ugly mood, and gathering permanently, everyday, so it can't be busted that easily just for loitering. A state of mind claiming its own real space, its physical interplay and thus, oddly enough, the first step towards a revolutionary concept of the city, of life together: a



Heaven built in Hell's despoite. The ghettoisation of the young white dropout allowed BLACK MASK to grapple, concretely, with this upsurge of a qualitatively different revolt which has been rising clearly for at least 5 years now, a revolt without a name, 'youth revolt', 'dropout', 'new lumpen', what you will. At last this new revolt became tangible: the Lower East Side in early '68 was a potentially revolutionary COMMUNITY...

BLACK MASK – whose real axis was still essentially abstract and ethereal: a magazine – dissolved itself and a hard core of some 20 odd people reformed as the Lower East Side SDS chapter (!): UP AGAINST THE WALL MOTHERFUCKER... AND INTO THE TRASHCAN... The first thing they really got their teeth into was the Lower East Side Garbage Strike. As a metaphor the giant rat-infested heaps of rotting garbage were a godsend: now no one could, or would, shift the shit out of sight any more. Not only were they up against the wall – they were, quite literally, in the trashcan. From street to street they fired the spread-eagled mounds, drank and danced round them and when the firemen finally arrived (there was a big Firemen's Strike at the same time) climbed on to the tenement roofs (roofs, like sewers, major unpatrolled zones) and lobbed bricks, slates and anything else to hand down on them to cries of 'black-legs'. Unwashed and ragged, dancing, singing, hammering tomtoms, they ferried load after load of muck via the subway and dumped it in glossy uptown Rockefeller Plaza...

They were the perfect catalyst. Numbers grew fast, and as they did their activity really took off: became permanent, polymorphous, a *revolutionary life-style*. They threw off a thousand gags to precipitate the crisis at the heart of the modern ghetto – its oscillation between groovy zonked-out *reservation* and *real underground focus*, sensual, communal and

aggressive – to build up general iconoclasm and agitation in a more systematic manner than anyone before them. **ATMOSPHERICS:** revolutionary technique designed to exacerbate the contradiction between what people *apparently* feel and what they *really* feel: to invert all the symbols and stereotypes in any given area. They ‘shot’ (with blanks, alas) the ‘poet’ Keneth Koch as he was giving a reading in a local church to what he actually referred to as his ‘congregation’... They lumbered an entire lavatory down to St. Marks Place and held a community ‘shit-in’ which proved highly popular until a squad of infuriated, blushing, highly Protestant fuzz arrived and, perfect symbolical end of a perfect symbolical evening, literally beat it to pieces with their nightsticks... They triggered off militant demonstrations outside the precinct nick every time anyone was bust for drugs (at the same time spacing out the more inane heads and dealers all over town in search of phantasmal deals they had set up). They infiltrated the kitchens of the most fashionable arty cafes and bars, spiking the more expensive drinks and dishes with an assortment of drugs, violent emetics, sleepers, hallucinogens... A couple actually having to shut...

They spearheaded the city’s first real Hippy riot (during which they fought their way through a throng of cops guarding a squad car in which one of the Motherfuckers was locked, wrenched the lock, freed him and all got away)... They organised some 400 Lower East Side dropouts in the storming of the Museum of Modern Art for putting on an exhibition ‘Dada, Surrealism and their heritage’ (heritage being the usual crock, Rauschenberg, Funk et al). Struggling, dishevelled and distinctly unbeautiful people screaming obscenities, hurling paint, flour and smoke bombs at the First Night crowd and the cops defending them... They printed invitations from one of the major ghetto stores offering, at a specified time on a specified day, as many free goods as their customers could carry away, 50 of the Motherfuckers setting the ball rolling... They had been training in karate for over a year and had further refined their street tactics with hot copies of the National Guard manual ‘How To Deal With Civil Disorders’ (particularly attracted to the idea of unleashing Alsatians with handgrenades strapped to them). They were terrifying when actually in action. They would break out of the main body of demonstrators like greased lightning, smashing windows, kicking over trashcans and road signs, firing anything that would burn, setting off a series of intersection traffic jams to disperse standard cop dispersion procedure, and then pick them off one by one. They waded in using karate chops, brandishing knives and slashing with bicycle chains strapped to their wrists, screaming **UP AGAINST THE WALL / MOTHERFUCKER...** they baptised this mercurial street guerrilla **DIAL-A-PIG or IF YOU’RE TAKING TWO STEPS BACK / FOR EVERY STEP FORWARD / TURN AROUND / AND GO THE OTHER WAY...**

Their basic tactic in all was sticking their neck right out – then trying to work with anyone attracted by their extremism. In this way they hoped to pull the most desperate elements of the Lower East Side together: to create an embryo community. They hustled the bread to set up a ‘free store’, *The Rathole*, run less along trad Digger lines – the latter having been written off long since as a mere ‘hip Salvation Army’ – than as a general coordination and meeting point for both the Motherfuckers (by now 30 hard core with a further 300 in and around) and anyone else who cared to fall by. An experiment in reoccupying a fraction of the land that has been stolen from us. A move to erode the whole *system of isolation* that is the basis of hierarchical power – a grid system holding itself together by holding us apart – all the objective aspects of which are unified and summed up *concretely* in the structure of the city. Irradiating from this they tried to reinforce the dropout’s new belligerence and to ward off the chill police heat it was calling forth. They tried to infiltrate the local social services, to use them as a front to shelter real militancy which, as it grew in strength, could afford to shatter them and expose the purely repressive role they play. They became embroiled in tenants’ struggles: rent strikes and the idea of street and block committees. They helped set up a number of crashpads. They tried to turn *hustling* – dog eating dog – into more organised libertarian forms of *crime*: working out steady illegal supplies of everything from food and medical supplies to actual hardware... Here as elsewhere coherent *self-defense* proved inseparable from actual *aggression*...

They stepped up the typical ghetto tension over public use of what are nominally public places: turned them into a combat zone, a field *polarising* all those who blunder into them. ‘True



friendship is made on the battlefield'. Raids on the Fillmore East Theatre are going on at the moment: mobs of longhaired gits regularly smashing their way in, reasserting its new name *The Warehouse* and using it as a community centre, with free food and drink, music, dancing, getting stoned, discussion of tactics, organisation, free karate classes, etc. Moreover, their initial zeroing in on one specific area, far from becoming stultifying, getting them stuck in a blind alley, lead naturally through more and more far-flung connections along a sketchy but thoroughly real national network. The ghetto is fast becoming one of the most vital nerve centres of this feverish doomed society. Crooks, middleclass culture dropouts, immigrants and workingclass delinquent street gangs all put right on the same intolerable spot. Not only did alliances with other dropout communities all over the States spring up, but for the first time a group of young whites really got across to the Blacks; were accepted as having identical interests. This coalition reached the point of Eldridge Cleaver offering the Vice-Presidency of the Black Panthers to one of the Motherfuckers – and appreciating being turned down. Politics is shit, man, deadpanned the Mothers. Anarchy realised it was black a century before the Third World. And Lucifer, Prince of Morning, right in the dawn of time.

They also closed in on one of the richest sources feeding the ghetto and which any ghetto organisation must embrace: *the school and university system*. They systematically freaked out all the SDS summits they could get to; they wreaked havoc on the various attempts made to bureaucratise the New York Teachers Strike. In both cases they used the same Durruti-like tactics of pulling together the extremists they attracted and then leaving them to organise their own scene themselves. Their most notorious intervention was during the occupation of

Columbia. Electricity put out of commission, then some really swashbuckling radio dropout over the university's own broadcasting system. Successful attempts to involve the local Black and Puerto Rican youth gangs and to take the confrontation right out of its piddling academic context. Their last suggestions, during the actual fighting with the police, of covering the front of the barricades with the choicest items from the university's collection of ceramics and old masters (headline: Policeman Smashes Art Treasure!) finally got them kicked out...

But perhaps the most radical aspect of all they did during the summer of '68 can be seen as their faltering but persistent attempt to create a new form of self expression beyond art and politics: a new revolutionary *language*. In the first place, they started to write in the language of the streets. What, a few months before, had been 'The poverty against which man has been constantly struggling is not merely the poverty of material goods; in fact, in industrially advanced countries the disappearance of material poverty has revealed the poverty of existence itself' became 'Your community represents death. You eat dead food. You live dead lives. You fuck dead women. Everything about you is dead... The struggle is for real life...' From the Situationist SALON down to Skid Row. Form changed along with style. The spare, slightly Puritanical BLACK MASK switched into a stabbing crossfire of grotty gestetnered leaflets, obscene broadsheets, posters, comics, slogans, spraycan graffiti, banners, chants, songs, tomtom tattoos. Sculpture, music, literature, all forms dissolved and regained their unity. Trails of slime and giant footprints meandered through back-alleys. Snakes with propaganda painted along their backs. Dogs and rabbits with similar tags... And the cops trying to round them up... with nets... But even the most inflammatory smutsheet remains trapped within the official definition of 'communication'. The scene, wrote the Mothers, 'is now going through a process of polarisation – those who want to continue the media 'blow-out' and those who want to blow out the media'. For communication if it is to have any meaning at all can only be inter-change and interplay between people, a dialogue, while all the mass media, however mixed, *work by definition in one direction only*. They are a broadcast, a show, 'a spectacle that can only be consumed by a passive spectator'. Novel, film or symphony, you can't talk back to any of them. And what communication can there be when one can never reply? Sweet fuck all, comrade, sweet fuck all. What passes as communication is in fact the installation of total non-communication, of passivity, isolation and abstraction – the media are the *material* expression of participation in non-participatory society.

The whole crock of shit comes down to the *a priori* assumption that communication is a matter of talking. It's nothing of the sort – it's a matter of *acting*, of acting *together*. The Motherfuckers' real importance was that they were trying to create this new revolutionary language – at once Lautreamont's *poetry made by everyone* and Boehme's *sensual speech*. Language as the self expression of the whole body. Language as collective action. This is why they got away so much on riots: riots, probably the first significant breakthrough in mass communication since Marconi. Communication is a group project and adventure – a shared predicament, dangerous, illegal – a world suddenly tense, expectant and tonic, a situation whose outcome depends solely on the verve and audacity of one's own intervention. Riot, like love, gives a brief taste of real surreality: the moment everything totters on the brink, the past and the personality gone, the present and the body found, all the senses called into play. If you want to find yourself, get lost... Violence seemed the only shock brusque enough to snap dissidents out of their trance and its dream syntax: a karate-trained Dadaist commando actually fighting in the gutter is enough to complete the demoralisation of any intellectual, whether it's Ayler or Georg Simmel he's pickled in. 'Revolution in dreams / Revolution in books / Revolution in cars / Revolution in advertising / But everywhere *repression*... Your biggest enemy is your ARSE / Pick it up / Let it move...' INERTIA IS THE REAL ENEMY.

As the summer drew on they entered the realm of revolutionary folklore. Their enthusiasm for any kind of hardware left all but the most rabid Panthers looking sallow – Huey Newton's 'if you don't believe in lead, you're already dead' much quoted – and most of the shooting on the white scene last summer was inevitably Motherfuckers. Not only were they responsible for the sporadic, apparently Hippy rooftop sniping at cops on the Lower East Side, they were also toting the guns and cocktails on the Berkeley and Haight-Ashbury barricades.



AMERICAN MOTHERFUCKER

September, they blew up the Berkeley water supply as a reprisal raid for Chicago. They were the unknown terrorists who since January have, deep in the country, at the dead of night, been dynamiting California's electricity grid (electricity, the basis of the real power that keeps the machine running... without it nothing can work... black anarchy...). UP AGAINST THE WALL / MOTHERFUCKER began to pay for the notoriety: *Did a good nites work pig did / Got his rocks off swinging clubs after being frustrated all Friday / Arrests a member of UP AGAINST THE WALL MOTHERFUCKER for standing on the street. Charge: conspiracy in the 4th degree. Arrests a girl for protesting his arrest. Arrests a Yippee for standing on the street corner: Charge: disorderly*

conduct. Arrests 8 people on Sixth Street for trying to block the street to traffic after a kid was hit by a car. Arrests a guy carrying a drum for carrying a drum. Arrests a guy for backing up his car after getting 4 tickets. Charge: trying to run over a cop. Arrests a girl trying to get up bail to get out the others arrested... the police are coming down heavy on motherfuckers...

By the end of the summer their hard core was up on countless criminal charges, with penalties ranging from 10 days to 10 years – the worst of which was late July when Benn Morea was done for having knifed a couple of servicemen – a Marine and an airman – who along with some 20 odd other rightminded citizens had cornered 4 of the Motherfuckers in a Boston backalley and laid into them with bricks and clubs. His trial opened in November and is still going on at this minute... The paranoia the whole time, and no paranoia like New York paranoia. The uproar, the filth and neon, the sense of being trapped. Politics or dope it feels like they could come and get you at any time. Telephone bugged, with a transmitter picking up sounds all over the apartment. Smoking over the bog seat with one hand on the handle. People scared of even being seen around with you. And the Motherfuckers looning around spitting at every cop they happened to come across on the street. When the heat really began to move in a lot of them split New York City. They travelled from one end of the States to the other, fucking up things from Alaska to New Mexico and trying to link the various people they made contact with. Attempt to set up a nationwide network of guerrilla cells: *Self-Defense and Affinity Groups*, reproduced here in full, were put together during this period. Rounded off by the formation of the I.W.W.C. *The International Werewolf Conspiracy* – tradejoke on the I.W.W. – which more or less brings it up to now...

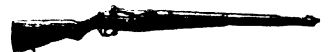
A very few points. The Motherfuckers are the *classic* 'left-wing adventurists' – that old alibi of the straight revolutionary, and his dam against the visceral revolt in himself. Acting within a new and completely unexplored theatre of operations – *community* as opposed to *factory* organisation and strife – and exposing themselves 100% to police victimisation, they have galvanised a vast area of the American scene. They shit on the 'tactical' ruminations of the usual leftwing arseholes (only 'adventurists' are *entitled* to talk tactics) and pop the balloon of the Maoists' straightfaced absurdities with the wild laughter of real aggression against a real enemy. And their extemporisation has paid off as a catalyst: in the realm of *atmospherics* they have changed the tenor not only of the whole post-Flower Power' underground but also of SDS. And there is still a great deal to be done in this field. The positive aspects of the major

hallucinogens, for example, is still submerged under the sales talk of the '67 psychedelic merchants. Their rudimentary deconditioning, partial ego-dissolving properties and stripping bare of the social structuring of perception – these have still to be appropriated by revolutionaries and put into terms of 'practical sensual activity' (Marx). But the role of catalyst has its drawbacks, and the group has now reached a turning-point. With the International Werewolf Conspiracy there is both an attempt to grapple with the problems of a large-scale decentralised network and an unequivocal desire to get at least a major part of the whole organisation well out of the limelight. Personal audacity is of the greatest possible value in ending this bloody nightmare – is it me or them that's insane? – in parading what one really feels – but putting the finger on oneself *the whole time* can only end up with the bastards sitting outside your door all day, setting you up for a five year stretch. Some of the least cool Motherfuckers are beginning to disappear from the front line – disappearing to reappear with a changed name, a changed address, a changed persona. One day a scruffy wildeyed git, the next a flashy executive with aerosol DNT in his briefcase, and a week later a mildmannered union official quietly fucking up the union comptometer... The whole vast problem of structuring open and closed organisation. The depersonalisation and anonymity of bureaucratic civilisation is the jungle of the urban guerrilla...

At the same time the Motherfuckers seem to feel a marked dissatisfaction – viz. the acid – with their previous reduction of *therapy* – and, for Christ's sake, what else is it all about? – to open violence, violence pure and simple. Obviously violence has an enormous abreactive power, but as Reich underlined time after time, a flood of pleasure, anxiety and fury merely indicates the sweeping aside of the *first* major level of inhibition, of character and body armour. One's sense of an enormous underlying manic-depressive swing with the Motherfuckers would seem to confirm Reich's claim that the fundamental question is one of reconnecting on a far, far deeper level – on the level of the Id, on the level of a *primordial* energy – and let's hope it is a slightly more serene and ineluctable trip. The case of the Mothers raises the question of the aims, imperative and pitfalls of a revolutionary affinity group. Behind a hard, imaginative and identifiable front, an occult network of resistance. Along with breaking through to the deepest and most intoxicating levels of our real selves, a nonstop and intelligible harassment of the prevailing organisation of reality. War, therapy, community. No part of the project can be separated from the others. But these are practical problems, and they can never be solved on a big table covered with pieces of paper. **'FULL STEAM AHEAD THROUGH THE SHIT' NECHAEV**



ENGLISH MOTHERFUCKER THE FORGOTTEN PRISONER OF CASTLEMERE



CHAPTER REPORT ON THE S.D.S.
REGIONAL COUNCIL OF MARCH 10

A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL
IS A BOTTLE FILLED WITH
THREE PARTS KEROSENE
AND ONE PART MOTOR OIL
IT IS CAPPED
AND WRAPPED
WITH COTTON
SOAKED WITH GASOLINE

TO USE —
LIGHT COTTON
THROW BOTTLE
FIRE AND EXPLOSION OCCUR
ON IMPACT WITH TARGET

A "WHITE RADICAL"
IS THREE PARTS BULLSHIT
AND ONE PART HESITATION.
IT IS NOT REVOLUTIONARY
AND SHOULD NOT BE
STOCK PILED
AT THIS TIME

respectfully submitted
UP AGAINST THE WALL
MOTHER FUCKER

SELF-DEFENSE

The existence of the hippie / drop-out community represents both an alternative to the present system... and a means for its destruction. The hip community poses a way of living rather than simply a way of surviving. On the one hand it rejects middle-class values, on the other hand it makes possible a fuller and more complete life. Out of that emerges a revolutionary culture.

This community is not a regional phenomenon... there is no such thing as a Boston hippie community, a New York hippie community, a San Francisco hippie community. There is one hip community and it spreads and grows from one end of this country to the other.

Our need and desire for our own community and for the right to discover our own forms of living are in direct conflict with the basic nature of Amerika today... we become targets for the enforcers of the brutal values and empty aspirations of this society. We are being attacked because we are an alternative / threat and in order to survive we are going to have to defend ourselves and our communities by any means necessary.

We are engaged in a two-fold struggle... the struggle to create a new way of living, and the struggle to defend ourselves against increasing repression. Already Amerika has determined to prevent our communities from forming, and already we have had to fight back. In the struggle to create our own lives, Self-Defense transcends the personal act and becomes an involvement in the communal experience. AS WE FIGHT FOR OUR OWN LIVES WE ARE FIGHTING FOR THE POSSIBILITY OF LIFE...

Our communities must be created and their creation must be defended. We must discover both the forms of living together, and the means of defending these forms together. If we are attacked culturally, we defend ourselves culturally. If we are attacked

SELF-DEFENSE IS PREPARATION AGAINST ATTACK
 SELF-DEFENSE IS THE RESPONSE TO ANY ATTACK
 SELF-DEFENSE IS THE REPRISAL FOR AN ATTACK



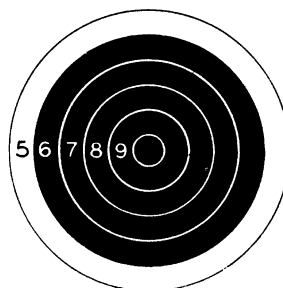
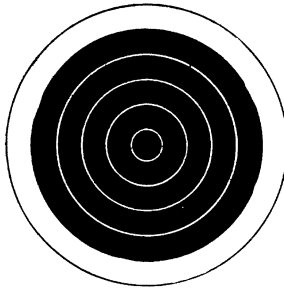
WE MUST DEFINE OURSELVES FOR OURSELVES IN
 THE LANGUAGE AND GESTURES OF OUR OWN
 DISCOVERIES WE MUST LEARN TO RECOGNISE EACH
 OTHER AND TO KNOW THAT ANYONE WHO IS
 NOT WITH US IS THE ENEMY



**'We're looking for
 people who like to draw'**

WE MUST LEARN TO FIGHT AS WELL AS TO SEEK TO
 LOVE WE MUST TAKE UP THE GUN AS WELL AS THE
 JOINT WE MUST DEFEND OUR COMMUNITY AND OUR
 H U M A N I T Y

violently with open hands, we respond violently with open hands. And if we are attacked with weapons, we defend ourselves with weapons. The idea of self-defense or even violence is not contrary to the idea of love. Our community is not specifically a 'love' community, it is a total community. In order to be total we accept all of the elements of living. We don't reject any one element. What we would want, our ideal, is to create the kind of life that doesn't need violence, but at the same time we recognise that in order to be full men no part of life can be rejected. The hip community is a full community, a culture, a way of life, a way of existing. It's not just a tactic or a means, or another form of pacifism. Many people in the hip community are pacific and would not use violence. But there are others of the hip community who know that we must defend those values that we pose as an alternative to Amerika. The dichotomy is always made between non-violence and violence and that's a false dichotomy. The real difference is between living and death. Some kinds of violence are living, and some kinds of violence are death. If our violence comes out of our desire to live and is only directed against those who would prevent us from living, then that is living-violence. If violence, like police and military violence, is directed against the lives of others, then that is death-violence. That's the real dichotomy; living and death, not non-violence and violence... Our community represents living.



AFFINITY GROUP = A STREET GANG WITH AN ANALYSIS

'Ideas can create life-and-death situations, but a man can really only fight and die for himself and for the lives of his friends.' Chief Joseph. In the present struggle forms of organisation must come into being that are appropriate to the changed conditions that are the real content of our times. These must be forms that are tenacious enough to resist repression; forms which can grow secretly, learning to manifest themselves in a large variety of ways, lest their mode of operation be co-opted by the opposition, or they simply be smashed. The affinity group is the seed / germ / essence of organisation. It is coming-together out of mutual need or desire: cohesive historical groups unite out of the shared necessities of the struggle for survival, while dreaming of the possibility of love. In the pre-revolutionary period affinity groups must assemble to project a revolutionary consciousness and to develop forms for particular struggles. In the revolutionary period itself they will emerge as armed cadres at the centres of conflict, and in the post-revolutionary period suggest forms for the new everyday life.

Mass demonstrations succeed in two ways: they bring predominate levels of consciousness into the streets and make visible the quantity of active alienation in our society... and they sometimes transcend the issues of 'demonstration' to become mass actions. As mass demonstrations they fail to advance the nature and the forms of our struggle... as mass actions (whether against cops or against property) they begin to define the direction and the reality of what our struggle must become. 'Riots' or rebellions are the highest forms of mass

actions as it (1) liberates goods and geographical areas, and (2) engages the occupying forces (PIGS) in battle. This form, too, has advantages and limitations, and it is in response to both of these that people are discovering the tactical / theoretical possibilities of working together in small intimate groups. The prospects for the future are clear in at least one respect: the Man and his Pigs are learning 'crowd control' and they are escalating their response to all masses of people who take it upon themselves to behave in violation of this society's 'law and order'. Our preparations for advancing the struggle must always take into account the abilities and tendencies of the enemy. Mass demonstrations and community rebellions will continue to serve particular needs in many situations... But in the general sense of ongoing struggle it is necessary that we begin to act in that manner which is most favorable to our means and to our goals... **THE SMALL GROUP EXECUTING 'SMALL' ACTIONS IN CONCERT WITH OTHER SMALL GROUPS / 'SMALL' ACTIONS WILL CREATE A WIDESPREAD CLIMATE OF STRUGGLE WITHIN WHICH ALL FORMS OF REBELLION CAN COME TOGETHER AND FORGE THE FINAL FORM: REVOLUTION...**

Already we have seen the small group response... Columbia's Communes, Berkeley's Revolutionary Gangs, France's Committees of Action, and others so far known only by their actions (Cleveland). In the months to come these groups and the many others which will be forming face two kinds of absolute necessity as they seek to create the possibility of **REAL COMMUNITY**: (1) **INTERNAL DEVELOPMENT AND SECURITY**. Each group will continue to create its own sense of identity through the conscious synthesis of theory / practise, and each group will apply this identity to the existing reality in the most effective manner. (2) **EXTERNAL RELATIONSHIPS WITH SIMILAR GROUPS**. We must begin to set up these forms of communication and mutual awareness that can allow for greater mobility and greater response to more-than-local crises. This means that we will have to begin to create a network of affinity groups (both within existing communities and between those communities). This network or 'Federation' must be characterised by a **STRUCTURAL LOOSENESS** which guarantees the identity and self-determination of each affinity group, as well as an **ORGANISATIONAL REALITY** which allows maximum concerted actions directed toward total revolution. The concept of the affinity group in no way denies the validity of mass actions, rather, this idea increases the revolutionary possibilities of those actions. The active minority is able, because it is theoretically more conscious and better prepared tactically, to light the first fuse and make the first breakthroughs. But that's all. The others can follow or not follow... The active minority plays the role of a permanent fermenting agent, encouraging action without claiming to lead... In certain objective situations... with the help of the active minority... spontaneity finds its place in social movement. It is spontaneity which permits the thrust forward, and not the slogans or directives of leaders. The affinity group is the source of both spontaneity and new forms of struggle.



A LITTLE TREATISE ON DYING

The student is shit. He is the privileged person in an underprivileged world of suffering, but only because he does not recognise his own boredom as a form of imprisonment, of torture. He is not only deadened to reality, he is also deprived of the consciousness of his own suffering. He accepts himself as 'normal', but it is only the normality of his repression that makes him like the rest of society. The student movement is blind to itself: it does not understand the forces that push it into action, it cannot connect its struggle with its own life. (The issue is clearly not credit for Cleaver's course, or racist hiring practices – the issue is not the issue – and Cleaver for janitor is no solution). The student movement seeks 'demands' everywhere, but because students cannot see the absurdity of their own lives and their own imprisonment, they cannot begin to imagine what the struggle is for. Students in France, in Japan and especially in Mexico, are struggling and dying in the streets in the real fight for their liberation... and revealing the poverty of our own movement and the terrible artificiality of our 'struggles'. The real struggle will be easy to recognise because it will cut through all the bullshit in which we are trapped. It knows its objectives. Its tactics are clear. It moves with confidence. It is struggling to WIN. We begin by killing the enemy within us, within the hearts and minds of those with whom we would share our bodies and our lives. We come together in small bands with those who we have learned to trust, preparing for the long struggle with the enormous power of the institutions that repress us. AN ACT OF DESTRUCTION IS AN ACT OF LIBERATION. The function of the student movement is not to make demands on the university, but to destroy the existence of the 'student' as a social role and as a character structure. YOU MUST DESTROY THE STUDENT WITHIN YOU. For only then can the struggle begin against the institutions and masters which have trained us for the submission and slavery in which we now participate. Our goal is not to win concessions, but to kill our masters and create a life which is worth living AND IN AMERIKA LIFE IS THE ONE DEMAND THAT CAN'T BE FILLED. international werewolf conspiracy

"Hip revolutionaries have the Power to inspire FEAR." Sorel. We are the ultimate Horror Show... Hideous Hair and Dangerous Drugs... Armed Love striking terror into the vacant hearts of the plastic Mother and pig-faced Father. The future of our struggle is the future of fear, FEAR!! The fear of free love, fear of not working, fear of Youth... We drink the magic potion and become the spectre that haunts Amerika. We are the WEREWOLVES baying at the moon and tearing at the fat. Fangs sharpened. Claws dripping. We are not afraid. We create fear. (The Pig wanders from his sty... and the wolves descend) "Where do they come from?" Who knows. "What do they want?" They won't say. But the moon knows. And the WEREWOLVES know. And the fat frightened giant gulps tranquilizers while his children grow hair and fangs and leave home to run with the wolves. "We have nothing to fear but fear itself" he said. "But what about the wolves?" she said anxiously... I.W.W.C. INTERNATIONAL WEREWOLF CONSPIRACY / UP AGAINST THE WALL / MOTHERFUCKER Fall 1968

FIGHT FOUL



LIFE IS REAL

WE ARE OUTLAWS

THE CITIES ARE THE NEW FRONTIER

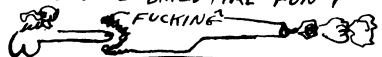
A NEW MANIFESTO: THERE ARE NO LIMITS TO OUR LAWLESSNESS

BAMN

(BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY)

BAMN

WE DEFY LAW-AND-ORDER WITH OUR BRICKS BOTTLES GARBAGE LONG HAIR FILTH OBSCENITY DRUGS GAMES GUNS BITES FIRE FUN +



JESS JAMES WAS A McCarthy Kid JOHN BROWN WAS A PACIFIST

THERE IS NO LONGER ANY DISTINCTION BETWEEN

THEORY + ACTION

POLITICS

IS HOW WE LIVE

WANTED



THE FUTURE OF OUR STRUGGLE IS THE FUTURE OF CRIME IN THE STREETS

WE ARE ALL CRIMINALS IN THE BLIND EYES OF AMERIKA PIG-JUSTICE

Good! We like it like that!

BAMN

MARSHALL DILLON + MAYOR DALEY CAN'T PUT HUMPFREE DUMPFREE BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.

CHICAGO WAS BREAKFAST... AND WE MADE AN OMELETTE OUT OF THE DEMOCRATIC CONTENTION - I SMELL BACON... MUSTBE A PIG FRY

IN ORDER TO SURVIVE WE STEAL CHEAT LIE FORGE DEAL HIDE + KILL

THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THE FREE SPIRIT OF THE OUTLAW

AND WE TAKE THE OUTLAWS OATH: ALL PROPERTY IS TARGET ALL LAWMEN ARE ENEMY

FROM NOW ON - TOTAL DISREGARD FOR THE MAN'S:

- HOME JOBS POLLS STREETS STORES CHURCHES DAUGHTERS SONS
- PETS MEDIA MONEY CULTURE GAMES GOALS LAWS + ORDERS.

CHAOS + ANARCHY

WE ARE THE FORCES OF CHAOS + ANARCHY

WE ARE EVERYTHING THEY SAY WE ARE AND WE ARE PROUD OF IT WE ARE @BSCEIVE LAWLESS HIDEOUS DANGEROUS DIREX VIOLENT + YOUNG

FROM THE BOOK OF THE MOTHERFUCKER

1



Once upon a time there was a nice concerned man who wanted to build a movement. So he looked around for an issue. What is the issue? He looked so hard for the issue that he developed a one-track mind.

2



So his head wore out from thinking up slogans... & he went into himself to look for the inner truth.

3



He began to feel that he was alone, & that was a lonely feeling. So he started to listen to the masses. The worker had something to say, so he listened. The student has something to say, so he listened. The black has something to say, so he listened. He listened & he listened. And nothing happened...

4



I'm not going to listen any more," he said "because nothing's happening." So he decided to express himself... & expressing yourself means this media. He started rapping. He said anything to anybody. He wasn't a leader, but he spoke for everyone & anyone. YIPPEE !!

5



Nobody really listened. People thought he wasn't serious. And he felt that there was something wrong... so he decided to draw on his past experiences. An issue, but not any particular issue, & an action to go with it. The election? Vote with your feet! Issue + action...?

6



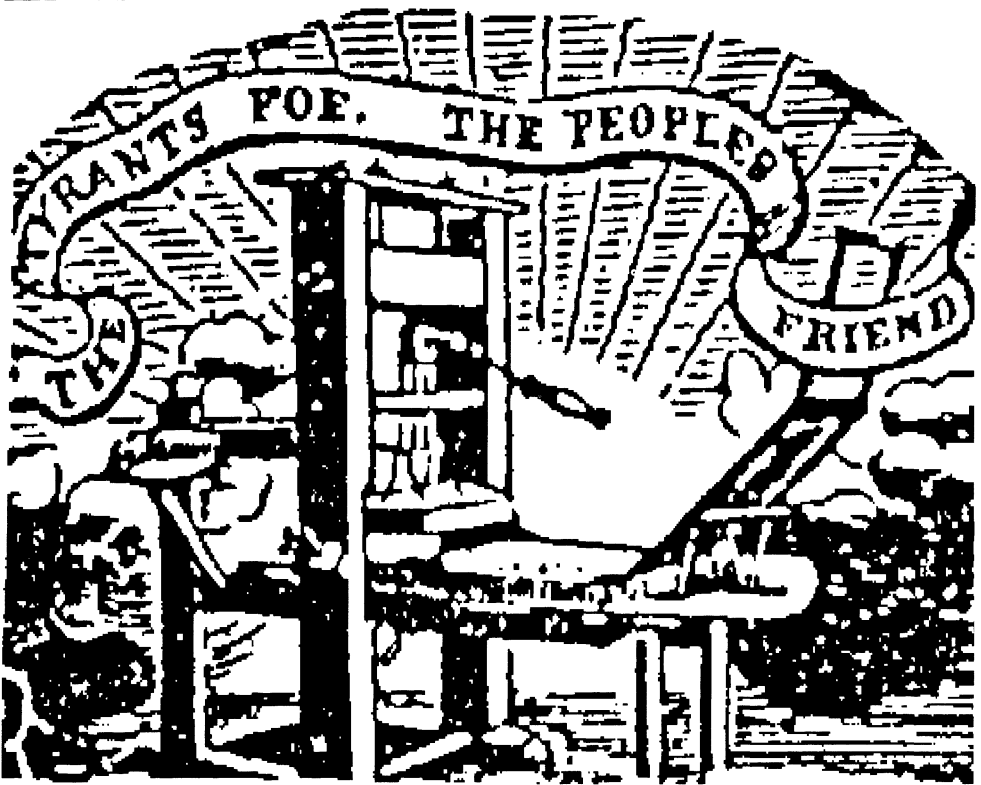
But that wasn't enough. So he retired to think & to work it all out... And sooner or later he came up with the correct lines. He got paid a lot for going around & telling other people what they should do. But ~~soon~~ the movement transcended him. "Up Against The Wall/Motherfucker"

KING



MOB

issue number five



***A MAGAZINE IS WHERE
YOU PUT YOUR BULLETS***



THOSE STILL IN PRISON One way to learn the truth about a society is to look at its prisons. Jail is the social system stripped of slick moralisations for the organised denial of freedom. Both inside and outside of prisons authorities dispense the necessities for survival – food, dwelling, comforts, ‘freedom’ of association, mobility as a privilege for those who co-operate with the rules. We are all inmates. Its the same all over. In jail relations between controllers and controlled are just more blatant. Rupert Gerritson, recently captured in New Zealand after evading the cops and a charge of ‘attempting to cause an explosion’, pleaded guilty in Supreme Court and is on remand awaiting sentence. He could be spending a possible maximum of 14 years in prison. His actions were a decisive response to the society he lives in. A society that has already sown the seeds of its own destruction in the material conditions that it strains to hold up. Julian Ripley, similarly charged and found guilty after a trial that was less than a farce due to the questionable evidence of Det. Sgt. Kucera and his

imagination, is now spending time in Bunbury ‘Rehab’ Centre. Throughout the world people in the revolutionary movement are gathering ammunition for the final assault on the citadels of capitalism. Anarchists and prisons have a long history of unpeaceful co-existence. Much anarchist activity and literature is aimed at prisons, specifically their irrevocable abolition. On the other hand many prisons devote themselves to anarchists, specifically to their abolition.

EDITORIAL: The Anarchist Black Cross was reformed by a group of revolutionary anarchists to give whatever aid necessary to those inside prisons, whether it be solidarity through postcards, letters, food parcels, or money for weapons. For further information contact West Australia Anarchist Federation. But lets face it, all prisoners are political prisoners because the present political system put them behind bars and must keep them there in order to survive. The only alternative is not the mere abandonment of the penal system but the radical change of the social structures that created them. From now on the analysts are in the streets finding their voice in action. Their gestures of refusal are forging the poetry of revolution. When a 14 year old walks into a used-car yard in Victoria Park and burns it down because she ‘wanted to and had nothing better to do’, we all know that with this drive for destruction welling up inside, we might one day with very weary negligence kill the organisers of our boredom!

Much has happened since KING MOB last flouted the laws of good taste and common decency. The tragic demise of the Freestore has disgusted many people, including me. It also aroused a good deal of public sympathy, and we have had reporters from the establishment media beating a path to our door. But publicity is not what we need at the moment. We are determined to re-establish the Freestore, and to raise money for this purpose we propose to hold a benefit concert. Any person who believes that he or she can be of assistance in this project should contact us now. We have not been raided by the police for at least a month, which is just as well, seeing as we seem to be striking enough trouble without the minions of law and order rubbing salt into our wound. We haven’t been going out of our way to do anything illegal, but then, the ruling class makes the laws, don’t they? (EXTRACT)

PRODUCED FOR THE WEST AUSTRALIA ANARCHIST FEDERATION AUTHORISED AND PRINTED BY BILL POSTERS PO BOX 61 INGLEWOOD WA 6052 An Anarchist Publication by The ‘King Mob’ Collective. Printed by Dan Van Hooligan for the publisher Bill Posters

KING MOB 6: WORK

notes from the underground



'The technological society is rapidly modifying our whole environment and the pre-eminence of the machine has led many young people to ask whether we are evolving a new subterranean labyrinth to trap the individual into becoming a mere tool of the automated, computerised society.' BCM | KING MOB LONDON WC1

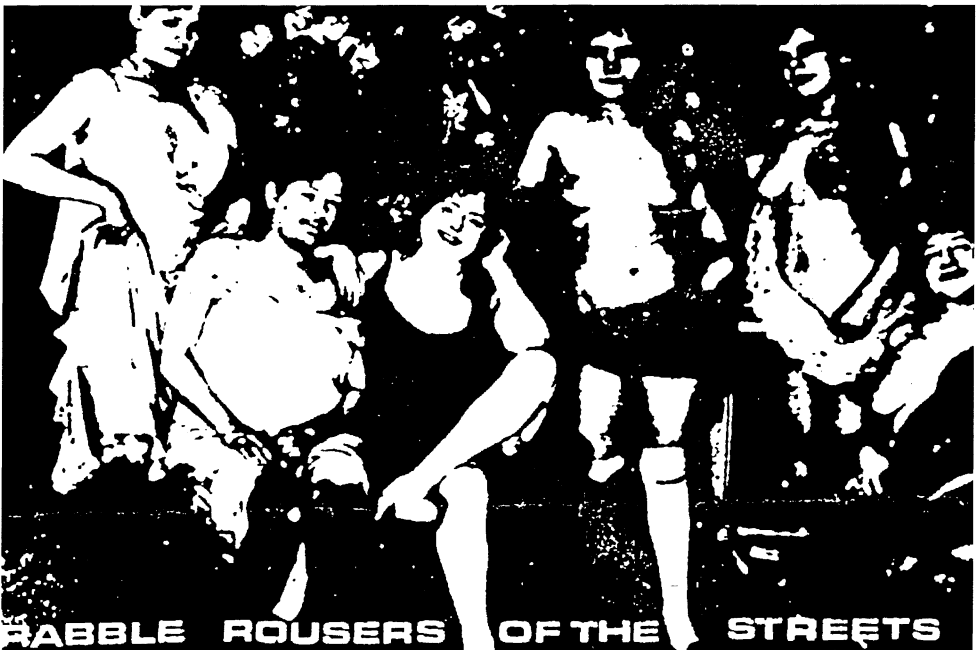
There is not and never will be a revolutionary movement unless it has its foundation in the working class. But what do we mean by working class? We mean all those whose labour is alienated: all who are obliged to become the wage-slaves of capitalism and who, because their labour is alienated, are obliged to suffer the personal isolation, estrangement from the self and the other, which is endemic to capitalist society. The work-role is all-pervasive: in the factory, university, school, family and neighbourhood: education is a process of indoctrination towards the work-role: personal relationships are a lesson in reification, embodying the capitalist motivations of the will to power, the will (of the fittest) to survive and the war of each against all in case the newcomer threatens the work-role of the director. The youth revolt, the age war, the uprising of spontaneity against the crushing symbols of ritualism (in the form of law and order, or morality): all are offshoots of the CLASS STRUGGLE: they are the emotional content of the age old fight against NECESSITY AND SCARCITY, towards equality, personal fulfilment and plenty. The worker is one who is involved in this struggle.

The hysterical outbursts of this struggle become apparent in the street corner and in the occupied territory today. The squatters movement, the underground, the drop-out life style: each represents an emotional rebellion, as yet inarticulate, against the over-powering structure of monopoly capitalism. They come to flower with a burst of Keatsian lyricism and Blakean passion because it seems that monopoly capitalism is itself in a moment of crisis. Held in the vice of national capitalism, its feet of clay still rooted in the mire of national pride, this new monster of cybernetics cannot quite spring to birth, Monopoly capitalism is international, is symbolic of the power that materialism may exercise over mind, bureaucratic rationalism over spirit, money over all. Monopoly capitalism, if it is allowed to spread unchallenged, its wings of enlightened efficiency and cynical liberalism (the only rational critique of the ruling classes) can and probably will dispense with the old ghosts of the piratical entrepreneur, the empire builders, private owners and "charitable" bigots of the early 20th century. Monopoly capitalism will establish the biggest free fair known to mankind: bingo in the space machines and workers' playtime on the factory campus. Monopoly capitalism will construct its Ministry of Leisure over Western Europe: Butlins camps or rarefied Belsens all along the Costa Brava. (*Holidays in the Sun?*) Built, not with the loud-mouthed bravado of the mid 20th century, the epoch of nationalism which clasped its concrete grip through the monolithic monuments of Stalinist architecture – but with miniaturised individualism: quiet salons where you may tune on, turn on, contemplate, defecate, meditate, according to your deeply personalised desires: serene, permissive and equipped to contain every emergency. No longer the slave drivers with big whips as in the days of exploitation, no longer the social workers with family allowances and sickness benefits as in the early days of state apologies: under Monopoly capitalism we will endure the joints, the freely given needles offered by smiling hypnotists, psychiatrists, indulgent Maharishis, only too eager with their little bags of dreams.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED: the sick gnomes of Europe may give the impression of passing out under the weight of money bags: the pressure of Sterling, the problems of a peace economy which can no longer sink its surplus in to the Vietnam war: these bleak deserts of over-production, under-consumption, and vice-versa could all be solved when the big boys take over and the world wide empires of oil, steel, soap, cosmetics and cat food have new markets of consumers to exploit. To uphold the dogma that capitalism must eventually crumble as its own internal contradictions pull it apart is to underestimate the enemy. Any analysis which pins its faith on such myths of inevitability must be treated with extreme scepticism. There is no reason to suppose these brain machines of progress incapable of solving the problems of pollution, over-population, famine, drought, disease: they could as easily programme the computers to the production of new trendy roller-skates as a (much more hip) alternative to motorcars as they can land men on the moon, reclaim and fertilize the Sahara desert, have us all on a diet of groovy soya beans and sauce that smack of Burgundy at half the price. Why should they be any more eager on a course of ultimate destruction of the environment than the befogged consumer, conned into buying smarties on the HP? Because of course the consumer is as encapsulated as the producer in this crazy system of unfair exchange and daylight robbery. Somewhat schizophrenically he is bamboozled into the hire-purchase of his own redundant

sweat and the multi-coloured plastic fruits of his own alienated labour. Conspicuous consumption is the life-style of the middle working classes and the waste disposal problem of this constantly depreciating trash is the headache of managerial expertise. But it doesn't really matter what the commodities are, there is nothing to stop them vamping up the rubbish and selling it back to us at double the price when the piles of garbage get too high. And in this jungle of techno-cratic madness the shortsighted struggle of the working man to retain his sense of dignity is as pathetically redundant as the goods he has to buy. To aim at the preservation of Trade secrets and the purchasing power of man-hours is to fight a losing war with history: skill and brawn cannot compete with the ultimately cheaper, more efficient computer unit of the plant processing room which labours day and night, never asks for any reward, does not even bleat about wage-rises, workers' participation or morning tea break. Machines suffer no alienation: to ask to be allowed to work is like begging to remain a rickshaw driver in an age of motorised transport.

Faced by a situation in which the worker is no longer the unfortunately misbegotten progeny of God, no longer even the serialized unit on the roll-call but utterly unnecessary and without any justification for his existence except in his role as consumer, the new capitalist / manager / administrator is left with 2 choices. He must either decide on a course of open violence by opening up the gas chambers and work camps, resurrecting the leg irons and chain gangs or he must adopt the subtle policy of indirect violence, relying on the time-honoured docility of his subterranean worker-beast which has for so long licked his boots and put his slippers by the fire to warm. The latter course is more in keeping with the ethics and tradition of the ruling classes: remember the initial drive of the entrepreneur, colonist and exploiter was founded on the barbaric doctrines of the Judaic-Christian church in which the paternalist God of cunning ruled with the rod of mercy, justified by his own unquestioned elitism and the stifling power of his love. This love which is violence is encountered everywhere today, after every confrontation with the armed guards of order (those angels of light) there comes the gentle justice of recuperation and reform: so secure in its divinity that it merely smiles and turns the other cheek when greeted by hostile taunts of the street gang. *(Julie Burchill at the Groucho)*



RABBLE ROUSERS OF THE STREETS

BUT ALL THIS IS IN THE FUTURE. THE POOR ARE STILL WITH US AND WORK IS NECESSARY. It is not yet time for a full scale war against the commodity hierarchy: some commodities are still more essential than others because some people are still a hell of a lot more directly involved in the problem of material scarcity than others. And of course, as long as capitalism continues, even in its new perfumed garden of love, mysticism and tranquillity, some people will always be relatively more involved in this mundane struggle for possessions and necessities than others. As long as capitalism continues, even after work is abolished and everything is free, there will always be one class which is more exploited than the other, if not by work, then by consumerdom, if not by its lack of leisure, then by the proliferation of boredom, obliged to hanker after the life-style of the trend-setters and socialisers.

This is a problem which the hippie, the drop out, the anarchist-syndicalist, the freaky individualist have chosen to ignore for too long. It's no good pretending that the class war is over while you set up your commune in the woods, scour the markets for free food, smoke pot in the newly liberated cellars of your occupied zones. The working class is still there and there it remains until the class revolution liberates it and gives it control of the material environment. As long as it remains, the rebel youth, the hippies, the long-haired squatters are mere parasites, dependent on the slave labour of the working class to fabricate the commodities which these charming rabble rousers of the streets may steal or smash, use as gifts or toys. Good will cannot change the system, youthful exuberance cannot alter the structure. Only seizure of the means of production can do that. But mere intellectual fraternization in the style of the traditional, established left will not do either. To pamphleteer at the factory gates, urging more strikes, more pay, more participation, is to hit the problem at a tangent. Work is the problem. **WORK IS THE ESSENTIAL CONTRADICTION** which establishes the total dependence of the worker on a system which utterly rejects him as a person. For too long the bourgeois intellectual has peered around this contradiction, attempting to make amends for it, to camouflage it in liberal niceties: better conditions, housing, education, health, even a democratisation of the decision-making process within the work camp itself. All these reformist bandwagons drive merrily round the central spectacle of the worker, still in chains, still and forever a wage-slave of capitalism as long as that system remains.

The British Left's revolutionary alternative to state capitalism appears as control of production by the workers. They may argue over the merits of a greater or lesser superstructure of planning and integration, but Workers' Control is the millenarian panacea to capitalism, bureaucratic socialism, alienation, unemployment, poverty – the list is endless. But they've been outdistanced by the enemy. The idea that the worker has a right to participate in the management of his work-place has already been recuperated by the bourgeoisie – not just by its liberal avant-garde but by the Confederation of British Industries. They've had it since the 1940s in Germany with a forward ideology of co-operation for the economic good of all. Capitalism owes its survival to its ability to accede such demands without losing its overall control or altering its basic inegalitarian structure. In the next few years, participation in management is going to become as common as universal suffrage. The bourgeoisie would like nothing better than to fool the workers into believing that class conflict no longer exists. Maybe factories will even have parties to form governments in as meaningless a ballet as that performed today at Westminster.

THERE IS A PURITAN STREAK IN MARXIST LENINISM that feels that work ought to be satisfying. If only you can tinker with the structure surrounding the process of production the workers will become deeply involved in their work. In Yugoslavia, with capitalist exploitation supposedly at an end, the workers are assured that they are working for their own and the national good. The intellectuals responsible for the perpetuation of the myth that work for such goals can be rewarding have never had to spend 8 to 10 hours a day, week in, week out, toiling on the factory floor. All work that is compulsory is shit. All work that is compulsory demonstrates the fact that the class war is not over. In Yugoslavia, after 15 years of self-management, most workers not only know nothing about the way their workplace is run: they do not even care. It is now possible to buy almost as many commodity goods there as in the rest of the industrialised world. In the national state of socialist Yugoslavia, the worker has been

assured, year after year that the reward of hard work will be a high standard of living: as high as that in the capitalist world. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that they should now turn on their intellectual pedagogues and shout: "FUCK YOUR POLITICS WE WANT TO LIVE."

But socialist Yugoslavia is, of course, a democratically controlled capitalism. With the same economic values, based on the same class war and the same ideology of production and consumption. Commodity fetishism flourishes naturally in a system that is based on the production of commodities: a system that must create a need for these commodities in order to keep itself going, even if it does so only by calling itself socialist and competing for markets with the more traditionally capitalist west. While the whole DEAD weight of money (the necessity to make profits) exists the merry-go-round of increasing consumption will continue to accelerate until it spins off into oblivion. In Yugoslavia the market is accepted as the most efficient economic regulator. In a formally classless society, money (profit) and the purchasing power it entails become the only factors to distinguish one individual from another.

Of course there is a need for commodities and a need to solve economic deprivation. As long as work remains a hard grind, however democratically the factory is run, the only response is to seek satisfaction outside work. And capitalism makes sure that we seek it in the ever increasing consumption of commodities. If you have to work in order to survive materially, then work is alienation. Not only that, but the more technically complicated the process of work becomes, the more alienating it is. We are told that alienation in work will end when the worker can feel that he owns and controls the process of production and the product. But as a small cog in the machinery of a giant refinery, how can you feel any ownership or control of all those pipes and the oil flowing through them. Work will be alienating until we don't have to do it.

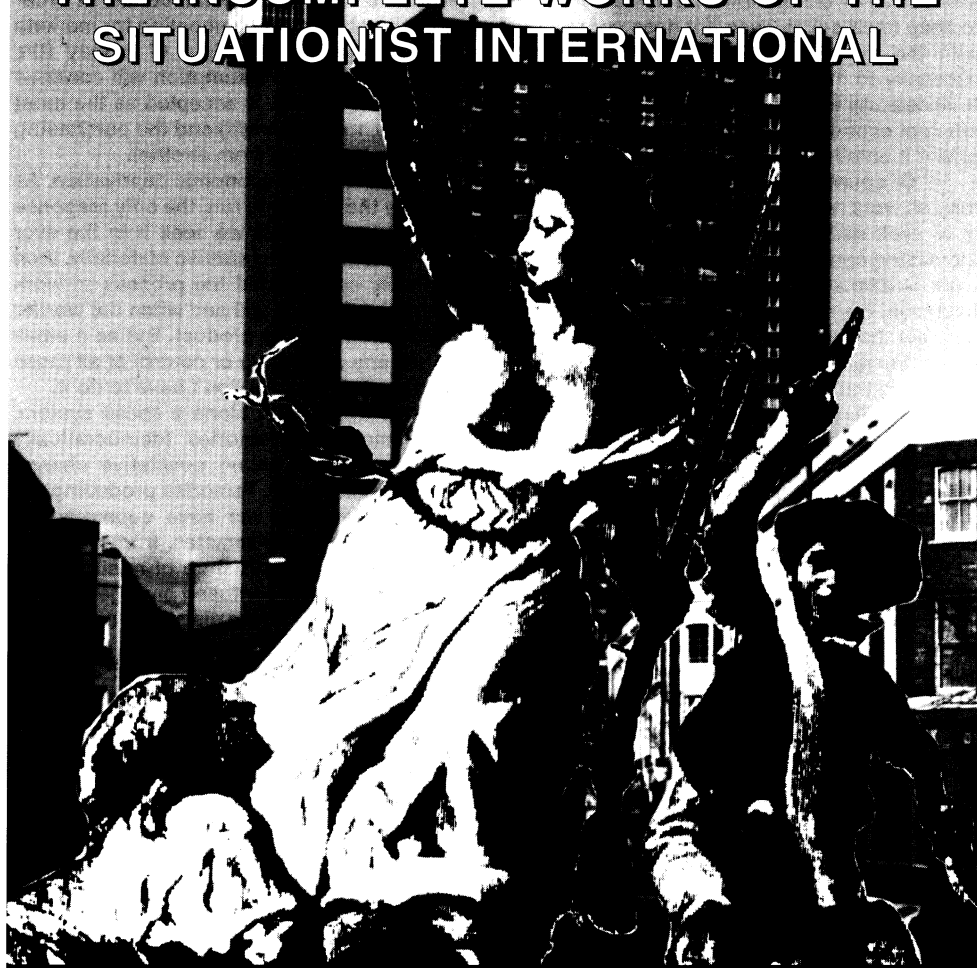
Workers' control is not going to alter an economic system, let alone a social system. Institute workers' control tomorrow and we'd have the same factories (democratically controlled) producing the same rubbish as today. There would be no qualitative change between capitalist produced crap and workers' control produced crap. Factories producing the unwanted commodities of a fetishised world have no relevance, nor have supermarkets controlled by their workers, nor mental hospitals controlled by their inmates. In our society ALIENATION IS WORK ITSELF, the commodities produced and the structure of relationships that arises out of this imposed need to buy, sell and profit. Amid the confused barrage of post-Marxian revolutionary idealisms and nihilisms: the trips, the hang-ups, the discovery of the self, of the other, the breakthrough of Dada, the transcendence of poetry from the death of art, the embourgeoisement of the proletariat and the proletarianisation of the bourgeoisie, amid the exhortations to be free, to fly, to meditate, be body, soul, spirit, love, sex, subject and object, one fact remains. The class war is the fundamental process and praxis of capitalism: out of this contradiction arise all others, from the ambivalence of this relationship (between exploiter and exploited) arise all other relationships and all the antitheses and ambiguities inherent in every form of expression and communication. It is impossible to postulate an escape, a breakthrough into freedom and self-determination, a true creativity or spontaneity within this prison.

THE FIRST REVOLUTION is not the revolution of the supermen. The first revolution is NOT poetry nor the unleashing of the repressed id into the areas of consciousness, it is not the Dyonisian road of excess towards the palace of wisdom. The first revolution must be the explicit outburst of the endemic and subtly concealed class war: it must be the seizure of control of the means of production by a class which can achieve no self definition or recognition until it frees itself from the chains of economic and political exploitation. Such a seizure will not achieve the millennium that the blind utopians of the left hold so dear. The institution of workers' control of production, though of vital significance, is but a first step. Without the death of work itself the proletariat will remain moribund trapped forever within the spirals of consumption-production. THE PROLETARIAT DEMANDS THE RIGHT TO LIVE. THE PROLETARIAT IS US.

BACK NUMBERS OF KING MOB ARE STILL AVAILABLE: KING MOB (ECHO) 1: 2/- | KING MOB 2 (LETTERS ON STUDENT POWER): 1/6 | KING MOB 3: 2/- | ALSO SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL MATERIAL: THE TOTALITY FOR THE KIDS: 3/- | TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE UNIVERSITY 3/- | WRITE TO KING MOB AT: BCM | KING MOB LONDON WC1

LEAVING the 20th CENTURY

THE INCOMPLETE WORKS OF THE SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL



'It is time to put an end to the dead time which has dominated this century, and to finish the Christian era with the same stroke. Here, as elsewhere, it's a matter of breaking the bounds of measurement. Ours is the best effort so far to get out of the 20th century.'

ISBN 0 946061 15 7 £19.90

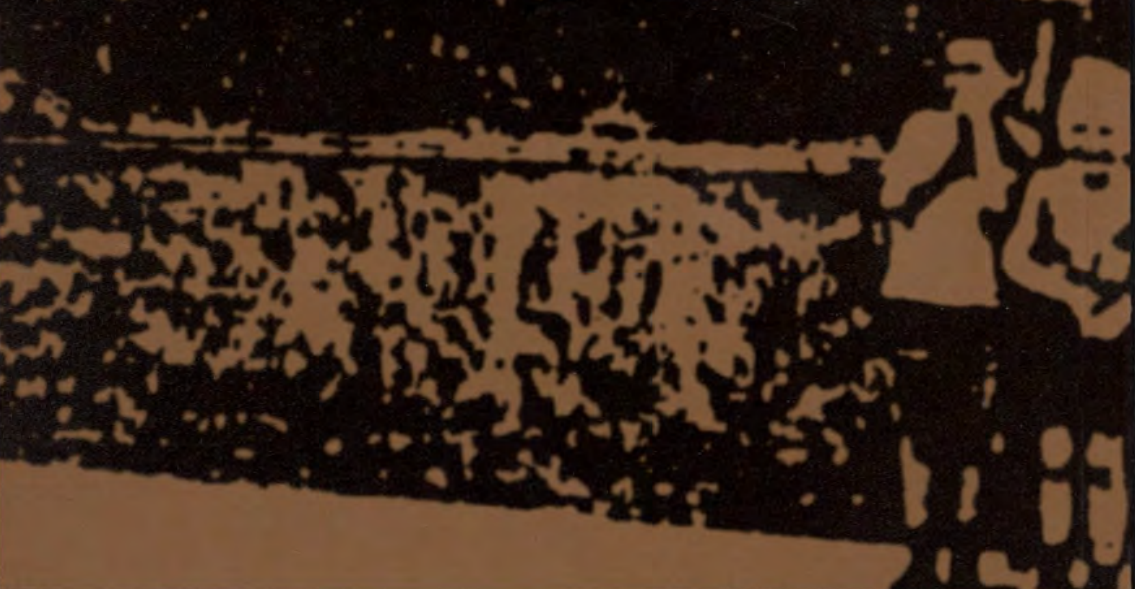
REBEL PRESS, 84b WHITECHAPEL HIGH ST, LONDON E1

"The Situationists were the first people ever to provide me with a rational explanation of our irresponsible behaviour and to see everything in terms of political activity. They were much more fun, their writings were more fun, they were doing more interesting things, their pamphlets were more interesting than the boring fucking Trots." Alan Marcuson, 'Days in the Life'

"I have to say I was impressed by them, they just had a better line of rhetoric. I was excited by what they represented but didn't fully understand what it was. It was a new way of looking at the world. You could grab whatever bits you could, like crumbs falling off a table. For us the Situationists were revolutionary artists." Malcolm McLaren, 'Dazed & Confused'

KING MOB

Book



9 781871 692082 >

ENGLISH POP REVOLUTION
SPEED HISTORY
L O N D O N
PSYCHOGEOGRAPHY
A S S O C I A T I O N

KING MOB 7 2000

VAGUE 31
DARK STAR
ISBN 1 871 692 07 5
ISSN 0964-7023

£6.00