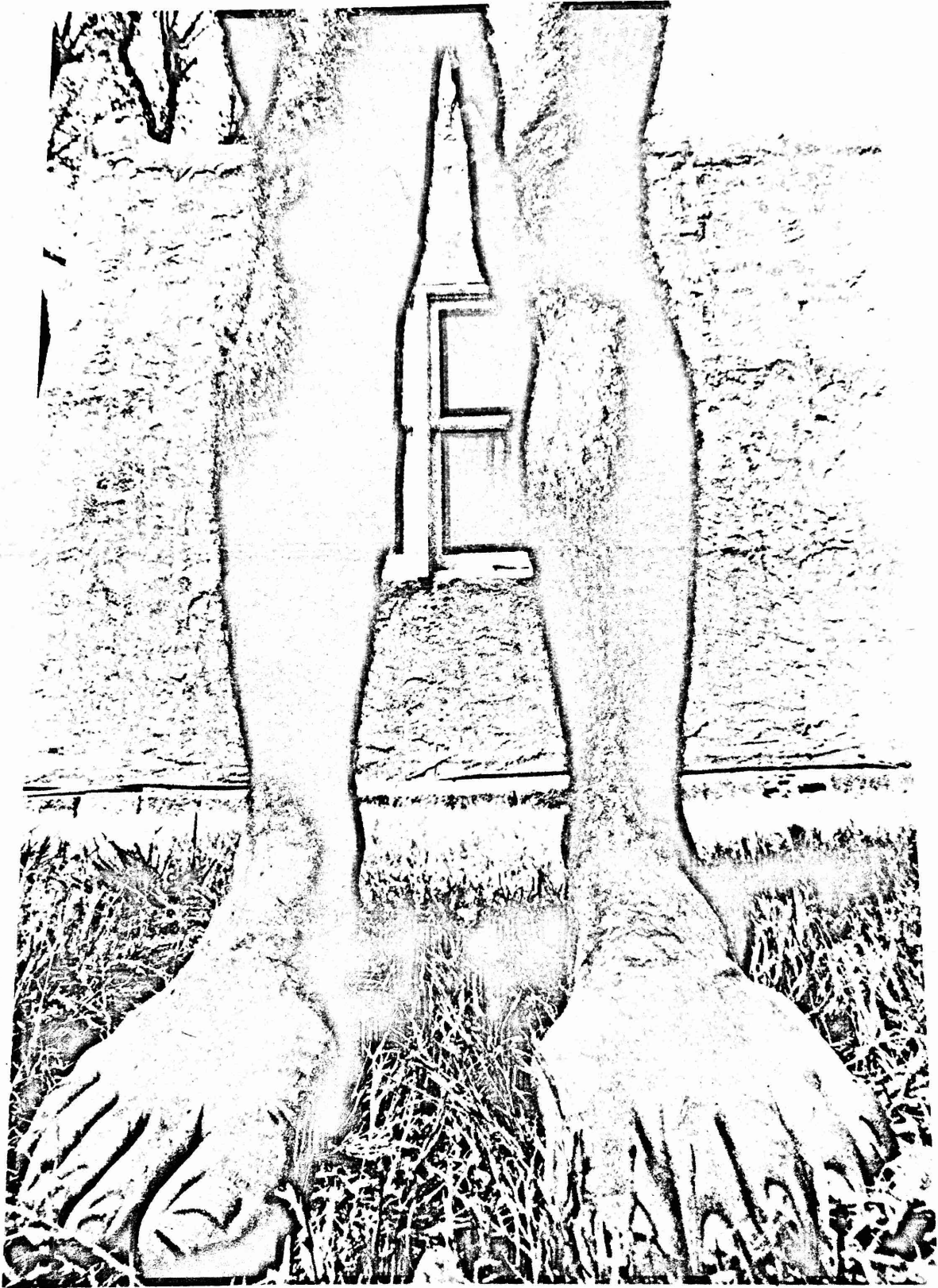


POPULAR REALITY

SOCIAL NIHILISTS

Number 12 April-May 1986

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THE PROPER USE OF SEX

POPULAR REALITY

THE MARITAL ART OF UNDERMINING by Snow White Jung

Fifteen years ago, when I was an impressionable Fat Girl, school libraries and girls magazines were stuffed full of everything a girl needed to know about how to hook the school soccer star, or more likely, the one only noticeable for his thick lenses and the severity of his acne. Oddly enough, the ugly ones were often just as boring as the soccer heroes. Anyway, the gist of this plethora of information for aspiring heterosexual young women (the soccer stars invariably turned out to be gay anyhow) was that you had to smell nice, i.e. of something other than yourself; keep your mouth shut, but slightly smiling for long periods—except for the occasional gasp of girlish amazement at the appropriate point in the incomprehensible and uninteresting account of some incident on the soccer (or hockey or rugby) pitch; never voice an opinion that might be contrary to one of his two, and, lastly, always appear to be listening intently. If you acquired these necessary skills and excelled in them, you might even be forgiven your small tits, if you were lucky.

I was once filled with a bottle green and rust coloured glow when I overheard the bonehead I'd been nodding to all evening telling his friend what a "good brain" I possessed. He was, at the time, screwing a friend of mine with very large tits but I had the glow which was probably a good deal more than she enjoyed.

Times have changed along with the underwear since those anxiety filled days and embarrassing poetry filled nights. Women have demanded their right to be boring and men have grown too. Mostly beer pot, I now have behind me several successful marriages and have come out the other sides with insights I am determined to pass on to you, my public, so that you too may reap the benefits of my education.

I am often asked, "How can one avoid the Void of Marital Bliss?" This is of course, one of the perennial questions along with "What time is it?" and "Have you finished yet?" and there have been a great many sagacious answers furnished by our so-called 'experts' in the field. Well, what might be good for sheep and cows in the field is not always applicable to the tangled web of human intimate relationships. When I think of how I once swallowed all that tripe about 'partnership' and 'reaffirmation of the other' I wonder if that knock I took when my sister rammed into my high chair with her tricycle didn't do more damage than was at first thought. Later, she swore it was an accident but the seeds of doubt were already sown by that time a year or so earlier, when she had removed the cocoa tin that my mother used to prop open the kitchen window just as I stuck out my head to call to my pet giant slug on the back lawn. But I digress. Anyway she married an accountant. With the knowledge I have come to possess from my extensive researches, and which I am about to share with you, my fellow travellers on life's B roads, I have had me a succession of delightful men who have clung to me like limpets for as long as I could stand them. The basis of this knowledge is THE VERY OPPOSITE of what you will have read in any of those Three-Bags-Full-Of-Shit Marital Harmony books touted by eminent psychologists.

Believe me, I KNOW men and men like to be UNDERMINED. I undermine my lovers' experience at every turn and, far from it sending them rushing out of the room (or garden or zoo or where ever we happen to be) in tears, they wallow in it. At first I put this down to the phenomenon common among men, of their simply not listening to any response made to them by a woman—especially the one with whom they share a bathroom—and, while this is undoubtedly true for a large percentage of the time, there will be times when he will catch what you say, if not consciously, then at a subconscious level. This is where you will make your mark on his psyche. Do not wasteway, THE HARDER YOU PUT HIM DOWN THE MORE HE WILL LOVE YOU. Men thrive on combat—everyone knows that—but not everyone appreciates that they love most of all to be the victims of a sharp tongued woman. It's not only true of the conversational experience either. They adore it when you make food they can't stand. Even better if you can locate the ingredient that will cause their entire body to swell like a dead pig in the tropical sun and make them vomit convulsively for days. Add a small quantity of this allergenic substance to their every meal and they will give them-

THE MARITAL ART OF UNDERMINING - EXERCISE NO. 1



selves to you ad infinitum—well, more than once a week. Moreover, he will take hours, if not weeks longer to come (after the swelling and vomiting have subsided is best).

The LAST thing anyone needs in a successful marriage is a shared viewpoint on any subject. This is the quickest way down the slippery slope to the Void of Marital Bliss. If you share his point of view, you too become a participant in his delusion and both of you go around wearing that same sickly smile as befits the living dead. You'd be better off trying to enter the kingdom of heaven by way of a camel's arse than go that way. No, never allow a remark, no matter how innocuous sounding, to slip by unchallenged. Here is an example of how Not to begin the day with your loved one:

HUSBAND "It's a nice day."
WIFE "Yes, I'm so glad to be alive."

And here's how we do it applying the theory I have just outlined for a dynamic marital relationship:

HUSBAND "It's a nice day."
WIFE "What do you mean 'it's a nice day'? How could it possibly be a nice day when I wake up next to you? Frankly, I'd rather wake up down a coal mine with both legs broken in several places."

A response along these lines should have him all over you for days. Do not, whatever you do, allow him to think that you are on his side in any matter. Make him understand that he has to WORK for every tiny scrap of indifference you might—just MIGHT—toss in his direction. Remember, a secure man is a bored man, and more importantly, a boring man. And less fun in bed than a rotten banana.

What is it about lavatories that breaks people up so? What is so hilarious about sitting bare arsed on the open end of a sewage pipe? Perhaps it's the association with the Collected Dr. Ackerman that forms the reading matter in so many bathrooms worldwide. I am, at this very moment, or at least I was before I started to write this, crocheting a specially designed system top dust cover for this pile of— I suppose you'd call it shiterature—in the shape of a big woman under whose voluminous skirt it would fit nicely and, I think, appropriately.

Here are a few further examples of desirable dialogues for you to practice:

1) HUSBAND "This soup tastes good, Dear."
WIFE "You fucking moron! What do you think you're playing at? That's the stuff I use to clean out the cat's ears. Do you think I've nothing better to do with my precious time than to waste five minutes of it opening a tin of soup for you? You must have a head full of sheep's droppings."

2) HUSBAND "You are looking radiant tonight, Dear."
WIFE "That's because I've been masturbating all afternoon. It's the only sexual pleasure I get now my friend can no longer get away Wednesday afternoons."

3) HUSBAND "I love you so much. I don't know what I'd do without you."
WIFE "This tea you made tastes like cat's pee."

4) HUSBAND "What a great sports shirt!"
WIFE "Huh! I've never seen an advanced urino genital disease used as a motif in a fabric design before. I'd be surprised if even a Canadian would be seen dead in it. I prefer clothes that look like clothes myself, not like garages."

One last point. When you are not actively riding him about what an inadequate arsehole he is, it's very effective if you cry a lot. This makes him feel he has done something very bad and must try to make amends. Hopefully, he will eventually hit on the idea of offering cash but be prepared for a long wait. 'I love you' doesn't always readily convert to \$\$.

This approach requires learning a skill that is often contrary to past training and education, for each of us carries within herself a residue of concern for other people's feelings. This relic of the past is an oppressive burden. We need to get rid of it. Indeed, if love is to survive, we MUST get rid of it. We must learn to UNDERMINE.



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INHUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE

From The Monthly Bulletin

Dr. Howard Slaves & Dr. Murry Smith



Another sex study? Yes, another sex study. Why? Because we want to. What qualifications do we have? None, really. What's the cube root of 4913? Uh, wait a minute, uh...17.

So much for the questions. Let's get down to hanky-panky. The reason for this study is twofold: first, because it has been almost four months since the most recent comprehensive study of human sexual behavior, and for all we know things may have changed since then. This is an ever-changing field, and if we don't keep on top of things we might let them get away from us. Second, because the close observation of naked ladies doing naughty things has been a lifelong fantasy of mine, and I wasn't about to pass up such a perfectly good excuse to do so.

Since most sex studies, in order to lend themselves credence, are conducted by a man and woman team, I contacted my colleague Dr. Murry Smith. It took a little convincing, but she consented to be my partner. So, together, we set about the first stage in any study of sexual behavior, finding suitable volunteers.

Our first method was to hang a sign out in front of the building that passersby could read. It read, "Volunteers wanted to perform sexual acts in front of other people." This was not too successful in attracting suitable applicants. One such applicant, Mr. A, was fifteen years old, refused to fill out the questionnaire, and introduced himself by saying, "Where's the free nookie?" Another applicant, Miss B, said, "It's twenty-five dollars for a blow, thirty if you want me to swallow, fifty dollars for half an hour, and I charge ten extra if anybody gonna be watchin'. I don't go for that kinky stuff." As you would expect, neither were selected.



The perfect volunteer

Our search continued, and other methods for recruitment were employed. Several nights were spent, by both Dr. Smith and me, in singles bars, using well-known, time-honored techniques for locating suitable members of the opposite sex. This proved to be moderately successful, though Dr. Smith may tend to argue this point. Our search continued for the perfect volunteer (pictured to the left). Though we never found him or her, we came fairly close in a number of instances, particularly during the time when we attended various fraternity and sorority parties.

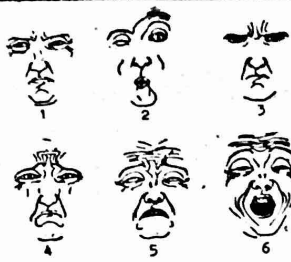
The first part of the program for each accepted applicant was the filling out of a questionnaire. Space prohibits a full accounting of each response, so we will present a sample of the answers given. One of the questions asked the female applicants to describe their experience during orgasm. Mrs. G answered thusly: "It feels like a herd of buffalo stampeding up my thigh, like drowning in a vat of boiling honey, like being chosen for jury duty."

Miss D has a somewhat different sensation: "Orgasm? Well, it's kind of like, like burping, you know, like when you drink a Tab too fast. Not much different from a burp, except the aftertaste is different." Miss E described her feelings thusly: "It feels like 14 atom bombs going off in my brain, and 26--no, make that 27--hydrogen bombs being detonated in my crotch. In addition, I feel 3 1/2 hand grenades in each of my breasts, and a small firecracker on my lips." In fact, the responses were so varied that we could draw no conclusions at all from them. The men, on the other hand, generally all gave the same answer, that being, "It feels good." So after months of tabulating all the answers, we came to the firm conclusion that orgasm, in the human male, feels good.

Double Penis.—This anomaly has been noted in several authentic instances. The two organs are usually placed side by side, and other evidences of monstrosity generally exist (supernumerary limb). In several of the cases the function of both organs was perfect, as regards urination, capability of erection, and seminal emission.

The next stage of the research involved the direct observation of hundreds of orgasm cycles of both the male and the female volunteers. At first only male volunteers were observed. Each was asked to masturbate to orgasm. Every masturbatory episode was filmed from no less than three different angles, and one camera used infra-red lenses and film. In addition, each masturbator was hooked up to an electroencephalograph and an electrocardiograph, as well as a specially designed respirometer and sismograph. A penile thermometer was introduced into the urethra at two-minute intervals during each sequence. This way we could get a complete physiological profile of what happens to the body and the brain during sexual arousal, stimulation, orgasm and resolution.

Unfortunately, only 12% of the volunteers were able to achieve an erection under these conditions, and none of those 12% could maintain an erection for more than 2 minutes. However, we were prepared for this eventuality, having purchased in advance the latest in laboratory autoerotic apparatus, Miss Wonderful (pictured to the right). With the aid of the invaluable Miss Wonderful doll, 98% of the volunteers achieved orgasm in no time at all, or 53 seconds on the average, to be specific. Miss Wonderful had other special features not revealed to the volunteers. One of these was a special measuring device hidden in her left leg where the semen was retained and analyzed after each ejaculation. With the help of this device we discovered that the average man ejaculates almost exactly 1/2 cup of semen each climax. Another special hidden feature is the slow-motion camera care-



Typical facial expressions during the six ejaculatory orgasmic squirts

fully concealed under the hair on her forehead. With the use of this camera we were able to film the volunteers' faces during orgasm. On top of that, a special timing device in the fully functional vagina recorded at what instant each ejaculatory squirt took place. This way we could identify exactly which frame of the film was taken at each of the six ejaculatory squirts, and a complete millisecond by millisecond facial record of the male orgasm could be preserved. The result of this analysis is presented to the left.

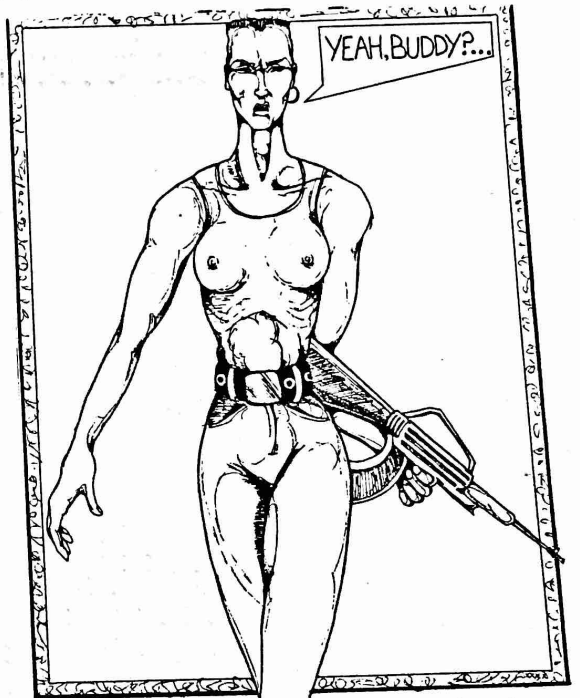
Second, after the male orgasm was analyzed, we concentrated on the female solo sexual performance. The same process of masturbation and observation, with the same instrumentation, but none of the female volunteers showed the same arousal problems displayed by the males. In fact, many requested that more electrodes be placed on various strategic points of their bodies. A sizable percentage of the females experienced orgasm while they were being hooked up to the sismograph before all the equipment was even set up. Three passed out with pleasure at the mere mention of the infra-red lens. Needless to say, there was no need for our Mr. Wonderful doll.

Of those who lasted to the observation phase, 92% proved to be multi-orgasmic, the number of orgasms ranging from 4 to 73 orgasms per hour. The average, incorporating statistics on all the female participants (including our only non-orgasmic volunteer—who it was later discovered was a transvestite), was 36 orgasms per hour. This was with manual stimulation only. In general, the orgasms were accompanied by violent bodily spasms, screams and howls that at times surpassed 114 decibels, bluish-white electric arcs leaping from the nipples to the various electronic devices in the room, loud crunching sounds caused by the vaginal muscles crushing the scientific implements placed in the vagina prior to the orgasm, and mild tremors that registered between 2.3 and 5.1 on the Richter Scale.

Certain participants asked that they be allowed to demonstrate sexual skills that they had developed. They were permitted to do so individually, and the proceedings were, as before, recorded on film and electronically. Mrs. F, for example, started by introducing a walnut into her vagina. Not only was she able to crack the nut with her vaginal muscles, but she could even remove the nut meat from the shell and produce the walnut pieces from her vagina in a form suitable for use in most baking recipes. In one unfortunate incident, however, she proved unable to crack one particularly tough nut, and accidentally expelled the walnut from her vagina with such velocity that it broke the nose of one of the technicians when it hit him in the face. In another example, Mr. G attempted to aim his ejaculations at an archery target, and made bullseyes in 2 out of 3 tries from a distance of 15 feet.

We had planned in our final stage to observe actual male-female coitus, but after a short conference decided that at this point any additional data would be superfluous. As far as we were concerned, we had already learned more than we wanted to know.

SYPHILIS OF THE NOSE.
Nasal syphilis may be either hereditary or acquired.

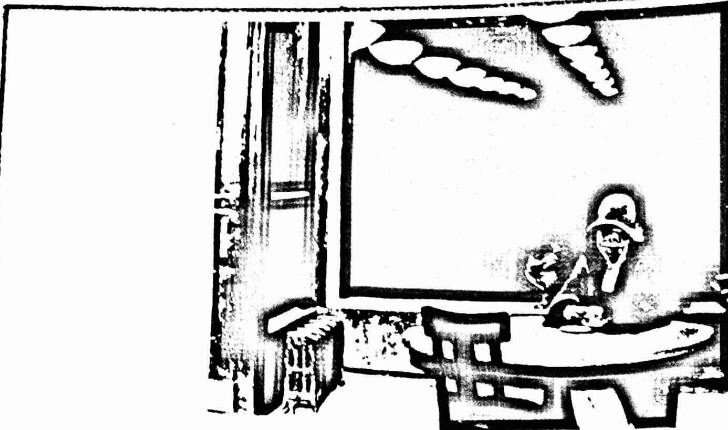


Advertisement for 'Flipside Records' featuring 'S. Jellines' and 'FLIPSIDE RECORDS'. Includes text: 'UNUSUAL CARDS', 't-shirts', 'sunglasses, etc.', '247 N. Kalamazoo Mall. Ph. 343-5865'.

FINAL

my husband says

- Gina Benjamin



THE POSTMAN ALWAYS WONGS FAT

by Al Ackerman

(The alarming result of trying to read James M. Cain, Jim Thompson, Snow White Jung and other novelists of the "hard-boiled" school while lying in bed with malaria.)

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: Suzy Young, a hard-bitten but ambitious young woman from the wrong side of the tracks, is employed as a waitress at the All-Brite Cafeteria and finds herself plunged into the seamy, nighttime world of bad food and cafeteria geeks. Her chief nemesis is Ackerman, a bus boy, whose good looks and ready wit drive her wild with a passion that her abhoming hustler's brain soon translates into a weird, barely repressed hatred. Thus, when Wong Fat the cook approaches her with a plan to do away with Ackerman, she finds herself morbidly tempted...

CHAPTER TWO

"I'll level with you, Fat," I told the cook after I heard his murderous plan. "If you can get McDonald's to mince up Ackerman and serve him in their burgers, I might find myself feeling so grateful that I'll forget what a lady I am and start giving you what you've been pestering me to give you ever since I came to work here, you sweaty, hulking, lustful oriental galoot."

Wong Fat smiled, kind of like an elevator boy smiles when you ask him if he knows what can go up the chimney down but can't go down the chimney up. "You mean that, Suzy? You mean you'll finally start wearing a hair net when you work around the food?"

"Well," I said, "I'm not promising anything, China Boy, but you know what they say about non-oriental women and how they're built."

"I just want you to wear a hair net around the food and maybe do something about your fingernails," he said, getting a funny light in his eyes and starting to breathe so hard that it scattered the cole slaw as if someone had tossed a handful of green and white confetti into the air at a stag smoker.

I leaned back against the steam table, hanging a little leg out of my waitress uniform. "Let's just say that I'm so sick and tired of watching Ackerman let his wishbone get in the way of his brain that I might be just hungry enough to string along with a slant-eyed palooka like you."

Right then, thinking about what I was letting myself in for, not to mention what I was doing to the English language, I don't know what I wanted to do, laugh or heave.

This Wong Fat was a little bit jaundiced—maybe I didn't tell you? Yeah. And he was more than a little over-weight. The fat wasn't muscle. It was the greasy flabby lard twenty years of cooking at the All-Brite Cafeteria had handed him as a present for eating his own rotten grub, and when he chopped the liver for the potato salad, he shook from top to bottom like a Portuguese blood pudding. And all he had on in the way of a chef's uniform was his apron and this little pair of black bikini briefs that old Blochhead, the manager, was always giving him hell about wearing.

The briefs were too tight for his head, or his head was too big for the briefs, however you want to put it. Those underpants were too tiny for anything but a pin-head. He looked like hell standing there with them on over his head so tight, and yet his head was the smallest thing about him. I knew that he'd never have gotten them on over those hips of his, or that pot. It made me shake like a Shriner's elbow just to look at him. You're goddam right I'm shook! You look at something like that long enough and you start thinking about how his head may be small but it's not small enough to put in your mouth! You start thinking that way and pretty soon you start thinking about all the other things you can't put in your mouth—like basketballs, and ponies, and airplanes—and before you can say "Thorazine I.V." it's bwa-bwa back to the rest farm again! And you aren't—ain't—letting them send you back there again, ever! You—

I spun around and headed for the employee's toilet. And I didn't stop or look around when I got there. Things had been coming at me too fast; I was starting to get those funny oral ideas again. I had to do something quick and I got the top off the tank and reached down in the

water and found the whiskey bottle that I kept taped to the float. I didn't waste any time. I couldn't. I swallowed that whiskey in one long burning, shuddering golt, like a dowager swallows her teeth, and then the bottle dropped from my hand to the floor and smashed in a thousand pieces. And I followed it.

Instantly somebody that filled my mind was how I'd as I was, the one thought that I hadn't noticed that Roy Sly, gone in the toilet so fast I hadn't noticed that on the can the rat-faced dish washer, was sitting there on the can until I fell out and sprawled across his feet like last week's garter belt. Gee, he was strong. I weigh around sixty-four, sixty-five pounds, but he kicked his feet and rolled me off them into the corner as easily as if I'd been an anorexic.

"Jeez, you booze freaks—A guy can't even sit down and take a big brown in peace without you booze freaks bustin' in on him."

He pulled up his slacks and fastened his belt, so he huffy and flustered that he must've forgot what he was doing. Because next he started washing his hands at the sink, and nobody who works at the All-Brite ever does that.

"I'm sick," I kept repeating it. "I'm sick, Roy."

"Then go see a doctor."

"No!" No, I didn't want a doctor. He might give me something to hop me up and I'd start raving about dwarf heads and feminism and dead pets.

"I'm just awfully tired and weak," I said. "Waiting tables so much. Not being able to eat the food here. Listening to Ackerman's jokes."

Roy put his hand inside my uniform. "You've got something wrong with your back, too, Suzy. It's all bandaged up."

"That's my bra-zeer, you dope," I said. "My God; you men! A woman passes out on the floor and gets a little helpless and you creep all start cracking wise."

"Well, pardon me," he said. "Just go ahead and lie there, then, and catch cold, if you can't take a joke. See if I care, Miss Humorless."

After he'd flounced out, I went on lying on the floor for a few minutes, thinking or trying to; something tickling at the back of my mind. Something important. But the thought wouldn't come. I was too pooped, I guess.

Back in reform school, once, some big-shot politician

talked to us girls at chapel, and he made the statement that gravity punished those who drank from a bottle in the latrine. "You girls would be better off shooting up with a plastic syringe because that'll bounce when it hits the tiles and not break the way a bottle of hooch will," was the way he put it.

At the time, it struck me as being just some more of the toothpaste they were always squeezing out to us. But now, thirteen months later almost, I was beginning to see what he meant. Sure, it made sense. The old plastic syringe number would have beat the stuffing out of this, having to lie on the floor of the employee's toilet with whiskey soaking my uniform and broken glass jabbing me.

On top of everything else I was afraid I was going to cut my tongue to ribbons finishing off that whiskey. What a life.

It took a plenty long time, because I had to move my tongue real slow across the tiles, sort of feeling my way around with it, but after I'd lapped up enough to make a highball, I felt pretty fair. I could have got up as well as not, if I'd had a leather harness and a forklift. But I stayed where I was. Bleeding a little at the mouth from the broken glass. Mulling things over the way you do. Having these thoughts...First I thought about how a woman might go about calling the police after she's shot through the head. Then I thought about how a man could be stabbed and hanged and blown up with dynamite and yet he goes right on out and has a burger and tries to pick up some bimbo. You know the kind of thoughts you have. Because, damnit, I know it's crazy, but I was starting to remember what had been bothering me.

And then the tant went up or however you want to put it, and everything came at me like an express train. And what I began to think about wasn't sugar and pie. Those tiny little black underpants that Wong Fat wore like a wrestler's mask gave him a cute, cockeyed look, and the way he lolled his tongue around and sort of puckered out the fabric and made it look like he'd wet himself in the wrong place, and—and it didn't—

don't—make sense but there was something about the way he'd promised to have Ackerman minced up over at McDonald's that made me think of Sunday School again and wearing a starched white dress and the Guttenberg Bible.

"You're doing swell, fat kid," I told myself. "Yes sir, Suzy-ple, you're doing all right...You think you and that slope cook will make a cute couple? You think you'll look as cute as he does with those underpants on his head when you get all dolled up in a white starched dress and the Guttenberg Bible? Hell, you'll be round-shouldered in a week, wearing a bible on your head that way!"

Goddamn, I thought. Double goddamn and a whole bunch of nines. Am I doing it again? Am I falling for another wrong-o? Well, I had to laugh then, the kind of laugh that dies in your throat like a motorist's glove, the way it does when you've been having sweet dreams all night about your pillow's gone. That Wong Fat. Now there was a marshmallow for you. But it looked like I'd gone and done it again—and I guess I had, at that. Wong Fat—a murderous, sweaty dirty slob like Wong Fat for a heart throb.

Why couldn't it have been some rich, good-looking dude with numbers connections that had come on to me with the great idea about mincing up Ackerman?

Why was it that every time I thought I was getting a break some homicidal bozo came along and dazzled me with his intellect?

Then, I shoved my tongue around some more and had another drink. It was only three-thirty. I had plenty of time to lie there before I had to get back out to the tables and fight the suppertime mob when they started oozing in off the street around five. All I had to do was beat my head against the tiles till I sobered up enough to walk. It was something I'd done twenty or thirty times at least in the past two months; I'd have bet money on it. Maybe I should have worried about catching hell from old Blochhead, the manager, but I sure wasn't now.

And if Fat meant what he said about Ackerman...

I don't know whether I've described what a creep that Ackerman was, and how he got on my nerves. There was the way he always crawled to the well-dressed customers. Nothing but a bus boy, but brother! already he had all the annoying mannerisms of a head waiter. And those jokes of his. The one about the canary and the cigar was the worst, but he had plenty of others.

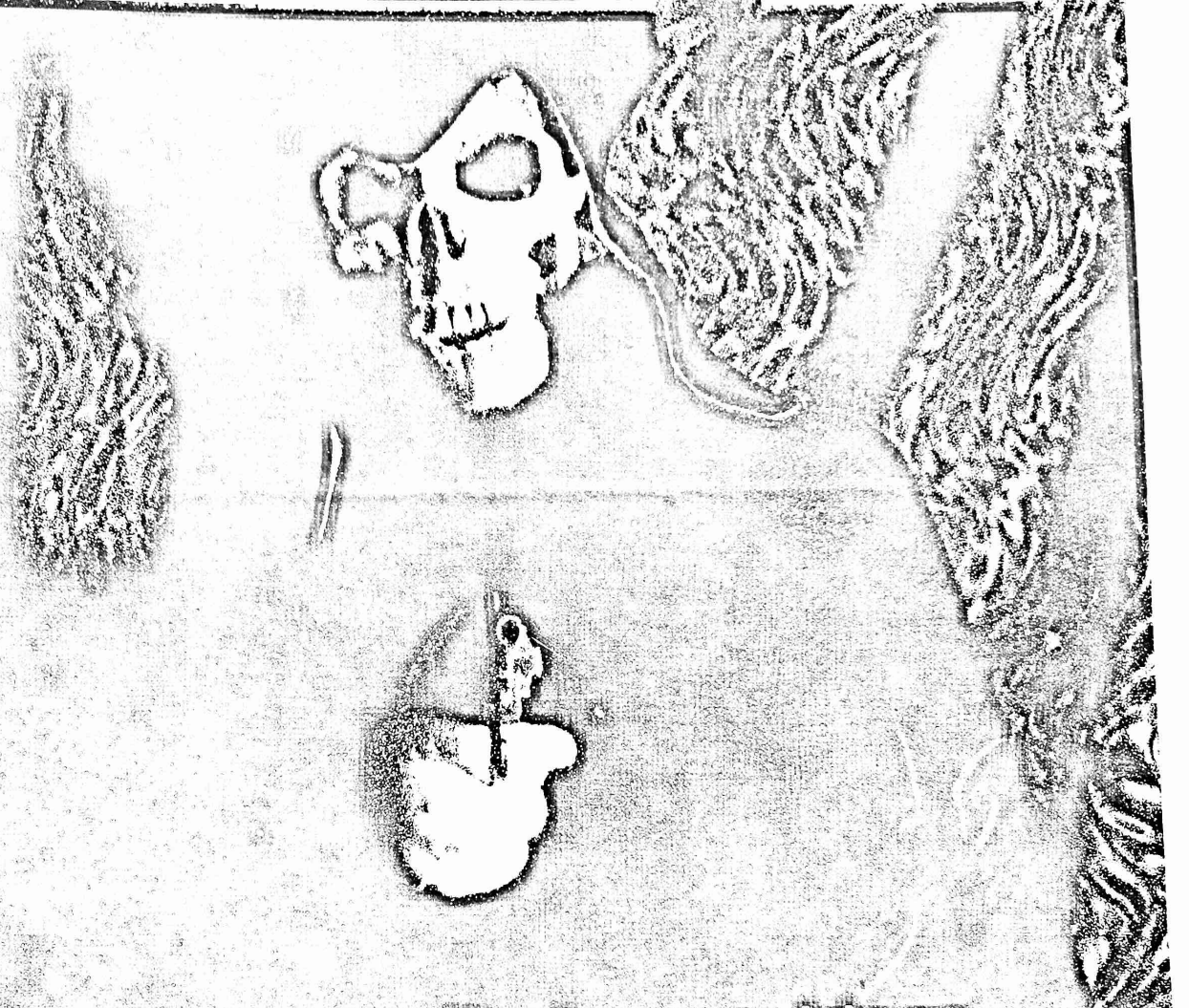
I thought, Let them hang us for what we're about to do. It'll be worth it. Just so I don't have to hear him tell that one about the canary and the cigar, ever again.

I don't know how long it was before my mind wandered again and I got to trying to remember what it is that can go up the chimney down but can't go down the chimney up. I could have enjoyed reading a book, because I'm quite a reader, see. But there's never a damned thing worth reading in these Johns. So I got to thinking about the chimney.

Lying there on the floor, with my tongue kind of dripping and bleeding, I thought: "Well, which is it? Santa Claus with a boner on? Or your mudder's umbrella?" (TO BE CONTINUED)

This book makes strong men tremble and weak governments wither away...

GERRY REITH'S Neutron Gun



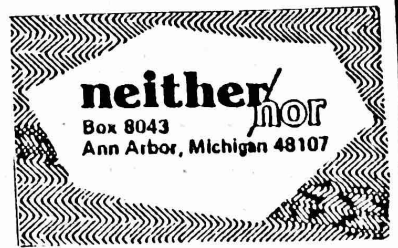
Graphic ©1986 by TIMOTHY M. CALDWELL

People who say that mere ideas
cannot be dangerous...
just never had any ideas like these!

NEUTRON GUN -- (ISBN: 0-911627-09-X) A 72-page paperback book featuring seven short stories by Gerry Reith, with contributions from Sun Tzu, Ed Lawrence, Gregor Tomic and Carly Sommerstein. Graphics by T. M. Caldwell; front cover by Freddie Baer; with an Introduction by Bob Black. Dealer inquiries invited. More than just a book, this is a concussion device....

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HANDLE WITH CARE

AN INTRODUCTORY VIEW ON MASTURBATION



At age 16, I learned to drive, and at age 13, I learned to masturbate. The driving lessons included many hours of careful learning of details and techniques from a skilled person. The lesson for masturbation consisted of three or four hurried sentences and a few illustrative twists of a hand by a friend who had seen someone else masturbate, but he had not tried it yet himself.

The driving lessons ended with, "Well, now you are a capable driver. Enjoy it!" The masturbation lesson ended with, "But remember, it's a mortal sin!" I often think of this contrast and imagine how fortunate I would have been if the same time and encouragement had been given to me for the skill of masturbating as for the skill of driving.

Masturbation is described positively and reverently in ancient mythology. Osiris, the Egyptian god of light, created the world by an act of masturbation. In Greek myth, Hermes taught Pan to masturbate. The myths show that masturbation was considered creative and empowering. It was a skill and a power taught by friendly gods.

Self-befriending masturbation means enjoying masturbation as a good in itself. It is sexual self-esteem; it celebrates our competence in nurturing and taking care of ourselves. It is therapeutic since it involves a letting go of inhibition, even a showing off and taking pride in the self-sufficiency of our sexuality. As long as masturbation is sexually complete in itself, then we are complete in and as our sexual selves.

This means dropping the false belief that masturbation is a substitute for "real" sex. If the full reality of sex depends on someone outside ourselves, how can we ever be whole and sexual at once? Positive, conscious, self-orchestrated sexual pleasure. It declares to be independent while we still participate in relationships with others or one other.

When masturbation is not a good in itself but only an outlet for frustration, we are discrediting ourselves by equating self-affirmation with neediness. We program ourselves with feelings of deficiency this way. The positive view engenders a sense of inner abundance.

Guilt does not usually prevent us from masturbating, but it does attack our self-esteem by associating self-love with failure or weakness. Taboos against masturbation are really taboos against self-exploration. In self-befriending masturbation, we explore the great varieties of sensations our bodies are capable of. This is how we transcend the limits that internalized roles and taboos have set on us.

In our unconscious, there is no difference between an act and an image. The Soviet Olympic teams use imaging (forming mental pictures of themselves winning) for 75% of their practice time just before the events. Images have a keen impact on the unconscious. This is why a self-befriending session of masturbation can well include imaging. How?

Simply form an image of yourself as sexually rich, self-nurturing and limitlessly inventive. Begin masturbating during the imaging and let the images return throughout the session. This builds self-esteem and erotic playfulness much better than does fantasizing. Fantasies are usually about what we do not have. Fantasy can diminish us unless it is balanced by images of ourselves as full and whole.

BY
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While looking at pornography, you may fantasize about the models or wish for partners like the models. This evokes a sense of lack. To "image" with pornography, simply see it as a visualization of all the wonderful ways in which you are sexual. In this way, admiration (for the models) becomes identification. There is no longer a gap between you and them. Union occurs and with it self-enrichment.

This freedom from duality is self-transcendence. It is the point at which you are no longer masturbating; you are masturbation. You may feel a warm and satisfied sense of oneness at such a time. The universe becomes friendly. You are not aware of any separateness. A fusion of apparent opposites occurs: male/female energies, you/other, active/passive. Self-transcending masturbation can be the unique door through which you enter an undivided, unalienated personal spaciousness, uninterrupted by ego, neediness, or desperate desire.

How do we go beyond our own ego in sex? First, while masturbating, we are thinking and acting from the right side of our brain, the part that is intuitive and synthetic rather than logical and analytic. Mental chatter stops; harsh judgements evanesce: we become more comfortable with ambiguity and perceive similarities instead of differences.

Sensation becomes secondary at such times. The body becomes less distinct, the genitals less central. Our entire being is eroticized, a moveable feast that takes us beyond and yet within ourselves.

The results of such letting go are exciting: a new self-trust arises. We are no longer afraid of where our own lusts may lead us. We trust the forward-moving processes of our own evolution. We cooperate with this movement and find it to be a hero's journey: a retreat from the ordinary and a return to the extra-ordinary in the ordinary.

It is after discovering self-befriending and self-transcending masturbation that we may proudly identify ourselves as masturbators, at least within our own minds. We may even seek out others who have made a similar discovery. This is not just curiosity, but a deep longing to share a common excitement.

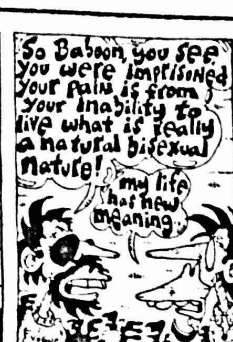
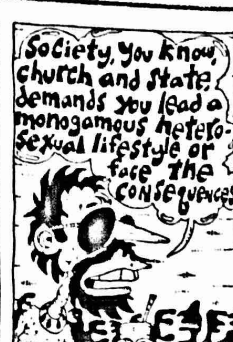
Once our sexuality has become self-befriending and self-transcending, there is less need to collect experiences and more generosity in sharing experience, fewer intimacies and more intimacy, fewer self-doubts and much more self-giving, fewer excluding rejections, and more inclusive acceptance.

Masturbate with some of these thoughts in mind and notice what happens. My original analogy with driving is relevant after all, in one other sense: masturbation is also about going somewhere.

Where do we go? We go beyond our own egos and relate better to others. We go to higher levels of self-esteem. We go through the looking glass, beyond narcissism to that hearthplace where there is only One of us.

Note: Readers who would like a more extensive treatment of the subject of masturbation as an art of self-befriending and self-transcending may order the author's booklet: Solo Flight. It is illustrated and can be obtained by sending \$3 and a self-addressed, stamped, legal-sized envelope to: L.A.C., Box 31027, Santa Barbara, CA 93130.

How To Collect Social Security At Any Age



Realistically
Whorehouse
(Her actions do not
put her in business
sex)

SISTER Spirit
SECTION THREE/VOLUME 10, NUMBER 52
Thursday, June 27, 1985

Craft fights porn through radical action

by Sue Burke

The campaign started last October in Des Moines, Iowa. A group of women and men entered the Blue Nude Bookstore and later that same day the Babehen's Library. The protesters tore up a copy of *Hustler* magazine. They were arrested.

In November, they were arrested again at a third Des Moines bookstore again tearing up *Hustler*, along with committing vandalism.

In December, they took their rampage to California, Wisconsin, and Illinois, while continuing their destruction in Iowa. They tore up *Hustler* and Penthouse, burned Penthouse publisher Bob



Nikki Craft as "Myth California" wearing warpaint.

political terrorists of women," Craft explained. "It's a real attempt to legitimize violent pornography. It's too much to bear that the kinds of profits are made off of women."

Pornography has become a life and death issue for women, she said. Craft is a Media Responsibility activist. It is with civil disobedience and demands "corporate and individual responsibility" for the multi-billion-dollar pornography industry. [that] disseminates hateful propaganda that results in real harm to real women."

Craft moved to Oshkosh, Wis., last year to work for the Naturalist Society, which promotes nudity. A ceramic artist by training, her home is crowded with art, books, filing cabinets, unfired papers, and memorabilia from more than a decade of activism. With a soft Texas accent, she pulled out magazines, album covers, slides, flyers, and media reprints to demonstrate exactly what she means when she talks about violent pornography and the effect activism can have in stopping it.

She joked that she is trying to set a world record for arrests; she's up to 35 arrests so far. She told how her work is constrained by its unpaid nature, but not by lack of ideas or support.

Her career as a "volunteer social servant" for social change may have been inspired by memories of her own rape 20 years ago at age 15 at knifepoint. Police refused to take action against the men, who eventually raped seven other women and served one year in jail.

One of Craft's first efforts was the 1974 founding of Women Armed for Self Protection in Dallas, Tex., which taught women how to use guns. "Men and women were created equal," read one of the group's posters, "and Smith & Wesson makes damn sure it stays that way."

In 1975 she disrupted a Rockwell International stockholder's meeting to protest the B-1 bomber. Two years later, the Kitty Genovese Women's Project published the names of rapists in Dallas County.

While attending college in Texas, she fought censorship in order to show films from the New York Women's Film Festival that were deemed pornographic by the local vice squad.

In 1979 she destroyed copies of a records by a group called Scorpion that had a nude 12-year-old girl seductively posed on the cover with broken glass in her vagina. It and other records, such as "Black and Blue" by the Rolling Stones, "trivializes and even encourages violence," Craft said.

In 1980, while attending the University of California at Santa Cruz, she destroyed a special showing at the school library of 10 prints called *The Incredible Case of the Slack O'Wheat Murders*. In the photos, the female victims were depicted nude, splattered with chocolate syrup to depict blood. Nearby each was a stack of wheat pancakes.

"The photographer's pamphlet accompanying the show said the photos allowed 'discreet pleasure...from the portrayed transgression of another body.' The vast amounts of syrup were 'humorous.'"

Craft, commenting that "Blacks would not tolerate the 'humorous' prints of Klun Lynch," tore up the prints and donated them with chocolate syrup. She called her work, carefully photo-

graphed. "The Incredible Stack O'Prints Mutilation."

Later, after she was nominated for a campus award by her arena officer, a college official, and 400 students, she took about the controversy to the library. "I did not want the right nor the responsibility to make the decisions" about what belongs in libraries, she explained.

During the next few years in Santa Cruz, Craft helped stage colorful protests and marches on two occasions. Two issues of the *Mis California* beauty pageant and anti-nudity laws.

At the pageant, raw meat was tussled on stage, blood strewn outside and flots including a woman wearing 35 pounds of lunch meat under the slogan "Judge meat not women" was paraded around the city in 1983, during a protest with the theme "weight slavery." Craft vomited Kellogg's Corn Flakes and Nestle Crunch Bars. Kellogg's and Nestle are important sponsors of the pageant, and the corn flake box has featured pictures of beauty queens.

It is telling, according to Craft, that the lawyers, who often defend beauty pageants, do not allow women members. "Here is a bunch of to be businessmen learning how to sell women's bodies. That's pimping. There are empires being built on the bodies of women."

The pageants are "just a front to find the women that [commercial sponsors] need to fit into their narrow mold. It is incredibly arrogant that a small group of volunteers and corporations can get together and pick the representative of all women," Craft said.

The mold is so narrow, she said, that in 10 years, Miss California has had only a one-inch variation in her figure. That narrow mold encourages eating disorders such as anorexia and bulimia—self-starvation and forced vomiting—to achieve the "perfect" figure.

To highlight that, Craft, crowned as "Myth California," threw up the sponsor's products, straining in a "small price to pay" to fit into the "mold of white womanhood."

Other pageant protests, which got Craft arrested for illegal uses of corn flakes, stressed the same women to sell products endorsed women as sexual objects and thus endorsed rape. "If products can't sell on their own merit, then they shouldn't be sold," she declared.

Men not only try to control how women look, she said, but try to control what women can do with their looks. That is why she promotes nudity.

Craft arrested in 1982 for sunbathing topless on a bench. This led to a series of protests, on both the West and East Coasts, and to the formation of the "Cross Your Heart Support Network." The network organized 100 topless women and men for a rally in downtown Santa Cruz on the day of the city's annual Fiesta Day Parade.

Nudity laws, she said, "enable men to undress us when they want us undressed. They want their fantasies protected. They want their women flat on their backs, silent, airbrushed, and hairless." Women, in swim suits or in the nude, can be treated out with no permission only to sell products or to satisfy the sex industry.

Topless laws may seem trivial, Craft admitted, but only "as trivial as where you sit on a bus." Nudity laws are one bar in a cage, she said.

The Cross Your Heart Support Network puts it this way: "Pornography's eight billion dollar a year industry requires strict adherence to puritanical ethics. To market the torture, rape, and maiming of women in the name of free speech and entertainment requires first and foremost that women's bodies be viewed as 'forbidden fruit.'"

Craft explained, "We know it's not going to solve anything by taking off our shirts. Men do more to keep women and in line than the law does by punishing women who act out of line with rape."

Commercial sales of products using women's bodies has caused sexual images of women to become more violent, Craft said. "Just cut shots of women have stopped selling so they've had to move into violence to sell magazines. They do it to promote advertisers. Advertisements appeal to dreams, fears, hopes, and insecurities to get people to buy products," Craft said.

What works for ads to control consumer purchases also works for the articles and photos that compose the content of a magazine, she said. "It's a bill of goods," she said, for publishers "to turn around and say the content—the very meat of what they sell—is not going to affect us." She cites a *Hustler* photo display of a woman being gang-

raped on a pool table as an example. Three months after it appeared, a woman was gang raped on a pool table in New Bedford, Mass. She supports the idea that "violent pornography is the theory—rape is the practice."

In 1981, Preying Mantis Women's Brigade and its Auxiliary declared that "*Hustler* magazine has been tearing up women long enough. Now it's time for women to tear up *Hustler*." During the first week, 550 copies of the magazine were destroyed. By the end of the campaign, 25 stores dropped the publication from its sales.

Those that did not received an award in the form of an insulting penis for "acting to protect men's right to rape." The penis award "works wonders for keeping us from being aligned with the right wing," Craft said.

The Brigade focuses on what Craft calls "illegal tactics with a media focus. We always discuss first amendment rights. We always discuss nudity." The group calls for more, not less, of both. Sex is not obscene, the Brigade and its allied organizations stress.

Craft and the Rampage Against Penthouse and *Hustler* are advocating a boycott against Penthouse advertisers: Panasonic, Canon, Magnavox, Sanyo, Casio, and B. Dalton book distributors. The Preying Mantis Brigade is urging Guccione, the Penthouse publisher, to take off his clothes, dress up like one of his models, and pose for the camera.

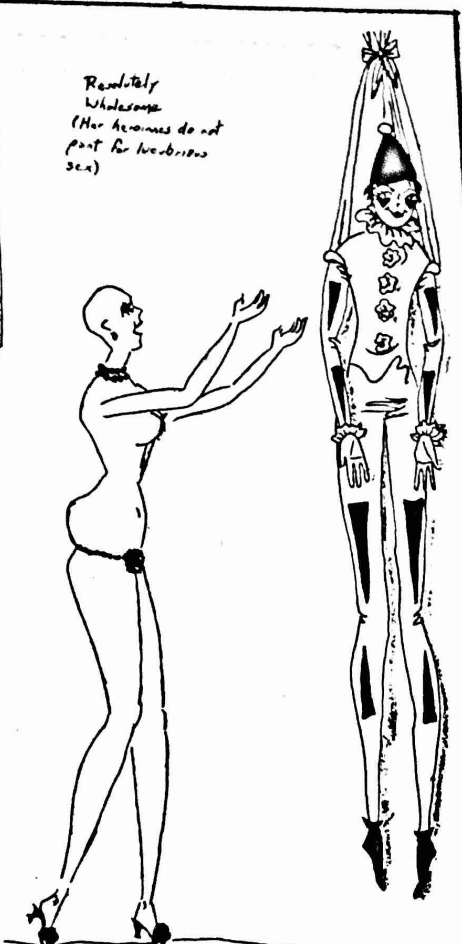
Craft encouraged men to be involved. "It's really important for men to evaluate and make statements on pornography instead of apologizing for it."

She offered few comments on the issue of gay male pornography. "It's not my place to tell gay men what to do, she said. "That's their territory." But she cautioned that pornography for women has gone from fantasy to horrible reality, and urged gay men to be careful about the commercial fetish of violence and sex.

Craft had advice for activists. Oppression is so complex that to contemplate action of all of its "immobilizing." Instead, she said, "take an area and work on it."

And, she added, be sure to document it. Her actions often appeal to the media so that the acts will be recorded for all women and men—and if the media won't be there, she has sometimes hired her own photographer.

"My responsibility is to push society even as little as I can in the right direction," she said. "We have to make people responsible for what they do."



Wendy

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SLUT STRUTS SMUT
by Celeste Oatmeal

Preface: I write with a pen/ouf. I cut my words out of a mass of significance and insignificance. I don't HAVE to say what I mean, if I get you to think it.

Interlude:

"My guide was hunkered to my right and slightly behind me, his smooth limbs and hairless chest unclotted. The fog collected in droplets on his long brown hair, silencing it. He met my gaze with an attempt at disinterest, but I saw curiosity sparkling in his eyes. I liked him for this. I like boys, in general; big boys, not little ones.

"What's your name again?" I asked him.
"Steffie. Steffie Bay, Lady."
"Call me Palla. Lay down, Steffie." Adolescents are so agile, once past their initial awkwardness.

"He ran his fingers through my hair till they caught, twisting and stroking the silky blackness. I shook it free, then swept his body with its softness. Pulling off of his prong I kissed it deeply, wrapped my hair around it, swirling my soft tresses in a perfumed whirlwind. He spurted, looking surprised and apologetic.

"Lady, I- you, I didn't- I'm sorry I-"
"The name is Palla, Steffie, and I'm NOT sorry."

Main Arguments:

And I'm still not.
The over-questions are three: Was the passage quoted above pornographic? Can feminists write pornography? Am I a feminist?

First over-question. Divide again by three, consulting a dictionary. Were those words between the asterisks "a depiction (as in writing or painting) of licentiousness or lewdness"? Obviously this woman has just fucked this mere kid, and sucked his dick, and fucked him off, using her hair. I'd say that's pretty lewd, wouldn't you?

But- was it "designed to cause sexual excitement"? Nope. I originally wrote that passage as part of a science fiction story called "Half A Bridge." It was intended to introduce the principal character and display her personality to the reader.

Now we'll have to get a little technical here. "Pornography" is based on the Greek roots "graph" or "write" and "porn" meaning "prostitute or harlot". So pornography is

the writing of prostitutes. Webster's Third International thinks this means "a description of prostitutes or prostitution". I don't. That's way, way too narrow a definition. I'd rather take it literally, as the writings of prostitutes, upon any subject whatever. I think that point can be stretched (if you'll allow me to call myself a harlot, or "disreputable woman") into a qualified yes in answer to the first question.

And now I hear a great, soft, sigh, murmuring yet many-voiced, a protest over this decision. The womyn, yes the womyn, those just wakened to their fullness-hood, swear up and down that my writing is NOT PORNOGRAPHY! I have objectified the male, turned the tables, or beds, or other suitable surfaces. I am obviously liberated, and so I could not have written anything so demeaning to womyn as pornography, any more than Anais Nin could have done. What I have written, therefore, must be EROTICA.

Webster's Third International defines erotica as "literary or artistic items having an erotic theme", that is, "of, devoted to, or tending to arouse sexual love or desire". Well, yes, these words "literary" and "artistic" are indeed gratifying, but this is one cop I'm just not gonna take out.

Art is in the eye of the beholder, as is obscenity, as are a whole bunch of other things, like cat hairs. As far as I can tell, erotica is any kind of pornography you personally happen to find to your taste.

Maybe you like "Yellow Silk". They advertise in Mother Jones, so they're hip, right? Cool. But though I've never seen a copy, it sounds kind of limited and incomplete to me, offering "all persuasions, no brutality". Listen, sometimes sex IS brutal. It is a violent, world-transfiguring force. Sometimes it's very gentleness is scary. Extremes of feeling have a way of getting confused.

There are various ways of dealing with the overwhelming quality of sex. You can identify with it. You can project it on another person. Or you can personify it as an independent being, and call it Dionysus or Lilith or Kali or Legba or something. Or you can utterly deny its existence, like some people seem to want to do. Denial, suppression, censorship- sounds dangerously un-zenlike to me.

I guess my answer to the second over-question is, "Why not, if they want to?" Which sort of gives away the answer to the third doesn't it?

I used to think I was a feminist because I was against sexism. It disturbed me as much as ageism and racism. How multi-faceted we all are! Surely no one but a genuine adult could believe that they know all about me by learning that I'm a thirty year old black woman?

But then someone (a Marxist) told me that the world's feminists believe that ALL the world's problems stem from sexism, whereas of course they all stem from Marxism. I THINK that's what she said. Anyway, then someone else told me that feminists were against pornography. That did it.

I LOVE pornography. Fanny Hill and deSade's Juliette saved my life when I was eight. I didn't much care for Justine, but I read her from cover to cover, along with thousands of less "artistic" works. The one in which an aging socialite had her toes sucked for the first time was particularly enlightening.

And there are plenty of other women out there who share my tastes. I see them at the book store where I work. I have yet to sell a copy of "The Story of O" to someone of the male persuasion. Most men, I hear, prefer being shown rather than told. Swell. And I mean that in a NICE way.

The only pornography I don't like is the kind where actual people hurt actual people who actually don't want to be hurt. Snuff who actually don't want to be hurt. In these cases do I favor censorship. I favor finding the producers and Teaching Them A Lesson.

I guess I'll let the people who call themselves feminists decide whether or not I still am one. To a certain extent I am what you call me.

But as for what I call myself? I'd have to say I'm an artist. I'm one of those people who think all the world's problems are caused by, and can only be solved by, art.

Note to Chairthing Jim: I enjoyed your anti-pornography pose- I mean stance- in Notes For A New Underground. Your point was, I believe, that smut is a capitalist plot to keep us all dissatisfied. Of course you know that pornography, like fast food and many other luxuries, predates capitalism. While I appreciate what you said, all it means to me is that I shouldn't allow myself to suffer from a desire to own bigger and better libraries of it, that I shouldn't hesitate to steal it rather than pay for it, and that I really should keep on trying to "grow my own".

Pologeorgis Designed by pierre balmain



That's right, I'm an awful bitch. I'm moody beyond belief and I've got such an attitude that my body gives off a short-circuiting sizzling unnerving glare from it. I'm selfish, spoiled rotten and have an incalculable contempt for anyone or anything that does not meet my ever-changing whim. I'm demanding and will seek to dominate at the most imperceptible sign of anyone's weakness. I'll have my way against all odds. Would you like to be embarrassed by my LOUD voice in public? I'm so mean my hair frizzes. Look at the snarl on my face; I'm not kidding -- and I want you to love me now.

-Agent @

ANTI-PORN BILL SUBJECT OF FEMINIST CONTROVERSY

by Grace Nichols
The Dworkin-Mackinnon anti-pornography bill remains a central feminist controversy. It has become the main strategy of the growing movement to remove from public consumption images believed to be harmful to women. At the same time, many feminists fear that this legislation is successfully diverting the opposition to violence against women into a neo-social purity movement while specifically requesting procedures of state-sponsored censorship.

Most recently, Adrienne Rich, Kate Millet, Betty Friedan, Rita Mae Brown, and Alix Kates Shulman were among the more than 75 feminists who co-signed a friend of court brief asking that the Dworkin-Mackinnon anti-pornography ordinance (passed by the Indianapolis city council in June 1984) be declared unconstitutional. The April 10 briefing is directed to the U.S. Court of Appeals in Chicago which is hearing an appeal of Indianapolis federal judge Sarah Baker's decision against the ordinance.

The brief reads in part: "The ordinance perpetuates a stereotype of women as helpless victims, incapable of consent and in need of protection; it reinforces the view that good women do not seek and enjoy sex; it makes socially invisible those women who find some of the materials covered by the ordinance to be erotic, liberating or educational; and its notion of hair-trigger male susceptibility to violent imagery provides an excuse to avoid directly blaming the men who commit violent acts."

The theory behind the ordinance is that pornography is central to the rape culture, that it harms women by making female sexual slavery and the filmed murder or rape of women profitable; that it desensitizes men and makes them more likely to rape, and that its existence in the environment degrades women.

Feminist opponents agree that there is an urgent need to wipe out the wide range of misogynistic violent crime. But they question whether the government's failure to stop these already illegal acts (rape, battery, coercion, murder) does not point out that the state and its judicial apparatus is not only not feminist but mostly unconcerned with the fate of women. Then they ask, does it make sense to arm the courts with the power of censorship, when not only the courts but much of the anti-pornography coalition is virulently anti-gay, and out to silence sexual discussion even (if not especially) among feminists?

The following is a detailed agenda of criticism of the Ordinance, and of the theory it represents, prepared by University of Michigan protesters during Catherine Mackinnon's visit to the U of M Law School this spring.



► Anti-porn feminists have formed coalitions with right wing groups to pass anti-porn bills, claiming that feminist and radical agendas can be achieved this way. Yet these feminists have consistently failed to denounce the homophobia and antifeminism of their right wing sponsors. Recent versions of anti-porn legislation have targeted lesbian and gay male sexuality by including "sodomy" and acts which threaten to "disrupt the family unit" along with rape and violence against women. In Suffolk County, New York, feminist supporters not only didn't object to these sections but called the bill "not strong enough."

► The common ground between anti-porn feminists and the right wing seems to be a fear of sexuality. Supporters of anti-porn legislation have said they are not anti-sex, yet what differentiates porn from other mass media is explicit sexual representation and not the quality of its politics or the quantity of violence. Of course, it's easier to pass anti-porn legislation than to shut down mainstream movie theatres, close mainstream bookstores or eliminate network TV stations.

► Anti-porn analysis suggests that pornographic imagery directly causes actions. For example, "porn has the power to make its vision reality" (Mackinnon) or "Porn is sex discrimination" (Anti-porn bill). This conflates images with action, denying us the capacity of imagination, or of separating sexual fantasy from actual sexual play.

► Anti-porn legislation tends to uphold the status quo, by suggesting that certain undefined acts are dehumanizing, servile, humiliating and painful, and therefore discriminating. Beneath this lies the assumption shared by the New Right that certain sexual practices and occupations are so inherently distasteful that no one would willingly perform them: anal sex, cockroaching, bondage and SM, group sex, working in the sex industry and sometimes erodurotore. The inherent erotophobia and homophobia of such assumptions should be obvious, as it was in Indianapolis last summer, where, after the passage of Anti-porn legislation, the only porn operations that shut down were those which catered largely to gay men.

► These same feminists who pretend to "empower us" through anti-porn legislation in fact assume that women can make

few, if any, informed, controversial decisions about sex. This legislation assumes that women are so brainwashed and powerless that participation in certain sexual acts or in the sex industry could only be the result of coercion and not of actual preference or economic choice. In questioning our ability to make decisions, anti-porn laws do nothing to challenge cultural assumptions that feminism equals powerlessness and maleness equals power.

► Anti-porn analysis assumes that male sexuality is violent and barely contained, and that men have enforced a female sexuality that is submissive and passive. Neither side can cross to the other, without becoming like the other. Images of submissive men, transsexuals and transvestites are defined as surrogate images of women. It can be assumed that a homosexual porn "submissives" sex men are collapsed into women and "aggressive" lesbians into men. This buys into the assumption that masculine and feminine roles are necessarily gender bound and that the feminine roles are necessarily undesirable.

► The anti-porn bill not only explicitly censors a whole range of sexual practices by labeling them discrimination from down to the use of dildos, but it also leaves so much open to interpretation that right wing prosecutors, judges or the general public could easily use it as grounds for a moralistic witch hunt. Precisely what images or how images dehumanize or objectify women is essentially debatable. Unfortunately, we can easily imagine the day that images depicting lesbian sexuality could be considered "dehumanizing." It is precisely the majority sexual voice that needs protection under the First Amendment.

► Censorship is particularly threatening to women, and to lesbians and gay men, because it limits and inhibits open exploration into our sexuality. Rather than silencing our sexual voice, we need to be heard in all our diversity and difference. We need the freedom to verbalize desire and to act on it. Instead of collapsing fantasy and reality, we should be exploring their connection which is so central to sexual expression. We need to work toward a sexual dialogue, toward dispelling our fears and feelings of isolation.

-Sexual Politics Book



The Taste of The Country
Gatsby Contreras

Reaction-Formation
by Yael Dragyila

Religion is an opiate,
Nihilism is a dildo,
What is your preference-
To be shot up, or screwed?

ever seen a copy, it
incomplete to me,
ons, no brutality".
S brutal. It is a
ing force. Some-
is is scary. Ex-
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anything that does not meet my ever-
changing whim. I'm demanding and will
seek to dominate at the most imperceptible
sign of anyone's weakness. I'll have my
way against all odds. Would you like to
be embarrassed by my LOUD voice in public?
I'm so mean my hair frizzes. Look at the
snarl on my face; I'm not kidding --
and I want you to love me now.

-Agent @

ANTI-PORN BILL SUBJECT OF FEMINIST CONTROVERSY

by Grace Nichols

The Dworkin-Mackinnon anti-pornography bill remains a central feminist controversy. It has become the main strategy of the growing movement to remove from public consumption images believed to be harmful to women. At the same time, many feminists fear that this legislation is successfully diverting the opposition to violence against women into a neo-social purity movement while specifically requesting procedures of state-sponsored censorship.

Most recently, Adrienne Rich, Kate Millet, Betty Friedan, Rita Mae Brown, and Alix Kates Shulman were among the more than 75 feminists who co-signed a friend of court brief asking that the Dworkin-Mackinnon anti-pornography ordinance (passed by the Indianapolis city council in June 1984) be declared unconstitutional. The April 10 briefing is directed to the U.S. Court of Appeals in Chicago which is hearing an appeal of Indianapolis federal judge Sarah Baker's decision against the ordinance.

The brief reads in part: "The ordinance perpetuates a stereotype of women as helpless victims, incapable of consent and in need of protection; it reinforces the view that good women do not seek and enjoy sex; it makes socially invisible those women who find some of the materials covered by the ordinance to be erotic, liberating or educational; and its notion of hair-trigger male susceptibility to violent imagery provides an excuse to avoid directly blaming the men who commit violent acts."

The theory behind the ordinance is that pornography is central to the rape culture, that it harms women by making female sexual slavery and the filmed murder or rape of women profitable; that it desensitizes men and makes them more likely to rape, and that its existence in the environment degrades women.

Feminist opponents agree that there is an urgent need to wipe out the wide range of misogynistic violent crime. But they question whether the government's failure to stop these already illegal acts (rape, battery, coercion, murder) does not point out that the state and its judicial apparatus is not only not feminist but mostly unconcerned with the fate of women. Then, they ask, does it make sense to arm the courts with the power of censorship, when not only the courts but much of the anti-pornography coalition is virulently anti-gay, and out to silence sexual discussion even (if not especially) among feminists?

The following is a detailed agenda of criticism of the Ordinance, and of the theory it represents, prepared by University of Michigan protesters during Catherine Mackinnon's visit to the U of M Law School this spring.



photo: outlaws for social responsibility

► Anti-porn feminists have formed coalitions with right wing groups to pass anti-porn bills, claiming that feminist and radical agendas can be achieved this way. Yet these feminists have consistently failed to denounce the homophobia and anti-feminism of their right wing sponsors. Recent versions of anti-porn legislation have targeted lesbian and gay male sexuality by including "sodomy" and acts which threaten to "disrupt the family unit" along with rape and violence against women. In Suffolk County, New York, feminist supporters not only didn't object to these sections but called the bill "not strong enough."

► The common ground between anti-porn feminists and the right wing seems to be a fear of sexuality. Supporters of anti-porn legislation have said they are not anti-sex, yet what differentiates porn from other mass media is explicit sexual representation and not the quality of its politics or the quantity of violence. Of course, it's easier to pass anti-porn legislation than to shut down mainstream movie theatres, close mainstream bookstores or eliminate network TV stations.

► Anti-porn analysis suggests that pornographic imagery directly causes actions. For example, "porn has the power to make its vision reality" (Mackinnon) or "Porn is sex discrimination" (Anti-porn bill). This conflates images with action, denying us the capacity of imagination, or of separating sexual fantasy from actual sexual play.

► Anti-porn legislation tends to uphold the status quo, by suggesting that certain undefined acts are dehumanizing, servile, humiliating and painful, and therefore discriminating. Beneath this lies the assumption shared by the New Right that certain sexual practices and occupations are so inherently distasteful that no one would willingly perform them: anal sex, cocksucking, bondage and SM, group sex, working in the sex industry and sometimes ordinary intercourse. The inherent erotophobia and homophobia of such assumptions should be obvious, as it was in Indianapolis last summer, where, after the passage of Anti-porn legislation, the only porn operations shut down were those which catered largely to gay men.

► These same feminists who pretend to "empower us" through anti-porn legislation in fact assume that women can make

few, if any, informed, consensual decisions about sex. This legislation assumes that women are so brainwashed and powerless that participation in certain sexual acts or in the sex industry could only be the result of coercion and not of actual preference or economic choice. In questioning our ability to make decisions anti-porn laws do nothing to challenge cultural assumptions that femaleness equals powerlessness and maleness equals power.

► Anti-porn analysis assumes that male sexuality is violent and barely contained, and that men have enforced a female sexuality that is submissive and passive. Neither side can cross to the other, without becoming like the other. Images of submissive men, transsexuals and transvestites are defined as surrogate images of women. It can be assumed that in homosexual porn "submissive" gay men are collapsed into women and "aggressive" lesbians into men. This buys into the assumption that masculine and feminine roles are necessarily gender bound and that the feminine roles are necessarily undesirable.

► The anti-porn bill not only explicitly censors a whole range of sexual practices by labeling them discrimination (even down to the use of dildoes), but it also leaves so much open to interpretation that right wing prosecutors, judges or the general public could easily use it as grounds for a moralistic witch hunt. Precisely what images or how images dehumanize or objectify women is certainly debatable. Unfortunately, we can easily imagine the day that images depicting lesbian sexuality could be considered "dehumanizing." It is precisely the minority sexual voice that needs protection under the First Amendment.

► Censorship is particularly threatening to women, and to lesbians and gay men, because it limits and inhibits open exploration into our sexuality. Rather than silencing our sexual voice, we need to be heard in all our diversity and difference. We need the freedom to verbalize desire and to act on it. Instead of collapsing fantasy and reality, we should be exploring their connection which is so central to sexual expression. We need to work toward a sexual dialogue, toward dispelling our fears and feelings of isolation.

-Sexual Politics Group

OVERTHROW

Like if Aesop had been locked in a dungeon and tortured for a couple of years before being set loose to write.

(David Greenberger, Editor DUPLEX PLANET)

Are you ever completely free nowadays of the feeling that you've mistakenly wandered onto the set of a fifth-rate movie called Springtime For Bonzo and are having to spend your time trying to control ten or twelve maniacs with just a chair? Probably not. And if you've been told that your wardrobe ought to be suppressed by the vice squad, you're already in the same boat with Ling. POPULAR REALITY a few issues back first gave you information about the Ling Master in an article by his biographer Dr. Al Ackerman, and some of you have been privy to his geeklike exploits through the pages of ASK LING, that very limited behind-the-back publication, while others of you have not been privy but have indoor plumbing.

Our hope (Ling says) lies in packing our shoes with raw liver so as to give our gait a noticeable limp thus eluding surveillance. CONFESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN LING MASTER is the first generally available collection in suitably tacky chapbook form of six of Ling's most suffocating and pullulating mysteries—low, inappropriate and, therefore, powerless to fail.

It is a book that Yuppies wouldn't touch even with an eleven foot pole.

- Introductory Notes by Dr. Al Ackerman
- Mysterious Afterword by Gerald "Molferatu" Burns
- Every Copy Mailed In Plain Brown Wrapper
- 96 Pages Complete With Illustrations; \$5 Postpaid

Al Ackerman
CONFESSIONS OF AN
AMERICAN LING MASTER

The Chapbook of Ling Mastery

from



ASK LING PRODS.

AL
ACKERMAN

CONFESSIONS of an AMERICAN LING MASTER



Photograph by Crowbar Nestle

ASK LING PRODS., 137 Burr Road
San Antonio, Texas, 78209
Enclosed is \$5.00. Send me CONFESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN LING MASTER. I swear I am 18 (eighteen) years of age or older.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....Zip.....
(Make checks payable to Dr Al Ackerman)
All orders outside U.S. & Canada add \$2 for postage

ADULTS ONLY • NO GROWN-UPS, PLEASE

PLEASE JERK OFF TO THIS PICTURE!

It is not sexist, and only semi-racist to jerk off into the toilet while looking at a photo of an overweight Jew wearing paramilitary regalia and pretending to be a revolutionary. Depicted is Spider Rainbow, 39, by day a mild mannered orthodox anarchist working for an "established" anarchist rag, but by night a raving libertine nihilist who has slain many members of the RCYB, strictly for kix (the cereal). Rainbow used to be outrageous, but got bored. He believes Shimo is REALLY a front for a nationwide prostitution ring.

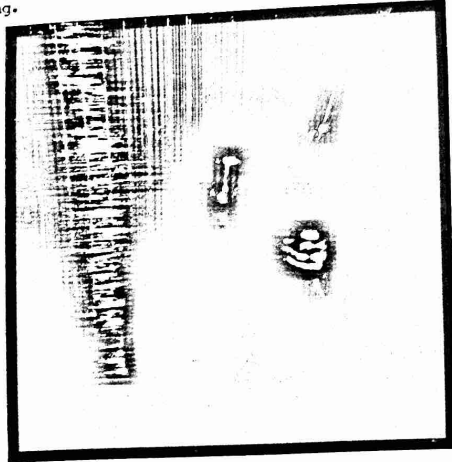
12 poems
burn off our drunken baggage,
the last mile
we travel erotic
engines wail
a spent distance
closed.

the other kills

Brian Douglas Clemons

\$1.00 leaving press po box 6981 ny ny 10150

I want it to stay
I dip into the fond recall
of youme
in vaults of sleep.
exhausted flesh
spelt between the lines
of rare phone reunions.
I am on my way
carving dramas path
to your satin thigh.
waving a one hand dream
that makes you a pillow
that comes with me
screaming the feathered
exchange of needs
on americas upright couch.
do we pretend too much?
learing at memories
while they play our song,
which is merely
civilizations noisy collapse
a couple miles away
from the sealed heat
of our connection.



Secret
by Andrew Savage
How the rain
Depresses me so.
Especially
When I see
A pregnant woman.
What would it
Be like
To open her
Stomach
And eat
Her baby?

FREE MALE

A FREE MALE IS NOT AN IMITATION FEMALE

A FREE MALE IS one who rolls his own gender,
and doesn't let gender role him.

He draws from all of the interests, activities,
and clothes to compose his own unique self,
regardless of former "gender" connotation.

As the modern female expands her horizons,
so shall the free male expand his, inevitably.

SUCH A SIMPLE IDEA WILL THREATEN: militarists,
advertisers, and others that exploit macho reflexes;
and those males who offer nothing but macho reflexes.

WHO SHALL BENEFIT? Free males and females.

SMASHING THE SKIRT BARRIER

Our old, boring, sash-tied robes-never with buttons
or a zipper-and our reluctance to explore even
traditional skirt or dress-like male clothes of
other cultures is part of a basic hang-up we have:
fear of stepping out of a narrowly defined masculine
roll, lest we be called "sissy" or "gay"-less than
a man".

IF WE CAN BEAT THAT ONE, WE CAN DO ANYTHING!
We can learn to move comfortably and flexibly
in the future world of sexual equality.

WE CAN BEAT THE HANG-UP and gain considerable physical
comfort by bypassing all the slow adaptations and
going directly to a core item-the skirt.

FEMALES HAVE WORN PANTS FOR A LONG TIME WITH NO ILL EFFECT.
IT IS ABOUT TIME WE MALES DISCOVER THE COMFORT, VARIETY,
AND ATTRACTIVENESS ON OUR OWN BODIES OF A WELL-CHOSEN SKIRT.

Scared? (DON'T BE SCARED! BE A MAN!)

Here are a few ideas:

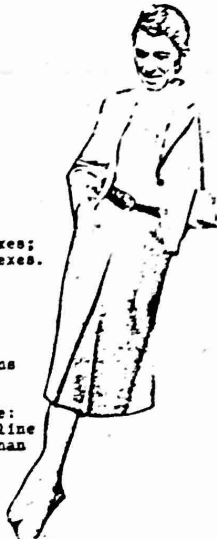
SKIRT-IN: Several males agree to wear skirts to an event.
This is a statement of freedom (and comfort) at a
park event, and a lot more at a Reagan rally.

MALE LIB PARTY: A party where males wear attractive skirts and
females wear whatever they want, which they do anyway. If both
sexes wear skirts they have equal access to each other, and
can have BALANCED IMPROMPTU FOREPLAY, not to be confused with
Balanced Institutional Foreplay, which may precede corporate merger.

HALLOWEEN: A free ticket for ANY self-liberating male to
wear a skirt WITHOUT wig, makeup, fubber bumps, or
stereotype feminine behavior.

THE MALE SKIRT MOVEMENT: An intelligent alternative to atomic war.

From False Positive



Just think. Here is your chance to
be the first person at your school
or barracks to fall out with a
Buzzard Cult T-shirt on and when
somebody asks you what a Buzzard
Cult is you can show them your
Living Fossil hat. While fanning
your coffee with a cardboard fan
and driving a beat-up van that
says BOOK MOBILE on the side.
I don't have the van yet. I might
not have the novelty items listed
opposite. But I've got plenty
of two-fisted books.

Mixed Breed
Box 42
Delray Beach, Florida 33444

PRICE LIST

Common Sense.....	5.00
Full Plate.....	5.00
Blue Darter.....	5.00
Lost Writings.....	5.00
All four of the above.....	20.00
Autographed.....	20.00
Screed.....	5.00
Black Messiah.....	5.00
Living Fossil baseball hat....	5.00
Buzzard Cult T-shirt.....	10.00
Florida's Shame bumper sticker.....	1.00
Bigfoot Must Die funeral home fan.....	2.00
Buzzard Cult coffee mug.....	5.00

COME TO CHICAGO!

May 1, 1886 is the 100th anniversary of the 8 hour day strike which ended in the Haymarket Riot, and the murder of 5 Chicago anarchists and imprisonment of 3 others by the state. This day has since been observed as a day of international worker's solidarity.

May Day draws its significance from the brutal suppression of the workers movement in Chicago. 100 years ago the anarchist movement was strong, particularly in Chicago, where there were 5 anarchist newspapers. Labor unrest was at its peak. The Haymarket bomb gave state and capital an excuse to suppress the movement. Revolutionaries were arrested and abused. Offices and papers were raided and closed. The 5 the state murdered were killed as examples to anyone advocating radical ideas. We as anarchists must reclaim our heritage. A strong anarchist presence is needed in Chicago on May 1-4. We can make our presence known to the world, and reaffirm our solidarity as revolutionary anarchists.

Many groups will be converging on Chicago to "commemorate" Haymarket. Liberals and social democrats are distorting the truth, and portraying the Haymarket 8 as reformists and trade unionists, instead of the social revolutionaries they were. Vanguardists will be trying to use the prestige of the 8. Our presence in Chicago will expose these charlatans and imposters, and show that the anarchist movement is alive and fighting.

The Haymarket 8 were members of the International Working People's Association (the N. American anarchist federation), and had spent their adult lives in the revolutionary workers' movement. They had no patience for preachers, politicians, bureaucrats, capitalists or courts. They were revolutionaries who advocated overthrow of state and capital by whatever means necessary.

Many anarchists from around the world will converge on Chicago May 1-4 to commemorate the Haymarket centennial. We are gathering not simply to honor 100 years of struggle, but to reassert the strength of the anarchist movement and its ideas. We invite you to join us in Chicago; to swap stories, exchange ideas, to disrupt the liberal whitewash, and enjoy ourselves.

The Haymarket '86 Anarchist Gathering will consist of events such as:

DEMONSTRATIONS: May 1 we will participate in the Chicago May Day march. On May 2 will be an Anarchist organized anti-capitalist demo in Downtown Chicago. On May 4 we will be at Haymarket Square, where liberals will attempt to dedicate a bogus "labor park".

WORKSHOPS: What is Anarchism?, National Liberation Movements, Anarchist Feminism, Alternative Communities, Workers' Self-Management, the Environmental Movement. These and other major workshops will be on May 3, with other smaller workshops May 1 & 2, during the day and occurring simultaneously. During all workshop periods, "free" space will be available at Anarchist Central for spontaneous discussions. Scheduled workshops will be structured around presentations prepared in advance.

CONCERT: A benefit concert on the night of May 2. Anarchist and sympathetic bands will perform.

FILM FESTIVAL: Anarchist films and videos will be shown during the course of the gathering.

ART EXHIBITS: Exhibits of Anarchist and workers' art are being arranged. If you want artwork included in an exhibit, please contact us immediately.

BANQUET: On May 3, with presentations by anarchist groups from around the world. A phone hook-up with the Australian Centennial celebration is possible.

At Anarchist Central, anarchist literature will be available. There will be opportunity to talk, to party and to exchange ideas with fellow anarchists. An information board for announcements will also be there.

The Haymarket '86 Anarchist Gathering has been endorsed by many anarchist groups. With endorsements arriving every week, our list includes: Impossible Books, Circle A, Resurgence, Anti-Authoritarian News Network, Libertarian Book Club, Wooden Shoe Books, Freedom Ring, Lysander Spooner Collective, Harrisburg Anarchists, San Francisco SRAP, Charlatan Stew, Mutual Aid, AA Project, Mid-Hudson Associates, A Distribution, APE Publications, Bayou La Rose, Peaceful Co-existence, Backroom Anarchist Humanity Whirlpool, Daily Impulse, Australian Anarchist Center, Alliance Ourviere Anarchiste, Australian Anarchist Centenary Committee and Libertarian Workers for a Self-managed Society.

- Reprinted without permission of "True Haymarket Organizers"

Fred Hejer
Impossible books
Box 102
1200 S Fullerton
Chicago, Ill 60614

Conrade:

we are deeply disturbed that the periodical POPULAR REALITY issue number 10, December 1985-January 1986 is practicing deceit, treachery and acting most assuredly as an agent provocateur has used our name and others supporting the IMPOSSIBLE BOOKS to create the illusion that they are leading this effort for Haymarket '86. You will note their cover once again calls for violence with its call to bring bombs, while we have never subscribed to this rag a sister group in the area called our attention to this issue upon seeing our name inside its cover.

We request that the true Haymarket '86 organizers in IMPOSSIBLE BOOKS move quickly to denounce and expose this dangerous fraud and call international attention to the fact that these people who continually laud the Maoist sectarians of the RCP have instantly sent out calls to an action which is an open invitation to the police to suppress the '86 anarchist effort and possibly bring police violence upon us.

No longer can anarchists keep quiet about this vicious hoax but must speak out clearly and yes, even be prepared to act in physical self-defense against this fascist gang in leninist robes.

A. Jay

HAY MARKET

ROCK THE STREETS OF CHICAGO

86

APR 28 - MAY 4

CHICAGO

SEND UNDERGROUND

Box 4000, Cal. St. 90001 Box 1200, E-way, Ill. 60601
Box 2002, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 Box 12000, Oshkosh, WI 53061

Endorsers of Anarchist Haymarket Centennial Activities-

Circle A, P.O. Box 57114, Atlanta, GA. 30343-1114.

Peaceful Co-existence Collective, 48 Louise St., Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K1R 8Y8

Daily Impulse, Box 90312, San Diego, CA. 92109.

Freedom Ring, 1 Carousel Ct., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M8B 3L9.

Bayou La Rose, P.O. Box 8130, Kansas City, KS. 66106.

Brix & Bottles, c/o 1369 Haight St., San Francisco, CA. 94117.

Mutual Aid Alternatives, 221 Central Ave., Albany, NY. 12208.

Libertarian Book Club, Box 842, New York, NY. 10018.

SRAP, Box 1751, San Francisco, CA. 94101.

AA Project, 46 Tremlett St., Dorchester, MA. 02124.

Lysander Spooner Society, P.O. Box 433, Willimantic, CT. 06226.

RN Publications, Box 6328 Sta. A, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5W 1P7.

Bob McGlynn, 528 Fifth St. Brooklyn, NY. 11215.

HAYMARKET 86 buttons & fliers available
Buttons \$1. 10 or more .70 each. 50 or more .50 each.
Send donations to cover shipping costs of fliers.

- send to PopReal

Jan. 22, 1986

BWARE OF STALINOIDS POSING AS ANTI-AUTHORITARIANS
a wise individual

Dear *crowbar etc.*

The time to ignore the Shimo nuisance has passed. Anarchists can no longer allow obvious supporters of state terror to pass themselves off as anti-authoritarian. There are certain minimal standards for anarchism or anti-authoritarianism. Surely the rejection of the coercion and brutality of dictators such as Mao and Stalin is basic to the destruction of state power. Since such are the RCP great believers in both Stalin and Mao are obviously enemies of freedom and opposed to all anarchists. Here is our problem, several Shimo people love the RCP.

Please note chairman Jim's letter to the revolutionary worker of Oct. 28. Quite glowing praise of chairman Bob's gang. Even ends with several of the rcp's slogans, "Revolution in the 80's go for it" and "No more elections". Why would people need elections when chairman Bob Avakian through democratic centralism can impose peace, freedom and socialism upon the ignorant masses. Please also note the quote from Jim in Pop Reality about his "pretty actively working with groups in the M. L. movement."

You will also note the San Francisco Resolution introduced at the Nov. Anarchist Haymarket planning conference which accuses Shimo of being rcp collaborators. At this Nov. conference, Shilley was offered the chance to take back any or all of what his letter said about rcp. He refused to take back one word. When he and his associate Peter Omarzu were asked if they were anarchists they both answered no.

In the great tradition of rcp everywhere, two non-anarchists show up at an anarchist planning conference. Haseated by their obvious leninist tendencies, nearly 40 anarchists from around north america with only one contrary vote, refused to allow Pete or chairman Jim to participate in planning the anarchist Haymarket activities.

The rev. Dave Crowbar editor of Pop Reality in a letter we received lately referring to Note From A New Underground write, "It's affiliated with the RCP. Petercently told me that he's working considerably with them." Crowbar also admits, he and Shilley were also members of rcp a few years ago. We are hoping that rev. Dave's confession aforementioned appears in the next Pop Reality as he has suggested.

We suggest your reading the letters from Mid-Hudson Ansts. and Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous concerning the marxist-leninist tendencies in Shimo. As if all this wasn't bad enough, the latest issue of Pop Reality implies Shimo participation with the Anarchist Haymarket activities, a total distortion of the truth. Shimo has had nothing to do with the organization and planning of these events. Omarzu attended perhaps two meetings here but when he saw we were against stalinst participation and not into days of rage, II as they are, we didn't see him again until Nov. 29.

Please note the Notes From underground fall 1985 which calls for cultural terrorism. It calls for frontal assaults, confrontation and a lot of busted heads. No way are we planning for the absurd self-sacrifice that Pete and Jim are calling for. It is our belief that the other 15 groups and individuals listed in the Pop Reality, no. 10 be as pissed as we and Mid-Hudson are. We are calling for a gathering of anarchists to discuss and socialize. Certainly even to demonstrate and even confront the liberals at Haymarket square. But we are not calling for the spectacular media event that these leninist worms are calling for. Also note the Pop Reality #9 which refers to a wide range of groups coming here for these purposes. Perhaps we are wrong but we know of just one, Shimo with dozen people or so across the country. Quite a vanguardist undertaking, for a handful of fools to call upon thousands to give their blood here in Chicago.

DON'T BE MISLED!

You will also note the Shimo Radical Resources list which includes a rather impressive listing of rep outlets and several other leninist organizations. The "12 Ways To Make A Valid Contribution To Society" is stupid beyond belief.

We are very much encouraging the unfortunate 15 that were listed in the most recent Pop Reality to write letters of stern protest against the implication that they support Shimo's Days of Rage Call. Also denouncing the implication that Shimo is involved with anarchist Haymarket activities.

We are also asking the anarchist press to give these matters some consideration. In particular, Shimo's call for cultural terrorism should be ignored. We find it rather upsetting that Shiley's individual call for May is getting nearly as much play as the effort we are working on which includes over 20 groups and was planned by the Nov. conference of over 40 people from 10 different cities. Only through extensive coverage in the anarchist press, can Haymarket '86 be a success.

Finally, there are rumors that non-maooids exist in this Shimo. It would seem to us that you folks are keeping Jim company Fete and Jim. Sleeping in the same political bed with such such scum appears very politically incorrect. Perhaps the good people in Shimo should throw the staltnoids out or leave that organization to leninists.

We are also very much encouraging SRAF and AAA to exclude Shimo as it appears beyond any doubt that it is opposed to any idea of freedom. Perhaps other people writing letters to SRAF or AAA might assist in expelling the authoritarians hiding in our ranks.

Some Chicago Anarchists

BOX 102
1200 W. FULLERTON
CHICAGO, IL 60614

1-29-86 letter to Fred Majer & Impossible Books:

Thank for the Shimo info packet. I kinda wish you hadn't waited 5 weeks to communicate inasmuch as now PopReal #11 is out and I've listed you & the Mid-Hudson Associates again as Haymarket Endorsers. This could've been avoided by being more communicative - PopReal has come out on a regular schedule for 2 years- the next one gets laid out in mid-March. Now all I can do is apologize for the way I've handled my Haymarket pages. It wasn't my intention to be deceitful. Indeed, I thought Shimo WAS involved in your Haymarket plans before I put out issue #10. I've gotten precious little Haymarket news and most of it has been from Jim & Pete. I've obviously been out of touch as to how deeply the infighting goes in this matter, even now. As you're well aware, I've heard nothing about it from you 'til now. The Mid-Hudson Associates have still made no communications to me one way or the other about their strong feelings, which seems a likely road to follow unless they'd rather just snipe.

To follow up on the Mid-Hudson folks' letter, (especially since it only addresses PopReal & says nothing of Shimo), I find the contention that PopReal is an "agent provocateur" (sic) quite laughable, so I'll just sit back here for a sec and chuckle and start another beer. PopReal never once did "continuously (sic) laud the Maooid sectarians of the RCP". I've run a couple of critical pieces on them, tho. PopReal never tried to "create the illusion that they are leading this effort (sic)", although PopReal & Notes For A New Underground have done more to publicize these events than most of the anarchist endorsers combined. PopReal has always tried to throw this supposed leadership away to the local activists gearing up for the big road trip to Chicago. PopReal has always listed other people to contact. But this statement and a later one by the Mid-Hudson Associates about "the TRUE Haymarket 86 organizers" reveals something of their real motives- they want to make sure the right people are recognized as the leaders and owners of the Haymarket 86 events. All I can say to their stated need for leadership and possession herein is "fuck you". This is something none of the Shimo literature has attempted to do. Petty, jealous assholes. -And humorless, too- they think the BYOB, (Bring Your Own Bomb), was a call for violence. I've been under constant federal surveillance since 1970, and if I thought the FBI took that line seriously I wouldn't have touched it. Pardon me & sour grapes for being more provocative than you. Politicians can never take a joke. It's interesting to note that 4 of your comradish co-endorsers of Haymarket 86 have used bomb motifs in their publications but you don't complain about them. Donteha read their papers? You might be appalled if you did. In spite of your aversion to violence it's nice to see that you're ready to "act in physical self-defense against" folk from Popular Reality. I'm glad that you made the distinction that it is self-defense, as none of us are remotely likely to attack you. Somehow tho, that doesn't put my mind at ease. It sounds like you're ready to track me down and beat me up. Petty asshole. "Fascist" yourself. Nyah. Illiterate name-caller.

The other letter reprinted, from Dan Todd of the Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous, is dated. I met with him in Oregon in mid-December and stayed a week at John's house & from what I've heard, patched things up between us & they're continuing as PopReal co-conspirators. His more recent correspondence is reprinted in PopReal #11, which I'll send out to Haymarket endorsers along with copies of this letter. That also has my article criticizing the RCP and discontinuing PopReal as a Shimo organ. I might add that a number of your Haymarket endorsers are personal friends of mine & continue to contribute to PopReal enthusiastically.

Because my aforementioned article in PopReal #11 covers many of the points in your Chicago letter dated 1-22-86, I'll just hit on a few. Jim and I were never members of the RCP and my article did not state that. In 79 & 80 we dallied with them for a few months and were seriously disappointed with the effort. Jim has never called for a Days Of Rage at Haymarket 86, although he has called for a carnival, costumes, and to be shocking. I made up the term 'cultural terrorists'. What in the hell do you think it means? We've always defined it as shocking, mind-warping street theatre, graffiti, poetry, art & the like. -Must be another case of politicians not being able to take a joke if that offends you. I see that you're calling for "anarchists to discuss & socialize...even demonstrate & even confront the liberals!" Sounds radical as a tea-party to me. -In the spirit of the Haymarket Martyrs, eh? I hope I don't get too bored. The "stupid" "12 Ways To Make A Valid Contribution To Society" was reprinted in PopReal from another of your co-endorsers' papers and has since become one of our most widely reprinted pieces in anarchist zines. You must not read them. They'd shock you.

Well, I hope you're not real pissed at my teasing. It's only meant to piss you off a little, unless you're beyond redemption- then I'll duck quick. Now about Shimo having had nothing to do with the organization of the Haymarket events. I'll admit ignorance here, but I thought otherwise. I heard that a small handful of people originally got together & decided which anarchist groups were politically correct enough to invite to future planning meetings. Correct me if I'm wrong. For Pete to have made even the 2 meetings you claim is a lot more than most of the co-endorsers, right? What I've heard from various sources is that before the Nov. 29 conference things were handled in a very sectarian manner designed to keep the number of Mayday participants small & easily led. I'm not complaining about Shimo being kicked out, but it seems hypocritical. Shimos have had 16 years of organizing behind them and to call them sectarian or opposed to any idea of freedom is ludicrous, inasmuch as they've only organized mass free-for-alls. I'd judge from knowing Jim & reading your letter encouraging us to be politically correct that you're the one more interested in maintaining leadership & control over Haymarket. If I wanted that I

coulda stayed in the fundamentalist church, for the ineffectual liberal peace movement, for the anarchist milieu, which, as I stated in my article in PopReal #11, I haven't considered myself a part of for years). Whoever told you that Shimo has a dozen or so people across the country was either pretty high or else pulling your leg. Let's just say it easily dwarfs your "over 20 groups", especially when you consider that over half of your "groups" only have 2 members- on a GOOD day. This is why Shimo publicity has gotten wider play than yours. My guess is that so far some 40,000 people have heard about Haymarket thru PopReal or Notes For A New Underground. We're not trying to upstage you- we just wish everybody would get off their dead asses & do something.
David Crowbar
PopReal



Open letter to all those interested/concerned with Haymarket 86.

The letter of the Mid-Hudson Associates dated 9 Jan to Fred Majer at Impossible Books was humorless and incorrect. Where are the "deceit, treachery" and "agent provocateur (sic)" actions? How did Popular Reality "create the illusion that they are leading...Haymarket 86"? (I will let Crowbar respond to this in his own letter of 29 Jan.) Why didn't they send a copy to PopReal?

The letter from Some Chicago Anarchists (22Jan) is misleading; see paragraph three.

As the writer of the "San Francisco Resolution" I feel a responsibility to make as explicit as possible my intention in writing it. At the time of writing, I was not aware that Shimo was as nebulous and amorphous as it apparently is. I should have guessed from the severe polarity between the content/tones of PopReal and Notes for a New Underground. Even so, I do refer specifically to Notes... and not to PopReal. It was perhaps the enthusiasm of writing the proposal that blinded me to the reality of PopReal being an eclectic bundle of humor (some tongue in cheek, some tongue out of mouth), a completely separate entity from Notes... (see Crowbar's explanation in PopReal #11). So that's that. Notes... celebrates the RCP. PopReal doesn't; indeed partly as a result of all this, PopReal is no longer described as "A Vital Organ of the Shimo Underground."

As for the Days of Rage II, this is also referred to by Shiley in PopReal #11. In order to clear up any confusion, I am blueberry; I wrote an unfavorable "review" of the Fall 85 issue of Notes..., in which I criticized Shimo's call for mass street actions reminiscent of Weatherman's Days of Rage. Even with my renowned sense of humor, I didn't find anything funny about that scenario. All I could think of was NEAU day here in SF (celebrated in Notes...) in which RCP twits ran around irritating the cops until the SFPD decided to bust people. Pointless, stupid, worthless. It did nothing to end business as usual, or "WWIII". As the writer of "A Call to Hang Up On" I knew the day wouldn't have the effects its organizers claimed it would.

My own horn is hereby tooted; I told ya so!

Why am I writing this? I'm unimpressed by the harsh words being exchanged. Who the fuck cares who "the true Haymarket 86 organizers" are? Are there to be copyrights on ideas? wasn't the idea to have activities available in a way in which anyone could come and would be welcome to participate? My proposal only excluded anti-anarchists "from participating in the planning, coordinating, and exercising of anarchist activities". So let everyone come and let the actions speak for the individuals engaged in them. Enough of these squabbles. If anarchists in and around the Chicago organizing are worried about being harassed because of Shimo's actions, then the semi-monthly mailings should be sent to the appropriate authorities in order to discontinue any possibility of confusion about the connections (the lack of them) between Shimo and Haymarket 86 anarchists. I cannot apologize for the tone of this--I had no idea how possessive some people involved in the planning of anarchist activities could be. I mean let's have anarchists organize the anarchist events (I do not disown my proposal) and welcome all to have fun at them. Hopefully by the very nature of the events, people will be able to discern who organized them.

for the disoosession of all
James Hueberry
Kystopia
POBox 410151
San Francisco CA 94141

letter regarding the Shimo Underground/POP/Haymarket Centennial controversy

As far as I recall, I first encountered the Shimo Underground via issue #5 of PopReal. I inquired as to what it was in a letter to "Crowbar" (PR's...)

I hate correct line politics - they impede the flow of pleasure & the ability to appreciate things freshly & clearly without the stereotyping blinders of dogma...

so now I come to the various claims that the Shimo Underground is an RCP front... Jim Shiley is the RCP front...

then there's the Haymarket Centennial that all this brouhaha stems from... Chicago anarchists notified me of their plans to hold a conference in Chicago...

I'll never support the homogeneous masses, but I will throw the chips on my shoulder in with the creative, pleasure-seeking hedonists of the free-flowing...

your comrade in imperfect letter writing, TENTATIVELY, a CONVENIENCE - box 392, cr(ater) Baltimore, MD, 21203, usC

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Dear Crowbar
Enjoyed the new POP REAL as always. Most interesting part this time, to me, was the I GO SHIMO page. I was glad to see you ~~back~~ throwing your support...

Hope This Finds You Well
Eel Leonard
Newark, NJ



MESSAGE
Dear Crowbar,
I really enjoyed your latest issue. You've convinced me you are such the regenerate for the RCP...

Dear Underlord
Like many PopReal co-conspirators & affiliates I received a package from Chicago a few days ago warning me against the terrors of association with Shimo...

MAY THE REVELRY NEVER END

Handwritten signature or initials.

Dear David,

In your ("I Go ShiMo") letters page last issue, you distanced yourself somewhat from ShiMo chairman Jim Shiley's speeches, while also rejecting "the notion that ShiMo needs a more defined political focus." This latter refusal of focus is apparently why this distancing comes across as ambivalent and confusing.

In fact, your disavowal is lost in a mix-mastered pastiche of other letters, including letters very critical of your connection with RCP-oriented Shiley—and even very friendly one from him that gives the impression of no distancing at all between you and him. And on other pages, apropos the May events planned for Chicago, you list Shiley's and your addresses together, again indicating a continuing association.

After all the hassle over this point, such equivocation — conscious or otherwise — really is too much. The whole question is so elementary to us; being soft re RCP is not basically different from being soft re KKK. Even very retarded leftist-anarchists pride themselves on their being distinct from such Maoist-red-fascist zombies!

For this reason we must ask you to remove AAA from your masthead List of Co-conspirators, for the sake of a minimum coherence and the avoidance of confusions of the most simple variety. We hope that Popular Reality will go forward, having no wish to trash you out of any spiteful or petty feelings.

With regrets,

[Signature]
Dan Todd
John Zerzan
Dan Todd

Crowbar:

I was more than disgusted to find that you would list my name in your shit-sheet, Pop Reality #10, January 1986, with the implication that I somehow endorsed your juvenile prattling and your Mickey-Mouse call to violence.

Please be informed that I have never had any connection with your program, your policies, your publications or any other of your activities. I have nothing but contempt for anyone who would list the names of people you don't know, without even consulting them, to deliberately mislead your unsuspecting readers into supposing that those so named somehow approved of your pathetic distortions..

Remove my name from all of your listings, never use it in any of your publications, nor in any publication of that juvenile, TV-inspired gang that calls itself the ShiMo Underground.

Sincerely,

Lynn Olson
-Lynn's never seen in PopReal. Lynn's just doing what the @ leaders in Chicago instruct.
-Crowbar

Dear Popular Reality,

So glad I've finally found out where all the real revolutionaries are. I never imagined that subversion could be so easy. Seems like all one has to do is bitch and moan, and then criticize anyone who is actually trying to do something. And it's really okay after all to judge people by their clothes. We all need to dress funky, talk tough, and criticize those who don't conform to our standards. That way we can escape our class background, while the real lower class is falling over one another to chase after the carrots we've rejected. We don't have to agonize over creating new ideas or constructive solutions to the world's problems. We simply wallow in our own witticisms and cultivate our bad attitudes.

No, on second thought I think I'll just keep plodding along in my just-another-shade-of-wimpy-white-middle-class-liberal-anarchist way. I will probably see all you folks though. We can sit around in the labor camps and make fun of each other instead of the guards, and if anyone is plotting an escape, we can try to convince them that it's too much like work and not worth the trouble.

Not waiting for someone to hand me utopia on a silver platter,
Ed Slyboots
Lawrence, KS.

Dear Reverend-

Don't drop your affiliation with ShiMo just cos the guy in K-zoo wants to flirt with RCPers. That's what's cool about ShiMo, no party line, no constitution. It's an autonomous organization. What could be more threatening to the powers that be? Probably no straight line marxist would want to join in the first place, and certainly no one who wasn't a revolutionary or a revolutionary poser, so that leaves ShiMo probably 90% anarchist, but without an elitist @ attitude.

A.
Raleigh, NC.

Crowbar,

Sorry for not writing sooner, but I think your response says it all.

The Pigtown response to the so-called "Chicago Anarchists" was (& is) FUCK OFF! We haven't heard back.

Lots of Haymarket interest here. I'll write soon with more.
Chuck
Gainesville, FL.

Dear editor Crowbar-

We've been following with much fascination this running controversy between the "APPROVED" Haymarket anarchists and the "IMPROVED" Watsonian anarchists. Seems like you've got everybody gnitting their teeth... Keep up the good work.

Most Sincerely,
Duke D'Realo
Ann Arbor, MI.

Dear Popular Reality:

Greetings from Vancouver! Your zine is fantastic. Can't live without it. Pleez send me a subscription.

Van's a pretty cool city. Good activist scene, if you brush away the old-ladies-for-peace organizations; the so-called 'demos' where these frumpy dudes make hour-long speeches & then you walk around for a couple hours carrying signs. Some action. We attract these things here like shit attracts flies.

Hey, all you readers of PopReal, this is the UN's year of peace! Supposedly, eh. I know we're still gonna get cruise missile tests, we're still gonna get America's NATO & NORAD & all those screwy defense contracts & agreements AD NAUSEUM. So let's go ahead and do OUR thing. Up with peace & social justice! Fellow terrorists, let's fuck this society up it's ass!

Glad you dudes exist. Sometimes we get so anti-American we forget there's cool people like you in Ray-gun's country in the right (oh yeah) things. Thanx.

Enclosed also find a couple of poems. I'm a writer. Hope you can use them. I'm also in high school, suffering through exams, & live with two fascist parents who really believe Reagan is wonderful, poor people deserve it & commies are totally evil. You can see what great fun I have. I get harshly grounded after every demo I go to, or if I get in trouble with the 'authorities'. So here I am in my room, supposedly 'studying', but actually writing you this letter. Pleez print my address in your paper so someone progressive out there will drop me a line!! I answer all letters!!!!!!!

Oh yeah, & any ideas for livening up this city that WON'T make me get in trouble? Popular Reality, you're GOD.

In love, peace & all good things,
Evelyn Lau
Age 14; another 'hip kid'
2642 Cambridge St.
Vancouver, BC
Canada V5K 1L5

Dear PopReal/Crowbar.

Enclosed is \$4 for a 12 issue subscription. Been freeloaded long enough. By the way, I was dumb enough to buy the last issue at Community News on Liberty St. in A2, and the clerk was indifferent enough to sell it to me. The next time I went in the paper had been moved to the free shelf. So they may owe you some money if they sold many.

As a long time member of the I.U.W., the Union Feral Renter was ferally ranting about, I have to register a mild protest. Our "chief bureaucrat" is our only paid bureaucrat, not getting rich at \$5 per hour; and, as the title implies is a secretary and treasurer, deriving very little power from the position. Our "fossilized Union" that has ceased to have significance even in its function as "Union" isn't very big, but it isn't quite dead. We have several shops in the Ann Arbor - Detroit area as well as several others scattered around the country. Not many of the workers who have benefitted from I.U.W. efforts to improve their wages, working conditions, and perhaps most importantly the amount of control they have over their own lives in the work place would be likely to agree that it has ceased to have significance.

Feral says we don't need work "except when survival makes it absolutely necessary". That's the situation in which most of us find ourselves. I can't think of too many wobblers who hold a job for self kicks. While work remains necessary, a Union that promotes self management certainly helps to make it less repulsive - the most to require a few, very few, bureaucrats to keep it running - the most powerless bunch of bureaucrats I've ever encountered, both by choice and by the extremely democratic structure of the Union.

It isn't the perfect organization, just better than any other Union I've encountered and certainly better than having no Union in a work situation. And while I wouldn't call them "saints" as Feral does, the men and women who have made significant sacrifices, including their lives in some cases, so that I wouldn't have to work as long or as hard as they did, or take as much crap from bosses, and so that I would get a larger share of the result of my labor - those people definitely have my deep respect, admiration, and appreciation. I don't see any contradiction between those feelings and rejecting authority.

So hang in there Feral. I hope you never find work necessary for survival, but if you do, I hope you have an organization like the I.U.W. with you to help you reduce the amount of shit most of us workers have to eat.

Solidarity,

Feral Chen

David:

I always wondered if those letters you print in Popular Reality were real or not, but I guess now I know they're fake. Because I'd never write a letter like this.

First, I'd like to point out to you & your readers that twice graphics of my own creation have appeared in PopReal altered and mis-credited. The first was the Mondale-holding-the-Dobbsster in #10, I think. I made that poster and sent it to Yael Degwyia, who altered it and reprinted it without asking for direct credit. The second was the Does Your Mind Sometimes Work At A Terrifying Pace? poster, which again I had mailed to Yael, who had altered it & reprinted it without permission or direct credit. Both times she did this, you reprinted them again in PopReal. So the end result was this: posters of my creation were mis-credited, poorly printed (at least 3 copy generations & a reduction), and damaged. Blame for most of this goes to Yael. I tell you so you & your readers will know, and so I won't feel so frustrated & foolish that this happened. Anyone wanting to see what these posters are SUPPOSED to look like, write me. My address may not be listed below but should be available with minimal searching. Yael has it.

I must say that I was surprised that you were unsure where you got the I GO SHIMO collage you printed last issue. I mentioned it in an accompanying letter & I sent it. I can't autograph everything I do; sometimes that throws the end result out of whack.

A few issues back you printed a copy of The Falwell Game. For new readers, TFG consists of calling Falwell's toll-free phone number, waiting for an answer, and then hanging up. And the more you do it, and the more of your friends you can get playing, the better your score. Well, to update that game, I'd add this: 1) There was a man in Atlanta who programmed his computer to play the game twice a minute, all day long. This went on for 8 months. But then the phone company tracked him down & threatened to take away his phone if he continued & Falwell threatened to sue. So, all you players, don't call in a structured way. Call at random times & hang up right after they say something. Also, call from different locations. Try and get your friends to play. The game will continue long after you get bored with it. 2) Falwell has a new phone number. Watch his show to get it & a few laughs. While you're waiting for his show, you might like to start playing The Swagard Game or The Roberts Game. 3) Related for informational purposes only.

I was most shocked to hear people talk about how "the ShiMos are banned from the Haymarket meeting" and "the ShiMos are a front for the RCP" and "the ShiMos are in league with so-and-so" and so on. What dopes.

WHOA, I've been looking for that article on spinning ALL MY LIFE. I'd like more details on where that's from.

Shimistically,
AEO
Knoxville, TN.

Some Poetic-Terrorist Ideas
Still Seditiously Languishing In
The Realm Of "Conceptual Art":

Chicago May Day 86: organize "religious" procession for Haymarket "Martyrs"- huge banners with sentimental portraits, wreathed in flowers & streaming with tinsel & ribbon, borne by penitent in black KKKatholic-style hooded gowns- outrageous campy TV acolytes with incense & holy water sprinkle the crowd- anarchists with ash-smeared faces beat themselves with little flails & whips- a "pope" in black robes blesses tiny symbolic coffins reverently carried to Cemetery by weeping punks. Such a spectacle ought to offend NEARLY EVERYONE.

More wierdness than I can handle, huh?

Listen here, pink boy, why don't you just shut the fuck up and get this blasphemous piece of rag out of my sight, or better yet, take yourself and all your mediocretin buddies with your "Popular Reality" and catch the next space shuttle, 'cause that's the only way you MIGHT get off this planet. You think "Bob" is some kind of a JOKE!!

YOU COULDN'T BE MORE WRONG. This world really is run by a conspiracy of evil space monsters who toy daily with the tools of their elder father's after-birth, the human race. (I hear you laughing). This isn't funny. What the hell are you doing in school, BUILDING A CAREER? Now that's funny. You seriously think you're going to have a shot at the American Dream, family, a 9-5, \$50,000 TRAP? WAKE UP! This world is on the brink of disaster. We're all goners. Our only hope is to quit our jobs, drop out, develop our abnormalities to the fullest extent humanly possible, and THEN ONE STEP BEYOND THAT into those who will be at the Sacred Altar to receive the Xists when the FATED DAY ARRIVES.

THE SUBGENIUS RACE. Repent now, Glorp, and cast out these demons which have led you down the path of FALSE SLACK. Yes, repent now, and give up this all too conventional "Popular Reality" and join Ann Arbor's ONLY TRUE DOBBSHIRAM, (if "Bob" lets you find it), THE 13th ORDER OF WOTAN'S EXTORTIONISTS and EXCORCISTS FOR DOBBS. For you, TEENAGE ZOMBIEYES, only \$5.

The Most Reverend
Dali Baba

I ain't been a student or a teenager for almost 20 years, but it's always good to get loving advice from tired young Dobbies that can't do any better than to write a whole letter of nothing but catch-phrases from The Book Of The SubGenius. -Crowbar

AM I PURGED YET? Night Of The Living Purge.
Vote for your choice of ShiMo purgee:

- Progressive ShiMo Party
- ShiMo Youth Brigade
- John Brown Anti-ShiMo Committee
- WeatherShiMo Faction
- ShiMo Moslems
- ShiMo Communist League 4th International (ShiMo Trots)
- All ShiMo Peoples Party
- Anarcho-ShiMoists

Panel: Rock 'n' Roll Is Here To Stay, Guidance Needed

by Nathan Schachner
Staff Writer

Rock 'n' roll music aimed at teenagers and objectionable to adults is never going to go away and thus parents should be more careful to guide their children toward better music.

A panel of psychologists and musicians tentatively agreed on that tenet during a forum on rock music Tuesday night at Austin City College.

The public hearing, titled "How to Tell Your Kids About Rock 'n' Roll," was sponsored by Planned Neighborhoods of Austin and moderated by KSLT (850) talk show host Amelia Long.

As moderator, Long repeatedly was forced to redirect the discussion away from the ongoing controversy of restricting and rating heavy-metal records and concerts.

Early in the evening, she interrupted a man who began a vigorous description of the graphic sexual posturing at a recent heavy-metal concert.

"I had asked for questions, but that man gave a statment," she said. "Is there anyone out there with questions?"

The four-man panel that answered audience questions consisted of Dr. Thomas M. Calvert, UT Health Science Center associate psychiatry professor; Dr. Earl Bergey, UT music professor; Pouton Cross, local owner of Good Daddies's Club, where rock concerts are frequently staged; and Dr. Al Ackerman, self-styled "R & B and rock expert," who advocates admitting children under the age of 10 to all rock events without charge.

During the forum, Cross announced the name of his organization - formed to counter the anti-rock movement in south and central Texas - has been changed to Citizens for Rock Liberation, Inc.

Missing from the panel were the two local groups most active in calling for restrictions or rating on rock music - Mothers Against Subliminal Seduction and Christians To Action.

The majority of the panelists urged moderation when dealing with children and rock music.

"Although it may seem hopeless, parents should not give up on the task of guiding their children on their choice of music," Calvert said.

And, Bergey warned that if parents attempt to take complete control over their children's listening choices, "outright violence and rebellion can occur."

Bergey went on to cite a recent

its official, you may the one and only crowbar, david left in the states can you believe the nerve of this guy using your moniker like that, well guess he got his just deserts

David "Crowbar" Halkbost, 31, Route 1, Florence, died Tuesday at Elma O'Neil Memorial Hospital, Florence. He was a native and lifelong resident of Lauderdale County, a farmer and a member of Parkers Chapel Baptist Church.

case in which a 13-year-old boy fatally stabbed his mother and father after they apparently refused to allow him to attend a rock concert featuring the heavy-metal band, Twisted Sister.

Ackerman showed the audience of about 40 parents and ACC students albums from heavymetal and "progressive" rock bands he considered to have positive messages, including the Midnighters, Bo Diddley, the Grateful Dead, the Jackyls, and Throbbing Gristle. He antagonized a large section of the audience by repeatedly referring to his anti-rock opponents as "clucks."

Cross, who is both a musician and produces records, urged parents not to "expect the record companies and concert managers to serve as baby-sitters."

"You shouldn't wait until these kids are teenagers to begin teaching them respect," he said. "You should start as soon as they can understand what a belt is."

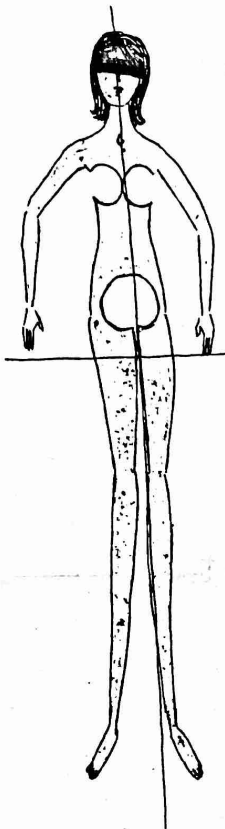
The debate was not without its moments of confusion.

Ackerman, who had been a vocal spokesman throughout the evening for what he calls "a return to basic R & B (Rhythm & Blues) values," at one point darted about the stage holding a life-size cardboard cutout of Little Richard and invited the audience to "get down" and "do the dog."

Among the tapes that Ackerman played as examples of what he termed "the best in instilling the right values" were "Stranded In The Jungle" and "Work With Me, Annie."

"I grew up on this stuff and, as you can see for yourselves, it hasn't hurt me," Ackerman shouted.

Ann Mewwood, director of development of the Austin City College, said the viewpoints expressed by panel members did not necessarily reflect those of either the college or KSLT.



Nothing to stop the Eches...

Wendy



Free-Wheeling Uncontrollables:

- Irreverend Crowbar- PopReal, P.O. Box 3402, Ann Arbor, MI. 48106.
- Bro. Wretched- the Righteous Dervish, 1816 Seminole St. K-zoo, MI. 49007.
- Celeste Oatmeal- Poetry Editrix, P.O. Box 3402, Ann Arbor, MI. 48106.
- Duke D'Realo- Neither/Nor Press, P.O. Box 8043, Ann Arbor, MI. 48107.
- Dr. Al 'Blaster' Ackerman- Ling Master, San Antonio, TX.
- Bob Black, P.O. Box 431, Boston, MA. 02258.
- Jake Berry- Abscond, P.O. Box 2803, Florence, AL. 35630.
- Tentatively A Convenience, P.O. Box 382, Baltimore, MD. 21203.
- Chairman Jim Shiley- Notes For A New Underground, P.O. Box 1593, K-zoo, MI. 49005.
- ShiMo- Haymarket Organizing Committee, P.O. Box 4900, Chicago, IL. 60680.
- Yael Ruth Dragwyla, P.O. Box 1548, Goleta, CA. 93116.
- Wendy Johnson- Mother of the Lost Boyz, 27575 Crestview, Barstow, CA. 92311.
- Bob McGlynn- Wino Nation, 528 Fifth St. Brooklyn, NY. 11215.
- Pigtown Pugnacious, P.O. Box 13068, Gainesville, FL. 32604.

Hop to it.

2 1/4" BUTTONS FROM THE SHIMO UNDERGROUND-
\$1 each:

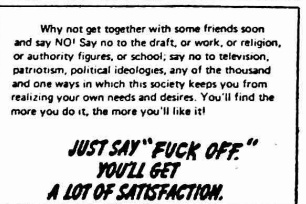
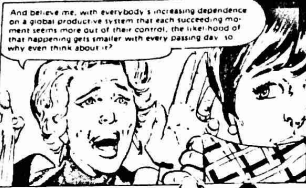
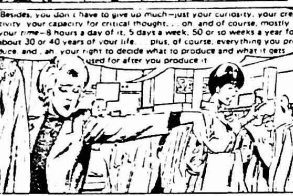
- PARTY WITH GOD
- LOST BOYZ
- POPULAR REALITY
- DEFY GRAVITY
- SHIMO UNDERGROUND
- LUMPEN & PROUD
- NO SHAME !
- AVANT-PROLE
- CULTURAL TERRORIST
- SUPERIOR MUTANT

Make any checks payable to Popular Reality,
P.O. Box 3402, Ann Arbor, MI. 48106.



No Shame!

... AS WE JOIN MIDGE AND CINDY, CINDY HAS RELUCTANTLY AGREED TO CONSIDER JOINING THE WORKFORCE; READ ON ...



Anti-Authoritarians Angry m.c.s



Manchester went on. He noted the newspaper report that in their demonstration, students lay on the floor and "began to moan in the symbolic act of dying."

HE COMMENTED: "Clearly they knew nothing of how fighting men die. I witnessed over a hundred deaths. Those with the strength to give voice rarely moaned. They shrieked. Bearing witness after that is more difficult. The death rattle is frequent. At the instant of death the cadaver, in a single spastic convulsion, empties its bowels and bladder. If you are fastidious, you may be offended by such matters, but I didn't start this. It gets worse. The dark effluvium of the slain follows — in the tropics it follows quickly. The corpse swells, then bloats, then bursts out of its uniform. The face turns from yellow to red, to purple, to green, to slimy black. I mention these details because the students who demonstrated may contemplate an encore. If they are going to do it, they ought to do it right."

WORDS OF POWER

by Bob Black

- ART? An increasingly inadequate substitute for sex.
- BLOOD BANK? Is there any other kind?
- BORNDOM? Obligatory for sophisticates.
- THE BORN-AGAIN? Twice too often.
- CIVILIZATION? The bishop's skin disease.
- CLASS WAR? The war to end all wars.
- COUNTER-CULTURE? Less of more of the same.
- COUPLES? Monogamy is monotony.
- THE CRUCIFIXION? Too little and too late.
- CYNICISM? Long since surpassed by events.
- DISCO? The best goes on.
- DISEASE? Very dangerous: a leading cause of doctors.
- ELECTIONS? Dumbocracy in action; God, I fear.
- FAITH? A threat, not a promise.
- THE FAMILY? No nukes!
- FEMINISM? Equality with men: a paltry ambition.
- FREE TIME? Work the boss doesn't pay you for.
- FULL EMPLOYMENT? Elites impersonating the oppressed.
- GAY? JEWS? Guns don't kill, politicians do.
- GOVERNMENT? A good mantra is hard to find.
- GURUS? Running on empty.
- HIPPES? Not worth killing, not worth killing for.
- THE HOSTAGES? Doddering deposits in clown suits.
- JUDGES? Crime without punishment.
- LAW? Life-support systems for mouths.
- THE LEFT? Left behind.
- LAWYERS? Paying & playing are mutually exclusive.
- LEISURE? Conservatives with guilty consciences.
- LIBERALS? All the freedom that money can buy.
- LIBERTARIANISM? Why wait?
- LIFE AFTER DEATH? The highest stage of capitalism.
- MARXISM? Like taking your work home with you.
- MASOCHISM? Have incommunicable insights they won't shut up about.
- MYSTIC? A social disease.
- NECROPHILIA? Going beyond good & evil, they stopped half-way.
- NIBBLES? A victimless crime.
- PEDAGOGICIDE? Intarudes that accentuate pain.
- PLEASURE? Terrorists with the right credentials.
- POLICE? Like a poppy; the foam rises to the top.
- POLITICS? Folk sociology.
- PREJUDICE? Is theft — and theft is proper.
- PROPERTY? Hippies with amnesia.
- PUNKS? Defoliated farm bars.
- PUNKS? Punks who attend art school.
- PUNQUES? Less aural sects, more oral sex!
- RADIO EVANGELISTS? A step in the Reich direction.
- REAGAN? Being alone together.
- RELATIONSHIPS? Defying your defects.
- RELIGION? Wrong.
- THE RIGHT? Has a great future behind it.
- ROCK MUSIC? Charnel knowledge.
- R.O.T.C.? Baja Sausalito.
- SAN FRANCISCO? How to be different like everybody else.
- THE "SCENE"? An increasingly inadequate substitute for masturbation.
- SCHOOL VIOLENCE? Class struggle as struggle in class.
- SOCIALISTS? Sheep in wolves' clothing.
- TEACHERS? Outclassed.
- THERAPY? Punishment without crime.
- TROTSKYISM? Stalinism out of power.
- UTOPIA? Nostalgia for the future.
- VEGETARIANS? You are what you eat.
- ZIONISM? Jewish Nazism.

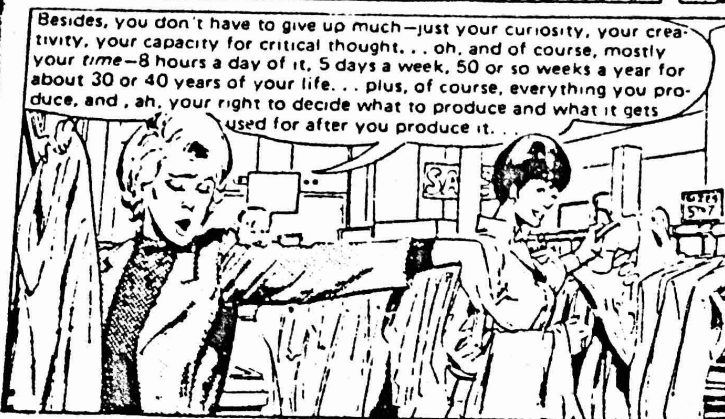
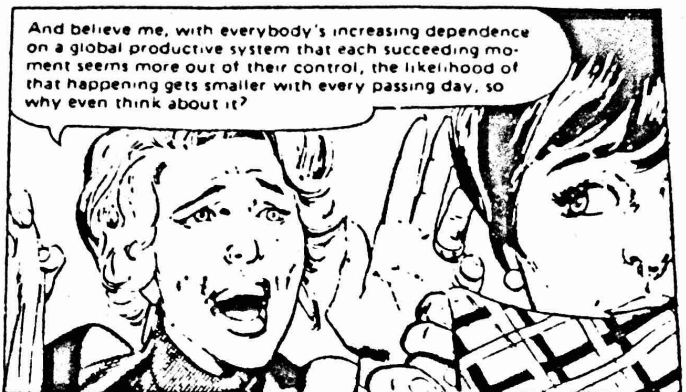
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YOU'LL GET
A LOT OF SATISFACTION.

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... AS WE JOIN MIDGE AND CINDY, CINDY HAS RELUCTANTLY AGREED TO CONSIDER JOINING THE WORKFORCE; READ ON ...



Why not get together with some friends soon and say NO! Say no to the draft, or work, or religion, or authority figures, or school; say no to television, patriotism, political ideologies, any of the thousand and one ways in which this society keeps you from realizing your own needs and desires. You'll find the more you do it, the more you'll like it!

**JUST SAY "FUCK OFF."
YOU'LL GET
A LOT OF SATISFACTION.**

Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous

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