

the
class struggles
in

AIRSTRIP ONE

by

a

friend of juniors,

LONDON

1984

THE RIPPLE PRESS

This modest introduction to a longer work is dedicated to all the striking miners.

"The sun shines, but not for you, scab".

"One must know how to end a strike",

Maurice Thorez, French stalinist leader in the late forties.

Many on the Tory, SDP, Labour Party benches and in the City and other seats of power are hoping for "a chance of peace" in the present day miners' strike. Every trick in the book is thrown in to discredit the miners. Yesterday it was the cat and dog show, as we all know the British public (what an animal!) are fond of their pets. So apparently striking miners cannot afford to keep the animals, so they bring them to the RSPCA. What the media hacks forget is that miners are hard up, so should they feed their pets first, before feeding their kids? Maybe these well-paid liars would do well to remember that the insurgents of the Paris Commune in 1871 ate the entire Paris zoo and even rats, cats and dogs. But we are not suggesting for one minute that the miners should follow 1871 desperate eating habits or eat rodents ie. journalists for breakfast. On the other hand the supermarkets seem to be quite full of everything else.

Scargill and Co with a room at the top are walking on a tight rope, if the miners are sold out, their union bosses will have continued the work of former colleagues who have known how to settle a strike by compromise. Maybe they too will not be able to walk the coalfields without being spat at. History is a severe judge, ie. those who make it, that is to say the have-nots in this inhumane world. Scargill pledges "We will win". Kinnock the Peace Maker is hoping for a settlement, just like Mac "the knife" Gregor. Kinnock wants to play it cool, he wants votes for the next general election, if he hasn't fallen by then, many on the left of the LP are keen for a Night of the Long Knives against Kinnock for his lukewarm attitude in the present strike. His time is up, he can always recycle himself as a dance and routine artist, Tracey Ullman would reject him anyway. As the stalinist Mick MacGahey said recently at a Birmingham rally: "There may be secret talks but no secret deals". The Observer (8 July 84). One thing is for sure you cannot trust leaders. The only good leader is a dead one. We know how May 1968 was settled behind closed doors. (1)

(1) The purpose of any radical critique is to clear the ground of all debris and criticize those who pass comments about the social revolution. Here in London, a character who has done a leaflet about the miners' strike has not even understood how May 1968 in France was stabbed in the back by the Gaullists and the stalinists, one wonders how he can understand the present! He even complains that no radical text has been written about the riots of 1981, some people are really arrogant and complacent, they want proletarians to furnish them with not only the practice but also the theory, so that they can take it up like students lap up their neo-food in their canteens. What he is waiting for to do a radical text? And for him theory is just paper, he fetishises theory, no wonder he is stuck. His so-called magazine "Get fucked" reminds us of what was called the underground wayback in the sixties, we await his copy to take it apart. But let's come back to something a bit more serious, each time a miner kicks a cop or soon or later a trade-union boss, or when a scab receives a brick, each time this striker produces theory of a novel kind that you can't buy in bookshops. Some can't get out of their comfortable niches. What this so-called revolutionary needs is a nanny to tell

All the leaders in favour of the status quo met to put an end to the greatest wildcat strike in history. The right-wing Jacques Chirac, now mayor of Paris, even had a gun in his jacket, it really sounds like an Al Capone jamboree. What will Scargill have in his dinner jacket? An agreement with the NCB? How can miners trust their leaders, they who sold them down the drain in 1926 and more recently? Around 1926 King George V fearing the worst said to an union boss "if things come to the worst, this" (and he pointed to Buckingham Palace) "will go". The trade-union chief Clyne answered calmly: "Do not worry Your Majesty everything will be fine". (2) And the miners were starved into submission. But today they cannot be, because 1984 is not 1926, as many leftists would have us believe. In this context we will use a phrase of Jack Common in one of his essays: "Revolt against an 'Age of Plenty'" (3). Jack Common was well ahead of his time, he was a friend of George Orwell, both understood the modern changes in capitalism, towards more State repression (4) and modern misery. We have seen the transformation of the British police -along French lines, a de facto permanent riot police. The riots of 1981 tore the bobby image forever. It will never return, and also we must never forget that the infamous SPG was created by Lord Wilson of Rievaulx. An old miner in Sheffield recently told the author of these few lines that Wilson was a traitor, that's a good name for that crafty dealer who sold millions down the drain. How many traitors in the making are lurking in the high echelons of the trade-union bureaucracies, the LP and the SDP? History will speak louder than a thousand annual conferences! Many others will maybe become Lords, to take the place of Lord Shinwell for example, who put an end to Red Clydeside after the first world war. He followed Lenin's advice, that is to say take up the parliamentary road to power. John Maclean, a former comrade of Shinwell's was broken by this treacherous move and died a lonely man, even his wife left him. 'Life' is cruel for those who want a new world. That is why it is important to speak of all this, so as not to repeat past mistakes. Our task is to bring back all this mostly unwritten history, a formidable task for anyone to take up. The striking miners give us courage to do it, just as we give them courage

(Cont. of footnote 1)

him what to think, like about 1917 in Russia. It is pitiful, another case of infantile disorder. All this can be found by writing to EM COMBUSTION LONDON WC1 N3XX

(2) These dialogues can be found in a pamphlet published in 1943 by Freedom Press, at present out of print. The 1926 General Strike, written by Tom Mann.

(3) This text was published in 1935 in The Eleventh Hour. Some of Jack Common's articles have recently been republished, including this one, under the title given above by Strongwords: 10 Greenhaugh Road, Whitley Bay, Tyne & Wear NE2 9HF. Strongwords also publish pamphlets written by miners. As for Jack Common, most of his books are out of print, publishers in Britain are a disgusting breed. Street level analysis is not welcome. One of our aims is to print Common's books, especially Kiddar's Luck & The Freedom of the streets.

(4) Policing has become a growth industry. British riot control wagons are now being exported abroad. At least Thatcher's Britain is exporting the best of British! And the Labour Party will continue the job.

in their struggles.

Trade-union bosses help manage capitalism, that is their job, keeping their (4a) work-force in line. But Scargill and Co are faced with an impossible task. If they do a Jack Jones, ie. tell their members that the strike is over, a lot of illusions are going to vanish, it will be the beginning of a new era, - it is always difficult to bring back the angry lions into their cages-, Scargill and Co may not prove to be good lion tamers after all. Thatcher, Tebbit and all the other modern Draculas hope that Scargill can deliver a safe end to this strike. Wage-slavery must continue. Workers must keep building a world that does not belong to them. All those who have a stake in seeing this world continue fear one thing above all, that this strike could spread to other industries. That's why they wish to see it resolved. Modern Britain, as the Old Britain is riddled by class and contradictions. The Ascot champagne crew showed us recently once more how they enjoy life. Although we see them as super-consumers and ponces, whilst striking miners were being clubbed by the Filth. A fine society, opportunities for all. It is a lamentable state of affairs.

Many of those who speak constantly of class have no wish to understand the changes in modern capitalism. They stick to old formulae, they are covered (5) with dust. They never speak of those who are known as executives or cadres. These model sons and daughters of the society of the spectacle "are the spectators by excellence" and want to consume more than anyone else, they do not wish to be known as wage-slaves and yet they too work for a wage, but they think themselves superior because they earn a bit more than those they look down on who are just workers. Some even are in favour of the miners' strike, but if the strikers start to talk about continuing the fight if their union bosses tell them to go back, or if they start to demand the abolition of wage-slavery and the State and all the rest, then these goodhearts of the left who send a few parcels or two to ease their guilty consciences will no longer support those who strike back violently against inhumane conditions, the archetype of the goodheart on the left is Tony Benn.

(4a) In fact unions and their chiefs are part of the State machine, no wonder all talks with the NCB butchers are secret.

(5) The author of this text, recently heard a speaker of the SPGB, as he was passing through Hyde Park, say "that the police are workers", maybe these museum attendants should say that to striking miners. They might get a response or maybe a kick. In their latest issue of their paper, they have an article about class war and the miners' strike. But this juicy bit is missing. So some of the hecklers shouted: "But what do they produce? Roadblocks, truncheon blows", there was a deafening silence on the part of the speaker and laughter from the audience. Dialectics can be fun. The SPGB are a strange crew, they sincerely think that the ruling class will call it a day without a bloody struggle, they must be jokers, in fact they spread confusion, they even want to use Parliament if a revolution breaks out. Clearly they are out of touch, The SPGB is indeed a monument, that's what a member called it in a book of the same name, published by the Trotskyist hacks of Pluto Press. So to come back to our speaker, he was far from pleased by all this heckling, he threatened to call the constabulary to quell proletarian anger. The SPGB point out that there will be no police in their forthcoming socialist world, but in the meantime they are quite prepared to use the State machine. That's a fine contradiction. It stinks. By a strange irony the French stalinists also say that cops are workers, just like the KGB perhaps!!

The riots of 1981 lit up a new era, and the miners' strike have brought back "the festival of the oppressed" on the agenda . At the beginning of this pamphlet we said that someone complained that no radical text had been written about the riots. This is far from being true. A text was written called Like a Summer of a thousand Julys (5). And although not all of it is to our liking , especially when it is said that the riots remained on the level of instinct. It is impossible to affirm this, no revolt in history has ever taken place for this reason only, but at a deeper level , that is to say class consciousness has been brewing for years and proletarians are always developing their critique of the conditions in which they are forced to live in. And they also have a desire for a more humane world. After all proletarians do not live on the moon, but on this goddam polluted world with the entire State apparatus at their heels. To steal a simple Mars bar is to break the mystique and the spell of the commodity. No wonder judges come down like a ton of bricks on anyone who trespasses that so-called law. Their job is to make sure that their world stays intact. It is easier and safer to steal on the Stock Exchange Casino, because it is legal. Or steal people's time, labour and lives by employing them and give them a wage-packet in return for their hours spent away from themselves. Or represent them as union bosses. No wonder Thatcher speaks constantly of One Nation, One Flag, One crap. Her aim is to blur the class divide, she wants to bring back the clock before Tolpuddle. But she will not succeed. Just as she can't stop night and day. Thatcher is a despicable character, but even more despicable are the conditions in which we are "living" under. The bourgeois dictatorship of the spectacular-commodity economy must be broken. The strikers have started to chip at the edifice. They are no longer living commodities to be bought and sold like cattle. They will never forget the experience of the past 18 weeks. What a lucky strike they have lit! The splits in the mining community clearly demonstrate that this society is divided into two, those who want this world and those who don't. All this world resembles a mining village or town. And this struggle has also spilled outside of the pits, many workers in other industries support the miners, today we hear of dockers taking action against scabs. (6) Women in the striking areas are also on the class war path (7) . And the very fact that they support in all sorts of autonomous ways this strike is already a great step forward , away from what the media always tries to do, namely split striking miners by playing on the fear of not being able to pay for the kids and the mortgage . That time is up, many hard-line feminists may do well to

(5) This text is available from EM BLOB LONDON WC1 N 3 XX. Most radical bookshops stock it. It was a fine attempt at getting to grips with Airstrip One.

(6) On this subject of scabs , here is another fine example , a lecturer at Enfield Polytechnic is compiling a dossier on the black economy and he is even proud of it .What his fellow lecturer Jock Young did not dare do, he will, it is shameful, on the other hand you can't expect anything radical from lecturers. Jock Young and two other hacks penned a book on the riots of 1981, it was well received in the press! What will these Laurie Taylors say about the mining dispute, we await their droppings eagerly. Especially Laurie Taylor who also teaches at York University. No doubt we can expect a Channel 4 prog full of the customary Taylored smiles , maybe he too will be spat at by striking miners! He already deserves it anyway. The Enfield goon is a Gerry Mars.

(7) Many goons in power, the leaderette included were hoping that women would not give support to the men on strike. Class unity is a formidable weapon!

reflect on this , their women only meetings are just a step backwards. You cannot fight alienation with alienated means. Those in power like proletarians to be divided, it helps them in their task. Alienation is good for capitalism. This disease has colonised the entire globe, therefore the struggle is everywhere. Some ultra-leftists find this hard to understand (8).

As for the shopkeepers in the striking areas they have had to cut down their prices, maybe they remember what happened to nasty pub landlords during the 1981 riots. Shopkeepers always follow the wind. When the strike is over they will be the first ones to spit at striking miners, and applaud the scabs, but the carnival is not over yet!

So this modest contribution called Class struggles in Airstrip One enters this battle as a catalyst, we are quite confident that what we are saying is already on the lips of many. Our aim is to put all the fragments together, beyond these fragments lies a better world for everyone. "After all the easiest thing in the world is to pass a judgement on what has a solid content", it is logical. That's what the striking miners and many others are doing. Proletarians , ie. those who have no control over their own lives and who know it will never be content until the freedom of the streets is theirs, along with all the rest.

The Good Auld Cause is not dead, but alive and kicking!

Written & Published on the 9 of July 1984, in London.
By a friend of Junius, for THE RIPPLE PRESS

PART I

(8) Only the work-place struggles interest them. Those around the London Workers' Group and Playtime illustrate this point. One must also say that alot of what is written in Playtime is not uninteresting. Apart from their support for French ultra-leftists swamps. These are in a real fix, and for more than one reason. For example they attacked a revolutionary , who published many **critical** books, and recently Gérard Lebovici was assassinated in Paris, for having republished Jacques Mesrine's The Death Instinct (Champ Libre), Mesrine was a modern Dick Turpin, and was becoming more and more like Robin Hood, those in power hated Mesrine because he had ridiculed their system, and most notably their police. Mesrine was gunned down in a Paris street and left for dead. Many hated Lebovici because he published texts critical of this system, those from the right as from the left (especially the French so-called communist party) , must be pleased that he was murdered. So the French ultra-leftists are now stuck to say anything critical about that State move. **Dialectics** and poetic justice seem to go hand and hand.

PART II

2. NOTES TO SERVE TOWARDS THE HISTORY OF THE PRESENT TIMES.

In Part 2 we will try to cover quite alot of ground. First we will speak of the split in the Tory party. The "compassionate" variety personified in Pym, Gilmour etc, who are from the upper-class, the gentry. And a new breed who come from the petit-bourgeoisie and who have become executives. Thatcher is a good example, the Grantham shopkeeper's daughter who made good is now up for grabs. Tebbit is another suitable case for treatment, a vicious robot who wants to sell at all costs, sell anything but sell. The Chingford skinhead is a real thug. No wonder there is a split in the Tory camp. In a way Thatcher has done alot to bring back revolutionary consciousness, she has done a Nixon, with her extreme attitudes to everything. The split in the Tory Party is to our own advantage. That is why the Pym-Gilmour camp is anxious, they know that if Thatcher continues to be allowed to ravage the terrain, it will mean more discontent, not only in Summer, but the four seasons concerto to use a Vivaldi title. In a word it will be fireworks! Therefore it follows that Thatcher will be dumped, she is the most despised Prime Minister in recent history. In other times PMs were also jeered at. Wellington was shouted at daily as he took his horse Copenhagen for a morning stroll on Rotten Row. So Thatcher will have to hide from the public eye. She will have to live as a recluse or leave the country to find some peace of mind, her son the car salesman has already started the Thatcher trend. Cancer is her best bet. The higher you climb, the faster you fall.. And many will be displeased if she chooses Gibraltar, the monkeys might run away! And the Tower is also out of the question those in power do not want the ravens to fly away (9), if Mrs T. was brought in, the birds would take off anyway. But let's come back to Thatcher's opponent, namely Francis Pym. He wants Politics by consent against the authoritarian, dictatorial rule of the Iron Hag. What Mr Pym forgets is that his soft approach by consent is now in jeopardy, firstly because the crisis of the economy has brought back and sharpened the class struggles, -and here we differ from those who are on the left, from the Labour Party to the various sects of the ultra-left, who are just content to blame Thatcher for all the mess, as if things would be better if the party of Labour was in power (10), and it is not an economic crisis, as many hacks would have us believe, but a crisis of the entire system which rests on wage-slavery and the commodity racket. (11) -, no one at the grass-roots level believes anymore those who speak down to them, the consent is gone, the riots of 1981 did alot to bring about this quantum leap. Mr. Pym knows that the Politics of consent are now something of the past, but he cannot admit it. Being a member of the most cunning ruling class in the world it has taught him a few things or two, also his stay at the Foreign Office has taught him how to put spanners in the Prime Minister's twisted knickers. A real Punch and Judy Show. Grand Guignol live. (12)

(9) Despite their clipped wings!

(10) The Liberals and the SDP also blame Thatcher. Mr Steel's answer is to bring all classes together, another lie.

(11) On this subject see The Veritable Split in the International -public circular of the Situationist International -, (Champ Libre, Paris, 1972) & (BM Piranha, London, 1974). This title can be obtained in xerox form from BM Chronos, London WC1 N 3 XX.

(12) At the time of the first Falklands War back in the 1770's Junius in his anonymous letters pointed out that the F.O. was withholding information to the different faction in power. Maybe Pym wanted Thatcher to slip on the banana skin

Compared with the Tory hard-liners , the Labour Party left & right goon show and the liberal-SDP bandwagon , Pym "appears" almost human -he can afford to be! -, he has shown alot of courage in fighting the Thatcher horror show, this indicates a person well above the average, it is certainly not much considering the low level at Westminster in both houses. It also indicates at a deeper level , that Pym is confident , he has big battalions behind him. He is going to do with others a Chamberlain ie. get rid of Mrs T. at the first opportunity, it is a matter of hours. But if Pym takes over as PM, his rule will not be a soft approach, to many factors are against such an option, firstly because the class struggles in airstrip one are not going to fade away . The crisis of the economy is here for a long time. So in the end Pym will regret the time when he was in the opposition to Mrs T. and yet it is impossible for him to let her continue, that is his dilemma .

Soon kids in the streets might be singing:

"There was an ol' woman of Grantham
Who bla bladed the National Anthem
She was known as Milk-Snatcher
We hope we will Thatch-her
No one trusts the Iron Hag of Grantham."

Another Tory wet is worthy of our attention. James Prior, the Northern Ireland minister responsible for that "province", was recently talking about the work ethic, he said that this ethic was now something of the past, it was now a matter of bettering oneself. All very well for you Mr Prior , with plenty capital behind you. But for most proletarians it is a different kettle of blue fish, the material basis is not in their hands, not yet that is. So Prior's remark is in many ways cynical and yet this wet approach is well ahead of the Labour Party and the Liberal-SDP who want a return to full employment, the State socialists and those who "think" like them never stop lying to people. Their main slogan is as always : "Vote for us, we'll give you a job security ". So some wets have now embarked on trying to take the sting out of the wage cattle market fiasco in order to stay a few more years in power. In the last analysis they are as despicable as their colleagues in the other factions of capital. Only one thing counts , to save their skins and their holdings, the rest has nothing to do with them. And we never expected them to care for anyone.

"In like manner the ruin of States
is brought about because they do
not modify their institutions to
suit the times."

Machiavelli

It is hard to think at the top.

"The working population upon whom
we all depend."

Mrs. Thatcher On Weekend World
(15.1.84)

cont of footnote 12.

known as the Falklands War. In any case Mrs T. was bent on a big show, she needed it at the time , it took the mind "of the British people" away on a voyage far away from the problems at home, it was to be the beginning of the big sister's last stand, as Wellington once remarked "there is nothing worse than a victory, except perhaps a defeat", Mrs T. is basically antiquated, she belongs to the past, she wants to do a Churchill remake. Remakes are never as good as the originals and sometimes the originals were already not the real McCoy. So once the victory parades were over, the problems were still there, life was still grey. It is well-known that a diplomatic solution to the Flaklands was on the cards. Pym knows this, if Thatcher falls, more sordid details will emerge. And although we are against wars, principally because soldiers are killing each other, instead of fighting their respective ruling classes. We know that in a world like this one "war is the continuation of the same policy by other means". The goodhearts on the left, especially CND and in the LP want this system but without the conflicts. Hard luck. Only a proletarian revolution can bring a world without war and all the rest of the capitalist nightmare to the ground.

Maybe this working population will not deliver the goods anymore , as the blues singer Sonny Boy Williamson once sang : "I'm thru fattening frogs for snakes." One of the few people in Britain to say something worthwhile on what is going on is Tom Nairn, Nairn is what is best in that rag called the New Left Review. In there we can find a motley crew of all sorts of ideologists, from leninists like the leading light Perry Anderson to stalinists like the historian Eric Hobsbawm. Nairn's practice is a real mess since he does not mind signing next to such morticians. He is resigned, that's what being around supporters of the Labour Party does to you, it kills the spirit and the body. Nairn also favours a retrograde form of regionalism for his Bonny Scotland, only revolution can move this world, then whisky will flow freely as fresh water up in the glens and all the resources like oil will be put to good use. Anyway this is what Tom Nairn had to say : "(...) In truth, it has been the steady failure and decline of Labourism which has poisoned the entire political climate of Great Britain since the decisive collapse of Wilson's 1964 government that rot has handed over the initiative to the right: it has made possible two successive regimes of a reactionary 'radicalism',..."(13). The turning point in Britain's recent history is the decline and fall of its colonial Empire, 1945 was a good year in that respect, the reshuffle of the world map after the first world war, would be followed by an even bigger and deeper one. The soldiers who came back from that war, would not settle for the system they had left and for which they were forced to fight for.(14) The only way out for the ruling class was to allow a few reforms , if Attlee had not been elected , discontent would have reached the streets rapidly, as we are seeing today. The function of the party of Labour is to correct the mistakes of the Conservative farm. But maybe this ping-pong game will not work for ever. The French ruling class only discovered this game recently. After 25 years of right-wing rule, Mitterrand arrived just in time to save the system from an even more violent wildcat strike than May 1968. Giscard's rule was becoming alarming for many in power, they knew that if he did not go soon, they too might have to go to hell, not a very happy place to spend the rest of one's days. As we said earlier the same is now happening to the Mrs T. . So Mitterrand adopted the British system, it "worked" for a bit, but now things are back to normal, discontent is still there, despite the frantic efforts of his advisers. (15) Now we hear that Thatcher is threatening to send in the troops to do the jobs of the striking dockers. She won't have enough men to go round, if they have to be sent down the mines, a prospect that many will not relish, since alot of the squaddies come from depressed areas, if this were to take place , class solidarity would break out, Mrs T. is playing with fire , alot of the time those who fuck around with that substance, generally are consumed by it. So maybe we will witness the spectacle of students driving buses and trains if workers in these services withdraw their labour. Students will take the cushy jobs, they certainly will not go down the mines. Students are the future executives, if they can find a job or trample enough "colleagues" to get there. Revolutionary students no longer exist.

(13) in The Crisis of the British State in NLR , no.130 , Nov-Dec. 1981.

As for Hobsbawm he wrote recently in the NLR about the limits of theory, he must mean his bloody own and those who "write" in the stalinist Marxism today . These are the enemies of modern theory and those who fight back. We have nothing but contempt for these liars.

(14) A friend of the author recently met a survivor of the Dunkirk disaster. The old man told him that many hated sergeant-majors and officers (Ruperts) were shot by the rank and file. Tons of books have been written on Dunkirk, but this spicy bit is still missing, historians always write history from one angle, that of the ruling class. As one old soldier who also was at Dunkirk said, there are two kinds of histories, one is written and the other unwritten. Our aim is to encourage those at grass-root level to tell the tale.

(15) Who do all they can to recuperate modern theory in order to save the system that

It is a waste of time talking to any of them. For our part we have never forgotten what students did in the General Strike of 1926, which we mentioned a few lines earlier. So the scramble amongst them for promotion, etc. is on, we despise them. Anyway one student union bureaucrat a certain Tony Moss recently belched out: "that you are not going to be able to get at the top starting in the tea-room anymore". And in the world of executives or cadres, competition is encouraged and the norm, the commodity racket and its servants at its best. It makes you puke. (16).

As for the Royalty show, hopefully the social revolution will have advanced sufficiently to be able to dispose of such an anachronism. Charles has always been an ill-fated name for kings and this not only in England. So if Royalty is not abolished in the next years, we can be sure of getting a George VII. As for his son, some already call him Kevin and his wife Cheryll. She could easily work in a "imitation luxury boutique", at the cash register. She also could easily fit into Dynasty or Dallas. It is the end of the mystique of royalty. They are no more than salespersons, Mark Philips even works for Murdoch as a horse commentator. Not bad for the son of a "sausage" maker. Up your Walls, Fog! A couple years ago Charles Windsor gave a talk, he even praised Marx, but kept the ammunition! Maybe he would do well to reread not only Marx but also Bakunin to see if they hated royalty and the system which supports them in style, he might discover that his time is up. The man who wanted to be king might be a nobody very soon. As for his wife she hasn't got a clue about anything, she is quite content breeding more heirs just in case a few die of boredom. Windsor's ancestor Queen Victoria whom Lewis Carroll made fun off in Alice, and even more after, she had asked him to dedicate his next book to her. He did. It was a mathematic treatise. What humour! So apparently Victoria Station, for she was as large as that place wanted to meet the author of Das Kapital. Some have illusions! Many writers and artists have run to Buck House in their time, some even want to be poet lorry 8, poetry at the service of the State, a contradiction in terms. At least Swinburne and Shelley never allowed themselves to be sucked in that bog. In France too many have run to the Elysée shithouse. In Giscard's days, the diamond lover managed to get a few goons at his dinner table, most notably Roland

(cont. of footnote 15)

employs them. Régis Debray is a fine example of the turncoat, once he was in admiration for the leftist bureaucrat Che Guevara, it seems it was not reciprocal, Guevara did not like this pseud. But from the Bolivian jungles to the Elysée Palace the distance is not too great especially when you have illusions about the Cuban revolution. Debray and his beloved teacher Louis Althusser have ended very badly, Althusser killing his wife who probably did not agree with his leninist stew and it took him a long time to criticize education, he set fire to the Ecole Nationale Supérieure. The lack of dialectics can have disastrous consequences, in his case his poor wife paid the price of not splitting from such a goon, who himself never managed really to split from the stalinist so-called communist party. Here in England, another hack E.P. Thompson recently devoted more than 400 pages (how many trees is that?) to Althusser without really getting down to criticizing once and for all this idiot. A few years back Thompson had written an interesting book "The Origins of the English Working class", but these days Thompson's output is as interesting as News of the world, he refuses modern theory and what better proof that he allows himself to be around with a priest, the one and only "Ban the Bomb, But Keep GOD" Bruce Kent, and Thompson does not mind the star role that has been allocated to him by CND, he speaks in front of thousands who remain silent, and those who heckle are removed by the police and Thompson says nothing against this State intervention. Why? Because being a faithful Labour Party supporter, he believes in law and order, ie. the State machine. It is disgusting. The Poverty of his Theory is all too blatant. Maybe he can recycle himself as Neil "the fridge cleaner" Kinnock's speech writer. Another hack, Prof. Bernard Crick, the biographer of Orwell, George never wanted such an undertaking to come out. So Crick is apparently writing speeches for Kinnock and in return wants the South African Ambassadorship. The weather is good overthere and there are plenty barbecues, yes soon the racist pigs will be roasting. So maybe Crick's stay will not be all smiles. Another Hoover at the service of Mitterrand is J. Attali

Barthes, as a sign specialist he did not miss the one which indicates the way to (17) the Elysée Presidential palace. Another creep is Philippe Sollers, an ex-maoist who is now recycled as a catholic writer, he too was there amongst many others. Sollers when he was a maoist would have probably said -as many on the left do-, that there are not able to put out more critical material because they lack "funds and premises", what a joke, here in Britain a grant from the GLC certainly does not guarantee any critical thought! We can prove this because the results are there to be seen, what a waste of taxpayers money! Others who have compositors or word-processors if they can afford them have not given us the proof of their ability of getting at the roots of the problems of this society. The machine does not guarantee any spontaneous combustion on the part of the person at the keyboards. Computer-programmers would love to be able to program dialectics on their machines. Tough luck! Obviously in a different society, automation, computers will be used for the advancement of humankind. This society produces the material basis for that mutation.

But let's come back to the present strikes, wave of them. The Labour Party is using this movement of discontent to say a LP government must be returned to office as soon as possible. Strikers will be conned if they believe the scenarios of the various goons in control of the LP. A general strike is on the cards, that is what many in power fear most, and this strike could easily be a wildcat one, reaching to the four corners of the Isles. And if this was the case, it would spread abroad. The wind of change is always fresh and welcome. Some leftists, another leninist sect called this time "Revolutionary Communist Party" (TCP for short) are busy "preparing themselves for power", maybe they should go and see Morgan, a suitable case for treatment, it might help them to get out of the 1917 Winter Palace remake. What they are doing is preparing the Labour Farm to regain control. Pigs always help pigs. But the Oscar must go to another sect called The Spartacist League, a stalino-leninist crew who are really disgusting, they even called

(cont. of footnote 15)

his ridiculous attempt to recuperate Guy Debord's book The Society of the spectacle and other critical material is plain to see, it is laughable, it really shows to what degree of bankruptcy some have fallen into. Those who hold nettles usually sting themselves.

(16) cf. The Veritable Split in the International -public circular of the Situationist International -, (Paris 1972), on this subject of executives and their world.

(17) Recently another celebrity walked towards the Elysée Circus, it was none other than William S. Burroughs. He accepted a medal from Mitterrand. He was after all a good boy from a good background who had gone astray for a few years, but all is well and forgiven. The naked lunch was not so naked in the presence of the representative of the French State. The joke is that Mitterrand probably thought he had caught a big fish, but really he fished out an ol' shoe! The collapse of culture and the bankruptcy of the art world is complete. We for our part are only interested in finishing art forever and superceding it. This Burroughs could never understand, he always wanted to be a writer. He recently said that writing was 50 years behind painting, he must mean his own cold cuts! He fooled alot of people with his cut-up "technique", a flock of pseudos imitated him. It is all in vain, it was already old hat when Burroughs "invented it", surrealists and dadaists were doing that sort of stuff as a game, wayback in the twenties. As for Burroughs he prefers to live in a NY bunker with no light from the sun. How healthy, his writing also shows no light. His assistant looks out of a horror movie.

for the intervention of Russian troops to quell the 10 million CIA spies in Poland, for them Solidarity was a CIA plot, some people really deserve a punch in the mouth. In any case Walesa is not wanted very much, as he walks the streets, not many people come up to him to shake his hand, they know he has sold them out. Maybe the same will happen to Scargill. He too came out against Solidarity, taking up the position of those in power in Poland, of course he defends the "lesser of the two evils" as many leftist turds do, what a mess. He can't see that El Salvador is also Poland, maybe when Polish coal starts coming * in to keep the furnaces going, then his membership might start to tell him where to go. And he refers constantly to the American butcher, ie, MacGregor, maybe he wants a home grown executioner! In fact Scargill and many others still stick to Lenin's definition of imperialism. It is a bit out of date, it belongs to the Moscow Mausoleum. For us a new imperialism has taken shape, it has not only colonised every inch of the planet Earth, but it has been exported to a few other planets. Scargill and Co might see the results if they went to the moon. In others words this society organised as spectacle. Scargill knows something about it, he has met the NCB chiefs, but he has not told the entire truth to his members, MacGregor and Co in the last analysis have a fine ally in Scargill, for like themselves he does not want to rock the boat as much as the striking miners do, recently we saw miners setting barricades and using a hose-pipe against the police, one of the NUM officials came over to Jack Taylor them, ie. to tell them to cool it! The NUM has therefore its own police! In this context we will quote one of the most beautiful text from the Spanish civil war: "I don't know how we shall live now. I don't know whether we shall be able to accustom ourselves to abuse from corporals, from sergeants and from lieutenants. I do not know whether, after having felt ourselves to be men in the fullest sense of the word, we shall get used to being domestic animals, for that is what discipline leads to and what militarization implies (...)" in A day mournful & overcast by an "uncontrollable" from the Iron Column. (18)

An Iron Column is slowly emerging in Britain, to steam roll those in power!

END OF PART II

Written & published on the 17 of July 1984,
by a friend of Junius, for THE RIPPLE PRESS

(18) This text was printed in March 1937 in Nosotros, daily newspaper of the Iron Column, in Valencia. The Iron Column were ex-convicts, men and women who were the most revolutionary group in the Spanish Civil war, they were against all those who wanted power for their own bureaucracies, instead of for the vast majority of have-nots. This text was republished for the first time in Paris in a bilingual edition by Champ Libre, 1979. It is available in a bilingual edition (Spanish & English) from Case Postale 282, Succ. "E" Montreal, P.Q. H2t 3A7.

Additional note: the person criticized in footnote 1, after reading Airstrip One (Part 1) and the other text I did against him called Brandt for beginners a pamphlet that Swift himself would have wanted to have written, the satirical style in other words, went out of a London pub saying: "It's all lies", I defy him publicly to say what lies there are in these texts, before all those who are revolutionaries, ie. those who want to change this world.

*In fact coal from Poland has already started breaking this strike. The Holy Alliance from Warsaw to London is against the miners. (Note added on the 19 July 84).



...ing an inspection tour at Hammersmith Hospital's postgraduate medical school. Mrs Thatcher did chemical research in her own university days.

Cortonwood miners

pledge a fight to bitter end

THE GUARDIAN Friday July 20 1984

"There is no way I or any of the men will accept a compromise. As far as we are concerned, Cortonwood stays open full stop. We are more determined now than when the whole thing started."

Mr Carter says the men are very sceptical about promises of a reprieve from the coal board. The crunch

question for them would be: how long does the pit stay open?

"I have no money left," he said. "I'm up to my neck in debt but I have my pride. When a man's pride goes, he goes. We've our backs to the wall but the amount of money that has been lost would have kept this colliery open until the year 3,000."

"It is crazy to think that we will give in now and accept a compromise. Cortonwood will work to exhaustion or nobody will go back to work."