

THE INSTITUTE FOR THE ART AND PRACTICE OF DISSENT AT HOME

BOYS

[FOR BEUYS]



4 BOYS [FOR BEUYS] CAME ABOUT THANKS TO AN INVITATION BY EMILY UNDERWOOD-LEE TO THE ‘STORYTELLING AND ACTIVISM’ SYMPOSIUM AT THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH WALES IN APRIL 2015. THE INSTITUTE FOR THE ART AND PRACTICE OF DISSENT AT HOME APPROACHED THE SYMPOSIUM WITH THE QUESTION ‘WHAT ACTIVIST STORY CAN WE TELL?’

THIS BOOK IS AN ATTEMPT TO ANSWER THAT QUESTION. FOUR INSTITUTE BOYS, NEAL, GABRIEL, SID AND JAMES, NARRATE THEIR FIRST EVER PROTESTS WITH THE HELP OF THEIR PARENTS LENA ŠIMIC AND GARY ANDERSON AND FOUR ACTIVISTS X-CHRIS, RITCHIE HUNTER, MEL EVANS AND EWA JASIEWICZ.

4 BOYS [FOR BEUYS] IS A PUBLIC RETELLING OF A FAMILY’S PRIVATE HISTORY IN DIALOGUE WITH SOCIAL AND ECOLOGICAL JUSTICE MOVEMENTS.

THE INSTITUTE FOR THE ART AND PRACTICE OF DISSENT AT HOME ARE A FAMILY OF TWO ADULTS AND FOUR CHILDREN, WHO HAVE BEEN RUNNING AN ART ACTIVIST INITIATIVE IN THEIR FAMILY HOME IN LIVERPOOL, UK SINCE 2007. THEY ARE FUNDED BY 10% OF ALL INCOME THAT COMES THROUGH THE FAMILY.

**4 BOYS
[FOR BEUYS]**

THE INSTITUTE FOR THE ART AND PRACTICE OF DISSENT AT HOME

CREDITS

4 Boys [for Beuys]

is conceived and written
by Gary Anderson and Lena
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and James.

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The Institute operate
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transparency. For every
ten words that were
written each contributor
(outside the immediate
Institute family) received
£1. This was made clear
to all contributors for
their work. Four activist
accounts of protests were
commissioned as 1000
word essays, whilst Anna
was commissioned to
write 4000 word essay.
If we had more money we
would have paid more, but
everything the Institute has
comes through 10% of NET
earnings, so we felt that,
in tune with the 'tinth' (or
10%) working model, that £1
for every 10 words might be
the best way forward.

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**I THINK ART IS THE ONLY POWER,
REVOLUTIONARY POWER,
POWER, THE ONLY POWER TO
ALL REPRESSION. I SAY NO
REALIZED THIS, ON THE CO
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Joseph Beuys

I Am Searching For Field C

**OLITICAL POWER, THE ONLY
THE ONLY EVOLUTIONARY
TO FREE HUMANKIND FROM
T THAT ART HAS ALREADY
ONTRARY, AND BECAUSE IT
EVELOPED AS A WEAPON,
CAL LEVELS, THEN YOU CAN
TAILS.**

Character, 1973.

¹INTRO- DUCTION

Being seen and being heard by others derive their significance from the fact that everybody sees and hears from a different position. This is the meaning of public life, compared to which even the richest and most satisfying family life can offer only the prolongation or multiplication of one's own position with its attending aspects and perspectives.

Hannah Arendt¹

¹ Arendt, Hannah.
The Human Condition,
University of
Chicago Press.
1958, p.57.

The Institute for the Art and Practice of Dissent at Home is an intervention into family life and our children's upbringing. We identify as anarchist, anti-capitalist and feminist. This intervention happens on various levels: through activities in our own home, at the Institute, which is our spare room, by way of performances, artists' residencies, meetings, reading groups and also through our participation as a family of performers at different art events, protests, festivals and academic conferences. The Institute's activities are furthermore about taking the children to demonstrations and learning together how to be critical citizens rather than passive consumers. The Institute is funded by 10% of the family's income (two senior lecturer salaries, child benefit and any other freelance work), currently standing around £450 per month.

The *4 Boys [for Beuys]* project is interested in thinking about beginnings, it narrates our four boys' first ever protests: the anti-capitalist Mayday Monopoly in London 2001 (Neal, who was at the time of that particular protest 7 months); the Stop the War Coalition protest against the Iraq war in February 2003 (Gabriel, who was then 5 months); the Financial Fools Day G20 summit protest and Climate Camp in the City on Bishopsgate, London in April 2009 (Sid, who

was then 20 months) and the National Demonstration for Gaza in August 2014 (James, who was then 7 months). We are trying to record (and thereby remember) our protests. We make a choice about what we want to remember as a family and which stories we tell. For us, it worked like this: the parents tell the children the stories of their first protest, the children listen to the story, write it up and start to own it in a new way. They re-invent it; they re-imagine it; they play with it.

4 Boys [for Beuys] as an artist activist book juxtaposes our children's stories with stories of other artists/writers/activists who were also at that particular demonstration and/or involved in those particular social movements. They are x-Chris, Ritchie Hunter, Mel Evans and Ewa Jasiewicz, and we are particularly grateful to them for becoming a part of our family history and sharing their experiences on the following pages. We are also thankful to Anna Feigenbaum who with her essay 'Moving Protest' offers a different kind of engagement with ideas around protests and its objects, their past as well as protestors' hope for the future. It is due to all of these contributions that the book functions as a reflection on the shifting political landscapes we have all been enmeshed in in the UK from 2000 onwards, the time we became parents. Finally, our essays (Lena and Gary's) positioned as critical reflections on family life and children's upbringing, our desires as parents as well as hopes and fears about everyday life. In our different ways we are both answering questions about our positionality and newly found subjectivities as critical arts practitioners and parents. How do we combine everyday life and arts making whilst making sure we don't lose sight of the fight for social and ecological justice? Where do we stand as artist activist and parents?

As a nuclear family, we want to be engaged beyond our core, we want to participate in public life, shape the politics of the day and be shaped by it. The Institute desires the 'public life' that Hannah Arendt writes about – public life, which in this particular case, in addition to our family's participation at various protests and demonstrations, also means the encounters of our four boys with the four writers in this book, the exposure of our art activist family history to readers, and the framing of the Institute within the recent, rich art activist history in the UK.

4 Boys [for Beuys] came about thanks to an invitation by Emily Underwood-Lee to the 'Storytelling and Activism' symposium at the University of South Wales in April 2015, where we presented our artist provocation as a family. When we first received the invite, we started with the question 'what activist story can we tell?' This book is an attempt to answer that question.

Possible Another World Is Po





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er World is P

MOVING PROTESTS



ANNA FEIGENBAUM

Sometimes A Banner Says It All

A banner can capture the demand of a movement in one perfect sentence. A slogan that marches on sticks, a message dropped from the skies, or hung off the side of a motorway bridge. Today, a banner can be a beam of light, shone onto a corporate headquarters, housed in a city skyscraper, a projection speaking truth to power.

Or a banner can be a meme, a byte size, 140-character-or-less message that cuts to the core: re-tweeted, re-posted, instagrammed, gaining momentum as it bounces from one geo-location to the next. These slogans build a split-second connection with each glance, with every click. Symbolic transnational solidarity as Kevin Gillan and Jenny Pickerill have called it.¹

Banners and slogans tell us stories of protest pasts and protest futures. They map out activist legacies; tracing the routes that demonstrations travel. Signs can be carried from city to city, spreading the message on canvas and poster board. Even now, they might still follow us around. Resurrected, reworded, adapted and updated. They can remind us of where we come from, of what battles we have won, and of what other possible worlds are not yet built.

1

Gillan, Kevin, and Jenny Pickerill. 'Transnational anti-war activism: solidarity, diversity and the internet in Australia, Britain and the United States after 9/11' *Australasian Political Studies Association* 43, no. 1, [2008]: 59-78.



*Bread and Roses
Demand the Impossible
A Lotta Continua*

2

Latour, Bruno. *Reassembling the Social: An Introduction to Actor-Network-Theory*, Oxford University Press, [2005].

Social scientist Bruno Latour claims that objects can talk.² The trick is for us humans to get them talking. Our job is to understand where they came from, what other objects they connect to, and how they move. Like fossils or hair follicles, objects of protest have their own ancestries. Like families they grow and change. Some leave the country, while others stay close to home.

7 Object Stories

As a researcher, I like objects because they offer a way to talk about protest history without the grand narratives and big categories that dominate so much writing on social movements. 'After 1968'. 'The Second Wave of Feminism'. 'The Labour Movement.' 'Environmentalism Today.' Just as our lives do not fit into one, single fixed tick box or another, neither do our struggles for social justice.

Objects remind us that if we look at what really happens—whether in meeting rooms, out on the streets, or around the kitchen tables that sustain protest—it becomes clear that there is no such thing as a pure Environmental Movement, or a discrete Anti-Capitalist Movement. They are always bound up together—chatting, fighting, planning, dreaming, sometimes giving each other the silent treatment



In recent history, the 1990s anti-roads protests in the United Kingdom are full of examples of how environmentalisms and anti-capitalisms become entangled in the everydayness of protest—as well as in its bigger ideologies and demands. Groups like Earth First! confronted the Tory-led growth of consumerism and suburban landscaping in the form of motorways, mega-stores and strip malls. This expansion programme sparked a number of campaigns to save green

spaces, forests and parkland from further development.

Protesters took to the trees, engaging in direct action to stop land destruction and preserve natural habitats. In the United Kingdom, the first anti-road development camp appeared in Twyford Down in 1992, and soon after people were occupying treetops in Newbury, England and rows of terrace housing set for demolition in East London (among other locations). The rapid growth of these protest camps led to widespread media coverage. In 1994 *The Economist* reported, 'Protesting about new roads has become that rarest of British phenomena, a truly populist movement drawing supporters from all walks of life.'

Road expansion was positioned as both an ecological issue, as well as part of a capitalist vision of waged work, individualized lifestyles and conformity. Drawing together both local and outside campaigners, to offer alternative visions, the anti-roads movement of the 1990s was full of messiness. Recounting one of the many battles for the trees, George Monbiot and Paul Kingsnorth wrote, 'The Solsbury Hill protest was not always well co-ordinated; not always easy or happy ... we had no money and little experience. Perhaps that was our strongest suit.'³

Just as environmentalism and anti-capitalism have an on-going, entangled history together, the Anti-War Movement has long been shaped by feminism. The classic Athenian play

Lysistrata, first staged in 411 B.C., told the story of women who waged a protest for peace, refusing to sleep with their husbands and lovers until they negotiated an end to their bloody campaigns. For decades now, the play has been appropriated by women campaigners, re-performed and re-scripted for hundreds of years, and through dozens of wars.

As the women's anti-nuclear movement grew in the UK in the 1980s feminism was brought into direct confrontation with more traditional forms of anti-war activism, often associated to the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. The largest women's camp began with a peace walk in September of 1981, with 35 walkers travelling from Cardiff, Wales to the first nuclear cruise missile storage base at RAF Greenham Common in England. Within two years, the population of the camp swelled, hosting a 30,000

strong demonstration and fostering a transnational network of women's anti-nuclear peace camps. With its women-only mandate, the mainstream media began to draw comparisons between Greenham and the ancient play *Lysistrata*.

Promotional flyers declared, 'Men Left Home for War. Now

3

Abib, Adrian.
*Solsbury Hill:
Chronicle of a
Road Protest*,
Bardwell Press,
[2009].



9 Women Leave Home for Peace.'

But the connections between feminism and anti-war ideologies were not so simple. In 1983 the Feminism and Nonviolence study group, comprised of women campaigning in the UK through the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CN), Women Oppose the Nuclear Threat (WONT), Campaign Against Arms Trade (CAAT) and War Resisters' International, released a pamphlet titled *Piecing It Together: Feminism and Nonviolence*. In it they argued for recognition of State violence that went beyond the physical use of direct force. They argued that 'for us violence includes conditions which themselves kill. Poverty, hunger and racism degrade individuals and inflict suffering.'

While many lauded the group's attempt to expand on simplistic ideas circulating in the anti-war movement of what constituted violence, their perspective also came under critique. 'Your booklet has been thought through with care and concern,' a woman identifying herself as Nefertiti wrote in response, 'but you are ignorant, because you never suffered. How dare you assume that people in armed struggle choose violence? What makes you think they didn't try peaceful ways?'

This pamphlet became a sticky protest object. In its first instance it told a story of what the study group thought about militarism and feminism. Then, as it circulated, it was reviewed, discussed and debated, soliciting many more perspectives that explicitly brought questions of imperialism and colonialism into the question of what it meant to be anti-war.

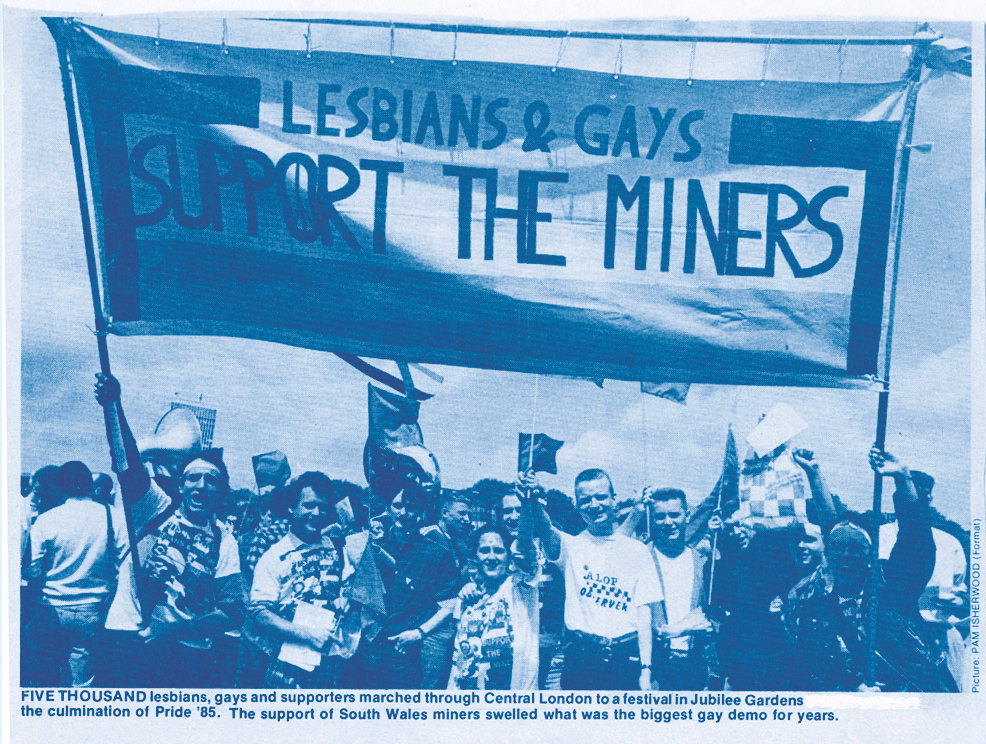
Growing up white in Britain shields white people from the experiences of colonized people. The fact that such experiences of oppression are so often mystified by politicians and the media can mean that however well-intentioned white people might be, they can still fail to take account of the realities of non-white people's lives. These struggles in the 1980s called on people who saw themselves as anti-war to challenge where their definitions of violence and oppression came from.

Such conflicts and synergies, convergences and spillages between Anti-War, Feminism, Anti-Racism, Environmentalism and Anti-Capitalism often play out around objects. To use the bolt-cutter at Greenham Common or not to use the bolt-cutter? To leaflet outside the weapons manufacturer headquarters or not to leaflet? To drive the marquees to the No Borders Camp or not to drive the marquees? These questions are what give protests their unique cultures and practices. They are what move us together and what push us apart—is property damage violence? Is leafleting effective? Can I deal with sleeping out at another camp?

The everydayness of these questions is also the reason

that ‘Social Movements’ are often an oversimplified way to make sense of the complexity of protest dynamics. Drawn like boundaries around our bodies, often forcing people together under singular banners, the master narratives of Social Movements can distort reality more than they help us reflect on it.

Too often tidy stories of Social Movements are used by ivory tower researchers and podium-hugging mansplainers to make sense of things for us—not alongside us. When people zoom out and peer down at the then empty streets, they



Picture: PAUL FISHERWOOD (Foreman)

FIVE THOUSAND lesbians, gays and supporters marched through Central London to a festival in Jubilee Gardens the culmination of Pride '85. The support of South Wales miners swelled what was the biggest gay demo for years.

frequently offer only narratives of failure. From such a high distance up, they make our actions, our passions, look so small and insignificant. Donna Haraway calls this the god-trick, a desire to be an all-seeing eye that can hover over the world and map it out, attempt to manage it from on top. But banners talk back.⁴

Small Stories Carry Big Lessons

The 2014 film *Pride* tells the story of this banner. It is a story of the relationships formed between one small Gay and Lesbian solidarity group in London and one small community of miners

⁴ Haraway, Donna. 'Situating knowledges: The science question in feminism and the privilege of partial perspective' *Feminist Studies* (1988): 575-599.

in Wales. The London support group raises money to help keep the group of miners out on strike. In the process, stereotypes get smashed and unlikely friendships form. The miners' strike becomes a moment in history that a diversity of people feel an intimate connection to. It gives us more than a bland Wikipedia info-byte, 'The miners' strike was a major industrial action affecting the British coal industry.' It offers everyday emotion in the place of an overly dramatic BBC quip: 'The 1984 miners' strike was the most bitter industrial dispute in British history.'

The story *Pride* tells challenges us to remember differently. It asks us to see a piece of British history through the multiple perspectives and experiences of different people, each with their own unique and messy life. *Pride's* story zooms in on the small events, reflecting the everydayness of solidarity, of brutality and of kindness. It highlights the importance of nonhumans in protest: the banners, change buckets, cups of tea, spare sofas, disco songs, subversive T-shirts and multi-seater vans that also form and shape protest.

In reality, the movement of hundreds, or thousands, or hundreds of thousands of people is always messy. Just like people themselves are messy. They are made up of spilling over categories, wobbly commitments, self-contradictions and never enough time, or money, or love, or all of the above. Likewise, the little events that congeal and get called a social movement are their own emotional roller coasters.

Imagine you are there: The march starts and you join in near the front, dancing alongside the Samba band. You are walking alongside a handful of friends, pointing and laughing at the wordplay on the homemade signs that surround you. Two hours later, your feet hurt. The march has reached its destination. You start to feel disheartened, listening to the same old speeches, watching the FIT team snap the same old pictures of who ever they have deemed a 'professional protester'.

As the sky turns a darker grey, the riot cops close in. A mild panic sweeps over you, stirring up some deep down memory of being trapped. You realise just how tired and hungry you are. Why didn't you bring that extra jumper? You have to wee and would love to do so in a real toilet. You wonder if you should have come out at all. You could be home with a cup of tea, watching telly, tucking in your child, wrapped under the duvet.

You feel the day's joys turn. Tears well up in the corner of your eyes as you wonder just how long the police kettle will last, this time. But then, the sound of the Samba band picks back up. A small circle of people, streaked in glitter, hot pink scarfs wrapped around them, start dancing. Twirling, dipping,

bouncing like they are meant to be right there, right now, in this moment.

Minutes later, on the other side of the police's human cage, the chanting begins. There is one voice at first, and then many. The words, barely audible across the open air, something to do with someone's bum, a British classic. The silliness, the defiance. The reason you are here in the first place.

Every protest event—every march, sit-in, performative intervention, seemingly endless meeting, fundraising party, bail posting, or act of courtroom solidarity—is made up not only of multiple people, but of all kinds of emotions and objects they stick to—different nonhuman things. There are animals, architectures, and variable weather conditions that shape the many small events and moments that get culled together and called social movements. But for now, let's get back to the banners.

From Capitalism to Climate Justice

There is one banner in particular that has a lot to say about the contemporary history of British protest. Dated to its site of origin, for a glass cabinet display, the tag on this banner would read: August 2009, Climate Camp, Blackheath, London. Mixed materials.

This banner was strung up to commemorate a year of bankruptcies and bailouts. Of default loans, forced evictions, unplanned cuts and an unemployment rise of one million people in a single year, bringing 2009 totals to 8%. Then there were the zero hour contracts, the precarious pay and the collapse of services to contend with. Chancellor Alistair Darling told *The Guardian* that things were 'arguably the worst they've been in 60 years.' Predicting, 'It's going to be more profound and long lasting than people thought.' His bleak outlook was already held by many with a close eye on what happens when profit is put before people.

Capitalism is Crisis, as the banner proclaimed. It was a simple slogan. But it was one that stuck. It captured the sentiment of a moment in three simple words. It was both an analysis and a coalitional call. The banner crystallized decades of protest, from the anti-capitalist legacies of Class War to the J18 Carnival Against Capitalism in 1999, from May Day Monopoly in 2001, to the 2005 G8 Summit protests at Gleneagles (itself home to an eco-village HoriZone camp).

At the same time, this banner carried forward more recent legacies of camping for Climate Justice. The same pink on blue designs featured in the 2008 'No New Coal' banner



CAPITALISM

CLIMATE
CAMP
VIRGINIA

WELCOME
TO
CLIMATE
CAMP

CLIMATE
CAMP
2009

OUR
DOOR
IS
ALWAYS
OPEN



IS CRISIS

A Safer Space

The camp offers an alternative to consumerism. It is not a space for excessive use of drugs + alcohol nor is it a festival. It is an act of movement for social change. We have agreed to have a pot down at 1. 2. when music will please keep noise to a consistent level responsible for violence.

at Kingsnorth and the April 2009 Climate Camp in the City banner 'Nature Doesn't Do Bailouts.' Each were attached to tripods, structures that simultaneously function as raised barricades, tree-less tree-sits, and banner poles. Usually made out of wood or scaffolding poles, tripods have their own genealogy of resistance travelling from early models in India, to logging blockades in Australia, and then into the UK during Reclaim the Streets (among other adventures along the way).⁵

While the 2009 Climate Camp banner was explicitly anti-capitalist in its message, since its inception, Climate Camp was committed to creating alternatives to capitalist life and targeting corporate proponents of climate change. Grown out of the 2005 G8 protests, climate camps have served as convergence spaces where a range of political ideologies and practices come into contact with one another.

Back at Climate Camp in 2006, a giant ostrich puppet helped to visualize how government officials had their 'heads in the sand' over climate change, ignoring the damning findings of the world's leading scientists. The following year this message was amplified at the Heathrow Climate Camp resisting plans to build a new runway—running right through local villages. There, the banner read 'We Are Armed Only With Peer Review Science.'

Crafting a front page worthy photo, this banner was hoisted up in front of rows of faces—portraits of those suffering from climate injustice—from unnatural disasters caused by the unwieldy greed of the 1% (only, no one called them that then.) These portraits were multi-purpose; designed out of pop-up tent boxes, they served as both a protective device for fending off police baton blows and a transport mechanism for moving tents from the base encampment to the BAA headquarters blockade. The portraits were affixed to protesters' arms with straps made of foam pieces, rope and gaffer tape, one for the hand, and one to rest just before the elbow.

These portrait-shield-tent transport devices brought together function and art. They carried forward the tactics of Greenham Common women's woven webs that ensnared officers during evictions. They echoed Claremont Road's sculpture installations-come-barricades. And afterwards, they went on, reverberating in the book blocks of Italy that made their way into the UK student protest against tuition fees in 2010—designed through passed along gaffer tape techniques. In these ways creativity travels through protests just as much as ideologies, or badges of belonging that stick us to specific organisations.

While creativity is abound in protest, the playfulness of disobedient design is often a response to state brutality, to

violent modes of policing that also travel transnationally. The shield, the mask, the barricade, adorned and re-designed over the years, always develop in response to repression. They are fossils of resilience, but they are also artefacts of social control. When tricked into talking about, these protest objects tell another set of stories.

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Hong Kong protesters hit by 'British-made' grenades



Tom Coghlan
Published at 12:01AM, September 29 2014

Pro-democracy protesters in Hong Kong alleged that the CS gas grenades used against them yesterday were made in Britain, highlighting the potentially controversial consequences of the coalition government's promotion of British arms exports.

A series of images posted by Hong Kong protesters showed what appeared to be CS gas grenades manufactured by the British company Chemring Defence, which produces smoke, illumination and tear gas products for military and riot control use.

The pressure group Campaign Against Arms Trade identifies Chemring as having British government-approved export licences to Hong Kong.

CAAT reports that Britain has approved export licences for military

The UK gave a licence for tear gas exports to Hong Kong in January 2014

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Hong Kong's Umbrella Revolution



4 June 2014
2 February 2015
[Read the full story](#)

Hong Kong protesters march again

The 'umbrella revolution' protest movement flared back into life yesterday as thousands of people marched...



We'll be back, say students as protest camp is cleared

Police close down the main pro-democracy protest site in the heart of Hong Kong, tearing down the encampment and...

Folding the Umbrella Revolution

China's indifference to democracy in Hong Kong has spawned a protest generation

Hunger strike is the last stand for Hong Kong protest leader

Joshua Wong, 18, goes on hunger strike as riot police armed with pepper spray, batons and water hoses put many...



Hong Kong protest leader freed but ordered to back off

A Chemring canister, like the ones found on the streets of Occupy Hong Kong, speaks about the rise of tear gas, a weapon modernized by the British at the UK's military laboratories in Porton Down in the 1950s, as their current supplies did not store while in the heat of India, where the weapon was regularly used to suppress uprisings. The scientists' new formulas were tested on animals, then on veterans without their consent.

First used on UK soil against civilians in Northern Ireland in 1969, British CS gas seeped from the streets of Derry's Bogside into the neighbourhood's

houses, community centres and medical clinics. In 1996 CS moved to aerosol form, finding a place on the hips of British police officers. Ever since, such chemicals have been sprayed in the faces of nonviolent protesters. They were recently used on UK Uncut protesters, students occupying at the University of Warwick, and demonstrators at the Reclaim Brixton march against corporate gentrification.

In the few years since the 2011 Arab uprisings and urban square occupations around the world, sales in this so-called 'crowd management equipment' have tripled. Here in the UK, the summer riots and student fee protests were used to justify the purchase of water cannons for the London Metropolitan Police. As austerity cuts and climate injustice continue to fuel civil unrest all over the world, state authorities respond with violent measures, repressing protest rather than facing up to the roots of their problems. Each time those in charge choose violence, security industry CEOs see their profit rise. *Capitalism is Crisis*, as the banner goes.

Meanwhile, intrusive surveillance methods and laws that prevent mass gathering continue to dominate British policing. From the use of anti-terrorism legislation against protesters, to the rule out of public order acts to legitimize police harassment at protest events, the law in Britain has long been bendable toward tactics for social control. The recent outing of undercover officers in UK protest groups, and their intentional, deceitful courting of women, has fuelled further disdain. At the same time, deaths and injuries to people of colour in police custody continue to go underreported and unpunished. It takes work to remember the names of the dead.

In October 2011, the *Capitalism is Crisis* banner resurfaced. This time outside of St. Paul's Cathedral. In a semi-organized act of encampment, on 15 October 2011, the day to show international solidarity with Occupy Wall Street, an estimated 2,000 Londoners took to the streets around Paternoster Square, home of the London Stock Exchange. Greeted by double rows of metal barricades, riot police, dogs and horses, it soon became clear that camp was not going to be set up in the planned concrete courtyard outside the Exchange.

After circling all of the entrances in hopes of a back way in, protestors found ourselves in the square outside St. Paul's Cathedral—the only space in the area big enough to handle such a large crowd. Within two hours the crowd had decided, by consensus, that they would camp right there in the square outside St. Paul's Cathedral. Call outs were made to start coordinating food, shelter and sanitation.

In the early weeks of Occupy LSX, the *Capitalism is Crisis* banner became an icon above the tents. It was often used to frame photojournalists' shots of the encampment. It hung over the area where general assemblies were often held. It greeted tourists and reminded commuters of why the camp was there.

Like any symbol, it was contested, debates arose of whether the camp was really anti-capitalist or just wanted alternatives to austerity and banking power. Such debates

Remember Our Dead Awareness Tees-BLK Lives Matter

United Kingdom Community

Story Updates 1 Comments 0 Backers 18 Gallery 12

USA
Twitter
Tumblr
Link
Follow

**DEMETRE FRAZER
ROCKEY BENNETT
JIMMY MUBENGA
AZELLE RODNEY
SHEKU BAYOH
KINGSLEY BURRELL
LEON BRIGGS
SENLEWIS**

Remember Our Dead Awareness T-Shirts - Black Lives Matter - NO JUSTICE NO PEACE

£145 GBP
raised by 18 backers in 2 months

29% funded No time left

£500 GBP goal
Flexible Funding

CAMPAIGN CLOSED
This campaign ended on September 7, 2015

Select a Perk

£4 GBP + Shipping

W/B Remember Our Dead T-Shirt
For your contribution, you will receive a white or black 'Remember Our Dead' Printed Front and Back T-Shirt with the names of 30 brothers and sisters killed in custody, detention or prison.

10 out of 400 claimed
Estimated delivery: September 2015
Ships to: European Union

London Black Revs
Email Verified
236 Facebook Friends

Community
United Kingdom
1 team member

Contact See More Details

were not new to UK protest. Like other convergence-based campsites, people came together from all different experiences, backgrounds and attachments.

When St. Paul's Cathedral faced its decision of whether or not to evict the camp, *Capitalism is Crisis* came down and a new banner went up: *What Would Jesus Do?*. The banner was a call to action and to a deeper reflection. It was an act of activist PR, hijacking the debate and the media frame with a story that mattered. It drew out other debates emerging in the encampment around homelessness, mental health, the need for public space, the responsibilities of governments in a democracy, and the role of religion in contemporary Britain.

In other words, things got complicated. But then, things have always been complicated. Decades of neoliberal private-public partnerships and the outsourcing of everything have seen to this.

The Coming Climate Justice

Today, countering climate change means tracing out how corporate actions and pursuit of profit destroy environments, agricultures, local economies, cultures, and livelihoods. The coming Climate Justice is where migrant rights meets ecology, as people work to unravel the threads of collusion between corporate greed and militarization, unmasking attempts at greenwashing, artwashing and pseudo-scientific pandering.⁶

In the 1990s the Anti-Globalisation Movement was often referred to as a 'movement of movements', what Hardt and Negri termed the multitude.⁷ A linking, a coming together, a crossing over. The sentiment of interconnectedness was there. It was built upon a foundation laid decades before, birthed from the promiscuity of protests; a messy family tree including slavery abolition, May 1968 uprisings, anti-apartheid campaigns, trade unions, farmers rights, and queer anti-capitalisms (to name only a few).

But the problem is that Movements don't move. Movements are just a god-trick for looking down, separating out, categorising, taxonomising, pinning butterfly wings to the wall. It is people who move. They move under what Judith Butler has called wavering banners of identity.⁸

Our messy selves stick and unstick to issues and to each other. We stick and unstick because of our friendships, our lovers, our families, our class backgrounds, our racialised bodies, our jobs, our childhood attachments, our spoken languages, our longings and belongings.⁹ The Coming Climate Justice demands an understanding of how struggles are bound

6

Evans, Mel. *Art-wash: Big Oil and the Arts*. Pluto, [2015].

7

Hardt, Michael, and Antonio Negri. *Multitude: War and Democracy in the Age of Empire*. Penguin, [2005].

8

Butler, Judith. 'Merely cultural' *Social Text* [1997]: 265-277.

9

Rowe, Aimee Marie Carrillo. 'Be longing: Toward a feminist politics of relation' *NWSA Journal* 17, no. 2 [2005]: 15-46.

up together. But this binding cannot be made sticky with lies.

It is a lie to mask over the very real differences, contradictions and conflicts that unstick people. Those differences that repel, or frighten or discomfort us. Those negative thoughts that get buried deep down or called fancy sounding things like 'ideological disagreements over Marxist ontologies' because it is easier than saying we are scared of each other sometimes. That we just can't stand the sight of each other. That other people are hell.

It is also a lie to say that climate change is the great equalizer. The thing that people must fight together as the human species, as earth dwellers. It is a lie to call climate change a race blind, gender blind, class blind, or nation blind catastrophe. It is a lie to look around the meeting room, planning the next act of creative disobedience, and all the faces are white, and someone says, 'That is not the point. It doesn't matter.'

Because the point is, 'we' are not all in this together. When the seas rise—as they already have done (in New Orleans, in Bangladesh, in Jakarta...)—some people suffer long before others do. While Britain's coastal flooding should set off alarm bells over how climate change brings us together, it is the UK's border policies and exported 'security solutions', built on centuries of class and race-based colonialism, that really comprises the glue, the sticky stuff that solidarity must be made out of.

If you have come here to help me, you are wasting your time. But if you have come because your liberation is bound up with mine, then let us work together.

This line, from Murri artist and activist Lilla Watson, has inspired solidarity movements and coalitional campaigns for many years. But the saying only becomes true if it is enacted, not simply uttered. As Sara Ahmed has written, anti-racism in Britain is so often just a speech act, said but not lived.¹⁰ Watson's words can only become true when the protests taking place here are able to make these connections, to design interventions, to risk privilege, to make meaning out of the mystified mess of global profit.

These complicated times call for complicated stories. Stories that do not shy away from the mess. Yet, our protests also need clear targets. Distinct, yet interconnected. Money flows traced back to profiteers, as well as to the experts that legitimize state and corporate violence. The geologists pinpointing perfect fracking spots and the PR firms selling the public on them are also—though not equally—responsible. Like

10

Ahmed, Sara. The nonperformativity of antiracism *Meridians: feminism, race, transnationalism* 7, no. 1 [2007]: 104-126.

11
Marriott, James,
and Mika Min-
io-Paluello. *The Oil
Road: Travels from
the Caspian to the
City*. Verso Books,
[2012].

12
Interview with
Lauren Berlant.
*Society
and Space*.
[http://societyandspace.
com/material/
interviews/interview-with-lauren-berlant/](http://societyandspace.com/material/interviews/interview-with-lauren-berlant/)

the doctors and psychologists that helped make Guantanamo Bay, scientific experts and communication professionals are key members of any climate criminal gang. In all of these networks, objects also must be held accountable—tracked, mapped, sabotaged as they cut into the land and under the sea, spreading toxic fantasies through pipelines.¹¹

To confront these complex networks of capitalism as crisis, other attachments need to be narrated out of the stories we tell each other and ourselves. But what will it mean to move beyond the dream of purity in action? Of authentic identity categories? Of obsessions with recognition? What will it feel like to let go of faith in state power or of the hope that an election can save us? How will we stop clinging to the fear that there is no alternative, or to the myth that both survivors and heroes go it alone?

The struggle is to find ways to tell complicated stories that can later be simplified. Meaningful protests are not simply gallant acts of direct action in themselves. They are not the lock-on or the barricade. They are not another die-in or a banner drop.

Protests that move us come from complicated work. They arise out of wading through mess: researching, strategizing, reflecting, planning and rehearsing. Making time and space for care, building trust into relationships and sitting with discomfort.¹² All of these are the necessary components of protest that go on in the background, before the final act appears.

Capitalism is Crisis.

It must be complicated before it can be three simple words.

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RELATING A STORY: INITIATING AN ACTION

LENA ŠIMIĆ

Despite Johnson's Baby World

What are my responsibilities as a mother? What are my responsibilities towards my child and myself in this world? How does an encounter with another, with a child (my child), change my way of being, my subjectivity, my politics, my action? Where does a child begin? What's his (my son's) beginning?

Where do we, the parents in the Institute for the Art and Practice of Dissent at Home, start? How do we initiate our children into an activist life? How do we protest with children? How do we act? And how do we relate the stories of their activist lives back to them?

A proclamation: becoming a mother has changed my way of thinking, it has brought a revolution upon me, it has activated me politically. Becoming a mother has for the last fifteen years defined my arts practice and it still continues to bother and nourish my everyday life and my artistic processes. As a mother/artist/activist I am committed to politicized arts making and creative protest with the children. The Institute for the Art and Practice of Dissent at Home houses such art activist actions whilst insisting on combining the private and the public, life and art.

One of the Institute's key aims is to bring up the children lovingly and critically.

This is one of those lines that we, the Institute, always give when speaking at public events: conferences, artist talks or arts festivals. It is our truth, our defensive strategy and our provocation. It is also the line which gets the audience going. The Institute (and particularly, me, the mother, in her caring role) gets critiqued (and oftentimes very subtly) by what we do to our children. All of a sudden, all of these others are worried about our children: they are unsettled, slightly troubled, even perturbed and yet at the same time moved by the project of the Institute, with its desire to undermine heteronormative and neoliberal ideologies found in family life. Do we, as parents (do I, as a caring mother) have the right to pollute our children's minds with our far-left politics and communist, feminist, anarchist ideology? 'Is it ethical?' they wonder. Is it ethical, I ask, according to whose rules, according to which system? The one we are all living in: the neoliberal capitalist project? I am aware of how violent neoliberal capitalism is and what damage it can cause to children in terms of disabling their development into caring, compassionate, collaborative and creative young adults. So, whilst answering the criticism about





bringing up my children with my and Gary's 'radical values', I observe, yet again, that nobody in the room is blaming consumer capitalism and the neoliberal project for its violent tactics. These tactics are apparent through multiple advertising platforms and various promotional channels ranging from school corridors and the naturalization of 'bio metrics' and thumb payments for state school lunches to public spaces in the city centres, which have become privatized shopping malls with heavy security. Nobody is blaming such tactics, whose aim is to infiltrate young people's minds and make them desire unrealistic, individualistic, materialistic, celebrity-obsessed unfulfilling lifestyles. I observe, yet again, that if the parents dare say they know better and dare imagine another world for themselves and their children, a world that is based on different values than the current neoliberal system, if the parents proclaim that they want their children to grow up with communist, anarchist and feminist values, they, the parents, are labelled as mad radicals. I am no radical. But I am interested in public exposure here, even at the expense of offering the personal for public scrutiny, opening myself up to the criticism of being a bad mother, having undue ideological influence on my children.

Remember that beautiful baby boy smiling at you from Johnson's Baby wipes (Johnson and Johnson's are one of those companies that is on the Boycott Israeli Products list and which profits from close ties with Israeli government's role in the occupied territories of Palestine; the company received the Jubilee Award, 'the highest tribute ever awarded by the State of Israel in recognition of those individuals and organizations, that through their investments and trade relationships, have done the most to strengthen the Israeli economy'). Who wonders about that baby? What did his parents think? How aware were they? What do we think about him? Do we ever wonder? This is not about my children vs Johnson's Baby. This is about thinking deeper, trying to understand, being bothered about the world and its deeply unsettling, unjust structures. What kind of a world is this for all of our children, including all the Johnson's babies, to grow up in? My children need to learn about the Johnson's baby.

Political thinkers Hannah Arendt and Adriana Cavarero both refigure the notion of natality (as opposed to mortality) as the new politics of action, which is, at the same time, rooted in a dependency on others. Arendt writes: 'Natality is the fundamental condition of every living-together and thus of every politics; Mortality is the fundamental condition of thought, in so far as thought refers itself to something that is as it is and is for itself.'¹ The fact that we are all born into this world

1

Arendt quoted in Cavarero, Adriana *Relating Narratives: Storytelling and selfhood*, trans. Paul A. Kottman, Routledge, [2000], p.28.

2

Cavarero, Adriana *Relating Narratives: Storytelling and selfhood*, trans. Paul A. Kottman, Routledge, [2000], p.87.

exposes our vulnerability and dependence on others. To begin with, we depend on others to hear our birth story and later on rely on others for our life stories. Cavarero reminds us that 'Fragile and exposed, the existent belongs to a world-scene where interaction with other existents is unforeseeable and potentially infinite.'²

The *4 Boys [for Beuys]* project, as a form of art activist narration of our family history, is interested in this kind of belonging to the world, in an interaction with others. *4 Boys [for Beuys]* welcomes dependency, reliance on others' stories, surprise and a sense of infinity. We welcome the four activist stories of four protests. We hope and desire that the children's accounts and the four activists' accounts will rub off of one another. We frame the encounters. We rely on strangers' generosity. We try to be as open as possible. Being a nuclear family unit does not mean we need to be closed. Since its founding in 2007, the Institute for the Art and Practice of Dissent at Home has decided to break up traditional nuclear family life. The Institute has exploded its comfortable and intimate nucleus and opened it up to public scrutiny. We have made our private public, and thus we have allowed it to find new ways of encountering the world, new ways of acting within public life. The richness and complexity of family life with its intricacies, dependencies and frustrations remains unresolved. However, as we struggle with and enjoy new subjectivities which emerge through co-existence, through living-together in this family life and beyond its constraining parameters, we all undertake action. Arendt links the notion of natality to the human capacity for action, for starting something anew. In *The Human Condition*, she discusses the categories of labour, work and action, but is primarily moved by action.

However, of the three, action has the closest connection with the human condition of natality; the new beginning inherent in birth can make itself felt in the world only because the newcomer possesses the capacity of beginning something anew, that is, of acting. In this sense of initiative, an element of action, and therefore of natality, is inherent in all human activities.³

3

Arendt, Hannah *The Human Condition*, University of Chicago Press, [1958], p.9.

The *4 Boys [for Beuys]* project is interested in beginnings and initiations, in action. Whilst each child is given a brief in terms of retelling his first protest, we hope that by reconsidering it anew, and through encountering a different kind of narrative to it, each of our children will enter something of a beginning, some kind of motion. They will hopefully go beyond that as well and surprise us with their own autonomous initiative; unforeseeable and infinite interactions, in Cavarero's terms.





Beyond McDonald's in Hunt's Cross

I take Neal to McDonald's in Hunt's Cross, south side of Liverpool. We live in Everton at the north end of the city. It's a 45 minute drive away. This is after Neal's Croatian lesson which was in Hunt's Cross. There are very few Croatians living in Liverpool, at least those who are willing to give Croatian lessons. It's 5:30pm, and Neal is hungry. We are in McDonald's. I open up the journal called May Day 2001 – a big blue folder with photographs, an audio cassette, leaflets from the protest, an email invitation to the protest I sent to all my contacts, my short emotional from-the-heart write up 'on Tesco fat man's paper' about how I need to do something to change the world, now that I have Neal, me at 26, a short poetic play I've written inspired by Sam Shepherd and Joseph Chaikin's *Savage/Love* and newspaper articles from the day following the May Day protests. We look at the photographs of boarded-up shops on Oxford Street: Gap, McDonald's, Accessorize. We read a leaflet promoting vegan lifestyles ironically entitled 'milk of human kindness' and some anarchist leaflets. I tell him the story of the protest. It's not really the first time Neal's heard it. But he's never heard it here and now, in McDonald's, in late March. And this time, the story is also, regrettably, a homework task which he needs to write up for this publication.

What happens in this interchange of a story between us? How do I give him a narrative, without demanding its accuracy? How do I impress on him what I feel is necessary? How do I remember the event and by giving it then forget it? How do I erase the event? How do I edit? What do I retrieve? How do you grow an anarchist? How do I grow a communist? How do I grow a feminist? How do I respect the autonomy of the child and yet observe and feel the everyday violence of the neoliberal project and the only too apparent and rampant consumerism around him, sitting here in McDonald's? Who is to influence him? Where do I start to narrate?

Recently, Neal surprised me by writing a piece entitled 'Misconceptions of Anarchism', for his English class. All the students were asked to write on a topic close to their hearts. This was Neal's own initiative; he didn't discuss it with me. He's taken a stand in his school. He's decided to speak otherwise. I'm aware however, that speaking otherwise can also turn out to be a disabling experience in the process of growing up and socialisation. My ongoing question is to which degree can we instil dissent of the capitalist system and its predominant values

of greed, competition and individualism at the same time as supporting him to become a compatible, attuned member of society?

Gabriel listened to me telling him about our failed trip to the Anti Iraq War protest in London. He was in one of those good moods; he was open to anything. He listened with intent. He inquired for more detail, for clarifications, for elaboration of certain points. He was particularly interested in any points of conflict. Who was that old man who told you off about bringing a tiny baby to a demonstration? Who were the children who sat down in the middle of the road in order to stop the traffic? Gary remembers them shouting: 'this is what democracy looks like'. They seemed strong and convinced; they were organized. After my story Gabriel abruptly left the sofa and approached the table. He immediately started to write. This was to be done, there and then. He knew what he was doing. He was also organized. He wrote the story up in one go, in one breath, with no interruptions. He framed it well. He boasted he knew something about dramatic structure as he enjoys watching soaps on the telly. Finally, all of those series have come in useful. It all made sense. Our failed trip to London is a good story, Gabriel's invention of a fictional autobiographical account. This is his place to grow.

My lasting memory of the Financial Fools Day (2009) protest against G20 summit which included marching with one of the Four Horses of the Apocalypse (the Red War horse) and settling down for a while in the Camp in the City, was carrying Sid, 20 months at the time. Sid was so needy; all he wanted was to be carried by me. I spent most of the day having Sid in my arms. This was all about dependency, a child in need of his mother throughout the chaotic day. He might have been simply exhausted by the new; he needed security and embracing. The 'A-Anti-Anti-Capitalista' chorus still rings in our ears. The whole family chanted it at the 'Storytelling and Activism' symposium at the University of South Wales, Cardiff in April 2015. Anti-capitalism has always been the main concern for me, the main drive in all of the Institute's actions. We are first and foremost anti-capitalist. Sid, now 8, still might not fully understand what the 'A-Anti-Anti-Capitalista' chorus is about, but its rhythm and its chant is in him. When writing his story of protest Sid needed guidance from me. I still held his hand, dictating to him what happened at the protest. He wrote it down. He read it to the audience in Cardiff. He insisted on taking it to his school and read it to his classmates. He relived the story of the protest through its re-reading. 'A-Anti-Anti-Capitalista' might accrue a meaning in the process of retelling and re-chanting.

In the summer of 2015 James got chicken pox and missed

his family trip to Dubrovnik to visit his Croatian grandparents. He stayed home in Liverpool with his Dad whilst I took the other three boys to Dubrovnik. One day he played with the Gaza placard we saved from the National Demonstration held the previous summer in London. This was James's first protest. Gary took some pictures of James with the Gaza placard and chicken pox. I wasn't there, I missed it. Whilst it did feel difficult to separate our family for summer holiday, we are only too aware of the incomparability of the suffering of the children of Gaza and our own family holiday problems. Gary tells me that despite chicken pox, James enjoyed his photo shoot with the placard.

Letting Go with New Weapons of Dissent

In the aftermath of 2015 general elections in the UK and the overwhelming Tory victory, one essay kept circulating on my social media platforms 'Abandon Hope: summer is coming'⁴. It is here that I came across this quote from Deleuze:

There's no need to fear or hope, but only to look for new weapons.

The Institute responded with a new project, 'Compassion is Dissent: Manifesto Slam', where we invited our friends and colleagues to our Institute space, and collectively vented our anger and dreamed for new configurations of living and new ways of co-existing.

The Institute's notion of dissent is a working category which encompasses negotiation, pain, expansion, stuckness, compassion, anger as well as affirmation. The Institute is also primarily about action, a beginning, a newness, which was not in the world before. Dissent becomes affirmative, it becomes an action, it becomes a weapon. In 2007, when the Institute was first set up, there was nothing there in terms of the framing of our family as an activist arts practice, but there were thoughts, desires, passion, determination and two parents with three children. Eight years on, and we have *4 Boys [for Beuys]* both literally and as an art activist project. Over the coming years, we will need to let go, and neither fear nor hope. It will be up to our four boys, armed with new weapons of dissent, to initiate an action, to relate a story themselves.

Where does the parenting stop and an initiative start? Is it an impulse from the child? Where is the break, the gap, the bridge, the space, the link between the two? How fragile is this beginning, this confused statement, this initiation into new knowledge? How free are we in this action: both me, as the

4

Mark Fischer
Abandon Hope
(summer is coming)
<http://k-punk.org/abandon-hope-summer-is-coming/>
 11 May 2015.

mother who is letting go, and him, as the child, who is moving forwards? How to live without hope and fear, searching for new weapons?

I feel movement, a motion, within me. I am not stuck. I am liberated by his step, this awesome beginning, this sense of affirmation. Watching my four boys, with ages ranging between one and fourteen, it is incredible to note to which degree each one of them offers me and allows himself a space for action, a moment of freedom. Whilst dependency and co-existence are firm and ethically desirable, I can't help but feel a leap into the new with each new project of theirs, their accomplishments, their expressions whether that be the 'Misconceptions of Anarchism' essay by Neal or James trying to convey to us a new song he's learnt in his nursery or Sid showing us his artwork from his after-school club or Gabriel presenting me with a finely crafted fictionalized narrative of his protest or that incredible Happy Mother's Day video film he made a few years ago. Newness also comes in much more painful and confrontational encounters, which probably provide growing spaces for the children.

To act, in its most general sense, means to take initiative, to begin (as the Greek word *archein*, 'to begin,' 'to lead,' and eventually 'to rule' indicates), to set something in motion. Because they are initium, newcomers and beginners by virtue of birth, men [sic] take initiative, are prompted into action.⁵

⁵ Arendt, Hannah
The Human Condition,
University of
Chicago Press,
[1958], p. 177.

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**MAYDAY
2001**

**ANTI IRAQ WAR
2003**

**FINANCIAL FOOLS
DAY 2009**

**GAZA DEMO
2014**

**35 4 PROTESTS
MAYDAY 2001**

PRISON FOR BEGINNERS: MAYDAY 2001

X-CHRIS

Do you remember?

It's difficult now to separate out the experience of being at Mayday 2001 from my theories and criticism of that day which, 14 years later, are now all mixed up historically with what came before but more so with what came after. My first thought was that it should be titled 'The Ass End of Anti-Capitalism' as my recollections were how at this point 'anti-capitalism' (as it was known as then) was still stuck on symbolic protests at sites of specific powers and exchanges (e.g. Parliament or Oxford Street's mile of shopping). 'Ass-end' also though because I don't remember much happening on the day and subsequent Maydays fizzled out into ritual and spectacle.

Yes, I remember

We began early in the day gathering at the massive Elephant & Castle for a Mayday action. I had spent some hours the day before making a large cardboard dice to bring but when I arrived after holding it aloft on the short march to the roundabout, I found I had no real idea or attachment to what it was supposed to be for and dumped it by the side of the road. Within minutes we were then all pushed by coppers off the road and corralled onto the paved space on the roundabout. Not knowing what to do nor feeling very much like the action was going anywhere, we hopped on a bus and went to see how things were shaping up at the day's final gathering at Oxford Circus planned for 4pm.

At Oxford St eternal vigilance would have paid off as we walked past some police towards the Nike store and then saw the kettle form around us in a blink of an eye. A polite but somewhat pathetic request to go back beyond the police at our rear was refused. Minutes later we shared how if we had just barged back past in that moment we would have got out. So that was that. It wasn't much after 2pm when our first (and not last) public imprisonment under the Met Police's kettle began.

Better to forget

Stuck in the middle of Oxford Circus bored and frustrated like everyone else, I realised Billy Bragg was standing next to me. He offered an observation and some advice: "They are going to send in the horses like the Miner's Strike! We should all link arms together." It didn't strike me as a particular astute analysis of the situation as there were no horses on the horizon

WHITEHALL

MAYDAY MONOPOLY

TUES 1st MAY 2001: ANTI-CAPITALIST
ACTIONS ALL DAY, THEN 4PM,
ADVANCE TO OXFORD CIRCUS

CAPITALISM IS DEATH: PLAY FOR LIFE

WWW.MAYDAYMONOPOLY.NET

A GLOBAL DAY OF ACTION
AGAINST CAPITALISM

ch no illusions!



THE GAME

sniping and grumbling about the
Game. Okay! Yeah! It's not
olution. It's pretty much gonna be
y' activists and self-defined politi-
shade. In that, it's pretty much
be the forces of the revolutionary
to dismantle capitalism...it's
ons protesting green things, animal
rights things and anarchists being
that possibly is or looks like...

those mention
the foremen
aren't just a
ld leave our illi-
me with our TV
fabric of capiti-
social reality of
and collective pa-
st be saying a big 'I
a bit of a dent in s
appearances. With
use we might have
visions that we're he-
class warriors, black b
y impression...

MAYDAY
MONOPOLY

game guide

CAPITALIST ACTIONS ACROSS LONDON ON

TUESDAY 1 MAY 2001

Mayday 2001
Reclaim

FREEDOM FOR OURSELVES

* This type of events are worth it when we ourselves begin to experi-
ence new forms of behaviour arising from the rapid breakdown of fears
and isolation that can come from the collective joy and solidarity of tak-
ing back or freeing space in the streets together. This seems to be where
it's at for us, rather than just a day of pure politicking and propagand-
deering. With the above in mind, there seems to be some fundamental
points worth looking at:

- we need to be tactical and smarter (like J18 was). There is no point
doing this on anyone else's terms but our own. If you want a battle-
ground, pick it wisely. Oxford St seems like a good place to immedi-
ately change a collectively strong situation into a role-playing game we like
to play (and lose) called "Who's fucking up for it then?". What happens is
the most seemingly radical and/or posed people play out roles with
the cops and most other people become
chosen for legitimate reasons not to
strength is thrown away in favour of
trancheon sounds with the police (w/
fessional brick and baton use...)
some...

**MAYDAY
MONOPOLY**
TUES 1st MAY 2001. CRITICAL
MASS MEETS AT MARYLEBONE
STN & LIVERPOOL STREET STN,
BOTH AT 7.30AM
**ON YER
BIKE!**
WWW.MAYDAYMONOPOLY.NET
A GLOBAL DAY OF ACTION
AGAINST CAPITALISM

WHITEHALL

**MAYDAY
MONOPOLY**
TUES 1st MAY 2001. ANTI-CAPITALIST
ACTIONS ALL DAY, THEN 4PM,
ADVANCE TO OXFORD CIRCUS
**CAPITALISM
IS DEATH:
PLAY FOR LIFE**
WWW.MAYDAYMONOPOLY.NET
A GLOBAL DAY OF ACTION
AGAINST CAPITALISM

...just have to be quick
...person from behind around
...from the sides. Such...

EDOM FO
...saying...but pro-
...probably get s-
...but you should
...action. Take a
...clothes wit-
...who will mat-
...ed. Think
...Be smart. A
...AND pl-
...to be dor-

**Welcome to
Mayday Monopoly
Critical Mass!**

The following times are points
where we will be supporting other
actions, having breaks, and where
people can join or rejoin us
during the day.

- 7.30am Marylebone Station and
Liverpool Street Station
- 9.30am Kings Cross for breakfast
- 10.30am moving off...
- 12 noon The Strand and/or
Elephant and Castle
- 2.30pm Speakers Corner



State gives up

The Metropolitan
Police have declared
Mayday 2001 'an
anarchist free-for-all'
as top officers send

press release
warning the anti-
capitalist protest
is 'unpoppable'

...st night admitted that the
anti-capitalist protest on
could be 'impossible to
an unexpected late night
and Yard issued a press
ring that "the upcoming
st had become a major
headache". The state-
by senior officers from
an police, continued
t, bent on destroying
organised the protests
without recourse to
police, that the possi-
the days events to
with functioning of
come increasingly
ing hastily convened
in the Cabinet
issued a statement
ang journalists in
announced his intention to
dismantle capitalism throughout the
day of May 1st and to officially hand
over the running of the country to
Reclaim The Treats, an anti-capitalist
lobby group.

Mayday 2001 has been largely
organised by anarchist groups via e-
mail, and through subversive web-

ransacking the vaults of
England for the gold and
well as drawing straws for
viable task of bringing
sandwiches

The Smurfs, modelled
lent Italian terrorist
Buster!, came about
meetings

gro-
ne
par
in
pro
bato
Soph
last v
Mayd
tem th
sisters
resistan
tional as
Despit
Police ran
Factory i
where mil
testors had
training, th
to discover
chist's pla
Mayday. Dur
ible building
training materi
pile of vomit
were also ta
described the
and extremely h
cers' hinting th
being...



or a particularly good tactic for our own collective self-defence.

From within the UK's longest kettle so far (7 hours and a bit), no one seemed particularly inspired much. Maybe at that early period in the kettle's history where the experience was still novel enough to believe you may be allowed out soon, people were much more likely to hang out waiting than try to enjoy possibilities for collective endeavours within it. In the student riots kettle at Whitehall in 2011 not only did we make a shared infrastructure (makeshift toilets, fires, places for music) we repeatedly formed groups to attempt to break out.

A stronger vivid memory of Mayday 2001's kettle was how police high up on the buildings around Oxford Circus used a PA system to repeatedly demand that a crowd of thousands of people 'Move into the centre of the area'. Willingly following orders, we bunched up again and again as the surrounding police squeezed us tighter and tighter. I know it's true that if you win one day (Poll Tax Riot March 1990, Mayday 2000) then the police love to get their revenge (Poll Tax March Oct 1990, Mayday 2001). The squeeze was punishment for our being there, pure and simple police logic.

In the end we were let out one by one, photographed and humiliated. The kettle can quickly dump you back into total disembodied individual mode. The misery of confinement makes you long for home and the sensual collective project of the protest goes out the window.

Forget your head

What doesn't help my memories of that day is that I work in an anarchist bookshop and archive that has among its files, on the shelf between 'Mayday 2000' and 'Mayday 2002', a two inch thick 'Mayday 2001' folder of cuttings, leaflets, posters, booklets and so on that when looked into blur my memories from that day even further.

But it also starts to help as it puts those memories into some sort of better perspective of some of the collective desires for that day. 'The Ass-End of Anti-Capitalism' then seems a somewhat smart-ass act of personal forgetting when a pile of Mayday 2001 stickers from the archive do attempt to be explicitly nuanced on the discontents of capitalist life : 'Expect Nothing...Take Everything', 'Capitalism Is Death: Play for Life', 'From Old Kent Rd to Mayfair – Capitalism is Everywhere', 'Revolutionise Your Consumer Rights – Take The Lot!'. Within the constraints of the limits of 'anti-capitalism' some people somewhere were trying on fitting in some actual everyday politics into the previous summit-hop regime of issues and causes.

I totally forgot already

Our archive folder also holds two items I had no memory of: one, a booklet of radical songs and snippets of social history of the Elephant area that I produced for our group of singers as a songbook for us to use on the day. Despite the production none of us got it together to meet and sing these. Would have been fun in the kettle. I was pissed off at the other singers for years for lunching this out but this seems to have passed now! Two, a leaflet I distributed in the run up to Mayday 2001 called 'Play Mayday 2001 with no illusions' where this line can be found: 'Let's play the game because we might ourselves have some fun without the illusions that we are heroic revolutionaries, big A anarchists, class warriors, black blockers or white overalls, or pick any other imprisoning self-definition'.

I don't remember writing this leaflet but it's funny when we are looking at memory and pasts and futures and learning that it reads pretty much like something I would still write today.

I suspect Mayday 2001 has been forgotten by now when put alongside 1999's more famous J18 in The City or 2000's Mayday Guerrilla Gardening at Parliament Square. More recent events such as 2009's heavy Gaza demos or the student riots in 2010 are much more likely to be remembered and pertinent to today's generation. I wonder if any of them know of and connect to what Mayday protests were for a few short years at the turn of the Millennium? Guessing that's why we archived all the stuff 14 years ago.

Chris Jones's natural habitat is 56a Infoshop, a long term radical social centre project in Elephant & Castle, South London. Inside the 56a is a massive archive of events, happenings, ideas, disgruntlements and joy. We hope that something useful can be learned for now and for the future from the contents of that archive and from the day to day collective creation of it. He is also a member of the group Ultra-red and all that that entails.

Wednesday
13th April 2015

I've put on Dr. Dre's Chronic to get me through the pain of work over the ~~holidays~~ holidays. The sounds of 92'.

Fast forward 9 years and what do we have? 20-2001, ~~and~~ I've been told vivid stories about this year. Tales of Kettles and the legends ~~no~~ of active anarchist groups in the UK.

Now, I am writing about "my ^{enough} first protest". I have been privileged to read first hand propaganda to media bullshit from 2001 1st and 2nd of May "One nill to the bill" ridiculous! Newspapers desperately trying to praise their police guardians; One day even the ~~police~~ police will realise how tricked out they are.

Anyway, I was ~~no~~ only 7 months deep into life and injected by 7 months of glashy McDonald logos and other commodities.

From what I have been told, ~~we~~ ^I went to London along with: Mum, Dad (Lena, Gary).

I don't know any details from the journey but I probably cried or slept (just been told what had happened), Mum probably ~~co-ord~~ co-ordinated and navigated while Dad drove. Capitalism had plagued our world for too long. It was time to Kill the beast and lay it down next to feudalism and ^{gorgeous and lifeless} autocracy. Then hopefully something better can replace it. But before all of that we had to park the car..

My parents were only 26 and 28 so paying for parking was out the question. Well it turns out that we were exploited by capitalism in our anti-capitalist ~~protest~~ protest, £27, just amazing. This was before my parents had PhDs or anything so £30 was insane.

—◆—

7 hours later, Dad shifted to gear 5 as we escaped the terrors and trauma of what had just happened. What did happen you ask? I honestly don't know

ask Lena or Gary. From the information they have given me, I think I can safely say that we narrowly avoided death from "The Kettle". This is some kind of ~~contemporary~~ contemporary version of a Greek phalanx ~~hoplites~~, or maybe it's a loose re-annactment of ~~Hannibals~~ Hannibal's victory at Cannae. Who knows what goes through the heads of London's Police Department? Allow me to explain: Police don't like protesters, police want to keep protesters in contained space, ~~protest~~ Police make a square and make sure no protester leaves that square. In my eyes, this is a ~~gent~~ barbaric way to treat protesters who have a RIGHT to protest. Guess who nearly got trapped in one? Yes, The Institute, 6-3 or whatever it was back then. But we didn't

because of an experienced protestor who escorted us to safety. I may have become a martyr? I don't know but I do know that I have to write this recount of what had happened.

So I lived on for atleast ~~11~~ 13^{years} and 11 months longer.

I was told I had to write 3 and a half^{pages} so I have to unfortunately leave you with quite a terrible recount. But hey, I'm sure my parents would do a better job anyway.

45 4 PROTESTS
ANTI IRAQ WAR 2003

THE PEACE TRAIN KIRBY TO LONDON RITCHIE HUNTER

I'd been organising the Kirkby contingent to London for the big march in February 2003. We'd been allocated 40 places for the train, with tickets costing £25. There was a concession rate of £15, but even this seemed to be too much for some. When a writer called Frank came into the office in Kirkby Unemployed Centre he was unsure whether to go or not; when I told him the price he said it was too much.

As the momentum built, and more and more people wanted to go, he came to see me again. This time he said he definitely wanted to go, but asked if he could have a ticket for less than the concession rate (he suggested a tenner!). He went off again without a ticket. All the places on the train were filled, and in fact we were oversubscribed, and set up a reserve list. Imagine my surprise then, when we got on the train on the Saturday morning and there was Frank in one of the carriages. I asked how he had paid:

"Oh, I sorted it with one of the people on the platform."

"Who was that?" I asked.

"Some woman with dark red hair."

I was a bit annoyed at this. There were people that wanted to go on the train, but couldn't. And here was Frank, who'd ummed'n'arred, sitting there looking pleased with himself. I thought "I don't like this, but I'll check." I went to see Audrey, one of the main organisers (who has dark red hair). She told me she couldn't remember Frank.

At this point I should have left things alone. As was pointed out to me later this was a 'Peace' train. Being the person I am though I had to see it through. So off I went back to Frank.

"Who did you say you gave the money to, Frank? Cos I've asked the person you described and she doesn't know anything."

"Are you accusing me of lying?" Frank 'squared' up to me.

"Well, if the cap fits wear it." I replied.

"So where did I get this from then?" He waved a ticket in my face.

"You didn't get it from me, that's for sure!"

"Oh fuck-off. You're nothing but a middle-class wanker from Aigburth." He shouted.

"Less of the middle-class!" I shouted back.

I was hauled away and told to calm down. It turned out that Frank had paid and I apologised to him although he never accepted this.

There was a deafening roar of cheering and whistles



WORKBY UNEMPLOYED CENTR
EMPLOYED & UNEMPLOYED



UNITE AND FIGHT

TY IS STRENGTH

DON'T

ATTACK

IRAQ





MERSEYSIDE TUC

supported by the Merseyside Coalition against the War have organised a train to the

**National demonstration
against WAR in IRAQ**

Saturday
15th February 03

Assemble in Corner Street (close to Euston Station)

TRAINS LEAVE

Lime Street at	8.30am	(stopping at Crewe)
Arrives Euston	at noon	
Leaves Euston	at 6.30 p.m.	
Arrives Lime St	at 9.30 p.m.	

**SAV NO TO
WAR**

£25 adults - £15 children/ unemployed/ OAP's

blowing. This was the signal that we were moving off. People from the North had been waiting for hours in Gower Street, not far from Euston Station, as part of a two-pronged assault on London. But our delight that we were finally moving turned out to be premature. We shuffled a few yards and stopped again. This was to be the pattern of the march until we got to the wide avenues leading into Hyde Park. By this time most of the speeches had been given and it was time to return to the train.

While waiting we'd admired all the home-made banners and placards with the statements both general and personal: 'Allotmenters Against the War' and 'Blair You're Not Our Leader!' which stood out amongst the thousands of professionally designed signs and banners 'Don't Attack Iraq', 'Not in My Name' or 'Plymouth RMT'. And we'd applauded the street theatre. 'The Axis of Oil' consisted of two people in Bush and Blair masks bouncing up and down on a cardboard sea-saw, which had a pivot in the shape of an oil derrick. We'd danced along to the samba bands as they made their way through to positions further down the line, laughed at the clowns and marvelled at the stilt walkers. The best moment of relief was when two women appeared at a first floor window baring their backs to us, one with 'Blair' written on and the other with 'Bush', both with 'Kiss' and arrows pointing to their backsides.

Can anybody looking back on the two million march of 15 February 2003, have any doubts now that we were right to take to the streets to stop the invasion of Iraq? Did we make a difference? I believe in unforeseen consequences and that effects aren't obvious at the time. This reminds me of what Ho Chi Min said when asked his views on whether the French Revolution had made any difference to society: "Too early to tell."

Politicians in their 'bubble' like to think that it is them that control the political and economic climate, but as we know they are just reacting to pressures or endorsing things as they are. The pressure here was all coming from major companies. There was no Al-Qaeda, no Islamic State in Iraq before Britain and the US invaded in 2003. And Saudi Arabia has been chopping off heads for decades! What was the time like? There was a feeling of limbo, of inertia. We can look back now and see a series of stages, points of reference: the bombing of Afghanistan, the speeches and votes in the UN, the release of information such as the 'dodgy dossier', the demonstrations, and the strange circumstances surrounding the death of Dr Kelly; they all played a part. But this doesn't give us the flavour or the smell of the time. People describe the 'phoney war' in 1939, waiting for something to happen, and for me while everyday life still

went on as normal, there was this sense of anticipation and impending doom; although we were aware that for millions these momentous events only ever registered as a blip on their radar.

After the London march, and leading up to the start of bombing, a number of us were out on the streets trying to make a difference: petitioning, leafleting and arguing with people. We had some positive results and gathered hundreds of signatures, but we were mainly ignored; it was a slow and thankless task, and we had some hostile reaction: “Saddam is a murderer. We need to sort him out or he’ll come over here and kill us all in our beds, and we’ll only have four minutes!” I’m exaggerating a bit here, but it’s laughable, and scary, what some people were convinced of. Arguing against statements of this sort was pretty useless. And the military build-up went on.

We had organised and been to meetings debating about the issues and what to do. An anti-war meeting we had set up had involved Kurdish Asylum seekers, one of whom had put forward the counter argument that bombing Saddam would be good for Kurdish Iraqis.

When the first bomb was dropped it was a Thursday morning. Saddam had been given an ultimatum to leave Iraq which, understandably, he’d declined to do. The plan of the Stop-the-War Coalition was for everyone to take to the streets when we were told, and in the early afternoon we made our way into town to gather at the Podium in Church Street. The official gathering time was 6pm, but it was clear that school pupils and university students had taken the afternoon off well before this, and they were blocking roads and causing disruption on the streets. Unlike other protests about the war, which had been organised with the involvement of the police, the spontaneous nature here led to an excitement which lasted well into the night. Added to this mix were the voices of Celtic fans who had come down for a match at Anfield.

Ritchie Hunter grew up surrounded by revolutionary Marxists. This means he can’t abide authority, and has an odd sense of humour, leading to some bruising encounters. Leaving school at 15 with no qualifications, he worked as a commis chef, then Plesseys, before being sacked. He then worked on lathes and horizontal borers for 20 years in various engineering factories, eventually getting sacked again, for being a shop steward. Ritchie moved in to teaching, but he was accused of setting up an autonomous Trade Union Education Region in Cheshire – called Crewatia – and duly stripped of his livelihood once more. In 2000, after joining the Community Development Team at Kirkby Unemployed Centre, he started the Northwood Bugle. This was so successful it ran out of funds and he was sacked again. For the last 10 years Ritchie has been an Editor of Nerve Magazine. He can’t be sacked now because he’s only a volunteer.

4 PROTESTS

ANTI IRAQ WAR 2003

Gabriel's notebook

It was the 15th of February 2003, ~~3 million~~ in the city of London, that is when and where it happened, that is when and where the biggest protest ever in the UK took place, that is when and where 3 million people ~~all~~ were all chanting. We all live in a terrorist regime. I could say I was in London at that time, I could say I was a part of the biggest ever protest in the UK, I could say that it was my first and best protest ever but that would be lying.

On the morning of February the 15th, we were dressed and ready to go to the train station, we were ready for our biggest protest yet, at least we thought we were.

There was a coughing and retching

Sound coming from mine and Neal's room. ~~A~~ A worn out, sick Neal came out the door. We could not go to the big march, it would be fair on $\frac{1}{4}$ of our family (Neal). Although we missed the best protest we could have ~~ever~~ been ~~a~~ part of we didn't miss the next big thing.

Iraq was to be bombed for absolutely no reason, and we were ~~a~~ not having any of it! therefore on the 20th of March 2003 we set off on the 'Liverpool version' of the big protest.

I was 5 months old 'a tiny baby' exaggerated my dear mother, and I was going to my first ever protest. It was a big day and I was wrapped up tightly with blankets

4 PROTESTS ANTI IRAQ WAR 2003

Gabriel's notebook

in my cosy pram.

It seemed like decades but it took an hour to get to Lime Street which was the place that we all sat down on the road to stop the traffic. It was a beautiful sight that not even the bitter frost could ruin. There was an old man shouting at mum telling her to go home because I would get sick. Excuse me, old man but we make our own decisions, MATE! Luckily there was ~~for~~ a kind woman to stick for us. She told the old fart that people in Iraq, children in Iraq were dying, the least we could do was show our respects.

A few minutes later icy rain

began to fall, we knew we
couldn't stay outside any longer so
with a heavy heart we went home.
200,000 people died in that war
and all we could do was cry.

55 4 PROTESTS

FINANCIAL FOOLS DAY 2009

ON HOPE BETWEEN SUMMITS

MEL EVANS

The day after the G20 protest 'Climate Camp in the City' London was strewn and aching with discarded placards, dusty summer winds and clashing press reports. Violence was alleged on both sides – the police and the protesters – with ample substantiation in photo and eye witness accounts; over twenty climate activists were huddled in shock outside the squatted building in which they were handcuffed and threatened with tasers at 3am; and a man, in his fifties, a bystander no less, lay like a holy martyr surrounded by preying press, on life support in Whitechapel hospital.

The previous day had been charged with nervous tension and media excitement. I had done a breakfast TV interview on the pavement in front of yet another financial services company on Bishopsgate, and during my description of tents and bunting, cakes and organic vegetables – and possible law-breaking for the sake of the wrecked climate – a staff member inside the building had aimed a red laser dot like a target at my head. The Ken-doll handsome breakfast news interviewer had stilled his bright and punchy tirade of questions to frown with genuine concern and ask a colleague to go into the offices and request the red target be removed or redirected from my face.

But the morning itself, the morning of the 1st April 2009, is drunk with euphoric hope and excitement. The sun is up, the sky is purple-blue and the tantalisingly pristine city buildings reach towards the scattered fluff of clouds like the wings of birds ready to beat and disperse or teetering ancient ruins offering to finally crumble. Around the corner at Bank, anti-capitalist protesters are due to assemble at 2pm, but here on Bishopsgate, a thousand or so climate activists pseudo-casually line the streets awaiting the inner strike of midday, the moment we had said we would take the road and set up the fourth in an annual array of publicly organised climate action camps.

Police have dumped vans along one side of the street and cordoned off vehicle transit from both directions, so the road itself is eerily clear. The coppers have lined up at the ends, marking out the territory for us, and although business people hustle and dance among the hovering mass of tent-carrying newcomers, the ripple of readiness is palpable when, at midday precisely, feet lift one after the other and step with ginger determination into the road, right up onto the centre curve of the tarmac. In so doing we are technically breaking the law and causing an obstruction right outside the Climate Exchange – the UK's centre for the controversial fake climate solution, carbon trading.

The atmosphere is electric as hundreds of tents pop up, a compost toilet gazebo is erected, and kitchens, media hubs and workshop spaces give the road a village festival feel.

The seven or eight police van lumps of bait have delivered on their promise and at least three are quickly adorned with suitable slogans: 'Capitalism is Crisis', 'Leave it in the Ground'. People high with the thrill of turning public space on its head dance atop the van roofs generating a beat with their feet for the rest of us to work to. No tagline sums it all up better than the massive twenty metre mint green and hot pink whopper stealthily slung between two tall lampposts at the north end of the encampment: 'Nature doesn't do bail-outs.' It's eight months into the financial crisis that began in August 2008, and it's six months until the heavily anticipated climate talks in Copenhagen in December 2009. Creating a financial bubble to solve climate change never seemed like such a bad joke.

I'm jumping between delivering workshops on fossil fuel finance, distributing a newspaper a pack of us have put together about why the Copenhagen climate talks could be a disappointment but why we should go anyway, and responding to questions from a Grazia magazine journalist – a controversial



arrangement which those in the media working group thought seemed a crafty interface with mainstream culture for our aims and ideas, and to my twenty-something self was too glamorous to miss. Grazia's headline becomes 'What's a nice girl like me doing in a riot like this' which is funny, if ill-fitting. I'd only ever thought about myself as a nice girl if it was to get out of trouble, but this time round I was getting into it. A high-school friend sees the final piece and is impressed by the picture of me and four accomplices beaming out of the full colour pages, all bright smiles, calm, determined. I grab the hands of friends between bustling moments and we grip each other's arms as we hug: we made it, the moment came, we're here and we're being heard. Will it be enough? On with the next part of the mission.

At points in the day someone estimates four or five thousand people have set foot inside the camp at any one time. By dusk at 7pm however, the day-trippers trail out and the remains are around 600 hardy activists kitted out to stay the

night. Tensions are rising at each end of the bike barricades. From friends on phones round the corner at Bank messages have spread of confrontations between protesters and police. Their protest is entirely focussed on the seemingly possible collapse of capitalism as the crisis struck, and the futility of the G20's fumbled neoliberal logic to address anyone's concerns but the wealthy elites. Now their protest has been contained, kettled, squashed and broken up, it seems like Climate Camp is next on the menu. I'm standing alongside other activists holding the line of our camp by lifting our chins to face-off a single copper each for an hour or so. My cop's from the north too and we're cautiously exchanging banalities. The 9pm shift change hits and the mood is set to change as well: our regional bluecoats are traded in for tooled up London Met riot cops with shields and batons. There will be no more small talk. Despite the vigour and brilliance of the day, I feel small, scared and threatened.

Someone suggests we get together in ten or so groups



to discuss the opposition's change in tack, and I send him a gaze of thanks for the excuse to step back from the glaze of steel of the boys and girls in blue. Together we assess how much territory we can contain and accept that the south line has to give way a little – the cops have already broken up the mountain of bikes by 10pm. But the question of how long we stay hangs in the air around each satellite discussion group, as eyes flick outwards to the severe and intimidating rows of shields at each end of Bishopsgate, now kettling us by letting no-one leave or enter the camp. The sun is down and the street lights interrogate our motives and methods.

By 1am I am huddled in a thick mass of activists linking arms and legs on the ground to continue to hold the south line of the camp. Is it a sensible tactic? The image makes clear who the aggressor is; but it's dark and the reporters are warm at home or frantically typing in starkly lit offices. We're protecting our camp because it contains not simply tents and hot food

and a toilet, but it offers us hope – a sketch of an ecological alternative to crash and burn capitalism. The police are lunging at the edges of that hope however, stamping on its feet, bashing its arms with shields, and the writhing mass of hope begins to scream and peel into itself. Bruised hope retracts from the front line. With batons raised the riot police – who still have yet to police a riot – force their way into the camp that now is mostly bodies. Hope clings to each other and stops the next one along from falling down and shouts back to the booming threatening voices with words shrill with conviction. But hope has always struggled when faced with fear. And the batons and shields beat down like the looming darkened buildings around us. Hope runs, as fast as it can, into the dark and drunken streets of any other city night.

The next morning opens on trauma and tragedy, at the Earl Street squat and with the profound sadness of Ian Tomlinson's bereaved family. Hope is gone from the streets and the G20 pose for stock photos in front of windows glazed shut. Cleaning chemicals remove the taste of insurrection from the mouths of Bishopsgate and Threadneedle Street.

And yet hope is often what's left when fear has passed. Each attempt offers a glimpse, a window onto something more and something other. And now as I write this, in 2015, there have been gains, there have been reasons to consider, perhaps, to hope. Fracking in Lancashire was blocked today (29 June 2015). I've just slept off a twenty-five hour durational performance intervention at Tate to evict sponsor BP. And at the end of this year, activists from the UK will head to the Paris climate talks, to push once more against fences and cops, and their own stalwart hope.



4 PROTESTS
FINANCIAL FOOLS DAY 2009

Sid's notebook



My first protest

It was on first of April 2009.
It was against G20 Summit.

G20 are the richest countries
in the world. UK is one
of them. G20 ~~meet~~^{meets} to make

sure they keep all the money.

The protest was called Financial
Fools day because it was

April's fools day and bankers

spent all the money and we,

taxpayers had to give them money.

Gabriel got dressed like a

pirate to steal money from the

Bank of England. Police were

protecting the Bank of England.

I was 1 year and 7 months. I had

long hair. We started

the protest with the red

horse of the Apocalypse.

That was the war horse.
We were fighting capitalism.
Capitalism is the economic system
that keeps the rich the rich (like G20)
and the poor poor. We were
shouting "hey anti anti Capitalists"
(x 3)

The police women stopped us
and asked Leng my mum if we were
with them. I was a baby in the
pram. I wanted to crawl on
the dirty streets and I
wanted my mum to carry me.

Tina and Nicky, are grandpas, were
with us. The police kept

people in small squares
we saw a famous person

called Russell Brand, he is a
comedian and a celebrity. my dad
talked to him.

We didn't want to get
kettled in So we went to
Bishop's gate for climate camp.
Bishop's gate is in the middle
of financial district in London
where they make lots of
money. We transformed the
street with pop up tents, banners,
teachings, music, and dance. It
was fun. We sold one
banner saying "Another world is
possible." This means. We can
make an better world
for us all that we live in
peace and no greed like
bankers and G20. We
took this banner home,
it's just a sticky tape
let's hope it sticks
to your heart and mind.

65 4 PROTESTS
GAZA DEMO 2014

FOR JAMES

EWA JASIEWICZ

I wish I could tell you where I was when the massive Gaza demo on 9 August 2014 took place in London. But I can't remember.

I can tell you where I was three days beforehand. And every day of the 51 day attack between 8 July and 26 August. I was back there.

In 2008 I sailed aboard The Dignity, a small yacht, from Larnaca in Cyprus, to the Gaza Strip in occupied Palestine. It was the fourth of five successful sea missions launched by the international Free Gaza Movement to the besieged territory.

Three weeks later, Israel launched the most violent attack on Palestinian territory since the 1967 war. According to the UN, 1417 Palestinians and 13 Israelis were killed, and 5303 were injured in 22 days.

During 'Operation Cast Lead' I volunteered with emergency services. We rushed around in rattling minibuses turned into ambulances. We had to beg for petrol from the UN. We were bombed by an F16 in Jabaliya, and white phosphorous in Beit Lahiya. So many bodies, so much fire, so much dust and rubble. 22 days 'of death and destruction' as the NGO reports called it. Sixteen medical workers were killed in the field. Hospitals, ambulances, clinics and even the UN's medical aid warehouse were bombed by Israel.

Every new assault on Gaza by Israel that followed – 'Operation Pillar of Cloud' and then 'Protective Edge', brought the memories back again, vividly.

'Protective Edge' saw Israel collectively torture the entire population of Gaza, in front of our eyes, for 51 days. Twitter, TV, Facebook, phone calls to my friends in Gaza, kept it alive, alive, every day. We wept at home, me and my house mates, Palestinian-Italian and Lebanese friends, traumatised. I knew that it was useless to cry, I knew Palestinians did not need our helplessness and tears.

Eight times the ballast that was dropped during 'Cast Lead', pounded on to Gaza during 'Protective Edge'. Civilians were deliberately targeted, as they had been during 'Cast Lead'. The ground invasion saw whole neighbourhoods which had already borne the brunt of Israeli attacks, simply levelled with the ground. Khuza'a, Shuja'iyya, Beit Hanoun were worst hit. Six hundred thousand people were forced to flee their homes in an area with the combined size of the London boroughs of Merton, Fulham and Hackney. Many of us thought this was it. Mass, violent transfer of as much of the population as possible, by Israel, into desert camps in Egypt. Every day I planned and discussed with my friends how to get out there and volunteer again.

Three days before the mass demo of 9 August, myself and eight others plus more in support roles, shut down UAV Engines,

an Israeli drone engine factory in Shenstone just outside Birmingham owned by the biggest arms manufacturer in Israel – Elbit. When we took the roof, by ladders at 5am on 6 August, 1800 Palestinians had already been killed in Gaza.

By the end of Israel's 51 day war, Over 2,200 Palestinians including more than 500 children were dead. Approximately 11,000 people were injured, including 1,000 children left with permanent disabilities and estimated 18,000 homes were destroyed or severely damaged, making 100,000 people homeless, according to the UN.

We were locked on to the roof with D-Locks. The police used a Fire Brigade cherry picker at first, complete with a commandeered fireman. The police liaison officer whose job it was to irritate us into submission kept asking, "Why are you here? What's your message?" We had a 60ft banner saying 'UK STOP ARMING ISRAEL' so it was pretty clear. Despite having a lock round his neck, Adie, who had been teaching in Gaza and knew students who had been killed and injured, responded by megaphone, flat on his back. He told the story of the Samouni children, left without parents when the Israeli army rounded up dozens of members of the family into one house and then bombed it. 48 were killed. Israel wouldn't allow medical services in for four days. When they entered the area they were not allowed to drive in in their ambulances but were forced to manually pull a donkey cart and load bodies on to it. They found children clinging to



their dead parents' bodies, parched with thirst.

Adie described how he would arrive to teach English to the surviving children, barely in their teens, and how they were pleasant and smart and would make him tea. And he'd teach them and they'd send him on his way, and how eerie it was that there were no adults around, because they were dead. Ten year old Mona Samouni, who lost her parents and 19 other relatives, told him, "Take care of your parents. Because I don't have mine anymore." The fireman turned his back away from us, taut and seized with what could have been shock and shame.

We tweeted the Fire Brigades Union and asked them why they were allowing a public service to be used for the private interests of an Israeli arms company? They issued a statement maintaining their neutrality and made it clear they were "not an arm or agency of the police." Thereafter the police were renting their own cherry picker.

We cost UAV Engines some £180,000. And we shut their operations down completely for two days. We were having a physical impact on the UK arms trade with Israel.



The roof was our theatre and there were moments of joy there. The joy of real resistance, when you're 'winning', when they can't touch you.

After the police stormed the roof, gigantic in swot team commando-like robo-wear, we were removed and charged with aggravated trespass to which we pleaded not guilty. The judge at the tiny Cannock county court said, "The issue at stake here" he said, "is whether the company was engaged in a lawful activity of not". This was precisely our contention. That the business was unlawful. The Crown Prosecution Service, just a week before our trial, informed our lawyers that the case had been dropped. Either they or the company, or both, had decided that the case was too damaging to Israeli-British state interests to proceed. We were going to put the arms trade and Israeli impunity on trial. They didn't want it. So we didn't get to do it. It was a bitter-sweet win.

I know that not everyone can get up on to a roof but, I highly recommend it. Following our action, three more roof top occupations took place. At an Elbit factory in Melbourne Australia, at a Thales arms factory in Glasgow Scotland and at another Elbit factory – Instro – in Broadstairs, Kent. At Instro the Police didn't arrest the occupiers despite them shutting the factory down for the day. Again, they didn't want the legal confrontation which they knew they could lose. On the anniversary of the 2014 massacre we had an open mass action back at Shenstone attended by 350 people, which saw the factory blockaded and at the same time, Melbourne occupied the roof again, Instro's roof was taken and that of an Elbit factory in Tamworth. We upped the ante.

Joseph Beuys said that the highest form of art was that which inspired creativity in others. We definitely inspired others to do what we had done and this helped consolidate a more confrontational and creative approach to solidarity action against Israeli apartheid.

Big demos have their role. They are fully accessible. And I did go on at least two during the massacres. With my five year old niece and sister and bro in law, and another just on my own. We share in each others' collective dissent and affirmation of solidarity. But often the speeches, booming from podiums, are made up of the same male, white, older voices. Hectoring, lecturing, even co-opting. I don't hear many Palestinians or women. The speeches could be cut and pasted from any Palestine demonstration over the past twenty years. They depress me.

During the massacre in 2009, I remember watching the big demos from all over the world, across half a dozen screens in the Ramatan News agency in down town Gaza city. I felt

a silence. Despite the sound and the fury. I saw Sudanese protesters running, running, after a truck with a camera out of the back filming them. They were throwing their arms up in outrage and pain. It moved me but, sitting later with the other journos, quietly manoeuvring shreds of white pita around yoghurt and deep fried mini discs of mortadella we were muted. It wasn't enough.

Some of the people I met still living in their homes, despite their reduction to rubble, would tell me, angrily, of the street demonstrations, that they were “Kulno al faadi” “All empty”.

Speaking to Adnan* standing together on the roof of his collapsed home, I told him about my friends in the Brighton Smash EDO campaign who had gone and smashed up an arms factory supplying bomb release mechanisms for Israel in the final days of the massacre. He was taken aback and invited me for tea directly. We talked and he shared how he respected this action. It moved him, it showed him that people were willing to take risks in their solidarity and that they were willing to go further than symbolic action to actually materially disable, albeit temporarily, the means of physical, military violence, which forces through the colonisation of Palestine on a daily basis.

James, come and take a rooftop with me one day. You and the whole family. Let's shut down an Israeli arms factory. We can walk together in the streets, we can 'die-in' together on roads, but we can also go further. Let's not have this division of labour between 'thinkers and activists' or 'theorists and practitioners'. We can do it all.

*Name changed for security reasons

Ewa Jasiewicz is a solidarity activist, union organiser and writer. She has worked with grassroots union, relief, refugee and youth organisations in Palestine, Syria, Iraq and Afghanistan. She has worked for Unite the Union since 2005 supporting mainly migrant, casualised workers in a range of industrial sectors. She's part of activist groups London Palestine Action, Reclaim the Power, and Fuel Poverty Action. Her one book is called *Razing Gaza*, published in Poland by WAB Press in 2011 about the relationship between Poland, Israel and Palestine and a first person account of the 2009 Gaza war and Freedom Flotilla 2010.

**4 PROTESTS
FOR JAMES**

James's notebook





Socialist Worker
FREEDOM
for
PALESTINE

Gaza
Stop the massacre

I'M JUST A DAD - IN FOUR PARTS

GARY ANDERSON

Part 1: Becoming Boys/Beuys

I remember hearing about the big bang for the first time when I was about Sid's age now (8). I still have this image of a cartoon explosion so big that it destroys the cartoon itself. I also remember thinking that there's no hope of getting from one place to another post-big bang given the distances between things and that those distances are getting greater and greater every second. You might as well stay where you are and make the most of it. Becoming a dad was like that. I felt awe about it, but was confused by the impossibility of the task. It seemed everybody else was solar systems away. The image of myself as a dad on a cold and lonely planet got me interested in activism. Like most dads I talk to myself.

Dad: *You're a dad now, what are you going to do?*

Dad: *Dunno.*

Dad: *Do you feel an entirely new sense of responsibility to your baby and to the world?*

Dad: *Sort of.*

Dad: *Does it make you want to make the world a better place, if not for you, then for your baby?*

Dad: *Kind of.*

Dad: *You better start shedding all this individualistic crap you've been trained up in and get involved in social change movements and collective action and stuff like that you haven't heard about yet.*

Dad: *Erm...*

Now I'm a dad of four boys, I'm four times as anxious about contributing to social justice. Luckily to relieve my anxiety, one of the central characteristics and privileges of being a dad is toilet time. You get your own toilet time. It's probably the only time you get to be alone without feeling lonely, a time just for you to sit on the toilet and to read something in peace, solar systems away from anyone. I don't know if mums or aunties or grandmothers enjoy this privilege or not, but in our house I seem to have more licence to spend longer on the toilet than anybody else. If the kids ask 'where's dad?' The first answer is likely to be 'I dunno, he's probably on the toilet!' On the toilet floor I have Althusser's autobiography *The Future Lasts Forever* and on page 365 there's a reference to his seminal reclamation of class war as the most urgent struggle, *For Marx*. I bought *For Marx* at News from Nowhere, our local radical bookstore and read it on the toilet. Not always the easiest read, but whilst reading it I used to fantasise about finding a suitably disgraced father figure and writing an influential defence that





could be taken up by the hard left and used as a rallying cry. To battle, to battle! When the fourth baby (James) came along somebody said 'Now you've a battle on your hands. Now you've got four boys.' I misheard it, misrecognised it. 'For Beuys?' 'Four Boys?' In my head I went straight back to my toilet time with Althusser's *For Marx*. This little homophone became something me and Lena and the boys started to have fun with. 4 Boys. For Beuys. To battle! To battle!

Fantasies born on the toilet aren't always unproblematic. For example, I'm annoyed by the readings of Beuys as masculinist, self-regarding, avant-gardist ego but at the same time, because it is a bit like the way I feel about dadhood, I agree with the criticism. I try my best towards a reconstituting of dadness, a feminist reconstituting in my everyday living, but the forces up against me are sometimes too much and I fall back on the securities of dadness and dad-referencing, and 'toilet time' and dad privileging (like having the last word in this book!). Toilet time has seen me fantasising about if Beuys had similar issues.

The power of the homophone, of this cheap joke, has done something to my Althusser-inspired fantasy. I want to press on with the gag, aware of the dangers. Althusser murdered his wife and got away with it, sort of. Beuys always remained the celebrity artist in contradiction to the social sculpture, direct democracy facilitator he espoused. And to push the gag further, on the floor of my toilet are two other books. One of them is a 17th century home-made nuclear bomb called *The Ethics* and the other is a carefully carried out detonation of the complicity of the family in the madness of capitalism called *Anti-Oedipus*. These books are about as well thumbed as Althusser's. So, at the moment, they are two other men in my life or at least there are two other men in my toilet. Spinoza and Deleuze. I've been reading Deleuze's lectures on Spinoza, then reading Spinoza's *Ethics*. Ideal toilet reading. Altogether they make, for me, another 4 boys. It's fun to bring things together that shouldn't be together – whether it's my four boys at meal times ('Oh God, do I have to sit next to him again?!) or my favourite four thinkers. My toilet spells therefore tend to be intellectually confusing times, mixing this with that, picking up one philosopher and turning to another without worrying about continuity. Any self-respecting academic would denounce such a process as a mash-up, but I believe, deep down, that if you read any of them closely enough, you'll see they are trying to do the same thing: they are drawing you into a particular life-sensibility. It's like that with my four boys too, totally different in so many ways, but fundamentally the same boy, calling for another way of living in the world.

Part 2: Moments of transformation from becoming dad to setting up the Institute

- ★ Seeing how consumer capitalism had reached a new plateau on Church Street in Liverpool after living in Bratislava, Slovakia for 5 years, 2000.
- ★ The excitement we felt when Lena read about Reverend Billy in *The Observer*, 2000.
- ★ The interventionist power we felt when we dreamed up and performed the Apathy Party and a number of Anti-Consumerist Baby Happenings in Chester, 2001.
- ★ Talking, slowly, carefully with Sonya Servine, an Australian activist friend and Neal's first babysitter in Salaya, Thailand, 2002.
- ★ Getting used to the political perspectives in the slightly left of centre *Bangkok Post* and then watching CNN on the plane back to Europe, 2002.
- ★ Realising that my PhD on Latin American Guerilla Filmmaking should really be about my own Home Movie making with Lena and the kids, 2003.
- ★ Reading Espinosa 'For an imperfect Cinema' (1969), 2004.
- ★ Listening to Malcolm Miles, Katy McLeod and Nicola Kirkham after reading Walter Benjamin, Michel de Certeau and Gilles Deleuze, 2004.
- ★ Learning about feminism from Elaine Aston, Geraldine Harris, Gayatri Spivak, Sara Ahmed, Rosi Braidotti and Judith Butler, 2004.
- ★ Memorising and repeating daily the Audre Lorde's line: 'the master's tools will never dismantle the master's house', 2004.
- ★ Lena in the Everyman Theatre café asking me 'why do keep making films as if you didn't have a family?' 2004.
- ★ Watching *13 Experiments in Hope* DVD, 2005.
- ★ Encountering the Laboratory of Insurrectionary Imagination's installation of their £1000 artist fee as pennies on the gallery floor at PSi conference, London, 2006.





- ★ LIGNA and Tamsin Drury's programming of Liverpool Biennial Live Art Strand, 2006.
- ★ Going to London every Wednesday evening for PLATFORM's Body Politic course, 2007.
- ★ The Duke of Westminster buying Liverpool city centre during the European Capital of Culture, 2008.
- ★ James Marriott of PLATFORM at the Institute, telling us about Mierle Laderman Ukeles, 2008.

Part 3: Putting it to music

I've got a trick that works for me. It started in the toilet. If I find something enjoyable to understand I pretend it is a person. I've been doing this with music. A piece of music reminds me of someone's way of thinking, so when I want to enjoy how that person thinks I put on that particular piece of music. Maybe everyone does this when they fall in love, choosing a song that reminds them of their lover, but despite being a bit class-self-conscious here, I do it with classical music. For example, Lena, who I enjoy thinking about is Bach's *English Suite no 2* played by Pogorelič – frantic, precise, varied and controlled, adorable, infuriating and loved. There's a lovely, gently confusing tune by Bach played by Glen Gould that I found online (BWV 828 – 5 – *Sarabande*). It's just like the kids when they all talk at the same time, chattering away, sweetly, impossibly, with my voice murmuring in the background like Gould's who always nattered away during playing. Listening to people's ways of thinking is a joy and a privilege. It reminds me that people aren't for judging; people are ways of thinking. There's no point saying 'he's wrong!' or 'she's right!', it's just music. I've also started doing this with philosophers. Or at least I've chosen four philosophers, who are most like my four boys. I can't decide whether there's something about each philosopher, which corresponds with each of my four boys, or if I'm trying to imagine what each of the philosophers might have been like when they were my kids' age. Spinoza, kind, thoughtful, rigorous, eloquent and lots of fun is Neal. Deleuze, who could turn his thinking to anything, joyously, bringing in things from never-mind-where, but smouldering away with a burning desire for life is Gabriel. Beuys with his charm and integrity and insistence on a particular expansive approach to work, with a big hat and lovely big eyes is Sid, whilst Althusser, narky, wilful, seductive and difficult yet always ready to be tickled, is James. From this dad's

perspective they are the four strands of philosophy that run the Institute. All of them trying to do the same thing.

All together now.

(to the tune of our family-invented song 'People in Pyjamas')

G-E	E	D-C-C
Ne-al	is	Spi-no-za,
G-E-D		C-D
Ga-bri-el		De-leuze,
D D D-D	G-G	G
Sid is Jo-seph	'Jo-ey'	Beuys,
G	G	A-B-C
James	is	Al-thu-sser.

Back on the toilet.

Dad: *Can't you just sit and be quiet, like your dad? He doesn't have to hide anxiously from his family in the toilet!*

Dad: *Ok, after I've tried my best at producing and maintaining a nuanced, non-judgemental, joyous sensibility in spite of the times, with my four boys, each of them philosophers-for-me, helping me think things through and act things out, critically and lovingly, then, yes, maybe I'll poo in peace.*

Dad: *Here's your toilet paper.*

Dad: *Thanks.*

Part 4: Four quotes for 4 boys

I feel the need to bequeath things to my sons. It's a by-product of ageing, and as things stand, if I dropped dead this instant, I'd leave them these last words, my favourite quotes from my favourite four thinkers.

Spinoza for Neal 'Everything for everyone'

Nature offers nothing that can be called this [wo]man's rather than another's; but, under nature, everything belongs to all - that is, they have authority to claim it for themselves. But, under dominion, where it is by common law determined what belongs to this [wo]man, and what to that, [s]he is called just who has a constant will to render to every [wo]man h[er]is own, but [s]he, unjust who strives, on the contrary, to make h[er]is own that which belongs to another.

Spinoza, Baruch [1677] *Tractatus Politicus* (translated by A. H. Gosset) G. Bell & Son [1883] 1998.

Deleuze for Gabriel 'Always start again'

I have no admiration for culture. I have no reserve knowledge, no provisional knowledge. And everything that I learn, I learn for a particular task, and once it's done, I immediately forget it, so that if ten years later, I have to get involved with something close to or directly within the same subject, I would have to start again from zero.

Deleuze, Gilles, 'C for Culture' in *Gilles Deleuze from A to Z* (DVD, directed by Pierre André Boutang, text translated by Charles J Stivale) Semiotext(e) Foreign Agents Series, 2012.

Beuys for Sid 'A new kind of art'

I would like to declare why I feel that it's now necessary to establish a new kind of art [...] and how this new discipline - which I call social sculpture - can realize the future of humankind. It could be a guarantee for the evolution of the earth as a planet, establish conditions for other planetarians too, and you can control it with your own thinking.

Beuys, Joseph, *Energy Plan for the Western Man - Joseph Beuys in America* (edited by Carin Kuoni), Four Walls Eight Windows, 1993, pp. 25-27.

Althusser for James 'Illuminating the future'

I write these lines for my own part and as a communist, inquiring into our past solely for some light on our present which will then illuminate our future.

Althusser, Louis *For Marx*, Allen Lane, the Penguin Press, 1969, p. 22.



**4 BOYS
[FOR BEUYS]
REVOLUTION
IS US**

Neal Anderson's first protest was at Mayday 2001 in London. Since then he has attended many demonstrations, art activist events and performances. He was recently seen taking pictures of Karl Marx's grave at Highgate Cemetery. Unbeknown to his parents he wrote an essay called 'Misconceptions of Anarchism' for his English homework. He's a member of Family Activist Network. He likes texting and rapping. He is concerned about being reduced and commodified with this bio, but agreed that it could be written.

Sid Anderson's first protest was Financial Fools Day 2009. Sid is a dancer and an artist. He also enjoys singing. He is on the pupil council at Four Oaks Primary School. He attends after-school art club on Fridays. He is a part of the Family Activist Network, which is engaged in thinking about climate change and family life. Sid has presented at Tate Modern, Artsadmin, Bluecoat, Arnolfini and has been a keynote provocateur at 'Story-telling and Activism' Symposium at the University of South Wales. His favourite food is 'Nicky Pasta' (carbonara made by Nicola Kirkham).

Gabriel Anderson's first protest was the Anti Iraq War 2003. He is the most generous member of the family, kind, and yet easily annoyed. He is ginger/strawberry blond. He is good with kids, so all the parents' friends say he's their favourite baby-sitter. He attends the Blue Coat school. He speaks French and Spanish (he's decided to take both as a GCSE). He enjoys watching soap operas and wonders about becoming a celebrity. He is willing to get down with the capitalists, but however gets back up with the communists and anarchists once he completes his shopping sprees. He is a member of Family Activist Network.

James Anderson's first protest was the Gaza Demonstration 2014. He's also attended a number of protests against climate change (Time to Act and Climate March in London, Redlines COP21 in Paris) and against austerity (National Demo End Austerity Now in London). James has participated in *Friday Records: A Document of Maternity Leave* art blog with Lena throughout 2014, and was the youngest member of the Climate Games. He's the most nuclear and wildest member of the Institute family often going for weeks without sleep or rest.



