

NEON LIGHTS

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NEON LIGHTS NUMBER ONE

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CHRIST! ANOTHER SPONTANEOUS STRUGGLE WHERE THE PEOPLE ARE ACTING ON THEIR OWN AND FOR THEMSELVES. WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE US MOVEMENT LEADERS?

YOU CAN SEE WHY WE HAVE TO PUSH SACRIFICIAL MILITANTISM: ARMIES OF ACTIVISTS READY TO SACRIFICE THEMSELVES TO OUR IDEOLOGY (=DOGMA). ANY IDEAS FOR A GOOD SLOGAN?



I LIKE "FORGET YOUR LIFE! SERVE THE PEOPLE!"

HOW ABOUT "REVOLUTIONARY SUICIDE!"?

ten days that shook the university

In November 1966, Strasbourg University was the scene of a preliminary skirmish between modern capitalism and the new revolutionary forces which it is beginning to engender

For the first time, a few students abandoned pseudo-revolt and found their way to a coherent radical activity of a kind which has everywhere been repressed by reformism. This small group got itself elected, amidst the apathy of Strasbourg's 16,000 students, to the committee of the left-wing students' union. Once in this position of power, they began to put union funds to good use. They founded a Society for the Rehabilitation of Karl Marx and Ravochol. They plastered the walls of the city with a Marxist comic-strip, "The Return of the Durutti Column". They proclaimed their intention to dissolve the union once and for all. Worst of all, they enlisted the aid of the notorious Situationist International, and ran off ten thousand copies of a lengthy pamphlet which poured shit on student life and loves (and a few other things). When this was handed out at the official ceremony marking the beginning of the academic year, only de Gaulle was unaffected. The press - local, national and international - had a field-day. It took three weeks for the local Party of Order - from right-wing students to the official left, via the Alsatian mill-owners - to eject these fanatics. The union was closed by a court order on 14th of December. The judges' summing-up was disarmingly lucid:

The accused have never denied the charge of misusing the funds of the students' union. Indeed, they openly admit to having made the union pay some £500 for the printing and distribution of 10,000 pamphlets, not to mention the cost of other literature inspired by "Internationale Situationniste". These publications express ideas and aspirations which, to put it mildly, have nothing to do with the aims of a student union. One has only to read what the accused have written, for it to be obvious that these five students, scarcely more than adolescents, lacking all experience of real life, their minds confused by ill-digested philosophical, social, political and economic theories, and perplexed by the drab monotony of their everyday life, make the empty arrogant and pathetic claim to pass definitive judgements, sinking to outright abuse, on their fellow-students, their teachers, God, religion, the clergy, the governments and political systems of the whole world. Rejecting all morality and restraint, these cynics do not hesitate to commend theft, the destruction of scholarship, the abolition of work, total subversion and a world-wide proletarian revolution with "unlicensed pleasure" as its only goal.

In view of their basically anarchist character, these theories and propaganda are eminently noxious. Their wide diffusion in both student circles and among the general public, by the local, national and foreign press, are a threat to the morality, the studies, the reputation and thus the very future of the students of the University of Strasbourg.

What follows is a translation of the infamous pamphlet in question. It has already been translated into Swedish and Italian, and is at present being translated into Dutch, German and Spanish. At the end we have added a few remarks on the importance of situationist activity in Strasbourg, and its relevance to the (very different) English situation.

on student poverty

We might very well say, and no-one would disagree with us, that the student is the most universally despised creature in France, apart from the priest and the policeman. Naturally he is usually attacked from the wrong point of view, with specious reasons derived from the ruling ideology. He may be worth the contempt of a true revolutionary, yet a revolutionary critique of the student situation is currently taboo on the official left. The licensed and impotent opponents of capitalism repress the obvious - that what is wrong with the students is also what is

wrong with them. They convert their unconscious contempt into a blind enthusiasm. The radical intelligentsia (from Les Temps Modernes to L'Express) prostrates itself before the so-called "rise of the student" and the declining bureaucracies of the Left (from the "Communist" party to the Stalinist National Union of Students) bids noisily for his moral and material support.

There are reasons for this sudden enthusiasm, but they are all provided by the present form of capitalism, in its overdeveloped state. We shall use this principle that the end of alienation is only reached by the straight and narrow path of alienation itself.

Up to now, studies of student life have ignored the essential issue. The surveys and analyses have all been psychological or sociological or economic: in other words, academic exercises, content with the false categories of one specialization or another. None of them can achieve what is most needed - a view of modern society as a whole. Fourier denounced their error long ago as the attempt to apply scientific laws to the basic assumptions of the science ("porter regulierement sur les questions primordiales"). Everything is said about our society except what it is, and the nature of its two basic principles - the commodity and the spectacle. The fetishism of facts masks the essential category, and the details consign the totality to oblivion.

Modern capitalism and its spectacle allot everyone a specific role in a general passivity. The student is no exception to the rule. He has a provisional part to play, a rehearsal for his final role as an element in market society as conservative as the rest. Being a student is a form of initiation. An initiation which echoes the rites of more primitive societies with bizarre precision. It goes on outside of history, cut off from social reality. The student leads a double life, poised between his present status and his future role. The

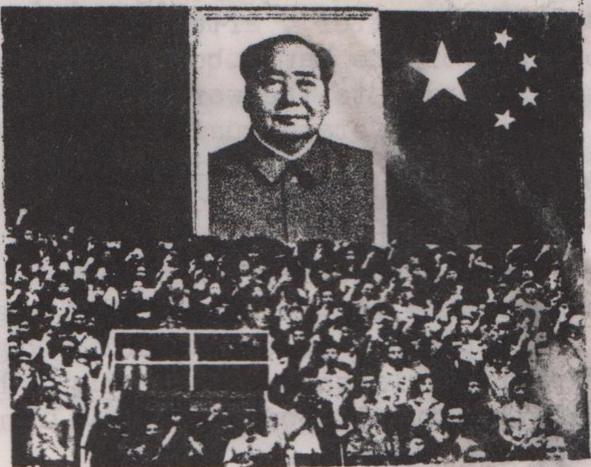
two are absolutely separate, and the journey from one to the other is a mechanical event "in the future". Meanwhile, he basks in a schizophrenic consciousness, withdrawing into his initiation group to hide from that future. Protected from history, the present is a mystic trance.

At least in consciousness, the student can exist apart from the official truths of "economic life". But for very simple reasons: locked at economically, student life is a hard one. In our "society of abundance" he is still a pauper. 80% of students come from income groups well above the working class, yet 90% have less money than the meanest labourer. Student poverty is an anachronism, a throw-back from an earlier age of capitalism: it does not share in the new poverties of the spectacular societies; it has yet to attain the new poverty of the new proletariat. Nowadays the teenager shuffles off the moral prejudices and authority of the family to become part of the market even before he is adolescent: at fifteen he has all the delights of being directly exploited. In contrast the student covets his protracted infancy as an irresponsible and docile paradise. Adolescence and its crises may bring occasional brushes with his family but in essence he is not troublesome: he agrees to be treated as a baby by the institutions which provide his education*. There is no "student problem". Student passivity is only the most obvious symptom of a general state of affairs, for each sector of social life has been subdued by a similar imperialism.

Our social thinkers have a bad conscience about the student problem, but only because the real problem is the poverty and servitude of all. But we have different reasons to despise the student and

*If they ever stop screwing his arse off, it's only to come round and kick him in the balls.

PORTRAIT OF ALIENATION



"Their lives are so squalid that the majority can only live as a caricature of the Master.. To the sacrifice of the dispossessed, who through his work exchanges his real life for an apparent one, the proprietor replies by appearing to sacrifice his nature as proprietor and exploit; he excludes himself mythically, he puts himself at the service of everyone and of myth...Renouncing common life, he is the poor man amidst illusory wealth, he who sacrifices himself for everyone while other people only sacrifice themselves for their own sake, for the sake of their survival. The more powerful he is, the more spectacular his sacrifice. He becomes the living reference point of the whole of illusory life." (Raoul Vaneigem, The Totality for Kids)



PEUT-ÊTRE QU'ILS S'IMAGINENT QUE LES RESPONSABILITÉS VONT NOUS ASSAGIR ET QU'ON SAURA DIRE AUTRE CHOSE QUE MERDE AUX PUTASSERIES UNIVERSITAIRES!

CES COUILLONS SYNDICALISTES VONT SUREMENT ENCORE NOUS PRENDRE POUR UNE TENDANCE AVANT-GARDISTE DE LEURS VIEILLERIES, POUR UNE REÉDITION SOUS UNE FORME ORIGINALE DE L'IMPUISSANCE!



Quand aux J.C.P. moi aussi je les encule

"Perhaps they think that responsibilities will cool us down and that we'll stop telling academic motherfuckers to go and get screwed."
 "These unionist assholes are bound to take us for an avant-garde version of their own bullshit, for some offbeat repetition of their own impotence."
 Lenin: "I couldn't give a fuck about 'Revolutionary Young Communists' either." (The Return of the Durutti Column)

all his works . What is unforgivable is not so much his actual misery but his complaisance in the face of the misery of others . For him there is only one real alienation : his own . He is a full-time and happy consumer of that commodity , hoping to arouse at least our pity , since he cannot claim our interest . By the logic of modern capitalism, most student can only become mere petits cadres (with the same function in neo-capitalism as the skilled worker had in the nineteenth-century economy) . The student really knows how miserable will be that golden future which is supposed to make up for the shameful poverty of the present . In the face of that knowledge , he prefers to dote on the present and invent an imaginary prestige for himself . After all , there will be no magical compensation for present drabness : tomorrow will be like yesterday , lighting these fools the way to dusty death . Not unnaturally he takes refuge in an unreal present .

The student is a stoical slave : the more chains authority heaps upon him , the freer he is in phantasy . He shares with his new family , the University , a belief in a curious kind of autonomy . Real independence , apparently , lies in a direct subservience to the two most powerful systems of social control : the family and the State . He is their well-behaved and grateful child , and like the submissive child he is over-eager please . He celebrates all the values and mystifications of the system , devouring them with all the anxiety of the infant at the breast . Once , the old illusions had to be imposed on an aristocracy of labour : the petits cadres -to-be ingest them willingly under the guise of culture . There are various forms of compensation for poverty . The total poverty of ancient societies produced the grandiose compensation of religion . The student's poverty by contrast is a marginal phenomenon , and he casts around for compensations among the most down-at-heel images of the ruling class . He is a bore who repairs the old jokes of an alienated culture . Even as an ideologist , he is always out of date . One and all , his latest enthusiasms were ridiculous thirty years ago .

Once upon a time the universities were respected ; the student persists in the belief that he is lucky to be there . But he arrived too late . The bygone excellence of bourgeois culture has vanished . A mechanically produced specialist is now the goal of the "educational system" . A modern economic system demands mass production of students who are not educated and have been rendered incapable of thinking . Hence the decline of the universities and the automatic nullity of the student once he enters its portals . The university has become a society for the propagation of ignorance ; "high culture" has taken on the rhythm of the production line ; without exception , university teachers are cretins , men who would get the bird from any audience of school-boys . But all this hardly matters : the important thing is to go on listening

respectfully . In time , if critical thinking is repressed with enough conscientiousness , the student will come to partake of the wafers of knowledge , the professor will tell him the final truths of the world . Till then - a menopause of the spirit . As a matter of course the future revolutionary society will condemn the doings of lecture theatre and faculty as mere noise - socially undesirable . The student is already a very bad joke .

The student is blind to the obvious - that even his closed world is changing . The "crisis of the university" - that detail of a more general crisis of modern capitalism - is the latest fodder for the deaf-mute dialogue of the specialists . This "crisis" is simple to understand : the difficulties of a specialised sector which is adjusting (too late) to a general change in the relations of production . There was once a vision - if an ideological one - of a liberal bourgeois university . But as its social base disappeared , the vision became banality . In the age of free-trade capitalism , when the "liberal" state left it its marginal freedoms , the university could still think of itself as an independent power . Of course it was a pure and narrow product of that society's needs - particularly the need to give the privileged minority an adequate general culture before they rejoined the ruling class (not that going up to university was straying very far from class confines) . But the bitterness of the nostalgic don* is understandable : better , after all , to be the bloodhound of the haute bourgeoisie than the sheepdog to the world's white-collars . Better to stand guard on privilege than harry the flock into their allotted factories and bureaux , according to the whim of the "planned economy" . The university is becoming , fairly smoothly , the honest broker of technocracy and its spectacle . In the process , the purists of the academic Right become a pitiful sideshow , purveying their "universal" cultural goods to a bewildered audience of specialists .

More serious , and thus more dangerous , are the modernists of the Left and the Students' Union , with their talk of a "reform of University structure" and a "reinsertion of the University into social and economic life" , i.e. , its adaptation to needs of modern capitalism . The one-time suppliers of general culture to the ruling classes , though still guarding their old prestige , must be converted into the forcing-house of a new labour aristocracy . Far from contesting the historical process which subordinates one of the last relatively autonomous social groups to the demands of the market , the progressive complain of delays and inefficiency in its completion . They are the standard-bearers of the cybernetic university of the future (which has already reared its ugly head in some unlikely quarters) .

*No one dares any longer to speak in the name of nineteenth century liberalism; so they reminisce about the "free" and "popular" universities of the Middle Ages- that "democracy of unfreedom" .

And they are the enemy : the fight against the market , which is starting again in earnest , means the fight against its latest lackeys .

As for the student , this struggle is fought out entirely over his head , somewhere in the heavenly realm of his masters , The whole of his life is beyond his control , and for all he sees of the world he might as well be on another planet . His acute economic poverty condemns him to a paltry form of survival . But , being a complacent creature , he parades his very ordinary indignance as if it were an original life-style : self-indulgently , he affects to be a Bohemian . The Bohemian solution is hardly viable at the best of times , and the notion that it could be achieved without a complete and final break with the university milieu is quite ludicrous . But the student Bohemian (and every student likes to pretend that he is a Bohemian at heart) clings to his false and degraded version of individual revolt . He is so "eccentric " that he continues - thirty years after Reich's excellent lessons - to entertain the most traditional forms of erotic behaviour, reproducing at this level the general relations of class society . Where sex is concerned , we have learnt better tricks from elderly provincial ladies His rent-a-crowd militancy for the latest good cause is an aspect of his real impotence.

The student's old-fashioned poverty, however , does put him at a potential advantage -if only he could see it . He does have marginal freedoms , a small area of liberty which as yet escapes the totalitarian control of the spectacle . His flexible working-hours permit him adventure and experiment . But he is a sucker for punishment , and freedom scares him to death : he feels safer in the straight-jacketed space-time of lecture hall and weekly "essay " . He is quite happy with this open prison organised for his "benefit", and, though not constrained , as are most people , to separate work and leisure , he does so of his own accord - hypocritically proclaiming all the while his contempt for assiduity and grey men . He embraces every available contradiction and then mutters darkly about the "difficulties of communication " from the uterine warmth of his religious , artistic or political clique

Driven by his freely-chosen depression , he submits himself to the subsidiary police force of psychiatrists set up by the avant-garde of repression . The university mental health clinics are run by the student unionism and social progress . Like the Aztecs who^{to} greet Cortes's sharpshooters , and then wondered what made the thunder and why men fell down , the students flock to the psycho-police stations with their "problems " .

The real poverty of his everyday life finds its immediate , phantastic compensations in the opium of cultural commodities . In the cultural spectacle he is allotted his habitual role of the dutiful disciple . Although he is close to the production-point , access to the Sanctuary of Thought is forbidden , and he is obliged to discover

"modern culture " as an admiring spectator. Art is dead , but the student is necrophiliac . He peeks at the corpse in cine-clubs and theatres , buys its fish-fingers from the cultural supermarket . Consuming unreservedly , he is in his element : he is the living proof of all the platitudes of American market research : a conspicuous consumer complete with induced irrational preference for Brand X (Camus , for example), and irrational prejudice against Brand Y (Sartre , perhaps) .

Impervious to real passions , he seeks titillation in the battles between his anemic gods , the stars of a vacuous heaven : Althusser - Garaudy - Barthes - Picard - Lefebvre - Levi-Strauss - Halliday - de Chardin - Brassens..... and between their rival theologies , designed like all theologies to mask the real problems by creating false ones : humanism - existentialism - scientism - structuralism - cyberneticism - new criticism - dialectics - of - naturism - metaphilosophism

He thinks he is avant-garde if he has seen the latest Goddard or "participated" in the latest happening . He discovers "modernity * as fast as the market can produce its ersatz version of long outmoded (though once important) ideas ; for him , every rehash is a cultural revolution . His principal concern is status , and he eagerly snaps up all the paperback editions of important and "difficult " texts with which mass culture has filled the bookstores * . Unfortunately , he cannot read , so he devours them with his gaze , and enjoys them vicariously through the gaze of his friends . He is an other-directed voyeur .

His favourite reading matter is the kitsch press , whose task it is to orchestrate the consumption of cultural nothing-boxes . Docile as ever , the student accepts its commercial ukases and makes them the only measuring-rod of his tastes . Typically , he is a compulsive reader of weeklies like Le Nouvel Observateur and L'Express (whose nearest English equivalents are the posh Sundays and New Society) . He generally feels that Le Monde - whose style he finds somewhat difficult - is a truly objective newspaper . And it is with such guides that he hopes to gain an understanding of the modern world and become a political initiate !

In France more than anywhere else , the student is passively content to be politicised . In this sphere too , he readily accepts the same alienated , spectacular participation . Seizing upon all the tattered remnants of a Left which was annihilated More than forty years ago by " socialist " reformism and Stalinist counter-revolution , he is once more guilty of an amazing ignorance . The Right is well aware of the defeat of the workers' movement , and so are the workers themselves , though more confusedly . But students continue blithely to organise demonstrations which mobilise students and

*If he had an atom of self-respect or lucidity, he would knock them off. But no; conspicuous consumers always pay.



Our friends had a good laugh about that. "We know that one already, don't we comrades. It'll take more than that to stop us. Let's play poker for the presidency, and don't forget: to the loser the spoils!" (The Return of the Durutti Column)

"What's your scene, man?"

"Reification."

"Yeah? I guess that means pretty hard work with big books and piles of paper on a big table."

"Nope. I drift. Mostly I just drift." (The Return of the Durutti Column)

students only. This is political false consciousness in its virgin state, a fact which naturally makes the universities a happy hunting ground for the manipulators of the declining bureaucratic organisations. For them, it is child's play to programme the students's political options. Occasionally there are deviatric tendencies and cries of "Independence!" but after a period of token resistance the dissidents are reincorporated into a status quo which they have never really radically opposed*. The "Jeunesses Communistes Revolutionnaires", whose title is a case of ideological falsification gone mad (they are neither young, nor communist, nor revolutionary), have with much brio and accompanying publicity defied the iron hand of the Party... but only to rally cheerily to the pontifical battle-cry, "Peace in Vietnam!"

The student prides himself on his opposition to the "archaic" Gaullist regime. But he justifies his criticism by appealing - without realising it - to older and far worse crimes. His radicalism prolongs the life of the different currents of edulcorated Stalinism: Togliatti's, Caraudy's, Krushchov's, Mao's etc. His youth is synonymous with appalling naivete, and his attitudes are in reality far more archaic than the regime's - the Gaullists do after all understand modern society well enough to administer it.

But the student, sad to say, is not deterred by the odd anachronism. He feels obliged to have general ideas on everything,

*Recent "schisms" in both communist and christian organisations have shown, if anything, that all these students are united on one fundamental principle: unconditional submission to hierarchical superiors.

to unearth a coherent world-view capable of lending meaning to his need for activism and asexual promiscuity. As a result, he falls prey to the last doddering missionary efforts of the churches. He rushes with atavistic ardour to adore the putrescent carcass of God, and cherishes all the stinking detritus of prehistoric religions in the tender belief that they enrich him and his time. Along with their sexual rivals, those elderly provincial ladies, the students form the social category with the highest percentage of admitted adherents to these archaic cults. Everywhere else, the priests have been either beaten off or devoured, but university clerics shamelessly continue to bugger thousands of students in their spiritual shithouses.

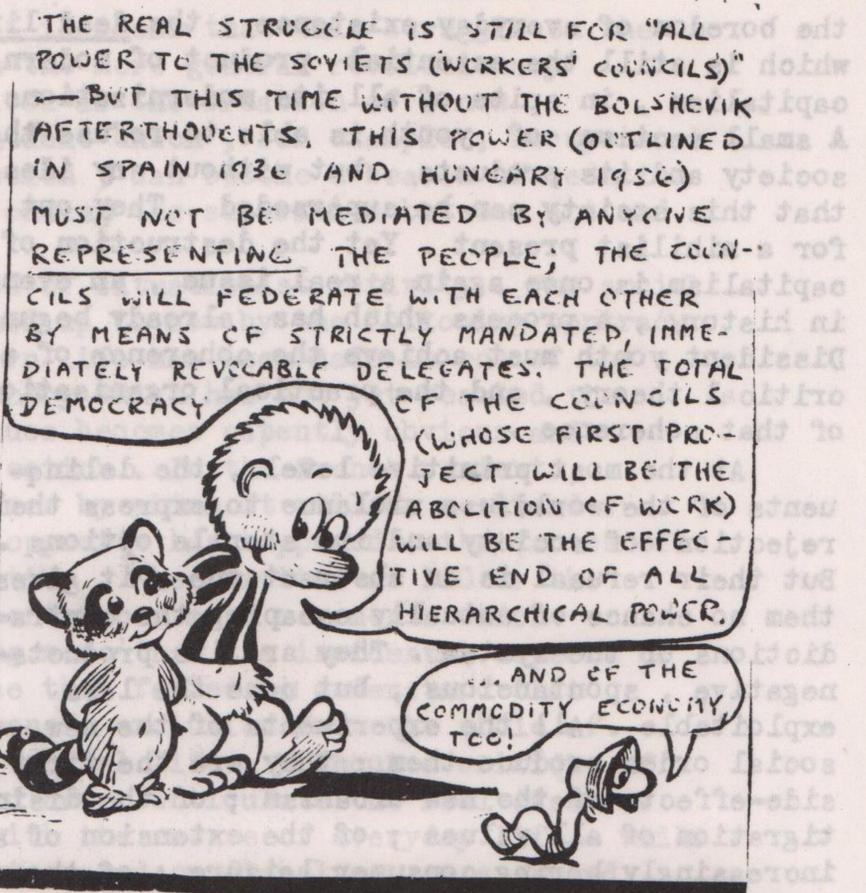
We must add in all fairness that there do exist students of a tolerable intellectual level, who without difficulty dominate the controls designed to check the mediocre capacity demanded from the others. They do so for the simple reason they they have understood the system, and so despise it and know themselves to be its enemies. They are in the system for what they can get out of it - particularly grants. Exploiting the contradiction which, for the moment at least, ensures the maintenance of a small sector - "research" - still governed by a liberal-academic rather than a technocratic rationality, they calmly carry the germs of sedition to the highest level: their open contempt for the organisation is the counterpart of a lucidity which enables them to outdo the system's lackeys, intellectually and otherwise. Such students cannot fail to become theorists of the coming revolutionary movement. For the moment, they make no secret of the fact that what they take so easily from the system shall be used for its overthrow.

The student, if he rebels at all, must first rebel against his studies, though the necessity of this initial move is felt less spontaneously by him than by the worker, who intuitively identifies his work with his total condition. At the same time, since the student is a product of modern society just like Godard or Coca-Cola, his extreme alienation can only be fought through the struggle against this whole society. It is clear that the university can in no circumstances become the battlefield; the student, insofar as he defines himself as such, manufactures a pseudo-value which must become an obstacle to any clear consciousness of the reality of his dispossession. The best criticism of student life is the behaviour of the rest of youth, who have already started to revolt. Their rebellion has become one of the signs of a fresh struggle against modern society.

2

It is not enough for thought to seek its realisation in practice: practice must seek its theory

After years of slumber and permanent counter-revolution, there are signs of a new period of struggle, with youth as the new carriers of revolutionary infection. But the society of the spectacle paints its own picture of itself and its enemies, imposes its own ideological categories on the world and its history. Fear is the very last response. For everything happens is reassuringly part of the natural order of things. Real historical changes, which show that this society can be superseded, are reduced to the status of novelties, processed for mere consumption. The revolt of youth against an imposed and "given" way of life is the first sign of total subversion. It is the prelude to a period of revolt - the revolt of those who can no longer live in our society. Faced with a danger, ideology and its daily machinery perform the usual inversion of reality. An historical process becomes a pseudo-category of some socio-natural science: the Idea of Youth. Youth is in revolt, but this is only the eternal revolt of youth; every generation espouses "good causes"



only to forget them when "the young man begins the serious business of production and is given concrete and real social aims." After the social scientists come the journalists with their verbal inflation. The revolt is contained by over-exposure; we are given it to contemplate so that we shall forget to participate. In the spectacle, a revolution becomes a social aberration - in other words a social safety valve - which has its part to play in the smooth working of the system. It reassures because it remains a marginal phenomenon, in the apartheid of the temporary problems of a healthy pluralism (compare and contrast the "woman question" and the "problem of racialism"). In reality, if there is a problem of youth in modern capitalism it is part of the total crisis of that society. It is just that youth feels the crisis most acutely.*

Youth and its mock freedoms are the purest products of modern society. Their modernity consists in the choice they are offered and are already making; total integration to neo-capitalism, or the most radical refusal. What is surprising is not that youth is in revolt but that its elders are so soporific. But the reason is history, not biology - the previous generation lived through the defeats and were sold the lies of the long, shameful disintegration of the revolutionary movement.

In itself Youth is a publicity myth, and as part of the new "social dynamism" it is the potential ally of the capitalist mode of production. The illusory primacy of youth began with the economic recovery after the second world war. Capital was able to strike a new bargain with labour: in return for the mass production of a new class of manipulable consumers, the worker was offered a role which gave him full membership of the spectacular society. This at least was the ideal social model, though as usual it bore little relation to socio-economic reality (which lagged behind the consumer ideology). The revolt of youth was the first burst of anger at the persistent realities of the new world -

*Not only feels it but tries to give it expression.

the boredom of everyday existence, the dead life which is still the essential product of modern capitalism, in spite of all its modernizations. A small section of youth is able to refuse that society and its products, but without any idea that this society can be superseded. They opt for a nihilist present. Yet the destruction of capitalism is once again a real issue, an event in history, a process which has already begun. Dissident youth must achieve the coherence of a critical theory, and the practical organisation of that coherence.

At the most primitive level, the delinquents of the world use violence to express their rejection of society and its sterile options. But their refusal is an abstract one: it gives them no chance of actually escaping the contradictions of the system. They are its products - negative, spontaneous, but none the less exploitable. All the experiments of the new social order produce them: they are the first side-effects of the new urbanism; of the disintegration of all values; of the extension of an increasingly boring consumer leisure; of the growing control of every aspect of everyday life by the psycho-humanist police force; and of the economic survival of a family unit which has lost all significance.

The "young thug" despises work but accepts the goods. He wants what the spectacle offers him - but now, with no down payment. This is the essential contradiction of the delinquent's existence. He may try for a real freedom in the use of his time, in an individual assertiveness, even in the construction of a kind of community. But the contradiction remains, and kills. (On the fringe of society, where poverty reigns, the gang develops its own hierarchy, which can only fulfil itself in a war with other gangs, isolating each group and each individual within the group.) In the end the contradiction proves unbearable. Either the lure of the product world proves too strong, and the hooligan decides to do his honest day's work: to this end a whole sector or production is devoted specifically to his recuperation. Clothes, discs, guitars, scooters, transistors, purple hearts beckon him to the land of the consumer. Or else he is forced to attack the laws of the market itself - either in the primary sense, by stealing, or by a move towards a conscious revolutionary critique of commodity society. For the delinquent only two futures are possible: revolutionary consciousness, or blind obedience on the shop floor.

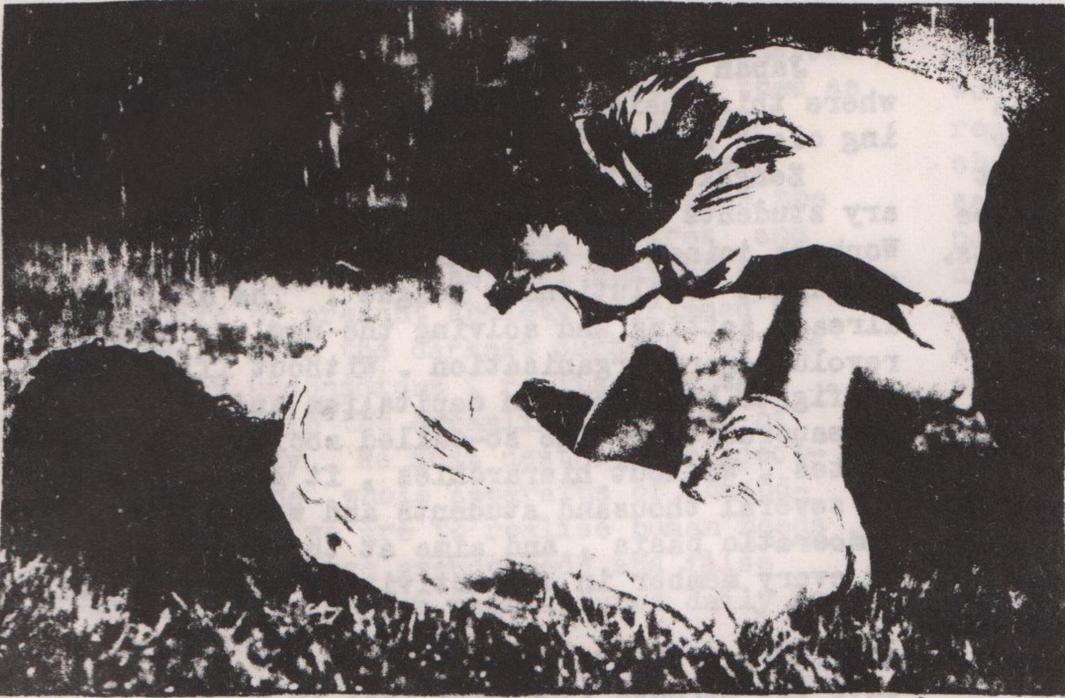
The Provos are the first organisation of delinquency - they have given the delinquent experience its first political form. They are an alliance of two distinct elements: a handful of careerists from the degenerate world of "art", and a mass of beaniks looking for a new activity. The artists contributed the idea of the game, though still dressed up in various threadbare ideological garments. The delinquents had nothing to offer but the violence of their rebellion. From the start the two tendencies hardly mixed: the pre-ideological mass found itself under the Bolshevik "guidance" of the artistic ruling class, who justified and maintained their power by an ideology of provodemocracy. At the moment when the sheer violence

of the delinquent had become an idea - an attempt to destroy art and go beyond it - the violence was channeled into the crassest neo-artistic reformism. The Provos are an aspect of the last reformism produced by modern capitalism: the reformism of everyday life. Like Bernstein, with his vision of socialism built by tinkering with capitalism, the Provo hierarchy think they can change everyday life by a few well-chosen improvements. What they fail to realise is that the banality of everyday life is not incidental, but the central mechanism and product of modern capitalism. To destroy it, nothing less is needed than an all-out revolution. The Provos choose the fragmentary and end by accepting the totality.

DANS UNE PAREILLE
SOCIÉTÉ LA SIMPLE
PASSION DU VOL ARRIVE
TOUJOURS À DÉCIDER
LES PLUS INDÉCIS
AUX CHOSES A PRIORI
LES PLUS IMPENSABLES
LES PLUS IMPOSSIBLES.
LA VIE REJOINT LE JEU
LE JEU REJOINT LA VIE
IL FALLAIT DE TOUTES
MANIÈRES ÉTENDRE LEUR
TERRAIN D'EXPÉRIMENTATION
S'EMPARER DE NOUVEAUX
POUVOIRS POUR LUTTER CONTRE
CETTE SOCIÉTÉ
DU POUVOIR.

In a society like this, an outright love of theft inevitably leads even the most indecisive people to do the most unthinkable and impossible things. Life becomes a game and a game becomes life. The least they could do was to extend their field of experiment and seize new powers to fight against this power society. (The Return of the Durutti Column)

To give themselves a base, the leaders have concocted the paltry ideology of the provotariat (a politico-artistic salad knocked up from the leftovers of a feast they had never known). The new provotariat is supposed to oppose the passive and "bourgeois" proletariat, still worshipped in obscure Leftist shrines. Because they despair of the fight for a total change of society, they despair of the only forces which can bring about that change. The proletariat is the motor of capitalist society and thus its mortal enemy: everything is designed for its suppression (parties: trade union bureaucracies: the police: the colonization of all aspects of everyday life) because it is the only really menacing force. The Provos hardly try to understand any of this; and without a critique of the system of production they remain its servants. In the end an anti-union workers demonstration sparked off the real conflict. The Provo base went back to direct violence, leaving their bewildered leaders to denounce "excesses" and appeal to pacifist sentiments. The Provos, who had talked of provoking authority to reveal its repressive character, finished by complaining that they had been provoked by the police. So much for their pallid anarchism.



LA PRÉSIDENCE PASSE ENCORE, MAIS LA TRÉSORÉRIE IL N'EN ÉTAIT PAS QUESTION. ILS CONVAINQUÈRENT AISEMENT UNE PASSANTE, QUE LE HASARD AVAIT MIS SUR LEUR TROTTOIR, DE PRENDRE LE RÔLE PLUS COMPROMETTANT DE TRÉSORIÈRE.

That took care of the presidency, but the treasury was a different kettle of fish. They easily persuaded a passerby, who came their way by chance, to accept the more compromising job of treasurer." (The Return of the Durutti Column)

It is true that the Provo base became revolutionary in practice. But to invent a revolutionary consciousness their first task is to destroy their leaders, to rally the objective revolutionary forces of the proletariat, and to drop the Constants and De Vries of this world (one of the favourite artists of the Dutch royal family, the other a failed MP and admirer of the English police). There is a modern revolution, and one of its bases could be the Provos - but only without their leaders and ideology. If they want to change the world, they must get rid of those who are content to paint it white.

Idle reader, your cry of "What about Berkeley?" escapes us not. True, American society needs its students; and by revolting against their studies they have automatically called that society in question. From the start they have seen their revolt against the university hierarchy as a revolt against the whole hierarchical system, the dictatorship of the economy and the State. Their refusal to become an integrated part of the commodity economy, to put their specialized studies to their obvious and inevitable use, is a revolutionary gesture. It puts in doubt that whole system of production which alienates activity and its products from their creators. For all its confusion and hesitancy, the American student movement has discovered one truth of the new refusal: that a coherent revolutionary alternative can and must be found within the "affluent society". The movement is still fixated on two relatively accidental aspects of the American crisis - the Negroes and Vietnam - and the mini-groups of the New Left suffer from the fact. There is an authentic whiff of democracy in their chaotic organisation, but what they lack is a genuine

Keir Hardie, who was adopted, almost 80 years to this day, as Parliamentary Candidate for South West Ham and was elected in 1892 as the first Labour Member of Parliament.

This then, 80 years later, is our first Constituency paper. What of our future? Can we inspire humanity to the great heights that this great Scottish miner has? Idealism, Devotion, Hard Work and Sacrifice are called for. There are many in the movement who have all these

subversive content. Without it they continually fall into dangerous contradictions. They may be hostile to the traditional politics of the old parties; but the hostility is futile, and will be recuperated, so long as it is based on ignorance of the political system and naive illusions about the world situation. Abstract opposition to their own society produces facile sympathy with its apparent enemies - the so-called Socialist bureaucracies of China and Cuba. A group like Resurgence Youth Movement can in the same breath condemn the State and praise the "Cultural Revolution" - that pseudorevolt directed by the most elephantine bureaucracy of modern times.

At the same time, these organisations, with their blend of libertarian, political and religious tendencies, are always liable to the obsession with "group dynamics" which leads to the closed world of the sect. The mass consumption of drugs is the expression of a real poverty and a protest against it; but it remains a false search for "freedom" within a world dedicated to repression, a religious critique of a world that has no need for religion, least of all a new one. The beatniks - that right wing of the youth revolt - are the main purveyors of an ideological "refusal" combined with an acceptance of the most fantastic superstitions (Zen, spiritualism, "New Church" mysticism, and the stale porridge of Ghandi-ism and humanism). Worse still, in their search for a revolutionary programme the American students fall into the same bad faith as the Provos, and proclaim themselves "the most exploited class in our society". They must understand one thing; there are no "special" student interests in revolution. Revolution will be made by all the victims of encroaching repression and the tyranny of the market.

In Britain, the revolt of youth found its first expression in the peace movement. It was never a whole-hearted struggle, with the misty non-violence of the Committee of 100 as its most daring programme. At its strongest the Committee could call 300,000 demonstrators onto the streets. It had its finest hour in Spring 1963 with the "Spies for Peace" scandal. But it had already entered on a definitive decline: for want of a theory the unilateralists fell among the traditional Left or were recuperated by the Pacifist conscience. What is left is the enduring (quintessentially English) archaisms in the control of everyday life, and the accelerating decomposition of the old secular values. These could still produce a total critique of the new life; but the revolt of youth needs allies. The British working class remains one of the most militant in the world. Its struggles - the shop stewards movement and the growing tempo and bitterness of wildcat strikes - will be a permanent sore on an equally permanent capitalism until it regains its revolutionary perspective, and seeks common cause with the new opposition. The debacle of Labourism makes that alliance all the more possible and all the more necessary. If it came about, the explosion could destroy the old society - the Amsterdam riots would be child's play in comparison. Without it, both sides of the revolution can only be stillborn; practical needs will find no genuine revolutionary form, and rebellious discharge will ignore the only forces that drive and can therefore destroy modern capitalism.

As for the East, bureaucratic totalitarianism is beginning to produce its own forces of negation. Nowhere is the revolt of youth more violent and more savagely repressed - the rising tide of press denunciation and the new police measures against "hooliganism" are proof enough. A section of youth, so the right-minded "socialist" functionaries tell us, have no respect for moral and family order (which still flourishes there in its most detestable bourgeois forms). They prefer "debauchery", despise work and even disobey the party police. The USSR has set up a special ministry to fight the new delinquency.

Alongside this diffuse revolt a more specific opposition is emerging. Groups and clandestine reviews rise and fall with the barometer of police repression. So far the most important has been the publication of the "Open letter to the Polish Workers Party" by the young Poles Kuron and Modzelewski, which affirmed the necessity of "abolishing the present system of production and social relations" and that to do this "revolution is unavoidable." The Eastern intellectuals have one great task - to make conscious the concrete critical action of the workers of East Berlin, Warsaw and Budapest: the proletarian critique of the dictatorship of the bureaucracy. In the East the problem is not to define the aims of revolution, but to learn how to fight for them. In the West struggle may be easy, but the goals are left obscure of ideological; in the Eastern bureaucracies there are no illusions about what is being fought for: hence the bitterness of the struggle. What is difficult is to devise the forms revolution must take in the immediate future.

Japan is the only industrialised country where this fusion of student youth and working class militants has already taken place.

Zengakuren, the organisation of revolutionary students, and the League of Young Marxist Workers joined to form the backbone of the Communist Revolutionary League. The movement is already setting and solving the new problems of revolutionary organisation. Without illusions, it fights both western capitalism and the bureaucracies of the so-called socialist states. Without hierarchies, it groups together several thousand students and workers on a democratic basis, and aims at the participation of every member in all activities of the organisation.

They are the first to carry the struggle onto the streets, holding fast to a real revolutionary programme, and with a mass participation. Thousands of workers and students have waged a violent struggle with the Japanese police. In many ways the CRL lacks a complete and concrete theory of the two systems it fights with such ferocity. It has not yet defined the precise nature of the bureaucratic exploitation, and it has hardly formulated the character of modern capitalism, the critique of everyday life and the critique of the spectacle. The Communist Revolutionary League is still fundamentally an avant-garde political organisation, the heir of the best features of the classic proletarian movement. But it is at present the most important group in the world - and should henceforth be one of the poles of discussion and a rallying point for the new proletarian critique.

MEDICAL NOTES

IS ART CURABLE ?

There is no art, that's the expose.... Art today consists of an admiration for visions of a past society, usually rural or classical, or the abstract images of shapes: necrophilia or social realism. If the distinction is sometimes blurred, that's only an indication of social realities.

Spare a thought for the artist himself and remember he is human. How is he to be cured?

The function of art for the artist is much like that of a stout ship to carry him across the seas of life, as he takes photographs through thick portholes. But rest assured, gentle reader, that seas were made for drowning in. Indeed, drowning is the death that all sailors inwardly crave. So, if you be an iceberg, seven-eighths submerged in the sea already, may I direct you towards this rich shipping lane, that you might strip away the steely delusions of spirituality like so much toilet paper. And, flushed with your success, may the bitter-sweet cries of drowning sailors melt your icy heart to living flesh.

Dr Benway.

3

At long last to create a situation which makes all turning back impossible

"To be avant-garde means to keep abreast of reality " (Internationale Situationniste 8). A radical critique of the modern world must have the totality as its object and objective . Its searchlight must reveal the world's real past , its present existence and the prospects for its transformation as an indivisible whole . If we are to reach the whole truth about the modern world - and a fortiori if we are to formulate the project of its total subversion - we must be able to expose its hidden history ; in concrete terms this means subjecting the history of the international revolutionary movement , as set in motion over a century ago by the western proletariat , to a demystified and critical scrutiny . " This movement against the total organisation of the old world came to a stop long ago " (Internationale Situationniste 7) It failed . Its last historical appearance was in the Spanish social revolution , crushed in Barcelona "May Days " of 1937 . Yet its so-called "victories " and " defeats " , if judged in the light of their historical consequences , tend to confirm Liebknecht's remark , the day before his assassination , that "some defeats are really victories , while some victories are more shameful than any defeat . " Thus the first great "failure " of workers ' power , the Paris Commune , is in fact its first great success , whereby the primitive proletariat proclaimed its historical capacity to organise all aspects of social life freely . And the Bolshevik revolution , hailed as the proletariat's first great triumph , turns out in the last analysis to be its most disastrous defeat .

The installation of the Bolshevik order coincides with the crushing of the Spartacists by the German "Social-Democrats " . The joint victory of Bolshevism and reformism constitutes a unity masked by an apparent incompatibility , for the Bolshevik order too , as it transpired , was to be a variation on the old theme . The effects of the Russian counter-revolution were , internally , the institution and development of a new mode of exploitation , bureaucratic state capitalism , and externally , the growth of the " Communist " International , whose spreading bran-

ches served the unique purpose of defending and reproducing the rotten trunk . Capitalism , under its bourgeois and bureaucratic guises , won a new lease of life - over the dead bodies of the sailors of Kronstadt , the Ukrainian peasants , and the workers of Berlin , Kiel , Turin , Shanghai , and Barcelona .

The third International , apparently created by the Bolsheviks to combat the degenerate reformism of its predecessor , and to unite the avant-garde of the proletariat in "revolutionary communist parties ," was too closely linked to the interests of its founders ever to serve an authentic socialist revolution . Despite all its polemics , the third International was a chip off the old block . The Russian model was rapidly imposed on the Western workers' organisations , and the evolution of both was thenceforward one and the same thing . The totalitarian dictatorship of the bureaucratic class over the Russian proletariat found its echo in the subjection of the great mass of workers in other countries to castes of trade union and political functionaries , with their own private interest in repression . While the Stalinist monster haunted the working-class consciousness , old-fashioned capitalism was becoming bureaucratized and overdeveloped , resolving its famous internal contradictions and proudly claiming this victory to be decisive . Today , though the unity is obscured by apparent variations and oppositions , a single social form is coming to dominate the world - this modern world which it proposes to govern with the principles of a world long dead and gone . The tradition of the dead generations still weighs like a nightmare on the minds of the living .

Opposition to the world offered from within - and in its own terms - by supposedly revolutionary organisations , can only be spurious . Such opposition , depending on the worst mystifications and calling on more or less reified ideologies , helps consolidate the social order . Trade unions and political parties created by the working class as tools of its emancipation are now no more than the "checks and balances " of the system . Their leaders have made these organisations their private property ; their stepping stone to a role within the ruling class . The Party programme or the trade union statute may contain vestiges of revolutionary phraseology , but their practice is everywhere reformist - and double so now that official capitalist ideology mouths the same reformist slogans . Where the unions have seized power - in countries more backward than Russia in 1917 - the Stalinist model of counter-revolutionary totalitarianism has been faithfully reproduced* . Elsewhere , they have become a static complement to the self-regulation of managerial capitalism** . The official organisations have become the best

*These countries have been industrialised on classic lines: primitive accumulation at the expense of the peasantry, accelerated by bureaucratic terror.

**For 45 years the French "Communist" party has not taken a single step towards the conquest of power. The same situation applies in all advanced nations which have not fallen under the heel of the so-called Red Army.

L'EXCELLENCE DE CE SAVOIR THÉORIQUE NE POUVAIT ALLER SANS UNE PRATIQUE APPROPRIÉE. ILS PEU A PEU SU RECONNAÎTRE CEUX AVEC QUI RIORATION DE LA MACHINE SOCIALE SERAIT UN PITOYABLE. C'EST AINSI QUE LES POU PARLERS «INTERNATIONALE OCCULTE» S'ENGAGERENT.



The brilliance of this theoretical knowledge called for an appropriate praxis. Gradually they had discovered those with whom wrecking the social machine would be a pitiless game. Thus it was that their palavers with the "Occult International" began. (The Return of the Durutti Column)

guarantee of repression - without this "opposition" the humanist-democratic facade of the system would collapse and its essential violence would be laid bare. In the struggle with the militant proletariat, these organisations are the unfailing defenders of the bureaucratic counter-revolution, and the docile creatures of its foreign policy. They are the bearers of the most blatant falsehood in a world of lies, working diligently for the perennial and universal dictatorship of the State and the Economy. As the situationists put it, "a universally dominant social system, tending toward totalitarian self-regulation, is apparently being resisted - but only apparently - by false forms of opposition which remain trapped on the battlefield ordained by the system itself. Such illusory resistance can only serve to reinforce what it pretends to attack. Bureaucratic pseudo-socialism is only the most grandiose of these guises of the old world of hierarchy and alienated labour"

As for student unionism, it is nothing but the travesty of a travesty, the useless burlesque of a trade unionism itself long totally degenerate.

The principal platitude of all future revolutionary organisation must be the theoretical and practical denunciation of Stalinism in all its forms. In France at least, where economic backwardness has slowed down the consciousness of crisis, the only possible road is over the ruins of Stalinism. It must become the delenda est Carthago of the last revolution of prehistory.

Revolution must break with its past, and derive all its poetry from the future. Little groups of "militants" who claim to represent the authentic Bolshevik heritage are voices from beyond the grave. These angels come to avenge the "betrayal" of the October Revolution will always support the defence of the USSR -if only "in the last instance." They "under-developed" nations are their promised land. They can scarcely sustain their illusions outside this context, where their objective role is to buttress theor-

SO FAR, THE MOVEMENTS IN THE THIRD WORLD HAVE ONLY TRIED TO EMULATE THE BOLSHEVIK CCUP; AND THE MOVEMENT IN THE U.S. CAN ONLY WORSHIP THOSE UNDER-DEVELOPED IMITATIONS OF REVOLUTIONARY



RAYACHOL JULES, DIT KOENIGSTEIN FRANCISQUE, NÉ LE 11 OCTOBRE 1854 TAILLE 1m666; PROFESSION: TEINTURIER RELATIONS: RÉVOLUTIONNAIRES, CAUSE DE LA DÉTENTION: DESTRUCTION D'IMMEUBLES ET DÉTENTION D'ENGINS EXPLOSIFS

"Since I was a child my happiness has sprung from my principles and my tastes. They were always the sole source of my attitude and my actions: perhaps I will go still further. I'm sure it's possible. But to go back, no. Men's prejudices fill me with too much horror; I hate their civilisations, their virtues and their gods too intensely ever to sacrifice anything to them."

Jules Ravachol, known as Francisque Koenigstein, born the 11th October 1854. Height: 1 metre 66. Profession: dyer. Frequent revolutionary circles. Reasons for detention: destruction of buildings and possession of bombs. (The Return of the Durutti Column)

etical underdevelopment. They struggle for the dead body of "Trotsky", invent a thousand variations on the same ideological theme, and end up with the same brand of practical and theoretical impotence. Forty years of counter-revolution separate these groups from the Revolution; since this is not 1920 they can only be wrong (and they were already wrong in 1920).

Consider the fate of an ultra-Leftist group like Socialism ou Barbarie, where after the departure of a "traditional Marxist" faction (the impotent Pouvoir Ouvrier) a core of revolutionary "modernists" under Cardan disintegrated and disappeared within 18 months. While the old categories are no longer revolutionary, a rejection of Marxism à la Cardan is no substitute for the reinvention of a total critique. The Scylla and Charybdis of present revolutionary action are the museum of revolutionary prehistory and the modernism of the system itself.



ET DEUX MILLE
ANS DE CHRISTIA
NISME ONT SU
DÉVELOPPER
LE MASOCHISME
DE TOUS CES
INTELLECTUELS.
VOILÀ NOTRE
CHANCE, ET PAS
SEULEMENT ÇI

"Two thousand years
of christianity have
fostered the masochism
of all these intellectuals.
This is our lucky break;
and it won't stop here."
(The Return of the
Durutti Column)



... OUI, LA PENSÉE DE MARX
EST BIEN UNE CRITIQUE DE
LA VIE QUOTIDIENNE.

"Yes, Marx's thought really is a critique of everyday life." (The Return of the
Durutti Column)

As for the various anarchist groups, they possess nothing beyond a pathetic and ideological faith in this label. They justify every kind of self-contradiction in liberal terms: free speech, of opinion, and other such bric-a-brac. Since they tolerate each other, they would tolerate anything.

The predominant social system, which flatters itself on its modernisation and its permanence, must now be confronted with a worthy enemy: the equally modern negative forces which it produces. Let the dead bury their dead. The advance of history has a practical demystifying effect - it helps exorcise the ghosts which haunt the revolutionary consciousness. Thus the revolution of everyday life comes face to face with the enormity of its task. The revolutionary project must be reinvented, as much as the life it announces. If the project is still essentially the abolition of class society, it is because the material conditions upon which revolution was based are still with us. But revolution must be conceived with a new coherence and a new radicalism, starting with a clear grasp of the failure of those who first began it. Otherwise its fragmentary realisation will bring about only a new division of society.

The fight between the powers-that-be and the new proletariat can only be in terms of the totality. And for this reason the future revolutionary movement must be purged of any tendency to reproduce within itself the alienation produced by the commodity system*, it must be the living critique

*Whose defining characteristic is the dominance of work qua commodity.

of that system and the negation of it, carrying all the elements essential for its transcendence. As Lukacs correctly showed, revolutionary organisation is this necessary mediation between theory and practice, between man and history, between the mass of workers and the proletariat constituted as a class (Lukacs' mistake was to believe that the Bolsheviks fulfilled this role). If they are to be realised in practice "theoretical tendencies or differences must be translated into organisational problems. It is by its organisation that a new revolutionary movement will stand or fall. The final criterion of its coherence will be the compatibility of its actual form with its essential project - the international and absolute power of Workers' Councils as foreshadowed by the proletarian revolutions of the last hundred years. There can be no compromise with the foundations of existing society - the system of commodity production; ideology in all its guises; the State; and the imposed division of labour from leisure.

The rock on which the old revolutionary movement foundered was the separation of theory and practice. Only at the supreme moments of struggle did the proletariat supersede this division and attain their truth. As a rule the principle seems to have been *hic Rhodus, hic non salta*. Ideology, however "revolutionary", always serves the ruling class; false consciousness is the alarm signal revealing the presence of the enemy fifth column. The lie is the essential product of the world of alienation, and the most effective killer of revolutions: once an organisation which claims the social truth adopts the lie as a tactic, its revolutionary career is finished.

All the positive aspects of the Workers' Councils must be already there in an organisation which aims at realisation. All relics of the Leninist theory of organisation must be fought and destroyed. The spontaneous creation of Soviets by the Russian workers in 1905 was in itself a practical critique of that baneful theory, yet the Bolsheviks continued to claim that working-class spontaneity could not go beyond "trade union consciousness" and would be unable to grasp the "totality". This was no less than a decaptiation of the proletariat so that the Party could place itself "at the head" of the Revolution. If once you dispute the proletariat's capacity to emancipate itself, as Lenin did so ruthlessly, then you deny its capacity to organise all aspects of a post-revolutionary society. In such a context, the slogan "All Power to the Soviets" meant nothing more than the subjection of the Soviets to the Party, and the installation of the Party State in place of the temporary "State" of the armed masses.

"All Power to the Soviets" is still the slogan, but this time without the Bolshevik afterthoughts. The proletariat can only play the game of revolution if the stakes are the whole world, for the only possible form of workers' power - generalized and complete autogestion - can be shared with nobody. Workers' control is the abolition of all authority: it can abide no limitation, geographical or otherwise: any compromise amounts to surrender. "Workers' control must be the means and the end of the struggle: it is at once the goal of that struggle and its adequate form" (International Situationniste 10).

A total critique of the world is the guarantee of the realism and reality of a revolutionary organisation. To tolerate the existence of an oppressive social system in one place or another, simply because it is packaged and sold as revolutionary, is to condone universal oppression. To accept alienation as inevitable in any one domain of social life is to resign oneself to reification in all its forms. It is not enough to favour Workers' Councils in the abstract; in concrete terms they mean the abolition of commodities and therefore of the proletariat. Despite their superficial disparities, all existing societies are governed by the logic of commodities - and the commodity is the basis of their dreams of self-regulation. This famous fetishism is still the essential obstacle to a total emancipation, to the free construction of social life. In the world of commodities, external and invisible forces direct men's actions; autonomous action directed towards clearly perceived goals is impossible. The strength of economic laws lies in their ability to take on the appearance of natural ones, but it is also their weakness, for their effectiveness thus depends only on "the lack of consciousness of those who help create them".

The market has one central principle - the loss of self in the aimless and unconscious creation of a world beyond the control of its creators. The revolutionary core of autogestion is the attack on this principle. Autogestion is conscious direction by all of their whole existence. It is not some vision of a

workers' control of the market, which is merely to choose one's own alienation, to programme one's own survival (squaring the capitalist circle). The task of the Workers' Councils will not be the autogestion of the world which exists, but its continual qualitative transformation. The commodity and its laws (that vast detour in the history of man's production of himself) will be superseded by a new social form.

With autogestion ends one of the fundamental splits in modern society - between a labour which becomes increasingly reified and a "leisure" consumed in passivity. The death of the commodity naturally means the suppression of work and its replacement by a new type of free activity. Without this firm intention, socialist groups like Socialisme ou Barbarie or Pouvoir Ouvrier fell back on a reformism of labour couched in demands for its "humanization". But it is work itself which must be called in question. Far from being an "Utopia", its suppression is the first condition for a break with the market. The everyday division between "free time" and "working hours", those complementary sectors of alienated life is an expression of the internal contradiction between the use-value and exchange-value of the commodity. It has become the strongest point of the commodity ideology, the one contradiction which intensifies with the rise of the consumer. To destroy it, no strategy short of the abolition of work will do. It is only beyond the contradiction of use-value and exchange-value that history begins, that men make their activity an object of their will and their consciousness, and see themselves in the world they have created. The democracy of Workers' Councils is the resolution of all previous contradictions. It makes "everything which exists apart from individuals impossible."

What is the revolutionary project? The conscious domination of history by the men who make it. Modern history, like all past history is the product of social praxis, the unconscious result of human action. In the epoch of totalitarian control, capitalism has produced its own religion: the spectacle. In the spectacle, ideology becomes flesh of our flesh, is realised here on earth. The world itself walks upside down. And like the "critique of religion" in Marx's day, the critique of the spectacle is now the essential precondition of any critique.

The problem of revolution is once again a concrete issue. On one side the grandiose structures of technology and material production; on the other a dissatisfaction which can only grow more profound. The bourgeoisie and its Eastern heirs, the bureaucracy, cannot devise the means to use their own over-development, which will be the basis of the poetry of the future, simply because they both depend on the preservation of the old order. At the most they harness over-development to invent new repressions. For they know only one trick, the accumulation of Capital and hence the proletariat - a proletarian being a man with no power over the use of his life, and who knows it. The new proletariat inherits the riches of the bourgeois world and this gives it

its historical chance . Its task is to transform and destroy these riches , to constitute them as part of a human project : the total appropriation of nature and of human nature by man .

A realised human nature can only mean the infinite multiplication of real desires and their gratification . These real desires are the underlife of present society , crammed by the spectacle into the darkest corners of the revolutionary unconscious , realised by the spectacle only in the dreamlike delirium of its own publicity . We must destroy the spectacle itself , the whole apparatus of commodity society , if we are to realise human needs . We must abolish those pseudoneeds and false desires which the system manufactures daily in order to preserve its power .

The liberation of modern history , and the free use of his hoarded acquisitions , can come only from the forces it represses . In the nineteenth century the proletariat was already the inheritor of philosophy ; now it inherits modern art and the first conscious critique of

everyday life . With the self-destruction of the working class art and philosophy shall be realised . To transform the world and to change the structure of life are one and the same thing for the proletariat -they are the passwords to its destruction as a class , its dissolution of the present reign of necessity , and its accession to the realm of liberty . As its maximum programme it has the radical critique and free reconstruction of all values and patterns of behaviour imposed by an alienated reality . The only poetry it can acknowledge is the creativity released in the making of history , the free invention of each moment and each event : Lautreamont's Poesie faite par tous - the beginning of the revolutionary celebration . For proletarian revolt is a festival or it is nothing ; in revolution the road of excess leads once and for all to the palace of wisdom . A palace which knows only one rationality : the game . The rules are simple : to live instead of devising a lingering death , and to indulge untrammelled desire .

POSTSCRIPT: if you make a social revolution, do it for fun

If the above text needed confirmation , it was amply provided by the reactions to its publication . In Stasbourg itself , a very respectable and somewhat olde-worlde city , the traditional reflex of outraged horror was still accessible -witness Judge Llabador's naive admission that our ideas are subversive (see our introduction) . At this level too , the press seized on the passing encouragements to stealing and hedonism* (interpreted , inevitably , in a narrow erotic sense) . The union cellars had become the most infamous dive in Strasbourg . The offices had been turned into a pigsty, with students daubing on the walls and relieving themselves in the corridors . They had come with inflatable mattresses to sleep on the premises "with women and children " ! Minors had been perverted

The amoral popular press was of course at wit's end to find adequate labels : the Provos , the Beatniks , and a "weird group of anarchists " were variously reported to have seized power in the city . Under the direction of situationist beatniks , the University restaurant was in the red , and the union's Morsiglia holiday camp had been used free , gratis and for nothing by these gentlemen .

Some tried their hand at analysis , but only communicated the stunned incomprehension of a man suddenly caught in quicksands : " The San Francisco and London beatniks , the mods and rockers of the English beaches , the hooligans behind the Iron Curtain , all have been largely superseded by this wave of new-style nihilism . Today it is no longer a matter of outrageous hair and clothes , of dancing hysterically to induce a state of ecstasy , no longer even a matter of entering the artificial paradise of drugs . From now on , the international young people who are 'against it ' is no longer satisfied with provoking society , but intent on destroying it - on destroying the very foundations of a society 'made for the old and rich ' and acceding to a state of 'freedom without any kind of restriction whatsoever ' " .

It was the Rector of the University who led the chorus of modernists repression : " These students have insulted their professors , " he declared . " They should be dealt with by psychiatrists . I don't want to take any legal measures against them - they should be in a lunatic asylum . As to their incitement to illegal acts , the Minister of the Interior is looking into that " . ("I stand for freedom , " he added .) Later , besieged by the press , he reiterated that " We need sociologists and psychologists to explain such phenomena to us " . An Italian journalist replied that some of his most brilliant social-science students were in fact responsible for the whole affair . The situationists had an ever better reply to such appeals to psychiatric cops : through the agency of the student mutual organisation , they officially closed the local student psychiatric clinic .

* "They believe that all things are common, whence they conclude that theft is lawful for them": the

Bishop of Strasbourg, while attacking the Brethren of the Free Spirit in 1317.

It is to be hoped that one day such institutions will be physically destroyed rather than tolerated, but in the meantime this "administrative" decision has such an exemplary value that it is worth quoting :

The administrative committee of the Strasbourg section of the Mutuelle Nationale des Etudiants de France considering that the University Psychological Aid Bureaux (BAPU) represent the introduction of a para-police control of students, in the form of a repressive psychiatry whose clear function everywhere - somewhere between outright judicial oppression and the degrading lies of the mass spectacle - is to help maintain the apathy of all the exploited victims of modern capitalism; considering that this type of modernist repression ... was evoked as soon as the Committee of the General Federal Association of the Strasbourg Students made known its adhesion to situationist theses by publishing the pamphlet "Of Student Poverty ...", and that Rector Bayen was quite ready to denounce those responsible to the press as "fit cases for the psychiatrists"; considering that the existence of a BAPU is a scandal and a menace to all those students of the University who are determined to think for themselves, hereby decides that from the twelfth of January, 1967, the BAPU of Strasbourg shall be closed down.

Another development which must have been predictable to any studious reader of the pamphlet was the attempt to explain away the Strasbourg affair in terms of a "crisis in the universities". Le Monde, the most "serious" French paper, and a platform for technocratic liberalism, kept its head while all around were losing theirs. After a long silence to get its breath back, it published an article which shackled situationist activity in Alsace to the "present student malaise" (another symptom: fascist violence in Paris University), for which the only cure is to give "real responsibility" to the students (read: let them direct their own alienation). This type of reasoning refuses a priori to see the obvious that so-called student malaise is a symptom of a far more general disease.

Much was made of the unrepresentative character of the union committee, although it had been quite legally elected. It is quite true, however, that our friends got power thanks to the apathy of the vast majority. The action had no mass base whatsoever. What it achieved was to expose the emptiness of student politics and indicate the minimum requirements for any conceivable movement of revolutionary students. At the general assembly of the National Union of French Students in January, the Strasbourg group proposed a detailed motion calling for the dissolution of the organisation, and obtained the implicit support of a large number of honest but confused delegates, disgusted by the corridor politics and phoney revolutionary pretensions of the union. Such disgust, though perhaps a beginning, is not enough: a revolutionary consciousness among students would be the very opposite of student consciousness. Until students realise that their interests coincide with those of all who are exploited by modern capitalism, there is little or nothing to be hoped for from the universities. Meanwhile, the exemplary gestures of avant-garde minorities are the only form of radical activity available.

This holds good not only in the universities but almost everywhere. In the absence of a widespread revolutionary consciousness, a quasi-terroristic denunciation of the official world is the only possible planned public action on the part of a revolutionary group. The importance of Strasbourg lies in this: it offers one possible model of such action. A situation was created in which society was forced to finance, publicise and broadcast a revolutionary critique of itself, and furthermore to confirm this critique through its reactions to it. It was essentially a lesson in turning the tables on contemporary society. The official world was played with by a group that understood its nature better than the official world itself. The exploiters were elegantly exploited. But despite the virtuosity of the operation, it should be seen as no more than an initial and, in view of what is to come, very modest attempt to create the praxis by which the crisis of this society as a whole can be precipitated; as such, it raises far wider problems of revolutionary organisation and tactics. As the mysterious MK remarked to a journalist, Strasbourg itself was no more than "a little experiment".

The concept of "subversion" (détournement), originally used by the situationists in a purely cultural context, can well be used to describe the type of activity at present available to us on many fronts. An early definition: "the redeployment of pre-existing artistic elements within a new ensemble ... Its two basic principles are the loss of importance of each originally independent element (which may even lose its first sense completely), and the organisation of a new significant whole which confers a fresh meaning on each element" (of Internationale Situationniste 3 pp 10-11). The historical significance of this technique or game derives from its ability to both devalue and "reinvest" the heritage of dead cultural past, so that "subversion negates the value of previous forms of expression ... but at the same time expresses the search for a broader form, at a higher level - for a new creative currency". Subversion counters the manoeuvre of modern society, which seeks to recuperate and fossilize the

relics of past creativity within its spectacle . It is clear that this struggle on the cultural terrain is no different in structure from the more general revolutionary struggle ; subversion can therefore also be conceived as the creation of a new use value for political and social debris : a student union , for example , recuperated long ago and turned into a paltry agency of repression , can become a beacon of sedition and revolt . Subversion is a form of action transcending the separation between art and politics : it is the art of revolution .

Strasbourg marks the beginning of a new period of situationist activity . The social position of situationist thought has been determined up to now by the following contradiction : the most highly developed critique of modern life has been made in one of the least highly developed modern countries - in a country which has not yet reached the point where the complete disintegration of all values becomes patently obvious and engenders the corresponding forces of radical rejection . In the French context , situationist theory has anticipated the social forces by which it will be realised .

In the more highly developed countries , the opposite has happened : the forces of revolt exist , but without a revolutionary perspective . The Committee of 100 or the Berkeley rebellion of 1964 , for example , were spontaneous mass movements which collapsed because they proved incapable of grasping more than the incidental aspects of alienation (The Bomb , Free Speech) , because they failed to understand that these were merely specific manifestations of everyone's exclusion from the whole of his experience , on every level of individual and social life . Without a critique of this fundamental alienation , these movements could never articulate the real dissatisfaction which created them - dissatisfaction with the nature of everyday life - while as specialised "causes " they could only become integrated or dissolve . As a shrewd Italian journalist wrote in L'Europeo , situationist theory is the "missing link " in the development of the new forces of the immense discontent of contemporary youth , as from the industrial struggle which continues in all its violence at the shop-floor level . The time will come - and our job is to hasten it - when these two currents join forces . Louise Crowley has indicated the reactionary role to which the old workers' movement is now doomed : the maintenance of work made potentially unnecessary by the progress of automation . Whatever Solidarity may think , outright opposition to forced labour is going to become a rallying-point of revolutionary activity in the most advanced areas of the world .

Already , in the highly industrialised countries , the decomposition of modern society is becoming obvious at a mass level . All previous ideological explanations of the world have collapsed , and left the misery and chaos of everyday life without any coherent dissimulation at all . Politics , morality and culture are all in ruins - and have now reached the point of being marketed as such , as their own parody , the spectacle of decadence being the last desperate attempt to stabilise the decadence of the spectacle . Less and less masks the reduction of the whole of life to the production and consumption of commodities ; less and less masks the relationship between the isolation, emptiness and anguish of everyday life and this dictatorship of the commodity ; less and less masks the increasing waste of the forces of production , and the richness of lived experience now possible if these forces were only used to fulfil human desires instead of to repress them .

If England is the temporary capital of the spectacular world , it is because no other country could take its demoralization so seriously . The island , having recovered from its fit of satirical giggles , has flipped out . The consumption of hysteria has become a principle of social production , but one where the real banality of the goods keeps breaking the surface , and letting loose a necessary violence - the violence of a man who has been given everything , but finds that ever thing is phoney . Fashion accelerates because revolution is treading on its tail .

With the end of the first phase of opo , the spectacle is beginning to pitch its convulsive tent in the theatre and art gallery . Degenerate bourgeois entertainment is dying of self-consciousness and impotent dislike of its audience : rather than mount improvised "political " tear-jerkers , it should learn to destroy itself . Now is the time for a Christopher Fry revival .

Fake culture , fake politics . If we pass over student unionism in Anglo-America , it is out of simple contempt . There is a sharpening of the pseudo-struggle (Reagan versus the Regents , LSE versus Adams , bit its only interest is in guessing which side is financed by the CIA . The triumph of Wilsonism is more important , since its harsh mediocrity reveals the ogic of modern capitalism : the stronger the Labour Movement , with its bone-hard hierarchies and its school -teacher notions of technology and social justice , the greater the guarantee of total repression . The militant proletariat , whose opposition to the capitalist system is unabated , will remain revolutionary chickenfeed till the myth of the Labour Movement has been finally laid .

With the decline of the spectacular antagonisms (Tory /Labour , East / West , High Culture / Low Culture) , the official Left is looking round for new mock battles to fight . It has always had a masochistic urge to embrace the tough-minded alternative . The orthodox "communist " party owed its popularity among the lumpenintelligentsia to an assertion that it was too practical to have time for theory - a claim amply confirmed by its own blend of flaccid intellectual nullity and permanent political

impotence . Those who counsel "working within the Labour Movement " play on the same secret craving to rush around with buckets of water trying to light a fire . The latest enthusiasm of the Left is Mao's "cultural revolution ", that farce produced by courtesy of the Chinese bureaucracy (complete with blue jokes about red panties). To repeat an old adage , there is no revolution without the arming of the working class . A revolution of unarmed schoolchildren , which even then has to be neutered by the "support " of the army , is a pseudo-revolution serving some obscure need for readjustment within the bureaucracy . As a tactic for bureaucratic reorganisation it is familiar - after the hysterical and ineffective purge of the Right comes the appeal to "discipline ", the call " to purify our ranks and eliminate individualism "(People's Daily , 21st Feb; , 1967),and finally the essential purge of the Left . Far from marking an attack on "socialist " bureaucracy , the GPCR marks the bureaucracy's first adjustment to the techniques of neo-capitalist repression , its colonisation of everyday life . It is the beginning of the Great Leap Forward to Khrushchev's Russia and Kennedy's America .

The real revolution begins at home : in the desperation of consumer production , in the continuing struggle of the unofficial working class . As yet this unofficial revolt has an official ideology . The notion that modern capitalism is producing new revolutionary forces , new proletariats of a new proletariat , is still suppressed . Instead there is an a priori fascination with the "conversion " or the "subversion " of the old union movement . The militants are recuperating themselves (and their intellectual "advisors " urge on the process). The only real subversion is in a new consciousness and a new alliance - the location of the struggle in the banalities of everyday life , in the supermarket and the beatclub as well as on the shopfloor . The enemy is entrism , cultural or political . Art and the Labour Movement are dead ! Long live the Situationist International !

KINDLY LEAVE THE STAGE

ON ROLES

Our efforts , our boredom , our defeats , the absurdity of our acts stem for the most part from the imperious necessity in our present situation of appearing hybrid persons , hostile to our real desires under the cover of satisfying them . " We wish to live as the ideal of others , and strain ourselves for it to appear so . We work to embellish and conserve this imaginary being and neglect the genuine ." Made in the 17th century , at a time that bore some semblance to healthiness , when the crisis of organised appearances was only in the consciousness of the clearest thinkers , Pascal's remark has a new life today , when values are decomposing , banal and obvious to everyone . By what magic do we attribute to lifeless forms the liveliness of human passions ? Why do we succumb to the seductions of borrowed attitudes ? What is a role ?

What drives men to seek power other than the feebleness to which this power reduces him ? The tyrant is irritated by the duties which the very submission of his people imposes on him . The divine consecration of his authority over men he pays for with a perpetual mythical sacrifice , with a permanent humility before God . In leaving the service of God , he leaves the service of the people thus given to serve him . The phrase "vox populi , vox Dei" has to be interpreted as "what God wishes , the people wish" . The slave would soon be angered by a submission which did not compensate by the bribe of authority in exchange . In fact , every submission gives the right to some power , and there is no power except at the price of some submission , which is why some so easily agree to be

governed . Power is partially exercised everywhere , at every level of the hierarchical cascade . It is there that its contestable ubiquitousness lies .

The role is a consumption of power . It is situated in hierarchical representation , and thus in the spectacle ; high , low and inbetween , but never preceding or outside it . As such , it appears in the cultural mechanism , it is initiation . The role is also the currency of exchange in the individual's sacrifice , in that capacity it exerts as a compensatory function . A result of separation , it tries to create a behavioural unity , and in doing so it appeals to identification .

The expression "to play a role in society" shows well enough by its restricted usage that the role is a distinction reserved for a certain number of select people . The Roman slave , the serf of the Middle Ages , the agricultural worker , the proletariat brutalised by thirteen hours of work a day , they did not hold roles , or held them to such a rudimentary degree that civilised people saw them more as animals than men . There exists , in effect , a misery beyond the misery of the spectacle . Since the 19th century , the notion of good and bad workers has been vulgarised , as the notion of master/slave was distributed into the myth along with Christ . Previously it vulgarised with less effort and less importance , even as Marx saw fit to mock at it . Thus the role , like mythical sacrifice , becomes democratised : Inauthenticity at everyone's door , or the triumph of Socialism .

Take a man at thirty five . Every morning he starts his car , arrives at his office , sorts through his papers , eats out in town , plays poker , sorts through his papers again , leaves work , goes home , greets his wife and kisses his children , eats a steak in front of the T.V . , goes to bed , makes love and falls asleep . What reduces the life of a man to this pitiable set of cliches ? a journalist , a policeman , an investigator , a

popular novelist? No - it's the man himself who drives himself to decompose his day into a succession of poses chosen more or less from the gamut of dominant stereotypes. His body won over and his consciousness lost, seduced by a succession of images he turns away from authentic pleasure, to achieve, by a passionately unjustifiable method, an adulterated joy too demonstrative to be anything other than a facade. The roles assumed one after the other give him a titillated excitement when he succeeds in modelling them faithfully on stereotypes. He draws the satisfaction of a well fulfilled role from his vehemence in denying himself, in sacrificing himself.

The omnipotence of masochism! As others were Count of Sandomir, Palatine of Smirnov, Duke of Courlande, Margrave of Thorn, it charges its facets with a totally personal majesty: motorist, employee, chef, subordinate, colleague, client, seducer, friend, stamp collector, husband, father of a family, T.V. viewer, citizen... However this amorphous nonentity is not a mechanical imbecile. For brief instants his everyday life liberates an energy which, if it were not recuperated, absorbed, dispersed and squandered in roles would serve to overthrow the whole universe of survival. Who can tell the force of an impassioned dream, of a pleasure in living, of the birth of a desire, of a burst of sympathy? These moments of authentic life everyone seeks spontaneously, to enlarge them so that they can achieve the integrality of everyday life, but conditioning reduces most men to pursuing them as dreams, the effect of inhuman bias being that they are lost for ever the instant they are achieved.

There exist a life and a death of stereotypes. Such an image seduces, serves as a model for thousands of individual roles, then crumbles and disappears according to the law of the consumable; renewal and built in obsolescence. Where does the society of the spectacle find its new stereotypes? In creativity, which prevents certain roles conforming to the aging stereotype (just as language is renovated by contact with popular usage) and in the game which transforms roles.

To the degree to which a role conforms to a stereotype, it tends to congeal, to take on the static character of its model. It has no present, no past, no future, for it is a time of posing, that is, a pause in time - time compressed into the dissociated space-time, which is the space-time of power. (always, according to this logic, the strength of the power lies in its joint force of actually separating and falsely unifying). One relies on comparing it to a cinematographic image (or better to one of its elements: it's like a predetermined attitude which, rapidly repeated a large number of times with minimal variations gives a picture). Repetition is assured here by the rhythms of publicity and information, by the faculty of creating talk about roles, and, as a consequence, the possibility of one day posing as a stereotype (the case of Bardot, James Dean). But whatever the weight it has in the balance of dominant opinion, the role has above all the mission of adapting its victims to the norms of social organisation, to integrate them with the peaceful world of objects. That is why you see the cameras of renown lying in wait everywhere, seizing banal existences,

making the heart the business of the postman and making superfluous hair a question of beauty. Clothing an abandoned lover as Tristan at a discount, a tattered old man as a symbol of the past, and a housewife as a good fairy of the home, the spectacle grafted onto everyday life has left Pop Art far behind. It was predictable that some people would base models on collages - always renumeratory - of conjugal smiles, of disabled children and of handyman geniuses. There's no more left unless the spectacle should thus reach the critical stage, the last one before the effective presence of the everyday. Roles dance too near their negation. The failure carries out his role in a mediocre way, the unadapted refuses his. To the extent to which the spectacle has crumbled, it encompasses unfavourable sectors, feeds on its own crap. Voiceless singers, seedy artists, unhappy laureates, insipid stars who traverse the sky of publicity with a frequency which determines their place in the hierarchy.

There remain the unrecuperable, those who refuse roles, those who elaborate the theory and practice of this refusal. It is in the context of non-adaptation to the society of the spectacle that a new poetry of experience will arise, a re-invention of life. Deflating roles precipitates the decompression of spectacular time to the profit of experienced space-time. Is living intensively anything but turning aside from the path of time lost in appearances? Is not life in its happiest moments a dilated present which refuses the accelerated time of power, the time which runs in gutters of dead years, the time of aging.

...
Identification: the principle is that of Szandi's test. Invited to choose, from forty-eight photos of invalids in a state of paroxysm, those which inspire sympathy or aversion in him, the patient infallibly gives his preference to those individuals representing a drive which he accepts, and rejects the individuals with drives which he represses. He defines himself with positive and negative identifications. From the choice made, the psychiatrist constructs a picture of drives, on the basis of which he discharges his patient or sends him to the climatized crematoria of the asylums.

Consider the imperatives of the society of consumption, a society where man's existence is solely to consume - consume Coca Cola, literature, ideas, sentiments, architecture, T.V., power. The products of consumption, ideologies, stereotypes, are the photos in a huge Szondi's test, in which each one of us is continually invited to take part, not by a simple choice but by a commitment, by a practical activity. The necessity of selling objects, ideas, models of behaviour, implies a decoding centre where a sort of motivational profile of the consumers helps to correct choices and to create new needs better adapted to the consumable goods. You can consider market studies, motivation technique, opinion surveys, sociological inquiries, structuralism as entering anarchically and with many weaknesses into such a project. Coordination and rationalisation are lacking? the cyberneticians will handle that, if we let them live.

At first sight, the choice of consumable image seems primordial. The housewife who uses Omo for washing is different from the housewife who uses Ariel, but the difference is a question of sales figures. Similarly the Labour voter differs from the Conservative, the Communist from the Christian. But the boundary is less and less discernable. The spectacle of incoherence comes in to give values to the absolute zero of values. So well that identification with no matter what, entails it, bit by bit, like the necessity of consuming anything whatsoever, or the importance of being faithful in the choice of cars, of an idol or a politician. Isn't the essential thing, after all, to render man a stranger to his desires and to place him in the spectacle, in the controlled zone? Good or bad, honest or criminal, the form doesn't matter as long as you lose yourself in it. For Khrushchev his Yevtushenko, and the hooligans will be O.K.. The third force alone has nothing with which to identify, no opponent, no supposedly revolutionary leader. It is the force of identity where everyone recognises himself and finds himself. There, no one decides for me in my name, my liberty is that of everyone.

Mental illness doesn't exist. It is a convenient category for collecting and keeping on one side accidents of identification. Those who power can no longer govern it accuses of madness. There, you find the extremists and monomaniacs of the role. You also find those who laugh at or refuse roles. Their isolation is the criterion which condemns them. Let a general identify himself with France with the backing of millions of voters and he will find an opposition to seriously contest the position he pretends to. Don't we see with the same success Horbigger inventing a Nazi physics, General Walker and Barry Goldwater contrasting the superior, white, godly and capitalist man to the inferior, black, devil inspired communist? France meditates and demands of God the wisdom of oppressing Spain, and everywhere in the world the rulers prove by their cold frenzy that man is a machine for governing. Identification creates madness, isolation not at all.

The role is that caricature of the self which one adopts in every situation, and which appears in every situation in its absence. But the absence is regulated, adorned, decked out with garlands. Paranoics, schizophrenics, sadistic killers whose role is not recognised as useful (isn't distributed under the label of power as is that of the cop, the ruler, the soldier) find their usefulness in the special locations, asylums, prisons, museums of a sort, from which the government reaps a double profit, eliminating in them dangerous rivals and enriching the spectacle with negative stereotypes. Bad examples and their exemplary punishment give some point to the spectacle and protect it. It only needs the encouragement of identification in accentuating isolation to destroy the false distinction between social alienation and mental alienation.

At the other pole of absolute identification, there exists a method of placing oneself apart from one's role, a zone of games which is a veritable nest of rebel attitudes of the spectacular order. You never totally lose yourself inside a role. Even reflected, the will to

live has a potential of violence always near to deviating from the paths traced out for one. The faithful lackey who identifies with his master may also cut his throat at an opportune moment. He reaches the point where his privilege of biting like a dog awakes a desire to hit out like a man. Its because identification, like all inhumanity, has its origin in the human. The inauthentic life is nourished by authentically experienced desires. And identification via the role scores a double victory: it absorbs the game of metamorphosis, the pleasure of masking oneself and going around under all the worlds forms, it appropriates the old labyrinthine passion of losing oneself so as to find oneself better, the game of drifting and metamorphosis. It also absorbs the reflex of identity, the wish to find in others the richest and most authentic parts of oneself. The game then stops being a game, coagulates, loses the choice of its own rules. The search for identity becomes identification.

Let's change perspective. A psychiatrist was able to write: "acceptance by society leads the individual to sublimate his sexual drives in cultural directions, which is the best way of defending himself against them." Clearly, that indicates that one assigns to the role the mission of absorbing vital energy, of reducing erotic force by using it up in a permanent sublimation. The less there is of erotic reality, the more there are sexualised forms in the spectacle. That role (Wilhelm Reich called it 'the carapace') guarantees the impotence of

Hierarchical Power

.....Kosygin no longer talks, no longer asks questions. He shrieks, orders, fixes quotas and dates without consulting anyone - and all the People's Commissars, the Generals, fidget guiltily, like a lot of school boys being dressed down by a wrathful headmaster. We avoid looking at one another. We all know, and Kosygin knows, that the deficiencies are real, that none of us can perform miracles.

At one point, in the midst of a furious outburst against Commissar Ginsburg, a telephone rings. Obviously Kosygin recognises the signal. His tone, his facial expression, his very posture change abruptly, become soft, obsequious. "Yes, Josef Vissarionovich.... It will be done!..... Yes, I'll take immediate measures..." he says. Stalin! A tremor of awe and respect sweeps through the men around the table. We all sit as if frozen into statues. Kosygin replaces the receiver quietly, carefully, as if it were made of spun glass. It takes him fully five minutes to swing back into his angry mood of command and abuse.

(From "I Chose Freedom" by VICTOR KRAVCHENKO
Published in 1946. The author committed suicide in
1963 in protest against U.S. involvement in Vietnam.)

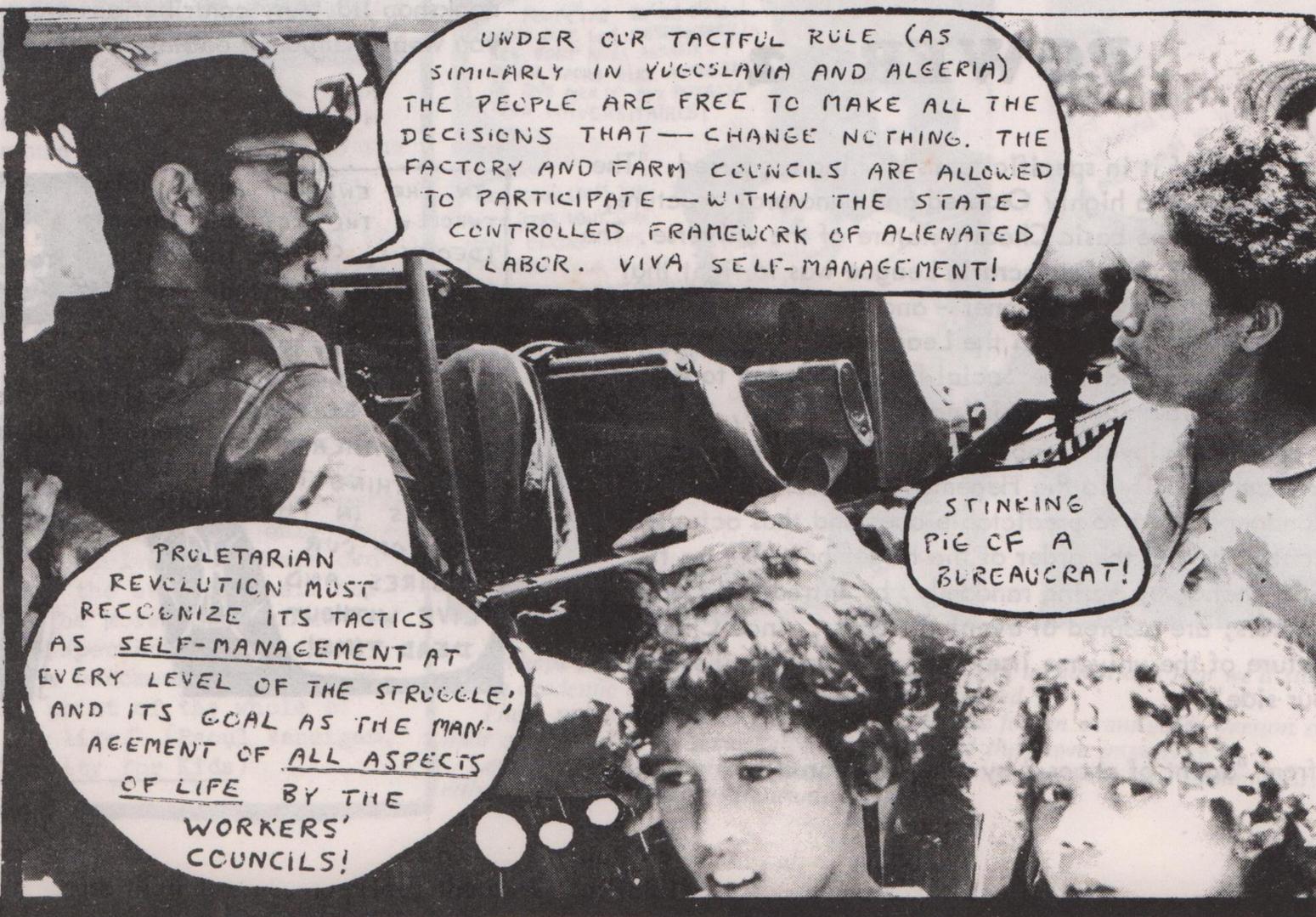
playing. Contradictorily, pleasure, the joy of living, unrestrained enjoyment, breaks the carapace, breaks the role. If the individual considered the world not in the perspective of power but in a perspective of which he is the only point of reference, he would soon have to uncover those acts which truly free him, and most authentically experienced moments, which are like pinpoints of light in the grey canvas of roles. Observe roles in the light of authentic experience, X-ray them if you like, it allows of diverting the energy invested in them, of sorting out truth from lies. Work which is at the same time individual and collective. Equally alienating, roles will not however offer the same resistance. You can extract yourself more easily from the role of a seducer than that of a cop, a leader or a priest. This is an aspect which everybody is qualified to study from close quarters.

Compensation: Why do men put a price on roles sometimes greater than the price they put on their own lives? In truth, because their life has no price, the expression showing here by its ambiguity that life is beyond public evaluation, standardisation, and also that such riches are, with regard to the spectacle, and its criteria, unbearable poverty. For the consumer society poverty is that which escapes becoming consumable. To reduce man to a consumer passes then for an enrichment, from the spectacular point of view. The more things and roles you have, the more you are them, thus is determined the organisation of appearance. But from the point of view of experienced reality that which is gained by a degree of power is lost in the same proportion in the will for authentic realisation. That gained in appearing is lost to being and to that which ought to be.

Thus experience always provides the raw material of the social contract, it pays the entry fee. That's what you sacrifice while compensation lies in brilliant organisation of appearance. And the more everyday life

is impoverished, the more this exacerbates the charms of the inauthentic. And the illusion entails it the more everyday life is impoverished. Dislocated from the essential by the force of constraints, interdiction, lies, experienced reality seems so unworthy of interest that the avenues of experience monopolise all attention. You see your role better than your own life. Compensation gives, in the state of things, the privilege of counting for more. The role compensates for an insufficiency: sometimes for the insufficiency of life, sometimes for the insufficiency of another role. So a worker hides his bruises under the title of mini and the poverty of even this role under the incomparably superior appearance of the owner of a Zephyr. But every role pays you in mutilations (overloads of work, alienation from comfort, survival). Each role fills like an inefficient bung the hole left by the expulsion of myself and of true life. Take away the bung, there's a gaping wound. The role is simultaneously a menace and a protection. But the menace is only felt in the negative, it doesn't officially exist. Officially there is a menace when there is a risk of the role being lost or devalued, when you lose honour or dignity, when, according to the hilariously precise expression, you 'lose face'. And this ambiguity of the role explains to my mind why people are still dependant on it, why it sticks to you like glue, why you spend your life with it: impoverishing lived experience, it protects it against the revelation of its own unbearable misery. An isolated individual would not survive a revelation as brutal as that. And the role participates in organised isolation, in separation, in false unification. Compensation, like alcohol, furnishes the doping necessary to the realisation of inauthentic possibilities. There exists an intoxication of identification. Survival and its protective illusions form an indissoluble all. Roles are evidently extinguished when survival disappears, as some deaths can give their names to a stereotype. Survival without roles is a private death. Just as

The more far-seeing regimes attempt to recuperate (take under their wing; deflect into partial solutions) the struggle for proletarian power....



we are condemned to survival, we are condemned to 'put a good face on it' in inauthenticity. Armour inhibits the freedom of movement and deadens blows. Under the carapace everything is tender. There remains the play solution to put on a pretence of using roles cynically.

It is useful to adopt Rosanov's suggestion: "Externally I am declinable. Subjectively, I am absolutely indeclinable. I do not agree within myself. An adverb or some sort." In the last resort, it's the world which must model itself on the subjective, must suit me before I agree with it. To throw away, to throw aside, roles like a pile of dirty laundry comes back to denying separation and falling into mysticism or solipsism. I am in the enemy, and the enemy is in me. He must not kill me, that is why I protect myself under the carapace of roles. And I work, and I consume, and I know how to behave politely, and I commit no outrage against established values. Such an artificial world needs destroying, however, that's why shrewd people allow roles as play among themselves. To pass for being irresponsible is the best way of being responsible to yourself. All business is dirty fight dirty! All roles are lies, let them dement you! I love Jacques Vache's superb "I wander from ruins to the village, my monocle of crystal and with a disquieting theory of painting. I have been successively a highly praised author, a pornographic dauber and a scandalous cubist painter. Now, I stay at home and leave to others the task of explaining and discussing my personality in the light of these indicators. I only need to be totally truthful with those on my side, the defenders of authentic life."

The more you can detach you can detach yourself from a role, the better you can manipulate it against the enemy. The more you keep a sense of proportion, the better you can achieve a lightness of movement. Friends scarcely bother with forms, they argue to discover, knowing they can't injure themselves. Where commun-

HIERARCHICAL POWER 2

"Think of it in specific terms", Ching suggested. "The Hegemony is a highly Ordered and unnatural structure, opposed to the basic Chaotic nature of the universe. The approach of your Democratic League was to fight that order in an Ordered manner - and since the Hegemony is far more ordered than the League could ever be, you could never obtain the Social Energy needed to substitute your order for the existing order. In fact, the League, as the "Disloyal Opposition", absorbed much of the random hostility to the Hegemony and converted these Random Factors to predictable ones and thus actually contributed to the order of the Hegemony. We on the other hand, by acting randomly, by introducing Random Factors, are assured of eventual success, since Chaos, the nature of the universe itself, is, in a very real sense, on our side."

(from "agent of chaos" by norman spinrad)

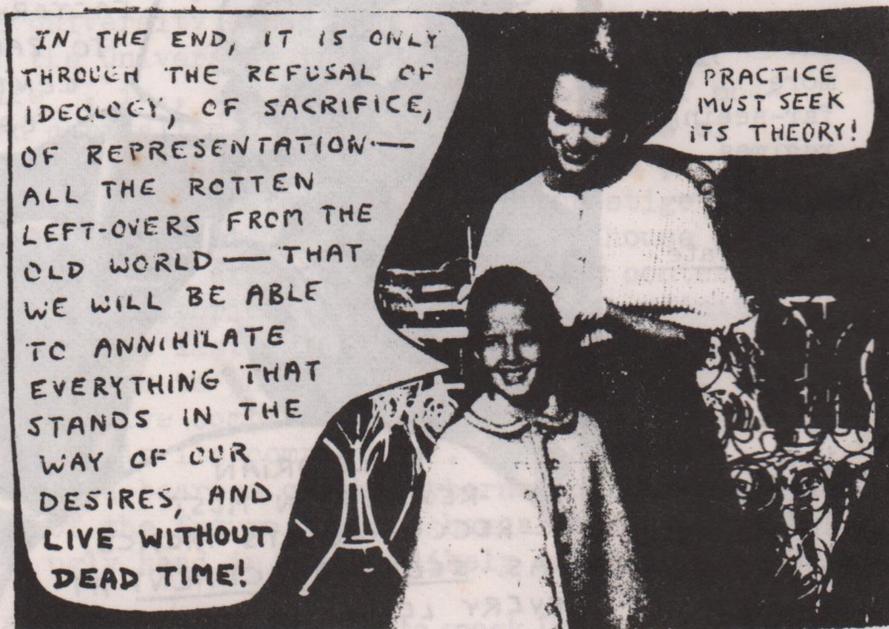
ication would be real, misunderstanding is not a crime. But if you accost me armed from head to foot, forcing combat on me to seek an agreement as a form of victory, you will only find an evasive pose in me, a silence adopted to tell you it's the end of the Dialogue. The contest of roles removes all interest from the discussion from the very beginning. Only the enemy looks for an encounter on the terrain of roles, the lists of the spectacle. To hold phantoms in respect all day long, is that not enough without pretended friendships forcing an increase in it? What if barking could give a conscience to the dog kennels of roles, waking suddenly to the importance of the self.....

Happily, the spectacle of incoherence forcibly introduces games into roles. The moral of "l'envers vaut l'endroit" disperses the spirit of seriousness. The attitude of play lets roles float around in its indifference. That's why the reorganisation of appearance strives with so little humour to enlarge the part played by the game ('Double Your Money' or 'It's a Knockout'), to put casualness at the service of the consumable. The distinction affirms itself with the decomposition of seeming. Certain roles are doubtful, ambiguous, they contain their own critique. Nobody from now on can prevent the reconversion of the spectacle into a collective game in which everyday life will create as a side effect the conditions for permanent expansion.

(translated from Raoul Vaneigem's Traite de Savoir-vivre a l'usage des jeunes generations.)

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we are condemned to survival, we are condemned to put a good face on it in inauthenticity. Armour inhibits the freedom of movement and deadens blows. Under the surface everything is tender. There remains the play: a solution to put on a pretence of using roles cynically.

It is useful to adopt Rosenov's suggestion: "Externally I am declinable. Subjectively, I am absolutely indeclinable. I do not agree within myself. An adviser or some sort." In the last resort, it's the world which must model itself on the subjective, making it a role like a pile of dirty laundry comes back to the washing machine and falling into mysticism or solipsism. I am in the enemy, and the enemy is in me. He must not kill me, that is why I protect myself under the carpets of roles. And I work, and I consume, and I know how to behave politically, and I commit no outrage against established values. Such an artificial world needs destroying, however, that's why stupid people allow roles of play among themselves. To pass for being irresponsible is the best way of being responsible to yourself. All business is right dirty. All roles are lies, let's admit that. I love Jacques Vache's superb "I wander from ruins to the village", my monocle of crystal and with a disquieting theory of painting. I have been successively a highly praised author, a paradigmatic scholar and a scandalous cubist painter. Now, I stay at home and leave to others the task of explaining and discussing my responsibility in the light of these predicaments. I can be totally truthful with those who are not interested in authentic life.

The more you can detach yourself from a role the better you can manipulate it against the enemy. The more you keep a reserve of protest the better you can achieve a Hegelianism of movement. I scarcely bother with forms, they come to discover knowing they can't injure themselves. Where comes

lication would be real, misunderstanding is not a crime. But if you accept an armed from head to foot, forcing combat on me to seek an agreement as a form of victory, you will only find an evasive note in me, a trap set to tell you it's the end of the Dialogue. The contest of roles removes all interest from the discussion from the very beginning. Only the enemy looks for an encounter on the terrain of roles, the lists of the spectacle. To hold phantasms in contact all day long, is that not enough without the need of friendships for doing it? Increase in it? What book would give a conscience to the dog kennels of roles, would suddenly to the importance of the self?

Happily, we are not forced to reference forcibly introduced. I have seen the "I envers your" in the newspaper. The attitude of play lets itself be seen in its reference. That's why the reorganisation of the game comes with so much humour to change the part of the game. "Double Your Money" or "It's a Gracko", to put it at the service of the consumable. The distinction of self with the decomposition of seeing. Certain roles are doubtful, ambiguous, they contain their own critique. Nobody from now on can prevent the reconversion of the spectacle into a collective game which everyday life will create as a side effect the conditions for permanent existence.

Translated from Roger Vachon's "Traite de la Politique de l'Action" (Paris, Editions de la Plume, 1977)

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(from "agent of chaos" by Norman Spinrad)