

# Rest In Peace



**“COMPLAIN ALL YOU WANT —  
BUT DO AS YOU’RE TOLD!” -  
Frederick the Great.**

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**C.N.D.=  
Collection of Nice Distractors,  
Calling for Nothing Different,  
Creating Numbing Diversions,  
Crushing Negativity with Docility:  
Capitalisms’ Non-nuclear Defenders.**

## REST IN PEACE

"This way there's no risk of violence by anybody; we can contain the whole thing much better"  
- Greenham Common organiser.

"Yes - it was all a jolly good experience. Everyone has committed themselves to paying a fine. And it was all achieved without the use of violence." - Monsignor Bruce Kent, commenting on the arrest of 750 CND lambs at Upper Heyford.

"We are the true patriots" - Joan Ruddock.

Everyday that CNDers supply the State with money for fines, 90,000 people in the world die of starvation, whilst the world goes on producing enough wheat which alone could feed the population twice over. This banal irony is not aimed to provoke in you yet another guilty response to the brutality of capitalism to which we are so anaesthetised as a way of competing with the moralism of the CNDer; rather it is aimed to jab you into recognising an anger and disgust within you whose honest application can only lead you to a *violent* practice against this brutally-imposed inhumanity, and against your own complicity with it. The irony of the nuclear disarmers' position is that, for all their moral anti-violent superiority, CNDers uphold, whether through passive acquiescence or explicit collaboration, the most violent hierarchical system the world has ever known. All their 'simple' desires to "save the world" are simply their desire to save their miserable niche in *this* world, this present irrational violence of the world market, of which nuclear weapons are so far not by any means the worst symptom. Such is the overwhelming sense of impotence which the threat of nuclear war is deliberately intended to impose, that many of these people propose conventional war as a 'realistic' alternative. Just so long as it's patriotic and not pro-American, just so long as it protects their own impotent middle-class identification with The Nation State, whose commodity 'realism' violently intimidates the masses of individuals everywhere. But just *saying* this to them is already too violent for these sick timid souls. All their opposition to violence is designed to repress with an image of purity the million good reasons to be violently angry with this world. Even though globally the present-day massacres are worse than those of World War II, these people believe they are righteously above it all because they personally do not *directly* participate in this violence, rather like a German walking past a concentration camp. In renouncing their share of violence by morally or intellectually wishin away their responsibility for the necessity of participating in the destruction of class society (which degrades and isolates them in merely more subtly debilitating ways than the starving) they try to renounce reality - the horrible truth of the world we live in. But since it's impossible to renounce one's share of violence in this world, so, inevitably, those who claim to renounce it assure its reappearance in subtle, and often not so subtle, forms: when gestures of 'benevolence' are not enough to contain the repression, the cops are called.

### Some Facts

- 1: In the summer of 1982 at a CND rally in Hyde Park the organisers permitted the cops to *secretly* (appropriately) film the demonstrators from the stage.
- 2: CND regularly get the cops to investigate the more rebellious sections of their rank and file.
- 3: At Torness in 1979, pacifists aggressively policed and repressed the minor destruction of some of the construction site of a nuclear reactor, saying that damaging property was violent, and that it would get "a bad press", hoping thereby to win the support of these cynical mercenaries of the press who effectively protect commodity and State violence *everywhere*.
- 4: In Amsterdam, in the 1980 riots against the Royal Wedding there, hippy pacifists protected cops thrown off their horses from being attacked by those they had just truncheoned: with such help they managed to re-mount and go off to beat up others.

The pacifists opposition to anti-hierarchical violence is aimed at protecting themselves from the anger in themselves as much as from the anger of others. That's why most of them condemned the minimal violence of the rioters of '81.\* Of course, pacifists recognise the hypocritical horror of the State and the market economy it manages, moralistically complaining about it as they cynically resign themselves to it. Who, anyway, could get worked up about the 100s of deaths in mines, construction sites and on the motorways each year? Who cares that the daily habits which decay our lives in the form of exhaustion, depression, boredom, ulcers and cancer are now recognised as the major cause of death, even by

\* See *Like A Summer With A Thousand Julys*, available from B.M.Blob, London, WC1 N 3XX, for the best account of the riots so far.

specialists - but what can you do about it? If such people were upset by the 'violence' of the riots it's because they hate to be reminded of the appalling misery of their anaesthetised passivity in the face of the daily violence inflicted upon them, a violence they masochistically take for granted. Whilst the nuclear maniacs and wage-slave drivers can only offer despair, the pacifists offer an abstract hope - an expectation of an external solution which will never be realised but which for the moment provides a leash of submission. The only practical hope is the anti-hierarchical violence against the rape of our lives, developing immediate confidence and possibility. The spontaneously organised violence of the rioters began to undermine the violence of the law & order of things and their price by becoming *human* violence, by becoming a passionate attack on all that stifles passion. Meek & mild pacifists, in accepting the rules of the show, pervert anger into the sickness of impotent aggression secreted beneath respectable smiles (significantly, the only aggro expressed at the CND demo in early '82 at Hyde Park was that of a long-haired hippy CND organiser who freaked at a few people who had started a small bonfire to keep themselves warm). In identifying with the perpetuation of the suffocating violence of normality these resigned people force themselves to resentfully condemn expressions of anger remarkably free from neurotic self-destruction and false enemies. Despite the media image of the riots, it was only very rarely that rioters attacked the homes of fellow proletarians when they could have been burning down a racist pub, looting their local supermarket or occupying their local town hall and destroying its' bureaucracy.

*Pacifism has had an overdose of media coverage recently. Millionaire myth-maker Richard Attenborough makes a money-spinning box-office hit doing publicity for the virtues of the anti-strike, anti-riot landowner Gandhi (now showing in Soweto, Toxteth, Zurich, Miami, Warsaw, Brixton, Amsterdam, Lyons and other theatres of class war). Billionaire paternalist, the Pope, deplures wars in Afghanistan, Lebanon, El Salvador etc. whilst the Vatican maintains investments in subsidiaries of the munitions industry. The Poles' star martyr, Lech Walesa, wins the Nobel Peace prize for his bureaucratic part in representing the most representable limitations of the Polish class struggle, thus helping to derail it. CND & Greenhams' "point of view" is constantly splashed over the pages of The Guardian (supporter of Turkey's dictatorship), Time Out (run by another SDP cadre millionaire) and City Limits (Bet Hedgers Incorporated). Significantly, pacifism is "big news" at a time when the press is practising self-censorship under heavy "suggestions" from the State: complete and utter silence concerning virtually all the mini-riots here over the past 1½ years other than those categorisable as almost purely black (Railton Rd., All Saints Rd.), and silence over many foreign workers' struggles. Pacifism is the last refuge of the liar who lies to himself and others in order to sell himself.*

Many of the critiques of CND and the pacifists are superficial - "middle-class wankers", which is true but the implication is that those organisations claiming to represent the working class, from Trade Unions to ultra-leftist groupings, are somehow not so tainted - as if they don't repress anti-hierarchical initiatives as much as the middle class organisations. As if, in spite of their illusions about the positive value of their wage slavery, the middle class weren't, for the most part, as proletarianised as most of the working class. All the working class forms of false opposition, despite profound differences of perspective, maintain a hierarchical concept of struggle which puts an abstract notion of immediately realisable class unity at the top of the ladder of ideals to be asserted. In accepting the point of view of the collectivity each individual proletarian renounces an active combat with the totality of their alienation by repressing the consciousness of what they are already up against - replacing this with a positive notion of unity created mainly by wishful thinking. This is regarded as "realism": in the upside down world of the collectivity "realism" is when the proletarianised individual accepts that heads he loses, tails the collectivity wins. Not surprisingly, the particular misery which the 'realistic' mentality of this kind of political 'struggle' wishes to combat is that which is furthest from their own concrete daily choices.

CND represents most clearly the self-defeating nature of this 'realism', this illusion of instant effectiveness through permanent compromise. CND reduces the misery of the individual to the fact that he could be wiped out arbitrarily in a nuclear war - as if such a possibility wasn't a symptom of a world in which the masses of individuals effectively determine nothing. By this reduction CND, in supporting the living death of the commodity system which makes a nuclear war a largely indifferent prospect to vast numbers, if not the majority, of people, upholds the set-up which makes nuclear war a concrete possibility. That many participants in CND support the possibility of conventional war - as if a nuclear war won't begin conventionally - is merely the most glaring example of this contradiction. Likewise the miserable Leftist slogan 'Jobs Not Bombs' - as if the development of conventional weapons isn't one of Capitals' options for developing militarised employment. As if jobs didn't mean violent exploitation - the amount of deaths and mutilations under YOP schemes being the most measurable symptoms of the violence of jobs. The will to live can only be discovered through opposition to the essence of this society - the commodity system which brings the whole of its' oppressive weight to bear against the thrills of life in order to impose everywhere the conditions of mere survival. Resignation to capitalism insures

that death eats into life; the more life is dominated by the dead labour of the past, by dead things, dead roles, dead rules and dead ideologies, the more the step to dying is simply icing on the cake: a ritual in which, with the false pride of the sportsman, one acknowledges the arbitrary power of the unknown adversary, basking in the consolation of bringing to a close a game well played.

## Running Fast To Stay Still:

### The Poverty Of The Greenham Spectacle

At New Year each woman at Greenham thrilled to the sense of aesthetics, of poetic justice, created by juxtaposing the instant joyful community dancing round on top of a nuclear weapon site to the tune of a million clicks of the camera and a million photos to prove ones' radicality. Into this pre-packaged spontaneity, the sense of self-organisation was enhanced by the formula of each woman choosing an expression of their love of life, which was appropriately reduced to a mere symbol, an object placed on the barbed wire fencing. How expressive of these womens' individual imagination, creativity and daring these life-loving objects were! - Almost all of them, so-called feminists that they were, expressed themselves in objects symbolic of the most traditional fragments of femininity, the most general and animal, and the least historical and individual: symbols of motherhood and nature (all their life-loving images, exemplified by over-the-top eulogies to the thrill of planting nappies and flowers on the barbed wire, show, above all, how much it is their love for the life of *images* which is what they seek, whilst beneath this appearance of life sacrifice is the reality: one can almost predict that, like the guy in the States who protested his horror at the life-destroying power of nuclear weapons by committing suicide, someone is bound to reproduce a tear-jerking scene from the suffragette struggle by throwing herself under an army truck). These women are so 'feminist' that they believe that anger and violence are miserable masculine qualities, as if any woman whose been raped or been threatened with rape doesn't know that anger and violence are emotional practical necessities in this world, and that the repression of female violence has been one of the major means to subjugate women. Put simply, rape is the most immediate expression of the commoditys' separation between men and women, between class violence and love in struggle, between gentle thought and vicious feeling, between the calm rage of heady passion and the ferocious tenderness of the hearts' reasons. Separatists perpetuate the separation by ignoring their own concretely lived contradictions, just as the politico-intellectuals do, though with a different type of arrogant evasion. The separatists ideologise sexual preference in order to flaunt their anti-conventional tastes in the face of spectacular disapproval. But by merely reacting rivalrously to the dominant modes of repressing individual initiative, they reproduce the very same hierarchies that they attack in the ruling spectacle: in the role reversals the guilty pro-feminist man plays the support role, whilst the woman plays the boss. And even those women who excluded men as supporters were utterly hypocritical, even by their own criteria: men were excluded except if they were 'important' - like Bruce Kent (a member of one of the most anti-female organisation in the world: the Catholic Church) or the media men (almost all of whom reduce women - more even than men - to the most clichéd stereotypes). Apparently having a prick meant exclusion but being one meant acceptance.

The feminist-separatist ideology and its practice is simply one form amongst thousands, of expressing the notion that by changing oneself and confronting a particular objective misery one changes the world, clarifies its' contradictions. This partial truth distorts the essential. Having left the family - with its' suffocating 'comforts' being the traditional form of repressing individual affirmation, in particular female affirmation, the individual woman then goes off to create a separate camp, which reproduces the same collectively-maintained mediocrity as the family, though this time presented as a model of progressive non-conformist behaviour. Dispensing with the obvious rigidity and sterility of the parties and of the family, these individual women nevertheless sacrifice themselves to a static situation which cannot progress without individual initiative against the more sophisticated forms of collectivist ideology. "We're all sisters - conflict is masculine - we can resolve our differences peacefully, we don't have to fight" is an attempt to assure each individual woman guiltily avoids the risk of asserting their point of view outside of the lowest common denominator of the scene. The ideology of the feminine qualities of peace and tranquility is hypocritical bullshit designed to silence any opposition to separatism amongst the other women there. Some of the women at New Year, angry about the manipulations of the separatist experts, were aggressively put-down by authoritarian means. But so long as this doesn't lead these women to a more decisive questioning, all discord which surfaces has to be contained, reformed and effectively blocked, leaving many women to leave, discouraged and demoralised. And without attacking this scene explicitly, this sense of impotence is inevitable.

Such are the retreats imposed on the class struggle here over the past 5 years (with the obvious exception of the riots) that the Greenham Common stunt has been presented, from the Daily Telegraph to Socialist Worker, as a serious threat to the State. The State and most of the media constantly attack this feeble opposition in order to present it as a model of extremism, thus giving to the participants a sense of being dangerous to compensate for the indignities they willingly endure. They're all so flattered by the attention - negative or positive - they get from the media that they really believe

they can shame the State by wiggling their bums in the air on the telly and getting the cops to spank them. But if its' spectacular publicity has made the Greenham events seem a little thin now, and even pathetic, that's not simply due to overcoverage, the tedium of repetition, but to the root misery of all the women involved, and their sympathisers. Those who support "the courageous daring of those brave Greenham women", who cheer because it's "brought tremendous media coverage to the problems of nuclear weapons and of our relation to the USA and it's made masses of passive spectators applaud us blah blah" often follow this approval with a big BUT.... "....Nevertheless, their actions are a waste of time because..." and then comes the persons *real* opinion. This schizoid reaction is symptomatic of the socially enforced split within each individual between what he or she wants and believes *for themselves* and what they believe is desirable, is the truth, *for others*. This is because, instead of arming themselves with the consciousness of what they, as isolated individuals, are already up against, they see themselves through the eyes of a collectivity which is greater than the individuals who created it. Since these others are also other-directed, everyone remains both a stranger to themselves and each other. The desire for an imagined short-cut to win others over via the monologue of hierarchical communication (of which the media is the most exploited and exploitable form) is at the centre of this split. The whole weight of this society tells you that your point of view is impotent and to intervene with it directly is 'infantile': you should always accept the lowest common denominator of the collectivity, the mediated compromises of which the press, TV and radio are simply the most dominant colonising form. Such people don't struggle to really subvert their own petrified communication with others and the world, but seek the approval of other, more clearly passive, people in a campaign whose means assure the predictable ends: the practical lethargy of the people they seek to convert.

**B E F O R E** the political worthies start screaming their protests of integrity, I'd like to say that I agree with Jill Tweedie (October 4). Politics not only lacks any credibility; it is also largely irrelevant to everything that matters.

While people continue to be regarded as a mass market which can be manipulated by advertising and propaganda, the paternalistic set-up will go grinding on with no more than a few rearrangements of its cashflow to mark the coming and going of variously inclined governments. The only real hope for a life where people are more than pawns in the game lies with the genuine radicals — usually woman — who, often without belonging to any group, think in organic, ecological terms. The amazing strength of the Greenham women's stand is based on its lack of organisation. Its spontaneity and its loving mutual support make it invulnerable to the conventional forces of suppression.

There is no way to fight the system except by finding ways of living as far as possible without it.

**Alison Prince,**

Barnack,  
Stamford,  
Lincs.

(Letter To The Guardian)

*Abolishing the split between politics & daily life is not the point: people need to criticise politics within daily life itself, where it started from, and only afterwards came to dominate daily life in the form of the State, the parties and all the various representations. The crude anarchistic attack on external politics and politicians conveniently avoids applying the critique of politics to life itself, to the politicians of daily life, as well as the organisational politicians. Daily life can still be led in similar ways to the way the State or commercial businesses are led. It's no problem for Capital if, when the old separated politics can no longer impose itself on individuals and make them go on like sheep, it finds a way to maintain itself, this time in the heart of daily life itself. Greenham does not lack organisation. As the various faction fights show, it lacks merely overt organisation: under the tyranny of cliques, secret hierarchies flourish. What is true for Greenham is also true for most of the anarchist milieus who 'oppose' Greenham: manipulators and leaders thriving on their ability to seduce their admirers into attacking the more overt manipulators and leaders. Though they may attack the professional priests, they see their role as preaching to the unconverted. The basis of this condescending role is undoubtedly the genuine desire to break out of the narrowness of their milieu. But they see this narrowness purely in quantitative terms - never as essentially based in their avant-gardist pretensions, the petrified notion of themselves as having developed a perfect radical critique, and that now all that they must do is to win others over.*

*In all these milieus recognition of individual complicity with hierarchical modes of thought & practice is minimised, because such a recognition would threaten the atmosphere of "mutual support" - which is the simplistic ideology of a fantasised exit from the heavy pressures of bourgeois individualism. Real struggle is elsewhere: doubt everything - and practically.*

## POSTSCRIPT

### Incident At Greenham, July 4th 1982

*At the beginning of July 1982, just after the Falkland-Malvinas war, at Greenham Common, the 'anarchist' Peace Convoy which organises festivals throughout the summer mingled uneasily with the women there. On July 4th a junkie member of the convoy almost killed a man in a battle over £10 worth of speed. Whilst almost killing someone over £10 is no more degraded than killing people apparently merely over a patch of islands in the South Atlantic, the commodity base of the former is simply more direct, more individualistic, less veiled in ideology. The will to humiliate almost invariably comes down to reducing people to property relations and lying to oneself about this with a sense of righteous self-pride. Of course, the histories, illusions and consequences of the Falkland conflict and the Greenham incident are very different, but they have the essential in common: the repression of the point of view of the individual and the resulting desire to dominate or to submit invariably breeds a vicious animal resentment of the other that assures mutual self-destruction, whether in the dominant spectacle or the alternative one.*

*The war games and peace games expressed in the rivalry-complicity balance of the dominant political show find their mirror image in the vicious circles of the alternative spectacle: **secretly** hierarchical commodity relations mediated by survivalism & consumerism. This petrification is maintained by an ideology & practice of tolerance. Anarchists, since they tolerate each other, will tolerate **anyone**, even those they know are likely to kill one of them. This institutionalised non-recognition found its miserable expression in the fact that no-one intervened to prevent the predictable punch-up. Though the man had threatened and punched several women over the previous days, and though many people thought it possible he'd kill someone soon, the anarchist ideology of everyone for themselves, which hid the reality of the surreptitious cliques which dominated the scene, meant that the avoidable event was never even discussed socially, communally, either before the battle nor even after. As if it was not a social problem, the camp remained a conglomeration of separate camps. The sleep of hesitation, the sleep of initiative against the decay of collectively maintained stagnation, always breeds the monsters of mutual indifference. That night everyone thought the guy **had** been killed and even though his 'murderer' was still on the site and the cops were going to invade the next morning in order to arrest him the little attempts to initiate a discussion of the situation and its history were met with suspicion and fearful derision. So 'socially responsible' and 'anarchist' were these people that they felt quite happy that Release and the other experts were dealing with the cops and that therefore there was nothing to talk or worry about. Under the ideology of anarchism the clique, the unofficial organisation, acts as the principal mediation between the individual and society. As opposed to the bureaucratic model where everyone has a clearly defined role or series of roles which are repeated again and again, the clique is founded on change and apparent fluidity. It presents its origins and **raisons d'être** as accidental: completely subject to the actions of individuals, who make of it what they choose. And what they choose is shown well by the miserable events of July 4th: whilst Red Ice played their dreary monotonies to an audience of depressed zombies, the cops were searching cars 30 yards away whilst preparing to sieze the vacuum next morning. The virtual silence about this incident in anarcho-pacifist-feminist circles (as well as, significantly, in the dominant press) shows clearly the needs of anarchists to hide reality, as if by silence they could assure that such examples of the lie of anarcho-pacifism would never happen again. About the only mention of the incident was a year later, in City Limits, which stated that the Greenham women were worried about what had happened the year previously and were anxious about the return of the so-called Peace Convoy. As if the year before the women, just like all the men, hadn't participated in the 'murder' by means of passive silence, just as the spectator in society generally participates in his or her impotence basically by keeping their mouths shut about what they know.*

*To illustrate this it's worth mentioning that, just after the fight of July 4th, the 'murderer' looked happiest, because his cut eye was being bandaged by sympa-*

*thetic women: the standard expression of uncritical unchanging love in this world - the support role - functions simply, as every feminist knows, as patience for the others' alienation. What most of them avoid knowing is that it also functions as patience for ones' own alienation - and for their base in a milieu where recognition is not discovered through a critical solidarity in the struggle against everything existing independantly from individuals, but in a cynical 'recognition' of the reciprocally maintained resignations to the reciprocally maintained repressive roles. If the will to kill as a response to belittlement has as its' base the desire for love, the alienated, maternal, hierarchically 'secure' forms of 'love' perpetuate the constant frustration of this desire: without self-affirmation, 'love' is simply ideology, the lie of 'togetherness'. The angelic nurse and the male thug, never getting beyond good and evil, are simply the stereotyped version of this separation between men and women. Junk, like religion, seeks to compensate for contactlessness whilst reinforcing it. The nurse role seeks to feign contact whilst maintaining distance. Until the desire for contact expresses itself in an anti-hierarchical social struggle, as something beyond just the cathartic exorcisms of self-defeating violence and the altruistic kindness of Florence Nightingales, the cycle of anger-calm, war-peace, will always maintain the repressive power of the unconscious, the separation of thought and feeling, of critique and desire, of doubt and decision. Junk, like all fetishised commodities, kills as much as it soothes: likewise the uncritical nurse role, which always sees people ultimately as victims, as 'patients'.*

Produced, October 1983, by: B.M.Combustion, London WC1N 3XX  
(Full Address).

"As the growing social crisis renders liberalism and all other traditional bourgeois ideologies irrelevant, liberal thinkers turn to Bolshevism, appropriating some of the milder elements of its programme. Gradually Bolshevism and liberalism merge. This results in leftism-humanism which has become the ideology of a whole social stratum raised on the spectacle of revolt - that is the cadre. The cadre is the reformist of daily life. He takes up Bolshevism's apparently anti-social attitudes and values, but without the militant posture. Like the Bolshevik, the cadre is paranoid about authority, anti-imperialist, and easily outraged. But unlike the militant who is willing to sacrifice himself for the party, the cadre does everything with an eye towards the preservation of his social position."

"Terrorism, no matter who undertakes it, is always counter-revolutionary. It depends on a secret cell which reproduces classic military organization, with its strict division of labour, bizarre codes of behaviour and authoritarian discipline. There should be nothing about revolution that is secret. One of the main strengths of an authentic radical movement is that everything it does and says, can be done and said by everyone because its goals and its methods are truly democratic."

- Two quotes from 'Call It Sleep' - by Isaac Cronin & Terrel Seltzer (script of video tape). 40p post paid.

The largest general strike that ever stopped the economy of an advanced industrial country, and the first *wildcat general strike* in history; revolutionary occupations and first steps toward direct democracy; the increasingly complete withering of state power for nearly two weeks; the complete verification of the revolutionary theory of our time and even here and there the beginning of its partial realization; the most important experience of the modern proletarian movement that is in the process of constituting itself in its *fully developed* form in all countries, and the model it must now go beyond—this is what the French May 1968 movement was essentially, and this in itself is already its essential victory.

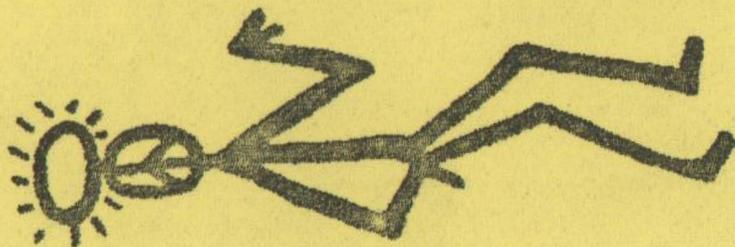
- Quote from 'Situationist International Anthology'. £4.50p post paid (406 pages, large-size paperback).

Both available from B.M.Combustion, London W.C.1N 3XX. Postal orders only please.

*CALL IT SLEEP*, a video made in the U.S.A. in May 1982, will be shown at 355 Holloway Rd., London N.7 on Tuesday, November 22nd at 7p.m. (Admission Free).

The function of the spectacle of future thermo-nuclear destruction is essentially as a means of intimidating the masses into submission & resignation to the false choices posed by different forms of hierarchical power. That many regard a war as bearable - or even a relief - shows the extent to which the various rulers *appear* to have won. In repressing and mystifying the possibility of a *central desirable change*, the capitalist spectacle aims to ensure the maintenance of its' false choices: either the 1000 year reign of the commodity - or global extermination. In order to reinforce their material and ideological defences the rulers not only need to develop fallout shelters for State power and munitions factories for the perpetuation of a world dominated by commodity relations, but also they need to be able to determine the image of what claims to be an opposition to their world. For the rulers, CND fits the bill nicely. 5 minutes clear thinking would reveal the utter irrelevance, even in its own terms, of any treaty outlawing the development of nuclear weapons: if deemed necessary, any State would use any excuse to revoke on these worthless bits of paper. Yet for 25 years CND has been leading people into ritualised demonstrations of impotence through compromise after compromise merely to impress the media with masses of isolated people willingly reducing themselves to mere digits in the statistical charts by which CND measures success in terms of *numbers*. Without a conscious movement to destroy the totality of market relations (both East and West), all these campaigns perpetuate the reduction of the masses of individuals to predictable quantifiable objects, to political constituents in a moralistic power game which narrows down all social questions to that of mere survival. By moralistically repressing consciousness to this banal common denominator each supporter of CND - like the rest of the mass of spectators - conveniently hides from themselves how they themselves participate in the system which makes war a largely indifferent possibility to millions of people: the system of dead commodities which weighs like a nightmare on the brains of the living.

# Rest In Peace



A CRITIQUE OF CND, GREENHAM COMMON, & SOME ASPECTS OF ANARCHIST IDEOLOGY & PRACTICE CONSIDERED FROM A REVOLUTIONARY POINT OF VIEW.

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