

datacide seven
one pound fifty



datacide seven



post media operators : sovereign and vague+++new age policing - biology is ideology+++kosovo++++
wto/g8/j18/n30/mayday/human throwdown: resistance is fertile+++personalised racism+++
roma riot+++we mean it man: death in june not mysterious+++
dreamstory: eyes wide shut+++reviews, news, charts



annette leveckühn & the jackal

We have been nursing a certain hope for quite some time now that once the second Millennium is over people would liberate themselves from the clutches of revival-culture and look out for more contemporary and forward looking modes of musical expression and in the wider picture cultural and social organisation, that the social and economic systems of the past decades will be looked at with a more critical historical point of view and will be found lacking.

Maybe it's not so clear yet, but 1999 was full of crucial dates, that showed a certain crystallisation of developments of the 90's. One was the war in Kosovo, again subject of a short article in this issue. Another was the eruptions of global resistance against capitalism on June 18th, November 30th and May 1st. These are subject of a number of reports.

The latter struggles are often portrayed as being solely against 'globalisation' and 'free trade'. We have to emphasise here that there are two distinct sides in these issues: Many of the enemies of globalisation are arguing from a neo-rightist perspective that promotes a return to nationalism and protectionism. What results is a swamp of 'national-revolutionaries' - i.e. neo-fascists - and far-right parliamentary parties that are often supported by national businesses. Even if some of these forces may qualify to be 'anti-imperialist' in the eyes of certain leftists we mustn't get mixed up with them in any way; the struggle against imperialism and international finance capital must stay internationalist, is in fact part of another type of 'globalisation'.

The same applies for the confusion to do with the Kosovo-"conflict". The false alternatives of either pro-KLA (or UCK) or pro-Serb are meaningless and have to be scrapped. The short article in this issue is attempting to make sense of the events and reflect their complexities. One criticism that has been carried forward is that the reason for the war was in the end the attempt to control the oil pipelines. Although this point was much more central to the war in Chechnya, for Kosovo we think that this was secondary at best.

Another theme that will be continued in the next issue is the recurring presence of fascism in certain sub-strata of popular culture and the reception of misunderstandings that come with it. Dismissing these tendencies as puerile provocations (against 'liberal' parents?) would be a mistake: Hitler salutes at a party, White Power groups in the field of power electronics, 'national-revolutionary' organisations on industrial music mailing lists, fundamentalist misogyny and 'neue deutsche härte' (new german hardness, encompassing bands such as Rammstein, Böhse Onkelz as well as the reactionary segment of the dark wave scene) are all symptoms that fit together well with the way certain revisionist historians such as Nolte are given major awards again in Germany, and the fact that the KLA was allowed under NATO occupation to ethnically cleanse Pristina of Jewish people.

Death In June are part of that brown nostalgia and the 'Strasserite' rhetoric (after abandoning their leftist origins) is reminiscent of the positions taken by the most radical of the bigger german neo-nazi organisations, the NPD, one of whose main speakers these days is Horst Mahler, co-founder of the RAF (as in Red Army Faction).

With the integration of the 'Freedom Party' in the Austrian government, fascist politics is back on a governing level within Europe, just as the wars in the Balkans brought back open warfare to Europe and Kosovo brought back the imperialist use of the Luftwaffe. In the context of the networks linking the Tories with Italian neo-fascists, and indeed, as Jörg Haider pointed out, the similarity of the Freedom Party's ideas with Tony Blair's policies we have to realise that those pushing forward in the name of global capital and those defending national capital are merely representing the different sides of the same coin. They can in fact complement each other quite well, while the fascists will be keener to silence critics, the Davos Men push ahead with the interests of big business.

But also, and in the same breath, this function of advanced capitalism is mirrored in mechanisms of the management of official culture. 'Official' meaning defined by the transactions of money and commodities, amongst them 'units' as well as 'ideas'.

This brings us back to a central agenda, and closer back to music. The extended version of 'Post-Media Operators', subtitled "Sovereign and Vague" is a core piece in this edition. The previous "original" version, a classic in its own right (and a much re-printed text) is on <http://www.o8.com/dataaide/text/post.html> for your reference.

There are plenty of strategies to destroy or absorb the oppositional forces in society. In previous decades maybe it was the prospect of reform and the twin-strategy of suppression that were used to keep the workers movements down. By the 90's this has been almost entirely successful, just as the commercialisation of most culture and the medication of bodies has been almost successful. Small pockets of resistors have held out and now the tide may be turning. The "radical chic" (and new to me "situationist style" as mentioned in The Guardian 16-2-00) of Diesel or Rage Against the Machine (signed to a major corporate label) and many others are obviously trying to re-integrate radical tendencies into a context of consumerism. The verbal and visual covering of these areas are nothing but commodities in their eyes. At the same time the big conglomerates keep merging, until we're left with a couple of mega-companies trying to cover all angles (85% of the music markets are already controlled by the four major companies).

This is not all - you'll find an in depth piece dealing with the strategies of the government to implement total control, which brings us full circle. Not only is the Blairite rhetoric amazingly close to Oswald Mosley's, the "radical" aspirations of New Labour become clear when we look at their moves to introduce not only state of emergency type legislation such as the "terrorism" bill, but even less publicly discussed addition to the CJA, but a deeper, more substantial level of genetic control, increasing state intrusion into the citizens (or the subject's) mind and body.

For a few decades we are in a process of the political "centre" moving more and more to the right, while the only "liberations" are of a commercial nature. If there was just one masterplan behind this, things would be easy, but there are many plans; and even more helpless 'antidotes'. A lot of people are nervous now.

Oh well, down there it's some stuff, of which we think it may fit to datatec.

NISHINGA'S FAVOURITE FEMALE'S RELEASES 99

1. Hecate - Negative World Status
2. Robotics Crossing - Trigger-Happy E.P.
3. Lynn Powderhom & John Ryan - Citizens of the Shade
4. Andrea Parker - Kiss my arp
5. Phantom Frequencies

GEROYCHE'S FAVOURITE LIVE-ACTS 99

1. Lesser/Kid 606@Maria, Berlin
2. Pan Sonic@Voxx, Karl-Marx-Stadt
3. Replex@AJZ, K-M-St
4. Szeki Kurva@Maria, Berlin
5. Christoph de Babalon@Maria, Berlin

STILGAR'S FAVOURITE DJ-SETS 99

1. Thaddi@Garten der verschl. Pfade, NBI, Berlin
2. F. Schikowski@Extraholy's birthdayparty, Berlin
3. ZigZag vs. Rotzöllfats@Sensi Movement, Voxx, K-M-St
4. Mulpipara@Home, Berlin
5. Christoph de Babalon@Stakker, Evosonic

Geroyche brain-dumps:

yoU liVe An uNNoTicEd liFE.

what have you achieved yet?
did anyone besides your family really get aware of you?
do you mean something to somebody?
are you sure?
fuck your money, it doesn't help you now!
go out and do something.
make yourself heard, let them notice you!
get love.
I got to clean my thoughts. I got to clean my life.
warmth!

04/05/99 hell, i'm feeling terribly empty.

NOTHING BOTHERS ME.

death surrounds me.

i breathe blood and i smell darkness.
clouds of aggression cover the sky.
the sun won't shine anymore.

it never did.

04/27/97

DJ Controlled Weiridness

- Perfect Dark on N64
- Unearthly 4
- Dirty Debutantes (HWF)
- Stanier Black 5 Train Tracks (Argo)
- BagHype Breaks (BoomTunes)
- 16-17 (Praxis 31)
- Donbi Funky Cru UHT/Saoulaterre
- Crown Heights Affair U gave me love 12 inch mix
- Ambush 09 Aphasic
- Smile The Beach Boys

polemic debates between the proponents of 'one or the other' puff into insignificance and using this indiscriminating technique he perhaps has the final word on 'Expo-tracks' with his magnificent series of loops that is Polypoly. This sound-installation designed for the Scandinavian Pavillion of the 1970 World Exposition in Osaka consists of a multitude of sounds coming into different rhythmic contact with each other and was designed to play on its manifold combinations for 102 years. The 20 minute segment presented here has fragments of sound (each lasting a short but varying time) that make us both listen out for their return and yet be satisfied with the laminal surprises that replace them. A representational flux.
Flint Michigan

Walter Marchetti: Nei mari dei sud. Musica in secca (Alga marghen cd)

What would ordinarily sound like a piano being drowned and made into an electronic instrument by imperceptibly subtle distortion and bass-end prolongation is also, if you research that listen, a process-based piece of anti-music that so hates the classical canon of the composer, the performer and the reverent audience that it makes for a kind of concept music that exists somewhere between Marchetti's enigmatic intent and the listener's shared discontent. What has occurred to this piece previously is as important as how it now sounds. Beginning with the generation of a computer-score played by Juan Hidalgo and its theatrical presentation as a lone piano on a stage backed by blue tissue paper, the deliberately limited notes of the piano are picked up from speakers at the rear of their initial audience, put to one side for a few years, and then fed through the studio process to now sound as if they have a slowly accruing force. Our awe at whether the notes

Nomex

Stand up for what you believe in you wankers 15

1. Generator A/B - D.Ness Final
2. Burn Your Money e.p.
3. Cavage 5
4. Hypnose Reelle - J.A.D.E.
5. Cecil Rhodes - Voice-O-Graph
6. A Moment in Eternity Remix - Emil Beaulieu RRRRecycled series.
7. Sexochi 1 of 1 CD
8. Train Tracks - Stanier Black 5
9. Adverse 9 - Calacombs Filial
10. Executed by the CID - Doomhall Series Dark
11. Gamma Boy - Last of the Last Tape (Atom)
12. Adverse 12 - 'Are you anything more than just a product of your influence?'
13. Nitros Frequency Reflection Test - Sonic Disturbance
14. Deep Kiss 120 - Picture Disc
15. HeiKet Monaco - Vapour Trails Going Under

Scud

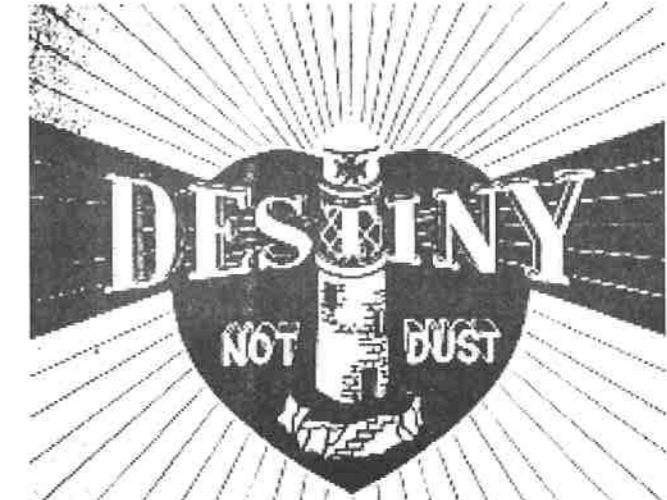
1. Bloodclaat Gangsta Youth: Kill or be Killed (Full Watts 1)
2. I-Sound: No Light (Full Watts 2)
3. The Redeemer: Radical Changes (Position Chrome 51)
4. Aphasic: Bass & Superstructure (Armbush 09)
5. Kovert: No surrender (Deadly Systems)
6. Digital: Natty Dread (Reinforced)
7. JSBExplosion - Techno Animal Remixes (Mute)
8. Bad Company + Trace: The Nitrous (BCR)
9. 16-17 (Praxis)
10. Sleepy Demo CDs

Delinquent

- Axl F Remixes - H vs. Typhique
- Hex 01 and 02
- Audio Illusion 14
- Future Galactic 7
- Praxis 29
- Phoenicia Schematic
- Heart of Darkness - Tobias Schmidt
- Dave Terrida - Saliva 16
- Shipwreck - D'Archangelo
- Sensory Overload - Mononon

Deadly Buda

1. Various/ Praxis U.S.A. Double Pack, Deadly Systems
2. Elastic Horizons/Lemon Roll/ Amputate
3. Eitherherd/ 1984 vs. 1999 Vision vs. Reality/ Praxis and Widerstand
4. Fifth Era 1997 AND #7
5. B-Side of Noise Pollution e.p./Progerik Recordings No.10
6. Pure/Katharsis/Praxis
7. Sarin Assault/Orfer Limit/Epileptik
8. Deadly Buda vs. Ron D. Core/Esto Es Los Angeles, Domestic Terror Sampler/ Atomic Hardcore Recordings
9. Atomic Clock/Reality Asylum/Deadly Systems
10. Mike Comte/All wonderfully sung titles on disc/ TNT. Cosmos No.9



will come together into the sustained tune that it is always hinted at provides a tension with the overall soothing effect of the piece and, remaining unresolved over 60 minutes, leaves us feeling tricked but disturbed by why we should thus feel tricked. It is this involuntary aura of the track, the laxity of purpose, that, when taken together with the willed historic layers of production and presentation, makes Nei mari dei sud take on the provocative feel of a non-event, a segment of usefully wasted time that is so enrapturingly inscrutable that it makes the listener party to the question Marchetti seems to be asking: what is it that we expect from music? Aural hallucination? Resolution? Relaxation? Pleasure? Understanding? The space for this question to take place is actively fostered by Marchetti who seems, perhaps magician-like, to be distancing himself from any creative input into the piece whilst actively surrounding it with layers of enigma: in the back sleeve photo Marchetti sits unconcernedly on a bar stool-like and old time hood who's just planted a musicolgical bomb; the CD insert folds out into an elaborately plotted map of what looks like an African coastline; the essay-booklet baffles and provokes us with a resume of Marchetti's anti-aesthetic strategies. It is this

REDMAX - T10.2000

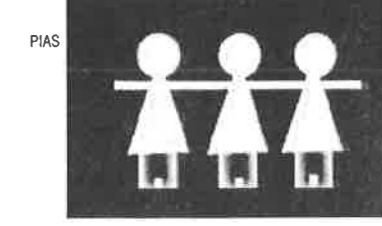
1. Wayward Soul feat. Divine Styler - PMT (BF3000RMX)
2. Crystal Distortion CD4
3. Buckfunk 3000 - First Class Ticket To Telos Language
4. Cylob - Lobsta Trax Replex
5. Kid Spatula/Jega - Hard Love/Unity Gain Ziq 009
6. VVM - Machine VVMT
7. Speedy J - IEEE Mitten Menu Novamute
8. Tube Jerk (BF3000RMX) Tube Jerk
9. Fix Fix 02
10. Neil Landstrumm - Defiantly Dated EPSaliva

Fix - Fix 02

"Two thousand Zero Zero party", announced Subhead (you can run, but you can't hide) on the eve of the next millennium from a secret location, via the medium of a plucky cyborg. This release improves on Fix 01, diverging on more of a breakbeat tip. Subhead's approach reminds me of the distinctive vibe of early electronics, when simplicity was the key, and although these beats are up-front they still retain an addictive electronic straightforwardness, enhanced by the use of rough analogue synthlines.
Redmax

Throw 1003 - The Mad Circus EP

Side A - an addictive, laid-back house track about making sandwiches on the dancefloor. Now I assume we're not talking peanut butter and fish paste. Side B - apparently unable to reincarnate Jim Morrison for a remake of Light My Fire, Run/Stop/Restore have settled for Steven Hawking and his Casio - oof!
Redmax



acidic melodies complete the beats, and give this record top priority. Overall - a covert record in a modern style that will hold its edge for quite a while.
Redmax

Mike Dred & Peter Green

Virtual Farmer (Replex)
Experimental FX core in the same vein as the later Machine Code releases. These two are obviously having much fun mutilating their noises. High point > panning Asian-sounding female vocals over the top of fully cut up beats. Low (er) point > Steven Spierberg style clarinet overlays by Pete's mum - sorry Mrs. Green, but fair play to you anyway. This record is perfect for confusing the dancefloor by making them think they are all pixilated sheep.
Redmax

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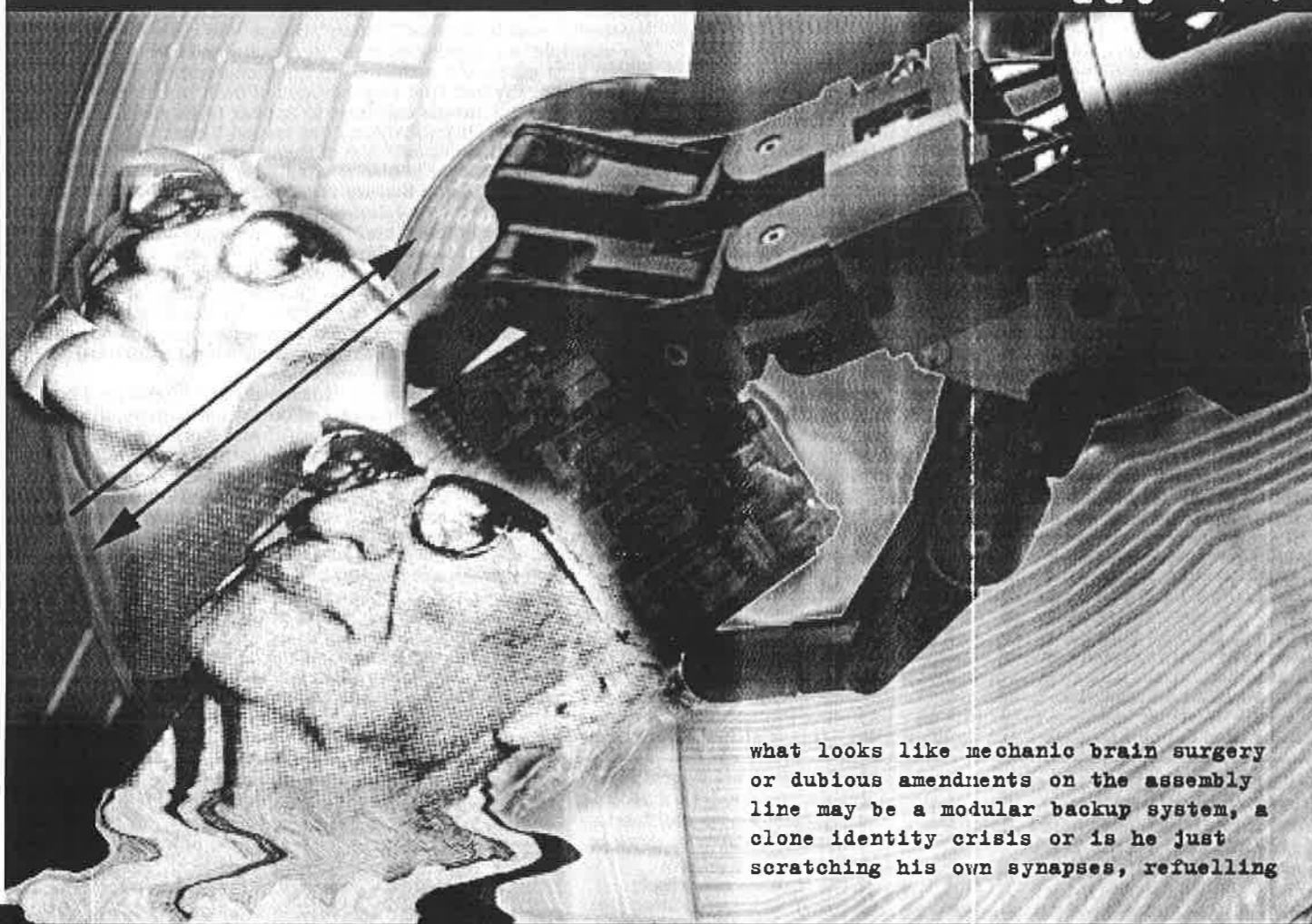
9-0-Forget it. We will wreck you, you have been warned.
but there is always some hope. go for it.
too long
you have been stuck in some sort of fundamentalist lifestyle for
empowerment, or
29-10-Hmmm, looks like you either care less about woman's
WRECK...
49-30-Ready to go, some more research and a little support, and
encouragement. ;)
68-50-WRECK IT ALL Y'ALL, but i get the feeling you need no

POINT TOTALS

- 171-4-1-0
- 151-0-4-0
- 141-4-1-0
- 131-0-4-0
- 121-4-1-0
- 111-0-4-0
- 101-0-4-1-0
- 91-0-4-1-0
- 81-0-4-1-0
- 71-2-2-2-0
- 61-0-0-0-0-0-0-0
- 51-0-0-0-0-0-0-0
- 41-0-0-4-0-0-0-0
- 31-0-0-0-0-0-0-0
- 21-0-4-1-0-0-0-0
- 11-4-0-0-0-0-0-0

Now time to tally up your results, just add up your points and see
of howwreacking potential you have...

the lives and times of bloor schleppy (7)



what looks like mechanic brain surgery or dubious amendments on the assembly line may be a modular backup system, a clone identity crisis or is he just scratching his own synapses, refuelling

script: fringeli/hodgkinson, photographs: hodgkinson

ments in France is also Umkra and his Myzé label, this release however is caught in the idea of live-mixdowns and never develops tension and is far removed from the calculated constructivism of british techstep. Half of the ingredients of "drum" & "bass" are there with notably the bass lacking, something that was noted and termed technostep in the last dat-icide (Cyclotococh 3 review). The stepping beat and breaks and some noises are thrown together here and jammed at maximum length and minimum effect.

Homicide 002

Second release on this grim french hardcore label has a track from P.Max of ONU in his strange amalgam of hardcore and tinny breaks - there are better examples on the actual ONU releases though. Next is a broken shout piece from Nurgles II Trolls, both tracks giving a shattered impression. To set the record straight the b-side by T.H.C. is hammering speedcore with the bassrum going brrrr in various ways. This is impressive and last is a cool noise-outro that finishes off the record.

Garten der Verschlungenen Pfade Jahr 01

A compilation CD commemorating the first year of the 'neuen berliner initiative' series of events, featuring Sudden Infant, Miwon, DasSynthetische Mischgewebe, Column One, Nomex (from his drill-turntable phase), Tea? Mr. X, Traveler, Marc Wannabe, Luxury Discrete Surroundings II, Mullipara, Sniper, and the organisers under the moniker Keim Babel. All resonate aspects of minimal electric and electronic noise, and sometimes sparse rhythms, sometimes coherent, sometimes destroyed. Our favorite is Mullipara's 'Leerjahre sind keine Herrenjahre', an ethnic morse-code speedcore extravaganza that should be released on vinyl. Also other tracks are worth discovering.

Dombi Funky Crew

UHT / Saoulaterre vs. Yugo Boss

This is the psycho punk explosion from the year 2000 wild style re-generators with a West Coast flavor, like Dr.Dre on mushrooms. Four tracks with the second ones on each side reaching new levels of funk-deconstruction, owing more to the Groupe Recherches Musicales than Afrika Bambaata.

Istari Lasterfahrer Sozialistischer Plattenbau Single 001

Taking the favorite parts of their favorite records and creating their own pop music with an old skool jungle flavour. Mega-collectable with picture sleeve and on red vinyl, and limited to 100 numbered copies.

yppasswdd daemons traceroute_to_207.46.131.13

Sozialistischer Plattenbau Single 002 Again ultra-limited on the Hamburg based label, and this time conceptually following the Dogma 00 doctrine, reproduced and discussed in an accompanying booklet (or on <http://zap.to/dogma>), and coming across more on a retro-machine based low-fi lip, utilising an SE30 on vocals, a casio v1-tone, polysix, larfisa and mfb-512 and recording strictly in 8bit/22kHz.

Istari Lasterfahrer Diktat der Maschine Sozialistischer Plattenbau Single 3

6-tracker on 7" again, but this time in a 200 press-run! "Dance to the dictate of the Machine" proclaims the booklet of graphics that comes with it. Cool breaks and electro elements interfacing with nature of machines, with the elektrobrain, with the colour grey, continuing the theme of bits talking and atoms protesting. Worth tracking down!

Welcome Monster Lover! Mutants & Heureux EP Muhtan

Starting with a with a kind of pounding techno track, that might secure this otherwise more adventurous records' entry into the French hard-tek market, the second track steps up the energy-levels, but it's not until the second side, with 'Demoni' when things get really interesting mutating and happy with it's combination of speedcore and melodic monsters of Roman origin. The final track 'c.h.u.d.' is the high point when the style goes truly wild with accordions, voices and rolling beats. Good production by UHT/Saoulaterre again.

Pierre Schaeffer L'oeuvre Musicale (IMA/GRM cd)

A timely opportunity to discover the power of the untimely in music, this anthology of the works of Pierre Schaeffer, one of the 'originators' of the tape-based musique concrete, is a time-travel trip worth taking. Bringing together his early 'noise studies' of 1948 with his much vaunted Symphonie Pour Un Homme Seul collaboration with Pierre Henry and extending to a rare and surprising experiment with 'electronic' sound that is Le Tiedre Fertile, this collection of CD's is not only an object lesson in arranging 'found-sounds' into flexi-forms without falling back upon too obvious rhythms or mono-chrome drones, it is a chance to see whether the institutionalised myth of the Groupe Recherches Musicales lives up to its almost legendary status. Some will be disappointed with the studies if too much interest has been invested in the seductive power that current digital accuracy and deal-presentism overwhelms us with, but what can come across if such aural conditioning is jettisoned, is a melding of the usual and recognisable with its transformation into the uncanny, the eerie and ironic. More often than not Schaeffer chose to use a deliberately limited range of sounds (train, orchestra, pots and pans) in order to explore

them to the maximal point then technologically available to him, but also in readiness for a uncluttered arrangement that brings the techniques of cinematic editing into a musical domain. We hear speed-ups and slow-downs of tape manipulation, the density of moody layerings, but there are also irreverent, punky, outbursts of a jump-cutting bricolage, a battery of sounds that are used as a means of applying rhythmic bursts and mood change phases. In an uncanny way Schaeffer's compositions, criticised for a rigidity that comes from using the reproductive, repetitive technology of tape, can intermittently come across like a free-jazz improvisation, an avant-garde orchestra and a post-techno click'n'cuts web cast. Above all, and almost defying the 'alienated' control of its medium, the tracks collected here are a process-based fondling into the dark; a rhythm of the fragment and of its whole
Flint Michigan

Arne Nordheim: Electric (Rune Grammofon cd)

The electronic archive is a doorway into the past imperfect and we find with this CD of late 60s electronic compositions the strong presence of another historical footnote coming to demand its remote and inconceivable chapter. Nordheim, a Scandinavian composer, travels to Poland to use the technology of a radio station and returns with reels and reels of deft spaciousness. On both Solitaire and Pace the human voice is used a source that is transformed into a glistening spectra; a crackle of burning bells and low guttural drones. It is Baudelaire. It is Declaration of Human Rights. It is allomorphic music. On Warszawa the radio-station sound archives are pillaged and the nominated sounds of Warsaw during a particularly frosty winter are re-assembled into a wordless diary where the plaint tones of a child singing a folk song come slowly through to make you weak with the myth of innocence. Such use of 'found sound' and 'electronically manipulated sound' makes the then decade old



June 18th, Seattle (Nov.30), Davos (Jan.29), Washington (April 16), May 1st... a chronology of the re-emergence of anti-capitalist resistance on a global scale. Also a chronology of hopes, expectations, dreams, and of repression, counter-insurgency, information war. Containment. Propaganda. June 18th was a first turning point, but since then it has become increasingly difficult to do anything in the public space in London. The London N30 was already an indicator: the State was there in near-military presence, almost outnumbering the 'demonstrators' and keen on a showdown. May 1st was another show of force. 6'000 police were out, with 9'500 in reserve. The number of the whole of the police force of a smaller country (like Denmark). More or less inept 'guerrilla gardening' led to a stroke of creative luck with the defacing of the Churchill statue. Few seem to have noticed that the containment of the action to Parliament Square still gave it enough space to upset the nation. Of course the Cenotaph was played up in the

media the next day, as an attack on the "Glorious Dead" themselves. It was Winston who was the cover boy of all the papers once more though, let's hope for the last time. It's interesting that the whole history of the 20th century became so involved, still throwing its long shadow into the future. For most this is an unpleasant reminder that (what is perceived as) "history" is a construct by the ones in control of the means of communications, the lessons of which have not yet been learned, a construct that cannot be altered easily. We're working on it.

In Berlin, in Zürich, in Hamburg there were much more violent clashes between May 1st demonstrators and police than in London. Since the late 80's the "Revolutionary 1st May" is a fixed day in anyone's diary in Berlin. Every year thousands of anarchists, autonomists and communists of all kinds show up to directly confront the state security forces in street combat. In fact in recent years it has turned out that inner-city kids, kids from the "Plattenbauten" (deprived asbestos-ridden silos for the underclass) have made it an important day too, but also middle class kids out for revolutionary kicks come out in force. Streets are dug up and stones thrown by hardened streetfighters and the renegade teenage daughters of the Normoisie alike, tear gas and water cannons are the answer. The mobilisation is comprehensive, the violence extreme. Even police casualties (meaning physically hurt, needing treatment of one kind or another) go into the three-digit numbers. Nevertheless much of it is ritualistic play-acting without real consequences; you prove your revolutionary credentials for another year, on a level (direct streetfighting) that is a questionable stage for revolutionary struggle outside of a truly revolutionary situation; some have called it a spectacle.

In France in the meantime the sociologist Pierre Bourdieu is attempting to organise a movement against globalised capitalism. His attempt at pulling together the heterogeneous lot of "social movements" into a pan-European force enjoys a broad response but has hardly clarified anything so far. Is it about revolution, radical reformism or just cosmetics to make the system look better again?

Even parts of the liberal bourgeois media are rediscovering the dangers of unbridled capitalism. They are demanding to "put the brakes on the markets", as they realise the system itself is heading for disaster as unaccountable multinationals become stronger than nation states. Of course on their agenda is saving Capitalism, realising where it's heading - be it a self-inflicted crash, be it a resurgence of the "hard left" caused by growing social inequalities, the system once again producing its grave diggers?

One initiative to bring theory, discussions, clarification into the situation was the Mayday 2000 conference which took place in London the weekend immediately preceding May 1st. Several hundred participants took part in up to half a dozen parallel talks, discussion rounds and presentations. An important focus was the history of anti-authoritarian communism and of anarchism (from German Council Communism, to the Italian Autonomia, the Situationists to the Black Panthers, etc.), but also about the pressing concerns of the current situation and developing strategies for the future.

It is astonishing how much we seem at the very beginning again. But it is a beginning that has been made. Journalists try to subsume it under the banner of "anti-globalisation" which is utterly incorrect: The globalisation of capital is being countered by a global anti-capitalist resistance.

THE END OF LM MAGAZINE

Statement by Mick Hume, editor

On Tuesday 14 March, the High Court ordered the connections of LM magazine to pay ITN and two of its journalists a total of £375 000 in libel damages. The next day, we received a letter from ITN's lawyers, Biddle, demanding the money. Within a week they had sent another demand, with court order attached.

As a consequence of this, Informinc (LM) Ltd, the company which publishes the magazine, is now having to go into liquidation, cease trading and make its employees redundant. Myself as editor, and Helene Guldberg as co-publisher, also face the threat of personal bankruptcy.

The current April 2000 edition of LM will be the last monthly issue. We are trying to raise the finance to publish a final, bumper issue of LM in the summer, and go out with all guns blazing.



The LM-initiated Institute of Ideas, a series of events planned to take place from June to July, will go ahead in partnership with major institutions in London, including the British Library, the Royal Institution, the Royal Shakespeare Company, the Royal Society of Arts, Tate Modern, and the Union Chapel Project. A new company, the Academy of Ideas, has been set up by Claire Fox to coordinate these events.

We would like to thank all of our subscribers and Friends of LM for their support. They will be contacted directly about the implications of the magazine's closure. Anybody who can help to finance the final issue of LM should get in touch with Helene Guldberg on (020) 7269 9228.

The only thing this case has proved 'beyond reasonable doubt' is that English libel law is a disgrace to democracy and a menace to a free press.

This much is clear. LM, founded as Living Marxism, magazine of the Revolutionary Communist Party, since the demise of the party developed into a more 'libertarian' voice, but whatever you may have thought of their particular stances one of the few distinctive voices in British publishing, a monthly magazine of critical thought that wasn't streamlined by the mass media 'hurrah'-sayers of Blairism or worse, has been smashed by ITN with the weapon of libel laws, a dubious tool for the rich and powerful to squash free speech.

The offending bit had been a critical article of a free-lance journalist denouncing the award winning reporting of ITN (= major UK TV station) on supposed Bosnia Serb "concentration camps" as fraudulent or misleading. The whole case and the consequent silencing of LM as a whole, just proves the increasingly totalitarian strategies of the major media and politics. LM - being ex-Leninists - never supported the new radical social movements, out of a suspicion of their spontaneity (after all consciousness has to be brought to the proletarians by a professional elite), but obviously the bite of their critical debate was too harsh for the powers that be to tolerate.

The Cenotaph graffiti hysteria and the myths of World War Two

'I utterly condemn the violence and destruction of property by mindless thugs.' Ken Livingstone (London Mayor)

'It is only because of the bravery and courage of our war dead that these idiots can live in a free country at all.' Tony Blair

'... I was the first MP to call for air strikes to defeat his [Milosevic's] aggression.' Ken Livingstone(1)

It may seem surprising that the politicians responsible for the dropping of 23,000 bombs and missiles on Serbia should be so outraged by the small amount of graffiti and window breaking on the London May Day action. However, hypocrisy is second nature to most politicians. Every Remembrance Day they solemnly lay wreaths at the Cenotaph, pretending to care about the suffering of war. The next day they are back in parliament justifying more violence, whether it is arms sales to repressive regimes or more air raids on Iraq (a country where sanctions have caused a million deaths since 1990).

The Cenotaph was unveiled on Armistice Day 1920, just three weeks after hungry unemployed ex-servicemen had fought running battles with police in Whitehall. Ever since then politicians have manipulated people's grief over war with eulogies to what the Cenotaph refers to as 'The Glorious Dead'. In an attempt to keep us passive, they endlessly promote the idea that

the 'war dead' died for our freedom. No one could seriously argue that the soldiers slaughtered in the trenches died 'glorious' deaths for freedom. However, it is a common belief that World War Two was all about fighting fascism.

The truth is that Churchill heaped praise on fascist Italy, while members of the royal family, and papers like The Daily Mail, unequivocally supported Hitler. Britain had slaughtered millions through slavery and empire building across the world and Hitler essentially wanted to be left alone to do the same in Eastern Europe. However, this threatened the pre-eminence of the British Empire so the British establishment eventually turned against him.

Even so, WW2 was

continued on page 15

news: unfiltered and independent:

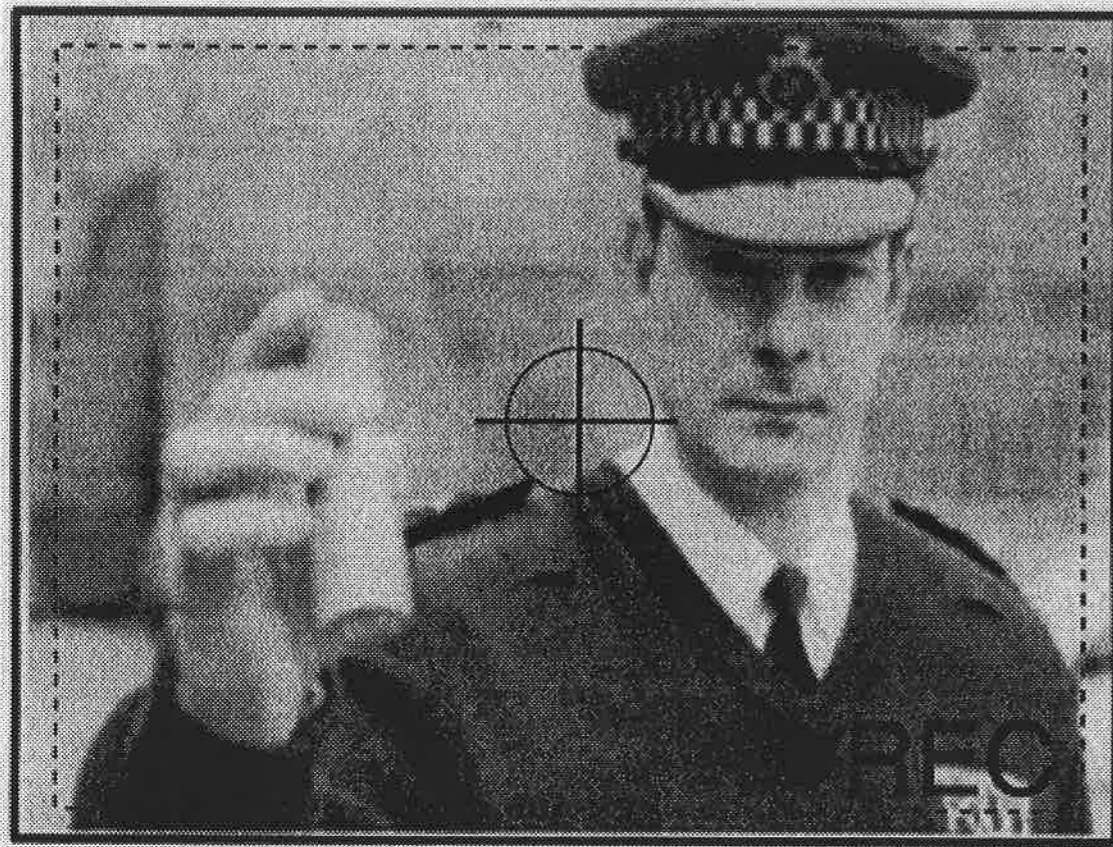
<http://www.indymedia.org.uk>

<http://www.squall.co.uk>

<http://www.schnews.org.uk>



"Solitary madman" David Copeland - the nail-bomber - with one of his few friends: freshly glassed BNP-leader John Tyndall. The Mirror ran this picture, but mysteriously it wasn't picked up by any other papers and disappeared from public view, clearly out of an interest to keep the political dimension of the case from discussion. Reproduced from the German Anti-Fascist Information Bulletin.



The police and the media did everything they could to make us believe that last year's Brixton, Brick Lane and Soho bombs were the work of one lonely madman. Their efforts were more than just an improvised attempt to contain local fury after the Brixton attack (although that's certainly one thing they were): the 'deranged loner' fantasy is still being promoted long after the second and third explosions eliminated any doubt about the bomber's motive.

The treatment of 'right wing' violence as a psychological symptom rather than a political problem is no accident, it's a new 'multi-agency' policy. Five or ten years ago racism was Britain's dirty secret, only mentioned publicly at all when forced onto the agenda by a riot or a sensationally brutal murder. Now everything seems to have changed: the prime minister delivers homilies on the subject at every opportunity, and the word is all over all the front pages. But this sudden eagerness to 'talk about it' has an important condition attached: acceptance that 'it' is something wrong with individuals, a personal failing shared by millions of people. The portrayal of 'racism' as sin or sickness (Tony Blair likes to call it a 'disease') leaves those encountering it in their everyday lives helpless and isolated. The threat appears to be eternal and inescapable: instead of planning retaliation, 'victims' are made to feel reliant on the state for protection, or to look for symptoms of the 'evil' deep inside themselves.

The 'Stephen Lawrence Report' by deporting judge Sir Willam MacPherson of Cluny made a special contribution to this campaign. For the first time, 'institutional racism' is defined as a strictly personal problem. When the term 'institutional racism' was first used by Stokely Carmichael and the Black Panthers it referred to the systematically racist policies of a state apparatus. MacPherson, however, takes pains to emphasise that in this case 'the contrary is true'. Rather, it is a question of unwitting bigotry in the 'words and actions of officers acting together', a matter of simple pig-ignorance, to be cured by hours of quasi-therapeutic training.

What this definition means in practical terms is revealed in the recommendations, the only part of the report to be published in full in most newspapers and discussed in detail on television.

Recommendation 1 expresses the aim of the inquiry as clearly as any one could wish. The first 'Ministerial Priority' is:

'To increase trust and confidence in policing amongst ethnic minorities'. Not to change what the police do, then, but what 'minority ethnic individuals' think. The problem is not the institution, but its victims' and adversaries' perception of it. This focus on PR is confirmed a little further on in recommendation 2 (v.): 'performance indicators should be established 'in relation to...achieving equal satisfaction levels across all ethnic groups in public satisfaction surveys.'

When MacPherson eventually gets around to talking about change within the police, what he proposes getting rid of is 'racial prejudice': not an established policy, but a defect in officers' thinking. This explains his enthusiasm for training the police in 'racism awareness and valuing cultural diversity' (a phrase which appears five times in half a page), as if everything would be fine if unwittingly bad cops were only taught to see the

PERSONALISED RACISM On the poverty of diverse life

say. It seems the only examples of racism in institutions eligible for discussion are those to do with lapses, omissions, the system's failure to work properly. Aggression following the letter and spirit of institutional policy is blithely ignored. For example, one of the most obvious links between

standard police practice and prosaic, non-tragic everyday racism lies in the power to stop and search, which requires officers to

use their 'discretion and experience' in selecting potential criminals, with well known results. Yet MacPherson specifically recommends that the stop and search powers 'under the current legislation are required for the prevention and detection of crime and should remain unchanged.' (Recommendation 60). Apparently the fact that this is a matter of policy rather than personal mental feebleness puts it outside the scope of an anti-racist inquiry.

The part of the report headed 'definition of a racist incident' is perhaps the clearest and most sinister example of what the new institutional 'openness' means in reality. Recommendation 12 reads:

'A racist incident is any incident which is defined as racist by the victim or any other person'.

This definition tries to establish that the word 'racism' has no particular meaning: it means whatever anyone wants it to mean. On this basis, the full force of 'anti-racist' law can be used against troublemakers of whatever race. Anyone who doubts that this will happen should take note that it has already begun, before MacPherson's recommendations have even become law. In July this year Andrew Wilson, a 37-year old black man, was fined £150 by Ipswich Crown Court for 'racially aggravated abuse', after allegedly calling a group of police officers 'white trash'. According to the prosecution, the cops found Wilson sitting by the side of the road on a box containing a television, which he explained he was moving from a friend's house. While the officers 'conducted a check', (as the court was euphemistically told), Wilson is supposed to have shouted: 'You white boys, you arrest black people for anything, you're only doing this because I'm a fucking nigger. Leave me alone, you fucking white trash, leave my black ass alone'. Not surprisingly, Wilson denies making this speech, which sounds like it comes from a '70s blaxploitation film, or a policeman's incident report. But even supposing he did, it's grotesque to put one man's angry outburst at others with physical and legal power over him on the same level as, for instance, fascist lynchings in East London or video ambushes by police in Brixton. Without reference to relations of (social, economic and legal) power between the subjects involved, 'racist incident' is an empty concept, to be manipulated at the authorities' convenience. It should also be remembered that 'anti-racist' legislation has always been used to reinforce white power in Britain. The first person to be prosecuted under the Race Relations Act (which still doesn't apply to the police)

error of their ways, led out of the darkness by 'community leaders' and professional mediators.

The serious side of this attitude is revealed by the report's complete failure to deal with physical examples of institutional racism which can't be reduced to mental prejudice. The number of black people who die in police custody or while being 'restrained' is a fact, regardless of speculation about what was going on in the minds of the officers doing the killing. This point was made during the inquiry, backed up with detailed evidence, by Movement For Justice and others. Yet MacPherson has absolutely nothing to say about it. Nor is it simply a question of deaths in custody, although there were 65 of these last year, more than one each week. Although it's a reality for everyone (whether aware of it or not) and the factor of race cannot be separated from that of class, the threat of police violence weighs more heavily on black and Asian youth than, for example, for white professional adults, or even for their own children. This difference in experiences is so widespread that it can only be understood as systematic: the idea of an endless series of coincidences between unrelated cases of 'unwitting prejudice' is absurd. Yet here again, the report has nothing to

ness about language completely at odds with their ostensible subject. The other point to note about the second section is that Jappe implies the Situationist International was "anarchistically inclined", and attempts to position it between "anarchism and communism".

Like sections one and two of Guy Debord, section three is aimed at people who are devoid of common sense and all historical knowledge - it should go without saying that it provides further low-brow, one-sided and wildly inaccurate fantasies from the felt-tipped pen of Anselm Jappe. For example, Jappe raves: "socialist thought in France was traditionally less Marxist than elsewhere, much to the benefit of such authors as Proudhon and Fourier..." This claim is utterly spurious, since elsewhere might be the British Isles, where socialist thought was also "less Marxist" to the benefit of scribblers like Carlyle, Ruskin and Morris; or Spain where socialism was "less Marxist" to the benefit of complete scumbags such as Michael Bakunin; or North America where socialism was "less Marxist" to the benefit of Edward Bellamy and Henry George; or India &c. &c.. What's more, bolshevism has long been the dominant force within Marxism and since this tendency is distinguished by its Bakuninist methods of organisation, it is necessary to denounce most of those who call themselves Marxists for their unconstructed anarchism. One might argue - pointlessly - about whether or not the situationists were Marxists, what is of consequence is that they were communists and belonged to the ultra-left; which is why Debord in his well known critique of Bakunin made in theses 91 and 92 of The Society of the Spectacle condemned anarchism as "an incoherence too easily seen through". Jappe understands nothing of this - and nor do T. J. Clark and Donald Nicholson-Smith, as is evident from a piece of hack work they jointly knocked up for the art rag October (#79) entitled "Why Art Can't Kill The Situationist International".

Jappe has appended an "Afterword to the English-Language Edition" that sums up much of what is wrong with his enterprise: "With the exception of Asger Jorn, all the other Situationists would probably be forgotten today were it not for the association of their names with the SI, and hence with Debord." Whatever level one takes this on - including the spectacular level Jappe has staked out as his terrain - this is stupid.

James St. James Disco Bloodbath The Story of Michael Alig - King of the Club Kids Sceptre 1999

This is a true story from New York City, ca. mid-90's. It's the story of a final episode of glam club culture and a story of drugs, a story of murder. With the sensationalising "he came, he partied, he killed" printed on the cover do we detect some triumphalism here? A scene that wasn't good for anything but make up, at least achieved a murder? La da doo.

The scene: Trashing the elitist and tired NY club scene of the late 80's/early 90's, Michael Alig was a main proponent of the 'club kids', a fan of Hershell Gordon Lewis' movie Blood Feast and an excessive connoisseur of Ketamine, organising theme parties and club nights, launching their own magazine Project X, shooting star of the night life, before disappearing into the void of heroin, crack and more K, eventually murdering and dismembering drug dealer Angel, and failing to sink the body parts in the Hudson river. Instead they floated, got fished out by the police in New Jersey, and were lying around in the morgue for months before the connection was

made, by which time the gossip columns were already full of talk of dismemberment, and the initial thirst for fame started mistaking the corpse for another vehicle for publicity.

James St. James isn't "critically analysing" the alienation having been too much a part of the club kid thing, and therefore rather than peeling off the layers of deception adds more smudges to the make up - and gets terribly upset about it, realising "that nothing could ever be the same for me anymore, that I could never be happy just dressing up and going out". He concedes that it was "silly" to say that - in the face of the death and destruction - but doesn't see that it's not silly, but sick. I am not saying that from a moral or judgemental point of view, because there is nothing to moralise and no one to judge. The club kids are merely a symptom, not the disease; they almost perfectly embodied the total emptiness, the extreme void that dance music and drug culture can reach. The book reads like a ramble on the third day of a binge, and that in fact is its strength, and it's certainly entertain-

Clearly what interests Jappe is the bourgeois notion of great men, since many former members of the Situationist International are still alive, and of those that are dead none have passed out of living memory. But even on the level of bourgeois "posterity" and bourgeois "history", Jappe - as usual - is wrong. For example, an ongoing interest in Alexander Trocchi (who died fifteen years ago) quite unrelated to his membership of the SI, is evident from the fact that new editions of both his literary and his pornographic novels continue to appear in English. Likewise, two rival Edinburgh publishers have issued biographies of Trocchi in recent years and one of these was accompanied by a Trocchi reader. Trocchi is also treated as a major figure in a number of more general literary and "counter-cultural" histories such as Paris Interzone by James Campbell and his involvement with the "beat generation" and "sixties underground" arouses far more interest than his membership of the SI, which many anglo-american commentators ignore completely. One might continue in this fashion all the way down to former Situationist T. J. Clark, who not only provided the forward for the English language edition of Jappe's rant but is also an insipid - and hence academically well regarded - art historian, whose published works include The Absolute Bourgeoisie.

Jappe's rhetoric shows this would-be "intellectual biographer" to be trapped in the ruins of bourgeois culture. Jappe emphasises Debord's "style", "language" and "tone", as well as talking wildly about "erudition", "beauty" and "Debord's aristocratic spirit". Jappe wants to promote and defend Debord as a great man. He understands nothing of the Situationist International as a collective project, in short he knows nothing of communism - and thus it comes as no surprise that his wretched fan-letter to a dead man is just another worthless commodity which announces its own obsolescence on the final page: "Recently a bizarre cult of Debord has arisen, threatening to transform him into a pop idol, a sort of Che Guevara for the more refined taste..." If Jappe was more intelligent he might be able to name some of those responsible for this state of affairs. Biography is, after all, the penultimate bourgeois literary form - and the most that can be said in Jappe's favour is that he falls on his chosen terrain.

Stewart Home



ing in its own way, also because it reduces the distance to the void.

It's as if Alig had to murder in order to get a book written about him, and a review in datacide and countless other lines of text, because otherwise, without a corpse, after the fact there would have been nothing, nothing at all.

CF

gabba/speedcore records, some of them were boring, some of them were cool(like the epithet one).

on the main floor there was mostly ambient/experimental for the first hours of the party. this changed when christoph de babalon went on and spun some really harsh breakcore/noize/speedcore tracks, which incited the crowd to do some wild pogo dancing - whoohoo!

next were the society suckers on the 2nd floor who played some great breakcore stuff. then multipara spun some noizecore record, but was stopped by the maria people after 15 minutes of his set, cuz they wanted to close the 2nd floor. on the main floor alexdee and then ashtar dxd played, but i didnt check out most of their sets cuz i chilled in the backstage area so i cant comment on them. then peter poellinger, who organized the party, informed me that i could not play since they had to close in a hour :(this sucked. eitherherd, who was supposed to play after me did not get to play either, but it really was an excellent party anyway, and peter poellinger promised me that the next party that he throws will be a bit better organized :-)

friday: alter breakfast, at which dj scud played us his favorite garage records(hehe), i checked out a cool record store called "public noise" which had lots of old techno CDs; i bought a CD from 1992 featuring such classics as "no women allowed", "navigator" and "alles naar de klote" - nice! at night i went to a gabber party at the stellwerk where eitherherd was supposed to play, the location was quite cool, in the middle of nowhere, pretty luqed and

hardcore, with smoked filled rooms. xol dog 400 went on and played his usual stuff, bunker-type industrial hardcore, i liked some of the tracks he played (like the classic "der flammenwerfer" or "chefstricher"). trauma xp was okay too, his set was in a similar style to his set of thursday. i left before eitherherd played cuz i needed to get some sleep for the fuckparade and after party at saturday. on the next day eitherherd told me that when he played some gabbers jumped on the stage and yelled at him cuz he did play breakcore, and later they even cut off his power supply so he was forced to quit! so if you ever come to berlin dont go to the stellwerk, boycott those stupid gabba fucks!

saturday: the day of the actual parade. there were around 28 fuck trucks announced, dont know how much of them actually made it to the parade, but there for sure were a lot of trucks at the parade! there were only a few hardcore trucks, though, the size of the parade was quite big, you had to walk a mile to get from the first truck to the last truck, there were also lots of people at the parade, someone said around 10.000 people but that might be overestimated. i played at the truck of the maria, which was actually my first live act ever, and a "really" satisfying experience, whoohoo! i didnt get to check out most of the other trucks, but i heard the truck of the insel was quite good too. anyway, the parade was fucking excellent, for sure. around 21:00 i left the parade, got some food, chilled a bit, and went to the afterparty at the insel.

when i arrived xol dog 400 was playing at the hardcore floor, the same tracks that he played at friday. there were also 2 other floors, one floor was an old school techno/breakbeat floor where classics like "age of love" or "9 is a classic" were played - very nice!

i didnt check out the peace off crew and sonic dragolo cuz i wanted to reserve my energy for christoph&hecate, the berzker and dj scud. when christoph&hecate went on the hardcore floor was already quite crowded, not much room for pogo or any other dancing, so i spent most time utilizing the 3rd dimension, i.e. jumping around. christoph&hecate played a hard-as-fuck breakcore set. truly powerful and creative music. excellent. after them berzker played. his stuff was truly incredible, the hardest speedmetal mixed with speedcore beats ... that stuff punched one right through ones skull... excellent. then panacea played, i dont like his music, so i had time to chill until DJ scud played. He spun some dope-ass noize-breakcore stuff in the ambush style... very cool... after him laurent he played some very nice noizecore, great stuff, and then we left.

all in all those were some truly blasting days in berlin, i dont think i ever felt that great in my life!

thnx to rach and christoph for letting me stay at their place, thnx to the DJs and live acts who played some wicked stuff, thnx to daniel, marek, jan, basti, michael, bolkow and all the others for partying with me and being dope blokes! -low entropy

by being a desire for several others which functions as a signal for him; the one who can only look on and never enter her fantasy in person. For Cruise conscience is all powerful. It forbids him to fantasise and it forbids him to doubt what he sees and what he hears. Cruise's faith in the 'social imaginary significations' of society (marriage, ritual, authority, masculinity, femininity, profession) are such that, in the pseudo-denouement scene in Pollack's snooker room, he cannot disbelieve, or even doubt, the explanation of the previous night's events that Pollack, a father figure, furnishes him with. Our eyes are wide shut. There is no proof that the hooker had not overdosed, there is no proof that what Pollack says isn't to be believed (that there is no murderous conspiracy) but, just as Cruise barefacedly denies being at the masqued ball, so, too our eyes become wide open as Pollack slithers along the signifier and eludes and elides along the chain until Cruise is faced with something that it would be very hard to disbelieve: an over-determined 'truth' with little time, little stomach, to entertain the imaginative 'false'. But Cruise is in the thrall of an authoritative super-ego to such a degree that when confronted at the ball he says, even though masked: "I think you're mistaking me for someone else". Even when Cruise is disguised he feels naked to the glare of his own conscience. From behind the mask, with his eyes wide open, he is still perceiving as if his eyes are wide shut but it is not the uncensored dream of the empirical real that he sees but the anxiety of a censored desire, an imagination that has become conflated with the

'imaginary infidelity' that has already unravelled his sense of self-worth. And so, when Cruise returns for the last time to Kidman and sees her sleeping with the mislaid mask beside her he responds to the demand of the other as a demand of responsibility, cracks up and offers to tell her everything. What has he got to tell? That he too has committed imaginary infidelities (with a hooker, a child prostitute, a gay man, a dead body)? That his desire, as with that of the impresarios of the masqued ball, is already overrepresented, normed, to the degree that, unable to negotiate the demand, it cannot fantasise its own volition? Maybe his is a desire that, being stated everywhere as standard fantasy, can remain unsaid, for Kubrick makes the implications of Cruises's avowal wait until the next scene: a scene in a resplendent toyshop where Cruise, his daughter's brother, intones the fairytale word "forever" and Kidman, offering the panacea of sex without the tenderness of fantasy, adopts the imaginary significations of male desire as her own.

Howard Slater
@ Break/Flow (9/99)

Notes

- (1) Arthur Schnitzler: Dream Story, p11, Penguin, 1999.
- (2) J.B. Pontalis: Frontiers Of Psychoanalysis, p112, Hogarth, 1981.
- (3) Michel Foucault: Foucault Live, p212, Semiotext(e) 1996.
- (4) Jean Laplanche: Essays On Otherness, p244, Routledge, 1999.
- (5) Jacques Lacan: Ecrits, p 264, Tavistock 1977.

book reviews

Guy Debord

by Anselm Jappe translated into English by Donald Nicholson-Smith with assistance from the author (University of California Press 1999)

The situationists declared somewhere that boredom was counter-revolutionary. They forgot to add that it is also wearisome and stupid. Jappe's squib is both the most boring and by far and away the most stupid book to be written about a situationist to date - and in saying this I'm conscious of the fact that the competition consists largely of art monographs and the throughout of Andrew Murray Scott. Aside from the fact that it is printed on paper of some character - soft, off-white and pleasant to touch - about all that can be said in favour of Jappe's handbook is that it is not a biography at all. The publishers puff Jappe's guff as an intellectual biography - but a low-brow, one-sided and woefully inadequate introduction to situationism would be a more accurate description.

Jappe's writ consists of fourteen chapters divided into three sections. Unlike the Situationist International which was made up of several different national sections (some of which contained as many as five or six members!), Jappe's focus is more limited, he concentrates on one man - Guy Debord. Jappe's three leaden sections are preceded by a forward in which T. J. Clark announces: "The room on the rue Saint-Jacques where The Society of the Spectacle got written was at once an austere cell - with nothing on the shelves, I remember, but a few crucial texts... laid open at the relevant page - and the entryway to Debord's minuscule apartment, through which friends and comrades continually passed." So Clark "was there", he was on "visiting terms" with Debord, and he "remembers" - perhaps he even spent the night in the room in which The Society of the Spectacle got written. Given Clark's emphasis on gossip and "authenticity" ("I was there!"), it seems unlikely that he understood much of what he heard on the rue Saint Jacques - indeed, there are no traces of anything as developed as an unhappy consciousness in his recent prose.

The actual translation begins well enough with a red-herring: "Guy Debord, though, must surely be numbered among the very few people deemed quite beyond the pale." Since the pale invoked in this racist metaphor is the area outside Dublin that escaped English influence, the intention is presumably to place Debord in the company of such literary luminaries as George Moore and Shan O'Casey. After this almost serviceable joke, Jappe limps through the notion of commodity fetishism so tritely that it will bore the pants off middle-aged punk rockers, let alone anyone already familiar with Marx, Lukács and Debord: "The first sentence of The Society of the Spectacle is a détournement of the first sentence of Capital.... Likewise, Debord substi-

tutes the word 'spectacle' for the word 'capital' in another sentence borrowed from Marx." Ad nauseam. However, Jappe not only adopts a plodding approach to his subject, he simultaneously fails to be thorough about it. Despite stressing Debord's reuse of the content of texts by Marx, this clown doesn't bother to note that in the case of Marx (and other writers drawn upon in this way by the situationists such as Thomas De Quincey), it is not simply content but also method and form that is being taken up. For example, it has long been a banality to describe The Communist Manifesto as an anthology of revolutionary rhetoric since many of its most effective slogans are borrowed - "the workers have nothing to lose but their chains" and "the working class has no country" come from Marat & Co. & Co.

After pondering the meaning of Debord's seminal text The Society of the Spectacle over thirty-six tedious pages, Jappe finally works up enough spunk to state what he sees as its flaw, while simultaneously outlining his own "post-modern" position on class: "Debord clearly points up, if succinctly, the unconscious nature of a society ruled by value. At the same time, however he bases himself on the aspect of Marx's thought that assigns a central role to the concepts of 'classes' and 'class struggles'... such struggles are merely struggles over distribution within a system that nobody now seriously challenges... the modern individual is truly a "man without qualities," able to assume a multitude of interchangeable roles... One may be at one and the same time a worker and a co-owner of a firm... Even the ruling classes have lost all mastery, and now the only thing at stake in economic competition is a more comfortable place within the general alienation." Jappe hasn't quite grasped that Debord, Marx and many others configured class struggle as a means of overthrowing the economy, so it would be a mistake to think that this joker has arrived at the same position as Jacques Camatte - who starting from Bordiguism eventually declared it was humanity's task to destroy capitalism - since rather than sliding from a communist perspective into metaphysics, Jappe's outlook is thoroughly bourgeois from the beginning.

In the second section of his circular, Jappe provides a plonkers guide to the history of the Lettrist and Situationist Internationals. Since this material is well known and more reliable versions of it can be found elsewhere, it is best ignored beyond noting a couple of points. Firstly, page 117 sees the return of the anti-Irish cliché that appeared on page 1: "In his Preface to the Fourth Italian Edition of 'The Society of the Spectacle' (1979), Debord analyzed the part played by the abduction of Aldo Moro and the function of the Italian Communist Party in the resolution of the state crisis; his conclusions are generally accepted today, but at the time they were completely beyond the pale." The repetition of this racist metaphor - this time without the qualification "deemed" - cannot be excused as an almost serviceable joke, since it is typical of the inept prose style of Jappe's translator. It seems unlikely that either Jappe or Nicholson-Smith are conscious racists, it is more probable that they're unaware of the origins of this hackneyed phrase, and that recourse to it twice in such a small primer betokens a careless-

was black activist Michael X.

Once we see how a crackdown on 'racism' is likely to be applied, the effect of some of MacPherson's 'reforms' becomes all too clear. Recommendation 38 calls for the abolition of the principle of double jeopardy, according to which a person can never be tried again for something s/he was acquitted of once. This would make it possible to bring Stephen Lawrence's killers back to court, it's argued. Yet Dobson, Norris, Knight and the Accourts aren't free today because of the double jeopardy rule, but because the crime was never investigated properly in the first place. New evidence didn't emerge after the trial, the facts were known and ignored all along. If double jeopardy is abolished, it won't only be for racial crimes: the police and the CPS will be able to keep prosecuting any innocent person until they get the result they want.

Recommendation 39 would allow prosecution for 'racist language and behaviour' or possession of offensive weapons 'otherwise than in a public place'. Two new categories of offence which reveals that the new legal meanings of 'racism' and violence have nothing to do with these things' effects on other people's lives: they represent moral, psychological evil, with no need of any victim. A crime without a victim, committed 'otherwise than in public', can only be detected if the private place where it happened was already being watched from inside beforehand. The police, therefore, are being invited to use their 'discretion' to select, enter and place under surveillance potentially criminal households, in which 'offensive' kitchen knives might be hidden or the words 'white trash' breathed.

Sooner or later, the notion that 'racism' is individual sin or sickness, even in its institutional form, is likely to be enshrined in law. This definition is more than just a wretched misunderstanding of what's at stake: it allows harsh 'anti-racist' laws to be used at the authorities' discretion against anyone perceived as a threat, as it ignores the relations of power in which racial 'prejudice' is institutionalised. This cynical trick will have serious practical consequences, but it will come as a surprise only to those who look to the state to represent them and judges (retired or otherwise) to solve their problems. For everyone else, it confirms what we already knew: the legal system can't be forced to represent us, and it won't 'correct' its own shortcomings. Directing the crackdown on individual racists exclusively against white police and fascists wouldn't have solved the problem; neither would a call for more 'radical' institutional reforms. MacPherson's inquiry couldn't recognise the source of 'racist incidents', as doing so would have cast doubt on the legitimacy of the institutions it represents. Not their good intentions or professional competence or appreciation of cultural diversity, but their very reasons for existing. The police and the courts administer racism not when they're corrupt or incompetent, but when they're doing their job properly.

This is why 'institutional racism' can only be fought effectively by those who experience its effects directly, people whom the judicial system seeks to control rather than to represent. We who stand to gain from the withering of the state apparatus have no option but to act directly and locally to oppose its power. A first step is to intervene again and again to stop the police trying to control our movement through tactics like Stop & Search, video stalking and common, old-fashioned assault. Another involves information-sharing and counter-observation: working with other witnesses to defeat spurious charges against 'troublemakers' in court (or in work, education etc.) Another is to refuse the spurious agenda of 'social issues' imposed through the media, eg. the idea that London faces a sudden crime wave created by 'Yardie' drug dealers.

These methods can only succeed in sapping hostile institutions' authority if they're applied consistently and collectively by thousands of people. Anger let out privately, however lucid, has the same effect as consent to things the way they are. A ruling class aware of the threat posed by autonomous action knows how to take full advantage of the fantasy that 'racism' is eternal, like 'evil' or disease.

Matthew Hyland

Even the WTO's own web site doesn't leave much doubt as to the reason of its existence: "enjoy secure supplies and greater choice of (...) raw materials and services." - "Producers and exporters know that foreign markets will remain open to them." It is suggesting that indeed it has the means of solving problems that otherwise could or would lead to armed conflict and instability. What this means is clear, the emphasis is on freedom of the market as opposed to people, to a radical disregard of the needs of workers and the environment in the view of profits of multinationals. A new world order that guarantees the free circulation of capital, unhindered access to raw material and cheap labour.

Maybe the actual function of the WTO and other similar organisations of global capitalism become clearer if we look at the way the socialist government of Salvador Allende in Chile - come to power by entirely 'democratic' means (elections) was toppled by a military coup d'état led by the CIA and backed by multinational companies in 1973 (bringing to power Pinochet and his regime of torture and terror). One of the main sins of the Allende government had been to nationalise the copper mines previously controlled by US based multinationals.

Today the difference is that the use of weapons and fascist military stooges isn't necessary anymore - a good example is the dismantling of the "socialist" seed-distribution program of the Indian government. Instead of receiving subsidised seeds from the government Indian farmers now have to buy them from multinationals like Monsanto, who may have stopped their "terminator-gene" (the seeds you buy produce plants that are sterile, so you have to buy seeds again from the same company next year), but are still up for whatever fills their pockets. For example the combination of genetically modified seeds and pesticides that will only work with those seeds.

Governments are not only encouraged to leave these things up to multinationals, they are forced to do so with the threat of losing credits with the World Bank or the International Monetary Fund that are strictly tied to following "free trade" guidelines, guidelines under which only big traders are "free" and whole countries are newly colonised and forced labour is globally reintroduced.

This ruthless and barbaric system where the sweat and blood of billions living close or below the minimum is drained by a few million people at the controls has been introduced step by step over the last decades, perfecting the capitalist nightmare.

Recently there has been a regrouping of the forces of dissent, and as we could see particularly well in Seattle they represent a broad coalition, from Trade Unions to Christians to Anarchists and Environmentalists. Despite this broad alliance with every step - especially the focal points June 18th and Nov. 30th - things have started to clarify bit by bit. It has also become clearer to many people what the function of the state is in this context - enforcing the "free" trade and forced labour, be it in the 'third' world or in the prison industry.

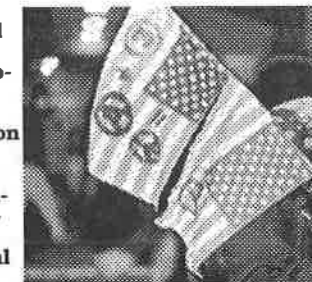
"Parliamentary democracy", the system to be enforced over the world by the US and Western Europe is a representative system, that has in its more 'developed' stage ensured the absence of fundamental opposition in most Western states. The choice of voters is reduced to a choice between two types of artificial sweeteners, to slightly differing modes of administering capitalism. While the more 'developed' democracies are executing the political will of multinational corporations and national capital, less 'developed' ones are under direct influence of various mafias and ruthless power elites.

As this situation is becoming clearer to critical minds in the East and the West, the North and South, strategies of resistance are differing substantially. There are two major differences:

1. Between national and international resistance. One response to the so-called globalisation has been and is a re-emergence of nationalism. This is a blind and unanalytical response: It locates the problem wrongly in the internationalisation of capital and especially finance capital. It is merely regurgitating 'national-revolutionary' rhetoric without a criticism of national capital and without analysis of capitalism.
2. Between the proponents of non-violence and those who don't agree to principally exclude violence against property from the vocabulary of their actual resistance. This has come to the foreground again in Seattle, but the problem has a long history. Again and again have pacifists and self-proclaimed anarchists actively worked for the security services in pointing out 'violent' protesters. Activists in London will remember the 'Keep it Fluffy' campaign (during the movement against the Criminal Justice Bill/Act) that advocated marking 'violent' elements with colour for the police to arrest them, or joining hands and sitting down around 'violent' elements. Similar is a group calling themselves 'Keep the Peace' mobilising not to protect activists from police brutality but supposedly from violent agitators.

Needless to say violence is not a good thing per se, but such desperate attempts to enforce the State's monopoly on violence by so-called anarchists are as sickening as the neo-fascists maskering as anti-imperialists we just mentioned in the previous paragraph.

Obviously a lot has to be clarified yet, and the powers that be will do everything through legislation, legal and illegal policing, and their massive propaganda machinery through the media to prevent the movement to find coherence in its critique and actions, to find realisation on a mass basis.



INTRODUCING THE The result is assurance. Consumers and producers know that they can enjoy secure supplies and greater

WORLD TRADE choice

of the finished products, components, raw materials and services that they use. Producers and exporters know that foreign markets will remain open to them. **IO BENEFITS** The result is also a more prosperous, peaceful and accountable economic world. Decisions in the WTO are typically taken by consensus among all member countries and they are ratified by members' parliaments. **10** Trade friction is channelled into the WTO's dispute settlement process where the focus is on interpreting

MISUNDERSTANDINGS agreements and commitments, and how to ensure that countries' trade policies conform with them. That way, the risk of disputes spilling over into political or military conflict is reduced. **TRADING INTO THE FUTURE** [By lowering trade barriers, the WTO's system also breaks down other barriers between peoples and nations] lowering

trade barriers, the WTO's system also breaks down other barriers between peoples and nations. **SUGGESTED FONTS** At the heart of the system — known as the multilateral trading system — are the WTO's agreements. **FOR THIS SECTION** negotiated and signed by a large majority of the world's trading nations, and ratified in their parliaments. These agreements are the legal ground-rules for international commerce. Essentially, they are — contracts, guaranteeing member countries important trade rights. They also bind governments to keep their trade policies within agreed limits to everybody's benefit.

TRADE TOPICS Goods The agreements were negotiated and signed by governments. But their purpose is to help producers of good Services and services, exporters, and importers conduct their business. Intellectual property The goal is to improve the welfare of the peoples of the member countries. Environment Development Regionalism Policy reviews The WTO in brief ... read on:

(text from the WTO website)

WTO

The crowd is the thing. You start with a meeting point and a time. There's a another meeting going on. The G8 in Cologne. That sets the time. June 18th. The bankers and politicians have had long enough.

A series of meetings; the Encuentros for Humanity and Against Neo-Liberalism called by the Zapatistas in Chiapas and in Spain; the meeting of activists from India, Europe, East Asia a few different Americas and enough other places that happened in Switzerland last year build up the way things can get going. The slogan goes "Our Resistance Must be as Global As Capital", it's a web site (www.bak.spc.org/j18), its a poster, paper newsletter (also at www.schnews.org.uk), cheap stickers, a line of graffiti, new lines of alliance to be invented. Enough groups round the world trying out new ways of trying it on. Setting up marches is the old way of doing things. Everything in straight lines. Fact is the political slouch through the city is just too slow

J18 Vs G8 Human Throwdown

for nowadays. The shape people want to throw on the streets is a different one.

The way that this gets done is by setting up things simple, but keeping it open. Name a time and a place, get the news moving through any media system going. This is the way the crowd works in information. Keep it spread and feed one into the other. Something slick. Something scrappy, whatever. The web site feeds news of what's going down in forty other countries on the same day. The URL (www.j18.org) is on the sticker, on the newsletter. Whatever arrives gets pumped out on a cheap FM transmitter stuck top an office block. At the same time though, there's a thousand mouths shut when it comes to talking to the press. In a few months they'll be printing photos of rioters. Offering a reward to grasses. A bit of public service on the side.

The way the crowd moves on the streets is a mix. In the eighties there was a short series of demonstrations in the same place called Stop The City. Time of anarcho-punk. (Check AK Press's excellent 'Shibboleth, my revolting life' a new book by Penny Rimbaud of Grass for more). Full on rage fuelled by immanent nukes and a triumphalist Thatcher spilled out into a choreography of glued-up locks, smashed bank windows, trashed McDonalds, the chant machine gone mobile, it was tasty so they say. This time, things got more variety. Besides, for most governments in Europe we've got a generation of ex-social-democrat ex-hippies bent on humanitarian war. Punk routines just can't express the disgust fully enough. An open format demands that people have the chance to invent what they are going to do.

The Critical-Mass device works well in London. Get a bunch of cyclists together, pedal round the city nice and slow. Instant rolling bottleneck. The streets are so dense here it doesn't take much to change the pace of the whole area. The ability to shift speeds is important. Get a water mains outlet. Knock it open. Block the drains to the forty foot fountain. Instant paddling pool. No business as usual on that street. Aerosols, stickers, a hand covered in

green poster paint from a bucket quickly leaves a trail of day-glo gack. Some of the banks get occupied. Part of the two million quid damage, so the Financial Times says the day after, is caused by the expense of clearing up the stench of urine. This is an area where not even the two kids that we came along with can, like granny says, spend a penny outside of some sheet-glass compound.

These streets we're in have been a financial trading area since before the Templars brought the number zero, a conceptual technology that opened up banking, back from the Crusades. The streets are still patterned in many ways from Medieval times. It suits the way we move. Alleys, multibranching crossroads and plenty of threads from here to there. From the initial meeting point of thousands people split up. Make for wherever. There's targets to choose from. The bank of England. The Futures Exchange - which had a trading floor disrupted. Every major financial institution has a branch here. People move. It's Casual Friday. Time for a saunter. Chinos and Ralph Lauren shirts? Nope. A few blokes are dressed up in grotty suits and seriously non-business shoes. Hmmm, smells like subterfuge. There's smoke flares in their tatty briefcases though.

So it spills out. Some crossroads it's just a simple sit down. Block the traffic. Hand out leaflets. (There's thousand of these sloganised bright white and orange micro-flyers, say five by ten millimetres thrown everywhere. Politicise the street-sweeping trucks or something). Keep the traffic turning back. Beer and fags. Stop the couriers shifting them important documents. Have a dance to the pedal powered sound system. When the cops turn up, move off slowly. Go somewhere else. Or throw your arms and legs against their body armour, batons and shields.

Other places it's jammed. Someone's got some way of making music. A Samba band. The people are so thick together the whole block is immobilised. Thousand of copies of a parody of the London Evening standard are given out to passers-by. The sparrow is an endangered species and George Soros knows a thing or two it says here. Underneath the rhizome, concrete.

The crowd is an intelligent crowd. What that means is that everyone's on the look out for what goes down next. The little clusters of body-movements or shouts that means a change in movement. Take care of the people around you. Never panic. Think of the next move. Keep an eye on whether streets are being closed off. Check for new ways of moving, new targets.

The way the cops move has to be understood too. They're some clumsy dancing partner. Limited to ten metre charges by their command structure and the weight of the riot gear you just have to stay nimble and calm. The other way the cop machine moves is more serious though. Broken bones are nothing compared to getting locked into a court system tooled up more and more over the last twenty years to break the heart of ravers, travellers, strikers and protesters. The City of London is the most heavily surveilled area in Europe. Some ways of evading the cameras have to be found. There's hundreds of masks distributed in different colours. 'On the signal', it says printed on the back, 'follow the colour of mask that you've got'. There is no signal. But they stay on peoples' faces. At least till the summer heat gets going. For now the best way round is to shin up the poles that some of the cameras are on top of and wrap a carrier bag round the thing. Whilst you're doing this of course the police, or the journalists they can later seize the snaps off of, will be photographing. (The court just blocked their <i>automatic</i> right to do this). A load of people'll likely get the knock one morning a couple of months down the line. (Forty-three arrested by the end of July). The ten thousand or so in the Carnival create the noise in the database for those who do get

late, does not distress us. Instead, our emotions overburdened, we're falling over ourselves to get to the front row. To be blown away by the air from the speakers as if it too is the wind cast our way by an explosion punctuated by the same string stabs as last time and the times before that. So what occurs when there is an interleaving of a simple piano refrain and a pseudo gothic plaint? Our eyes are wide shut so that the ears can hear more than the eyes can see. The simplicity of the plaint, its ominous strains seem to both enchant and horrify our anticipation of the outcome of the nude ritual. This music is its outcome but it still manages to play on our diffuse fears to the extent that, in rousing our anxieties, it both bids us to be desirous of an unsatisfied desire and offers up the trauma of our being, like Cruise, late to understanding. Such stimulus makes us take the pretentious ritual seriously as a tawdry burlesque, a diversionary spectacle, that Cruise adopts as his fantasy. Seeing it with eyes wide shut we are enabled to be as entranced and as shocked as Cruise, to be voluntarily in the presence of the manipulative power of the cinema: a series of perfectly symmetrical shots in which the actors, in masks, become ciphers for the choreographed movements worked out by a deity-director, are accompanied by an almost mournfully ominous music that makes our fantasy for us. It is through this music that a little death is brought back into the sexual for a secret society of noblemen de-sublimated enough to be able to go back to a pre-century Vienna to become perverts without, however, having the diffuse libidinal drive of perversion. The shock of the ritual is its normalisation of perversion, its striving towards a masculinised re-sexualisation rather than "towards a de-sexualisation... a general economy of pleasure that would not be sexually normed" (3). So, then, the simple piano notes: loud, singular and sharp, almost violent, violently spaced, too spaced for multiplex sound in that, as notes, as isolated notes, they leave enough room for one that is off-key. This is the music that accompanies Cruise at those times that we feel he is almost auto-traumatising — remembering, thinking, thinking of what he remembers but being, just yet, unable to think it in words, unable to even be unsaid, unable to acknowledge his own *meconnaissance*. With our eyes wide shut all we have got to go on is this lag of our understanding, a space from which to challenge those imaginary significations that make our fantasy for us.

7. Defamed. A screen full of masks. No faces of celebrity. What we expect from the adverts is that even the bit-part actors, even the three second face-ups, are straining every cheek muscle to prove their mastery of the demanded expression. The fake of the face on the screen chosen from thousands of gleeful applicants and seen for a fraction of a second is enough to highlight the pornography of frantic competition. To be seen once is enough, but the image of the face, when multiplied, when forced to speak as if it believes in what it is saying is the disavowal of the desire to say otherwise: it reinforces economic power as anonymous. These faces keep things from us, keep things the same. So, the trauma is in the masking-up of the ball's participants, in the visualisation of the freedom to abuse as it hides away from its own motives and fills the cinema with a recognisable expressionlessness through which we face up to the masks that are always around us. Yet, in these shots Kubrick briefly resists the cinema industry by refusing to profile the actors and actresses. He defies actors in this sequence wherein the very craft of facial expression is temporarily suspended and with it the whole industry of faciality, its unremitting neurosis of visible surface-effect. Our eyes are wide shut. We are in a kind of limbo, from where, with everyone acting a part, it is possible for Kubrick to present us with what could amount to a dream sequence: the faces of the characters in our dreams are often obscured and difficult to remember, they are all but actually physically masked. But in this sequence only Cruise is unmasked (his counterpart in the *traumnovelle* is resistant to the unmasking) and once unmasked we see the face of celebrity unmasked. Our eyes are wide open. Cruise is illuminated by a light that shines from the eyes of the audience and, as a proper noun, he looks insecure. His face becomes the depersonalised object it actually is. He is as dead as the director and the author: "The proper name, like the dead person, is untranslatable: it can only be exchanged, in a rigorous sense, for the person himself" (4). The enigma of characters whose actions and motives need translating, whose

desire needs locating, becomes the cipher of the untranslatable proper noun. Cruise is Cruise is Cruise and the unending signifying chain of advert-movies never meets with anything that could abolish the repetition of its formalist perfection. Such an overdetermined and ritualised content for vision (Cruise as Cruise, 'orgy' as 'slave-show') is the 'covering over' of the unsaid that, unprovoked, remains unthought. We will always be compensated for our lack of vision for we are always permitted to be anonymously abusive in our conformity to a codified and formalised pleasure.

8. Eyes wide shut we dream and dreaming we still see. Kidman slowly recounts her dream. The officer is making love to her. She is at a masked ball being fucked by many men (including, from behind the mask of the lens, Kubrick?). But no dream is just a dream. No scenario an objectively filmed fact. And so Cruise is hypnotised, he is in a steady state wherein he appears not to allow the images Kidman recounts to become memories. He cannot allow them to break through. But, Kidman, again confessing, is confessing almost in full knowledge that the "desire of the dream is not assumed by the subject who says 'I' in her speech" (5). Rather, Kidman is able to confront the trauma that comes with the memory of the creativity of her desire — the dream, her creative act, offers her the undisguised fulfilment of a previously avowed wish. This way she can have her desire become a full figure in front of her. But Cruise cannot enter her fantasy. Nothing can be built between them and Cruise's silence during her speech is as much a silence that is awed by a desire that outstrips him but, being, in part, masculinised and subject to the same imaginary significations, it is a desire that does not totally out manoeuvre him. And so, being witness to Kidman's lascivious laughter, he prompts her to recount the dreams final scene and as Kidman moves towards saying the unsayable we are witness, once more with our eyes wide open, to how Cruise must be able to empirically perceive what is directly in front of him so as to cushion it from being fraught by the delay of internal perception; the cathecting of memories ... the elaboration of fantasies ... the enacting of desire. This needing to see, so as to check and be in knowl-

edge, is the fate of the



trained doctor accustomed to physical symptoms and their routine treatment and informs, to some degree, Cruise's repeated visit to all the sites of the previous days experiences. This becomes a journey of self-proof at the same time that it is a means to lessen the pressure of the internal perception of memories: meaning must not be open meaning. And so Cruise almost orders Kidman to finish her recollection of the dream, coaxing her like a frightened patient but interested, most of all, in the knowledge that he has located the lacuna of the dream and that he was correct in his diagnosis that there was more to come. The content that Kidman tried to protect him from is that, in the dream-images, she was laughing at Cruise as she fucked other men. Cruise looks on with eyes wide shut and, with our eyes are wide shut too, we wonder: Was she there? Was she one of the masked women? Yet Kidman's full knowledge is in a script that has transposed the anxiety of the *traumnovelle's* central character ("He couldn't help feeling — irrational though the notion seemed to him — that she might be aware of what he had been through during the night") into the forevision of a dream, a forevision that, to some extent, makes a metaphor of that portion of the super-ego that acts as the 'agency' of conscience. Kidman and Cruise are bound by this agency of conscience. Kidman's dream perhaps assigns Cruise the most important role: he is present as the paternal overseer of her marital transgression, a transgression that overcompensates for the demand of the other page 31

DREAMSTORY

Stanley Kubrick: Eyes Wide Shut [Warner Brothers]

"That's what you say now, so at this moment you may even believe it." (1)

1. A yuppie nightmare movie segues into the enigma of its director's death. There are no more questions that could be answered. As there were previously no answers to be had. The director could be anonymous. But the author too is dead. Schnitzler died in 1931 and his traumnovelle lays it out: *traum* as dream and as trauma. The two almost interchangeable if it is that the dream is that which can present the 'demand of the other' and present it in such a way as for us to feel it as a pressure to respond (to our 'other' so to speak). But dream is fantasy too and the core here, the propulsion, comes as an imaginary infidelity. That it is desire that is beyond the demand. But is it good? Is it bad?

2. Being subjected to adverts:- cinema's nemesis is that the adverts now condition the movies having been inspired by the very movies that the movies now attempt to caricature. The hip slickness of style (right down to dirty timbre hip-hop and pastiched brit-pop punk) married to commodities (trainers) and services (banks) illustrates again and again that the creative impulse has been bought and sold like any other labour power. We must thank the adverts for this. Creative labour power selling capital as if it could only be capital that exists. Worse selling capital as non-existent rebellion. A creative labour power so desperate for our attention that it threatens to short circuit and burn through the frame until we cannot see anything other than this desperate competition for our eyes.

Our eyes wide shut to 'dead boss' capital. After being subjected to the adverts:- the speed of shot of the montaged surefire message is tempered by the slow descent into the credits that this time are more like a gateway. The pace has decayed. The waltz takes us back until Cruise switches off

the stereo and our eyes are wide shut. The splendour is our bourgeois dream. It's very overdetermined opulence - the cascading lights of the staircase wall - are a reminder of those 'street-level' ads before Cruise too goes slumming. But our eyes are opening to what is normally disavowed. Kubrick is elaborating on the mainstream so what does that make of the other detritus? Kidman is overacting but isn't that overwrought, monied self-conceit? After the adverts cinema is having its last gasp and in two hours we're soon to be left to Spielberg.

3. It is established in the camera-plot that Kidman shall be circled. There shall be a vertigo of the dance as a spiralled forgetfulness and an oncoming pace of seduction and flirtation. She speaks slowly as if to a ghost, as in a dream, as if to remember every word she says for she may want to savour them later, to have them traumatise her. And so the camera circles her but we never get level. We are already beginning to lose Kidman to postponed moments of drama. Her words are too slow. She has given herself over to another's fantasy. She's having intellectual sex with words that are as cheap as they are scripted. For Cruise it is the solid framing of corridor-walls as he walks toward the camera and towards us. The famed frontal tracking shot means he will not escape from these confines for he is an adult-child. A man who refuses to respond to the 'demand of the other' but responds instead, if it is that his journey is fuelled by jealousy, to his own insecurity: the other being nothing more than the worse projection of himself. Kidman sparks it off. She responds to her other (the officer) after being lulled into a haze of memory by the music and a Hungarian wraith. She remembers not only the risk of her words but another moment when a glance immobilised her; she was on the brink of leaving, of abandoning her children. So trauma comes with the recollection. It is a repeat of the moment of immobilization and it immobilizes her again. Into the breach of confession which is just as dangerous because her husband is a doctor, an analyst who 'does not know' but to whom one speaks and to whom one speaks freely for he cannot answer back. The words come as fragments: give it all up...pity. She mothers Cruise. His eyes are wide shut. She is his wife but he cannot enter her fantasy. He cannot place his own fantasy. He does not even notice a hotel clerk's *gauche* gay come-on. He asks the hooker: "What do you recommend?". He needs the real dream of the masqued dance. He needs to see only what can be before his eyes.

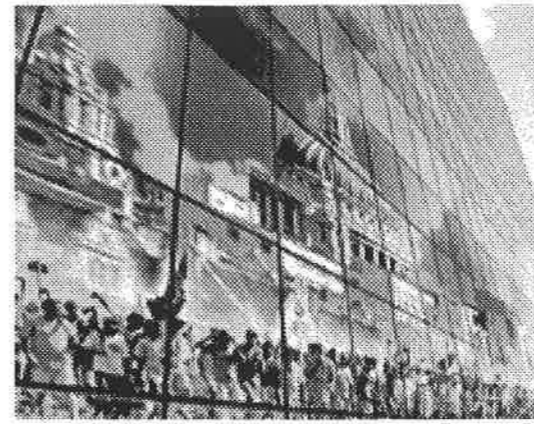
4. But our eye are wide shut. Shut to the fact that our identification in one or the other, the man or the woman, will lead to

the adoption of a point of view. Could even be built into defence. Is it not that Kidman challenges Cruise's flirtation with the two models as a 'covering over' of her own flirtation with the Hungarian wraith? That she has committed an imaginary infidelity? Is it not this very game of conjectural accusation that binds them closely together so that they cannot admit of any other? Is this game the game of a stilled desire? The fear of aphanisis and impotence? Is it rather that aggression should flow, that jealousy should be used as a ploy to arouse the other whose desire slumbers? And then the confession. Everything must be confessed: "the unsaid manifests itself in speech through paradoxes, hesitations and sudden changes in tone" (2). She must make herself known, but known as desire, the desire to offer herself up to be known through her intimate failures. She remembers the officer as vividly as if she had made him up in an idle fantasy. He may not have been real for she says she didn't sleep that night and that she had seen what was not before her eyes. It is this confession of the unsaid which binds them, makes them secure, and it is right at the very beginning of the film. But we must doubt it for we do not know them. We do not know that what quickly follows, a protestation of love after the death of a father, is for Cruise a second and third trauma. He is, after all, fatherly: "trust me I'm a doctor". He shows his badge like the cop he is. But, desensitised, he makes of the confession a blue movie. Notably he is absent as the officer 'screws' his wife. These overdetermined crudities, being rejected and sought in consecutive sequences, may not be Kubrick's fault for are they not Cruise's projections? Seeing through his eyes that are wide shut? But we do not know. Most of all we do not know when we watch. For this is cinema and what follows can always change things. Our eyes are wide shut: to reality or to fantasy or to the provocation of a trauma that is the message of what we do not know?

5. We are forced into looking. There is a coercion like the coercion to speak of sex, to have it everywhere, to see and see and speak. To formalise it as 'specular concupiscence'. The porno of the adverts. The deployment of passivity. And so the scenes of sex and nudity in

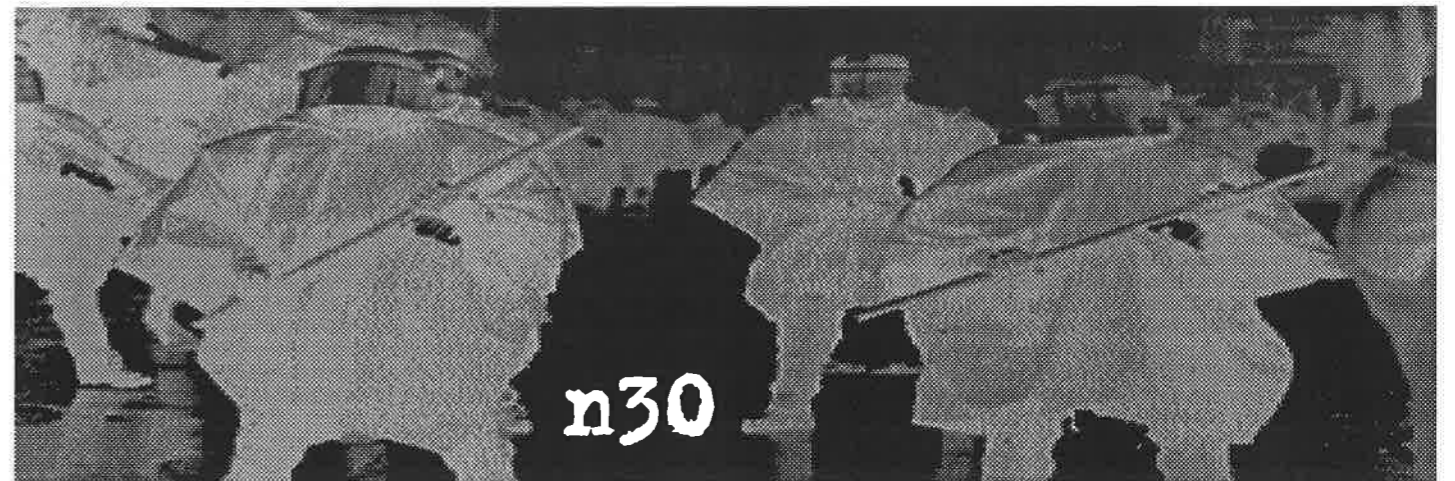
the rooms of the country mansion are already what there is to see anyway. But Cruise devours it from behind his mask. Maybe, at last, he will come across a fantasy other than the fantasy of besmirched honour, or perhaps, from those damp eyes we can see through the holes of the mask, Cruise will be able to forget himself and his conformist drive and confront the unsaid rather than say the right thing at the wrong time. But maybe, all along, he is not out to wreak revenge on Kidman, but simply to see, from a position of anonymous security, what it is that he thinks he is missing. Perhaps he needs to see to be able to fantasise; to be able to partake in his wife's fantasy. Perhaps his is the voyeurism of those that lack internal perception: a perception of their own perception that makes the perception of the desire of the other not simply a matter of seeing what is empirically real. But what do we see? We see the nudity with our eyes wide shut. We see Kubrick offering us a return to the days before psycho-analysis began its masculinised dissection of sexuality. In the country mansion we return to the scene of the *traumnovelle* (itself echoed by the Hungarian wraith and the Serbian costumer) when nudity and sex was that which was to be explored, which was still a subversive, diffusing continent of dirty little secrets; an unchallenged 'imaginary signification'. Kubrick, by casting the two Scientologists as central to his film and by having these 'orgies' presided over by (presumed) members of state and judiciary, presents us with an 'orgy' that we have already seen: autistic sexual gratification as a metaphor for an anonymous economic power. But we see the 'orgy' through Cruise's noble eyes and our overfamiliarity is overwhelmed. Our eyes are wide shut so that we too may be shocked and aghast but, disentangling ourselves from Cruise's gaze, we can look further and see how the ritualistic opening ceremony turns into another "fake" of gratification: "the codification of pleasure by the 'laws' of sex" (3). These are codes and rituals. Laws of masculinised sex, to which Cruise would gladly take off his mask. And, adopting the imaginary significations of male desire as his own, he dutifully does as he is told. But neither of us, watching and watched, is glad to be an animal.

6. The music sells a film before a film can be pre-released. The music in a film becomes a selling point for another film that is a thinly disguised borrowing of *mise-en-scenes* from other movies that had music in them. Then there's a music that is made by several orchestras all playing the same thing in a quadrasonic studio and when it comes to dubbing this is a music from which, with our eyes wide shut, we could follow a movie to its conclusion. We could almost remember every scene and our not being seated from the very start, our being



is something thought over by the Critical Art Ensemble in their book 'The Electronic Disturbance' suggesting politicised hacking as a way of putting economic pressure on corporations in order to achieve specific aims. Nothing of the sort was made public - and why would it - during June 18th, but this suggests one way to play things when the street has become a recording device.

At the same time, the shapes thrown by the crowd are just as much to do with making slow, peaceful use of the streets as with direct conflict. Maybe it's the crumbs of Ecstasy in the bloodstream. Maybe it's going for something other than the too fettered riot - a direct, open and public working out of what life can be like if you stir things up a bit.



N30 (London)

I arrived at Euston Station soon after 5, there was already a large crowd standing round talking and handing out leaflets to each other and to passers by and also a very large police presence. Over the next hour and a half or so drums played and a number of speakers addressed the crowd. After this we were apparently meant to be making contacts, talking to each other and planning the May 1st protest. Not a bad idea, but either the message didn't get across or a lot of people had other ideas, because soon what seemed from my perspective to be most of the assembled crowd moved out towards Euston Road with a vague plan of reclaiming some shit. The police quickly blocked the exits to the road with lines of police backed up by cans. Clashes started when the crowd drove the police line back almost out of the station area while a few people threw sticks, bottles, anything that came to hand, at the police, and the coppers retaliating by charging at the crowd. (An aside about violence: I don't throw things at the police at demonstrations myself, not least because I'm not very good at it, but neither do I condemn violence completely. I agree that it is often counterproductive to throw stuff at the cops, it is sometimes just what they want and it gives them an excuse to start bashing everyone with batons, and getting hit by 'friendly fire' is annoying, but the balaclava wearing brick throwers are part of the demonstration and should be protected by it just as those who choose to paint flowers on their face and sing 'Give Peace a Chance' are. No one has to get involved in the fighting if they don't want to, but it is not a good idea to abandon the hard core and have them face riot police by themselves, at least give them a crowd to run back into. And having seen police attack 'peaceful' demonstrators plenty of times I tend to blame the police for police violence rather than someone who threw a placard at them. Having the media condemn the demonstration because of violence (which the Evening Standard & co. would do anyway) is less sickening than the sight of groups such as the Socialist Workers party, Militant, in fact every group involved apart from Class War, condemning the violence of the Poll Tax riot when only a few short hours before they had been exhorting workers, soldiers and peasants to rise up and attack their oppressors ("Oh sorry, we meant to say workers, soldiers, peasants rise up and LOBBY your oppressors") At some stage the lines of police were replaced by riot police with shields. In spite of being well prepared and having sufficient control of the situation to limit the demonstration to a small area in front of the station, by a quite remarkable oversight the police had left an empty van right in the middle of the crowd. In hindsight it is glaringly obvious that they had left it deliberately, and quite predictably a group of protesters smashed it up with the metal bars conveniently left with it, rolled it over and eventually managed to set it on fire (for those demonstrators who have watched too many action films, vans do not, in real life, explode the minute someone holds a lighted match near them). This gave the police a chance to attack, demonstrators were trying to get away

pulled - and need to maintain that support months later when they go to trial. Privacy, like public space, only works for those high up enough behind the plate glass windows.

The way the street's been turned over to the security forces

This can look like aimlessness, but from above, from the helicopter, what this looks like is say three or four large clumps of people each spread out over key intersections. The space emptied of traffic, effectively controlled by this is large. In between are people moving around across each group. When the police come, and they come relatively slowly, once they've taken the time to work out where people are, what they do is to contain the situation. Either keep people moving - which sometimes suits us fine - or to contain things. Then they amp it up until there's a fight and they can get the footage in and justify the overtime. When people attack the police they have to learn that it's not to be done just to stay static. Once they've got a crowd blocked in - as happened at the foot of Southwark Bridge the tables are turned. They will always be slower when responding to the crowd's initiative - take it.

In the meantime, someone's sprayed 'Cops Suck Arse' on the front of one of their cars. The streets of London are so clean nowadays, so free of the unauthorised, the unpermitted, the unpaid-for. Something like this just makes you smile, teeth and all.

Matthew Fuller

('Schnews Survival Handbook' a compilation of articles, techniques and information sources covering much of this and related areas from the excellent Brighton-based direct-action newsletter Schnews is available: ISBN 0-9529748-2-7)

from the burning van and the smoke, and in the confusion we were split into several groups. Apparently a lot of people succeeded in moving down towards Kings Cross, and others just quietly dispersed, the group I ended up in was the one trapped between three lines of riot police. By the time we realised just how trapped we were the police had moved in to contain us and had us completely surrounded and reinforcements had arrived. There were about two hundred of us and our first plan was to just break our way through the police line. We made many attempts to do this but there were enough coppers that they could put a line of riot police three deep in front of us, and it proved to be impossible to get through. We were held there for at least two hours, possibly more like three, people passed the time singing songs, trying to reason with the police, chanting defiant slogans such as 'Let us go home, let us go home', making impromptu speeches, smoking, phoning friends on their mobiles ("Hello, I'm going to be a bit late, got held up the riot, don't wait up for me") and actually managing to have a laugh most of the time. Being held there was bad enough but it got more frightening and depressing when the police began identifying those they wanted to arrest and launching sudden attacks into the middle of the crowd to drag them away, smashing anyone in their path with batons. It was hard to stop this from happening as the people picked out had nowhere to escape to and the police attacked so fast that it was hard to spot who they were going to grab until it was too late.

It was difficult to stay upright during these attacks, there was nowhere to run to except into another line of riot police who took offence if you bumped into them in your effort to move out of the way of their colleagues.

City police were there identifying people they wanted for June 18th activities. Many of the riot police had their identifying numbers covered.

The crowd that the police detained for more than two hours were not, as some news reports suggested, 'a hard core of troublemakers' they were just the people who happened to be standing in the area the police managed to surround. It's not clear whether the new Prevention of Terrorism laws were being used, but no one should be in any doubt that the police will detain you without charge for as long as they see fit. Eventually, at about half past ten the cops began letting people out. We had to queue for the privilege of being escorted away by police and being subjected to questioning, photographing and in some cases being searched. Yes, this was a humiliating surrender, but by this time we were tired, hungry and in my case desperately needing to have a piss. I told the police who took my name, address, height, description etc. that I had not even done anything to warrant this treatment but that next time I definitely would.

See you on May 1st.

Anomie

Reclaim the Streets NYC



RTS NYC began under the auspices of a giant iron hand- disembodied and reaching out blindly from the side of a hulking office building at union square- and a huge digital clock laid out like a racetrack across the same building, with green numbers that were increasing exponentially; at 2 pm the crowd was gathering, swelling closer to a critical mass. having anticipated a movement south towards the village, a heavy contingency of nypd thugs had taken up glaring positions along 14th street. i would have loved to see their faces once RTS whistles started blowing and the crowd turned north instead and poured down into the union square subway station, where a smiling girl handed out free tokens at the turnstile. thanks to the mta, party-goers, protesters, and assorted culture-jammers were transported quickly and (relatively) coplessly uptown, to that center of fucking consumer culture, TIMES SQUARE. Once above ground again, we ran towards the soundsystem which was waiting in the middle of 44th Street (the exact spot panned every morning by the cameras of the today show), strapped, chained and half-boarded up on the bed of a pickup truck.

tourists froze in their tracks as the heart of times square soon completely filled with madly-dressed denizens thrusting signs and banners and guiliani death masks into the air; there was a massive sea turtle being flaunted asround on someones head and a purple dragon zooming back and forth, WHOSE STREETS? OUR STREETS! and FUCK GUILIANI! chants were clamoring loudly- the only fucked up thing- and this was really unfortunate: was that the soundsystem's tuner went on the fritz and couldn't pick up the transmitter's signal. people were working frantically to get it going, but the technical difficulties might have proved to be a blessing in disguise. while the sound was off, the cops hung back and the crowd was able to completely surround and protect the tripod, which got set up, mounted, and manned no problem. but once the soundsystem got going and began pumping out cataclysmic bass beatz-energizing hundreds of us to dance madly in the streets- the cops came to life and moved in. it's so predictable what happens to cops in that situation: tekno



drives them crazy. as soon as they hear that shit they start to shake they hate it so much. and events unfolded from there as you might imagine: nypd at its finest- cops everywhere with clenched jaws and braced muscles, slamming kids to the cement head first, the ones in uniforms flagrantly yanking people off the sidewalk and arresting them while undercover aids and abetted by shoving kids off the curb from



behind, gangs of cops jackrolling anyone holding a sign or a camera...but you know how it goes. all in all times square was reclaimed, traffic was blocked, and shopping was disrupted for over 45 minutes. janel and jack
http://blackkat23.cjb.net



MAINLINE FM BUST FUND

What's the deal? - Mainline FM, a pirate radio station in Sheffield, was busted by the DTI in December 1998. After a very lengthy trial a successful prosecution was brought against two of its users who were implicated in the bust. The result is heavy fines, fees and costs to pay.

Well, doesn't it serve them right - I mean, pirate radio is illegal? - that's certainly true, but for what reason? What's the actual balance of forces? Of course, we hear about illegal broadcasts interfering with the emergency frequencies or with overflying aeroplanes, but the bulk of pirate stations are busted because they interfere with the process and profits of commercial stations. They are accused of poaching their listeners or muddying the pool of profit through advertising. Mainline FM never ever sought competitive recognition in the pathetic market place of commercial radio, nor did it seek commercial gain, in fact it had a policy of zero advertisement aside from mentioning the odd free party, music event, or Reclaim The Streets type carnival. No, it's closure was prompted by complaints from another local commercial station - just like the previous pirate station in Sheffield was investigated because it was allegedly interfering with Meadowhall FM, a radio station set up entirely for the 'benefit' of those entombed in a giant shopping mall (now there's a subversive opportunity...). What Mainline did was cater for excluded musics to give its handful of listeners shock, surprise and adventure. Not something you get with commercial radio and its dedicated playlists and double glazing advertisements.

So how come the case took 18 months to resolve itself? - because the raid wasn't as clear cut as things normally go, and it was suggested by the defence solicitors that the situation was quite feasibly winnable from a plea of not guilty. This began a long spiral of intense courtroom arguments, and all the time the costs were piling up. So much for professional advice.

So the costs are quite high? - one person has fines of £2950 whilst the other has fines of £850 with legal costs of £2350. Of course the seizure of all the audio equipment on the premises on the night is taken for granted.

How can I help? - basically we're raising and collecting money - so if you can donate or organise a benefit to raise money then brilliant. If you can't but know someone who might be able to help then please pass this message on. Everything helps.

Who do we contact? - One of the prosecuted is the editor of the electronic music magazines 'Autotoxicity' and 'CTRL-ALT-DELETE'. Like most of the passionate small press hobbies, you probably haven't heard of them, but the zines functioned as a space to discuss non-standard music in non-standard ways, to talk about psychogeography and chance photography. While we're on this subject, it is worth mentioning that the long term continuation of these projects depends on successfully raising most of this money. These magazines carry no commercial budget - it's just digital noises transcribed into literary noises. I can be reached by e-mail at the following address ian@carolinenorman.fsnet.co.uk and i'll even send you copies of the zines if you're really interested.

THE CELEBRATION
SPZK
10-11-12 DICEMBRE 1999
DIEI ANNI DI COMUNICAZIONE
DI TRASFORMAZIONE
DI RIVOLTA

tochnit_aleph@anti-social.com
also available through praxis or digi/tal.net

the notorious Hekate sound system with a track of broken industrial electro funk. Betty Bombshell's Parfum de la Concubine smells equally good in a more cryptic atmosphere. DJ Sharee of Jungle Voodoo opens the second side with a smashing amen-fest and finally Hagshadow is making sure there's enough nose on the record with a grinding soundscape of distortion.

Potere Occulto Praxis 25

The history of this record has reached a point when I can't even remember which year it was made. But then the place was more important than the time: a remote mansion in Wales in the autumn. It's wet and green-grey and a welcome time away from London for me. The tracks produced by the Healy bros. and CF are a certain departure point, delve into deconstructed beats and away from the mid-nineties hardcore formula. Breaks, melodies, synths, noises are used, well on the way to the now-present, not sounding out of place, rather matured, in '99 when finally released. Of course a reason for the delay is the ambitious packaging, two 10" records, one black, one white in a cover depicting the Sphinx with George Bush's face, Giulio Andreotti and the Queen Mother meeting for an unholy session in the Masonic temple. The world hangs upside down on the ceiling, three rangers or diggers smoking around the table, a Prussian soldier from the 18th C, donning hammer and sickle. The echoes of dissociative testing practices...

The frictions of secret histories... A screen shot before the moment of truth.

Pure King Kong Pt.2/Katharsis Praxis 26

King Kong Pt.2 is actually the second half of the complete track of over 15 minutes, a technical impossibility to commit to one side of a record at a decent volume; and surely the volume coming out of these grooves deserves to be called terrifying. A special kind of machinic storm mutating the kind of control analogues and drum machine into the kind of monster that i would like to hear at big raves. Fat chance for the moment, but we'll see. Katharsis is a kind of Jackhammer 2000 double speed track of utter relentlessness that fiercely and positively

complements the other side.

Antistatik ASK 03

Down tempo is the word here, but still anchored in the French hardcore tradition (=occasional outbreak of double speed bass drum). Diving, rough & ready breakcore terror on the opening track, mild steppers and fierce groovers go hand in hand, a hard hitting and positively surprising release.

QNU 4

Continues in the vein of its precursors in combining tuned-up breaks with 4/4 hardcore bass drums. Of course there was a time in Dutch gabber that employed a similar recipe, but this is distinctly different, positively more chaotic, lost it and of a much more anarchic energy, it's all a little drunk and shaky and we prefer it like that. Here the breaks are not as ill-fitting as they occasionally were on some of the earlier releases which makes this record a more solid affair.

Index 01

Excellent dragging, abstract, but still funky mid-tempo broken beat in the finest Italian school produced by East of France based producer-DJ Joker, following up his previous releases on Uncivilised World and SixShooter. Carefully produced - with a certain element of Electro lingering on, but far from revivalism - these live tracks, plus 3 short 'moments' are definitely worth tracking down. Recommended.

SPH 02

Tuned down voices growling, drones, then a breakbeat leading deeper into this most cryptic exercise of the new French break sound. Almost ritualistic, but at the same time very much a dancefloor track in my book is the flip side. Discover!

Tryps Coniks 001 Hypnoise 1-2000

Coming from Toulouse these two first releases are linked to the long standing fanzine 45+8, the Tryps Coniks 12" features an A-side of hip go grooves, complemented by two hardcore/speedcore tracks on the flip. The feel is not entirely unlike a Deathchant record. The double 12" compilation deceptively - a somewhat commercial move - starts from firmly 'hard tek' waters to embark on an increasingly speedcore oriented journey over a total of 9 tracks by Angstom, Enthrall and others, mostly solid hardcore.

Venetian Snares Greg Hates Our Culture (History of the Future 003)

From Winnipeg, Canada, Venetian Snares is probably the brightest new flame on the 'breakcore' scene, and this is a good introduction featuring 7 tracks, as well as good prelude to the soon to be released e.p. on Zhark. Discipline and chaos collide in extravagant patterns. Damn, he even sampled Divine declaring "Kill everyone now!" from Pink Flamingos (I'm too slow). While his more recent tracks (see Zhark) seem to be entirely break-based, some of these here feature a 4-4 kick, but always well integrated, always worthwhile. Watch out!

La Peste (Hangars Liquides 013)

After the quite excellent HL005 label owner La Peste is back with a 2 track ep that is more hypnotic and trippy in that each side hosts an extended track. On the a side amorphous speedcore leads us closer to dawn at a teknival, the beats occasionally breaking out, a monotonous synth turning round and round in your head.

Umkra Gaasperlas 14H / Foire Aux Gliers Myz6 002

Part of the trend to use more breaks and stepping ele-

X-POP3-Rcpt: praxis@stella
Date: Wed, 12 Jul 2000 17:09:55 +0100
From: rach
X-Accept-Language: de
MIME-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/html; charset=us-ascii
Content-Disposition: inline; list=@widerstand.org; list=@widerstand.org; list=@widerstand.org

luck parade reports

so i am surprised that there has not been one report yet about this.... i know there were alot of c8 list members there.... are you all still blown away? i surely am, but i guess its time to send in a little report.

First off, let me start by saying that this was such an exceptional music experience, one which leaves me wondering how and why i have spent years (literally) without parties like this happening. It was wonderful to meet all of you, and i hope we can do it again sometime, somewhere, somehow. Thursday night's warm-up party at the Maria was more than a little confusing. With a line-up that large i knew not everyone would play and unfortunately this was the case. 2 floors that host a wide variety of acts with 2 decent sound systems can't be that bad though, can it? The attendance was a little lacking but it was cool to see some of the regular little crews like those sweet young grind core boys, and a bunch of people from out of town. 2 girls (don't know their names) played an old-school break set which rocked the place while they MCed over it and got the crowd going. DeBabalon actually showed up and actually played, which is always a pleasure, and his set got really twisted and dark i must say. Basti from the Society Suckers followed up the girl's set upstairs with a cool breaks and madness set....but i have to say i was looking forward to hearing Eiterherd and that just didn't happen since there were too many people booked. Other acts that didn't get time to play were Low Entropy and Black Jewish Gays. Maybe next time? Friday night was sure to be a bit of a headache, but one i was ready to endure just to see Eiterherd and Post-Core finally play - this time at a gabba party at the Stellwerk. They were booked at 3 am so we showed up at 2:30, much too early unfortunately. They moved his set to 4 am and then to 4:30. I couldn't stand this one-dimensional gabba shit any longer. I mean gimme some speedcore anyway over this slow bogus boredom. This sound was so old and dead i decided to take off before the set i longed to check out happened but i had a feeling it wasn't gonna go down with the gabba crew too well anyways. As it happens, Eiterherd finally got to play at 5:30 but he was harassed by gabbas screaming at him, then had the power cut in the middle of his set and had the manager of the club come and say she couldn't take his sound any longer, so she was stopping the party. Fortunately there was a gabba live act waiting to go on, so they got the party to continue which was lucky for Eiterherd or else he probably would've gotten he ass kicked by the gabbas who still wanted to party.

Saturday brought on the final climax of this wicked weekend with a party in the street, hence parade, that really blasted me. At this point i must bow down and thank Christoph Winkler of Klangkrieg for being the ultimate mad-man, an incredible genius - really. The head of the parade was led by the Klangkrieg truck. It was the smallest truck, with the largest system, it must have been about 10-15 K with super clear sound and only the, most brutal shit played on it. The first tone was serious harsh shit and it continued with sets by Winkler himself, Panacea, me and CF, DJ Scud, the Berzkerker, Basti from the Suckers, and Noize Creator. The whole thing had a most extreme MC - don't know his name, that had the most killer style of grindcore meets raggas in hell. The event continued later at the Insel - and this really was a serious party. The first few hours were boring as luk since some gabbas had to DJ, but at least that left time for people to buy records from CF and the infamous Joel Ameritto. Once again i have to thank Winkler for sorting us out with really proper amounts of free drink tickets, and a killer system to play on. The night got interesting with the last of the gabbas to play that evening, this kid Sonic Dragaloo from Japan. I have never seen anything so strange as this utterly nerdy Japanese guy with large white framed elton john looking glasses - shoulder length feathered hair and a shirt with teddy bears on it, holding up a japanese flag and shouting over a DAT with a completely unharsh voice. Comic relief it certainly was. Next up was the Rotator Kids and Kids Return from the Peace Off crew from France. This was great - fucked up breaks and distorted funk, 2 computers and a DJ. They rocked the house and crowd was into it. Next were me and CF - we opened up with "the Fire is the Center" Nomex track and then i faded in my own live set. Played 3 new tracks live off my Akai and mixer to a really excited crowd and then went in back with Fringeli and Djed with him for another half an hour. The Berzkerker followed up our set with his brutal death/grind core set - one hour of extreme vocals and heavy guitar ridden breaks and hardcore. Panacea - or should i say Poser-cea played next. I mean his sound was cool, harsh stepping stuff, but this guy needs to hear his name over and over which really killed the whole thing. How many times do we need to hear "this is Panacea-cea-ee"? Finally Scud came and wrecked the shit... Frequencies like this should be illegal since they left my ears almost bleeding (even with earplugs) but his combination of breaks and noise can't be matched. He even got an actual mosh-pit happening to Just Pogo and this made my night complete. Laurent Ho went on at around 6 and we packed up and went home with huge smiles on our faces....

Sunday brought on some more hanging out with the "international underground" crews, everyone with ringing ears and a feeling of elation which is nice for a change. later-rachael

X-POP3-Rcpt: praxis@stella
X-Sender: j101067@mail-in.foice.net
Date: Thu, 13 Jul 2000 00:19:13 +0200
To: newz-list@widerstand.org, c8@mail.ameth.org, p1@mail.ameth.org, gabber@hyperrreal.org, fuckparade@egroups.com, riot-soundz@egroups.com From: Soenke Moehl
<soenke.moehl@foice.net> Mime-Version: 1.0
Subject: [p1] fuckparade weekend diary
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X-Mailman-Version: 1.0
Precedence: bulk
List-Id: priority-one<p1@mail.ameth.org>
X-Beta: There: p1@mail.ameth.org

thursday: gerald&baze djunkiii drove me from hamburg to berlin(thanx!) where we were supposed to play at the fuckparade-warmup-party at the mana. in the evening we arrived in berlin and they dropped me at christoph&rachael's place where i slept at the weekend, later i went with them to the maria. the party was supposed to start at 22:00 but did not do so before 23:00... the party was also quite over-booked, the artists were booked with 3 floors in mind but the maria only had 2 floors available! anyway, the party started with gerald djung on the 2nd floor... he played some cool breakcore stuff - many classic tracks from the likes of ambush/dhr... quite nice! after him baze djunkiii played, cant remember what he played but i think it was breakcore too. then trauma XP played some

K O S O V O
 One of the central events of 1999 was the conflict and then war in the then Yugoslav province of Kosovo. The dissolution of the Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia has happened over the last decade with Slovenia, Croatia, Bosnia and Macedonia becoming internationally recognised sovereign countries. Montenegro and Kosovo were the last non-Serb provinces and the last obstacles to a Balkans divided along ethnic lines.

Why, many people have asked, have people who - seemingly at least - lived together for decades suddenly decided to kill and rape their neighbours and reclaim ethnically cleansed territories as their national states? Of course nationalism hadn't entirely disappeared under Tito's communist rule, but it didn't seem to play a decisive role. After the liberation from German occupation and the defeat of the fascist Croatia regime, the Socialist Federal Republic was declared, and soon after a break with Stalin occurred. Tito and Milovan Djilas introduced workers councils in the factories in 1950, making Yugoslavia in effect the only progressive communist country, multi-national and ostensibly with worker's control over the means of production. This model had a fundamental flaw - that it was introduced by the Party from above - and didn't survive the new-found friendship with the Soviet Union after Stalin's death. Djilas, who believed in the council system, spent years in prison. Still Tito tried to steer a course between east and west. Economic problems in the 60's and 70's were essentially offset by hundreds of thousands of Yugoslavians becoming "guest workers" in West Germany and other countries.

Only in the 1980's the economic system of Yugoslavia started crumbling and the state was only kept afloat with massive loans from the International Monetary Fund (IMF). IMF policies generally have an implementation of capitalist "free market" economies as their goal. In this period there was mounting social unrest. A breakdown seemed inevitable. With much help from the west, especially Germany, nationalist forces were encouraged at the expense of a possible development of class struggle, and breakaway republics like Slovenia and Croatia were recognised by German foreign minister Genscher before anyone else. In the meantime a nationalist clique around Slobodan Milosevic consolidated their power in rump-Yugoslavia, which by the mid-90's consisted only of Serbia, Montenegro and Kosovo.

Encouraged by the developments Kosovar-Albanian nationalists increased their pressure to be able to form an independent state, and eventually took up arms against what they perceived as their Serb oppressors. The ensuing guerrilla war saw groups of nationalists under the header of the "Kosovo Liberation Army" or UCK, as we shall see not a homogenous "army" as such, on the one side and Yugoslav, by then identified as Serbian, police as well as paramilitary groups, and later the federal army on the other side.

This conflict became increasingly fierce and bloody. There were reports of massacres and "ethnic cleansing". No doubt, atrocities were committed, but what made it different from other conflicts within a country where an ethnic minority tries to create its own state, as there are a number of national-revolutionary movements even in Western Europe such as in the Basque country? What tipped the balance into the broad acceptance that NATO would have a right and duty to intervene? "Srebrenica was the turning point", German foreign minister Fischer (Green Party) said. Srebrenica was portrayed as a modern "Auschwitz", where 30'000 Bosnian Muslims were killed by "The Serbs" in 1995. This event served as an important tool for justification of the NATO bombing campaign. It was claimed that the same was happening in Kosovo. In order to prevent the mad dictator "Slobba" Milosevic "Hitler" to create "another Auschwitz", Belgrade had to be bombed. We were expected to accept this interpretation, and on the whole it seemed to work. Didn't Fischer's party have enough anti-war credentials that it needed the real danger of a new fascism to turn them into warmongers? Also the other main-players in Europe were Social-democrat governments: Britain, France, Italy.

Of course the instrumentalisation of the Nazi Holocaust in comparing it with the alleged Serb ethnic cleansing was as scandal, but only the Jewish organisations objected to this. Even if there had been tens of thousands of people killed, even if there had been an active policy of ethnic cleansing by the Serbian state, it was totally inappropriate to compare it to the massive industrialised killing of millions of Jews, Roma, Homosexuals, Communists and others in the death camps during the final years of the second world war, perpetrated by the German state as a planned and conscious action. The new Germany is interested that the crimes of its precursor-regime are looked at as historically relative, comparable to other crimes perpetrated today; one obstacle to Germany becoming a world power again disappears

But was it even true?
 Let's look at Srebrenica 1995. First there were 30'000 dead, a number still used by the German war minister Scharping to justify the bombing, then there were eventually 7'076 persons missing, but

despite intensive searching only 480 bodies were found. What happened to the other bodies? When there were similar problems in Kosovo - the numbers of the dead that the media reported and the actual number of corpses did not match at all - some people tried to suggest that the evil Serbs had done away with the bodies - with the Sunday Times suggesting the Serbs had dissolved them in acid! Closer to the truth is that Red Cross came up with the number of 8'000 missing, but conceded at the time that many on their lists could have been mentioned more than once. Also, as early as the July 18 1995 the "New York Times" (one week after Srebrenica fell into Serb hands) reported that "between three and four thousand Bosnian Muslims who have been listed as missing by the UN, made their way through enemy lines onto Bosnian territory..." When the Red Cross learned about this exodus they stated that they were not allowed by the Bosnian authorities to verify and this was why people who survived could not be taken off the lists. It also emerged that 500 people had already been dead before the "massacre", and that 3'016 people who were on the missing list were on the electoral register one year later - in Srebrenica. Propaganda and rumours... even more missing turned up, and statements of people who had been taken prisoners by the Serbs and hadn't been maltreated, let alone massacred, were duly ignored by the western media. A number of 480 dead has to be expected to be found in a city after such hard fighting, in no way are they proof for a Holocaust...

Srebrenica is by no means the only example where real or invented bodies were used to justify the subsequent attacks on Serbs. One example is that Republican members of the "Task Force on Terrorism & Unconventional Warfare" of the US senate confirmed Russian news agency reports that another massacre in August 1995 had in fact been perpetrated by Mujaheddin in collusion with western secret services, and had been used as a pretext for bombing Plane, the then capital of the Bosnian Serbs. So not only are there bodies missing, sometimes even the present ones seem to have been killed by the "good" side.

Also not entirely clear is the story behind the deaths of the "massacre of Racak" which was the decisive event for the start of the 1999 Kosovo air campaign. Strangely, according to the "New York Times", Madeleine Albright knew about a "key event" that would change US policy a day before the 45 bodies were found on January 16 1999. The dead were in civilian clothing. The Yugoslav authorities claimed they were UCK fighters that had been dressed in civilian clothing. Nato commentators viewed it as the proof that the Serbs' lust for murder had to be stopped. US-"observer" William Walker told TV cameras, that this was the most horrific thing he'd ever seen. His previous career

so far included 1985-88 working with the Nicaraguan Contras as vice-State Secretary for Central America. Then he was US-ambassador in El Salvador and coordinated the collaboration of CIA and Death Squads. A credible witness? No doubt, 45 people had found violent deaths. But had they been massacred as an organised effort by the Yugoslav police to "ethnically cleanse" the village? Or had they died in the fighting, and their bodies collected to create a horror-scenario with a guaranteed devastating effect on public opinion, as "Le Monde" suggested, based on reports and filmed material of AFP journalists who were present during the fighting? (These were questions that weren't asked in the German press... and elsewhere)

If we examine the facts there is little left that explains the massive bombing campaign in the official reasoning, i.e. the supposedly "Humanitarian War". German Chancellor Gerhard Schröder came up with an even greater verbal distortion: "We are not conducting a war, but we are called to push through a peaceful solution for Kosovo with military means."

Whatever they wanted to call it, Germans, British and Americans were eager to bomb. Why?

We have seen that - despite killings, even "atrocities" - there is hardly the evidence for the humanitarian intervention that according to its own propaganda needed systematic genocidal slaughter to justify itself. In reality the main NATO powers had very different reasons to get involved, and to be so keen. After 1989 - the year of the breakdown of the 'Eastern Bloc' - there has been clearly shifting relations between the Western powers. Their unity in the times of the Cold War against the Soviet Union and its allies and satellites proved artificial and increasingly outdated. A strong tendency in the European ruling classes wants to build a European power bloc with more independence from the United States, a power bloc under the leadership of the French and the Germans. Power meaning military as well as economic power. Currently the US Army and the US Dollar are the strongest in their fields. The introduction of the Euro is one important step towards a direct competition with the States, also the European Union was early on conceived by some people as a "United States of Europe". The US understandably are slightly worried about such develop-

Sandbenders - Sisters ep
 Defect records are part of a wider small label scene around the Frankfurt area - encompassing Hal9000, Super8, Neon, Sport - and focussing on electro tracks that cement the genre as a highly clinical domain. Sisters takes a dry, shuffling break in and out of a massive string sound folding in bass and synths. Raw, funky and laidback electro - better than the Haag sound through its reluctance to attention - from and for the practitioners.

Mause and Stolle - ep 3 Berghelm 34
 Klang keep the faith with 2 killer releases. M&S lay out an ocean of dub electronics that fill a room quicker than the spread of idle chatter at an 'electronic event' whilst Berghelm 34 destroys genre pinning with 6 tracks of vapid activity reminding me of Cabaret Voltaire's 2x45.

Ersatz Audio 8
 'A History Of Tomorrow' is crowned by Kii Builders with a chilling synth break that stomps on you with 80's shoes for forgetting it in the first place, add a couple of careening vocal dissections and you have a heavy duty track. The other 3 tracks are unable to pull away from the retro-futurist tag - Gerhard DeLuxe continues his New Order tribute, Percepts complete a B-Movie b-side whilst Adult sound like they got lost somewhere inside Scarborough's Futurist Theatre when Classix Nouveau did their famous NME photo shoot there. The building still remains, but it seems the memories are being forced back upon us.

Ersatz Audio 9
 This time its Adult who try to sustain interest in revised 80's electronics. Well, maybe not. These tracks nudge closer to Tresor with only a tokenistic whiff of twee-ness and Human League chords. Different, but equally abhorrent as the worst of the current bland electro expressions.

Tidal Wave 7 - Substage
 Split 7 firmly rooted in the

Some Bizarre pop bal-ladeering, making the joins from the past to the future so smooth that they become their own object of fascination. Tom Flair's 'Splendid' runs close to the euro new wave of Gina X whilst Brian White's 'Angela 2100' has an almost gothic feel with marching drum boxes, an embarrassed bass loop that could well be from a March Violets track, and distant vocals.

Electro Juice Volume 2
 Sabotage smell their back catalogue into an asphalt dancelloor and launch the Substage imprint with a post populist electro compilation. Electro Juice 2 contains some of the better producers on the scene - technical boundary pushers who steal from the past to forge a grid of alternative futures. However, laid end-to-end like this it also indicates some of the bankruptcy in the scene. Highlights include the taut electronics of Sandbenders and Bannlust, the septic techno of DJ Glow, Vic20's Basildon version of Assault on Precinct 13, adult's searing critique? celebration? of aesthetic sterility. Lesser lights include the big beat numbers, the automated whimsy of Perspects, Ferenc and co. going through the motions with a discohuman-league cut. The best is saved till the last - 'The Glide' uses Right Said Fred(reich) vocals and euro pop pulp to haunt Midge Ure for turning Vienna into a laughing stock in the first place.
all reviews above by Dorothy Matrix

Cavage 03
 Starting off with a wonderful Somatic Responses track, nicely programmed broken beats and a beautiful synth-line - at last some happy music that I like (what do you say about that John & Paul?). Next UHT is remixing Limbolic Arts, to be followed by an outro to side a from Disco Mugwump, betraying an obsession with William S. Burroughs, also by using the incredible "Towers Open Fire" spoken word bit. I don't think this is sacrilegious, but you simply can't make a track good

Are You A Homewrecker?

Take this quiz and find out...

- 1) You are
 - a) Pro-choice
 - b) Pro-life
- 2) You have broken how many beds?
 - a) 0
 - b) 1
 - c) 2-3
 - d) 4+
- 3) The abbreviation ISP is most used for the term
 - a) Immaculate Spirtual Protection
 - b) Internet Service Provider
 - c) Intermittent Sexual Perversion
 - d) International Socialist Party
- 4) If you had to be stuck on a remote Amazonian island with one of these women, which would you choose?
 - a) Madeline Albright
 - b) Tura Satana
 - c) Christina Ricci
 - d) Yma Sumac
- 5) Ciccolina is...
 - a) a perfume
 - b) a type of Latin dance craze
 - c) a cocktail
 - d) an Italian porn star turned politician

- 6) CD audio is usually at...
 - a) 22.05k/16 bit/stereo
 - b) 44.1k/8 bit/mono
 - c) 100k/32 bit/stereo
 - d) 44.1/16 bit/stereo
- 7) Homewrecking is ...
 - a) a rush
 - b) an experimental approach to existing
 - c) a global movement
 - d) all of the above
- 8) Cosey Fanni Tutti is..
 - a) a bubblegum flavor
 - b) a type of women-only Greek dance
 - c) a new diet plan
 - d) one of the first women in noise music

9) What takes up more memory (RAM)?

enough, or simply suitable for this text - it is its own track (released on the "Minutes to Go" compilation on Interior Music in 1987, recorded in the early 60's). In that respect I don't think this piece is successful, even though I like it, but would prefer it without the vocal. Side b opens with a collaboration of UHT with No Tek (where the fuck is a new No Tek record?), two of the best french projects in my eyes; the result is a psyched out slow groove. On the next "Cliquez Ici Pour

Commander" track Saoulaterre is morphing out even more (using a bit of the same Burroughs sample again). Subutex Fourgettes and UHT add Acid Mammouth, tearing down sounds to a prehistoric platform deep underground.

UHT Love Me, Feed Me, Drug Me, Kill Me NDE 1
 After the OBE (Out of Body Experience)

EXTENSIVE TESTING

- a) audio
 - b) video
 - c) images
 - d) text
- 10) Margaret Portere was..
 - a) an innovative film maker.
 - b) a young girl who committed patricide in the 1920's, then killed herself.
 - c) a famous French prostitute/artist's muse from the 1800's.
 - d) a writer from the 1300's who wrote texts in support of the Movement of the Free spirit, which led to execution.

TRUE OR FALSE?

- 11) Toast CD writing software degrades the audio signal.
 T or F
 - 12) The HWF is the first ever woman only electronic record label.
 T or F
 - 13) Women get paid as much as their male peers.
 T or F
 - 14) Rosa Parks is a woman who fought for civil rights.
 T or F
 - 15) MIDI is a sound generator.
 T or F
 - 16) The San Blas Islands are run under a matriarchal system.
 T or F
 - 17) Women generally hear higher frequencies than men.
 T or F
- answers on page 35

release reviewed in the last issue comes Near Death Experience from the mind of Boris Domalain (Cavage, Saoulaterre, see interview last issue). Again an excellent release, maybe more consistent than OBE, he shows a variety of approaches to hard techno, breaks and speedcore with depth and great care in production, and a great use of VST plug-ins. The manic speedcore of "Drugstore Cowboy" is nicely juxtaposed with the slow groove and atmospheric

Praxis + Break/Flow
'Communist' Seven Inch
Product Blueprint

Side A Cornelius Cardew: Smash
Smash The Social Contract
Side B Royal Family & The Poor:
Vaneigem Mix

(Could have cut-up readings from Marx
(see over) as small tracks on either side to be recorded as layers with different amounts of echo and with Eastenders on in the background and including repeating turntable samples of Scritti Politti's politico-pop hit 'Wood Beez' - particularly the lines "Oh lets forget our ownership" and "There's nothing I wouldn't do not to meet with your approval" as punctuation between quotes?)

Cover : Bright Red

Front image : Hammer and Sickle in black (inverted i.e. wrong way or negative of it)
in small text: "Communists of the world unite you have nothing to loose except your aversion to culture"

Back image : Godard still of actor holding up a magazine face in front of his own face or still of revolutionary meeting from La Chinoise.

in small text: "Maoists of the world unite you have nothing to loose except your aversion to Godard"

run-off texts: "Bourgeois of the world unite you have nothing to loose except your romantic idealisation of the working class" (Cardew Side)

"Workers of the world unite you have nothing to loose except your aversion to revolutionaries" (Royal Family side)

A5 Text insert: Small cryptic paragraph on front.

On back document of First International or record manufacturing invoice?

label art: simple small text of track titles printed white on black?.

**** No INFO, or contact numbers, completely anonymous, small run of 100. ****

Text Insert Idea

This record comes to you with halve a nod to both Bob Lasts (the fast and the kitsch) and the half of a Tony Wilson and in honour of all those who turned the lights out in '75. From Cardew's misguided sincerity to the Royal Family's berating of the manufactured wreckage this is our winter of discontent (a desiring content). Forget the crass-clash and scratch out the academy (pop stars dissolve anyway). So forging is really the prop of affect. Built from scraps and adapted, adopted and averse. Product too it is made on downtime. Stolen out of the interstices of production with the accent on a re-appropriation of the means of expression (cheers to the High Point C-Wing Massive ... those Negri nights took us back to Skank Block Bologna... or should we say, in words that are hardly completely our own: "access to the means of production creates an upsurge in the means of expression"). It is if so this seven incher been made possible by exploiting those macho music industry postures that deal in such large sums (scums) that the sum stole here (we have contacts in the pressing plants) passes by the blurred vision of a plied-drunk auditor (super strength larger is only second to football in always making those cunts feel so working class). Voluntary proletarianisation is a bourgeois past-time. Class can be a mode of subjectivisation. Violence is in a glass but it's in words too. And music. With such tools we have a history. A discontent given anonymous to you in solidarity with the wedges of samizdat that were barely waged and never granted. Jump you fucker. We're back. Recirculating history with the terror of hindsight. Too powerful mistaken tracks.

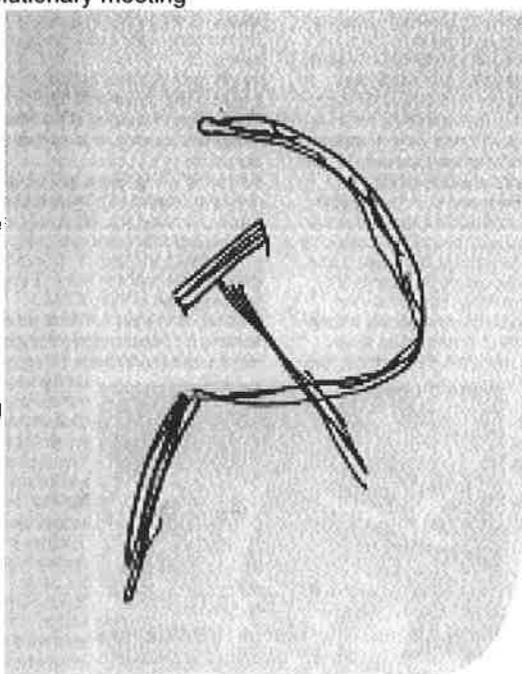
Marx Quotes Contenders

(from Selected Writings :

Bottomore/Rubel, Pelican 1961)
Italisation added for reading emphais. comments added in square brackets

"It follows from the whole proceeding analysis [a track can be an

analysis] that the communal relationship into which the individuals of a class entered [as punters], and which was determined by their common interests over against a third party [promoters], was always a community to which these individuals belonged only as *average individuals*, only in so far as they lived within the conditions of existence of their class [adopting passive subjective coordinates ... refusing to be expressed... conflating knowledge with another's power]. It was a relationship in which they participated not as *individuals* but as members of a class [undifferentiated and non-autonomous]. But with the community of revolutionary proletarians [re: post-media operators], who establish their control over the conditions of existence of themselves and the other members of society [at least, for now, the expressive portion of creative networks], it is just the reverse: *the individuals participate as individuals*. It is just this combination of individuals (assuming of course the *advanced level of modern productive forces* [MP3, Laptop, printers, postings etc]) which brings the conditions for the free development and activity of individuals *under their own control*, conditions which were formerly abandoned to *chance* [random contacts... the hidden third... mystical operations] and which had acquired an *independent existence over against the separate individuals* [the mediating activity of the media and the academy ... a divorcement from engagement in their own process...a reification that alienated them from their own power as they conformed to the demonisation of power as negative *per se*].



(242)

"The realm of freedom only begins, in fact, where that labour which is determined by need and external purpose ceases; it is therefore, by its very nature, outside the sphere of material production proper"

(259)

"The total product of our community is a social product" (256)

"A class must be formed which has *radical chains*, a class in civil society which is not a class of civil society, a class which is the dissolution of all classes, a sphere of society which has a universal character because its sufferings are universal, and which does not claim a *particular redress* because the wrong which is done to it is not a *particular wrong* but *wrong in general*. There must be formed a sphere of society which claims no *traditional status* but only a *human status*, a sphere which is not opposed to particular consequences but is totally opposed to the assumptions of the (...) political system, a sphere finally which cannot emancipate itself without emancipating itself from all the other spheres of society, without therefore emancipating all these other spheres, which is, in short, a total loss of humanity and which can only redeem itself by a total redemption of humanity."

(190)

ments because they fear losing their leadership role in the (not only western) world.

For them a NATO campaign under their leadership would cement the trans-atlantic unity and emphasize who's boss. The British under Tony Blair are going along with this - they are not particularly interested in a Europe within which they would play second fiddle to the Germans, they want to keep the status quo and be the faithful ally of the Americans in Europe.

The Germans however had a different reason to be keen on bombing: For them it was the historic opportunity to be back amongst the great nations who are in a position to wage war. For them the agenda of the US and Britain was secondary, the fact to have German troops in combat again was highest on their agenda and served their imperial aspirations best, regardless if they happened to be pro- or anti-American members of the establishment. The French and the Italians had the least to gain, but still played along, showing how "up for it" they were.

All the above shared certain agendas too: Especially a humiliation of the Russians - traditionally allied to the Serbs - who were shown their place in the new world order: Not amongst the mighty. But also the UN was by-passed, pointing to another conflict, this time mainly between the Americans and the United Nations, within which 'Third World' nations have become "too powerful". Republican-controlled Congress has been stalling US dues (millions of Dollars are owed) to the UN for years now, due to the policy of the UN to provide information on birth control, including abortion.

All the above also seem to agree on the plan to redivide Europe along ethnic lines.

Despite the mountains of corpses the Western politicians were phantasing, there had to be an attempted diplomatic solution: The conference at Rambouillet. If the real aim was peace, isn't it strange that the conditions for signing were made so unacceptable to the Serbs - they included free movement of NATO troops in the whole of Yugoslavia - in fact they were harsher than the conditions after the bombing. According to some Italian reports the Yugoslav delegation even agreed to sign some of the "impossible" paragraphs, but the Kosovo-Albanian delegation (UCK) refused. It can be assumed that within the colourful bunch referred to in the British media as KLA most were in favour of an escalation of the civil war into a full scale NATO-led attack on Serbia.

Who were/are the UCK/KLA? The media generally described them as a freedom fighters. Even on the supposedly radical left some - while opposing the NATO air strikes - advocated the arming of the KLA (for example the CPB "Stop Nato Bombing - Arm the KLA" slogan for the European Election). This betrayed a fundamentally uninformed view.

The UCK (I stick to their real initials here) started around 1992 but it was only in the last couple of years that they became more active, until the end of 1998 it was dominated by the German secret service, the BND, while the Americans tried to build up their own Armed Forces of the Republik Kosovo. The leader of the FARK was assassinated by the UCK in Tirana on Sept.18 1998, which led the CIA to change focus and make a successful attempt in taking over the UCK leadership. This happened when Hashim Thaci took over from Adem Demaci. But even then there were two Kosova "Prime Ministers", Thaci and Bujar Bukoshi who resides in Bonn. Bukoshi is said to control the 'taxes' collected from exiled Kosovars, about £3.5m yearly from Germany alone. When Thaci took over Bukoshi refused to hand over the money, but Thaci is said to control the UCK income from organised crime. The main branch here is the control of the heroin route through the Balkans into Western Europe.

Ideologically there are three factions within the UCK: A National-Communist one, consisting of followers of the late Stalinist dictator of Albania, Enver Hoxha, whose son Sokol is said to be a big shot on the black markets, whose secret services were instrumental in setting up the UCK and who are still dominating it, then there are a Islamic-Fundamentalist and a Fascist wing. The Fascists are said to originate from the exiled community in the States, including former Nazi-collaborators and members of the SS-Division "Skanderberg" who escaped after the war to the US with the help of the CIA. According to Mossad the fundamentalists are financed from Afghanistan, Iran, and by Bin Laden, who is rumoured to control the Albanian-Islamic Bank.

This was the reason that Mossad supported the Yugoslavian side (with intelligence and military electronics): They fear an Islamic "Greater Albania". Sounds phantastic? Under pressure from the US Bosnia had to expell 300 Mudjaheddin in 1997... but they were not all the Muslim fighters and mercenaries, many of which are now engaged with the UCK.

When NATO made every grave into a mass grave and every killing a massacre, and later turned schools, homes and hospitals into "legitimate military targets", journalists didn't ask questions but broadcast the official line. After all they were supplied with ample amount of corpses, and whoever doubted the "humanitarian" aims of Clinton, Blair and their henchmen obviously was in league with the fascist genocidal regime in Belgrade.

When NATO admitted that they had attacked the hospital of Sudurlica on purpose because it was a barrack disguised as a hospital, no journalist complained even after a visit to the civilian dead. When the BBC reported of the streets of Vucitrn being "full of corpses" it was based on a report that had actually spoken of one body and the place being full of Serbian police. Not-so-subtle differences that served as important justifications.

Few journalists said anything when the TV station in Belgrade was bombed and destroyed. About two days in advance CNN headquarters in Atlanta warned their people who left the building with their gear intact. Then they invited Yugoslav minister of the Interior Aleksander Vucic to appear on Larry King Live. He was told to show up an hour early, but he was late. If he had been on time, he would have been killed by the bombardment. The make-up girl is dead. CNN says the timing was accidental.

Besides this girl hundreds of others have knowingly been sacrificed for the "Moral Crusade".

This story gets even more sinister

though when we take into account recent information that the Pentagon had five Psypop interns working at CNN (see <http://www.nettime.org/nettime.w3archive/> [cnn and the pentagon, posting from 21-3-2000]). This suggests an entanglement and control of the media by the state and/or the military that we know from 'totalitarian' regimes. CNN is protesting their objectivity, and after having to admit the presence of the psypop interns, insist that they had no influence over the stories and reports. As for objectivity: what about Christiane Amanpour, "CNN's leading foreign correspondent and a woman whose reports about the fate of Kosovar refugees did much to fan public appetite for NATO's war, has been in bed with the spokesman for the US State Department, and a leading propagandist for NATO during that war, her husband James Rubin" (quote from Counterpunch, who broke the story about the interns - and whose website seems impossible to dial up at the moment).

The more we apply a magnifying glass to disentangle the Kosovo-complex, the more we are swamped with the debris of power politics under the gloss of moralistic rhetoric. The most worrying aspect is that it seems to have worked. Resistance against the war was even weaker than during the Gulf War, and often confused. Even now that Nato are under more investigation, and have even been found out to doctor evidence in the case of the bombing of a bridge where a train was destroyed and 55 civilians killed (a massacre that could have been easily technically averted), there is still a widely perceived moral difference of the atrocities perpetrated by Nato and the Yugoslavs, Nato's being seen as the 'collateral damage' or regrettable distortions in an otherwise clean campaign. Like Schröder the information-managers of this complex are as violent towards language as towards people. The refugee-trails so cynically used to justify the air-attacks were largely caused by these same attacks.

While a lot of feel-good pacifists were convinced that the beastiality of Milosevic deserved to be answered with heavy bombardment, a lot of the left remained confused about the ostensible absence of direct economic gains. In the meantime hundreds of thousands lost their homes and livelihood in Kosovo and Serbia. For the time being Albright, Blair, Schröder and others seem to have fulfilled their brutal agenda. The Serbs and the Russians have to dench their fist and accept defeat. For the moment - the merciless shelling of Grosny proves that Moscow aims to demonstrate it's not entirely impotent in the imperialist game.

One year has passed since the beginning of the bombing. Kosovo has since been largely ethnically cleansed of Serbs, Roma and Jews. 80 Serb churches have been destroyed, an attempt to culturally eliminate them from Kosovo, a place after all of great importance to their cultural/national heritage. The KFOR occupation is bound to last, the UCK has been officially dissolved, but substitute practically the Kosovo police force now. So far 2108 bodies have officially been found from the Serb "genocide", a total of about 5'000 Albanian civilians are said to be killed in the course of the conflict, again considerably less than the hundreds of thousands that were used to justify the war. In Serbia itself about 2'000 civilians were killed by the NATO attacks, and 6'000 injured. 200 factories and powerplants, 190 schools, 50 hospitals and 50 bridges were destroyed. NATO flew 31'529 attacks. NATO says they killed or injured 10'000 Yugoslav soldiers, but the damage in material is not clear. Some estimates speak of only a few dozen destroyed tanks, some of hundreds. What is clear is that Serbia is an economically destroyed country, and that its autocratic regime has been strengthened: After all the worst Anti-NATO propaganda seemed to become true in 78 nights of bombing terror.

We on the other hand have to precisely look at these entanglements to understand what is only one aspect of the 'New World Order' and its mechanisms. Other aspects are the functions of the WTO, the IMF etc., other aspects are the way finance capitalism operates, and what role spectacular culture plays. We have to link various levels of discussion and insights to find strategies against the new imperialisms. Understanding NATO's war should add new urgency to this international struggle.

CF

NEW AGE POLICING

Biology is Ideology

In 1999, as *Datacide* readers are sure to remember, JFK's son John Junior joined the family of Dead Kennedys, flying his light aircraft straight down into the Atlantic. Mystery surrounded this terrible event at first, until an Israeli geneticist set our minds at rest. The Kennedy family, he explained, probably carries a *risk gene*, which drove poor John Jr, like his father, to tempt fate once too often.

The ridiculous dilettante's violent death wasn't the only enigma recently solved by genetic research. A 'genius gene' was found by scientists administering electric shocks to mice, while the gene supposedly responsible for sexual infidelity was discovered by a team working with two species of mole. A 'long-term study on a group of 120 depressed Canadians' identified a 'suicide gene': patients carrying it can now be 'watched more closely than the others' (1.). In the wider field of biology, a savant who had looked at 1,500 pictures in the National Portrait Gallery announced that women are more likely than men (68 per cent against only 54 per cent) to turn the left side



NEW AGE POLICING

Biology is Ideology

of their face toward a painter or photographer, because the right is 'the more emotional' (and therefore feminine) side of the brain. This breakthrough was illustrated in *The Independent* with a row of head-and-shoulders portraits: half a dozen women turning to their right and Einstein looking left.

This eagerness to make sense of the world through primitively wielded biology is rich in comic potential. Yet it also appears more threateningly in the latest refinements of Police Science. The criminal justice system no longer pretends to be concerned solely with detection and punishment of particular crimes. As in the 'Health Sector' and 'the world of work', increasing emphasis is laid on monitoring *potentially* disruptive bodies, a category which right now is expanding to include a larger 'multitude' (2.) than ever.

Biological information is central to this experiment in control, but it's by no means the only tool at the experts' disposal. The new approach has also been taken up enthusiastically on the more mundane level of day-to-day policing. As part of a strategy called 'Operation Shutdown', Brixton police have been cruising around the town centre in vans carrying video equipment. When they see someone they're looking for they stop the van, surround the target, thrust the camera in his or her face for a couple of minutes, then get back in their armour-plated vehicle and drive away. The people who get to star in the resulting features are not wanted for specific crimes: they're what cop-intelligence calls 'prominent or development nominals'. Either the police 'know' they're doing something but don't have any evidence of it yet, or they're living on the fringes of delinquency and it's only a matter of time. (A previous conviction is enough to make you eligible for filming now.) There's no pretence that the video tapes provide evidence leading to convictions, but Met sources claimed that 'Shutdown' contributed to a 40 per cent fall in local crime. In other words, the tiresome business of catching people and putting them on trial can be bypassed altogether. Successful policing means inconveniencing potential criminals so severely that they'd rather stay at home. The barely hidden premise: that crime is not an event but an attribute of the criminal, a lifelong personality trait of which a conviction is merely a sign.

The same logic is taken a step further by the courts' latest weapon against behaviour liable to disrupt 'the peaceful enjoyment of property' (3.). In September last year, four boys in Liverpool stood accused of spitting, menacing, loitering and urinating. As they couldn't be shown to have committed any actual crimes, the court served a 'Community Safety Order' on them. They were allowed to go free, but from that moment onwards spitting, menacing, loitering and publicly pissing

became serious criminal offences. *Not for anyone else, just for those four boys.* In effect, the invention of Community Safety Orders allows a judge to make things illegal at his discretion, to create new, personalised offences for 'anti-social' individuals

who wouldn't otherwise have qualified as criminals. In fact they needn't even have caused an actual nuisance yet: as in Operation Shutdown, it's enough to have it in you to annoy someone. On the evidence of 'professional witnesses' such as local authority staff, subject only to the civil standard of proof (i.e. 'the balance of probabilities' rather than 'beyond reasonable doubt'), an Order can be served on anyone whose conduct causes or is likely to cause harassment to the community' (4.) (emphasis added). This new legal instrument is truly a landmark in the personalisation of Justice, the real subsumption of every singularity in the domain of the State. From now on if your attributes don't quite extend to crime, a judge's word suffices to ensure that crime will reach out and embrace your attributes.

New Age Policing locates criminality within the person rather than the act. Therefore (short of reverting to medieval notions of sin and possession) it cannot do without analysis of each offending body. As the focus shifts from detection of crime to monitoring 'risk', forensic science is progressively debased. An 'archaeological' dimension — reconstruction of events from scattered, lifeless debris left behind — gives way to simple gathering of data. The 'creative' part of the process, heavily dissembled, lies in the subsequent use of this information, its role in 'targeting' preventive law enforcement.

The first fruit of this renewed pact between criminal justice and scientific knowledge appeared some time last year. Very soon, the British government announced to universal applause, everyone suspected of a crime will be subject to compulsory drug testing. The result will be recorded in every case; where charges are laid a positive test will make it harder to get bail and will be admissible in court as evidence — not so much of the detainee's responsibility for the original crime as of his or her inner illegality. This idea reflects a change in the meaning of what it is to 'be against the law'. 'Illegality' is no longer a property of acts through which a subject challenges legality and deserves punishment. Crime within the person makes sense only as illness, an internal defect independent of the acts which are its symptoms. 'Harm' caused and 'risk' implied by this affliction must be contained through more or less coercive therapy. (5.)

Automatic drug tests bring the level of bodily intrusion allowed in British police stations somewhere near that seen in US factories and offices. But at around the same time the new powers were being hailed, another plan was introduced without any fanfare at all. If enacted, this proposal would expose bodies to bio-judicial probing to an exceptional degree. The less obviously sinister part of the Home Office consultation paper (6.) presents itself as mainly being to do with fingerprints. Under the proposed new law, fingerprinting will no longer be limited to suspects arrested and taken in for questioning. A 'livescan' system will allow prints to be taken on the spot, without consent, from anyone stopped in the street: these will automatically be submitted to a national database, an electronic archive of delinquent profiles, 'in order to determine a link between crimes'. Something of the idea's real scope is suggested in a section innocuously headed 'Footprints'. The new rules for fingerprints will apply to all 'non-intimate body samples', for example mouth swabs, 'at least ten hairs including roots', or 'the imprint of any part of the body other than the hand'. Given that anyone on the database can be recalled for further non-consensual scanning an unlimited number of times, they will thus be required to make their entire body surface permanently available for tracking and analysis, to consecrate it to a 'standing reserve' of criminal matter.

Hapless, upstanding civil libertarians may be more alarmed by the part of the paper dealing with DNA samples. Its underlying theme, however, is the same as that of the 'Fingerprints' section: the need to maintain a pool of potentially criminal human material, made up of patients to be managed constant-



producer Mario Neugebauer. The full-on Bukowski overtones are rammed home by the fact that these two diehard drifters renewed acquaintances and forces to produce this work at a local Vienna boxing club - and the whole sound, feel, production and conjured imagery comes straight from one of Bukowski's street level novels. The innermost feelings of trash who don't warrant a second glance from well-functioned passer-by, the blur of gambling, scrounging, scoring, coffee, booze and crashing out. Existentialism without the arty or intellectual trappings. Neugebauer's studio techniques render an almost randomised drift through dark trip-hop beats, emotional flickers, cut-ups and collages of degraded big-band orchestrations, symphonic equivalents of tortured bowel movements, and (of course) Austen's own voice. Consequently the lyrics take on a new value, removed from a simple, bland, entertainment motive, they narrate a dark trawl through the gutters of a city at the interstice of night and morning - where success is to live to survive another night. Austen appears to have so many stories to tell but seems neither inclined nor capable of conjuring up the full force of poetics to describe past scenes of the hectic (low)life, instead letting the meaningless drift lyrics of tracks like 'Hear My Song' hint at their own stories through their semi-comatose delivery and sharp studio deconstruction. Fans of the super-smooth trip-hop and living room 'darkness' of Nightmares on Wax and Portishead should check this out - you'll shit in your pants.

Neina / Formed Verse / Mille Plateaux 72

Another Mille Plateaux release full of digitised microsuggestions and tonal residue, sequencing itself between the single cell sound manipulations of the Ritomell releases and the ultra-focused genre destabilisations of Heckmann and SND. In common with this material there is an examination of the productive technique and musical structure itself, rather than an exploration of (or creation of) specific contexts. Neina is a collective for Hosomi Sakana, an experienced keyboardist, programmer and producer - who, we are told, has etched himself into over 200 records and collaborated with over 100 artists, working with noise, ambient, drum and bass, and techno. It is important to appreciate that 'Formed Verse' reflects the almost psychological effects of the firsthand experience of the massification of such a body of past work, rather than reflecting a manipulation or explosion of the isolated genres and dynamics of the components - Hosomi hints at the fascination of the complexities and chaos of modern equipment, techniques and (enforced) tastes. A language begins to emerge; clicks, pulses and huge groans - a syntax and semantics moving away from binary logic and suggesting variable readings from a high temperature vector - convection / conduction / radiation in equal measures, digital glitches as match-head liares, drones as collective heat, internal meltdown and arrayed heatwarp-values of different materials buckling one at a time. Mille Plateaux has been a conduit for such projects; pressing the building blocks by Oval and Microstoria, but also acknowledging that such works of technique introspection require certain nurturing and releasing conditions, equally aware that commercial structures will take on board and accelerate the output of those willing to offer themselves up with a 'trick in trade' (Pole and Funkstorung being cases in point). Hosomi seems more than capable of taking the language further - utilising an ordering in the 12 tracks that begins by showcasing his syntactical units and then builds towards stylistic excursions: prodding reminders of the obvious

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candidates (Chain Reaction, mechanically cycled samples, panning voices and non-musical snatches). Development in this field is sporadic and occurs through singularities; there is no left to right, centre to periphery, or here to there. Surprise is the element, or - as the Haller Trio once said - "Wash your brains - Think again".

evol / Pincipio / Megol8 3" CD

Nachtstrom / 17 Songs After Midnight / Megol8

'Pincipio' sees Mego re-establish itself as the label for field recordings taken from locations deep inside the digital framework. There are degrees of commercial structuring - with artists like Pansonic attempting an entertainment gloss-over, artists like Hecker (another Mego artist) playing back sounds from the most interesting (read busiest or most varying) sectors, and then items like this which present the hard-core nuts and bolts of data (day) life. Train-spotting a branchline on a Sunday afternoon, birdwatching from an improvised shelter within Spaghetti Junction... only the occasional sighting to log. 18 tracks at 18 minutes, some of which clock in at around 10 seconds and register little more than a slice of the silent passing of pockets and cells of binary information, or the tumble of dislodged wax as you push the earpieces in that little bit tighter. Two or three tracks bear witness to occasional com-motional gridlock - but to highlight these as moments of worthiness is missing the point entirely. The Nachtstrom album samples the soundtracks of the bedrooms of the past - peering in on heavy metal, punk, hip-hop and pop sessions as a diversion - to obtaining more dubious pleasures - and deconstructs them together in the bedroom of the future. Downloaded and ramraided software, consoles and keyboards, immorality switched from pornographic excursions to machinic obsessions. Think V/Vm with a mild fever of drum and bass, Squarepusher living next door but neither party having any time to talk to the other... There's always work to be done. Less influence of the buzz and hum of the grandiosely titled 'third Vienna school', more nods towards the queer synchronicity of the urgency and laconicism of anti-labels like Diskono... showcasing the proud disposability of the new breed.

Numan sequentially slotted into a post-glam dynamic - where the emphasis lay on "blurring the sexuality and gender snares" - and that his songs suggest personal recollections of sexually deviant experiences. But the key to it all is Numan's suggested fixation with his own personal disturbances and psychological shortcomings, and the subsequent media fixation with Numan's context of production, the intense speculation, led back into this fixation, taunting and feeding its power centre. To Thaeamlitz's excitement, this gives rise to an obsession with lying that spans from 1978 (My Shadow in Vain) to 1997 (The Alien Cure). Numan's interplay with (his own?) sexuality are obvious concerns to Thaeamlitz, and their is an unstated parallel to Thaeamlitz's own autonomous route to becoming an awkward, detached and highly theoretical label runner and electronic musician. 'Replicas Rubato' has the bizarre quality of being both inside and outside of Thaeamlitz's stylistic musical lineage, but is a key document in better understanding the enigmas of both Thaeamlitz and Numan.



Terre Thaeamlitz / Replicas Rubato / Mille Plateaux CD 71
This being the second piano rendition by Thaeamlitz, following on from his Kraftwerk re-interpretations, there is the option to simply describe the sounds on offer - unsteady A.I. replicas mapping their half-existence through a series of clever-clumsy notes. The usual foray into the heavy reference material with this release reveals more - not so much an explanation of method, technique, or whatever directly influences the sounds, but more about a process of (whisper it) therapy made public through the arrival and structure of the sounds. Combine this with the

former - futuristic sentiment in equal proportions.

Bannlust 'Auxilled' Craft 45
Bannlust's trick to follow D'arcangelo in synthesizing long drawn out melodies, slowed down breaks and infatuating their tracks with shuffling loops of disciplined static and gristle is played out and ditched on their first track. Ditto Marco Fischer's electro-Krok guise - played out on track 6 in a singular moment. So this is new ground - or more interestingly old ground deconstructed. 4/4 and drill and bass swapped about with added rare basslines (last heard from the confines of a nicked car) and the helium vocals exchanged for broken robotics. Titles depict an approximate english, a final appendage of the electronic toolbox master as they contemplate the infinite, every composition a mirror of its previous angled such to extend well beyond his point of vision. This review is neither positive nor negative - purely observational.

Syncretic 001
New label from Rome - urgent and authoritative. Artists reveal names like archaic programming languages (Sqr, Cogor, Ion, Amptek) but the song remains the same. Double speed breaks with half speed backgrounds, hyper punctuated breaks sliced thrice and laid on top of each other. Cogor contribute the best track with minimal breaks and white noise.

Eleotic 003
Vinyl remix of Imaginary Solutions CD calling on D'Arcangelo (slow and structured hip hop breaks), Passarani (machine driven hip-hop with approximation) and ADC (automated cast-offs threaded together). A production line in a disused factory brought back to life through an unscheduled power surge. Machines grind on - product piles up.

Enduro 001
New Vienna label that has subsequently released a couple of uninspiring over-compressed trip-hop CDs. This 12 cuts the crap with a heavy duty break and presampled vocal loop using drops akin to the excellent Sluta Lela. Promising.

Phoenecia 'Odd Job'
Most commercial and strangely the best of the West Coast new school (the glitch breaks have even been used on a chart record recently - a dire swingbeat number that had a bassline straight out of one of the many Funkstorung styled grooves) 'OddJob' owes as much to Autechre as it does to Mel and Kim. Bass shatters glass, glass shards slice up vocals, simple as that.

Beta Bodega - 2K
Heavily hyped 5 tracker signalling the US tactical response to drill and bass - sadly now so oversubscribed that little sense can be made. There's an Aphex fixation for sweet melodies shot through with heavily programmed and clipped beats, however 2K moves closer to a 4/4 tempo rather than a break. How much money have you got? - there's loads of this shit coming over. Expect a Wire article any minute now.

Piiri - Jarru ep
Ippo from Panasonic flushes out his disciplined digital minimalism - making a sub-zero emotionless version of new school minimalist labels like Theorem and Max/Ernst. A drawn out drone and a clipped snare underpin the trackwork and the whole package has the feel of a barely acknowledged algebra conference paper.



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CROSS FADE ENTER TAINMENT

embarrassment of the original tracks. A brief examination of the wider picture shows a somewhat ironic concern for the millennium bug, nurtured in a highly technological spectacularised society where in-built obsolescence and the constant motivation for aesthetic or (pseudo)functional renewal has been the standard bearer for the production/consumption/mesmerisation axis. The Y2K problem is just the harvesting of all this capitalist hard work. Certain operatives seem to be mocking the emphasis placed on the millennium - with artists such as Mike Ink steadfastly releasing 1-a-week anonymous 7" singles and labels such as Rastermistic capturing a 20 to 2000 countdown of tapering electronic dissonance. Bretschneider produces in this vein, using his Produkt guise to semantically cement his intentions. His first work for MP allows us to understand better some of the label's recent output in terms of this millennium (bug) inspired dysfunctional minimal-

pop music", dovetailing theoretically with Ink's aforementioned project... reminders of the scattered pop punk of Scritti Politti, 'Songs to Remember' if only for a week at a time.

Pita 'Get Out' Mego 29

After contributing various tracks to hardline 'no commercial bullshit' labels like Staalplaat, Pita delivers a short masterpiece on his own Vienna label. 'Get Out' was compiled between various transnational poles and suggests more about transitory natures than particular over-reaching city-scenes of electronica. Indeed, the slowly but surely murmured discontent at the malaise in electronica is dashed by Pita in little over 30 minutes - not that he wants himself or Mego to be the saviour in such a scene - far from it. This is more akin to '2nd Annual Report' delivering the death riles to punk rock... especially considering the aesthetic hardening and commercial adaptation of 'glitch breaks' with the

record reviews

record reviews

ism. In these collections the wrong things appear to be looped (cf Curd duca) or the loops seem to stagger and stutter without rhyme or reason (cf the excellent 'Formed Verse' by Neina) - as if the machines themselves have mutated to some post 01/01/2000 conditions whereby the internal clocks are constantly (re)referenced but the results are gloriously skewed. Fellow MP artists and half suggest that their music is kind of club music, existing between "the cloakroom and entering the club" such that listening provokes "moaning after about three minutes". Again, a reference to a displaced or frayed sense of time - not so much a post-club music (as ambient was hyped up to be), more of a glimpsed parallel club music - tantalising but distorted, dragged through an incomplete (too complex?) porthole such that it gets resequenced and reprioritised. If 'makesndcassette' fed through to a parallel bass heavy Chain Reaction vibe then 'Rand' pitches in with high frequency isolations - toying with bleep riffs (Unique 3) that are bereft of all dance directed structures, and plunging into barely functioning clicks, whirs and tonal run-outs. Bretschneider hints at the possibility of "new and experimental

spread of Funkstörung mixes and the sighting of an Autechre break in the chart-topping 'Genie in a Bottle' track. Get Out indeed. Without rasping out a manifesto of pure noise and intolerance Pita has shown his nomadic, outsider status in electronica - not so much a come and get me call just a report back from a distressed state of mind. 'Get Out' hinges around the phenomenal third track which takes a heavily pixelated melody and loops it alongside various distortion and random-direction procedures. A bold take on subtlety that works well, the track having the power to divest reality of its uniformity - cracks in behaviour and mundanity are revealed like electronica's terminal beach - awe and celebration are revealed. The CD is worth it for this track alone.

Cativo - Variation / Trip - Position Chrome 43

Variation treads a straight path through a midnight underground as fear sounds compete between your heartbeat and the dark-

ness of the outside, while Trip is a neurotic two-stepper that mocks 'Death Disco' with a killer disenchanting vocal hook.

The Redeemer - Direct Impact / Mindcontrol

Position Chrome 44
Panacea retains his bonding with Scud for a further 12. Both tracks show a flare up between Ambush style accelerated trash synapses and vocal samples fed through a corporate shredder, although Mindcontrol leans more towards Panacea's increasingly jaded take on two-step - is big, heavy and fucked up.

Percepts - Desire and Efficiency -

Ersatz 10
Ersatz take on dry and automated electro porn - scratching at the repressed and expressed desires of modern living - investment banking, machine fetish, shoes, electronica. Hey, I should pass this on to Howard, but we all know that the wise old sage suggests electro is a dead genre. This ep makes it hard to disagree - iconography from 'Penthouse and Pavement' with a bit of hard-tech to liven it up. Perhaps the plan is to keep us in suspended animation.

Cube and Sphere - Ganz Neu - Separator 4

DJ Sil - ? - ego vacuum 3
Potuznik's electronic downtime presented as-it-is while he rests from his ridiculous number of projects and aliases (concept albums on Cheap, New Order cloning on both Breakin and IDT), teaming up with DiskoB regular Platzgummer. 4 tracks that open with a smart clash of fizzling drones and lazy repetitive break-stubs, followed by a gamelan commentary of another clash between a reverb unit and a dysfunctional drum machine. The flip shows a predilection towards pre-punk (anti?) prog-rock overloading the chaos in stark contrast to glitch perfectionists like Pola, Funkstörung, et al. Sil is also known as Susanne Brokesch who produced one of DiskoB's finest moments, however ego vacuum is part of Sabotage Communications fashion division, whereby sound-tracks are invited to showcase their notorious clothing launches (in a freezer depot, a sewage system, etc). This single track lopes between digital v. classical cut and paste and long Brinkmann styled mono-grooves offset with lonely piano scapes, clutching at an overall uniformity that paces itself like a long distance runner way out in front of the poly-rhythmic hoppers.

Cativo Unreal Position Chrome 40

Cavernous sounds intro move towards typical weird Cativo sounds and breaks: the associated elements of drum and bass (ie darkside static, electronic overload, suspiria percussion) without the standardised drum and bass programming that forces the direction in the current scene. Strangely enough the a-side works at 33 as a weird Techno Animal style dub track, and 45 (the correct speed) where it reveals its Italian roots with fast and broken beats in the terror tactic mode of labels like Praxis and Ambush. The flip is more of a funky stepper party tune, again steering clear of the 2step cyborg metronome, but utilising huge gothic breakdown and fat bass.

Louie Austen Consequences Cheap CD6

The most bizarre and uncoincidentally excellent Cheap release for a good few years, this CD pits together the semi-transparent figures of down-at-heel crooner Louie Austen with electronic

ly rather than subjects to be punished for particular transgressions. At present DNA samples must be destroyed after a person is no longer suspected of a particular crime. Under the new rules they will be held permanently on a national electronic archive, kept in storage until the crime that matches comes along. Unlike 'non-intimate' mouth swabs and handfuls of hair, the police will not be able to take DNA samples without consent, but if you refuse to surrender your 'blueprint for life' a court will be free to infer that it contains something you wish to hide.

The DNA database has the potential to transform detective work, making the 'cunning sleuth' a strictly nostalgic figure. Instead of starting with the circumstances of a crime and looking for suspects whose actions correspond to these facts, investigators will be able to keep on testing the same person against different 'crime scenes' until one that fits is found. The famous 'one in 50 million chance' that 'an unknown person unrelated to the subject would share the same [DNA] profile' is quoted, but no mention is made of the number of people whose DNA can be present on a 'crime scene' sample at the same time. If a suspect is already on the delinquents' database, being one of the countless people to have left a trace of themselves on an object involved in a murder could easily be passed off as proof of guilt.

Advanced genetics is thus assimilated by traditional juristic reasoning: in the 1970s the same assumptions now attached to DNA convicted an Irish worker in an adhesive tape factory of assembling a bomb which contained bits of tape with traces of his body on them. Courts' willingness to accept such evidence might be seen as a triumph of reification (the experience of commodities and the social relation which produces them as 'natural'). Justice totally forgets the Exhibit's production process: the equation 'contact=guilt' pretends that the object came spontaneously into being a moment before the crime in which participation was its destiny. The logic implied here is that of medieval witch trials: familiarity with a utensil steeped in crime is among the attributes of the accused, therefore her being is stained as horribly as the murder weapon. Unlike a bloody knife, however, the human criminal is able to repent (or in contemporary language, to 'accept that she has a problem'). In this case her body still suffers exemplary punishment, while the Therapy Sector annexes her soul in exchange for a promise of distant Health, just as the Church once offered Purgatory and Salvation to those burned by the Secular Arm.

before symptoms develop (before 'violence' as a personal quality manifests itself in violent acts), these preventive measures had best be applied as widely as possible.

As the distinction fades between administering sickness and management of crime, the role of both in capital's imposition of (waged and unwaged) work becomes less mysterious than ever. In the last few years criminal sanctions have been used to cut off lines of flight from the labour market, with the 'fraud' menace as pretext for attacks on dole and sickness benefit autonomy. (8.) Meanwhile therapeutic models prevail in the benefit/work-imposition system (focused on adapting each individual to the needs of the market through personalised rules for the claimant, one-to-one advisors, endless training in 'attitude', 'presentation' etc) and within employment itself (in the emphasis laid on 'personal skills', backed up by individualised 'targets' and appraisal, the double-edged rhetoric of 'Investing in People'). Striving to improve individual health and 'fitness' can also be seen as also a form of unwaged work, and not only in the sense that these efforts pump up labour power. Capitalist work must not only produce commodities and reproduce physical labour-power, it must also nurture forms of subjectivity likely to ensure its own survival. The social desirability of 'fitness', the transformation of character traits into treatable syndromes (9.) and the incessant discovery of new health risks don't just boost sales of gym memberships and drugs. These phenomena breed such fierce desire for guidance from doctors, trainers and therapists that their authority spills out of their specialist fields into the wider political world (as in the personal workfare programmes referred to above). Enthusiasm for new, deterministic 'evidence' linking various habits with sickness or health, together with trust in preventive treatments, assures therapists that their authority will eventually be internalised. Just as a 'softly controlled' creative worker lives the corporate command as a spontaneous urge, the 'health-conscious' patient inherits the 'carer's' constant vigil, feeling doctor's orders as his own ineffable desire. The form of subjectivity produced by this work is experience of a body individually 'indebted', answerable for what befalls it; a sense of personal subjection to immutable biological laws, to which quiet submission promises the least disappointing of possible lives.

The interdependence between policing, imposing work and the ideal of health is close enough to justify speaking of a three-way convergence between the irreducible function of the



State, that of 'the economy', and the present historical form of subjective bodily experience (or immanent ideology's most subtle vibration, depending on your point of view). While all three elements maintain distinctive features, the singularity of each is determined by and allegorically expressed in the other two.

This nexus is recognised by British institutions in one exceptional

A single astonishing sentence exposes the true stakes of the proposed body sample archives. By checking the database when stopping 'suspects' in the street, 'the officer will be able to ascertain...whether there is a history of, for example, violence or contagious disease' (emphasis added). Thus we learn almost casually that for the first time in some two hundred years illness has become a police matter (7.). This shouldn't be taken to mean simply that police powers are encroaching on the domain of Health: it could just as easily be said that the reverse is happening. It would be more accurate, however, to speak of a tendency towards convergence between two categories, in which neither achieves hegemony over the other. The rise of New Age policing and the generalised interpretive authority of biological concepts are bound closely together as decisive features of this process.

The discovery that 'disease' and 'violence' are regarded as equally valid objects of policing obviously raises the spectre of 'Health' imperatives coercively enforced through legal violence. At the same time, the two terms' location on the same strategic level also suggests that 'criminal' violence (i.e. violence outside the State monopoly) should be treated like a contagious disease, something 'carried' by certain people who may transmit it to others before symptoms even appear. Danger to the patient and to others must be minimised by constant observation and strict 'self care' regimes, with risky behaviour deterred by 'aversive stimuli' where necessary. As carriers are rarely identified

case (10). 'Criminal justice and health and social policy', acknowledges a Home Office document, come together in the management of 'dangerous people with severe personality disorder' (nicknamed DSPD) (11.). Most people with DSPD, we're reassured, have already raped or murdered and are serving long or prison sentences. Others rot in mental hospitals. But occasionally 'the law fails to protect society', because some disordered personalities haven't done anything to be punished for yet, but can't be sectioned because they're 'not likely to benefit from hospital treatment'. In the eyes of medicine and the law, personality disorder is not a mental illness. Sufferers can only be put in hospital if by mischance they happen to be sick as well. Therefore in order to catch the few exceptions who are neither ill nor guilty a new kind of internment is required. This will probably be run separately from the prison and health services, possibly by private companies. (Another alternative being considered would keep DSPD detention within the criminal justice system by increasing the use of 'discretionary' life sentences, to be imposed on the basis of psychological or psychiatric assessment carried out during remand).

Whoever administers the new powers, a long established logic will be reversed at a stroke. Rather than a diagnosis of a specific disease or guilt assigned for a particular crime, the grounds for detention will be assessment of an abstract 'risk', a judicial gamble on the DSPD case as potential 'danger to the community'. The only precedent would be political

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or medical internment in times of war or plague hysteria, but in these cases the criteria, however dishonest, are more clearly delimited (e.g. every Irish person became eligible under British emergency law). The usefulness of 'personality disorder', by contrast, lies in the fact that it is barely defined at all. There is no consensus amongst clinicians on the nature of personality disorder [or] how it should be managed... This in turn reflects the lack of an adequate research base of evidence' (12.) Far from revealing a defect in the concept, this 'lack' is the source of its unique flexibility. 'Personality disorder', which used to be called 'moral insanity' or 'moral imbecility', is used in psychiatry to classify all patients whose irrational or anti-social habits can't be assimilated to any more exact diagnosis. As a consequence new variants are always being invented. 'Paranoid', 'depressive', 'hyperthymic' (meaning 'happy, shallow, superficial and uncritical'), 'schizoid' ('aloof and disinterested'), 'explosive', 'anakastic' (over-sensitive), 'hysterical', 'asthenic' (easily led) and 'asocial' ('cold and unfeeling') personality disorders are just a few of these. The proposed power of internment is supposed only to apply to the most dangerous cases, but given that neither the nature of the danger nor how to recognise it has been determined, the potential for its wider use is obvious. Mental health charities promoting sympathy for the afflicted have taken advantage of the lax criteria to claim that '20 per cent of us suffer from personality disorder at some time in our lives'.

Brief passages in the government's proposal give a hint of how personality disorder detention might be targeted in practice. DSPD sufferers, it emerges, 'pose significant management challenges in institutional settings... They are adept at undermining management regimes where security is not tight... they have very different needs from most mentally ill patients and often undermine hospital regimes. Many fail to comply with care programmes on a voluntary basis beyond the immediate crisis period'. The 'danger' causing most concern, then, is the threat the disordered person poses to the institution treating her. Personality disorder, as we know, may co-incide with mental illness but is not the illness itself. 'Disorder' exists in its 'Dangerous' form when (as the SPK/PF recommended) the patient attempts to turn illness into a weapon.

The phenomena described here have obviously not arisen at the same time by co-incidence, but nor are they elements of a grand, half-submerged conspiracy. Rather, they are manifestations of a slow and open-ended historical process, a still obscure realignment between forms of knowledge and capitalist strategy, biology and sovereignty. Like every historical transformation, this one contains violently opposed possibilities, and as always, the stakes are confused by all self-defining 'sides'. Sudden estrangement from traditional and viable ways of living breeds recognition that scientific knowledge isn't neutral, that its forms (and those of its expression in technology) are determined by the interests of the class controlling its development. Genetic research could eradicate diseases which ruin millions of lives, but at present it is used to boost the rate of exploitation in third world cash cropping. Meanwhile biological patents withhold access to anti-AIDS drugs from the African countries worst affected by the virus (13.). Yet throughout the affluent world hostility towards this state of affairs is drained off into visions of a 'natural' order outraged by fields of genetically altered corn. As the authors of *Aufheben* remark, 'The problem with substituting the simple negation of "civilisation" for the determinate negation [Aufhebung] of capitalism is not just that some of us want to have washing machines, but that it prevents one connecting with the real movement' (14.).

The Human Genome Project — the US-funded scientific mission to 'decode' human DNA — is regularly portrayed as being

on the point of unlocking the mysteries of individuality. 'In a few years', writes a London tabloid, (15.) 'the entire genome will be decoded and it will be possible to deduce anything about a person's make-up — from their level of addictability (sic) to their innate potential for violence, maths, music or muscular dystrophy'. The columnist goes on to call the DNA archive a 'sly' and 'essentially illiberal' design to take advantage of unravelling chromosomes. But bio-politics are blind and deaf to righteous invoking of 'civil liberties' (a concept tied to the very State-form these developments tend to eclipse.) The only way New Age Policing tactics might be paralysed is through 'mass illegality': for example, making physical obstruction of police video teams or refusal to supply body samples so commonplace that reprisals against every resisting individual become impossible. This would not work unless backed up by the refusal of those not immediately targeted to play the part of the 'community' menaced by low-level delinquency and free-floating personality disorders. On a 'strategic' level, meanwhile, nothing could be more inane than to denounce 'abuses' of scientific knowledge. Permanent antagonism to therapeutic models of control demands that the representation of social singularities in biological terms — the image of truth prevailing in mass mediation and State policy — be coldly anatomised and imaginatively undermined.

Matthew Hyland

Anyone interested in direct action against the growth of the carceral state should contact CAGE : Box G 101 prison@narchy.fsnet.co.uk

Magdalen Rd Oxford OX4 1RH /



- (1.) The Observer, 30 January 2000.
- (2.) A concept culled from Spinoza, most often used by the generation of Italian communist intellectuals jailed or politically exiled after 1979, as a kind of euphemism where once they might have said 'working class'. See Paolo Virno and Michael Hardt (eds.), *Radical Thought in Italy*, Minnesota U.P. 1996.
- (3.) Home office consultation paper, September 1997. <http://www.homeoffice.gov.uk/cpd/sou/cso>
- (4.) Ibid.
- (5.) For a succinct account of the role of State and corporate drug policy (simultaneous expansion of testing and 'treatment') in 'communitarian' social control, see Michael Fitzpatrick, 'Tony Blair's Therapeutic State', LM 127, February 2000. <http://www.lforminc.co.uk>
- (6.) Home office consultation paper, July 1999. <http://www.homeoffice.gov.uk/ppd/finger.htm>
- (7.) It is impossible to date precisely the long and complex separation of the hospital from Police Science in its original (and still in one sense valid) meaning: the imposition of work through enforcement of Poor laws.
- (8.) See 'Dole Autonomy Versus the Re-Imposition of Work', *Aufheben* pamphlet, available from Aufheben, Brighton & Hove Unemployed Workers Centre, 4 Crestway Parade, Hollingdean, Brighton BN1 7BL, UK, or <http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/aut.html/Aufheben/doleaut.html>
- (9.) Pathological conditions discovered in the last few years include rudeness, politeness, lack or excess of ambition, passionate commitment to abstract ideas, inability to choose the right colour clothing or car, and above all the 'emotionally illiterate' reluctance to 'share' feelings, reticence towards counselling. Meanwhile the word 'addiction' has acquired a loose metaphorical usage, allowing it to be applied to almost anything done regularly. (A recent study, for example, proclaimed that 1 in 5 Americans are addicted to the internet.) Yet 'addiction' retains some of the gravity of its literal, physical meaning: thus countless innocuous activities become the subject of fearful confessions and 12-step plans.
- (10.) In Italy, on the other hand, the alliance between work and therapy is shortly to be celebrated by a merger of the Health and Labour ministries.
- (11.) Home Office consultation paper, July 1999. <http://www.homeoffice.gov.uk/cpd/lanגיע.htm>
- (12.) Ibid.
- (13.) For a detailed account of the destructive effects of laws protecting 'intellectual property', see 'Les firmes pharmaceutiques organisent l'apartheid sanitaire' by Martine Buillard and 'A qui appartient les connaissances?' by Philippe Queau, in *Le Monde Diplomatique* No. 550, January 2000.
- (14.) 'Decadence: the theory of decline or the decline of theory' in *Aufheben* 3. <http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/aut.html/Aufheben/auf3dec2.htm>
- (15.) Henry Potter, *Evening Standard*, 3 December 1999.

in an number of interviews and essays (see for example 'Anarchism Is Stupid' in my book *Confusion Incorporated*, Codex, Hove 1999). I did not - and do not - want to be mistaken for an anarchist. Pearce, who patently is an anarchist, doesn't seem much bothered when he is also taken to be a fascist (the labels anarchist and fascist are not necessarily incompatible). He sets out to create confusion on this score without ever realising that his right-wing anarchism is largely indistinguishable from fascist politics.

20. Forbes *ibid.* 75.
21. Forbes *ibid.* 21.
22. Forbes *ibid.* 22.
23. A signed letter from Pearce stating his reasons for sacking Wakeford from DJJ appears on page forty-nine of Forbes' book. The evolution of the fascist fraction Wakeford involved himself with is instructive. The former NF leader Patrick Harrington ended up as a confidant of Green Anarchist associate and occasional article contributor Larry O'Hara. Another Green Anarchist supporter David Black has bizarrely claimed that Patrick Harrington isn't a fascist (see the article 'Green Anarchists Fall Out' in *Student Outlook* #11, Summer Term 1995). Meanwhile another splinter from the Harringtonian faction of the NF went through several name changes before briefly emerging as Radical Shift and then merging with Alternative Green, a splinter from Green Anarchist. As far as one is able to identify the politics of DJJ, they appear remarkably similar to those of Green Anarchist. For example the track 'Bring In The Night' on the album *Wall of Sacrifice* begins with a 'Psalm Of Destruction': 'Man destroys his own life while also destroying all life on earth, neither admitting to his destruction nor even recognising it. Man has squandered his powers and our scorn for him has grown boundless. By its pitiful motions mankind has demonstrated its unworthiness, let the destruction it has unleashed devour it.'

In a similar vein Green Anarchist has advocated mass murder in a series of articles on what it calls irrationalism (this one from *Green Anarchist* # 51, Spring 98): 'They cannot jail us for we do not exist. The Irrationalist is the man or woman sitting next to you in the tube train. We have sarin canisters in our pockets and hatred in our minds... It doesn't matter what Joe and Edna Couch Potato think about it. They weren't there, they won't do anything to stop it, and yet the government automatons of Oklahoma are still dead and the building has been

reduced to a pile of dust... The Irrationalists do not claim to act on behalf of anybody except themselves. Why should Joe and Edna couch Potato derive any benefit from what the Irrationalists do? They can either join in somewhere, or fuck off and die, it's up to them, it's up to you. It's not whether you agree or disagree that counts, but what you do...' Despite vehement condemnations of this series of articles, some of it even coming from other anarchist groups, Green Anarchist have persisted with their chosen theme and as I write have recently reiterated their position in 'The Irrationalists 71' (*Green Anarchist* # 57-58 Autumn 99, pages 15-17) 'ACE and the others are so very upset about Aum Shin Rikyo. Commuters and City of London financial sector components, dedicated to turning the wheels of capitalism, rushing to work on the underground... Or perhaps they work in the media, pushing out yet more lies, bullshit, propaganda, pacifying chat shows, crap shows, soap opera for sheep to consume, all travelling on the underground. Tax payers one and all. How just and proportionate that they should breath sarin...' At the end of this article there is an advert which states: 'We're issuing Steve Booth's Irrationalists in pamphlet form as a big 'fuck you' to all the so-called anarchists who can't face the future and don't understand what free speech is. With all the fuss they've kicked up, it should sell like hot cakes.'

24. Forbes *ibid.* 15.
25. Forbes *ibid.* 20.
26. In the context of this article, I didn't consider the music of DJJ to be of any consequence. However, a brief description might save readers the trouble of searching out the records. Early DJJ is basically Joy Division with trumpets. After Tony Wakeford was kicked out of the band DJJ sounded more like The Stranglers (albeit with a hint of a 'dance' influence). Later on acoustic guitar became a major element and the records can be compared to singer/song writers such as Nick Drake. In the absence of a book that collects together a wide range of Tony Wakeford interview quotes, I have concentrated on Doug Pearce. Hopefully somebody with access to the relevant materials will deal with Wakeford more extensively than I can right now. Wakeford currently fronts a band called Sol Invictus and claims to have abandoned his former political affiliations.

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record reviews

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Panacea Beware The Future Position Chrome 41

Panacea now seems to operate as if drum and bass never existed as a renegade genre, dispensing with the rule based syntax of two-step and instead suggesting it as a point on the intensification vector out of punk, through gabba, towards the aggressive breakbeat styles enacted by the likes of Ambush and Praxis. This double pack is split between the two personalities: one vinyl dominated by the massively produced breakdowns with studio techniques pushed to the limit - tracks beginning with a lengthy ensemble of chaos, flying beats and highly animated torture scenes. When a discernible track kicks in it is often chopped beyond recognition - a hyperactive James Brown on 'Machine Master II', an alien bass on 'Robo-Turbo'. The second vinyl belies the first - with Panacea reapplying to join the scientific two-step technocracy. 'Recreate Creation' sees him - again-sounding scarily like full-on Killing Joke, while 'Future Beware' is a straight two-step run out with acid line and little else. Suggested as a taster for the new album, we are still left without any clues to his precise domain of application, though - contrary to some reports - its worth keeping a close eye on his activities.

Panacea Phoenix Metabolism Position chrome 45

Panacea's third album for PC arrived on the same day that the story broke regarding fears about Ebola entering the Deutsche homeland, a fevered documentary cameraman lying in deep isolation being treated (to no avail) by specialists in air-tight suits. A suitable tension and chaos-on-the-brink that lies in with Phoenix Metabolism perhaps, with the eerie coincidence being Mootz's menacing bad looks staring blankly from the CD cover - blotched out between chocolate brown rashes and photoshop-boosted skintones and blue irises. Did I detect a faint odour escaping its confinement as I sliced through the shrinkwrapping? Such a tactic and mode of delivery belits Mootz more than the ultra-postured leftism espoused by Force Inc's previous extremist incumbent, the icon of anti-respectability Mr Empire, leaving you with little to grumble about on the tired rock revolutionaries front. Panacea oozes a nasty dystopian slime that underpins his evacuation from the huge techstep sound, looking for new ground as the drum and bass scene becomes more clinical in an under-the-skin Cronenberg style. 'Phoenix Metabolism' is a full on push to new ground, ramming every space (for better or worse) with snippets and telephone interruptions, and (more often than not) reaching for that same level of obvious predictability that wouldn't let you imagine 'gabba' and 'Taxi Driver' in two separate thoughts. The intensity of what's on offer suggests that Mootz rekindles the studio technique of Jim Thirwell when he embarked on the first Foetus

that he always threatened us with. Whilst he is up to the task, and enlists the perfect company in Scud and Rant, you can't help thinking this is one strictly for 'the kids'. Good for him.

Eraser / Overdrive Position Chrome 42

Structured discipline imprinted on PC via London's hub of inch perfect producers. 'Overdrive' runs a monotone break through a buzz of distant machinery whilst 'Overdose' plays with a cut-up break before dropping a steroid pumped bassline that almost mutates from its techstep function. The obsessively clean production standards from the UK scene are lost somewhere en route to Frankfurt, replaced by the dirty timbres and static spite that carress most PC releases.

Frank Bretschneider Rant Mille Plateaux 70

The approaching millennium reverberates strongly through techno, contouring the fin de siècle 'off the rails' behaviour, the transitory nature of 'artistic and moralistic values', from 100 years ago. New genres are invented and named with an alarming regularity (and stupidity), whilst the systematic 'command functions' used in genres such as acid techno or 2-step are re-animated in numerous pre-techno 'retro' genres - such as electro, 80's electronic pop, DAF style body beat - making strange, cold records that fail to rekindle the hybrid of mystique, excitement and

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sexuals which is what the SA were infamous for. That speech was juxtaposed by the half-jewish grandmother saying that life was like jumping from one ice float to another, with each jump they get smaller and smaller. The end is inevitable."

So, by juxtaposing obvious and well known Nazi symbolism with some relatively obscure anti-Nazi elements, Pearce imagines he has sprung a trap! Forbes quotes him as saying: "Some people view the name, image and words of a group on such a superficial level that misinterpretations are bound to occur. However, that happens all the time in life - there are loads of stupid people about." (18) Elsewhere, Pearce defends his use of fascist imagery by saying: "Obviously people have fallen into the trap of taking it on a surface value. That is their problem." (19) This cuts two ways, firstly there are those who identify with the symbolism Pearce is utilising, then there are those who oppose it. Pearce imagines he benefits both ways, since hysterical attacks upon DIJ fuel speculation that he is dodgy and thus help shift units of his product to those wanting to consume fascism as pornography. Pearce is a businessman and it is a matter of indifference to him if his fans join far-Right groups such as White Aryan Resistance or Green Anarchist - all that interests him is making money: "Too many people rely upon others to carry them - to accept their responsibilities for them. That is one of the reasons why I now work alone in DIJ. If I need help I work with other leaders. There is no room for passengers. Everyone must speak for themselves. The time for excuses is at an end." (20)

From the quotes that are laced through Forbes' book it is apparent that as time has gone on, Pearce became increasingly immersed in fascist modes of thinking. What Pearce might imagine is his Great Wall Of China - a split between aesthetic and political positions - turns out on examination to be as flimsy as the supposedly impregnable Maginot Line: "DIJ unlike the past have nothing to do with conventional politics. We have nothing to tell or offer anybody in that department." (21) The right-wing (individualistic) anarchism to which Pearce subscribes politically was one of the main currents that fed into ideological fascism. Rather than being separate and distinct, Pearce's political and aesthetic positions are very closely related. Indeed, Proudhon was acclaimed as the founder of National Socialism during the Nazi occupation of France, and Pearce's xenophobic views are very close to those of the founding father of anarchism: "I think European culture is the most important in the world and it's threatened by other principal cultures, for example American, Soviet. Whereas it has so much to offer, we should be proud of it." (22)

Rather than Pearce controlling the symbolism he is using, the symbolism controls him - as long ago as January 1984 he had to sack his song writing partner Tony Wakeford from DIJ for getting involved with Patrick Harrington and the Strasserite faction of the National Front. (23) Likewise, for Pearce all recent history revolves around Hitler: "The most influential man of this century has been Adolf Hitler! He's shaped the world we live in today with his hate and destruction." (24) Pearce has no understanding of historical causality, the hate and destruction Hitler exploited was produced by a wide range of factors that cannot be attributed to a single man. Asked why he wears the death's head, Pearce produced a reply that was every bit as stupid as his outburst about Hitler: "I just do, that's all. The identification for me in those elements is like total belief, that's why I'm fascinated, y'know? I'm still searching for total belief." (25) There is a stage in child development where babies who are totally dependent on the care of others believe they are omnipotent, and despite reaching middle-age Pearce is unable to dispense with this delusion. His desire to believe that a handful of men shape history reflects his inability to grow up. Since Pearce would like to be a great man, he is unable to accept that such men do not exist and that rather than being "destined" to join them, he is simply an ego-maniac. While Pearce has been doubly infantilised by his job as a pop singer and involvement in a commoditised fetish culture which places a premium on youth, this does not excuse his crass manipulation of fascist tropes to sell records. While there are commentators who have become hysterical about Pearce, the best way of dealing with his scam is to expose him for what he is - an anarchist dry goods salesman.



There is a continuity between Crisis and DIJ in terms of both imagery centred on fascism/anti-fascism and a desire for authenticity that is aesthetically driven. It is difficult to imagine Crisis ever making much of an impression without RAR to mediate their presence on the punk scene, or DIJ existing at all without Wakeford and Pearce being slowly seduced by the ideas and imagery RAR set out to oppose (a seduction that began with these two musicians learning the power of political symbolism - at least partially - through their involvement with RAR). I would stress symbols and imagery in all this, both Crisis and DIJ were aesthetically overloaded to the detriment of both their politics and their music. Although very much a product of RAR, Crisis were also in many ways an anomaly - within a punk culture that thrived on confusion about identity and political belief, Crisis were far more confused than most of their peers. The Art Attacks appear to have been unmoved by their brush with RAR, Adam and the Ants merely ruffled. In contrast to this, Wakeford and Pearce provide examples of "individuals" who were transformed by RAR, but their deep involvement produced effects at odds with the avowed intentions of those who'd set up the organisation. (26) That said, to properly evaluate the role RAR and anti-racism played within both the punk scene and the broader political culture of the seventies and eighties, we need further studies of people touched by and/or involved in these campaigns. It would be wrong to generalise solely on the basis of Crisis/DIJ. *Stewart Home*

Footnotes:

1. Punk Rock: So What? The cultural legacy of punk edited by Roger Sabin (Routledge, London 1999).
2. I will focus on RAR since Paul Gilroy has already produced an incisive critique of ANL in 'Two Sides Of Anti-Racism', Chapter 4 of There Ain't No Black In The Union Jack (Routledge, London 1992): "The definition of racism which guided RAR's practice was not narrow but extensive. It recognized that racism had become a condensed sign for all the unacceptable social relations of 'Krisis Time 1977...'. The attempt to impose the elimination of Nazism as a priority on the diverse and complex political consciousness crystallised by RAR was a miscalculation. The narrow definition of the problem of 'race' - as a product of fascism... imposed a shorter life and more limited aims on the movement... The Rasta-inspired pursuit of 'Equal rights and Justice' was being forsaken... It was replaced by the more modest aim of isolating and eliminating the fascist parties at the polls... the exclusive identification of racism with Nazis was to create problems for anti-racism in the future..." (pages 129-132) From what I have to say about RAR it will be obvious that I consider Gilroy's analysis of the organisation a little too sanguine. Likewise, while I concur with Gilroy's criticisms of the ANL, I would hasten to add that I do not feel this analysis should be extended to groups such as Anti-Fascist Action - whose engagement in community self-defence against fascism is useful and necessary despite the obviously limited nature of the political objectives involved.
3. Phone interview 2/11/99.
4. Temporary Hoarding #6, London Summer 1978.
5. RAR's disinterest in those who are unlikely to tow a party line and the unwillingness of its activists to engage in debates that might help recalcitrant individuals develop progressive political positions is evident from the Ants interview: "ADAM: There's one other number in the set that I must tell you about. I do a song Light up a beacon on a Puerto Rican and I'll tell you why I called it that. The Puerto Ricans in New York are on the bottom, on the floor, and lowest. You've only got to see West Side Story to know that number. If you get robbed by a Puerto Rican he nicks all your shoes and everything, they're really desperate people cos they're treated like fucking shit by the whites. Anyway, in my song, the story is about a white woman who has actually got a pet Puerto Rican. I saw Roots, and what shocked me in that wasn't the slavery, wasn't the conditions, it was when that guy went into the black slave community, and they said to him, 'Look, we're animals' - they'd accepted being fucking animals. The old black guys were going 'Don't do nothing don't react' because it had been drummed into them. And that really made me sick, that really got to me. The fact that a human being can accept that he's garbage! So my song is about a white woman who has reduced a human being to dog status - because I thought that was a damn sight more powerful in a lyric than saying look at those poor Puerto Ricans. I've sung that song to Puerto Ricans from New York, and they loved it man. Because it was singing about Puerto Ricans, and they just don't get sung about. RAR: Can we talk about something else now..."
6. The Crisis singles and mini-album are collected with a few additional tracks on the CD We Are All Jews And Germans (Ourbours, London 1997). Lyrics are either taken from this source or in the case of songs not included on this CD (Search And Destroy, SPG), from privately circulated live recordings.
7. Cited in Misery and Purity: A History and Personal Interpretation of Death in June by Robert Forbes (Jara Press, Amersham 1995) page 212.
8. Forbes ibid. 212.
9. Doug Pearce cited in Forbes ibid. 36.
10. Forbes ibid. 15.
11. Forbes ibid. 15.
12. Forbes ibid. 23.
13. Forbes ibid. 17.
14. Forbes ibid. 21.
15. Forbes ibid. 28.
16. Forbes ibid. 130-131.
17. Forbes ibid. 100-101.
18. Forbes ibid. 23.
19. Forbes ibid. 36. Clearly there comes a point in the reception of cultural artefacts where those responsible for them feel a need to explain their intentions if they perceive them to have been misunderstood. For example, the subject positions in some of my novels (for example Pure Mania, Defiant Pose and Red London) were and sometimes still are misread as my own - as a result, I felt it necessary to correct this impression

continued from page 3

largely won by Stalin's Russia. Stalin had already killed ten million people by 1940, so his war with Hitler was hardly a fight for freedom. Meanwhile Churchill delayed the Normandy landings, hoping that the German and Russian armies would wear themselves out.(2) The result was that 20-30 million Russians perished and millions more died in the concentration camps.

The Allies refused Axis offers to send them Jewish refugees and they never acted on desperate pleas to stop the exterminations by bombing the rail lines to Auschwitz.(3) However, they did make great efforts to bomb German and Japanese cities, killing perhaps a million civilians. The culmination of these atrocities was the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki; bombings that were authorised by the 1945 Labour government even though Japan was ready to surrender.(4)

After the war, tens of thousands of German POWs starved to death in Allied prison camps, as did many civilians in a devastated Germany deprived of food aid.(5) At the same time the Allies recruited prominent Nazis like Klaus Barbie, 'the Butcher of Lyon', and Walter Rauff, the inventor of the gas chambers. They sent them to Latin America where the US also introduced Nazi counter-insurgency techniques to maintain their control of the region.(6)

Although WW2 had nothing to do with fighting oppression, this has not stopped the media and politicians justifying more recent wars against Saddam or Milosevic as vital struggles against 'the new Hitler'. It has also not stopped them stirring up racial hatred against asylum seekers in a way that would not have been out of place in Nazi Germany!

A major reason that politicians get away with all this hypocrisy is that the left still claims that WW2 was a 'just war'. They still believe that, no matter how much they oppose democratic capitalist politicians, they need to join with them against any threat from dictators. But history shows this can only lead to massacres and

war crimes - from WW2 to the Gulf to Kosovo.

A better way to oppose dictatorship is for people to make revolution against it and every other aspect of capitalism. This is not just sloganeering, it was shown to work in Spain when armed workers prevented Franco's coup in 1936 and proceeded to take over and successfully run industry and agriculture. Tragically, their 'anarchist' leaders then thought they could fight fascism by joining, rather than overthrowing, the 'left' Republican government. However, this merely gave the government the opportunity to destroy the workers' collectives and ruthlessly repress all opposition in the name of the anti-fascist war effort. Franco still won and the Spanish civil war set a precedent for the mass mobilisations of WW2.(7)



During WW2, people joined anti-fascist resistance movements just to survive. But the only way to really stop the carnage would have been for soldiers to turn their guns on their officers and make revolution. This may well have left them vulnerable to attack, but it could have also sparked off revolts behind enemy lines. After all, the end of WW1, Armistice Day 1918, occurred in the wake of mutinies and revolution across Germany inspired by the Russian revolution.

Wars are often ended by mutinies; examples include the US army in Vietnam, the Iraqi army in 1991 and the Serb army last year. Such a scenario was not impossible in WW2. Indeed the Allies had to violently crush anti-fascist resistance movements in Korea and Greece, as well as to occupy every inch of Axis territory, in case revolutions broke out. Certainly revolution was the only scenario worth fighting for and, whatever its outcome, it could not have been worse than the fifty million deaths of WW2, the worst massacre in human history.

Livingstone's support for the Kosovo war dissuaded many from opposing Britain's first major war in Europe since 1945. This not only led to the deaths of at least 500 civilians but it

can only encourage more wars.(8) Some of the graffiti on the Cenotaph was pointless; some, like the slogan: 'Why glorify war?', was appropriate. But let us hope the hysteria about it encourages all of us to think about why we were so ineffective during the Kosovo war and how we can better oppose the next war.



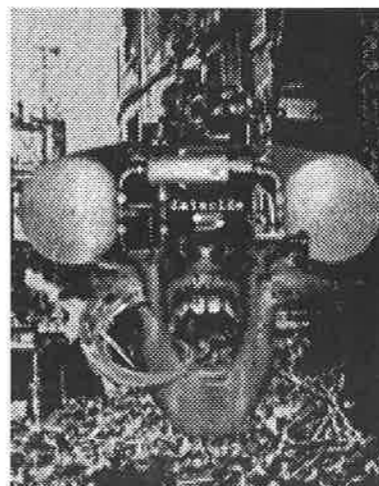
1. The Independent, 2/5/00 and 21/4/99.
2. N.Rose, Churchill, An Unruly Life, p236, 299-302.
3. <http://www-polisci.mit.edu/BostonReview/BR20.4/Forbes.html>
4. http://www.valourandhorror.com/P_Reply/BC.htm#Morality, F.Williams, Twilight of Empire, p71-4.
5. James Bacque controversially claims that 9 million Germans died during Allied occupation <http://www.cia.com.au/serendipity/hr.html#c&m>
6. See Chomsky at <http://www.zmag.org/chomsky/rab/rab-7.html>
7. <http://www.geocities.com/CapitolHill/Lobby/2379/dauve.htm>
8. Some estimates of Serb deaths exceed 2,000. The numbers of Kosovans killed by the Serbs is unclear. However only 670 bodies had been found by November 1999, implying that US claims of 100,000 murdered were completely invented to justify the bombing. See Pilger, New Statesman, 15/11/99 and: <http://www.hrc.wmin.ac.uk/guest/radical/ESKOSO-VO.HTM>

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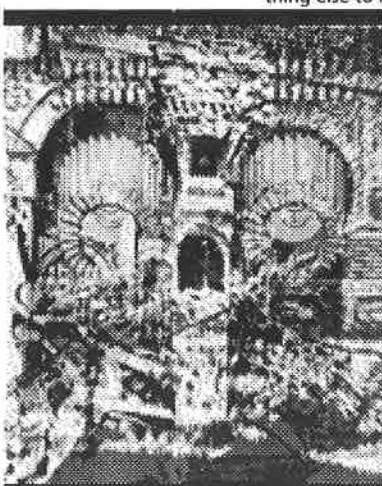
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introduction
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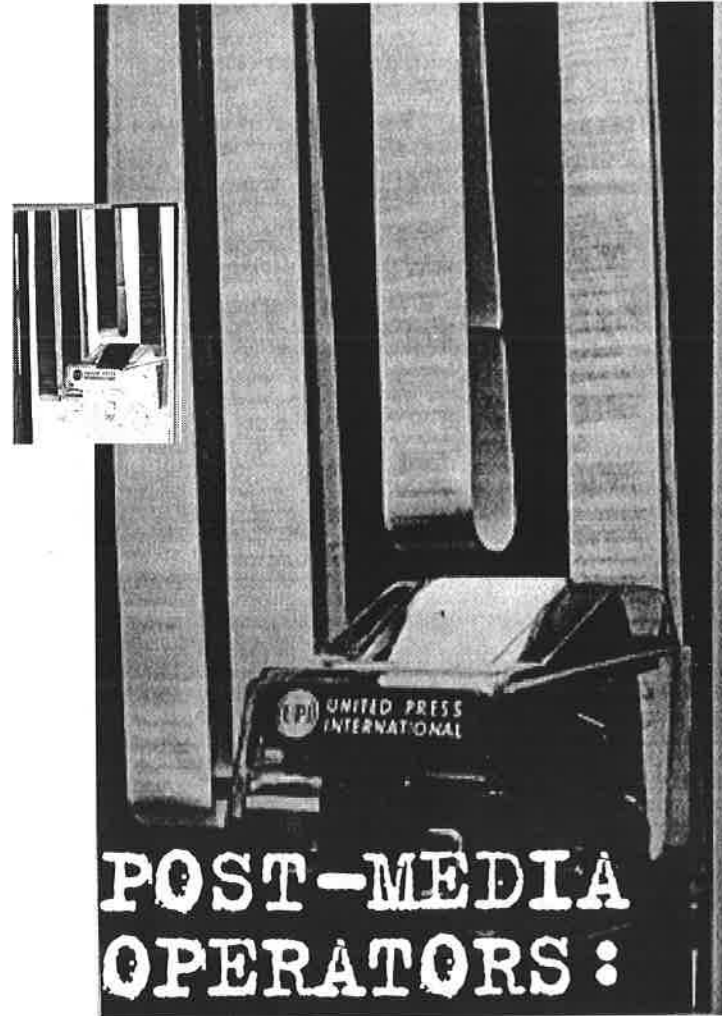


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No one recognises these powers as their own

(Why Theory?) We have to dispense with the idea that theorising occurs after the creative event; that a poem or a track or a text is made and then, as part of its process of dissemination, there follows the theorising of the piece. Such a theorising is normally attributed to those known variously as critics, reviewers and essayists. However, what actually occurs is that theorising goes on at the same time as the creative event is being worked upon. It is complementary to the event and, more importantly, it is the continuous precondition for the event. There is always this theoretical supplement to any activity: a carpenter fits cupboards into an alcove and there is this ongoing process about the nature of the material, a questioning of the next step, and how it is best to overcome those obstacles, such as the unevenness of the wall, that present themselves. Similarly, when producers make a track there is a similar theorisation going on: what sounds to use, how they fit in to other sounds, how they relate to expectation, how best to structure the track. Such a theoretical component to any activity is denied



"SOVEREIGN & VAGUE"

because theory is normally attributed to a textual product, and like the role of the critic, this comes to exercise the effect upon creative producers that their activity is somehow 'below' the level of theoretical process. This self-deprecation, actively instituted by the division of labour (a compartmentalisation of tasks that undoubtedly limits perception), serves to reinforce the divide between consciousness and activity, between thought and action; it severs the creative producer from the consciousness of his or her activity to the point that the theoretical component is occluded. However, if there wasn't an 'auto-theoretical' element to activity, which always includes context and reciprocity and which, if made conscious, can defy the division of labour and its instating of various dualities such as that between perception and conception, then there could be no next creative event as the process of engagement is always giving rise to tangents and possible ideas for the next poem, text or track. There is a thinking and an engaging with materials at the same time. Praxis. Process. Bearings that, in the slipstream of the creative event,

offer an inkling of objectives, limitations and, crucially, autonomy. Process premisses change. To deny this ever-present and constant theoretical activity, these re-orientations that include memory, endless self-interpretation and renewed possibility, is to conform to a definition of theory that is imposed: "it is forgotten that experience can inform theory, that theory is in itself a form of experience, that there is such a thing as a theoretical practice" (1).

Perhaps a theorising that neglects such auto-theoretical aspects could be termed 'discourse' and that this latter form of theoretical activity is so often hermetic, self-referencing and exclusory is maybe because it seeks to resolve problems 'once-and-for-all' within a text rather than filtering these through an activity that is constantly posing these problems anew as a part of daily practice. In this way, by coralling theory into servicing their own renewal, academics do not confront the division of labour (the provisos of their knowledge) and instead reproduce the hierarchisation that not only occludes but occults the shared auto-theoretical component. Such hermetic academic discursivity - seen in the proliferation of secondary texts that veil and seek to possess the primary text - serves as a means of formalising the 'right' to theory; specialising it as a work of discipline that it divorced from 'practical energies'. Yet, to re-create what is meant by 'theorising', to refuse to differentiate it from 'everyday' activity, experience and experiment is to be engaged in a process of de-conditioning; a translating and de-translating of the "inexhaustible stores of material" that, by means of memory and conscience, make of everyone an auto-theorist. Such a process, in not confining problems to discourse nor in seeking to compress them within formal, dispassionate and conclusive restraints, is a process of social engagement. Not knowing of boundaries, not even knowing of taught techniques of cross-over, the *sui generis* sites of communication proliferate and as they do it becomes clearer that, beyond the models offered by the media and the academy, it becomes a matter of re-appropriating the means of written, visual and aural expression. This approach is, in part, what those conspicuous outsiders, the situationists, meant by 'drifting': a reflective activity is not solely a matter of a 'large table and piles of books' but is as much a matter of the social-interaction of 'walking': a non-discursive sense of the environment (2). This situationist take on auto-theorisation, which relates to the Marxist sense of critique as opposed to criticism, was partly employed to differentiate their activity from academia and, if, today, this auto-theoretical dimension has been supplanted by the discursive, making this dimension invisible to practitioners who self-deprecatingly deny its existence to themselves, it is sadly sought and reconvened in the pages and sites of the media where, not only does it fall to journalists to articulate our activity for us, it is, as a result of such voluntary delegation, a matter of creative producers searching for a 'scene' anywhere other than in their own auto-theoretical potential to be engaged.

(Media Pimps?) However, such flight from the academic and discursive towards the 'free space' of the reputedly popular not only reveals the still "clinging folds of the gown" (street cred as another form of seeking after acceptance), but it does hardly anything to resuscitate and encourage auto-theorisation. Disciplining structures are still operative. The exchange of one set of exigencies for another reveals that the choice between academia and the media (the false choice of rigour versus hedonism, earnestness versus noncommittalism) is one which posits, at best, an acute negotiation between dissemination and compromise and, at worst, a blind innocence bordering on unconscious collusion; an innocence that is in part an innocence of seeking after the legitimating word of arbiters but which is also a naivety undercut by an unsureness of motive - a lack of any other social context other than that of hermetic careerism (one slot becomes the advert for another slot). Yet the increasing merging of the academic and media markets (whose flagships currently seem to be post-rave culture studies, cybermania and 'brit-art') can be seen in their cancelling each other out in a neutralising blur of middle-ground and failed populism (inner-sanctums and exclusivity still reign). Creativity, the free-flow of desire, becomes channelled into a playful and distracted entertainment but it is still a creativity that is eulogised with an overload of super-superlatives. And so, as with academic eulogies to creativity, when the mainstream media discusses creative processes it is normally couched in terms of what makes a poem, text or track 'better' than someone else's. That the 'Harvard System' of annotation is replaced by the interview situation does not diminish the degree of reverence. The canonical and the popular still resound to the familiar ring of 'genius' but in the media things are maybe worse in that a premature acclaim or interest in a creative producer can work to sap auto-theorisation by making the processes that inform the creativity into the motor of a production line: famous for a product, that product is replicated; famous for being misrepresented, the misrepresentation is promulgated. Often creative producers can almost be heard to be in the thrall of the mediated situation,

certs, but it would have been resolved more readily if Wakeford had not been a "comrade" (blame was inevitably deflected from him). Incompatibility combined with the undisciplined nature of the band and their friends - who got in fights with fascists, rival punk gangs and even each other - created tensions. These pressures often resulted in the band being treated shabbily, for example not having their expenses fully covered and not being thanked for their work. There were even instances when the band turned up to do a RAR concert only to find that the PA they'd been promised had failed to materialise, or else the equipment was faulty (in one instance this resulted in Doug Pearce being hospitalised after receiving a serious electric shock).

There is a notion that explains a great deal not only about punk rock in general and Crisis in particular, but also the subsequent evolution of both Pearce and Wakeford. - and that is a hankering after "authenticity". The motive force in everything Pearce and Wakeford have done as "adults" is not politics but aesthetics. It was an aesthetic desire for "authenticity" that led them to join Trotskyist groups despite the fact that they were dandies. Pearce, in particular, has always behaved as though it is possible to live differently in this world - a prima donna act in which he pretends to have risen above capitalism while the commodity economy is still intact - and all of anarchism is evident in this aesthetic pose. Aesthetically (and therefore politically) Crisis were much closer to anarchist noise merchants such as Crass than later "Trotskyist" bands from the Redskins to Beggars ITA (whose bolshevism was an outgrowth of Bakuninism, whereas both Pearce and the Crass are much closer to the anarchism of Proudhon). Crisis wanted to be "real" and utilised politics as a short cut to realising what is ultimately an aesthetic position. In chasing the chimera of personal authenticity rather than the reality of revolutionary transformation, Pearce and Wakeford came to believe their political posturing was sincere. This fanatical but nonetheless deluded self-belief in a political mission was the basis on which Crisis sold themselves to their fans (some of whom were actually attracted by the hilarious gap between what Pearce and Wakeford believed about themselves and what they actually represented). Given the inability of the aesthetically driven Crisis to deliver on what they'd declared as their political positions, it is hardly surprising that the dominant members of the band ended up breaking with RAR and ultimately conventional Trotskyism.

Despite their disillusionment with leftism and popular fronts, when Pearce and Wakeford formed a new band called Death In June (DIJ) their first gig was a benefit for Workers Against Racism (a cat's paw of the Revolutionary Communist Party) at Central London Polytechnic towards the end of 1981. At this stage, anyone puzzled by the para-military uniforms and fascist symbolism utilised by DIJ was offered reassurance along the lines of: "When we first formed we were investigating fascism, no bones about that. It's interesting to see what this tainted ideology which has been so powerful had to say in the beginning." (9) The fact that DIJ had publicly affirmed their support for anti-racism by playing a WAR benefit appeared to confirm this. While the lyrical content of songs such as Till The Living Flesh Is Burned betrayed an unhealthy interest in Nazism, for a time it seemed possible that DIJ had an anti-fascist agenda. However, interviews with Doug Pearce dating from the mid-eighties onwards make it clear that if DIJ set out with the intention of demystifying fascism, they were nonetheless confused about the issues involved.

This is what Pearce had to say about the Night of the Long Knives to the music paper Sounds in 1985: "Our interest doesn't come from killing all opposition, as it's been interpreted, but from identification with or understanding of the leftist elements of the SA which were purged, or murdered by the SS. That day is extremely important in human history... They were planning execution or overthrow of Hitler, so he wouldn't be around. We'd be living in a completely different world, I should imagine... It's fascinating that a few people held the destiny of the world and mankind in their hands for those few hours and let it slip, and it could've gone either way." (10) It is clear from this that Pearce lacks not only any understanding of politics and history, but plain common sense. Since the brownshirts represented the "left-wing" within National Socialism, they were necessarily fascists. It is the nature of fascist movements to expand or collapse. If Hitler had been replaced as head of the German state by another Nazi leader in 1934 it would have made little difference to "the world" and "mankind" - since resentment about the Versailles treaty was one of the things

that brought the Nazis to power and was leading inextricably to war. Likewise, the culture of anti-semitism that had poisoned much of Europe for hundreds of years was exploited by the Nazis for propaganda purposes and the entire National Socialist leadership was eager to take this racism to a murderous conclusion.

What is going on beneath Pearce's meaningless bluff about "the destiny of the world" is so obvious that it hardly needs explaining: the Trotskyist myth of betrayal is being attached to National Socialism with Hitler becoming Stalin and Ernst Rohm becoming Trotsky. As if to notify the world that his conversion to "left"-fascism is complete, Pearce raved elsewhere: "At the start of the eighties, Tony and I were involved in radical left politics and beneath it history students. In search of a political view for the future we came across National Bolshevism which is closely connected with the SA hierarchy. People like Gregor Strasser and Ernst Rohm who were later known as 'second revolutionaries' attracted our attention." (11)

However, being a firm believer in contradictions, Pearce has offered other explanations for his interest in fascism when it has been broached via the issue of his enthusiasm for dressing up in Nazi uniforms: "The question did arise but they (the music press) approached it from the right angle, the fetishistic side, the attraction within of a uniform, there's a certain kind of appeal, a sexual power to the thing." (12) This is a rather hackneyed tactic. Pearce defends his interest in Nazi uniforms on the basis that it is a manifestation of his sexuality. If Pearce merely dressed up in fascist togs at home, one would certainly think of him as sad but he would attract less criticism than he does by projecting this "fetish" in public. Being gay does not justify a liking for the garb of fascist oppressors. A distinction needs to be made here between commoditised sexual fetishism and gay liberation. The so called pink pound and the commercialisation of sex do not threaten capitalism, they buttress it, whereas the struggle for human emancipation from the commodity economy - which must necessarily include gay liberation - attacks the sexual fetishisation of oppression and its master Profit.

Pearce has consistently marketed DIJ on the basis that aesthetic fascism can be sold as pornography. The technique is simply now you see it, now you don't, or as Pearce puts it: "Our subjects have a political significance, but in a much more oblique way, we don't say, it's this or it's that, like the way Crisis did. It's in this way we're different." (13) More accurately, DIJ are sold - and it is necessary to emphasise salesmanship since this is Pearce's forte (he is a businessman who runs a record label which releases both his own output and that of other "artists") - on the basis that the "group" might be politically dodgy. Contradictory messages are circulated and the fans can then spend hours wrestling with the problem of whether or not DIJ are fascists. DIJ's game-plan for increased market penetration entails a constant slippage between the aesthetic and the political. Pearce uses symbols associated with Nazism but champions right-wing anarchism as a political creed, often articulating his free market doctrine in occult or religious terms: "I am my own religion. I am my own faith. To believe in oneself is the final cult. It's the only real magic which really works. That's why it's also the most difficult." (14) But given the principle of contradiction on which he works, Pearce has also claimed: "The work itself was always deemed more important than the cultivation of individual egos or personalities. Symbols are more suggestive of DIJ's work than bland mug shots." (15) Or spinning off in a slightly different direction: "My actions are instinctual. I feel sometimes I am too much a puppet of my destiny. But my path is constantly re-affirmed, so... I am doing exactly what I am supposed to be doing!" (16) In other words, drumming to the beat of commodity fetishism, making money by shifting product.

Pearce's trick of sliding from one thing to another quickly becomes tiresome, particularly when it is premised on such a shallow manipulation of symbols. Nevertheless, done as if in earnest this con attracts an audience on the Gothic and Industrial scenes (youth subcultures). A typical example of Pearce's sales pitch is given by former Crass fan Robert Forbes in his book *Misery and Purity: A History and Personal Interpretation of Death In June* where the title track of the album *Brown Book* is discussed as "a trap that was set and sprung." (17) The title "was taken from the books of the same name which were published before WWII reporting the conditions in Nazi Germany and then after that war by the East German authorities listing Nazi and war criminals supposedly living in West Germany and their influence over that country." Over a vocal rendition of the Nazi battle anthem *The Horst Wessel* are various voices taped in German, including a shout of "Achtung" (warning). Doug Pearce is allowed to explain: "No matter what I did I was accused of being this, that and the other, by the music press. I thought, alright, let's go all out. On that album I went for contradictions... A Brownshirt is talking about a variety of matters and taking an idiotic stand on some things that were completely anti-SA and much more SS. He accused the SS of being homo-



The hoary debate about punk rock and politics was recently given a boost by the publication of Punk Rock: So What? edited by Roger Sabin. (1) The editor's essay 'I Won't Let That Dago By: Rethinking Punk and Racism' is one of several pieces that raises the issue of punk politics directly. Claiming that there is a consensus about British punk rock of the seventies being 'essentially solid with the anti-racist cause', Sabin sees a punk alliance with the organisations Rock Against Racism (RAR) and the Anti-Nazi League (ANL) as providing the capstone of this myth. Sabin deflates what he sees as the fable of punk anti-racism by trotting out a few examples of unsavoury lyrics and media sound bites.

While Sabin suggests that some of the bands who played RAR benefits suffered from unconscious racist blind spots (Joy Division, Sham 69, the Art Attacks, and Adam and the Ants), his article would have been more illuminating if he'd examined the relationship between musicians who have been accused of expressing racist and/or fascist views and SWP front groups as well as the effect (if any) this anti-racist organisation had on the subsequent development of those who supported it. (2) Since bands with managers were able to appear at RAR events without having any contact with the organisation, I will deal with an example of this type of "non-connection" before moving onto more complex interactions between



punk rockers and Trotskyism. Edwin Pouncey who fronted the Art Attacks in the late-seventies was horrified to discover that Sabin considered his band's song Arabs In 'Arrads to be racist: "I didn't write the lyrics to that song, they were by our drummer John Haney. But all our songs were little stories, they weren't necessarily written from our point of view. We certainly never shopped in Harrods, so it didn't bother us who went there. We played Arabs In 'Arrads for RAR and no one complained about it. RAR phoned us up and asked us to play, our manager dealt with them. He thought it was a good idea to do RAR, we didn't have any problems with them, they paid our manager and he split the money between us." (3)

On the late-seventies punk scene the Art Attacks were not considered to have an image problem - indeed, since their bass player Marion Fudger worked for the feminist paper Spare Rib, they could even be seen as having a certain political cache. However, RAR was not averse to putting on bands that could draw a crowd but were considered politically suspect by the music press. The official RAR publication Temporary Hoarding ran a Lucy Toothpaste interview with Adam and the Ants, a band that Sabin takes to task for their song Puerto Rican. The feature is accompanied by a picture of the band playing a benefit for RAR on 17 June 1978. Despite allowing the Ants to play RAR benefits, the organisation nevertheless shows considerable hostility towards them: "Adam and the Ants phoned us up to say they wanted to play gigs for Rock Against Racism. This didn't seem to fit in with the accusations their reviewers are always making that this band have an unhealthy interest in the Nazis. Well, we don't believe what we read in the music press either, but we decided to interrogate - I mean, interview - them, anyway...." (4) The interview kicked off with the band being asked why they wanted to play RAR gigs. Drummer Dave Barbarossa explained:

"It's in my interest, isn't it! I'm a darkie! How can they call us a Nazi band when we've got a coloured drummer! I've got a Jewish mother and the other side of my family is black. I mean surely I must be the most anti-Nazi and anti-racist bloke! If the National Front ever get in power I'll be kicked out of the country right away. I wouldn't go around supporting people

who wrote songs in favour of Nazism. I've got a kid and wife you know. I've got a lot to worry about if they get in. That's why doing these gigs are good for the band because it's important to do this just to clear the air..."

RAR: Well you've made it clear that you personally don't believe in fascism. But the whole Nazi thing is often treated as though it had a sort of sordid glamour about it, which might appeal to people who are fed up and frustrated and think it sounds more exciting than boring everyday life. Don't you think that doing songs like these might encourage that?

DAVE: The blokes I went to school with are all in the National Front now, they've told me to my face, and I've been beaten up by the NF, my brother has, because I live in Wood Green - and if I thought I was playing in a group that was furthering - bringing out their fantasies and making them a reality - or sort of helping the National Front, I'd leave. Fucking hell. They're just humorous songs, they're really funny, you can laugh at Nazism in those songs, instead of being frightened...

(RAR) Dave says the songs make fun of Nazism. But then Adam lets the cat out of the bag (and it is a tom cat). He finds little German girls appealing. Perhaps he finds the concentration camps appalling - but you wouldn't know it from the song...

(DAVE): I'm not a politician cos I can't get it together to think - the moment I start thinking about politics all these things start coming up, and I wonder how they got there in the first place. And so the only thing we can do is play these gigs and raise some money for you and support you publicly....

(RAR conclusion addressed to the reader rather than the band) So now you know."

While RAR were happy to take the money raised by Adam and the Ants, the organisation clearly felt nothing but contempt for the band, so it is perhaps not surprising that the alliance between this mismatched pairing didn't last long. (5) RAR enjoyed a longer term relationship with "political" punk band Crisis who not only journeyed to many parts of the UK to play RAR benefits, but also did a tour of Norway organised by this SWP front. The close relationship between Crisis and RAR was facilitated by the fact that the punk group's bassist Tony Wakeford was a dues-paying member of the Socialist Workers Party. Equally fortuitously, rhythm guitarist Doug Pearce belonged to the International Marxist Group (Tariq Ali's operation) which helped the band to get Anti-Nazi League gigs, since IMG members worked themselves into positions of power within this broadly based alliance. Wakeford's political affiliations served to secure yet more gigs connected to the Right To Work campaign (another SWP front) which with the lure of new wave rock music had no trouble attracting punks to events that might be viewed as conflicting with the subculture's anti-work ethos.

Despite their anti-fascist activism - reflected in lyrics such as: "search and destroy, search and destroy the Nazis, the National Front, smash the National Front, annihilate, annihilate, annihilate" and "I am a militant, I am a picket, I fought at Lewisham, I fought at Grunwick" (6) - Crisis eventually became disillusioned with Trotskyism. At the time Doug Pearce bewailed: "But what I wish was that the left would see us on their side instead of the enemy. I mean we feel more alienated at their gigs than ordinary ones. They don't give us any credit and the money we get they don't even donate in our name! The left in general are really weird, they're still scared of punk, and that's why a lot of progress hasn't been made." (7) Wakeford speaking about the Crisis-ANL-RAR alliance many years later spat: "It ended because we were used by political parties, whose very nature, especially near the top, were full of self-seeking people. The stories are legend and it is too boring to go into. We got fucked." (8)

There appear to have been two interrelated problems in the relationship Crisis developed with organisations such as RAR. Despite their membership of Trotskyist groups, the lyrics Pearce and Wakeford wrote all too often show them sliding into anarchism - "I don't need your flag and I won't kiss it, I don't need your law, you can stick it up your arse..." from Militant; "Don't rebel you won't get thanked, you'll just get run over by a tank, don't wanna buy the Morning Star, just be a boss in your big black car..." from Back In The USSR; and "We hate all the coppers and they're just a bunch of Nazis, SPG, SPG..." from SPG. These anarchic tendencies were even more obvious in the way Pearce (with back up from Wakeford) ran the group - remaining staunchly "independent" and refusing to deal with managers or major record labels against the wishes of other band members. In the eighties, anarchist bands were to run campaigns against major record labels, whereas Trotskyists would sign the biggest deal they could get in the interests of putting their message across to the broadest possible audience. Despite the lip service they paid to Trotskyism, Pearce and Wakeford were in practice closer to Proudhonian anarchism.

The inability of Crisis to tow the party line was a problem for the SWPers who organised many of their RAR con-

where, with the interviewer engaged in the dynamics of ego-activation, the interviewee is less likely to take the opportunity to talk in more general terms that could offer encouragement to others. If this does occur, if there is talk of social context and an interplay of engaged relations, if there is a straying from non-analogical specifics, then the journalistic editing process slips into action to select statements, re-write statements, or maybe even, if the contents of the discussion are too eclectic and tangential and hence veer towards the 'political', drop the feature altogether. The most successful manipulators of the media are those who know that they are dealing with the promotion of their own product (themselves) and, rather than pre-empt a critic's review and move out from the 'silent' confines of the interview situation, they choose, in many ways, to meet media censorship with self-censorship. This is the price of their pleasure: that their desire, which becomes ours, is a stopped-flow called entertainment.

But, crucially, one of the primary elements of auto-theorisation is the fact that it is dependent on being flawed and tentative. It is a space where mistakes and *meconnaissance* play a vital role. The media space is, however, by and large, one of celebration, one where 'success' and the finalisation of product are reified into something that is unchanging. It is at this point, when the creative producer is immersed in 'promotional time', that the media comes to exercise its seductive and parasitical prowess. The media has itself created this 'promotional time' and in conformity to it the creative producer comes to take time out, has a vacation in the media, so to speak, and discusses and pontificates on his latest book, album or exhibition. This media space requires that its subjects, obedient and pliable in the long sought-after first-flush of acclaim, suspend their self-critical faculties to the point that enthusiasm can be wrought into the unadulterated jubilation of publicity (every opportunity to speak becomes a re-trenchment). This celebratory context of promotion - self-censored and thus certain - can make most people who enter this framework come across as no less arrogant and self-contained than the discursive products of a scorned academy. However, if the latter have citations and references to instill an idea of collaboration the media has very little time for 'movements' or the tracing of nebulous and enigmatic social networks and because not a few creative producers are in a state of 'denial' about the immediate influences of their peer group (scene) what is normally cited are the standardised historic reference points that best express the ambition of their particular situation (the right references). As all this creative activity is based on self-theorisation and is informed by the daily exchange of practice, concepts and techniques and as a means of testing these theories amidst those developed by the self-theorisation of others, it is this component that the media is quick to edit-out and it is aided in this by the creative producer who, even if he or she wants to, doesn't get the time to broach this aspect. The elementary social factor becomes off-limits. This media censorship of mistakes, its obfuscation of the frustrations of the auto-theorising process and its edited sacrifice of the collective aspect of creativity is what makes it function to deny the existence of struggle, uncertainty and collaboration: "Origin in something else counts as an objection, as casting a doubt on value" (3). For the media everything has to be unique and complete and its casting of the creative producer as 'the first' is achieved by denying the presence of precursors or allies. Instantaneity creates its own vacillating value and hyperbole raises the inflationary stakes until we've got a situation wherein the 'clued-up' servants of the media seem to be churning out simulacra of hoaxes and pranks normally attributed to such cultural saboteurs as the KLF.

The media can't celebrate process or becoming. That would be to begin to suppress itself and, at the end of that fine day, it would be possible for us to return the creative product to its prosaic reality, bring it down from the reified air of its presupposed future posterity and install it as a social product. But in the meantime an air of unreality ensues. Everyone begins to expect a non-existent perfection and, awaiting their turn in the spotlight, are unable to address each other without the glare of this fictive mirror. Comparison, the bench mark of media quality control, equalises value and begins to infect a scene which, abandoning its idiosyncratic drive, begins to compete and then, exhausted, it reproduces the norm only to find it is too early or too late. For this divisive simulation to catch us in its thrall it is necessary for the "invisible structures" of the media to remain unilluminated.

Journalistic construction is dependent on many elements, processes, that do not find their way into finalised articles or reviews. There is the selection of subjects, which elevates some at the expense of others (reinforcing hierarchy, individualism and competitiveness) and which is, more often than not, carried out in relation to readership-expectation: a fictive, self-perpetuating and generalising factor, that itself continually passes through discussions with editors, sub-editors, circulation-man-

agers and financiers. Perhaps at this stage there is consideration of factors such as the ease of access to subjects; the discussion of what is currently being supplied to pose as demand; the need for exclusivity, to be the first, to set trends. These are factors that establish a media mind-set where, above all, a kind of narcissistic investment in 'profession' is mistaken for objectivity: the media not only 'constructs' the popular, as if the 'popular' pre-existed its journalistic mediation, but it then adheres to this definition of the 'popular' and thus perpetuates it. This mythic shading of the media would be quite interesting if it wasn't, as with all blind faith, so insidious, so in touch with the unconscious, so much a built 'drive' that modelises people. But as with 'heaven' access to the media is a fraught and self-immolating path. Not just anyone can get in, for access to the media becomes a slow trickle because introjection of the 'new' has to be couched in terms of the already pre-



existing and discovery of the contemporaneous is overshadowed by the preparation of the 'new!' That there is a constant obedience to these exigencies of the profession via editors and that this obedience effects a journalist's modes of perception and communication means that even when research is carried out it cannot be turned into a 'processual' endeavour, a means of extending self-theorisation, but must be directed towards the final piece whose outcome is, before even being written, somehow already expected (its syntax and superlatives are already capitalistic). This relates to the journalistic trade in 'symbolic capital' where, in order to increase assignments (and assignments vary in prestige), there is a sense that whatever is said in an interview situation is subject to its being filtered via the journalist's own agenda: an agenda that may encompass... subservience to an editor to ensure the status of regular contributor... to the seeking-out of subjects and material that fits neatly into the tenor of a long-term approach (the thesis). In the latter instance the pay-off is that the journalist enters into an exchange with a creative practitioner whereby the latter is offered the promise of diffusion because the journalist is structurally placed as a gatekeeper permitting access to a means of mass distribution and potential popularity. This latter point is itself problematic for the unconscious dynamic which pervades such an exchange is one of censorship where the whole mythic idea of the popular (saved by visibility/made subject) becomes a fear of being unpopular (dammed by invisibility/ made object) and, like a child who seeks approval, we are witness to one means by which the media induces infantilism: there is a rush to conform to the proscribed limits of behaviour and thought, to seek not to be marked out, to never say or encourage anything politically contentious, to agree with that which flatters. But, there is another aspect of these journalistic "invisible structures" that are left unspoken and edited-out: cronyism. Here a meeting between a creative producer and a journalist is one that is mutually complimentary rather than one that constitutes an interrogative opposition. Both know the score and both use each other. Like any professionalism, adaptation to such "invisible structures" is an easily acquired virtue, because quite simply, conformity is dependent on the continuing acceptance of what is (4). They are seen as 'virtues' because, in relying on the suspension of auto-theorising and adhering to the job specification, they are socially-adaptive.

(Media Whores?) Everyone knows a media-whore when they see one. It's pointless making a list because most people have their own. They're the ones that crop up everywhere and at every available opportunity. It's not so much that they are acclaimed by many or that their persisting visibility is a mark of 'quality'. No. The media-whore is one on their own. One of a kind. A grafter in more ways than one. A grifter and a grafter. A convenient success-symbol for the ongoing pliable acceptance of the *non-guaranteed* freelance culture of 'creative' self-exploitation. It is a question of professionalism meeting professionalism, of slotting into the requirements with all the smooth politeness of a parasite. Thus the media-whore (one long disavowal) is trusted. Deadlines can be met. Appointments adhered to. Soundbites well rehearsed. There will be no time wasting. No arguments about context because the media-whore is the context. A one-man-band; a one-man-context. So, not knowing the full extent of an activity the media-whore springs to mind as the delegate of that activity and is endlessly invited to appear, perform and contribute by people hoping to attract enough of an audience to justify the grant. For the more the person-product is seen and reported, the more it becomes increasingly predictable the more its repetition attracts the hip-academics who come to view the output as having the necessary consistency to merit coverage in overviews. In this way the already mediated is further mediated but this mediation doesn't stop because the media-whore, being under contractual pressure to produce, will never complain about how s/he is to be represented because representation (the marketing of the 'self') is all that is wanted and the more prisms of representation page 17

(advertisements) there are to refract through then the more the hall of mirrors reflects, rather than distorts, the face of the media-whore. This is the instantaneity of the 'year zero of faciality' which Deleuze & Guattari vehemently speak out against: "It is not the individuality of the face that counts but the efficacy of the ciphering it makes possible... This is an affair not of ideology but of economy and the organisation of power... Certain assemblages of power require the production of a face" (5). The media-whore is a cipher that functions as an ever replenishing blank that only those who excel at mistaking obedience for desire can see; an equivalence blissfully unaware of context and motive; a cipher noted for the manufacture and delivery of goods; a conduit towards the building of an acculturating capitalism that proclaims equal but limited opportunities. This, then, is the "circularity of circulation" in which the media-whore is caught: the same always proclaimed from a slightly different perspective (the tempered idiosyncrasy of a new journalist on the team), the same softened by academic attention (the researcher looking for thesis-matter). But it's a nice trap. For being visible attracts more visibility because visibility is not seen as the empty modus operandi of the media but as a mark of legitimation, a site, even, for the barely avowed projection of envy.

(Recuperating The Media?) The episode of the media-whore reveals one major facet of the media: its selection of subjects and its continual presentation of them allows people to be witness to the way that the media constructs the narrow dimensions of its ever-expanding circle. What's more, if one of the functions of the media has been a kind of A&R, the elevation of certain subjects that are supposed to merit attention, then, in a post-media scene the effect is reversed. Here, the need to avoid being overloaded by options and choices, comes to be filtered via the media in that the choices and options it offers are, on the whole, rejected. The media is used as a guide of what to avoid for, if a creative producer has untroubledly passed through the filter mechanisms of mediation, then it is probable that the product, sharing or overlapping with the media mind-set, the promotion of "that which is", is similarly charged with the consensus inducing properties of the well adjusted (it has no traumatic qualities). But, a post-media attitude is not an anti-media attitude. We are begrudgingly attentive to the media because,



living in a nuance of the same world, its effects cannot be escaped from and, more positively, it is through the media that capitalism articulates itself. The media, a negative injunction, instates the social with an updated set of contradictions that are always in the process of being played-out and if these processes are not highlighted by the media they can be covered and articulated in post-media contexts. Jean Baudrillard expresses a facet of this contradiction when he asks "Are the mass media on the side of power in the manipulation of the masses, or are they on the side of the masses in the liquidation of meaning, in the violence done to meaning?" (6). Baudrillard's playful question points to the question of subjective agency and whether this should speak for itself or have others speak for it; whether it should seize the media apparatus or rejoice in the "devolution" of choice and responsibility. This points to contrasting political strategies that can, in a post-media context, exist side by side. There is the recognisably 'political' position of constituting ourselves as "subjects, to liberate, to express ourselves at any price" and the position of the obstinate and truculent 'mass', the object at which the media messages are aimed and which involves "the refusal of meaning and the refusal of speech... the hyperconformist simulation of the very mechanisms of the system, which is another form of refusal by overacceptance". Whereas Baudrillard is trying to refute the thesis that the 'mass' is manipulated by the media and that it requires 'enlightened' intellectuals to show it the way towards liberation he is maybe, by adhering to the cumbersome and undifferentiated concept of 'mass', not going far enough in imbricating these two positions. The post-media operators, as those that function in a space-between 'media' and 'academy', do not identify as being either intellectual or mass, and being both authors and punters, composers and listeners, artists and spectators, their position, informed by the diffuse energies of desire, is constantly shifting. This is what makes it an autonomous practice and being one that is unrestricted by the paradigms of 'feature' and 'thesis' it can be free to articulate the findings of its own transversality. For instance, if an increase in information marks the present times and if this increase is producing "uncertainty", a confusing array of choices and strategies, then this uncertainty can be recuperated by post-media operators to effect each pole of Baudrillard's playful dichotomy: we are no longer certain of being political subjects identified as working class or communist, but we are also no longer resting assured in our refusal to speak and answer back. We are no longer cadre or mass, 'contacts' or consumers, and this is where the auto-theorising component comes into it, for, as post-media operators, we are continually engaged in elucidat-

ing the nuances of context and situation and the theorising, in many ways a non-verbal theorising in that it includes gesture, image and sound, is propelled by the particular exigencies of varying situations (it is a resistance to legitimatising models in favour of a 'method' of desire; an opening up of micro-political dimensions; an instinctual transversalism). If we are always working class and militant then our reactions come to be predictable but, even so, we cannot allow this dimension to disappear completely, implying as it does a resistance to the monopoly of the means of distribution by means of becoming expressed by a misuse of the increasingly available means of production. Yet, if in a situation we remain silent our silence is read as a legitimating compliance and, yet, this same silence can maybe make a supposed quietude pregnant with obstinate incredulity whilst also allowing 'transference' to take place: the media, in the rush to say anything, reveals itself and draws our prognosis. This chameleon-like activity is maybe a post-media recuperation of journalistic practice but, unlike the bounded and professionally sanctioned dissimulation of journalists, we inadvertently merge Baudrillard's two strategies, and make theory and practice become co-incident. This form of becoming, of never having remained, of being a "lingering residuum", may in fact have been spurred-on by the media's collusion with the constant overproduction of an acculturating capitalism, but a further post-media recuperation of it allows us to be dispersed rather than localisable, just as power is itself dispersed and not present in any one space or molecule. Beyond the pleasure principle lies auto-theorisation.

The media is recuperated at every turn. From the aping of a record review that imbues this promotional form with an intensity and a social meaning to the establishment of web-sites as nodes of research that are independent from the media and the academy, the post-media practice learns from "the exteriority of its vicinity" (7). Both connected to and autonomous from the media, it is like Marx's proletariat who, on the receiving end of the capitalist mode of production in the factories and work-spaces, know instinctively the meaning of the methods that are employed on it: manipulation may be met with silence but it casts back a disgust at the barefacedness of the manipulator, a disgust that accumulates and, thus intensified, draws others into the orbit of conflict (in this case a conflict over the prevailing culture of compliance). Whereas a workforce, organised into unions, may too often have fought sectional battles, the creative producers of a post-media scene are disorganised to the extent that their sectional interests, becoming increasingly transversal, see points of contact and unification in their shared dismay of the inhibiting methods, form and content of the media (8). So just as a vicinity to the media makes for an over familiarisation that effects a withdrawal of interest and the establishment of alternative media spaces, the media's persisting misrepresentation of activity leads to the recuperation of misrepresentation as a device to manipulate the media. In all cases vicinity breeds a contempt that increases to the degree that, as with wage-labour, a connectedness lays the grounds of an ever threatened disconnectedness. Just as an increasing exposure to exploitation at the workplace provokes the development of means to subvert the contractual obligations of the workplace by means of petty theft, absenteeism, brewing-up, ridiculous union demands etc, so too are media messages recuperated by a choosing and filtering of messages: Throbbing Gristle used to recommend turning the sound of the TV down and playing music as its soundtrack but there are a myriad of other possible detournements that can range from consciously using the media's banalities as a way of 'switching-off' through to using it as a means to activate the energy of disgust. What occurs throughout is that the media's power is negotiated and post-media operators are, in a sense, manipulating their own manipulation; becoming conscious of the fact that social manipulation is instituted (9). Not only does this reveal the role of the media in this manipulation - its homogeneity assured by the editorial diktat, the elevation of central signifiers and models of perception - it also brings into focus the receptive power of the post-media operators themselves, a power that, because it has diversified the levels at which it can place itself, achieves an imperviousness to a further conductance of those censorious and mediating powers of the media: it makes meaning doable. By means of the "exteriority of its vicinity" it is empowered enough to be overpowered and, as a result, is sensitized to the dispersion of power which is not solely conducted through the channels of the media. Crucially, then, it comes to 'recognise these powers as its own' and, in so doing, the post-media operators, absconding from the quietism of the workplace, come to effect an expropriation of the means of expression.

(Towards Self-Institution?) Auto-theorisation allows us to inhabit such contradictory spaces without having to synthesise them or choose between them. It is dependent on being flawed and tentative and relies upon mistakes as the tangential material of its own engagement; a material that places in relief the overproduced and hermetic products so feted by the

media. Thus post-media activity is not the outcome of a discursive resolution, which would only lead to another discourse, but is the process that allows contradictions to be pushed in the direction of enigmas and provocative alloys. It allows for experimental positions without co-ordinates, it drifts off the map, flees from forced identification (and forced subjectivisation) and takes with it the masks and tools that would enslave it. And so, auto-theorisation is a constant vigilance, a controlled loss, a permutability of the rational and the unconscious. A processing of the self revealing social process. Being both screen and projector, receiver and sender, silent and voluble, being the margins of a centre that doesn't exist it occupies a liminal position that, in continually being dispersed, coincides and overlaps with a post-media practice whose overall rhythms are broader (a breadth that can turn to history and precursors). Being a no-space, being illegitimate, means that the academy can be plundered and the media copied, but rather than ape these and look for a 'new' that fits into the criteria, post-media operations, by claiming back the auto-theoretical dimension, affirm those subjects and projects that are omitted: there is a place for history as opposed to nostalgia, for autobiography rather than biography, for militancy rather than quietism, for continuity rather than immediacy, for dirty timbre rather than slickness, for abnormal rather than normalising forms. The post-media operators, being attracted to process via auto-theorisation, are drawn to those cultural products that are conducive to propelling the process of discovery they are already engaged in. In brief these are products that are critical of consensus and which draw attention to the determining "invisible structures": the selection and editing techniques that act to overcode and delimit the powers of reception; they are, to a certain degree, free of being overencumbered by prior interpretation and in this way can function as sites for a "practice of freedom": a freedom of thought, a freedom of language and a freedom of sound. Practices that could not be pursued through the media or the academy. This thumbnail description may sound reminiscent of the avant-garde, yet just as there is a definite coincidence, fuelled by a historical inquisitiveness denied them in the media, the post-media operators, not being aligned to the strictures of categorisation nor to the traps of visibility, would enter into the same relation to the avant-garde as it does the media: one of "exterior vicinity".

A common objection to post-media practice is that by not following the 'popular' route, by not conforming to an expectation of boundaries, it is not only difficult to locate but, in theorising its own paradigm, it is difficult to understand. Such accusations are themselves indicative of a desire to maintain the status quo for if a cultural product becomes too easily digestible, if it is too readily understood, then any thought of participating in the production of its meaning is left to those cognoscenti for whom meaning is a currency that defines what is. By accepting what is already present, by becoming overawed or enervated by it, we are closing down the possible areas where the "social can be enacted", as it is the nuances of our own positions, their idiosyncrasies, that can, in creating meaning through combining meanings, be a spur towards action. This is precisely what the media denies. Its immediacy, the instantaneity of its communication, creates "a climate hostile to action whose effect is only visible over time" (10). Such generalised conditions of impatience that the media induces throughout society becomes translatable as a reluctance to take the time to understand and participate in anything. This in turn, in another turn of "circular circulation", another conformity to the rhythms of the media, becomes the reason that familiar forms, familiar sounds and familiar language are always invoked. They save time, save us from the implications of our own 'doing', and, in providing the cushion of digestibility, come to form a bulwark against auto-theorisation. Thus it is maybe a case that we 'understand' too much and in 'understanding' we replicate what is when really what is absent, and what the post-media operators are intent on providing, is a sense of 'radical imagination', a transversal engagement, that is spurred on by using desire as the method: being free to go anywhere, free to draw on anything, free to say anything, unmoored and without vested interest is to, perhaps, after Castoriadis, to bring another mode of Being into existence, a Being that is self-instituting and is its own mode of "self-alteration, its own temporality" (11). Yet, whether this results in the institution of a 'new class' whose freedom is the freedom of working "outside the sphere of material production proper" (12) or whether it is the opportunity for a social fiction entitled Post-Media Operators - Sovereign and Vague to be written, is, so the media have taught us, by the by, for it has been said now and said is as good as read and read is as good as real and, so the media have taught us, to write is to recuperate hype.

Howard Slater
@ Break/Flow

Notes

Title is drawn from two chapter headings in Adilkno's book "Media Archive" [Autonomea, 1998] // Text spurred on by Pierre Bordieu's "On Television and the Media" [Pluto, 1998] // A version of this text (remixed by Jakob Jakobsen) appeared in

Citations

- (1) Jean Laplanche: New Foundations of Psychoanalysis [Blackwell, 1989]. Laplanche speaks of this ongoing theoretical activity as auto-theorisation: "It is the inexhaustible stores of material that each human being in the course of existence strives to translate into his acts, his speech and the manner in which he represents himself to himself... upon which the auto-theorisation of the human being seizes".
- (2) Nietzsche, in retorting to Gustave Flaubert's contention that "one can only think and write when sitting down", replies by saying "only ideas won by walking have any value".
- (3) Nietzsche: Twilight of the Idols [Penguin Classics, 1974].
- (4) Nietzsche: "What is, does not become; what becomes, is not... Now they all believe... in that which is".
- (5) Deleuze & Guattari: A Thousand Plateaus [Athlone, 1988].
- (6) Jean Baudrillard: 'The Masses' in The Baudrillard Reader [Blackwell, 1988].
- (7) Michel Foucault: The Archaeology of Knowledge [Routledge, 1995].
- (8) Each 'scene' seems to be served by its 'own' media - music, art, cyberart, literature, film etc - and whilst this isn't the place to go into this ghettoization that results from the division of labour expressed in the form of specialisation it is worth pointing out that post-media is a practice that cuts across the nominal ghettos and rejects such categorical divisions of knowledge and vocabulary. Interestingly the renewed attention paid to the 'conceptual art' of the late 60s and early 70s can itself be seen as a spur towards a post-media awareness. The practice of artists like Kosuth, Baldessari, Buren, Latham, Art & Language, Metzger etc with their "acceptance of the multiplicity of non-art subject matter" and being loosely cast as "the de-materialisation of the art object" was indicative of an auto-theorising dimension that, with hindsight, can segue, not untroubledly, into that of the early Situationists, Alexander Trocchi's Project Sigma, Fluxus and Mail Art. Autonomous publishing was an important facet of all these groups and took in such activities as the production of journals as well as the making of conceptual artworks that were dependent on buying space in the media, making the catalogue the 'art', curator as artists, textual paintings etc. In movie land, the work of Godard (long despised as a Maoist) seem remarkably 'post-media' especially works like One Plus One and Masculin/Feminin with their use of sound and text and their transversal melding of poetry and polemic. (An article on Godard should appear in the next issue of Datacide).
- (9) In this way the post-media operators are maybe responding to Marx's request for the formation of a class which has radical chains, which does not want to redress a particular wrong but "wrong in general" and which claims no "traditional status but only a human status" ie a non-status, an equality. See Karl Marx: Selected Writings, ed. T. Bottomore and M. Rubel, p 190 [Pelican 1961].
- (10) Pierre Bordieu: On Television and the Media [Pluto, 1998].
- (11) Cornelius Castoriadis: The Imaginary Institution Of Society, p372 [Polity Press, 1987]. See also: "The time of doing must be instituted so as to contain singularities that are not determinable in advance, as the possibility of the appearing of what is irregular... it must preserve or make room for the emergence of otherness".
- (12) Karl Marx, ibid, p259.

