

There must be some way out of here, I can't get no relief.

Thirty lost spermatozoa hustled out at 9 o'clock on Friday morning by middle aged sugar daddies (cops?), only three still wriggling. The dank remains of Cambridge's first sit-in. Killed by boredom what could have been the death of fragmentation became the fragmentation of death.

ACT I: SOMETHIN' IS HAPPENIN' HERE AND YOU DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS.

The rationality of the sit-in reproduced, in our own situation, the vicarious and spectacular rationality characteristic of commodity society.

Thus the LSE students are dubbed "revolutionary, and we, too, if we wish to be revolutionary must be seen to be revolutionary.

Media flip out over LSE-Cambridge can't be seen to be left behind (and just so everyone believed they were there we produced a paper to tell us afterwards).

..... "will to do something"..... "increasing tension"..... answer: archetypal student protest commodity-the sit-in.

Command goes out over all wires--SIT IN.

BUT WHY???? We need a rational comrades, and with my latest visit to the revolutionary supermarket (where all I could see were things and their price) I got this free offer pamphlet:

"The ideology of confrontation" ... complete with transitional demands, and some real live (not just recorded) issues.

We have: confrontation with the authorities laying bare their bestial nature.

; polarisation of the moderates when confronted with the truth.

; students/workers to run the university (run your own alienation!)

; complete kit for reaching workers--"all profits of automation to the workers

- "not a penny on the rents"

(The good time's coming)

ACT II WE SIT HERE STRANDED

There's nothing they won't do to raise the standard of boredom.

Still-births can be fun, and just for a euphoric hour of two the initial sitters in really felt that, just for a change, "something was happening". But their joy was short-lived. They tried to have a party but the make up ran.

At first it was great to be somewhere without anyone's permission. Not Ashby's, Not the chairman of Soc Soc. No-one's. But the manipulators got the news. When they'd had dinner they slunk in. What a load of shits.!! Leftie dons, career politicians, and representatives of all the hack factions. All the political Josephs looking for a manger.

"Isn't it time to go home now?"... "We've made our point".

"Bollocks, we're staying. You dont like it, OK ... FUCK OFF"

But then the limits of the situation became apparent. Party's over. We got tired and realised there was no reason to be there. On Thursday morning the politicians returned in force, refreshed by their night's sleep, well groomed--all the better to fight capitalism.

Then we were back to the usual arid "serious political discussion" plus-just in case someone wasn't totally pissed off--endless wrangling about whether to call the whole thing off.

The sycophants who spend all their time arse-licking the workers provided some light relief with hilarious speeches about "the postmen" and "the tenants". This official left cabaret reproduced, with unerring accuracy, all the forms of the old society: only the words were different. In the land of voices the man with the mike is king. But the act lacked variety. Speeches motions pleas etc; solidarity with LSE; demands to Ashby; solidarity with workers/tenants of Cambridge; the pathetic search for what is wrong so that we we can elevate it to an "issue". All this, of course, faithfully relayed to the press, whose cameras were ubiquitous.

The sit-in, once it became official, was pathetic, even in its own terms. No-one broke into the University files to see if there were any documents worth publishing or burning, or if there was any evidence of the much vaunted university domination of the town. And our pathetic ideologists of confrontation tried their best to avoid anything like one. Most were scared shitless by a few drunken vigilantes who would have been no match for bricks, broken bottles and pick axe handles, all of which were readily available by King's chapel.

The limited possibilities of sit-ins were never even hinted at. There was little attempt by anyone to enjoy themselves; to meet new people; to groove together without microphones, speeches, issues etc. We never talked about how we experience our own repression and alienation. Few, if any, new friendships were formed on the basis of such shared experience--friendships which can be the only basis for really revolutionary groups.

And with this void at its heart the student participators in the sit-in could never achieve anything. No contact with the town; but then, who admitted that the only points of contact with town kids are music and drugs? Who dared suggest that might get some music going (a group??) and then rave it up a bit with the closing time riff-raff. In any case there are only kids about at weekends, and,

having to time the sit-in for the LSE heroc we couldnt wait for the less spectacular pillheads. Furthermore the kids respect for private property isnt as great as ours and-horror of horrors-they might offend the proctor

But why should anyone want to make such a drab scene, where the respect for private property is so great that many signed the pledge to protect it, and many others could only think of sweeping up to remove all trace of our presence. Where ther were few drugs;no sex:NOTHING except sheer DESPARATION.

And finally, the coffin was sealed by the hack left's police force. The proctors weren t necessary.  
TO LIVE OUTSIDE THE LAW YOU MUST BE HONEST

How many lessons will the student need??We shall be fotunate indeed if his puerile masochism cannot withstand the necrophilia that was the sit-in. But when we have recovered our breath from the recent masturbation, we can see that Cambridge is a bit more uptight. But what to do now?

The first thing our kindergarden revolutionaries have to understand is what the revolutionary project is. They must stop outhing the theories that their ideologues say lenin et al said Marx said. They must, and this is crucial, discard the crassest of all the spectres haunting the official left-the dichotomy between private and political life.

To mouth cliches about the class relations of society while reproducing them completely in relationships to other people(my girl friend, my friends)and in life-style exposes the bankruptcy of ideology, and the real schiz zophrenia that it engenders-a graphic demonstration of repression. For the student this means, further, the vicarious identification with the 'proletariat'without, for one moment considering the implication for his own life of Marx's definition of the PROLETARIAT AS THE LIVING NEGATION OF THE SYSTEM.

Social repression produces, and is produced by individual repression. Social barriers and splits are the same as those that rent the individual. The hierarchy of the system mirrors the hierarchy of the the psyche. ALIENATION IS SCHIZOPHRENIA. The split between subjective action(doing what we want to do;working out our personal scenes)and objective action is one imposed by bourgeois society, and, as such, is the enemy. The opposition between subject and object is the essence of the system. All my actions escape me. I can no longer recognise them as mine. They turn against me. The transcending of the opposition is the revolution. To make unity, transcending fraternity (no socialism, thank you!!)out of history(disunity)

No personal relationships can fill the void that is commodity society. The pathetic search for love and friendship is the search to overcome isolation. The subversive power of love is the last niche left. But lovers awake naked in the wretched dawn-their isolation cannot withstand the isolation of everyone. Love needs the bed of revolution, and the bed of revolution is love.

To apprehend the opposition as part of the TOTAL REPRESSION of our society is to produce ideologies. Either individualism as revolutionary-the desparation of the lone hooligan or assassin, or the alienation of the official left-the revolution for others, the working class to save my soul. TOTAL REPRESSION CALLS FORTH A LANGUAGE OF TOTAL DISSENTThe revolutionary project thus becomes the realisation of the new society, as far as possible, within the old. The NEW PROLETARIAN IS REVOLUTIONARY 24hrs A DAY. IT IS HIS LIFE.

In trying to LIVE, to negate the old society, we negate part of ourselves-we are its products. Leading to PAIN, PAINandDEPARATION, beyond the reach of ideologic's or culture's feather bed.

There is no way out while we are alone. Our theory is one of total liberation, our practice to bring this about as completely as possible at every level and every stage before the revolution. We therefore come together in small groups, we groove together, make love together, work out, in a real context and not just abstractly, the problems that arise, often with overwhelming intensity, when we try to escape from the possessive and jealous relationships that characterise our society. We find affirmation in each other of our will to LIVE.

Groups based on such ties form the epicentres of the revolution. They are the bases from which the total subversion of this society can be achieved, both by bringing people together and by the kind of actions they can undertake. In this context the total revolutionary project is fun, the only real way of living-to fight the internal and external police as one.

They live beneath society-the new lumperproletariat, whose refusal is total. Whose refusal of private property leads to theft(dons as well as supermarkets!!), and to deconsecration of the bourgeois god, property-hooliganism and vandalism. The dead weight of tradition and disembodied learning symbolically destroyed(bricks thru a chapel window?books stolen or destroyed?).

Whose refusal of wage labour leads to crime and the dole. To keeping the grant-communal essay writing, "cheating" in e xams(an underdeveloped art this-a few leaks from leftie dons??)

To despise the bourgeois means:EVERYTHING IS PERMITTED.  
Let nothing we hate, let no symbols of our alienation, remain.

We shall strike against our oppressors whenever and wherever we can.  
PAINTING WALLS, FLY POSTING, THEFT, SABOTAGE, ARSON.

SHEER DELIGHT. TO LIVE MEANS TO ENJOY.  
ALL STUDENTS ARE POTENTIAL PROLETARIANS.