

Pages 4&5 of this issue of FREEDOM are taken up with the first part of a surrealist tribute to Luis Bunuel who died earlier this year. The second part will appear in the next issue.

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editorial

It is heartwarming to reflect that our United Kingdom has still got one flourishing and expanding industry left.

Our shipbuilding industry is sunk, our steel industry is up the spout, or down the tube, if you like it transatlantic-wise, the health service is sick, clothing falling apart at the seams and the building trades — well, yes, there is one area in which the unemployed building worker can confidently expect to be able to pick up a job over the next few years if he is not too fussy about the dirty work, he is asked to do.

It's not, of course, sorely needed houses. Our new Home Secretary, Leon Brittan, already in charge of the one boom industry we have, has announced an unprecedented expansion in the building of prisons, in which he is posing as a champion of civilised incarceration, moved only by humane considerations to do something about the gross overcrowding in our jails, hangovers as they are of the great days of Victorian prosperity.

We can already boast of being world leaders in the prison industry. We have more prisoners per head of our population than any other Western country and more 'lifers' too. At the same time as it has been declared policy to try to keep people out of jail, judges are handing out longer sentences — and now the Home Secretary has declared a 20-year minimum before parole is considered for certain categories of offenders.

The intention then, is obviously to increase the prison population. Indeed, so little does Brittan care about consistency, that he publishes figures to show an anticipated increase from 45,000 to 49,000 within eight years!

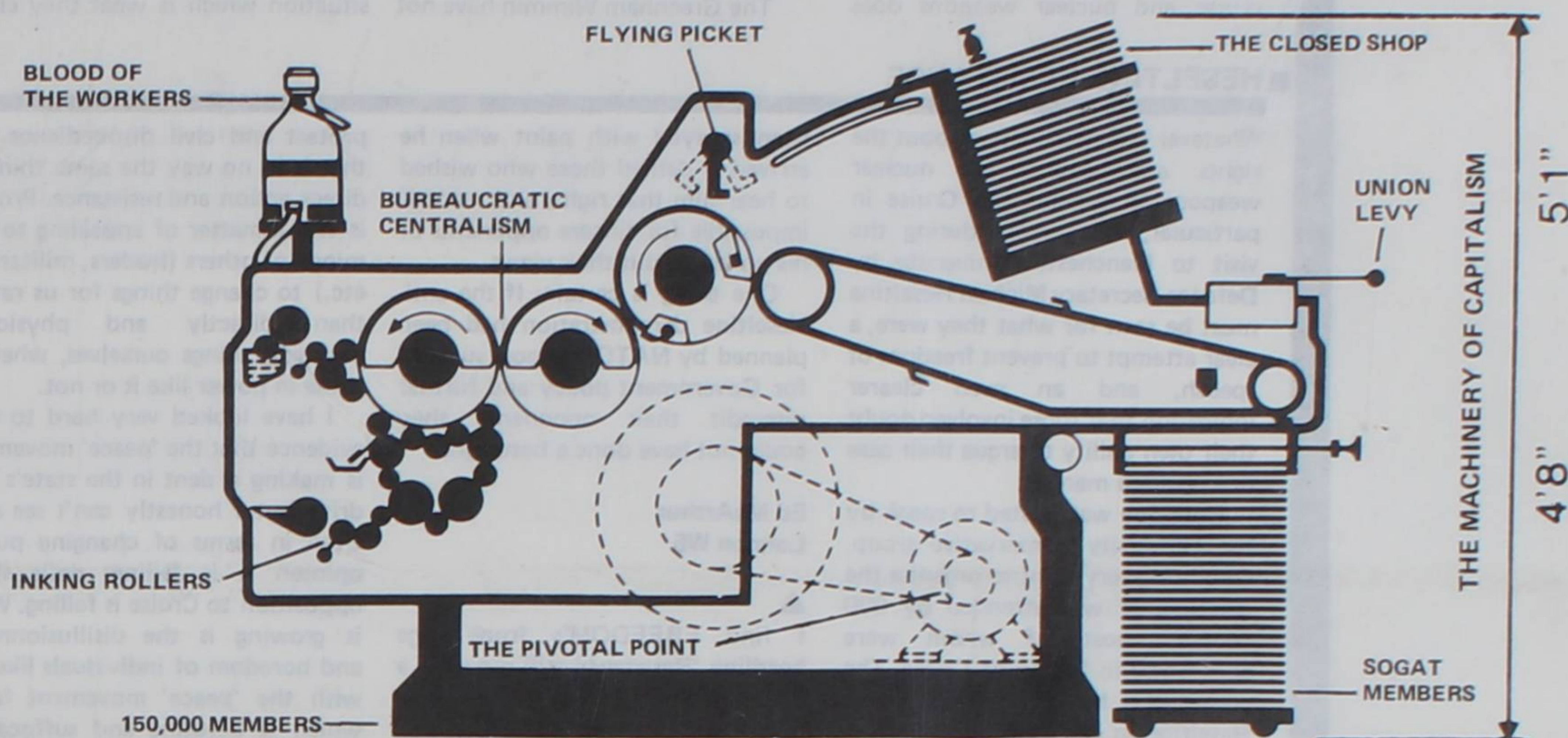
But just to be sure of looking after these extra prisoners, Brittan is planning for 10,600 more 'places' by that time — 1991.

To look after these, 5,550 more staff will be needed — in four more prisons over and above the 10 that were planned by Wee Willie White-law before the last election. Fourteen more jails, then to be built by British workers for — British workers! And all to be paid for by British workers. One remembers sadly the story from the great days of the CNT when the authorities in Barcelona were frustrated in their desire for a new jail, every day builders turning up for work, to find their materials had mysteriously disappeared overnight!

Could that happen here? If not, we shall go into the 21st Century with two proud titles: Airstrip One and Jailhouse One!

Assuming we last that long.

The corpse of industrial unionism



The National Graphical Association (NGA) which has about 150,000 members is the most powerful single element in the British printing industry. Its members consist of craft printers and skilled production staff. They are augmented within the industry by the 250,000 or so members of SOGAT 82 (non-apprenticed printers and those involved in finishing, distribution and clerical workers), whom they regard as inferior. Elitism and craft exclusivity has in fact been the hallmark of the NGA ever since its inception and is a direct progression from the days of craft guilds in pre-capitalist days. It operates a closed shop whereby it has a near monopoly on the supply of skilled printing labour. Most printing firms will, in fact, only take on workers who are union members, and union rules forbid NGA workers to handle work from non NGA firms or individuals. The Labour Party for instance will not accept work done by non-union print-shops. In the face of advances in new technology — which is decimating their membership and eroding their power base — coupled with recent Tory employment legislation the NGA are finding themselves with their

backs to the wall. The current dispute in Warrington could well make or break the union.

Last Saturday and Sunday the national papers ground to a halt as the print workers withdrew their labour and went against the law. In the defence of the closed shop and in reaction to a £50,000 fine imposed by the courts, plus another £100,000 for refusing to pay, the NGA managed to bring the printing presses to a standstill for two days. And anarchists again find themselves on the sidelines wondering whether to applaud, but what exactly does the union stand for?

The struggle for higher wages (and their wages are already extremely high) has always been one of their main priorities but is in essence nothing more than a defence of the overall capitalist system and an agreement to play by the rules of a consumer orientated society. After all any increased cost to the producer is passed onto the consumers (also workers) and not carved out of the profits. The extra wages themselves are greedily pumped back into the system in order to purchase the goods and services that we are taught is the essence of

a better and easier life. The matching up of the rate of inflation or rise in the cost of living to the rise in wages is part of the promise that capitalism claims to be able to fulfil, so long as it can do so, or in times of 'recession' convince people to lower their expectations now for a better future later, then capitalism wins the game. And for so long as workers can be trained into seeing no further than their next pay packet capitalism should have no problem in doing so. The closed shop of the NGA is another part of the trade-off with management. It ensures the power of the union over would be print workers, and the bosses know who to deal with. Its complex rules and regulations, and hierarchical structure, stop members attempting wildcat strikes or going against agreements reached on 'their behalf'. It has drastically reduced the number of new trainees allowed to join in order to defend what jobs it has and it has campaigned to stop work going abroad thus passing on its own problems to young people looking for a job and the workers of other countries. The NGA is as much part of capitalism as the bosses themselves and its reformist

outlook is a bulwark of the status quo.

The success of the print workers in this latest struggle will only come about by the defeat of the NGA. In victory the NGA would merely consolidate its position within the system, not break it. The minor irritation it currently causes the Conservative Party will only serve to bring about even more restrictive legislation, after all they must have expected this. The NGA defeated, demoralised and penniless will not play into the hands of the government anymore than it already does. There is a chance that the intransigence of this Tory government will lead to a workforce unfettered by the chains of reformist unions and though at first bewildered and apparently powerless the print-workers may at last find a revolutionary path to tread on their road to freedom and not a dual carriage-way leading nowhere.

And I quote from 'Workers' Playtime', '... we shouldn't be trying to breathe new life into the corpse of industrial unionism, we should be trying to bury it.'

Stefano

Christmas is coming, and the boss is getting fat

Christmas is coming. In fact it has been coming for months, as we scrimp and save so that for a couple of days we can make up for the boredom of the rest of the year. For a few days we will cram in all the life that we have sacrificed during the rest of the year at work. We cram in one year of films, shown one after the other on television, but which we are too busy to watch properly, one year of seeing friends who we haven't had time to see enough of, and relations we have been avoiding all year. One year of eating and drinking, one year of playing with the kids, and housewives cram an extra year's unpaid work into the 'holiday'. We always say that we do it all for the kids, but all children know that Christ-

mas is just an excuse for adults to act like kids. Then the moralists and do-gooders, the well-paid representatives of various charities and ideologies, take over the media to try to make us feel guilty about the millions who can't even afford a week's break from their poverty, as though that were our fault.

And then we troop off back to work, totally washed out, to start another year of working to survive, to pay off the Christmas debts and start saving for the next one, while wondering whether it was all worth it.

Christmas is the festival of the commodity, the products of our labour that have been taken from our control and which reappear in the shops, in our dreams, and under the Christmas Tree as something alien and outside us. For months the advertisements and the shop windows have been competing with

each other to sell back to us what we produced, what we once had in our grasp — instead of which we came away with a miserable amount of pay that allows us to save up all year to buy this same product. In the West End and in the shopping centres, millions are celebrating the power of the commodity, each totally oblivious of the others, except in the frustration of having to push through the crowds.

Christianity has always preached submission — to the church, the state and the bosses; turn the other cheek, and let them exploit you some more, and god will make it up to you when work or the dole or war has killed you. THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH UNDER WHICH THEY ARE BURIED! The church has always shown itself adaptable to the needs of our rulers. When feudalism was cast away and the new bosses demanded more and

more of the workers' time, the new church abolished all the many saints' holidays and was willing to overlook work on Sundays.

The holidays that we are now allowed have been won through a long struggle by the labour movement, but they are not enough. We are not willing to slave all our lives, to be able to live in some hereafter, and we are not willing to slave all year just to be able to live for a couple of days. We don't just want Christmas pudding and circuses, we want life, we want the factories, we want the world.

STUFF WORK! STUFF CHRISTMAS! EVERY DAY A HOLIDAY!

(This is the text of a leaflet being handed out in London by Anti-Christmas leafletters around Oxford Circus from 2pm to 6pm on Wednesday afternoons — telephone 01-607 8271).

GREENHAM EXCLUSIVITY

Partly in reply to Dave, Maryport
FREEDOM 22 5th Nov.

Feminism, the *basic* belief of which, is against all sexual exclusivity. Am i wrong in the statement i have just made, have i misunderstood the feminist issue all these years. And am i also wrong in thinking (from my own point of view) that ultimate feminism is Anarchism the basic belief being against *all* exclusivity.

The reason i ask is because the Greenham Wimmin have done nothing in recent months to convince me that i do have it right.

It seems to me that all they are doing is creating their own sexual exclusivity. Peace anonymous are not trying to take over someone else's struggle, the struggle against cruise and nuclear weapons does

not exclusively belong to the Greenham Wimmin, it is a struggle for everyone to take part in and the more *people* (not men or wimmin), the more people that take part the less of a struggle and more of a victory it will become.

A lot of Greenham Wimmin seem to hate all men. They think that the crisis in the world is not the fault of power crazy leaders (one of which is a woman) but the fault of all men. I was told, sympathetically, that because i was born male; i must take part of the blame for the present state of affairs, even though i am against them. I was also told to 'fuck off' by one of the Wimmin, when all i wanted was to show support. I was told i could observe only.

The Greenham Wimmin have not

only failed in stopping cruise, but have also failed in showing support to the males who believe in what they are trying to achieve.

A mixed camp should be set up, men are as vulnerable to nuclear weapons as wimmin. Nuclear arms affect the lives of all humanity. Stuff the male/female divisions we've set up. Surely feminism/anarchism should be about breaking down those divisions. Can't we just be people for a while.

It is not FREEDOM etc. who are showing authoritarianism but the Greenham Wimmin. It is not us who want to stop them from demonstrating, it is them wanting to stop us. Their kind of feminism is very strange and fascist, they are forcing me into a them and us situation which is what they claim

to be against. They're supposed to represent equality, but what equality is there when my freedom to demonstrate at the first base to receive cruise is blocked.

But i still respect the Greenham Wimmin (not patronisingly) and i don't want to put their wishes secondary, i want them put on an equal basis with mine and Peace anonymous and Freedom's etc. Even though they are at this time putting *our* wishes secondary. I'm sorry but i don't believe that the nuclear issue should be copyrighted or monopolised by any one group.

I felt oppressed and depressed at Greenham, even though i was a supporter.

Paul Hope

HESELTINE RESISTANCE

Whatever individual views about the rights and wrongs of nuclear weapons in general and Cruise in particular, the events during the visit to Manchester University by Defence Secretary Michael Heseltine must be seen for what they were, a clear attempt to prevent freedom of speech, and an even clearer indication that those involved doubt their own ability to argue their case in a civilised manner.

Heseltine was invited to speak by the University Conservative group, who had every right to organise the meeting. It was attended by 800 people, most of whom were apparently in favour of Cruise. The continuous heckling which forced Heseltine to cut short his speech — the meeting already having been delayed for an hour because he had

been sprayed with paint when he arrived — denied those who wished to hear him that right, and made it impossible for sincere opponents of his policy to put their views.

One thing is certain. If the anti-Heseltine demonstration had been planned by NATO to boost support for Government policy and further discredit their opponents they could not have done a better job.

Ed McArthur
London W5

I find FREEDOM's front page headline 'Resistance still growing' a bit of a joke as I don't see much real 'resistance' to the state and militarism at the moment at all. There is definitely a lot more

protest and civil disobedience but that is in no way the same thing as direct action and resistance. Protest is still a matter of appealing to the minds of others (leaders, militarists, etc.) to change things for us rather than directly and physically changing things ourselves, whether those in power like it or not.

I have looked very hard to find evidence that the 'peace' movement is making a dent in the state's war drive but I honestly can't see any. Even in terms of changing public opinion it is failing; polls show opposition to Cruise is falling. What is growing is the disillusionment and boredom of individuals like me with the 'peace' movement fraud which is defusing and suffocating resistance under the stranglehold of pacifist ideology.

The simple fact is, of course, that the military establishment isn't going to allow itself to be peacefully protested out of existence. Passive symbolic protest is a useless waste of time which achieves virtually nothing. If we want any real change we will have to fight for it. I don't doubt the courage and commitment of those who take part in sit down and civil disobedience style actions, but I don't think allowing oneself to be arrested is the right sort of tactic for anarchist rebels.

Meanwhile, for any tomato throwers and paint slingers who are interested, Michael Heseltine will be at Reading University, midday 9th December, at the Palmer building.

Paul
Reading

INDIVIDUALS AND THE STATE...

BN of Leicester has attacked my piece on CND. I feel obliged to reply — although I shall leave aside his rather silly statements about my being a mole of the CIA planted in the radical movement to bring about the downfall of CND.

Let me clear the ground by stating that I am opposed to nuclear bases in Britain, in Russia, in America or anywhere else. I am opposed to nuclear power per se, and think it will prove to have been one of the more horrible aberrations which scientists are so good at landing us with.

However, I feel that to oppose a particular weapon, however horrible, and not to oppose war itself is dishonest.

And this is my real criticism of CND. They propose to substitute for nuclear weapons a strong force armed with 'conventional' weapons (knowing perfectly well that such conventional weapons, bad as they are, are useless against the H Bomb). This I regard as faintly nauseating hypocrisy. And this is why I believe CND to be bogus — interested in blocking nuclear re-armament in the West while such re-armament continues unchecked in the East.

Of course everyone wants to see the end of this nuclear nightmare. But I do not believe it will be accomplished by disarmament conferences, or by governments, or even by street demonstrations. I would suggest a different approach.

Russia is a closed society. No ordinary person can get in — and no ordinary Russian can get out. But imagine if you will a Russia open to the West. Free exchange of ideas, visits — the formation of political parties other than the Communist Party and the possible re-creation of the Russian anarchist movement, which once played such an important role in that country. Given such a change, can you imagine the world continuing in its present state of frozen horror?

To advocate and encourage such a development may seem utopian,

but I think it is ultimately more realistic than hurling oneself on a concrete nuclear bunker. But of course to take such an attitude one would have to be sure of one's ideas — one would have to detest Communism almost as much as do the Russian people themselves.

BN would, I imagine, regard this as heresy. He states that anarchists are 'libertarian socialists/communists'. (He may be, I am not.) 'The collectivist element', he says, 'is indispensable' . . . and . . . 'hasn't anarchism always been part of the left'.

Far from being part of the socialist/communist left, the basic tenet of anarchism is the protection of the individual against the State and this is absolute anathema to the 'left' which, in both theory and practice, wants to concentrate all economic, political, social and even personal activity into the hands of the almighty State. Two such opposing views cannot co-exist 'after the revolution' let alone merge. That is why the first political opposition to be eliminated (murdered) after the Bolsheviks seized power in October 1917 were . . . the anarchists!

The 'left' worships the collectivist idea for it is an ideal social mechanism for securing the total submission of the individual to the State. The 'left' cannot therefore allow a right to dissent which anarchists regard as basic.

BN can call this 'Stirner ego-tripping' if he likes. But his collectivist views would not get much support, I think, from a Russian worker with a KGB informer ever-present on the block — or from a Chinese woman with a communist 'granny' on every street watching to see if she gets pregnant with a second child.

There is a threat in the world today and nuclear weapons are only part of it. Much more dangerous is the subversion of the idea of individual freedom which comprises free speech, freedom of assembly, and a free press. Looking at a world map

it is easy to see that one-party states outnumber those states which practise individual liberty in however an imperfect way.

It is free speech, not the collective, which is indispensable. While we have freedom, progress, however slow, is still possible. Without it only George Orwell's 1984 confronts humanity.

....ALL....

I strongly take issue with two statements in BN's otherwise interesting article in FREEDOM (23). Firstly Ms Lawrence is *most decidedly not* wrong in saying that "anarchists stand for the individual against the state" — that is precisely what they *do* stand for — at least this one does. A free society is merely an alliance of free individuals.

Secondly, when will some people realise that the much vaunted phrase "bourgeois individualism" is a direct contradiction in terms; one is *either* an individual (ie a member of no class whatsoever) — *or* one is bourgeois (ie a member of the bourgeoisie) as defined by whomsoever is seeking bogeymen at the time.

Jim Huggon

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As the courts begin their 'processing', of the various cases arising from arrests in Whitehall and Parliament Square, it would seem that official policy is going to be to play it all cool and not to inflict heavy fines. Indeed, those charges that carry heavier penalties (like 'insulting behaviour', rather than 'obstruction', are being quietly dropped — the magistrates appearing to dislike two levels of charges and penalties for the same offence.

So it may appear that we shall not need massive funds to help those fined. On the other hand, as the protests continue — as they must — official policy may change and get tougher. Come next year,

BN, I am sure, will now be more than ever convinced of my CIA connections — although that weary old canard must surely by now be wearing thin. So let us hope that, if this discussion is pursued in the columns of FREEDOM, the level can be raised above that

Janet Lawrence

....OR NOTHING

JH cannot be serious when he suggests that you can abstract yourself from the real material conditions of life (ie class society) by a mere exercise of personal choice; it is an actual, practical impossibility; a philosophical conjuring trick. It is Bourgeois Ideology itself which proclaims the end of class society and praises the 'Victorian values' of independence and individualism. Pseudo-autonomy of the individual that seems to poison anarchist philosophy is a function of the privileged conditions provided by capitalism whose very nature divorces people from each other and the concrete realities of production which maintain their miserable existences. This sort of dilettante intellectualism has bugger all to offer the revolution.
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when those recently remanded will start going through the courts, we may find many friends in need. All those who for whatever reason do not take physical part in the many and varied protests against Cruise can at least back up those who do by building up a support fund.

So — many thanks to those who have already and promptly answered our appeal in the last issue, as follows:

KGH, Worcester Park, Surrey: £5.50; HO & KD, East Molesey, Surrey: £5.00; PS, London NW1: £10.00; AS, Cardiff: £1.00; DPC, Bournemouth, Dorset: £20.00; Total 30.11.83: £57.50

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We reserve the right to cut letters unless otherwise specified by the author.

All signed articles reflect the opinion of the authors, not necessarily those of the editorial collective.



The Trials Begin

On 6 September, the first trial of the Vancouver Five began. Julie Belmas, Ann Hansen, Gerry Hannah, Doug Stewart and Brent Taylor face four separate trials in British Columbia and a fifth in Ontario, charged basically with being members of 'Direct Action' and 'Wimmin's Fire Brigade'. 19-24 charges altogether, including the sabotage of a BC Hydro substation (intended for nuclear power use), sabotage of the Litton Industries plant in TO (manufactures guidance system for Cruise missiles), fire-bombing of three pornographic video outlets, conspiracies to sabotage, weapons possession, etc. Supporters of these five radical environmentalists/feminists intend to see the nuclear industry, porno-

graphy and the police put to trial instead!

This first trial, of the Brink's conspiracy, weapons and theft charges, began with the entry of Not Guilty pleas from all five defendants and a motion from the defence to have the direct indictment set aside and the case returned to a provincial court for the full preliminary hearing that an accused is entitled to. Motion denied by Judge SM Toy.

Then followed a ten-day examination of the effects of prejudicial pre-trial publicity on the right to a fair and impartial jury. Defence counsel called expert witnesses and played excerpts of the 'Trial by Media' videotape in an effort to have the charges stayed on

the grounds of prejudice. Two witnesses, experts in memory formation and retrieval, and jury behaviour, gave evidence that human memory responds to attention-grabbing material and initial emotional reactions are formed and cannot be readily overcome. Feelings of anxiety and opinions of guilt would be the common response to such media display.

Dr Jay Schulman was brought in as an expert on jury psychology and the impact of publicity on the public, having done similar work on the Daniel Ellsberg and Pentagon Papers, Attica Prison riot, Wounded Knee trials, SLA and other political cases. Through detailed dissection of newspaper articles and tapes of radio and TV news broadcasts, it was made abundantly obvious that the media had acted outside any reasonable limit even of biased coverage and had, in fact, created such a hysteria over the arrests and alleged activity of the defendants that the public could not help but be instilled with fear and assumption of their guilt.

The police and Crown prosecutor engineered this result by manipulating their relationship with the mass media by feeding them what they wanted — a chance of headlines reading 'terrorists' 'anarchists' 'extremists'. Fait accompli — the public is handed a judgement, many months before the trial even begins.

There was sufficient proof of the likelihood of the trial's outcome having been affected by the media and police manipulation to compel the judge to grant in-depth questioning of the potential jurors (although he did deny the motion to stay the charges). In Canadian courts, jurors are selected with nothing more than their appearance and occupation to go by. But a legal precedent was set by permitting defence counsel to extensively question them for any prejudice, extremely essential in this case. Quite a high percentage, 20% of the potential jurors, chose to dismiss themselves on the grounds that they could not be impartial. Those remaining were questioned by some or all of the five defence lawyers to gain an understanding of their personal lives and their attitudes on political and legal issues. The prosecutor only rarely used any veto. The jury selection process took ten days and the presentation of 175 people from the jury panel before twelve suitable jurors were chosen.

At the present time, the 'voir dire' section is still in progress, and the jury is not present during this period of a 'trial within a trial' when the Crown presents the more contentious evidence in their case and defence counsel cross-examines and attacks the admissibility of such. In this trial, police surveillance information and the legality of the wiretap evidence are in question. In the three weeks since the 'voir dire' began, some of the police from the various enforcement agencies have taken the stand and given us some interesting insights into their structure, methods of operation — and cover-ups, of course! The Security Service, National Crime Intelligence Section, Vancouver Integrated Intelligence Unit, Co-ordinated Law Enforcement Unit and the RCMP are all well represented (although we're definitely unsure of the applicability of the 'Intelligence' part!). Depending on the outcome of these crucial arguments over admissibility, this pre-trial period could extend another 4-6 weeks, putting the trial proper at starting about January 1984! The more political trials follow this one, and will most likely continue into Fall 1984.

For further information regarding the case, the Free the Five Defense Group can be contacted at PO Box 48296, Bentall Station, Vancouver, BC V7X 1A1.

Statement to the People

Much of the political work done around our case has been centred on the issues of a 'right to a fair trial' and abuses of process by the media, police, and prosecution. We feel that it's undesirable for progressive and sympathetic people to focus on these issues. When people call for a fair trial they are implicitly stating that they accept the right of the government to try us, and are only objecting to the abnormal and 'unfair' procedure. Consciously or not, they are legitimising the moral authority of the law and the right of the government to make and enforce laws.

We reject the authority of the government. We see it as a powerful force of oppression in the world. It is a force which has been waging three hundred years of genocidal war against the Indians, the original inhabitants of this land, and which not only sanctions but facilitates corporate investment in the Third World, blood money that maintains brutal dictatorships. The govern-

ment plans and executes massive attacks on the environment, participates eagerly in the global arms race, and fundamentally directs and maintains our society in its violence and blindness.

We are dealing with the courts in a legalistic manner in an attempt to prevent them from crucifying us, and we can certainly see the benefits of pressuring the state to curb their more blatant manipulations. However, the benefits of civil liberties agitation only come at the cost of reinforcing political concepts that we reject. We would like to see the political work done on our case centre around what we consider to be the real issues: environmentalism, feminism, anti-imperialism, and radical activism. We appreciate all the efforts people have made to help us, but we see the need to stress the politics that are of primary importance to the peoples of the world.

Gerry, Ann, Doug, Brent

Coming demonstrations

The wave of demonstrations in response to the arrival of the first Cruise missiles in Britain is continuing to rise. At Greenham Common, the fourth anniversary of the NATO decision to install Cruise missiles in Britain and the first anniversary of the women's 'Embrace the Base' demonstration will be marked next weekend by two quite separate demonstrations. On Sunday, 11 December, the women's peace camp has called what is described as 'Sounds Around Greenham', with women encircling the base all day making sounds with voices and instruments for two minutes after every hour, the climax being a silent vigil from 4.02 to 5.00pm. On Saturday, 10 December, a mixed group including people who were involved in the original march to and camp at Greenham Common in Autumn 1981) has called what is described as 'an historical non-event', with a mixed demonstration at the West end of the base (between the 'blue' and 'green' gates nearest to Newbury and to the missile silos) between 3.00 and 10.00pm, the climax being a silent vigil from 5.00 to 6.00.

These separate demonstrations symbolise the disagreements about women's and mixed actions in discussion about Greenham Common since the men at the camp were excluded in January 1982 (which have been raised in FREEDOM for a year). In this context, the mixed demonstration is significant as the first practical protest against the rigid separatism of the women's camp, and the leaflet inviting support is worth quoting at length:

We are people who have been involved with the Greenham Women's Peace Camp and who work for peace in our local groups. We feel that the time has come when the whole movement can go to Greenham to express their refusal to accept Cruise. Those of us who were involved at Greenham had a vision which we hoped would unite the peace movement against Cruise, and we now want to affirm that vision. We are proposing that a demonstration should take place on Saturday, 10 December. As you probably know, the arguments over women's actions and mixed actions have been raging for months, and it was hoped that 11 December would be called by the camp as a mixed action. Many individuals, delegations, petitions, letters were sent pleading for this to happen, but it is now obvious that no compromise position can be reached with the women who dominate the camp.

CND has now found itself in an impossible position. Due to pressure from the movement, a decision to have a mixed action was taken by the Executive on 5 November. Since then, representatives of CND have been to Greenham Camp yet again to discuss their proposals, which were turned down. Due to the unresolvable conflict this produces within the CND membership (and the peace movement outside CND), CND have now decided to call off the action. They are truly in a position where they can't win. It is because of this that we decided to call a mixed action as individuals, deeply concerned that the movement has a need to express itself this December at Greenham, which will never again have the same significance.

We do not see this as a 'last ditch' protest in the anti-Cruise campaign, but as a climax to the present phase and something to hearten ourselves for the long haul ahead. We feel that without that climax some of the heart will go out of the movement. We also feel that the stone wall presented to the movement by

the Women's Camp ignores and denies the wider wishes and issues of the peace movement at this crucial time, and that emotional blackmail and sectarianism in our movement must be dealt with as we go along. We are not against women's actions — we participate in them — but Greenham in December 1983 is not the place for women's actions to the exclusion of anything else...

Some of the views expressed by the women at the camp may make you feel sad, confused, guilty or downright furious. Can we suggest, through bitter experience, that you practise not reacting to your first impulse? Our event is intended to be collective, cooperative and unifying, and we do not want that atmosphere altered for the worse by anyone. We therefore suggest such confrontation is handled by extreme calm and quietness, and if necessary, that you try to quietly leave that person's company. If there is a group reaction to us all, we suggest that we begin our silence then, until the confrontation is over. We have come in peace — we are children of the universe — we have a right to be there.

There are several other demonstrations being planned all over the country during the coming month, especially because CND has abandoned any attempt to call a national demonstration in response to the coming of Cruise. In London the informal affinity group network is circulating plans for demonstrations involving major blackades of the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square on Friday and Saturday, 9-10 December, and the Ministry of Defence in Whitehall on Sunday and Monday, 18-19 December. Looking further ahead, plans are being made by several CND groups and independent peace organisations for another mixed demonstration at Greenham Common on Saturday, 7 January, to open the campaign in 1984. In this situation, the CND National Conference at Sheffield this weekend should be pretty lively!

Meanwhile, the hundreds of people arrested at the dozens of demonstrations during the past few weeks have been making the long march through the magistrates' courts. In general, all cases in which defendants plead not guilty (even those involving very minor charges of obstruction) are being adjourned for several weeks or months; and defendants pleading guilty are being given very small fines (the going rate in London seems to be £10, unwaged £5). Magistrates don't seem to be much interested in the demonstrations or much impressed by police evidence (one woman who pleaded guilty to the relatively serious charge of insulting behaviour was fined only £5 at Highbury Corner this week).

Greenham women seem to have booked up Newbury Court for Greenham women seem to have booked up Newbury Court for months on end. The first batch of defendants in the Cenotaph 'die-in' case, mostly charged with insulting behaviour, have been remanded until January; the second batch come up next week and will probably be treated similarly. The first hearing, at Highbury Corner on 22 November, showed that the magistrate was hostile to the charges, criticising them before defendants had pleaded, offering legal aid, and hinting that they should be dropped; some kind of deal is expected. The second hearing, at Bow Street on 6 December, should be interesting. But it would be wrong to let trials divert us from demonstration, and from the wider movement of resistance to nuclear armament.

MH



BUÑUEL: filmmaker as storyteller

Writing in 1930, Antonin Artaud noted that the cinema 'has arrived at a turning-point in human thought, when language loses its symbolic power and the mind tires of a succession of representation.' To use the cinema to tell stories, Artaud further contends, is to betray its very essence. The purpose of the cinema should be rather to present the 'true functioning of thought'; to reveal, in Artaud's words 'the trance-like atmosphere eminently favourable for certain revelations'. These sentiments, which one can place at the base of the surrealist view of the cinema, clearly posit a view of the cinema which, having its roots in dream and reverie, is diametrically opposed to what we traditionally expect from the novel. Strange then, to discover that a glance at the works of the greatest surrealist film-maker reveals that approximately two-thirds of his films are adaptations of novels. Two of his best films, (*Diary of a Chambermaid* and *That Obscure Object of Desire*) could even be called 're-makes', a genre which most directors with even a modicum of integrity would not touch. Why should Luis Bunuel be so interested in bringing to the screen adaptations of, on the whole, fairly conventional novels, something which, on the face of it, contradicts any surrealist idea of what the cinema should be?

A brief survey of the works chosen hardly provides any enlightenment. Several popular Mexican novels; works of English literature (Defoe, Emily Bronte, Lewis); French novels of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century (Mirbeau, Louys, Kessel); Spanish naturalism (Perez Galdos). The surrealist attraction of Emily Bronte or Lewis is obvious, but Defoe or

Kessel? We are further confounded when we realise that the Lewis adaptation was never filmed (at least not by Bunuel - he passed it on to Ado Kyrrou), the Bronte adaptation is, by common consent, one of his weakest films, while the Defoe and Kessel are unquestionably among his best.

We should bear in mind here the fact that, contrary to what is generally believed, the surrealists have always been outside the tradition of modernism which took its starting point from the banal slogan 'make it new'. To the contrary, the surrealists have always had an acute sense of the importance of cultural tradition and have never seen themselves as representing a break with the tradition of bourgeois culture (though their view of the continuity of culture is radically different to the conventional view: culture as subversion and living reality rather than dead past). Furthermore our view of the cinema today has been conditioned by the anti-storytelling attitude coming from the French new wave and structuralism, an attitude that has nothing in common with the surrealist view.

At the heart of Artaud's diatribe against stories is not a reaction against storytelling as such, but a reaction against the use of stories as escape: anecdotes which do not engage or confront the spectator. Surrealism is neither the examination of reality nor its heightening but rather a means of drawing revelation out of reality. As Bunuel himself once said, the cinema represents for us 'no better means of showing us a reality we do not touch with our fingers everyday.'

Art is drawn from life: it takes its reality from the everyday life around us. But that everyday life is not simply a compendium of our daily actions, it is also composed of our inner reality: our desires, our dreams, our hopes, our memory of the past. Above all, stories represent the process whereby we 'mythologise' our lives, transforming the sordid into the transcendent, the means, in short, by which directly experienced reality is turned into the reality through which we live.

From this we can see why the surrealists have such contempt for technique. For them technique always emerges from the nature of the material rather than vice versa, something which accounts for the diversity of surrealist creation. Thus while the surrealists recognise that the essence of the cinema lies in the image, they also recognise that this generally needs to be contextualised in a recognisable narrative form and indeed the surrealists have generally revealed a positive hostility to directors (like Godard, for instance) who have taken an ideological position against narrative.

For Bunuel, then, the cinema is merely a means of revealing true reality and it is largely irrelevant from what source his material comes. This important thing is how such material can be used to express his own vision and to present to us, through the cinema, a contribution towards the transformation of our own lives; that process which has never better been expressed than when Breton noted that Rimbaud's injunction to 'change life' and Marx's

to 'transform the world' were one and the same.

Certainly one can see that in many cases Bunuel's choice of material has been dictated by commercial considerations. However, in each case he has endeavoured to direct his material towards his own vision. Equally, in no case can it be said that he has adapted a literary work. Each project, from whatever source, was conceived entirely cinematically with no concessions whatsoever to being true to the original source. Thus Bunuel has felt free to adapt a work which he personally dislikes such as Kessel's *Belle de Jour*, content in the knowledge that it provides for him a framework for his own ideas, whilst anything which he dislikes in the original can be discarded. Such an attitude can maybe be seen as evidence of a lack of originality, but who is to say in what originality consists, or indeed whether it really has any inherent value? Bunuel was a man above all able to express the universality of experience. The richness of surrealism, its refusal of moral contamination and its contempt for cultural and national boundaries revealed to him both the universal sense of his own Spanish culture and gave him the necessary critical apparatus to move happily within the cultural traditions of Mexico, England and France. Who, seeing his version of *Robinson Crusoe* and not knowing the director, would imagine it was directed by a Spaniard? Equally who, having knowledge of Bunuel's work, could see it as other than a Bunuel film;

Bunuel's cinema is one which emphasises the fundamental unity of culture. *Les aventuras de Robinson Crusoe* which refers back to (rather than adapts) an English novel of the seventeenth century. As such it at once presents us with a representation of a particular society seen from the perspective of another society, in the process enriching our knowledge of both societies and their interrelationship, as well as elaborating the universalist themes which must sustain any work of art which has validity over a period of time.

It is precisely through the use he makes of the richness of our cultural heritage that Bunuel's films enrich our experience. The culture of the past is never dead, Ideologically it is a reflection of a complex of factors which act upon us in different ways. Bunuel's films are one of the means by which we can understand this complexity. Not that his films represent a de-mystification as our semiologists would like (as Marcel Marien pointed out, 'all de-mystification is also mystification): he is far too subtle for that. Rather they bring a certain latency to the surface in the best traditions of all surrealist art. When we are watching a Bunuel film, we are always given the impression of the cinema as a magical place of assignation truly 'favourable for certain revelations'.

Michael Richardson

LUIS BUNUEL LIVED LONG BEFORE LIFEJACKETS BEGAN, LIVED LIFE BEAUTIFULLY, BRILLIANTLY, LEFT BEHIND BLEEDING LIVERS. LUIS LACERATED BABBLING, BUMBLING, BORING BUREAUCRATS, BADGERED LOWLY LATIN BEATIFICATING BISHOPS. LUIS BERATED, BOMBARDED, BEDAZZLED BENIGN BLESSED BAPTISTS. LUIS BELIEVED LONG LIVE BUTTERFLY LARVAE, LIGHTHOUSES, LIZARDS, BRICKLAYERS, BALLCOCKS! LONG LIVE LUSTROUS, LIVELY, BEWILDERING LIASONS.

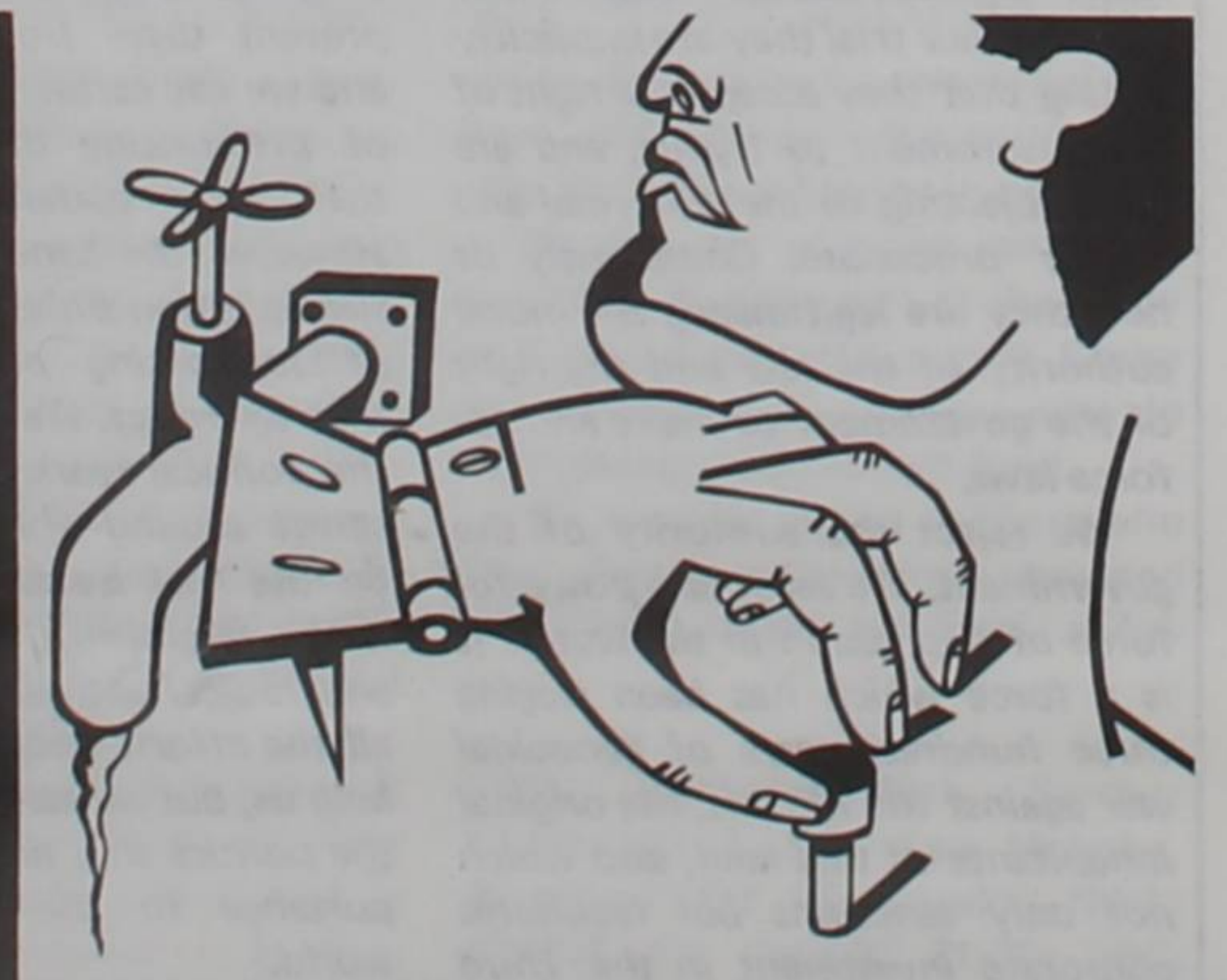
LUIS BUNUEL LOATHED BACKSTABBING, BABYLONIAN BABBLERS, LOUSY, LECHEROUS, LOWDOWN BLOODY BASTARDS. LANDOWNERS, LANDLORDS, BALIFFS, BANKERS, LEGAL BARRISTERS. BLOODY LOT!

LUIS LIKED BELITTLING BAREFACED BLOODY LIARS. LEWD, BAWDY BOURGEOISE; LIKED BRANDISHING BAREFISTS, BANKRUPTING BARITONE BARBARIANS, BRITISH BLOODY BULLDOGS. BELIEVED LETTING LOOSE BEDLAM LODGERS (LUNATICS) BEFORE LENT BEGAN BORING LOVEBIRDS.

LUIS LIKED BEFRIENDING BEDOUIN LADIES BEFORE BREAKFAST - LIKED BELLYDANCES BEFORE BEDTIME.

LUIS LOVED LIFE! LONG LIVE LUIS!

FRANCIS A. WRIGHT



WHO WAS THAT?

What was it that surprised me in the rain?

The window was shut; a cotton-reel lay threadless on the sill. Was that you? I must have dozed. The wind had dropped. Without noticing, we had passed beyond blasphemy and scandal. A white veil had slid peacefully over the whole world...

Going back, it seems to have been simply a matter of drinking hard water from the hill and looking at things through an untarnished lens.

Seeking the easy sentences first, he read aloud: the track, the man on a donkey, the scrawny chicken. The girl anoints her thighs with warm milk. The grandfather reaches lovingly into a secret compartment of the desk. Word for word, the literal transcript of the real came up as fantasy: he chuckled to see how each matter of fact confirmed the hunches of imagination. Nobody seemed used to such naturalness; pretty soon, even a glass on a table would be as potent as a bomb.

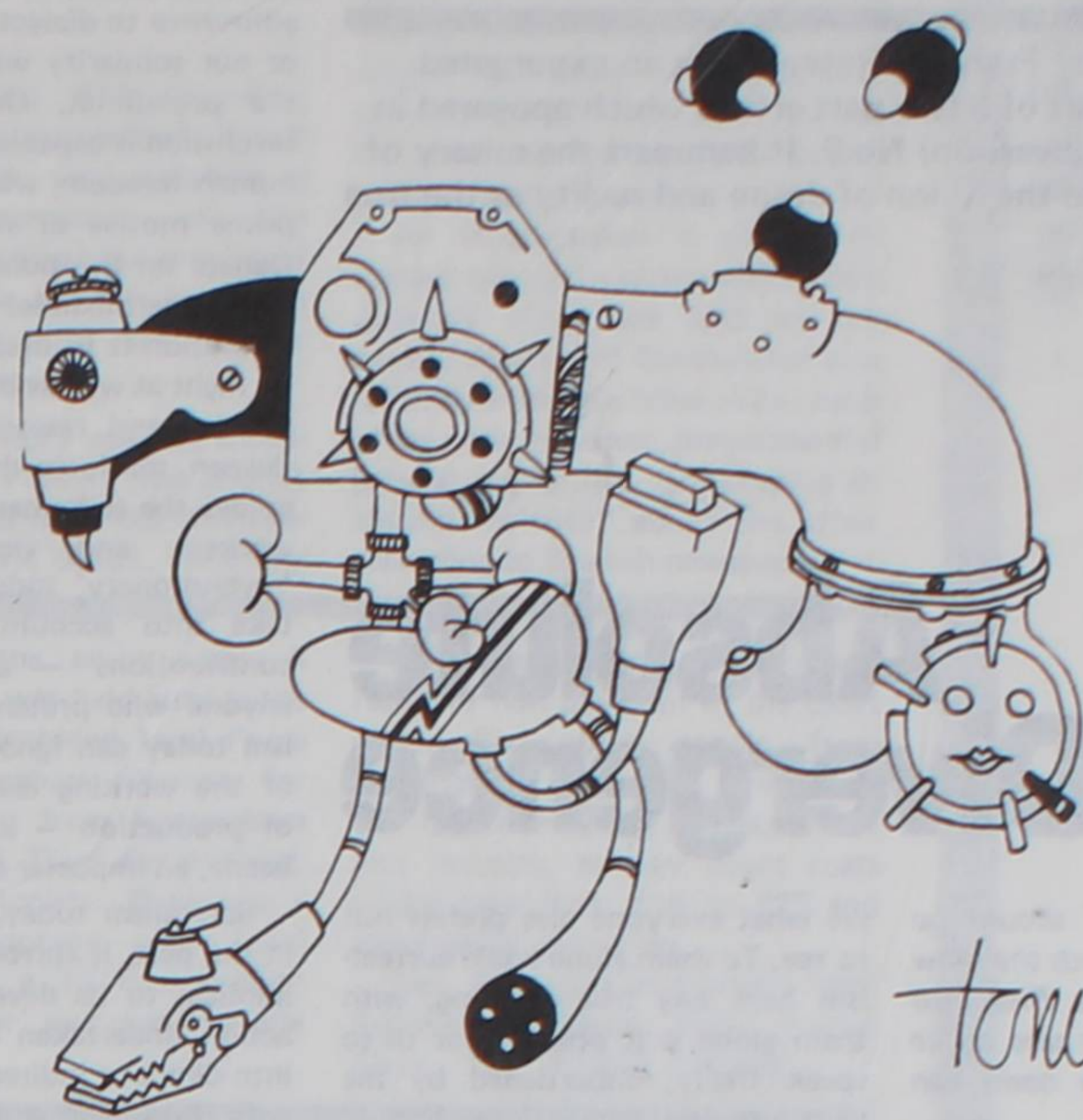
I'm awake now and, of all things, nostalgic for *Las Hurdes*, that impeccable document of dust and decrepitude. Here are the people who dwell at the edge of everything. Of course, some of them are cretins; of course, all of them are starving. At times there are wild cherries, but if so, they are unripe and will cause dysentery. At times vipers slither and pounce: their bite may not be poisonous, but the folk-remedy is fatal. A calm voice insists on these things which numb us; the camera shoots a goat from a ledge, a baby's tiny coffin floating on a stream. Hope has long flown from every hole in the wall, along with identity. Who were those people anyway?

Snapshots in the family album corrode its velvet cover. A maniac treads zig-zag through the cloisters, clutching a thread; a saint toys tenderly with a snail; a nun bites her lip and succumbs to a game of strip-poker by lamplight; a naked hand crawls from beneath a sofa; lovers writhe in a ditch; a cockroach struggles in a water-butt; a bald landowner in a smoking-jacket inspects his loathsome fingernails.

To each taboo corresponds a black or a white fetish; with every fetish comes a laugh of liberation. They will say of him that he showed a rare healthiness in his perversions, a spry deviousness in his proclamations, an awkward rigour in his nonchalance. But true dreams surrender to the single take. His secret intention lies perfectly open to the innocent eye. An empty reel is the least coquettish of objects.

Go easy then. Beyond blasphemy and scandal. At the gate of the cemetery, the grand cortege is inexplicably brought to a halt. Why this hold-up? The attendants are stiff and nervous, the society ladies in black satin crane their necks from the limousines. Ah, now we see: it's another funeral just leaving. Couldn't they have gone the other way, avoiding the main entrance? Several mourners are emerging on foot, hats under their arms. It is raining; the women are bareheaded. Here comes the hearse, drawn by some old nag. But look, isn't that the coffin, still in place? It hasn't been interred after all. The wooden lid gleams wetly, absurdly, almost truculently. The ladies in the limousines lean across and whisper: Who was that?

Roger Cardinal



“Once upon a time..”

introductory note

The scenario is not the story of a dream. I won't try to make excuses for its lack of continuity by pretending that it is meant to be a dream. The scenario tried to describe the dark truth of the soul... each image evolves out of the preceding one... these images create their own autonomous world. The characters behave quite differently from what one has been led to assume in the opening scenes. Nothing happens the way the audience expects it. The story is interrupted a number of times by sequences which are either childhood memories or, more often, day dreams, in which certain typical obsessions appear and reappear. It is quite interesting to recover insights that have long been neglected. And love? Strollers enjoy pausing here to enter the heart of an enigma.

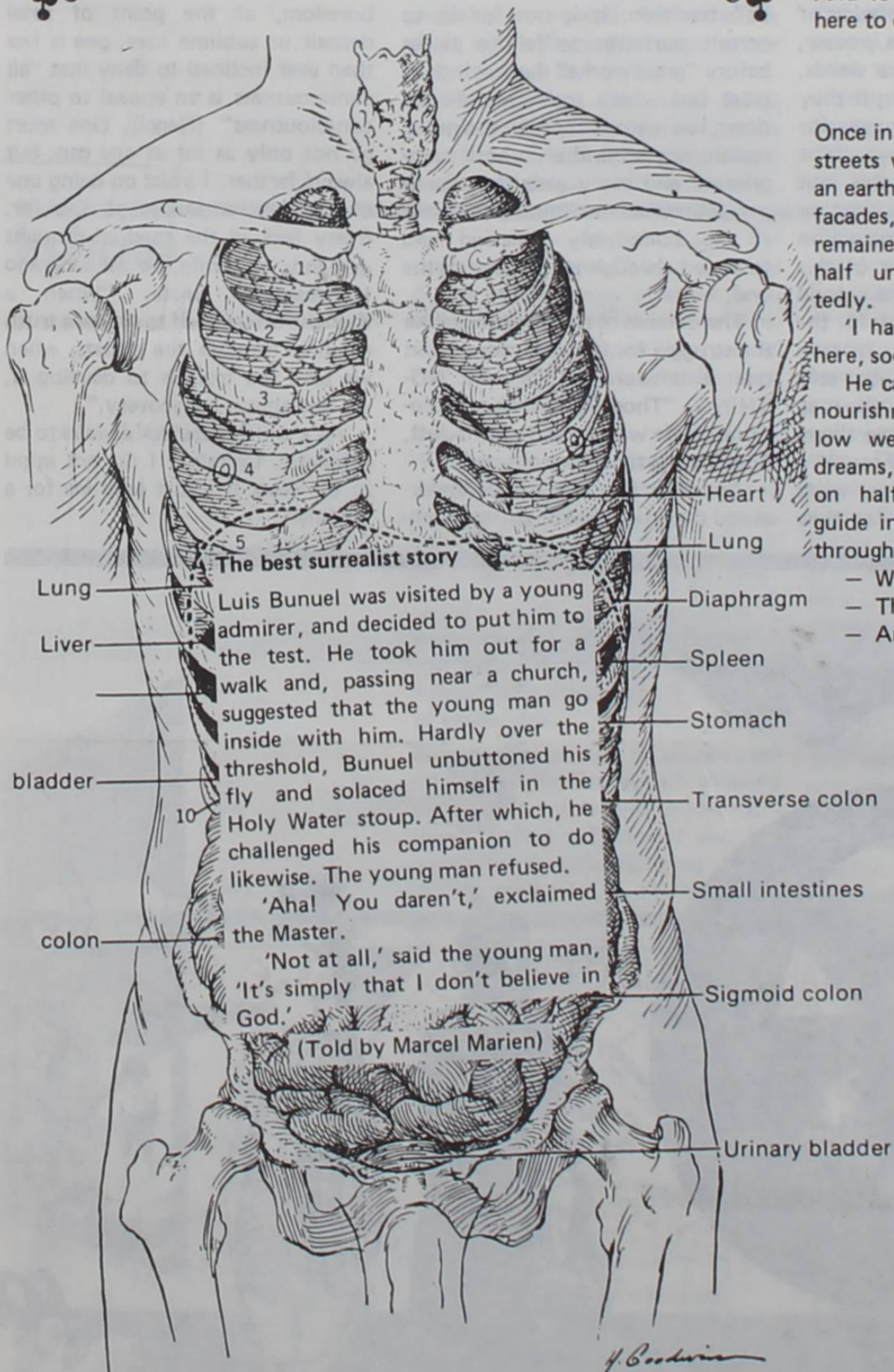
- 1 -

Once in an ancient city, he had seen streets which had been ravaged by an earthquake. Nothing was left but facades, the facades of granite had remained with doors and windows half unhinged, opening unexpectedly.

'I have been captured and from here, sooner or later, I must escape.'

He carried no searchlight and no nourishment, and all he had to follow were the inscriptions of his dreams, half-effaced hieroglyphics on half broken statues, and no guide in the darkness but a scream through the eyes of a statue.

- When was that?
- The day before yesterday.
- And you didn't try to catch



The best surrealist story

Luis Bunuel was visited by a young admirer, and decided to put him to the test. He took him out for a walk and, passing near a church, suggested that the young man go inside with him. Hardly over the threshold, Bunuel unbuttoned his fly and solaced himself in the Holy Water stoup. After which, he challenged his companion to do likewise. The young man refused. 'Aha! You daren't,' exclaimed the Master. 'Not at all,' said the young man, 'It's simply that I don't believe in God.'

(Told by Marcel Marien)

- 2 -

The long minutes - minutes of syrup flowed into silence. An autohorn now and then broke the monotony, the dog seemed to sleep and to melt away into the shadows.

The man: Anything new?
The woman: No, nothing.

Without moving, they watched the comings and goings of the individuals. Here is someone crossing a street, the space around him is solid, and there is a piano on the pavement.

Of course, men stopped to speak to her and she listened with courtesy. In each little street she knew some gloomy small hotel.

He worked behind a closed latticed window with only a small opening through which the line of clamoring clowns had to hand him their registration numbers. Suddenly, she came up to him and asked: what are you always reading? Without a word he raised his hand to his cap and held it there.

- 3 -

The silence spread minute by minute, besieging the station from which the last employees were now escaping. The sailor alone resisted and kept walking from the baggage room to the gate, even on the alert. He kept his head bent in the manner of impatient horses who paw the ground with their hooves. The deep shadows of the great building formed a background against which the stars revolved as on a dial.

After advancing a few paces into the scent of the great nocturnal cyclamen, they left the road for

the darkest of all the pathways where, in the hollow of black foliage, figures could just be glimpses coupled together on their sacred thrones, on the benches like holes in mankind's vast loneliness.

He stopped before an immense wall which supported a building. The wall was black with smoke and dust, disguised with posters all in shreds. But at the top it was pierced by a window still showing a light.

He picked up a stone and threw it as hard as he could in the direction of the window. The stone missed its target and fell at his feet. Just a few blocks away, in the smart pedestrian precinct of Baghdad, three architects, a journalist and a civil engineer are to be found among a band of hawkers selling bars of chocolate on the street.

They heard screams and a woman dropped to her knees, clasping her hands. Weeping she began to speak and fell at last full length upon the ground. For a moment she saw her love anxieties as resembling those of a drug addict, of gamblers. At first like small children's steps running through dry leaves and then heavier steps on hollow wood, and then sharp powerful fingers on the drum skins.

- 4 -

'You shall join your friend in my workshop', said the Chinaman, making for a curtain at the far end of the hall.

When her host's back was turned, she carefully withdrew her revolver and killed him.

'He does not know (no one can know) my innumerable contrition and weariness'.

The two ivory dolls twitched slightly on the table, the twitching of the dolls increased until one of them finally succeeded in taking an upright position, the other, as if encouraged by its success, followed its example and they stood together, swaying in the centre of the white cloth.

Leaning out of the window at dawn, pressing her breasts upon the window sill, she still looked out of the window hoping to see what she had failed to possess. She looked at the ending nights and the passerby with the keen alertness of the voyager who can never reach termination as ordinary people reach peaceful terminals at the end of each day, accepting pauses, deserts, havens, as she could not accept them.

'Everything has changed. We now see an endless desert...'

Haifa Zangana



The following piece by Franklin Rosemont is an expurgated version of the first part of a two part article which appeared in *Arsenal (Surrealist Subversion) No 2*. It hammers the misery of politics and re-instates the union of desire and reality as the true object of revolution.

Absolute Divergence

What can be smashed should be smashed. What withstands the blow is fit to survive. What flies into pieces is rubbish. In any case, strike out right and left; no harm can come of it.

Dmitry Pisarev

Is it not deplorable that those who were compelled as children to memorize that there are 365 days in the year, forget so easily, from one moment to the next, that there are also 365 nights? But what a pitiable circumvention, this forgetting, as if the morning's headlines did not comprise, more or less degradedly it is true, at least agonized reflections of the *imaginative energy* everyone unleashes every night in the form of dreams. Look at these headlines spelling out the crimes, infamies, massacres, calamities, earthquakes, shipwrecks, suicides and hazardous voyages to the north pole, to the peaks of unconquered mountains, to the moon. Is not the latent content unmistakable and irrefutable? Are not men and women trying desperately to tell themselves something of the appalling jeopardy of life today, and the crying need to transform the world, to rebuild everything from scratch?

I take it as beyond argument, in spite of the fact that everyone avoids thinking about it, much less discussing it openly, that the flagrant contradiction between dream-life and waking-life remains the pivot of the misery of the human condition. Everyone knows there are always beasts larger than life breaking loose from their cages; that undiscovered continents continue to blossom forth at one's fingertips; that the marvelous, in short, is an imperishable and inexhaustible well. Yet the ignominious farce of life, with its homilies on cradles and graves, the incessant stammering of the stock exchange and the intolerable omnipotence of the alarm clock, goes on day after day. Who can deny that surrealism was ushered into the world precisely to discredit and to *smash* this dismal, monotonous procession of cowardice, hypocrisy, evasion and venality? I know very well how wildly utopian, how silly, how incredibly *childish*, the surrealist project inevitably seems to those who, having proceeded ceaselessly throughout their lives from one set of pre-fabricated renunciations to another, are finally concerned exclusively with their little place in the sun, their ridiculous position in the world. Currently only a very small minority manifests its total disdain for the paltry joys auctioned off by the racketeers in charge of 'reality'. The fact remains that serious discussion is impossible with anyone else.

Little by little this minority is growing, its self-confidence expanding. On the street corners, in the factories, in the poolhalls, in the truckstops, in barracks and even in schools, a few lone individuals refuse to say yes to the existing state of affairs; a few lone individuals raise insolent questions and ruthless challenges: Above all, they

see what everyone else prefers not to see. To them alone could surrealism have any true meaning; with them alone is it possible for us to speak freely, unburdened by the usual morbid concessions. Sooner or later these few will be more; I am even convinced that some day the world will be theirs. But meanwhile all the cynicism in the universe could not efface a single drop of the marvelous. *Childish?* "The storms of youth precede brilliant days," said Lautreamont. There is still every reason to await great things — I am not even joking — from a handful of irreconcilable recalcitrants who continue to fling in the face of bourgeois law and order messages of thoroughgoing demoralization, insults, blasphemies, imprecations and threats, and who do not conceal the fact that they are out to make life as miserable as possible for everyone who pretends to be satisfied with things as they are. I admit that the means at our disposal are severely limited — for the moment. And at least until this situation is corrected — until surrealism, that is, attains some measure of executive efficacy — it will remain impossible to expect anything emancipatory or beautiful except from *violence*.

If ever it was necessary to speak out for nonconformism, total insubordination, the necessity of atheism, revolutionary intolerance, systematic sabotage, treason, armed insurrection, and to lash out in all directions with *absolutely modern* fury against all and everything that restricts the quest for freedom and true life, it is here and now. Make no mistake: As far as surrealism is concerned, the whole stinking parade of patriotism, the flag, private property, God and everything having to do with religion, cops, the family, government, civilization, the "moral value" of work, etc., provides nothing more than objects of derision, targets for spit. Refusing to relinquish the unsparing rigor and incorruptible extremism that alone ensure the advance of thought and action, surrealism today recognizes not only its basic orientation but also its entire *spirit* in the principle of *absolute divergence* originally elaborated by Charles Fourier, which is the necessary completion of Marx's call for "merciless criticism of everything in existence." A profound and lyrical radicalization of Cartesian doubt, absolute divergence makes short work of every "eternal value" of civilization, every justification of human misery. "The surest means of making useful discoveries," according to Fourier, is "to diverge in every way from the paths followed by the uncertain sciences...to remain in constant opposition to these sciences." By "uncertain sciences" Fourier intended particularly the prevailing forms of the manifestation of bourgeois ideology. The specifically revolutionary character of our own struggle against bourgeois ideology in all its forms should suffice to clear us of the absurd charge that our interest in the theories of Fourier somehow mitigates our fundamental

adherence to dialectical materialism or our solidarity with the cause of the proletariat. Only proletarian revolution is capable of safeguarding human freedom, which remains the prime motive of surrealist action. Debate on this point, in fact, is no longer permissible. To dream the revolution is to desire it even more, by night as well as by day. Surrealist activity and research supplement, deepen, reinforce the theory which guides the self-emancipation of the workers, and vice versa. Any 'revolutionary' today who fails to take into account the surrealist contributions — and conversely, anyone who pretends that surrealism today can ignore the struggles of the working class at the point of production — is clearly an imbecile, an imposter or both.

Surrealism today, far more than in the past, is surrounded by forces inimical to its development; every action undertaken by us brings us into direct or indirect confrontation with those who would like nothing so much as for us to call a halt. There are still those, for example, who are disturbed to find us constantly overstepping the conventional boundaries of art or poetry and defending the organization of factory committees and workers' militia; that is, there are those who wish to confine surrealism to the boundaries of bourgeois culture, to concede it a corner in the Museum of Modern Art and a page or two in the textbooks. But there are also those who would prefer that we abandon the surrealist project as such, so that we could devote our energies exclusively to socialist propaganda and political organization. To these "classical" critics must be added a third category, which is today more and more numerous: the ideologists of pseudo-surrealism (or "post-surrealism"), representing a development comparable to the appearance of revisionism and Stalinism in the workers' movement. United essentially by the same reactionary fear, the same conservatism, the same skeptical bad faith, all these critics lose sight of the *specific historical mission of surrealism*. For such critics, poetry, freedom and love are mere words. Such critics have forgotten, if they ever knew, that in the struggle for consciousness, as Hegel says, "The process of bringing all this out involves a twofold action — action on the part of the other and action on the part of itself...But in this there is implicated also the second kind of action, self-activity; for the former implies that it risks its own life. The relation of both self-consciousness is in this way so constituted that they prove themselves and each other through a life-and-death struggle. They must enter into this struggle, for they

must bring their certainty of themselves, the certainty of being for themselves, to the level of objective truth...And it is solely by risking life that freedom is obtained; only thus is it tried and proved that the essential nature of self-consciousness is not bare existence, is not the merely immediate form in which it at first makes its appearance, is not its mere absorption in the expanse of life."

Disinclined as I am to engage in exegetical exercises, I wish to emphasize here, for the sake of elementary clarity, that too much of what passes for surrealism today is merely rotten meat with a false label. Countless swine throughout the world are building entire careers, all rights reserved, on a line or two lifted from the works of Breton or Peret, just as Duchamp's discoveries of 1912-23 are repackaged, at enormous profits, in the sickening "idioms" of the current "art market". Such putrescent intrigues are not surrealism, however, but only its worst caricatures. Those who confuse their paltry ambitions, their literary indigestion, their day-to-day trepidations or the shabby products of their impotence with the surrealist *crisis of consciousness* can only continue to slobber from one wretched and inexcusable absurdity to the next.

When we use the word surrealism we intend above all an *adventure*, the supreme adventure, which may be undertaken only at the risk of everything that gets in its way. We have nothing to discuss with those who use this word to signify anything less. The word itself, in any case, is hardly the decisive issue. What is essential is to devise — from scratch — a system of "challenges and provocations", as invoked in the *Second Manifesto*, "to keep the public panting in expectation at the gate" — that is: to secure the **PROFOUND AND VERITABLE OCCULTISM OF SURREALISM**. Everything everywhere awaits its true invention.

It is not for us to succumb to a "tradition," even a pretent "surrealist" tradition; it is not for us to permit ourselves to fall to pieces before "great works" that are indeed great but which today are shoved down too many throats by too many reactionary scoundrels whose every grimace and every gesture make it perfectly clear that these works have to be completely renewed and followed through all the way to the end.

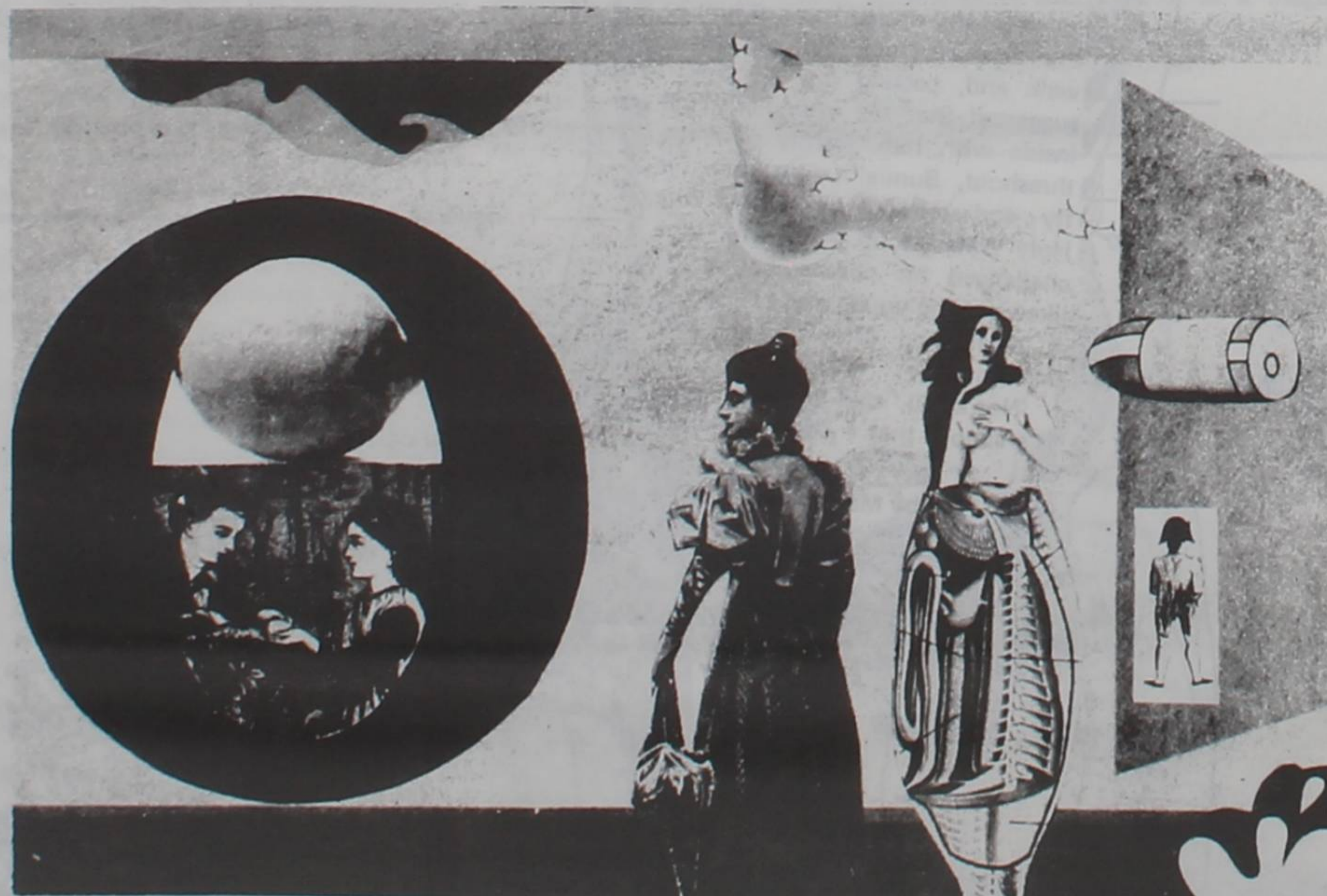
The defense of the marvelous, like the struggle for freedom, admits but one watchword: **STOP AT NOTHING**. "Those who make revolutions half way," said Saint-Just, "merely dig their own graves."

And thus I hope it will be understood that the well-known reproach-

es brought to bear against us by enemies and critics of every description — that we are nihilistic, conspiratorial, irresponsible, narcissistic, authoritarian and crazy; that we are purists, dogmatics, animators of tempests in teapots, consumed by the thirst for vengeance, addicted to invective, driven by compulsions to excommunicate, to polemicize, to scandalize, to fly into rages, to disrupt, to denounce, to destroy — for us, these are not even reproaches. Similarly, it is a matter of little importance if this or that transient associate or fellow traveler loses his nerve, starts slipping and comes to prefer the security of literature, the consolations of philosophy or even "making a living." If it is not always possible to recognize such parasitic elements at first glance, and if consequently they are able to insinuate themselves now and then into our midst, rest assured that once we become aware of their *lack of moral qualifications* we are content to abandon them indifferently to their lamentable fate and do not even listen to their whining farewells as they begin to make their peace with the enemies of all the principles they had sworn to uphold. Away with the intellectual tourists, the perpetual moaners oozing with vanity, the speculators in boredom ready to peddle half-truths at thirty-five cents a line, the timid bibliophiles for whom the pursuit of pure psychic automatism is reducible to a literary technique, the philosophical snake in the grass, the hopeless malingerers, the dead weights, the two-bit cowards and the shilly-shallying imposters! To go forward we must sweep the road of every obstruction. The revolution we desire and foresee — the revolution which alone can clear the way for the actualization of the marvelous — is of such a character as to admit of no equivocation, no wavering, no compromise. Surrealism would be nothing if it did not demand everything of each of those who incarnate its living presence.

Entirely on the other side of hope, beyond literature, beyond boredom, at the point of total despair or sublime love, one is less than ever inclined to deny that "all consciousness is an appeal to other consciousness" (Hegel). One must go not only as far as one can, but always farther. I insist on being one of those who always *go too far*. Every fork in the road of thought demands its knife. A century ago Lautreamont wrote: "When a thought offers itself to us like a truth running through the streets, when we take the trouble to develop it, we find that it is a discovery."

As a child I resolved always to be a fanatic. Certainly I do not mind in the least if idiots take me for a madman.



Conroy MADDUX: *The Mirror of the Marvelous* (collage/painting, 1971)

Spain

Jacinto Avalos Cardova, an anarchist accused of belonging to the *Grupos Anarquistas Revolucionarios* (GAR), has been found hanged in his cell at the pre-trial prison of Carabanchel in Madrid.

Jacinto Avalos was 30 years old and came from Tarrasa near Barcelona. He had been in prison since January 1981 on a charge of belonging to an armed band. In November 1982 he was transferred from Modelo prison in Barcelona to Carabanchel where, during the last

year, four other prisoners have been found dead.

According to first accounts, Jacinto Avalos committed suicide while everyone was watching a Saturday transmission of *The Prisoner of Zenda* on the evening of 29 October. He had last been seen eating supper with three other anarchist prisoners.

The suicide story was not accepted by Jacinto's family who at once said they would carry out a private inquiry into the death. They say

that given his attitude during visits and as shown in his letters, it was almost impossible for him to have decided to kill himself. In addition he was due to be provisionally released pending trial.

An investigation is also to be carried out by the prison authorities; Jacinto's sister was told by the deputy director of Carabanchel that his body showed a blow to the back of the neck. However, the penitential judicial authorities "are keeping an absolute silence" about the affair according to Spanish newspapers.

Nottingham

Patrick Gray from Nottingham was one of the 752 people arrested during the Upper Heyford US Air-base blockade in June. Patrick was charged with obstructing the highway, found guilty and ordered to pay £15 court costs. Patrick refused to pay any court costs.

On Friday November 4th Patrick was summoned to the magistrates court in Nottingham for non

payment of the court costs. A demonstration was held outside the court, which included local Peace groups, Nottingham Women for Peace, Students from Nottingham University and Trent Polytechnic, and Trade Unionists. There was a carnival atmosphere with local musicians and a 12 foot puppet 'Law and Order' was made for the event.

Patrick was jailed for 7 days as a result of non payment of the court costs. Six other people from Nottingham who were arrested at the Upper Heyford Blockade are also refusing to pay court costs which vary from £15 to £25 and also face jail sentences.

For more details contact: Mark Salmon, 72 Exeter Road, Forest Fields, Tel: (0602) 626298.

London

It's nearly 1984 and the Cruise, Hitler's dream, is already home. Twenty-five years of protest hasn't achieved what we want — a world without war or its threat — despite all that good energy, demos, protests, concerts and blockades. Many people believe now that this is because people have relied on a strategy of protest which is best described as 'please, sir, could I have my planet back.' We can say that the time has come to reclaim the earth, not only to plead on its behalf.

On Thursday 29 September the first 'Stop the City' protest/carnival took place between 6am and 6pm at the heart of Europe's largest financial centre, the City of London. This was the day when summer profits were reckoned up — and a lot of them are profits from death. Some of the institutions which deal in death and armaments are well known to you: the Bank of England, Barclays Bank, Pennoid Ltd (ammunition transit etc), to mention only three (a fuller list of institutions and their interests is available on request). And of course there is the Stock Exchange, where they mark up the profits.

The Carnival was great. 1,500 people from a number of groups participated, such as London Greenpeace, Anti-Apartheid Movement,

Green CND, Crass, animal liberationists, various peace centres, Greenham Women, etc. By far the largest group taking part were the police, who arrested over 200 people. The mood of the carnival was open and festive, a celebration of freedom — an event without organised structure and without violence. Yet people were making a serious effort to talk to workers in the area and slow up work by picketing and occupying the streets. The only violence came, predictably enough, from the police. (Trials continue in London with many people not even bothering to turn up.)

One policeman remarked to the *Financial Times* about 'an incredible communication system which moved the focus of the demo from the Stock Exchange to the Guildhall to the Royal Exchange to the Magistrates Court.' No mystery — it's called talking and listening to each other! The second 'Stop the City' on Thursday 29 March 1984 (when the profits for the whole year are reckoned up) will be about this very thing. There won't be a central plan or a route to tell people what to do. The aim is for many different groups to come together on the day and to use our own initiative. The possibilities are many: for music, processions, art, theatre,

discussions, picketing, and for the creation of a celebration of life at the very centre of the death culture. The 'organisation' of the event will probably consist of back-up services — children's aid, legal support, first aid, communication etc. The rest is up to everyone — to organise themselves.

At this point our aim is to publicise the role of finance and profit, not only in the international production of weapons but also in the creation of poverty, ecological destruction and international repression. There are many protests and movements concerned with these and similar issues. March 29 will be a chance to come together and to show the links between our common struggles. We are not asking you to come to yet another dreary demo. Instead we leave it up to you to make known the truth about the City's dirty money. To get together with your friends and plan your own actions. To be there. Let's 'Stop the City' on March 29!

Box STC
London Greenpeace
6 Endsleigh Street
London WC1
PS Come to: London Region General Planning Meeting, Saturday 3 December, 1pm-6pm, at Peace Centre, 99 Roseberry Avenue, London EC1. (Angel tube).

In brief

The Santiago Appeals Court has declared that the Chilean political police has no power of arrest or to hold detainees in secret prisons. The security agencies have carried out tens of thousands of such arrests since the 1973 coup.

Two cigars, partly smoked by Winston Churchill, have been sold for £100 at Christies. Another three cigar butts together with place cards for Churchill, the King and Field Marshall Smuts, fetched £120.

China's crime rate is reported to have dropped 'dramatically' since the severe crack-down started in August. There have been 'thousands' of executions.

Singapore continues its crack-down on social evils. The latest is chewing gum. Radio and television advertisements have been banned and the government is considering 'more drastic measures' if the manufac-

turers do not include 'dispersal instructions' on packets.

For some time the characterisation of the Metropolitan Police, as overbearing, arrogant, racist bullies has been dismissed as paranoid ravings put about as part of a deliberate policy of denigration. Now we find that David McNee, ex-Commissioner was part of it. He encouraged a sinister organisation called the Policy Studies Institute to join in the criticism. Kenneth Newman, present Commissioner, is apparently more reliable, he says that he would do no such thing.

The government continues its planning for the aftermath of nuclear war. A plan has been drawn up to help middle ranking civil servants, who have responsibility for administering the regions. The surviving population will be 'divided into healthy, ill, sick, dying and dead. The healthy will be split into 'co-

operative' and 'criminal'. The Home Office accepts that the model used is comparatively optimistic.

Meanwhile, the scientific basis for Home Office assumptions on the number of deaths from radiation has been revealed. In 1955, two officials asked Robin Mole, an expert, for an estimate. He was given half an hour, so he did the calculation on the back of an envelope. The results have been used ever since as the basis of official assumptions.

Planning also goes ahead in France. From the beginning of next year, all new buildings must have nuclear blast or fallout shelters. Previously, it had been assumed that there could be no adequate defence. Now, it is thought that new missiles are more accurate and will be aimed at strategic targets, so the general population have more chance.



NATIONAL

ABERDEEN
Subversive Graffiti Collective, c/o 163 King St, Aberdeen (Includes the ex-members of Aberdeen Solidarity). Activities include production of a local free news-sheet.

BASILDON
Contact:- Mark, 27 Little Lullaway, Basildon Essex.

BEDFORDSHIRE
Bedfordshire and Isolated Anarchists, write John 81 F Bromham Rd, Bedford MK40 2AH

BELFAST
Just Books, 7 Winetavern St, Belfast

BIRMINGHAM
Birmingham DAM, c/o Peace Centre, 18 Moor St, Ringway

BRACKNELL
Bracknell Anarchists, Box 21, 17, Chatham St, Reading, Berks.

BRISTOL
Box 010, Full Marks Bookshop, 187 Cheltenham Rd, Bristol 6

BURNLEY
BAG, c/o 2 Quarrybank

CAMBRIDGE
Cambridge Anarchists, c/o 186 East Rd, Cambridge
East Anglian Anarchist Federation c/o Grapevine, 186 East Rd

CARDIFF
c/o 108 Bookshop, 108 Salisbury Rd, Cardiff 2
C.O.I., Box 999, 108 Salisbury Rd

CLEVELAND
c/o Liverdon Crescent, Thornby. Also produces 'Common Cause' local anarchist paper.
Box A, c/o 120 Victoria Rd, Middlesborough

COVENTRY
Anarchist Group, c/o Students Union, University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL

CRAWLEY
Libertarian Group, Ray Cowper, 1 Bluebell Close Crawley, W Sussex

CUMBRIA
2 Forestry Cottages, Millfield, Hutton Roof, Penrith

ESSEX
DAM, Martyn Everett, 11 Gibson Gdns, Saffron Walden, Essex
Oral Abortions, The Catskills, Maldon Rd, Gay Bowers, Danbury

EXETER
Anarchist Collective, c/o Community Association, Devonshire House Stocker Rd

FALKIRK
Black Bairn, c/o Box 3, 488 Gt Western Rd, Glasgow

FORMBY
Floating Free, 58 Freshfield Rd, Formby, Merseyside L3 7JHW

GLASGOW
'Practical Anarchy' (monthly free broadsheet send large sae) c/o Box 3 Calderwood, 18/GPP pamphlets c/o Box V2 At Glasgow Bookshop Collective, 488 Gt Western Rd, G12 (Kilwinbridge Subway)

GRAVESEND
Please contact Adrian, Lodge House, By Valley Lodge, Ifield Way, Gravesend, Kent

HUDDERSFIELD
Huddersfield Anarchist Group & DAM, c/o Peaceworks, 88 Wakefield Rd, Huddersfield

HULL
Hull @ Group, 23 Nott St, (moving in Sept to 24 Albany St)

KEELE
Keels University A Group, R Knight, c/o Students Union, The University, Keele, Staffs

KEIGHLEY
Anarchists, c/o Simon Saxton, 1 Selbourne Grove, Kelghley, West Yorkshire BD21 2SL

LANCASTER
Tadeusz Szczepanski, 38 Bradshaw St, LA1 3BE

LEAMINGTON AND WARWICK
Lamming and Yorick A's, c/o 23 Radford Rd, Leamington Spa, Warwks CV31 1NF

LEEDS
Leeds Anarchist Group, Box LAP A, 59 Cookridge St, LS2 3AW
Leeds Direct Action Movement, Box DAM, 59 Cookridge street, Leeds, LS2

LEICESTER
Blackthorn Books, 70 High St, Libertarian Education, 6 Beaconsfield Rd, tel:552085
The Anarchist Society, Societies' Room, Students Union Building, University of Leicester, University Rd, LE1 7RH

LIVERPOOL
Liverpool Anarchist Group, Box LAG, 31 Gothic Street, Rock Ferry, Birkenhead, Merseyside.
Discordians, Liverpool Students Union, Brownlow Hill, Liverpool
North West Anarchist Federation, 224 Garston Old Rd, Liverpool 19, Merseyside

LONDON
Anarchy Magazine, Box A 84b Whitechapel High St, London E1; FREEDOM Collective, Angel Alley, 84b Whitechapel High St, E1 (01-247-9249). Aldgate East tube, nr Whitechapel Art Gallery.
Greenpeace, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1. Meet Thursdays 7pm
London Workers Group, c/o Little A C1 Metropolitan Wharf, Wapping Wall E1. 121 Books/Anarchist Centre, 121 Ralinton Rd, London SE24 Tel: 274 6888
Contact Address for:- Anarchist-Feminist Magazine; Pigs for Slaughter; South London Anarchist Group (SLAG); South London DAM; London Anarchist Youth Group meet every Friday at 121, 7.30pm.
Martin Nicholas, 111 Reed rd., Tottenham, London N 17.

NW LONDON
K Potkin, Student Mall, Polytech of

Central London, 32-38 Wells St, WC1

SOLIDARITY
(London group and editorial group), c/o 123 Latham Rd., London E6.

MALVERN
and Worcester area, Jock Spence, Birchwood Hall, Storrridge, Worcestershire

MANCHESTER
DAM, Wildcat, Aware Multimedia and South Manchester A Group, 8-10 Great Ancoats St, Manchester M4 5AD
Black & Red Society (Anarchist Group) c/o The Student's Union, University of Manchester, Oxford Road.

MORECAMBE & LANCASTER
Chris Preston, 27 Nightingale Close, Gosport, Hampshire PO12 3EU. (Correspondence only)
North Lancs Libertarians, c/o Cliff M Poxon, 13 Carleton St, Morecambe Lancs LA4 4NX
Lancaster Freedom Activists, 38 Bradshaw St, Lancaster, LA1 3BE

LEAMINGTON SPA
Box 7, c/o The Other Branch Bookshop, 12 Gloucester Street

NORTH STAFFS
Careless Talk Collective, R Knight c/o Students Union, The University, Keele, Staffs

NORWICH
Norwich @ Group, c/o Box 6, FREE-WHEEL, 52-54 King St

NOTTINGHAM
Nottingham Anarchist Group, Box A Mushroom Bookshop, 10 Heathcote St 582506.

OLDHAM
Nigel Broadbent, 14 Westminster Rd, Fallsworth

ORPINGTON
Rik Fuller, 60 Ramsden Rd, Orpington, Kent

OXFORD
Oxford Anarchists, 34 Cowley Rd

PLYMOUTH
Anarchists, 115 St Pancras Ave, Penny-cross

PORTSMOUTH
area anarchist group, c/o Garry Richardson, 25 Beresford Close, Waterlooville, Hants

READING
Reading Anarchists, Box 19, Acorn Bookshop, 17 Chatham St

RHONDDA
and Mid Glamorgan, Henning Anderson, 'Smiths Arms', Treherbert, Mid Glamorgan

SHEFFIELD
Libertarian Society, PO Box 168, Sheffield 1
Sheffield Anarchists, Doncaster Anarchists and Black Rat, each c/o John Craggie Society, PO Box 217, Sheffield, S1 1FD.
Sheffield Peace Action, 69 Rustlings Rd,

Sheffield 11
NEAF Secretariat: Box 168, Sheffield 11

SOUTHAMPTON
'Southern Street', c/o October Books, 4 Onslow Rd

SOUTH WALES
DAM, c/o Smiths Arms, Baglan Rd, Treherbert. Write for anarcho-syndicalist contacts in Treherbert, Rhondda, Pontypridd, Penarth, Barry and Cardiff areas

SOUTH WORCESTERSHIRE/NORTH GLOUCESTERSHIRE
Deb, 41, Southcourt Close, Leckhampton, Cheltenham. OR c/o 30 Ashdale Ave, Pershore, Worcs.

STAFFORD
Anarchist Communists, c/o R Black, Students Union, North Staffs Polytechnic, Beaconside, Stafford.

SUSSEX
Brighton Anarchists, c/o Students Union, Falmer House, University of Sussex, Brighton East Sussex
Hastings Anarchists + Poison Pen, 92 London Rd, St Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex
Sussex Anarchist Society, c/o Hastings Anarchist Group

SWANSEA
Anarchist Group, Box 5, Neges, 31 Alexandra Rd, Swansea
Billy, 63 Clynnmaes Place, Bhenymaes, Swansea

TAYSIDE
Josh Cowan, 3/R 17 Cheviot Crescent, Dundee, DD4 9JL

TYNE & WEAR
Newcastle Anarchist Group, c/o 2 Priory Court, High St, Gateshead, Tyne & Wear NE8 3JL

WAKEFIELD
Anarchist and Peace Group, c/o Fazackerley, 36 Bowan St, Agbrigg, Wakefield, West Yorkshire

WEST WALES
Terry Phillips, 7 Heol Nant, Felinfoel, Llanelli, Dyfed SA14 8EL

WATFORD
Watford and Area Anarchists (WAAA), c/o 135 Gammon's Lane, Watford, Herts.

YORK
Shell 22, 73 Walmgate, York

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Please add postage as in brackets. Items marked * are published in the USA. N. American purchasers please convert £1 - plus postage - at \$ 1.50 (US) and \$ 1.90 (Canada).

Illustrated catalogue available. Please send SAE 9"x 6" (21p) or 2 International reply coupons.

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*Nationalism and Culture by Rudolf Rucker. (614pp cloth) £15 (£2).

Why I am not a Christian and the Faith of a Rationalist by Bertrand Russell. (32pp ppr) 60p (17p).

We can give full trade terms on the above titles.

NEW THIS WEEK

1984 in 1984: Autonomy, Control and Communication edited by Crispin Aubrey and Paul Chilton. (120pp ppr) £3.95 (45p).

Direct Action by April Carter (with a new introduction by Bob Overy). (24pp ppr) 60p (17p).

*The Populist Manifestos by Lawrence Ferlinghetti (44pp ppr) £2.75 (27p).

violence study group. (50pp ppr) £1.50 (27p).

The Beauty of Life by William Morris (24pp ppr) 80p (21p).

*Letter to the Past: An Autobiography by George Woodcock (329pp cloth) £13.50 (£1.30).

The Child in the City by Colin Ward (221pp cloth) £3 (£1.30).

The Greenham Factor by Greenham Print Prop. (12pp ppr large format) £1 (27p).

Insurrection: Dossier on Comiso (20pp ppr large format) 80p (27p).

Ravachol e cia by Flavio Constantino (28pp cloth large format) full colour illustrations throughout. Text in Italian £5.95 (95p).

La Rivoluzione Volontaria: Biografia per immagini di Errico Malatesta illustrated b/w throughout. Text in Italian (102pp ppr) £4.50 (£1.30).

*A History of Work Co-operation in America by John Curl (58pp ppr) £2.50 (40p).

*A History of Collectivity in the San Francisco Bay area edited by John Curl (56pp ppr) £2.50 (33p).

FOOTNOTE ON SURREALISM
Surrealisme et anarchisme by Pietro Ferrua. In French. (26pp ppr) 90p (21p)

Surrealism: The things of History compiled by Conroy Maddox, John Welson and Pauline Drayson. Freedom supplement. (8pp ppr) 15p (17p).

FOR THE TURNING OF THE YEAR
Housemans Peace Diary 1984 (with Directory and Profiles of UK Peace Organisations) £2.50 (30p).

Walt Whitman Anarchist Calendar 15p (13p).

An Earthly Paradise Calendar by William Morris and Walter Crane (14pp ppr. large format) 26 plates £1.20 (40p).

1984 Literary Expectations Calendar from City Lights, San Francisco. (24pp ppr) Illustrated £4.50 (33p).

Freedom Bookshop has a selection of unusual 'seasonal' cards for you to send if you wish. Priced 17p each (13p post) or £1.70 per doz. (plus 30p post). Write for a sample or a selection.

Please send SAE 10" x 7" - 2"p - or 2 International Postal reply coupons for booklist.

MEETINGS

Central London
Discussion Meetings
Every Friday at 8pm prompt at the Mary Ward Centre, 42 Queens Square, WC1.
Dec 2: Clifford Harper on Art & Anarchism.
Dec 9: Eddie Barnes & Gareth on Animal Liberation & Green Politics.
Dec 16: Social Evening!

Open discussion meetings
Organised by: 'Wildcat' Group, Direct Action Movement and Manchester Anarchists. Fortnightly at the 'Town Hall Tavern' (Basement Bar Room), Tibb Lane, off Cross Lane, near the Town Hall, Manchester.
All meetings start at 7.45pm.
Each discussion will have a 30 minute introduction.

Wednesday 14th December 'Everything you wanted to know about the Economic Crisis and its solution'
All welcome.

LITERATURE

We are writing to announce the relaunching of the old Tyneside libertarian paper 'Black Star' which ceased publication some ten months ago. Republication has been initiated by former collective members now living in the Buckinghamshire area.

Issue No 1 includes a biography of Guy Aldred, co-inciding with the twentieth anniversary of his death, an article by him entitled 'The Gateway of Civilisation' and an article on the rise of parliamentarism based on his writings.

This new issue also includes an article on the Labour Party, highlighting the gross degree of anti-socialist and anti-working class activities since its very conception.

No 1. Individual copies 50p inc. postage from Black Star, PO Box 152, Wolverton, Milton Keynes, Bucks, UK.

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Printed and Typeset by
Aldgate Press
84b Whitechapel High St,
01-247 3015

Distributed to Bookshops by
A Distribution
c/o 84b Whitechapel High St,
London E1

DEADLINES

FREEDOM Collective would welcome any readers who wish to help fold and despatch the paper. The next issue will be sent out on Thursday 15th December, starting at around 6pm. This is also a good time to come and meet the editors.

FREEDOM also needs your written contributions and any graphics of photographs readers feel would be useful to us. Copy deadline for the short items for the next issue is first post, Monday 12th December. Longer articles in by first post, Thursday 8th December.

WILDCAT

