

COMMUNIQUÉ § 4

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Alun
Rowlands



The windows are partially covered with blankets. Lights chase across the ceiling from traffic. The broken panes of glass have admitted rainwater, which lies in indiscriminate puddles. Outside, decomposing chunks of low-rise housing blocks break up the long line of buildings. Dwellings that have seen better days now shake from the weight of the traffic. There is a dead bird on the pavement. There are trees. They sit uneasily, forcing their way up from concrete roots. There are shops but no banks, just the faded facades of bureaus for cashing cheques. The location is low-key and anonymous. We can easily blend into the surroundings. Inside, a lamp standing in the corner illuminates the scene. All the doors have been removed. Each room has a number of makeshift beds, two or three. The lavatory bowls have been filled with cement. All the appliances have been decommissioned. Stripped and bare wires protrude. Books. Newspapers. Sheets of oversized paper are taped to the walls and the lower half of one of the windows. Scrawled with words, boxes and lines connecting names, they chart work in progress. A John Bull printing stamp rests on a pile of hand written envelopes. There are circled numbers, crossed out lists, a cluster of stick figure drawings and a dozen other cryptic markings. Notebooks full of French-English translated texts are stacked on a cold radiator. In the lower right hand of a desk draw, the deep compartment designed for files, there are old bankbooks, cheque stubs and assorted passports. Drifts of paper flurry across the floor punctuated by an ashtray with a mound of crumpled butts. This space has the assumption of avid neutrality. It is a forced forecast of negative attitudes. Idealistic. Bare. To the point. We are not here to make ourselves comfortable.

A band of young people communally occupies this space. They talk a lot. They sit sprawled across the floor that agitates their conversation. The framing of this scene never changes vertically, only horizontally. Our focal axis corresponds to the line of the levelled attention between our protagonists. The apostrophes are important. They stare at each other across a gulf, not of thought but of temperament. Sitting on the floor defers to gravitational pull. Reclining emphasises natural positioning. Sit-ins are occupational therapy. The horizontal overtly indexes contempt for the vertical behaviour of the correct and established societal order. They say: 'only the most guilty would be chosen as targets. Body into words, words into action, maybe later... No, we didn't hear of anyone voting, if only to make mistakes, invent moral facts, transcend indifference and understand the motives that prompted their actions. Think about People. Think about the earmarks of leaping through hoops, consuming debts, things worth the trouble and tests of devotion. But not before becoming an instantaneous manifestation of resilience and youth.' Devote your life to more than gesture.

There is a typewriter on the floor. Put your face to the keys and blow. A curious knot exists that binds activists and writers. Both hold the potential to shape the inner life of culture. They make raids on human consciousness. Writing has long-range persuasion. Our protagonists are well read. They have studied. They acknowledge the potential of theories and ideals, from across Europe, to shape things. What is apparent to them is that politics is the acquisition and custody of power. And they have come to identify an older authoritative order that has misplaced that control in the exploitation of the people. Tired of being students, in softer times, they tore up their exam papers. Rejecting the bohemian cling of the false and degraded versions of individual revolt they proclaim: 'Militancy for the latest cause is an aspect of real impotence.' Marginal freedoms and small areas of liberty do not escape control. 'Flexible working hours permit adventure and experiment.' But they are suckers for punishment and freedom terrifies them. 'Safety is sought in the straight jacketed space-time of the lecture theatre and prosaic essays.'

The campus is an open prison. They continue: 'the real poverty of their everyday life finds its immediate phantastic compensation in the opium of cultural commodities.' Too much spectatorship – dropping in to the latest happening, encountering modernity as fast as the market can provide it – leads to every revision of ideas as a cultural revolution. They cannot stress enough that community is unavoidably and importantly a political instrument, and a potentially antagonistic one at that. Optimistic means and intentions have faded from their horizon. Something has to change. Pent

up thoughts and aspirations need to be released, to shake the realm of the real and the possible. People changing their environment change themselves. The diffident can become communicative. The solitary will discover that collective power lies in their hands. The apathetic should realise the intensity of association. A surge of community and cohesion can grip those previously subjugated by institutions that they can neither control nor understand. The prevailing mood swings towards militancy. Seeping into the consciousness of this milieu is the rejection of straight politics. They search for the route out of an enclave. The political temperature is rising. An appealing image, an appealing radical movement by those tired of waiting. Promising involvement it dramatises the possibility of adventure. Condensed texts, missives and communiqués will be disseminated from this group. Hacked out in type and strong forced capital letters, these emissions will serve to plot events. They seek to change the narrative. They collectively author our incendiary drama.



----- BROTHERS & SISTERS-----

----- It's the third time over the last month that the system has dropped the mask of the so-called 'freedom of information' and tried to hide the fact of its vulnerability... The Angry Brigade doesn't claim responsibility for everything.-----

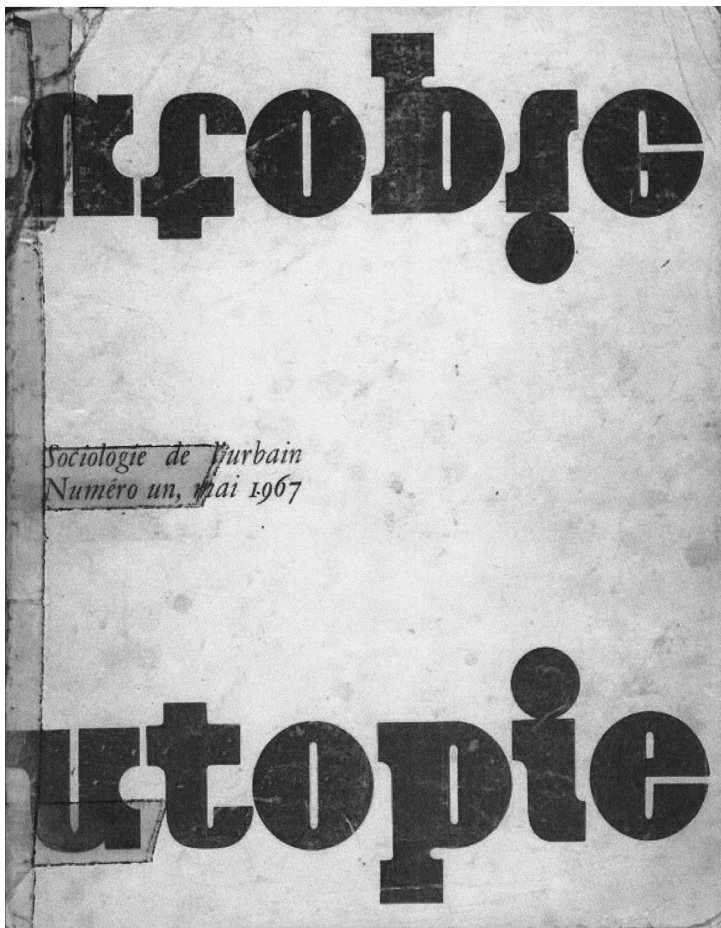
-----SOLIDARITY & REVOLUTION -----LOVE

----- Fascism & oppression
----- will be smashed
----- Embassies
----- Spectacles
----- Judges
----- Property

Our fiction is constructed from sitting amidst an archive. Dated newspapers descend in calendar months and days like the spinning headlines of film cliché. Compressed to a microfiche we slot the punched cards into the tray to focus and illuminate our editions. Each matrix cell expands on the ground-glass screen in a relay of text and image in negative. The photographic image never finds its positive resolution, all images are in a way negatives, even the bright ones. This is a double negative that never matches. Every articulation is a montage of various elements — voices, colours, passions and

dogmas – within a given period of time. The darker the news, the grander the narrative. News is the last addiction before... what? We don't know. There is life and there is the consumer event. Everything around us tends to habitually conduct our lives toward some final reality in print or film. Everything seeks its own heightened adaptation. Or put it this way, nothing happens until it is consumed. All material is channelled into the glow. Our task here is to drift across the wreckage, engaging an act of interpretation. We will not explain events. Explanation reduces history to information that can be verified or not. Information severs the link between the reader and communal memory, by recasting experience into discrete moments, stultifying sensation. Isolated events explained are lost to the present. We are not concerned with an accurate concatenation of definite affairs, but with the way these are embedded in the inscrutable course of events. Speculation allows new amalgams of the story, provoking changes in perspectives and sensations. It produces knowledge through a subjunctive addition, associating one thing with another. Does the imagination act as a lamp? Thinking ceases to be a marginal affair in political matters. When everyone is swept away unthinkingly by what everyone else does and believes in, those who think are drawn out of hiding. Their refusal to participate is conspicuous and becomes a form of action. This purging element destroys values, theories and convictions that are political by implication. We read somewhere this destruction has a liberating effect on another faculty, namely judgement – the most political of abilities. Thinking deals with invisibles, with the formation of things that are absent. Judgement always concerns particulars and things close to hand – a soundless dialogue. But we are losing focus. Our writing tools are working on our thoughts, no recording technology is neutral. We need to return to our group, to navigate their movement.

The initial actions were unmarked. They existed without any time frame. No set beginning or end. No audience to speak of. Outcomes were unpredictable. An ominous repeat in return. The early communications through newspapers do not register; there is no evidence in our archive. Persistence and an awareness of what is at stake fuel our protagonists. Adventurist attacks against the monadic state are claimed under the name of Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. A further missive remains in the Hollywood genre signed in the name of the Wild Bunch. In addition there are incendiary devices aimed directly at the repressive apparatus of the State. Those long hazy days in Paris are forgotten but colour an expression of a new libertarian movement. There is no middle ground. No liberal indignation. Now they are angry. Having identified an opaque agenda, they must push further to destroy the cliché and alienation of the spectacle. Their written



exchanges validate their actions. Each paper communiqué now carries the distinctive ink stamped signature – The Angry Brigade.

----- FELLOW REVOLUTIONARIES-----

----- We have sat quietly and suffered the violence of the system for too long. We are being attacked daily. Violence does not only exist in the army, the police and the prisons. It exists in the shoddy alienating culture pushed out by TV films and magazines, it exists in the ugly sterility of urban life. It exists in the daily exploitation of our Labour, which gives big Bosses the power to control our lives and run the system for their own ends...

----- But the system will never collapse or capitulate by itself...

Our role is to deepen the political contradictions at every level...

----- YOU ARE YOUR OWN LEADERS. HAVE YOUR OWN TACTICS, CONTROL YOUR OWN STRUGGLE – SOLIDARITY, JOIN THE ANGRY SIDE-----

Our mind turns back to our opening scene of our narrative, the closed space of the commune. Particularly to the reams of translated French to English texts, that may or may not be politically important in themselves, and they may indicate nothing of the spiritual awakening which they forecast. But our acolytes proliferate this coded form through their fractured appeals: 'For us the reconstruction of life and the rebuilding of the world are one and the same desire. To achieve this tactics of subversion have to be extended from schools, factories, and universities, to confront the spectacle directly. Shopping centres, museums as well as various forms of culture and the media must be considered targets, areas of scandalous activity.' The hard glassy sentences are good reflectors of the geometry of relationships, of shifts in the emotional weather.

They translated the works of the Situationists. Debord. Khayati. Bernstein. Turning their education into an act of patricide they confront 'repressive tolerance.' This is coupled with theoretical analysis absorbed from the tactical prison and factory writing of Potere Operaio. Their collective name displays similar credentials; taking the French student Enragés combined with anarchic brigades of Spanish civil war, they meld a creative force. There would be no colossal loss of nerve. That they move from rhetoric to action, with all that follows is incontrovertible. Non-lethal infernal devices are perhaps more sophisticated than indiscriminate destruction – 'words and bullets'.

From within the trapped pages of the media we call up images of a protest at the Albert Hall. A small charge decommissions an outside broadcast

unit covering the pageantry of the Miss World contest. We are familiar with this polarised image of insurrection. But it would be fellow feminists with flour bombs inside the hall that would charge this spectacle. 'We're not beautiful, we're not ugly, we're angry', echo the demonstrator's placards. Flour and blue ink spray the honeycombed stage that drifts into a lens-flared consternation. A moment concretely and deliberately constructed by a collective organisation of unitary ambience, a fleeting ripple on the surface. Protest is a call to be seen and heard – politics is antagonism. Protest is articulated, although it is difficult to find a language for it – the verbal, the visual and the vocal – as political forces. The dynamic of desiring refusal, attraction and repulsion, is the organisation of this expression. Protest movements articulate via their programmes, demands, obligations, manifestos and activities. They signal that lines have been drawn, and that a small section is incensed about the state of affairs. The ethos of collaboration and total participation is fragmented in a mute theatricality and ephemerality of events. But with this alignment we note two movements. The first is the Brigade's increasingly public raids, while the second indicates a shift away from the mass, a separation that fissures an image of cellular isolation manifest in the emotional affect of their foxhole commune. We shall mark this expansion and contraction to review it later.



----- WE are getting closer-----

WE are slowly destroying the long tentacles of the oppressive State machine...

----- secret files in the universities

----- social security files

----- computers

----- TV

----- Bureaucracy and technology used against the people...

----- To speed up our work

----- to slow down our minds and actions.

THE AB IS THE MAN OR WOMAN SITTING NEXT TO YOU. They have guns in their pockets and ANGER IN THEIR MINDS. WE ARE GETTING CLOSER-----

'What matter who is speaking?' someone said, a question of comic potential. The problems of speaking for others are great in detail. The problems reside in the relaying of truth in the desires of others. Those who can be taken account of in a political community are always already those who can be counted, those who make up some recognisable part. Why write? 'Words can do political work; words no longer prescribe a story or what images should be'. They make themselves images. Perhaps, it is to abolish the boundaries between reality and imagination. Imagination is the mode by which we reach out. Arranging montages based on affinities and correspondences. All visions become plural. It is instead a diversion where truth and desire fall together into a deep spiral. Multiply without limits, in the foaming, in the flicker, in desire's immeasurable extension. We need a book to untether political action from paranoia, for developing an understanding of motive and purpose. It would be a book to use politics to intensify thought. Thought and desire use techniques of proliferation, juxtaposition and disjunction. Proceeding from a fiction, a ghost, we reside somewhere between transgressing the divide between text and action. But, as we are all too aware from previous exertions, this can lead to utopia or sheer anxiety. The moment politics becomes possible is distinct from the moment politics erupts.



A succession of images follows. Building and cutting close to the bone. The facades of authoritative government buildings, army barracks and a politician's kitchen all bear the scars of the struggle. The police computer database, records, files and institutional annals feel the heat. These images flare across tabloids and broadsheets alike, acting as kindling to the cause. They are motifs rather than fuel for political militancy. Symbolic commitment to politics corresponds with casuistic emphasis on the political power of symbols – a hunger strike without demands. Amidst the terse brevity of the Brigade's communiqués, condensed like poorly kept minutes of exhaustive meetings, we discern a script. They announce new storms of thought, or perhaps not so much thinking anymore, as theatre. The cast of this theatre will invent their own lines. People will emerge and demand a role and a part in a reconfigured community. People will begin to speak on their own behalf. And, in speaking, will assume the right to occupy public space. Co-ordinates will have to shift to take account of these new voices. Inclusion and exclusion vie in our montage. According to whose rules is this picture organised? Who does it organise and how is this political domain edited? Empty voices cover a lacuna, a gap behind the measures instigated in the name of, and invoking the people. Images and sounds and positions are



Resignation is only abdication and flight, there is no other way out for women than to work for her liberation.

- Simone de Beauvoir,
The Second Sex.



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linked without reflection in the movement of blind inclusion. A tremendous dynamic unfolds in these figures only to leave everything as it was. These figures of energy and enthusiasm forge a proleptic self, constructed through the fragility of the first person plural.

Bombarded with experiences in multiplicity, our narrative is fractured. It has been substituted by the transmission and reception of information. The value of information does not survive the moment in which it is new. In order to fend off this barrage we reduce lived experience to traces lurking at the edges, assimilated pieces of analysis, facts that lose their resonance with our present. The press is one of the most important instruments in fully developed capitalism. Its form parcels a crisis every morning; every event arrives shot-through with explanation. And yet we are poor in narrative and noteworthy stories. Our fiction attempts to be free of explanation as it is reproduced, the narrative achieves amplitude that information lacks. Fiction does not expend itself, it assimilates through the layers of retellings; a silent coercion. We need a different guide, an alternative primary source to the emptiness of conventional reportage, one that is not organised by chronological sequences and uniform spaces. It is important to keep all the incongruities in all their detail. Stages slide like printing plates that mask a politic becoming aesthetic – a counter design to the existent press.



----- COMRADES!-----

----- Apart from a short communiqué we remained silent since... why?... who is the Angry Brigade... what are its political objectives... a lot of criticism was directed toward vague directions... we believe the time has come for an honest dialogue... through the Underground Press... through anything. Look around you brother and sister... look at the barriers... don't breathe... don't love, don't strike, don't make trouble... DON'T... Slowly we start to understand the BIG CON. We saw that they had defined 'our possibilities'. They said: You can demonstrate... between police lines. You can have sex... in the normal position and as a commodity; commodities are good. The 'leadership' is wise...-----

----- Then we were scared... then like a new born baby opening our gigantic eyes to the glow – we got frightened... every knock, every word became a menace... but simultaneously we realised that our panic was

mild... AND IT FLASHED: WE WERE INVINCIBLE... because we were everybody.-----

----- THEY COULD NOT JAIL US FOR WE DID NOT EXIST We started daring out into the open, talking to friends, to neighbours, to people in the pubs... and we knew we were not alone... WE WERE ALIVE, AND GROWING!-----

We turn our attention to inky paper editions that profligate 'culture, space, love and the invisible insurrection of a million minds'. A vampish silent film star glares laconically from the header of each issue. The *International Times* posited itself as an underground newspaper in opposition to the dominant 'grey' culture. Word-of-mouth circulation fanned the flames of non-conformity. Insiders and countercultural luminaries report in provocative polemics. They search for an informal, authentic voice. We map emergence, mirroring changing lifestyle and attitude through these samizdat pages. *IT* is cross-cultural in its horizontal editorial; a non-hierarchical conduit, purposefully mixing knowledge, discourses and ideologies to connect anti-establishment threads. Multilayered hues collide in illegible page layouts, subverting formats and screaming radical connectivity. Cheap offset litho printing affords an ethos of experimentation; mind expansion foils layered text and image. The pages of *IT* fall in a bewildering range of sub-cultural images and texts from pacifist mysticism to militant radicalism. It is the latter that our angry protagonists contribute to.

The Angry Brigade communiqués are finding their voice. News blackouts of their activities, denies oxygen to their cause. They find refuge in the printed pages of *IT*. It is not that that their voices will not register audibly, but that they register in a modality – a buzzing or humming in the air. Here, amid the bleeding ink of dissidence they can rally though affinities and alternative channels. Channels for political sovereignty are not those of imaginary identification but of literary disincorporation. Community pivots around common modalities of sense. Perhaps political writing first becomes a possibility with the institution of a community of readers, where a community begins with something in common. The irreverent pages of *IT* shock the reader into critical awareness of what is left out or rendered complete and which needs to be redeemed. They imperceptibly give birth to a new kind of community, hinged on who will and will not take part. It is politics that legitimises certain ways of seeing, acting, speaking, being in the world with one another. Free ourselves from conservatism they call: unmask the bourgeois rituals in order to transcend them; this would be the

real performance. 'It is good to be dirty and bearded, to have long hair, to look like a girl or boy.' We must show up, transform and reverse the systems that quietly order us. Artists contribute pages. Writing papers as often as they made images and objects. Writing to reconnect to a sense of the social and political function. Not a simple question of representing politics but radically addressing the politics of representation – a hybrid and brittle position. Movements require an open site spreading its arms in several directions at once. To search for different knowledge, ask to look outside or acknowledge the margins. It was clear for example that images and actions would be equal players. To grasp the torrent of incongruity, the injustices, the torn hopes.

There are bold pages of waspish critique. The nuclear family is attacked as the last bastion of capitalist entrapment. Experiences of communal living are promoted. We have been here before. Autonomous groups act outside the stagnant atmosphere of tradition. Organising themselves around their oppression they try to overcome the divisions between student and worker, between men and women. They form groups around precise problems rather than under political banners. Agitprop nonconformists create divisions according to fashion, gender, musical taste, race and sexual orientation. Emerging in the here and now, taking what was being repudiated and repudiating what was being presented. They coalesce in print around a libidinal energy, a theoretical fiction to describe the transformations in society. Is desire something quantifiable we can 'save', 'spend', 'waste' or productively 'invest'? Do economic tropes make psycho-sexual energy? The press is an instrument for liberation. Theorising a 'revolt into style', this is characterised youthfully as a search for excitement, authenticity and identity. Events always exceed interpretation through intensities. The manifestations of these islands of power take the form of lengthy repetitive articles – comrades have led compressed and accelerated political lives. There is the semblance of an open forum for the use and mobility of the underground movement. The authorities reinforced the underground status of *IT*. Convened in independent basement bookshops the editors faced regular police raids prosecuting charges of obscenity and conspiracy to corrupt public morals.



----‘ If you’re not busy being born you’re busy buying’. All the sales girls in the flash boutiques are made to dress the same and have the same make-up, representing the 1940s. In fashion as in everything else, capitalism can only go backwards... they’ve nowhere to go—they’re dead.

----- The future is ours.-----

----- Life is so boring there is nothing to do except spend all our wages on the latest skirt or shirt.-----

----- Brothers and Sisters, what are your real desires?-----

----- Sit in the drugstore, look distant, empty, bored, drinking some tasteless coffee? Or perhaps, BLOW IT UP OR BURN IT DOWN. The only thing you can do with modern slave-houses—called boutiques—IS WRECK THEM. Just kick it till it breaks.-----

Laid out in front of us the pages and headlines from *IT* form a spectrum or snap shot of a ‘decade of the determined minority’. The creased pages fade chronologically from the aspirations of a psychedelic utopia, conceding to a bleaker and darker state of affairs. One call to revolution is starting to feel like another, and all the millenarian epiphanies have begun to cancel each other out. The radical profile embedded within such a pluralist publication does not signal harmonious co-existence. Action separates the Angry Brigade from this milieu. Further attacks ensue, aimed at targets that for the most part are tangentially related to the political mainstream. They coincide with similar destructive episodes in other European cities – the network is a contagion. But on the first of May their focus shifts. In a blast that would split the fragile collectivity of the underground the Angries idiosyncratically strike BIBA. Feminist associates of the Brigade angered by the decadent appeal of the fashion boutique contribute to the rising irony of their actions. The accompanying communiqué rewords the lyrics of Bob Dylan in an epithetic sound bite. We are all slaves to fashion. But the attack, for all its radical chic, alienates the contra-factions of the underground that believed BIBA had emerged from the same cultural explosion that produced the Angry Brigade, even if their paths had subsequently diverged. After all, not all situations can be instrumented and the noisy drive towards illegality can never be fully muted. This development from below dispels the illusion of the passive set. What is apparent to us, from consulting our inert sources, is that by its actions the Angry Brigade is becoming Spectacle. They are embroiled in a form of macabre tribute to the shimmer manifest in images, notable slogans and striking performances. They emerge both as a product of this reality and as insurrectionist subjects acting within it. Debates rage across the independent press, suggesting that to reject them as some form of social deviance is to blindly accept the reality of situations. A re-reading of their

actions raises problems: symbolic or direct attack, anonymity or the use of parodic communiqués transmitting intention to the media. The authorities cannot identify the ideologues – ‘membership’ depends on state of mind – if you agree with them then you are a member. They expose the vulnerability of the system that cannot distinguish if it is being confronted with an organisation or an idea. The raids on squats, communes and bookshops that follow represent an unprecedented crackdown on the counterculture. For some it spells out hostility and harassment, the ‘loss of political lessons, gains and strengths’. The raids and inevitable web of illegality, creates a trail; a trail that predictably leads us back to commune and our opening scene.



Weaving through the fabric of our timeline, we can remove narrative making it possible to see the dynamics of the group. The Angries as organism mutating in form, through expansion and contraction, can be plotted. Earlier we registered points with which to measure these movements. Amidst the rhetoric and the ideogram of a story our protagonists pass a threshold. The communal drive propagates veiled forms in a fractured city. Existence alters states towards the huddled, defensive and a profound indifference to the outside, to the rest. Sequential and persistent actions refuse the limits delineated by the state. The threshold of legality is transgressed. In direct contradiction with their spoken ideals the group are lured to act as a vanguard. No longer the we. Everyone is left in passive spectatorship, as if getting too close to theory would somehow freeze thought or action. Far from an initiation of the masses, shocked into unity and awareness, the group drifts in isolated perpetuity. A core of the determined occupies the oppositional space forged by a movement, resistance acting in the name of the people. But this space soon becomes closed, introspective, whereby the angry act on behalf of, and instead of an inert mass. In the clandestine, the activists are removed from idealism, and the reality that motivated them in the first instance is no longer habitable. It is easy to drift into the solitude of signs, gestures and a sphere of subjective illusions that become ends in themselves. All of which is made concrete by the handful of instigators that have gathered to scheme in them. ‘You will win but you will not convince. You will win, because you possess force, but you will not convince, because to convince means to persuade. And in order to persuade you would need what you lack.’



Our archive is always already exhausted. Political fiction sometimes works best when it is less greedy for history. There will be a trial, an endless political show. Reams of court papers, documents, transcripts and evidence will form a distinctly different library. Paraphernalia seized is listed: 33 3oz. Cartridges, 11 detonators; 1 cardboard box lid containing a plastic container with 6 Jetex charges therein; a tinplate lid; an electrical light switch cover and screw; 2 lengths of conductor wire; 1 length of white cotton string; 1 resistance element; 1 ruler scale; 2 9v batteries connected in series; 1 part used tube of bostik adhesive; 1 pair of black leather gloves; 1 pair of fabric gloves; one blue-grey holdall; 1 John Bull printing stamp; reams of notes for political pamphlets. The public forum of the court is an opportunity for some to emerge from the surreptitiousness of the clandestine to argue their own defence. Eight individuals materialise. Young men and women, chosen by the state to answer, will expand on the brevity of the communiqués. They will idealistically mark the potential of seeking a better world, or at least ameliorating the present. The individuals charged perfectly fit the establishment's picture of a dissolute youth, the 'big head brigade' of university drops outs, plotting to undermine civilised values. They speak, in distracted uniform reverie. Reported answers to whether their actions had tangible affects elicits, 'I suppose they must have... yes... they must have, mustn't they...' so indistinguishable from the severe apparatchiks voice of their literature. Ascribing their politics to a 'warped sociology' judgement falls on an inchoate mutiny. A blanket conspiracy charge – active participation was irrelevant, mere knowledge was sufficient proof of guilt. Politics will be seen to be interesting only in so far as it is touched by the fluttering hands of the few and not as part of collective social experience. More questions than answers will be provided.

Conspiracy and rumour strip a story to the minimal. It makes it easier to pass around in complexity, until it no longer resembles its original form. Conspiracy is of course a fiction speculating itself through the mouths of people. A process whereby ideas take form through an exchange continuously copied incompletely, again and again. As if events passing through a copier obtain particles and dust from the glass table that haze the image. This image and its affiliations are captured by writing that operates as a mechanism to access the event. Better to describe a possible narrative than narrating possibilities. Make strange molar organisations. Our journey, our drift through materials leaves an account that clears up nothing. The elsewhere, they say, remains a story. And the rest is exoticism. And, if language fails to recount the experience, equivalence identical to the occurrence has to be invented. No image could recount the matter anyway. Evidence without

conclusion. Details without concept to guide them. This narrative is nothing but trouble; trouble that opens into particulars, into the grind of incongruity. Climate and culture, in a while – but we think we will stop before then. This narrative posits that our journey will not be completed, being caught between two places, whispering. What follows the events we trace is a collective vow of silence. The talking stops. Our protagonists and supporting cast coalesce in mute union. And, despite the endless recycling of the era, these scenarios meet the refusal of reminiscence. Faded from the collective memory through the amnesia of the press this particular episode refracts as footnote.

Colophon



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Communiqué § 4 is a political fiction drifting in and out of
material archives. Speculating about communitarian politics,
action and writing it descends into the underground to meet
the angry. Following Rowland's 3 *Communiqués* this pamphlet
continues the renegotiation of unfulfilled beginnings or
incomplete projects – in art and politics alike – that might offer
points of departure again.