


HEATWAVE

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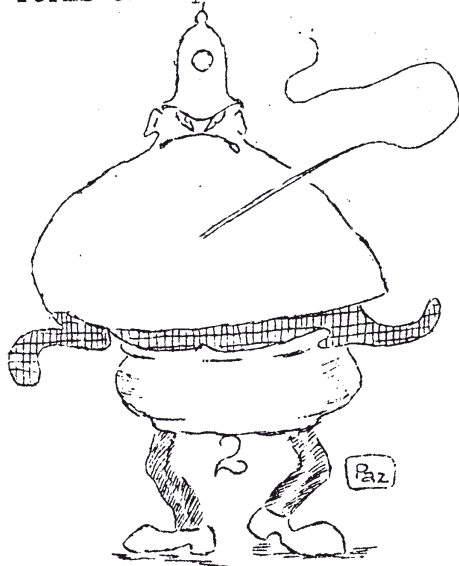
HEATWAVE

HEATWAVE is a new magazine, but it has a past. On May Day, the first Anglo-American edition of the Chicago wobblies' The Rebel Worker was published here because a group of us felt there was an audience in Britain for an experimental, perhaps slightly crazed libertarian socialist journal.

The Rebel Worker will continue to be published from Chicago; the London group will publish HEATWAVE.

HEATWAVE's policy will obviously reflect the ideas of the people around the magazine but we are not a splinter group. We intend to cooperate, ideologically and practically with our Chicago co-dreamers; we see our task as being the same as theirs -- to run a wild, experimental libertarian-socialist journal which will attempt to relate thought, dream and action whilst pointing the significance of movements, ideas and creations which are ignored by the stagnant, fin-de-siècle revolutionaries.

HEATWAVE is not a rival to existing publications on the libertarian left, but an addition to the libertarian press and an extension of its ideology, both conscious and unconscious, into new fields. HEATWAVE wants to generate heat in every field. We believe the time is ripe for an explosion of revolutionary energy which would alter the face of the earth. HEATWAVE advocates the use of any and all means that may bring to a climax the crisis of capitalism and authoritarianism, and result in the total extinction of all forms of exploitation or authority.





WHAT IS THE PROVOTARIAT? Provos, beatniks, pleiners, nozems, teddy-boys, rockers, blousons noirs, hooligans, mangupi, students, artists, misfits, anarchists, ban-the-bombers...

Those who don't want a career and who lead irregular lives; those who come from the asphalt jungles of London, Paris, Amsterdam, New York, Moscow, Tokyo, Berlin, Milan, Warsaw and who feel ill-adapted to this society...

The Provotariat is the last element of rebellion in our 'developed' countries. The Proletariat is the slave of the politicians. Watching TV. It has joined its old enemy, the bourgeoisie, and now constitutes with the bourgeoisie a huge, grey mass. The new class opposition in our countries is the Provotariat against this mass.

But the Provotariat is not a class -- its make-up is too heterogeneous for that.

THE PROVOTARIAT IS A GROUPING OF SUBVERSIVE ELEMENTS

Why does the PROVOTARIAT rebel ? It exists in a society based on the cult of 'getting on'. The example of millions of elbow-bargers and unscrupulous go-getters can only serve to anger the Provotariat.

SUCCESS = ONE'S OWN HOME

SUCCESS = A CAR, A FRIG, TV
SUCCESS = STATUS

We live in a monolithic, sickly society in which the creative individual is the exception.

Big Bosses, capitalists, communists impose on us, tell us what we should do, what we should consume.

BUT the Provotariat wants to be itself.

DOWN with Philips, Bastos, Volkswagens, Renault, Dops, the makers of stinking petrol and the rest of that lot.

DIRECT ACTION -- AMSTERDAM
March 21, 1966

Although the afternoon's provo demonstration in the neighbourhood of an exhibition consecrated to police action for the recent wedding of Princess Beatrix did not seem able to extend beyond a simple uproar, a sudden violent flare-up brought police and provos into conflict. The latter, reinforced by several hundred young people, struggled with the forces of law and order for the whole evening... In certain roads the occupants of houses sided with youth, bombarding police with various objects, including old bicycles.

At midnight order seemed to have been restored after an evening of surprise violence.

Le Monde March 22, 1966.

THE PROVOTARIAT warns the slave-consumer

We live in authoritarian society. The authorities make all the decisions: We can get stuffed. The authorities are preparing war for us. Atomic, bacteriological and chemical weapons are being made everywhere -- in the USA, the USSR, France, Great Britain, China. In a situation of mounting terror they will also be made in Germany, Sweden, Indonesia, Israel... If the Vietnam war becomes nuclear war it is most likely that the entire Northern Hemisphere will be depopulated.

The authorities decide our life ... and our death.

THE PROVOTARIAT IS FRIGHTENED OF THE AUTHORITIES' NUCLEAR WAR.

That is why the Provotariat is engaged in struggle with the authorities everywhere. The police brutalise us when we demonstrate against nuclear weapons, when the blousons noirs come on the scene in their own way (in unconscious protest against this society). The police let loose on us all their spite and reactionary venom.

POLICE AGAINST PROVOTARIAT = HIERARCHY AGAINST ANARCHY

In the Low Countries the anarchist PROVO movement is born of the Provotariat and it urges the Provotariat of the whole world to become aware of its alienation.

WHAT DOES ANARCHISM WANT?

Collectivisation
Decentralisation
Demilitarisation

A new society, a federation of autonomous communes in which private property is demolished.

Each responsible for its own economic and social life. In the approaching cybernetic age electronic machinery will carry out administrative tasks (the eternal pretext for the existence of politicians). In such a technological society, decentralised into small communities, democracy will really be possible.

ANARCHY DEMANDS REVOLUTION.

"PROVO" despairs of the coming of Revolution and Anarchy. Nevertheless it puts its faith in anarchism; for "PROVO" anarchism is the only admissible social concept. It is "PROVO"'s ideological weapon against the authoritarian forces which oppose us.

If the Provotariat (so far) lacks the strength for revolution there is still ---



PROVocation --with all its little pin pricks -- has, in the face of circumstances, become our only weapon. It is our last chance to smash the authorities in their vital, soft parts. By our acts of

provocation we force authority to tear off its mask. Uniforms, boots, kepis, swords, truncheons, fire hoses, police dogs, tear gas and all the other means of repression the authorities hold in reserve they must be forced to use against us. They will thus be forced to show their real nature; chin forward, eyebrows wrinkled, eyes glazed with rage, threatening left and right, commanding, forbidding, condemning, convicting.

They will make themselves more and more unpopular and the popular conscience will ripen for anarchy. THE CRISIS WILL COME. It is our last chance. A PROVOKED CRISIS FOR THE AUTHORITIES.

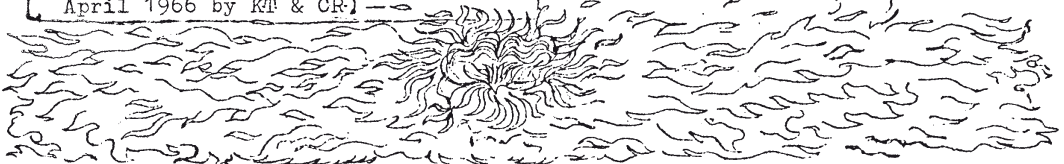
Such is the enormous provocation called for from the International Provotariat by "PROVO → Amsterdam".

PROVOKE!

FORM ANARCHIST GROUPS

BEWARE! PROVOS, WE ARE LOSING
A WORLD

from PROVO -- an anarchist journal,
Amsterdam, 1965.
(Translated from 'I.C.O.'
April 1966 by KT & CR) --



THE GREAT ACCIDENT OF ENGLAND

If London has the most with-it, the most cultured, refined and studiously pleasure-seeking hips then Liverpool has the most in number.

London hips have arrived. Liverpool hips have never been anywhere else. They wouldn't know what hip means but their tradition is hip from the roots. The future in Liverpool is pay night for everybody, helped along on a bigger scale by sailors coming into town to blow three months pay in one week.

The bourgeoisie are represented by a few middle-aged ladies who nobody could envy for their happiness who make the fearful journey during daylight across town to George Henry Lees, sneering at girls in curlers and being nudged all over the pavements by the cowboys with them. But before night comes they have escaped safely in the red buses to Crosby clutching their little green bags with their hats pinned to their heads, leaving the world to darkness and to pleasure.

Because in Liverpool pleasure is all there is. The jobs are too much shit to fool anybody. Bomb- ↗

sites and slums demonstrate the meaning of the light and nice clothes and food and records in shop windows. In London there is money and miles and miles of the best material existence in the world and careers in famous firms all offering to seduce comfortably.

Liverpool has been ignored. It is the great accident of England where it is too late now for the weak to hold the energy of the beatboys, footy-fans, teddy boys, hitch-hikers, comics, general piss-takers, artists, trainwreckers, intellectuals, wildcat strikers and scrubber birds...

John O'CONNOR

RESURGENCE YOUTH MOVEMENT

The Resurgence Youth Movement stands for the WORLD REVOLUTION OF YOUTH. We stand for the second Great Invasion of the Barbarians.

Let Hell's Angels park their motorcycles in St. Patrick's Cathedral and let the gangs round up the adult delinquents and put them to work. The World Revolution of Youth is what's happening. It is part of the total revolution for human freedom that is always being waged. Rebel Youth all over the world stand with the workers, the peasants, the dispossessed, in the fight for freedom, which up until now has always been a guerrilla war. Now the horizons are widened. The battlefield is the society we live in. The enemy is before us.

Join ranks for the final conflict!

Death to Capitalism!

Death to the State!

THIS WORLD BELONGS TO YOUTH / WE WANT FREEDOM AND WE WANT LIFE

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

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

WE HAVE HAD ENOUGH !

Resurgence Youth Movement was organized because a group of young people in New York City, some in school, some dropped out, some working, decided that they had had enough. We have groups going now all over the East Coast and we have just begun to fight.

The past year has been a real beginning. We have been holding meetings, not indoors, but out on the streets, where we have spoken with thousands of young people. We have published our own magazine to bring our ideas to thousands more. We have been working with other movements of protest and rebellion that are fighting the way we are fighting and for the same things. WE KNOW THAT WE ARE NOT ALONE.

We are not the only organisation that talks about revolution, but we say that the time for revolutions made by politicians are over; we are talking about anarchist revolution, the revolution for total freedom.

The Resurgence Youth Movement

(Re-printed from RESURGENCE
No 3 New York July 1965)

THE EXPANDED JOURNAL OF ADDICTION

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

30-9-65

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

7-10-65

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

Conditions have become almost intolerable. Not only am I unable to see any source of happiness here, but I am unable to see how I shall be able to bring about any such pleasant situations ever. I feel as if this journal is a monument to dulled senses, a tribute to the mind clouded by heroin and exploded by countless fears.

(That night, a shot, perspiration and lying on the bed thinking of sleep. Four hours later awakened by a knock: Two policemen come into the room. The taller one points his finger at my face, and the other comes up behind the head of my bed and holds me there, one hand on my throat, the other hand on my shoulder. The taller one grabs my legs at the knees and slides his hands down my legs to the ankles -- as he reaches my ankles, he lifts his hands from my body and displays hypodermic needles, syringes, droppers, heroin tablets; he turns his hands over letting the objects fall to the floor. He rubs his hands down my legs again, somehow producing more heroin. I'm lying there, not moving, tears falling fast. Wanting to deny, but speechless. I don't understand any of it, where the heroin comes from, is it a conjuror's trick? I try to see the face on the other policeman, but I cannot. The taller policeman straightens up, looks at his colleague, and says "We have enough." He takes out a pistol and aims it at my head. I scream

24-10-65

I can't explain the period I'm moving into, but it's horrible. Have all my years of trying to get well been hopeless? If only I could get into a hospital immediately. I can't go on like this. I don't want to die -- I'm afraid. Everywhere I turn there

(CONTINUED)

is fear. I don't know how to get home alive; I wouldn't know how to be happy once I did get back; I don't know how to be happy here. I'm lost.

9/10-11-65

There is no chance for me to see the people I've loved. Will I ever get back home? Thinking of R., almost crying. Did she give me up because I was an addict? All the letters I wrote to her, every night, the same dazed state -- where is she now?

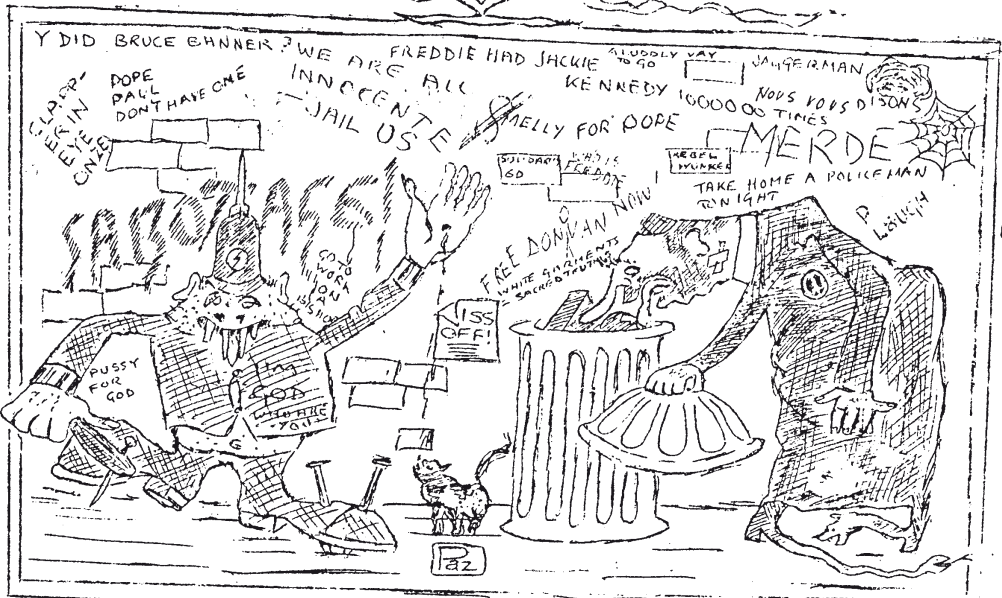
(My last shot. I awaken in the morning to find the streets covered with ice. I dress quickly for I must go and get more heroin. I step out on the sidewalk, slip, and fall. The ice is too slippery to get traction, walking is impossible. But no drugs, and I'm getting sick.

I begin to crawl on my stomach, digging my fingernails into the ice. Hours later I find I've only traveled a few feet; my fingers are bleeding. I'm vomiting. Will I die here, from the cold? Heroin, God, I need a shot; Please, please, please, God, give me a shot. I look up. I'm surrounded by mangled bodies, blood is pouring from them, flowing towards me. I will drown.)

EXTRACT from
The Expanded
Journal of
Addiction

by

B. I. A. GARON



The STRANGE adventures of HOLLAND

Readers cannot but be aware that this country now has an Incomes Policy. Those who read The Times for information they cannot get from Heatwave (I fear there may be some), or, I would prefer to think, who read Heatwave for what they cannot find in The Times, will further know that this gimmick is not a Harold Wilson Original. Many other countries had incomes policies before we did: Holland, for instance. Since the Provos have put their country on the map, and since the story of the Dutch wages policy might have been invented by Private Eye, it is worth examination.

Ever since the war, the Dutch government has had legal powers to control the economy which would make George Brown green with envy. The main laws were passed at a time when, for instance, people were not allowed to move from one part of the country to another without a special passport. The Government, through a web of bureaucratic organisations, including needless to say, the official trade union leadership, fixed maximum wages, prices and rents. Price controls lead to black markets, and in some industries, notably the building industry, the government was forced to turn a blind eye to the payment of black wages. Nevertheless, in most cases the policy was rigidly enforced, and employers paying black wages (ie wages above the legal minimum) were fined and even jailed -- a sight to warm the hearts of the workers and make up for the wages they lost? But of course the Government had the interests of the workers at heart: it was a Labour government. (Since 1959 there has been a Conservative government: this has meant rather less planning but even greater bureaucratic control.)

All the trade union leaders, except the communists, joined the Foundation of Labour, which plays an important part in deciding economic policy (Just what part has varied from time to time: periodically, when the government's policy seems to be in ruins, the institutional set-up is reformed; basically, of course, it remains the same). The Foundation of Labour is made up of both trade union and employers' representatives ... Is anyone reminded of the corporate state? (Lots of Dutch people are -- but it is apparently not done to say so)

The Dutch trade union movement has about the same strength as the British (just over 40% of the working population) but it is unfortunately split: as well as socialist, and some communist, unions there are catholic and protestant unions. Almost all the union leaders supported the Government during the post-war wage freeze, which continued till 1954. Since then there has been a labour shortage and wages have been allowed to rise; most union leaders have, however, continued to support the Government, and the 'confessional' unions have supported the

employer's demand for increased differentials. Nearly all Holland's strikes since the War (few than most other countries) have therefore been unofficial.

Despite the payment of black wages, and, as the labour shortage grew, increased government lenience towards 'wage drift' (the rise of weekly earnings above the fixed rate through upgrading of workers, bonus payments and so on), the policy has nevertheless undoubtedly succeeded in keeping wages down, below the level they would otherwise have reached (otherwise what would be its point?) But this fact has frequently been obscured by a grotesque emphasis by Government and union leaders on the 'fairness' of the policy. The best example of this is the austerity measures of 1952, which show the Dutch policy up for the fraud it is. Like every other European country (including Britain) Holland suffered a sharp increase in import prices and raw materials at the time of the Korean War, and, like all the rest, the Dutch Government predictably decided it was the workers who must pay for it. The cost of living had increased 10% in six months and the government was obliged to agree to a wage rise; but the union leaders agreed to a cut in consumption of 2%: in other words, a 5% wage increase to compensate for a 10% rise in the cost of living. Not very fair, one would have thought. But what happened? In the event it was discovered that the decrease in consumption had slightly exceeded 5%. And so the government, fair as ever, decided to 'compensate' the workers. Every worker only received a single payment equal to 11% of one week's wages; fl.8.50

(16s.3½d)!

The most depressing thing about this farce is that the Dutch take it so seriously -- at least the economists and the politicians do. Perhaps the provos do not. One might even be tempted to think that the whole rotten business has something to do with what has been happening in the streets of Amsterdam.

-- Gaby CHARING

THE BEDBUGS GO TO WAR

(from *The Daily Mirror* - June 7 1966.

America may soon recruit a deadly new army in its battle against the communist Viet-Cong guerrillas in S. Vietnam...an army of SCREAMING BED BUGS.

American scientists seriously believe that the bedbugs' lust for human blood means that they could be used like bloodhounds to sniff out guerrillas in jungle ambushes. So they are working out a way to amplify the bloodcurdling 'scream' a hungry bedbug makes when it scents a human victim at a distance of up to 200 yards. If this wowl can be made audible to human ears then bedbugs could be used as an early-warning device by US jungle patrols. The bedbugs to be used in America's battle against communism were described in a report from Washington last night as "big and noisy specimens".

HEALTHY

An official spokesman said they could grow to the size of a thumbnail ... Scientists have to solve the problem of how to keep them healthy and hungry as well as noisy. The bedbugs would be shielded from the scent of their handlers by being carried into action in a milk bottle pointed at the enemy ahead.

ONLY LOVERS LEFT ALIVE



What happens when the banality of consumer society nails the brains of even the most devoted, efficient, satisfaction-seeking consumer to the blank wall of reality?

What happens when, surrounded by the consumption-ephemera without which life is known incorrectly to be impossible, everyone discovers that he has everything there is to have and still has nothing, that all objects are impoverished?

What happens?

Insurrection ... or suicide. Social destruction or self-destruction are seen as the only ways out of the madness of social alienation. Perhaps because this realisation was implicit in the book Dave Wallis' Only Lovers Left Alive was ignored -- at least on this most important level -- by almost all the critics when it was first published (Anthony Blond) in 1964. It is now fortunately reprinted in a paperback edition (Pan: 3/6d) and its relevance has increased enormously.

The book begins -- one imagines sometime in the 1960s -- with a sudden, all-enveloping outbreak of self-disregarding, self-destructive despair among the adult 'oldies'. Within a matter of months (and after a variety of reactions from official society) England is left to the kids while the suicided corpses of the oldies pile up in the housing blocks, the streets, the offices and the factories. Over a short period, society -- already in a state of ruin, decay and imminent collapse before the oldies' dramatic rejection of themselves en masse -- disintegrates completely. As the orthodox patterns of government break down new élites arise to rule but their control is isolated and only effective within small confines of public docility. When the country is taken over by NATBINCO (The National Bingo Governing Council) the council's actual power is limited to Bingo halls and their environs and is based on two simple factors -- for oldies Bingo halls are the natural social meeting place and Easyway pills (used for suicide) are the Bingo prizes. NATBINCO can govern precisely because it has the means of satisfying the ultimate 'consumer need' -- nothingness, death.

Eventually the only adults left are the hopeless derelicts and social outcasts whose lives have always been so much fringe affairs that nothing on a social level can further reduce them. (For such people consumer-mythologies have at best only the same appeal as horror-comics to middle class intellectuals or pop-art to the publishers of coffee-table books)

Although the kids are not intellectually prepared for the collapse of megalopolitan civilisation they are emotionally prepared. The organisational structure of the old society is too complex, too inhuman, too irrelevant to their needs, too unreal for them to manage; its aims and principles are quite literally beyond their comprehension. Instead their reactions are instinctive -- spontaneous, violent and barbaric. At first their behaviour is a ruthless, speeded-up mimicry of that of the oldies in the old society: occupying flats and houses for single nights and then tearing them apart; taking a few pints of milk from a machine and then smashing it; riding motorcycles on high octane fuel until they burn up. At first everything is expendable but gradually, as the few genuine necessities become scarce a crude barter system comes into being and, later still, gangs form and fight other gangs for supplies. Some of these gangs and groups are extremely libertarian. The heroes of the book -- the Seely Street Gang -- meet one such group of marketers at Hammersmith Broadway. The marketers laugh at the gang's tiger-insignia and leather jerkins until the gang take them off; once they do so and join in the huge street dance around the market they are happily accepted. The Seely streeters themselves are also relatively libertarian; the

leadership is flexible and coercion seems to be unnecessary even though the gang are capable of behaving with an uninhibited, inflexible savagery which seems to surprise even themselves. Some gangs however -- like the Kings of Windsor who are eventually conquered through superior strategy by the Seely Street Streeters -- are ruthlessly authoritarian and fascistic. The Kings capture weak kids -- either from weak gangs or from amongst those mavericks who are neither organised into gangs nor able to survive on their own -- and run Windsor as a slave 'state', based on slave labour. However, it is neither the Kings, who have brute strength but no intelligence, nor the Hammersmith 'beats', who have intelligence but insufficient strength, who survive but the moderate, pragmatic Seely Streeters, who are tough enough to hold off other gangs and intelligently adaptable enough to change with circumstances.

Eventually, their numbers drastically reduced by plague in Windsor the gang find their urban past totally useless. Out in the country they are faced with a simple decision; either become like the hayseeds (country kids) with their livestock and nomadically rough but basically less insecure life, or return once again to the plague-ridden south with its poisoned water, gutted towns and technological ruins. They choose to become herders and throughout the summer following the collapse of the Wind-

sor commune they journey slowly North. They winter in a once-hotel in Midlothian -- now run as a cooperative by a clan who charge no rent but ask for help guarding, hunting and in the kitchens -- where Kathy, the girl-friend of the gang-leader, Ernie, has her baby. Some months later there is the first great meeting of the Northern tribes and Ernie is elected a captain of tribes.

It should be pointed out -- for the benefit of those people who wish to discuss the book without the bother of reading it -- that this conclusion is open to varied interpretations. There is, in fact, no definition of how a captain is elected nor under what terms he remains captain. The only definite programme for the future is an annual trek south with investigations of cities and methodical searches for tools, maps, plans, text-books (undoubtedly the most essentially authoritarian item on the list) and manuals on medicine, metal work, stockbreeding and building. Of course the birth of Kathy's child symbolically ends their youth and possibly symbolises also a turning point and perhaps a return to the old life. It may, alternatively, symbolise the birth of a new society. Take your pick.

There are a number of serious criticisms that can be made of this book: it would, for example, be interesting to know what happens to various sections of youth who are barely mentioned here. Do all the architectural students, medical students, engineers, machine-operators, psychologists and revolutionary

kids just die off, or are they killed? What happens to all the public school boys, trained as leaders of men, who should, according to the authoritarians be at their best in just such circumstances? (Do we assume they die because, by virtue of class background, they were born old?) Do all the oldies do it? Fow do the gangs deal with toothache and illness, let alone everyday medical matters. Perhaps, however, it is pedantic to discuss the book at this level -- it is emphatically not a book in the detailed, 'sociological' tradition of English prophetic novels, like 1984 or Brave New World, and neither is it seen as a parable' as was Lord of the Flies. It makes no attempt to present a consistent, overall view, being content simply to trace the reactions of a small group of people to circumstances which, in one form or another, seem a more and more probable outcome of contemporary society.

In fact the book, possibly for these reasons, has a reality missing from Orwell's grim masterpiece, Huxley's satire or Golding's nasty little piece of school-teaching. It would be a pity if it was missed simply because Wallis is not a particularly good writer and lacks the pedigree of the others.

The news that The Rolling Stones are to film the book -- to Wallis' publicised displeasure -- means that it will attract some of the attention it deserves. Much of the reaction will depend on the film. It could be excellent, even the first myth-film of the new revolution. If not there is still the book which in itself may well turn out to be of seminal importance to the new revolutionism, its ideology, its mythology and its folklore.

Ben COVINGTON

The Rebel Worker

.... America's most insurrectionary, revolutionary, free-wheeling and experimental libertarian socialist journal published quarterly at 25c per copy (approximately 2/-). Published by The Rebel Worker group also are pamphlets -- Mods, Rockers & The Revolution, The New York Blackout, The Decline & Fall of the Spectacular Commodity Economy (on the Watts Insurrection), Sabotage, Surrealism & Revolution, Revolutionary Consciousness. Also the best range of radical libertarian literature in the United States. All inquiries to: The Rebel Worker, Solidarity Bookshop (America's only anarchist bookshop), 1947 North Larrabee, Chicago, Illinois 60614, United States of America.

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HEATWAVE



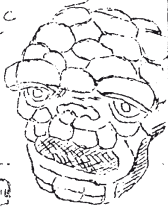
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THE REBEL WORKER

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THEY DON'T REALISE I'M PREPARED FOR THEM THIS TIME



NOTHING CAN HURT ME! NOTHING CAN STOP ME! I'M THE HULK! I'M THE STRONGEST THERE IS!

The Seeds of

SOCIAL DESTRUCTION

One of the most interesting aspects of revolt within the more advanced capitalist states since the war has been the emergence, one after the other, of groupings of disaffected youth. Such groups are not isolated phenomena; they exist wherever modern, highly bureaucratized consumer societies exist; in the USSR (stilyagi), France (blousons noirs), Britain (mods and rockers), in Holland (provos). They have little immediately in common but their implicit rejection of the positions allocated to them in society. (1) Let it be understood this is not primarily a class matter but a matter of the wholesale destruction and frustration of dreams.

Adults, be they left wing journalists or right wing magistrates (2), can be relied upon to attack every aspect of youth rebellion and most revolutionaries likewise see in it no more than a symbol, or perhaps symptom, of capitalist degeneracy; they address their antique pieties to the 'problem' secure in the knowledge that it cannot really be important since it was never mentioned in the old revolutionary sacred texts (3). They have, as befits the changers of societies, been content to condemn without understanding, showing only their own pitiful ignorance and shallowness. By now it should be obvious -- even to the traditional revolutionaries and other preservers of instinctive ignorance -- that teen-groups are not merely the neatly tagged symbols of the alienation of whole sectors of youth from society at large but, in their extreme forms, amongst the few groupings in society which have presented, and continue to present an instinctive, sustained and potentially shattering social threat to stable society. Youth revolt is not necessarily a panacea; neither is it necessarily the precursor of social revolution; rather a grim-humoured reaction to the frustration implicit in this society and this manner of living. It is one of the few things in this society worth serious defence and support. I welcome youth's rage: I share it. I support their outrages because I wish for explosions infinitely more brain-peeling than in their wildest, most socially profane dreams. In this article -- a short and necessarily limited introduction -- I want to note some aspects of the post war unofficial youth movements in Britain.

The Teddy Boys...

... named after their preoccupation with Edwardian (1900-1914) fashion were the first really cohesive post-war youth grouping in Britain. Their emergence coincided with post-war 'reconstruction' and also with the consumer invention of 'teenage'; their number was increased by young adults whose youth had been lost in the 'pre-teenage' austerity of the early post-war years. The extravagance

of ted clothes (drape jackets with velvet collars, elaborate brocade waistcoats, 'slim-jim' or 'country and western' ties, 'drainpipe' trousers with huge turn-ups and heavy car-tyre shoes and later Italian Winkle-pickers'), the cutlandishness of their hairstyles (massive ducks - arsés at the back and Tony Curtis-type quiffs at the front and thick sideburns) and their aggressive arrogance earned them the immediate hostility of generations who had learned to see in thrift both a moral code and a social cement (4). Although many were only -torial rebels, the teds, as a whole, were the most overtly violent of all youth groupings; many carried and used coshes, flick-knives, 'cut-throat' razors and bicycle chains. They fought in gangs -- usually a gang from one are against a gang from another area. They were broken up -- either by each other or by the police. They were constantly harrassed and arrested and fiercely criticised by every element of respectable society. Above all they were feared.

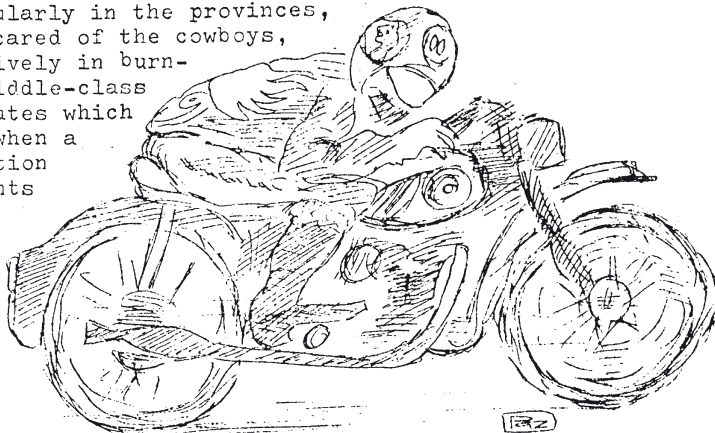


In fact the teds' attitudes were closer to those of their 'elders and betters' than any subeequent groups. The teds were socially unacceptable precisely because they acted out the values of a world where force and corporate brutality were the officially postulated simple answers to all problems, because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

The Townie Kids...

... the coffee bar cowboys arrived shortly after the teds, the product of a rather more affluent society. Motorcycle gangs in Britain have been relatively small and relatively well behaved; nothing like California's Hells Angels has ever happened here. The appeal of motorcycles -- speed, power, danger -- has been almost exclusively to working class youth. The middle-class kid typically has a small sports car; the working-class cowboy has a bike --

cheaper to buy, cheaper to buy, easier to tune, more exciting and less impersonal to use (5). Cowboys are not interested in converting anyone to their way of life; they vary so much anyway that almost the only real points of contact between them lie in their leather clothes, their bikes and the attitudes forced on them by society's reaction to their enthusiasms. Some gangs play 'chicken' games -- most often a race against a record on a café juke-box -- while others see their bikes mainly as an exciting means of weekend escape from employment, dull urban environment and nagging adults; speed is an optional, if delirious, bonus. Some aim simply to bug the squares; either in mocking the police who, particularly in the provinces, are quite scared of the cowboys, or alternatively in burn-ups round middle-class housing estates which stop only when a high proportion of inhabitants are openly annoyed or, better still, furious.



The cowboys, like most people, are

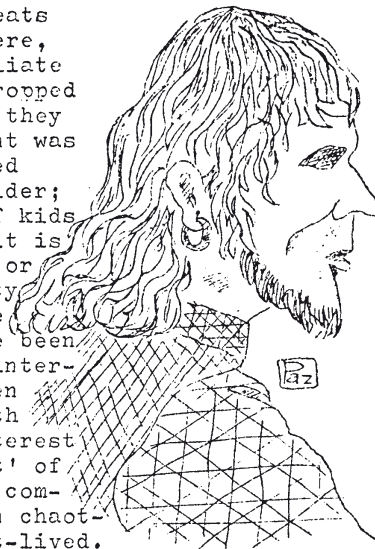
unsympathetic to those who do not share their preoccupations; they are not particularly sympathetic even to each other. Birds (girls) are usually seen as sexual ballast; something to hold the rear wheel on the road and to be shafted afterwards. But again, most people are less honest about more or less identical attitudes to women. The ton-ups do not worry very much about tragedy, either on a personal or cosmic scale. Most of them have friends who 'fucked-up' on a run; they are philosophical about death; accidents are one way out of the fuck-up routine of dead end jobs in a dead end society. Most cowboys work simply to keep riding. They are not interested in success; they live for weekends, days off, nights at the few 'caffs' where the owners do not see social responsibility in terms of keeping cowboys out. They accept, more or less, that one day they will opt out and join the squares. Some compromise earlier than others by joining ton-up (priests collecting for charity or organising rock 'n' roll church services to spare the church the need to face its own total redundancy. Many tonups do seem compulsively respectable; appearing on



TV panel discussions about teenagers (with all the painful insistence that under the rebellious exterior lurks humble goodness) and helping dear old ladies across the road. However, the last cowboy I knew well told me that most tonups think 'priests and that load of shit' every bit as bad as the 'snotties' (?). He seemed quite convinced that the rebellion went deeper, pointing out that the only reason tonups 'doing good' attracted attention was because it was so unusual. In any event he was able to get rid of a large number of Spies for Peace leaflets at London's ton-up centre - the Ace Café - after the 1963 revelations.

The Beats

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



The Ban the Bombers

The beat movement reached its height at much the same time as the anti-war movement -- in the late fifties and early sixties; in fact the two groups were deliberately confused with each other by press and public. The more deraciné elements of the anti-war movement often looked beat and often associated loosely with beats. The political adults distrusted beats, partly as scavengers and partly because they made the already too unrespectable political kids look even less respectable -- this last factor may yet turn out to be the beats' most singular and most valuable contribution to British politics. The young people who made the nuclear disarmament movement the largest and most influential youth movement in British history (8) were the post-Suez generation. The Aldermaston March, started two years after Suez in 1958, became the centre of these young people's activities; a happy-serious carnival-protest, a gathering point for remarkably varied people ranging from hardened-arteried veterans of various Communist Party front groups to dedicated Quakers, from old ladies with curious pasts to dedicated wild-eyed kids burning with self-sacrificing seriousness. After the second march the image was permanently fixed -- youth. A great deal of space has already been devoted to the ban-the-bombers and most people who read this will either know (or not care) why such a generation emerged, what it did, why and how it did it and how in the end it declined and shattered into its myriad components as C.N.D ceased to be umbrella enough for all the disparate ideas which had been attracted to it. C.N.D educated youth -- usually out of C.N.D and into all the sad little splinter groups that are the only traditional, authentic, political, British, folk-art form.



The Ravers

...were possibly the least distinct and, in their classic form, shortest lived group of all. They had some beat characteristics and rather tenuous connections with the anti-bomb movement but their main preoccupations were jazz clubs and jazz festivals; this was the period when ersatz traditional (trad) jazz, as purveyed by Acker Bilk, Kenny Ball and others was inordinately popular. (Partly trad's popularity arose in reaction to the decline of the small fifties' beat scene; it was easy to dance to and jazz clubs were among the few places where teenagers could do more or less as they wished without adult interference. Partly it arose because the musicians did not take themselves too seriously and were often simply good-time ravers (9).)



The raver movement took its 'ideology' from the stale-ale-and-spermatzoa humour of the musician-ravers and its dress, if loosely, from that of the Acker Bilk band -- 'music-hall-cum-riverboat-cum-contemporary-folk-art' with C N D symbol decorated bowlers, umbrellas, striped trousers, elegant jackets. The chicks had long hair, wore ban-the-bomb type uniform (duffle coats, polo-neck jerseys very loose around the hips, and jeans). The ravers moved not only in the world of British 'jazz' but also on the fringes of the beat and political worlds. Chris Farley, now connected in some way with Bertrand Russell's Peace Circus, once interviewed a group of ravers at the Beaulieu Jazz Festival for Peace News and was obviously distressed by the fact that most of them had no political programme beyond the election of Acker Bilk as Prime Minister. One West Indian observer (10) described them, in 1964, as "mainly frantic English teenagers inspired in recent years to new heights of happiness by the indestructible and tireless Negro 'faces' happiness habits nightly in the West End. In their over-enthusiastic aping of Negro dances, over indulgent drug taking, they actually outdo their mentors in self destruction if not in jail sentences".

The ravers were, on the whole, distrusted by other groups with whom they came in contact; the beats used the term 'raver' derogatorily and the nuclear disarmers treated the ravers' 'superficiality' with superior amusement and occasionally annoyance. (The fact that many of the serious kids are now regretting their aloofness is a reminder that we all change) The ravers, as such, died with the trad jazz boom but the 'philosophy' continues and there are once again groups calling themselves ravers. The term has likewise regained its approbatory meaning after its frequent critical use by the C N D generation.

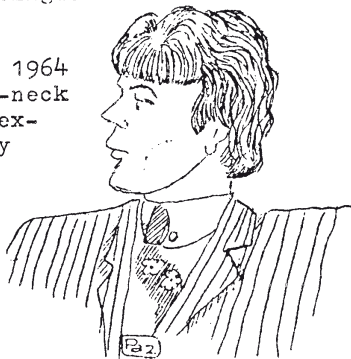
The Mods and Rockers ...

... began attracting attention in 1963; the mods as a developing group (11), the rockers as a yet-unchristened continuation of earlier ~~streams~~ -- the teds and, more particularly, the ton-ups(12). The mods (modernists) originally favoured short-hair, wool shirts, casual suede or corduroy jackets, lightweight ankle-length trousers and casual sneaker-type shoes -- very much of the continental type. Mod girls wore collaborateur-type hair styles, drape leather overcoats and calf-length dresses which came up as time passed but were, in the early days, extended to ankle-length for visits to clubs, etc. The rockers were the entrenched traditionalists of teenage fashion -- long ted-style hair, sideburns, jeans with large turn-ups, leather jerkins or bum-freezer jackets and winkle picker shoes. The girls' clothes echoed those of the boys -- at least of working hours. At work they were in the

teenage fashion mainstream. Rockers were barely a group as such; they were put together by the mods as 'them' figures -- hot, breathy, archaic squares to the mods' ice-cold, up-to-the-second hipsters. In 1963 the first fights between the two groups broke out -- in the City of London during lunch hours. What usually happened was that a group of mods began jeering at -- and later bundling with -- a rocker delivery boy. But such fights were nothing to those which broke out at the various seaside resorts during public holidays the following year. By then the mods were a large group and their outlook was formed.

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

At the height of the mod 'thing' in 1964 mod fashions were changing at break-neck pace. Beatle-type clothes has been exhausted, along with Beatle-music; by the end of 1963 and mod clothing, at the beginning of 1964, reflected the taste of the new London in-groups - The Rolling Stones, The Kinks, The Yardbirds. Later West Indian blue-beat music was tin' beyond the small circle



of very hip faces with whom it had been the music for some time, before it too was overcome by the next enthusiasm.

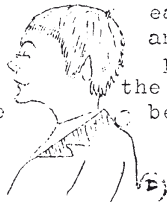
The whole furious-consumption programme of the mods seemed to be a grotesque parody of the aspirations of the mods' parents, typically lower-middle or upper-lower class suburban. The leaders of mod fashion were changing and re-fashioning clothes over night to keep up with each other; the situation became so desperate towards the end of the year that the reigning 'faces' simply refused to allow new faces to take over. By the end of 1964 the hard-cult was over, although the mods still exist, largely as loosely organised scooter gangs. There may still be a few minor mod-rocker skirmishes to keep blimpish magistrates busy and furiously absurd in those quiet seaside towns where the bourgeois go to living-die like happy squires and the kids go to explode the unholy peace of a death structure. But if the heyday of the mods is probably over the youth rebellion is not, as is indicated by the recent case of the Matlock Hills Troggs (13) and many other continuing elements of humanizing chaos.

The future *Can't get no Satisfaction*

The various youth groupings I have discussed are not parts of a cohesive movement; some presented a violent threat to good order, some presented an ideological challenge, some merely an annoyance. Their attitudes were and are varied; the teds a partial reflection of the violence of adult mores; the ton-up kids rebelling at those points where their will crossed society's; the ban-the-bombers a complete rejection of their birth-right (the majority were almost certainly war babies; the movement, perhaps significantly, arose in the first of the post war years in which there was no conscription); the beats rejecting everything; the ravers living for kicks; the mods annoyed, and determined not to emulate the shoddiness of their parents. The backgrounds too were different, although attempting to classify heterogeneous youth groupings is dangerous. Broadly the ton-ups, rockers and teds were working class. The ban the bombers were broadly middle class. The mods, beats and ravers come between the two. But class origins, for the most part, are irrelevant to the youth revolt. Between the groups there was and is little contact. Teds fought each other, mods fought rockers, ban the bombers and beats co-existed, ban the bombers hardly ever associated with those right outside politics, except, rather awkwardly as preachers. There has been some interchange between the groups. A number of beats came from the cowboys and, rather curiously, became mods, typical-



ly at that stage when mods were discovering British R 'n' B. The art school beats were not only the first r 'n' b audiences -- listening to the music like Cyril Davis and Alexis Korner -- but became the first real popularisers of the form. As mods adopted some of the more obvious characteristics of the beats so some beats became, almost by accident, mods.



All these movements can be seen as the groping of youth towards explosive self-expression and show that young people are not content simply to be come the well ground sand in the joints of a crumbling, oppressive, adult-delinquent society. They are expressive both of consumption-crazed society and of rebellion against corrupted mores; both a visible and audible symptom of a society whose effusions, institutions and attitudes are hopelessly disoriented and no longer completely intelligible or logical to anyone, least of all to those authoritarians who have unconsciously created them,

and a reminder that it cannot long continue without the chaotically engineered safety valves finally breaking down and shattering both their own Heath Robinson ingenuity and the society they protect. In a society which has everything, everyone wants nothing.

What is important about the youthrevolt at this stage is not so much what it is but that it is; that, in some ways and however hesitantly, however unsurely, youth recognises its exploiters and is, if only temporarily, prepared to pay them off in a currency they can understand. The explosions are imperfect and impermanent; the rage is fused and canalised; the violence is exploited and utilised; the dreams become advertising slogans. But the revolutionary of all people must be able to sympathise with and encourage such revolt; if nothing else it increases the bourgeois' suicidal paranoia which is, in a very real sense, the revolutionary's best friend. The suburban mental derelict. his world threatened by the phantoms of disquiet -- car tyres deflated, windows smashed, flowers stolen, sleep destroyed, business threatened by THE CONSPIRACY, status constantly challenged by neighbours and business colleagues, wife at the mercy of ravaging back-door tradesmen, sanctum permanently challenged by nameless youth tyrannies -- sees in all youth a savage innocence and a mindless threat to his well being; his mind*, his body **, his prestige ***, are not enough to address the challenge.



- * torn already by the frustrations of working into an emotional gutter.
- ** obese on the non-foods of a death-oriented society.
- ***so intangible, so dependent on irrelevancies and reactions which can never be based on concrete evidence.

It is this disquiet-factor that all rebel youth has in common, that threatens the carefully moulded suburban fantasies whose function is as a contraceptive against reality, sexual, social and cultural. It is this, together with the unrepressed violence and viciousness of those in authority dealing with youth rebellion, that should have told the revolutionaries they were dealing with rather more than a symptom of the degeneracy of a system. For the facts proclaim that youth revolt has left a permanent mark on this society, has challenged assumptions and status and been prepared to vomit its disgust in the streets. The youth revolt has not always been comfortable, valid, to the point or helpful. It has however made its first stumbling political gestures with an immediacy that revolutionaries should not deny, but envy.

Charles RADCLIFFE

Footnotes

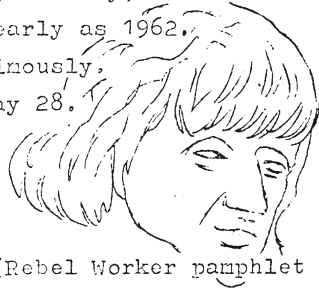
- 1 At least in sensing this much the authorities show themselves more aware of the reality than most revolutionaries.
- 2 For example Paul Johnson and J.B. ('Call me Fathead') Priestley in The New Statesman and the magistrates who dealt with teds, mods, rockers and ban the bombers.
- 3 The reaction of the Communist Party to USSR youth rebels is instructive and hilarious; Moscow teengangs are dismissed either as 'high spirited student-types' or 'bourgeois-minded, jazz-corrupted decadents'.
- 4 Ted fashions were a curious throw back to the Good Old Days (otherwise known as GOD) when gay irresponsibility was the chief social virtue and wars were theoretically still heroic, romantic and colourful. They were also a powerful reaction against the drabness of the war and post-war years. They were a conscious imitation, by working class youth, of aristocratic fashions at the last point in time when a really rigid class (and parallel fashion) structure existed. Had the teds been Edwardians they would have been unable to wear such clothes. In an odd way therefore these clothes seem to have been both a case of following upper class fashion ideas (albeit archaic ones) and snubbing the upper class by doing so.
- 5 I remember doing the ton (100 m.p.h.) with a cowboy on the A.1. in Durham; after stopping the cowboy rubbed down his bike and checked it for damage, treating it with a care and respect that really astounded me.
- 6 Though members of the famous 59 Club -- a respectable,

priestridden rocker club -- were at the 1964 Clacton riots.

- 7 One of a wide variety of designations for the police -- an abbreviation of 'snot-gobbler'. Other terms include the slightly square 'rozzer', 'shit-sucker', 'copper'(square), 'gestapo', 'fuzz', 'law'.
- 8 Anyone who doubts that CND was primarily a youth organisation should read contemporary reports of Aldermaston marches.
- 9 See, for example, George Melly's delirium-fest autobiography, Cwning Up (Weidenfeld & Nicolson)
- 10 C. Lindsay BARRETT in Revolution, January, 1964.
- 11 They were actually beginning as early as 1962.
- 12 The two terms are now used synonymously.
- 13 See Freedom, April 30, May 21, May 28.

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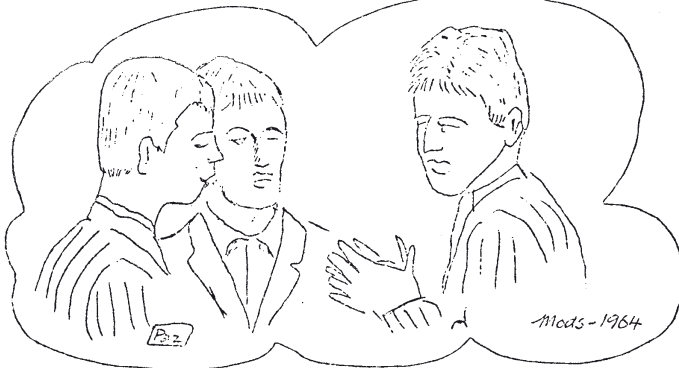
£50 FINE CLAPPED ON CLAPPER

For leading a crowd of 100 teenagers in a handclapping promenade along the sea front at Brighton on Sunday, Alan Fryett, of Brentwood, was fined £50 by Brighton magistrates yesterday.

Police said it "was obviously to provoke a party of beatniks on the beach".

Fryett was arrested when he tried - unsuccessfully -- to lead the youths towards people playing miniature golf. He pleaded guilty to using threatening behaviour.

-- Horning Star 31.v.66



25

Mods - 1964

The

CHICAGO RIOTS

LONG HOT SUMMER #1

Sunday, June 12, at about dusk, in a tavern on Division Street, in the centre of Chicago's Puerto Rican ghetto, a misunderstanding arose between a long-time resident of the neighbourhood, a Croatian the newspapers later intimated, and a young Spick (white lingo for Puerto Rican). As is the case with verbal clashes among slightly intoxicated men, this one escalated into a physical engagement, and, again according to role, the tavern owner pushed the contending parties outside into the sidewalk and called the police.

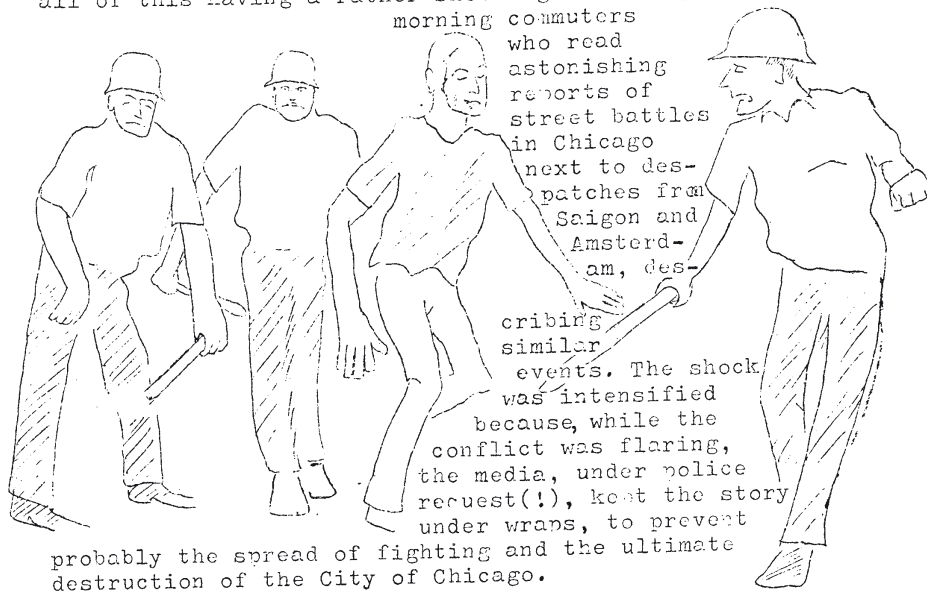
Two cops appeared on call and confronted a group of young, animated Puerto Ricans, immediately concluded that this was a gang of Spicks and, acting on that assumption, attempted to break up the group, without the slightest understanding that drinking partners are hardly likely to break up on the absurd orders of two dumb cops, who undoubtedly were protecting the Croatian's right to be boisterous at their expense. The details are lost, probably forever, but one fact is certain -- the cops decided that they had to shoot someone, and, with unequalled tactlessness, so did.

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

The frenzy siezed the souls of a car full of 'outsiders' (Negroes from the South Side), by chance passing-by, who stopped immediately to help turn-over a squad car and set it afire, to lend an orange asymmetry to the two other cop cars which were captured from fleeing police and burned.

Several Canine Unit cars arrived and the dogs set upon the crowds, but this tactic backfired, for it only intensified the disgust of the people which continued to be vented far into the night. The total arrested numbered fifty, with, thankfully, only one person wounded; the original young man in the story.

Monday's morning editions blasted the 'riot' across their front pages and radio and television carried detailed reports, all of this having a rather shocking effect upon bleary eyed



(Monday afternoon a mad man left a group of his fellow-inmates (patients) who were taken to Cominsky Park to watch a Major League baseball game and boarded a subway train and rode to the loop where he entered one of the larger banks and robbed it of several thousand dollars. He then proceeded to his brother's home to surprise him with a gift of friendship, as only a true brother would do from time to time. His brother however simply called the cops and turned him in.)

Throughout the day city officials responded with their usual brace of mouldy, obfuscatory platitudes all of which were devastated into their parenthetical limbo Monday night when a second battle ensued as police, with characteristic stupidity and brutality,

charged a group of persons who assembled after a peace rally. As the battle raged, ten thousand people gathered along Division Street for more than a mile to witness typical demonstrations of the Chicago Police's 'crowd control tactics' which involved charging groups with riot-clubs, arresting people (35), and shooting others (7 persons were shot Monday night). But Monday also brought forth far more sniper fire and many more molotovs.

The sun, Tuesday morning, was reflected a million times by the bits of glass that covered the sidewalks and streets, the only evidence of a disturbance. The regular Captain of the area was put on furlough because of a poor heart, and his replacement, a young Captain on the make, began acting like a military commander of occupying forces, which in fact he and his men were. All day little groups, engaged in conversation, were broken up, people were pushed off porches and into homes, taverns were closed and a tense peace maintained. Only the remarkable restraint of the people kept Tuesday relatively calm, despite the informally imposed martial law.

The outbreaks of violence stunned all the 'human relations experts', some of whom reported to the Police Department only five days before that the large Puerto Rican (60,000 estimated) and Mexican communities were not sources of trouble. What must have stunned them even more however was the ability of local people to remain cool-headed despite constant police violence. Only one incident needs to be told: on Monday night two Spanish-speaking social workers attempting to calm the crowd were severely beaten by the cops who thought that they were inciting violence. Those originally blamed for starting the riot Sunday, the gang members, were actually responsible for containing much of the anger of their friends in the face of pistol-shooting cops and killer-dogs. Given the potential, only one building was burned and, this being an apartment building, it was very likely unintentional; and no cops were shot.

The Puerto Ricans voiced one demand that, given a highly bureaucratized society, was revolutionary in its implications: they wanted to control their neighbourhood. And Monday this was the sole demand -- the cops should be removed immediately! Naturally, the forces of authority cannot act in a manner which puts their entire irrational behaviour into proper perspective, so the cops remained to incite more violence.

Just as the managers of factories don't really know the factory, the Mayors of America's largest cities hardly know the cities they rule. The whole point of the relatively small skirmish is that by the end of this summer they won't have much of their cities left to know.

-- Bernard MARSZALEK

(A footnote to this article appears on page 39)

THE PROVOKARIAT ACTS

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

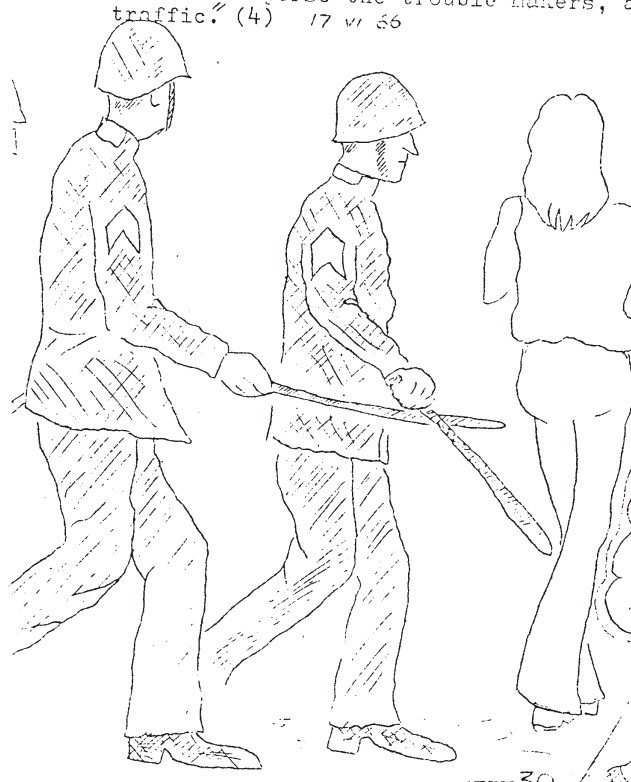
"There were more arrests tonight in Amsterdam -- the scene of rioting during the last two evenings -- when sporadic outbreaks of vandalism by teenagers were reported. Both the State police and the Royal Marechaussee -- the emergency reserve almost indistinguishable from the military -- have been brought in today to supplement the hard-pressed and much-criticised city police. The reinforcements number about 1400 ... the minister of the Interior ... announced that control of the Amsterdam city police would be put in the hands of three wise men.... the demonstration by non-union building workers on Monday against the union's decision to take 2% of their holiday bonus for administrative expenses, and the consequent death of Jan van Weggelaar, provided the sparks for the rioting and hooliganism which followed on Tuesday and last night. The troublemakers now are young teenagers ... who are trying to identify themselves with a small group of intellectual youngsters who call themselves "Provos" (provocateurs) and who have over the last year been making a nuisance of themselves ... the provos have written to all Amsterdam newspapers saying they dissociate themselves from the rioting by the youngsters." (1) '6 v/ 66

"Amsterdam is a police controlled city this morning. The three chief inspectors of police, K. Heijink, J.A. Valken, and A. Coppejlan have been charged by the government to restore law and order to the city and given a mobile brigade to do so. The Mayor...and the chief commissioner of police...are in disgrace after criticism of their handling of the situation, directed from both sides of the house during yesterday's emergency debate in the Dutch parliament. Amsterdam is a tense city today, sweltering under a humid summer haze after a further night of violence. Serious trouble is expected later today." (2) '7 v/ 66

"Amsterdam has remained quiet this weekend, thanks primarily to rain which has quenched the enthusiasm of the youngsters for seeking trouble in the streets. The police too have helped by keeping out of sight, for the mounted detachments, the steel helmets, long rubber truncheons, and straw shields were certainly game for provocation. The radio station devoted to pop music has been broadcasting a message recorded by one of the leading Provos, telling the boys to stay at home." (3) 19 vi 66

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

- (1) Michael Wall in
The Guardian, Friday,
June 17, 1966
- (2) The Evening Standard,
Friday, June 17, 1966
- (3) Michael Wall in
The Guardian, Monday,
June 20, 1966
- (4) Our Correspondent in
The Times, Saturday,
June 18, 1966
(dates of reports in italic)



Those going to Amsterdam can (at press-time) contact the PROVOS at 14, KARTHUISERSTRAAT, AMSTERDAM!



We are reprinting below the text of a leaflet published by the Chicago Anarchists in April, this year.

We likewise applaud Barry Bondhus' exemplary act.

SHAPE'S OF THINGS

Barry Bondhus, a 20-year old Big Lake youth was being held in Hennepin County Jail under \$10,000 bond today on a charge that he dumped two buckets of human excrement into the files of the Sherburne County draft board at Elk River.

The arrest climaxed a series of difficulties he and his father have had with the draft board. The elder Bondhus said he has told the board repeatedly that he is opposed to any of his sons serving in the Armed Forces. "If you draft Barry I have nothing to look forward to for the next 24 years but flag-draped caskets," he said.

Barry is the second oldest of 10 Bondhus boys. After a board hearing, February 15, the youth was classified 1-A and ordered to take a pre-induction physical examination in Minneapolis. The FBI said the youth refused to cooperate.

Wednesday, the complaint charged, the young Bondhus walked into the board's office and dumped the substance into six draft board file cases. His draft board status is still pending.

--- from the Minneapolis Star
February 25 1966

The anarchists wish to express their collective support for Barry Bondhus' noble and appropriate response to the most obscene attempts by the State's flunkies to enslave and possibly murder him. Barry has renewed our faith in mankind and for that we must thank him, but more, we must develop in ourselves, and of course others, the same altogether exquisite outrage which ^{moved} him to so poetically reveal his profound humanity. Along with the wheelbarrows of desire buckets of shit will stop the war in Vietnam

READ Solidarity

UNOFFICIAL, DISRUPTIVE, SUBVERSIVE

UNDERMINES THE ORTHODOXIES OF 'RIGHT' AND 'LEFT'
HAS BEEN APPEARING (MORE OR LESS REGULARLY)
FOR OVER FIVE YEARS.

THERE'S NOTHING QUITE LIKE IT (THANK GOD!)

***** 10s to Bob Potter, 197, Kings Cross Road,
London WC 1, will ensure the next 12
issues post free.

*"BORN BABY BORN" is the inevitable revolutionary
watchword of a combustible society!*

LUDD

The new occasional (about weekly) broadsheet that alarms The Financial Times. Britain's only populist paper. Available from Ludd, 283, Gray's Inn Road, London W C 1. £1 subscription ensures year's supply.

Cuddon's Cosmopolitan Review

A journal of art, literature and life in general. Annual subscription £1 from CCR Publications, 283, Gray's Inn Rd, London, W C 1. The next issue of Cuddon's will be devoted to The Provos and the Revolt of the Provotariat.....

SOLIDARITY-SCOTLAND

The only Scottish paper that knows, and is, where IT's at... 6d per copy (add postage) from Fyfe 63, Glenkirk Drive, Glasgow, W 5. Copies of Vol 11, No.1. also available from HEATWAVE.

REVO ... the Belgian provocationist publication..... available from Boite Postale 33, Bruxelles 1, Belgium

PROVO ... the originators of the PROVO movement and PROVOTARIAN theory..... available from PROVO, Valkenburgstraat 132 IV Amsterdam, Netherlands.

DM POTTER

NOTICE TO OUR READERS: On page 40 of this issue we carry Letters from America. We regret that these letters have had to be drastically abbreviated owing to pressure on space. In future it will be a regular feature, with much more space devoted to the running commentaries of our revolutionary soul brothers of The Rebel Worker -- America's finest, three-staple revolutionary journal.

The Chicago branch of the IWW produced the following leaflet:

FACE EDUCATION or NO EDUCATION?

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT -- WHY STAY IN SCHOOL?

Parents, teachers, employers, ministers, the government, the Boy Scouts, the YMCA, the Communist Party, Mayor's Committees and Barry Goldwater are all united in agreeing that high school students should stay in school. They will tell you that you will not be able to find work or get into college without a high school diploma. Don't believe them: they're putting you on....

The reason for keeping kids in school is not to prepare them for jobs but rather to keep them off the streets. (What do you learn in high school that could help you in your work, anyway?) They're "preparing" you for "jobs" which won't even exist five to ten years from now. American workers in their twenties and thirties are even now being laid off by the tens of thousands. Unemployment may soon reach depression proportions.

Negroes and Puerto Ricans in particular are suffering the worst effects of the job situation. They will continue to be "the last to be hired and the first to be fired" unless a strong protest movement is able to challenge this. We in the Industrial Workers of the World are trying to build such a movement. The Negro Freedom Struggle has made some progress, but much more needs to be done.

Remember: the supporters of the power structure want things as they are. They want you in school to keep you from joining sit-ins, picketlines, Freedom Rides, rent strikes or other protest action. They want you in school to make it safe for them.

We cannot put our faith in the Civil Rights Bill or in politicians. Real power lies in the hands of those who work for a living and in the hands of their sons and daughters.... If we use it, we cannot lose. We urge you to rebel against this system of truant officers, cops, juvenile courts, curfews, school "discipline", low wages and crummy working conditions. We urge you to join us in building a union fighting for true freedom and true security for all.

WHY WASTE YOUR TIME?

DROPOUT!

JOIN THE IWW!



-- A VISIT TO AMSTERDAM

27.vi.66

Immigration officials eye long hair suspiciously: they want to check my ticket to ensure that I will fly out again tonight. They tell me I must be on the 10 o'clock flight, as booked. Unfortunately I have no choice anyway.

Everyone talks of provos and riots. The airport is dull and provincial and it is difficult to believe anything can ever really have happened here. I take a coach into the city centre -- curiously all the notices in the coach are in English. The city is flat but beautiful, fanning out from the centre with 'islands' of houses and narrow streets, linked across the framework of narrow canals by narrow bridges. The houses are old, beautiful and somehow airy. (I am already affected by romanticism)

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

I walk into a bookshop selling English paperbacks, China-friendship literature, pam. lets on Vietnam, books on surrealism and a few New Directions books. The guy behind the counter has a head covered in band-aid.

In the street outside a kid, dressed predominantly in white, came up to me after seeing my London nuclear disarmament pin and asked whether I was an English provo? Rather than confuse the issue I said yes. He asked a lot of questions about the anarchists, CND, the Committee of 100. I told him the anarchists, as such, were largely irrelevant, CND absorbed into all that is wrong and the Committee of 100 without the money to bury itself. I asked him about the provos and, in particular, their public dissociation from last week's rioting. (This worried me a great deal when I read about it

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

I wander through the streets. For someone increasingly stoned sky-high on the possibilities (and no longer sure whether it will all end in social outrage or nervous collapse) Amsterdam is perhaps the most beautiful city in Europe. Not only well-planned but, almost overnight, the capital of youth-rebellion. The kids are the most self-assured I have seen anywhere. They have little of the Londoners' sullenness and their rebellion is much more extroverted. They move around in loose gangs or else storm through the streets in twos and threes on bicycles and mopeds. Amsterdam is designed for the guerrilla warfare of provocation. The streets, at least outside the immediate city centre, are too narrow for cars to move really fast. Mopeds, on the other hand, hardly need to slow down at all. The town is full of beats and the extraordinarily decadent Dutch 'mods', decked out in fantastic floral suits. There is a fantastic impression of tranquility to which the riot police, moving around town in small Volkswagen minibuses, add a strange distorting effect. Kids do not take very much notice: they seem slightly elated by the continuing concern of the authorities as to whether they will explode again. (In Amsterdam casualness seems a way of life. The Dutch work a 45-hour work but under nothing like the pressures facing a Londoner)

I had lunch with a young, middle-aged man (the actual reason for my business-trip to Amsterdam) who gave me impressions of the last week in Amsterdam. He was not sure whether the provos were responsible for the riots; he thought their ideas and statements probably gave the rioters a justification. The provos, in his view, are quite respectable. "They just want their happenings, white bicycles instead of cars in the city, and smoke control. Many people agree with them. One of them was elected to the city council with 13000 votes (The Dutch voting age is 21) They have good ideas. They stop Holland going to sleep which is necessary. I think they will grow. In ten years, twenty years they might even be the government of Holland!" What do older people think of youth rioting in the streets? "Mostly shock ... but maybe that is necessary. Of course noone in Holland likes riots -- people and property get hurt. The provos are believed by many when they say they have nothing to do with riots but they make strong statements and people expect them to be responsible for strong actions." Why do people object to the white bicycle plan which would mean that the city centre would be served by public transport and white bicycles which can be freely used, and left wherever the rider wishes to await the next rider. "Mainly it is the police who object. They are anti-theft...they must protect property. These bicycles would be noone's property, Also, of course, people with cars do not want to ride in the city. They want to show their cars"

After lunch I make my way further over to the West-side of the city, attempting to find PROVO's offices at Valkenburgstraat. (It is fairly easy to find the way in Amsterdam; the town is small and its layout makes it easy to move quickly in any direction) I have a number of questions I want to ask: after my previous conversations I am anxious to hear what they say about their 'betrayal of the provotariat', which is now the way it looks to me.

I walk up narrow streets, filled with bars and shops selling an even wider selection of pornography than can be found in those little specialist shops in Soho, which proudly announce their medical and psychological interest in flagellation, the circumcision rites of Western civilisation and various other oddities of vital importance to us all. There are plenty of prostitutes -- many of them seem startlingly young but perhaps they are simply amateurs. I notice a surprising number of Negroes -- mostly very, very cool. They seem much hipper than most West Indians, better-dressed, more self-confident. They do not seem to attract the sneaky, half-envious, half-hating glances they would get in London. They are, I imagine, more like the really hip spades of the American ghettos.

As I move further West the town begins to look more decayed. On the blank walls of buildings are Provo leaflets and posters -- the Provokatie Nr 10 (Provocation No.10), which features crude but delightful sketches of cars, exhaust fumes and free-form BRAM! BRAM! BRAM! sound-effects, catches my attention. The provo approach is infinitely more imaginative than anything we have done in London (That, at any rate, must now be changed). The walls have painted all over them slogans advertising rock'n'roll groups -- The Monks, The Sailors, The Croes, The Houw (The Who??), The United Sounds, The

Idols, The Amplifiers, The Keys, The Ways. (Unfortunately I did not get the chance to hear any groups play but judging from the frequent pictures of The Rolling Stones in the Dutch pop press I guess that Dutch rock is ex-America-via-Britain.)

By mistake I found myself in the Lazarus Market. It was very, very hot and sticky and this, together with the kaleidoscopic impressions of the city, made both my concentration and energy wilt. I sat down on a box in the market, next to a beat, who talked briefly to me in French. Our conversation was limited to simple French, simple philosophy and metaphysical grunting. He also got a copy of The Rebel Worker (The notion of The Rebel Worker as an international Open Sesame amused everyone round HEATWAVE). He was amused by the explanation of the title. (We are not workers: we rebel against being workers: we are therefore rebel workers). He was totally disinterested in the rebellion of the proletariat. He liked Amsterdam because the living and the pot was cheap. It is now, he said, the new European centre for youth. It used to be London but the authorities in London didn't like foreign beats, so they now go to Amsterdam instead. He said to me that there was no point in returning to London, that I would do better to stay forever in Amsterdam where no one minds.

(In this part of town everyone seems to be wide-awake; even small kids wear battered denim-suits. A wrecked van up against the wall, propped on stones, is crammed full of old crates. The market itself is hot and sandy. None of London's pushing grind. I thought this sort of placid ease was a feature of only provincial France -- I suspect it exists on this scale in no other major Western capital)

I find PROVO's offices: there is no answer when I ring the bell but the front door is open, and I walk up perilously steep stairs to No 4 at the top. On the landing a pair of white jeans hang out so I knock on the first door I see. Someone shouts so I walk in. The room is small, bare but light. A slight-whiff of fish-scent occasionally wafts in through the window. Posters of Castro and nuclear disarmament symbols on the wall. Inside there is a kid of about 15 and two chicks about the same age. His hair is longer than most English kids' of that age. They all seem totally turned-on; rather in the manner of some of the kids who used to cram the Committee of 100 offices and who were, in terms of personal liberation, far further out than any of their so-called mentors. Unfortunately we converse only in an erratic, if flexible, combination of Dutch, English and French. After an hour I get a further address and leave.

Later in the day, in a small, attractive house in Karthuizersstraat -- described by Le Figaro as "certainly the most wretched house in the street" in "one of the most crumbling parts of the town" -- I found Roel van Duyn, editor of PROVO-Amsterdam. He pointed out a headline in the evening paper: "VAN HALL SAYS PROVOS RESPONSIBLE". Were they? Van Duyn said perhaps they were: "The blousons noirs come into Amsterdam because of what they hear about us". Was it true that the provos dissociated themselves from the

riots? He said they dissociated themselves from the riots because they were caused by blousons noirs from outside town, ^{who} had no political consciousness and were violent. The Amsterdam blousons had been 'educated' by the provos but this had not so far been possible with the suburban ones. But surely, I asked, PROVO's appeal to the international provotariat (reprinted, in translation, in this issue of HEATWAVE under the title of PROVO:What is the Provotariat?) called upon all elements of the provotariat to help provoke a crisis of authority? Surely this was what had happened in Amsterdam? He admitted a crisis of authority had been provoked by the riots but, like his colleague Bernhard de Vries who addressed London meetings last week, said the provos disapproved of this unless it was politically motivated and did not believe in violence against authority because it both justified and encouraged authority to increase the strength of repression. What do the provos want? According to Roel van Duyn a democratization of society, white police, a mayor elected by direct election rather than chosen by the central government, the curbing of air pollution, the prevention of urban depopulation, white bicycles, a squatter movement for the unoccupied houses, the provocation of authority so that it would reveal its true, anti-social nature. Roel van Duyn admits the programme is reformist, "but we live in this society!" The 'white police' plan is for police to be disarmed like English police (amongst the most sophisticated forms of authoritarian control any government has ever been allowed to get away with --CR). Eventually they would become trained social workers (Anyone who wants to check out how fast the notions of authority can change in this respect ought to search out Newsweek for June 27, which shows just this trend happening in the USA) I told him I was very confused by these ideas. I thought some excellent, others very naive. I was surprised that an anarchist group should stand for city council election. Roel said that it is to observe authority from inside. Was there no risk of being thus absorbed by tame authority, being maintained as tame rebels. Roel thought the danger very small. He told me he would probably be doing a six week jail sentence shortly (unless his appeal was successful) for publishing an inflammatory article in PROVO 7. (I was unable to ascertain whether this was the one calling for the physical destruction of the petty bureaucracy). I told him I thought many Provo statements were inflammatory and I was hardly surprised that the kids took them so seriously, or that provos were blamed for riots. Roel said the more extreme statements were essentially provocative satire rather than direct statement. I said I felt quite honestly that the provos had unconsciously betrayed the provotariat. He no more agreed than did Bernhard de Vries in London when I made the same point. I said I felt it was the provos' task to explain the riots even if they felt unable to physically support them. Certainly to denounce riots which were the provos' philosophical responsibility seemed not only naive but potentially dangerous. "We did not denounce them -- we dissociated from them because they served no purpose" (In London Bernhard de Vries said he could understand them but seemed surprised by suggestions that he might have acted as explainer of the riots, even if he felt compelled to say they had nothing to do with the provos.)

As I make my way back to the Central Station from the East-side of town I pass through a square in which an old man with a guitar begins to play and sing, in a superbly demonic, cracked voice. Immediately he is surrounded by kids, some clambering on top of post boxes, dancing and hamboning as the old man plays and sings.

Whatever the provos say or think they seem to be in an ironic position: they are the only group -- apart from Jonathan Leake's delirious saboteurs of social peace, The Resurgence Youth Movement -- who make youth revolt their point of departure. Their manifesto is quite definitely the best and most interesting statement on youth revolt to come out of the Continent. On the other hand they seem astonishingly keen to deny the implications and consequences of their thought. The irony is, ultimately, that the first group of revolutionaries (of any sort) to get through teenagers (and particularly the type of teenagers who are usually totally ignored by 'serious' revolutionaries) are, at the point of crisis, prepared to turn their backs.

I talked to a long-haired kid wearing the brightest floral suit I have ever seen, at the airport. He was bugged as hell, having to look after his very-kid brother who blew Pepsi-Cola bubbles out of his bottle over everything and, in between, laughed deliriously. When will the next riot happen? "When we feel like it. Authority needs time to prepare for fighting us but we just come when we want. We always win. Riots, they don't cost nothing for us. Authority pays" Did he read PROVO? "Sometimes I see it. I like PROVO and provo happenings. PROVO gives us cause and we enjoy rioting. There will be more riots"

I do not recall ever having been so sorry to leave a city. I like Amsterdam and, despite my reservations, admire the provos. (In the end I find agree with the husband of provo 'leader', Irene van der Weetering, when he says: "It's a heart rending, muddle-headed organisation".) It is a nice final touch to fly in over Clacton after visiting the capital of the World Revolution of Youth -- Amsterdam, beautiful, gentle, patient town raped by the savage hip of the provotariat.



Charles RADCLIFFE
22.vi.1966

footnote to LONG HOT SUMMER #1 (written before HEATWAVE received the article)

Needless to say I have not sent off the article on the p.r. eruption because I think it rather inadequate as either a journalistic description or, it seems absurd to say, theoretical dissection, or, and this is what I think is closest to its pretensions, lyrical affirmation of existing reality. The p.r. uprising was rather different than the Watts, Harlem, Phillie, etc outbreaks of choice. The p.r.s are much more out of this society than the blacks and certainly not insignificant in this 'outsidedness' is the language barrier, which should not be overemphasised, but not also ignored for it puts the p.r.s much closer to the European immigrants of fifty years ago than to the blacks, racial questions aside. p.r.s are many times hired in preference to negroes; as

before them mexicans were. the lack of a real explosion in p.r. land was due to this closer identification with american spectacular commodity economy than i (at least originally; the article may be changed by the time you read it) gave credit in my article. a pride that p.r.s maintain is also different from the blacks; if the movement does anything that will potentially free the black man more than give him back his pride i would like to see it. once the cynicism can be overcome the quest for true and total freedom can get underway, these finer distinctions must be made not to change our perspective but to clarify our approach to the patently reformist claptrap that the 'lackies of american imperialism' are mouthing; neighbourhood control was a conscious demand during the uprising; it has now become submerged by demands for better 'leadership' in the p.r. community and better communication between city officials and the neighbourhood, etc... Bernard MARSZALEK

Letters from America

Chicago

things here, that is US, i mean we, not the U.S. which i never refer to except in dirty dingy washrooms when i am frightening little old men, are somewhat in disarray. larry out on the west coast, i leaving for buffalo, n.y., in august to get my degree god knows why and franklin and penny faced with getting jobs, but the beauty of a society in complete ruins keeps us going. we dont have to paint it black, it is doing it all by itself in the great american tradition...
... which produced henry ford and al capone, and malcolm X

just got back from a tour of anarchist groups on the east coast and in n.y. and it looks like some sort of meeting will take place at the end of august between the spontaneous groups of anarchists that have formed recently and we shall disrupt it creatively, i hope. also have this completely out-of-sight article on a florida group of kids that were picked up recently with chemicals for lsd, plastiques, black powder bombs and a floor plan for the national bank of fort lauderdale! just heard that welfare workers in l.a. are going to strike,

like chicago did, and that hospital workers are also thinking of coming out! yeah, and the blacks aren't going to school in st louis, and... you get the idea.

(only tarzan can save civilisation now...)

...and we starched his loincloth!
Bernard Marszalek

New York

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

Franklin & Penelope Rosemont
Youth gets younger!