

POPULAR REALITY

SOCIAL NIHILISTS

50¢

Number 13 June-July 1986

Public's fears distort reality



CALL YOUR UNCLE SCAM

With the success of "Play the Jerry Falwell Game" in mind (see page 2), it's time to focus on a slightly bigger target. And gosh, what could be bigger than the whole Military Industrial Complex?

So here's all there is to it... Every time you have a spare moment, pick up your phone and dial 1-800-USA-ARMY. That's the Army's new toll free hotline. I just called myself and asked if it's true that they're giving free AIDS testing at recruitment centers. The operator said, "I'm sorry sir, this is a

telemarketing service. You'll have to ask your recruiter about that." That is the answer to many questions. So then ask them to look up the location of your nearest recruiter.

If this costs anywhere near as much as it cost Falwell, it won't last long, and will perhaps divert money from other more lethal military operations.

So call 1-800-USA-ARMY today, and ask about flat feet. Or about whether they have low sodium meals available in their mess halls.

- From The Heather Science Monitor

NAZIS IN THE WHITE HOUSE

The Reagan Administration & the Fascist International

By John J. Jones

Though President Reagan's visit to the Bitburg cemetery in Germany last May 31st shocked and angered many Americans, most have felt the decision was a combination of ignorance, bad planning, diplomatic necessity and a refusal to change on the part of both German Chancellor Kohl and President Reagan. However, a full history of U.S./Nazi relations, Ronald Reagan's political career, and current White House appointments suggest it may be more than a unfortunate coincidence that led Reagan to the indisputable position of honoring the Nazi SS so openly.

The U.S./Fascist Connection

As early as February and March of 1943, U.S. Office of Special Services (OSS) agents Allen Dulles, William Casey, "Wild Bill" Donovan and others began planning for post-war cooperation with Nazi military and intelligence networks for future U.S. hegemony. Deals were cut with top Nazi SS agents Karl Wolff and Walter Schellenberg, Hitler's spy-master General Reinhard Gehlen, Hitler's spy-master General Reinhard Gehlen, Klaus Barbie and others. (Code name: Operation Samsel.) The Nazis were aligned in a Soviet forces marked the turning point in a war designed to take control of Russia and to destroy communism. It was then that Allied and Axis agents agreed that communism was the real enemy.

Hitler's ambassador to the Vatican and personal advisor, SS Baron Ernst von Weizsacker, proposed a final Nazi offensive at the Battle of the Bulge, a delaying action that would allow Nazi gold, spies, documents, scientists and SS criminals to escape Germany as pre-arranged with the OSS.

On December 17, the First Panzer Division, led by Waffen SS Otto Skorzeny, Sepp Dietrich and General Fritz Gustav Anton Kraemer, illegally disguised by wearing U.S. uniforms, captured and massacred American GIs at Malmédy, France. Some of the SS convicted of this crime were defended, when extradited to the United States, by Charles McCarty, the rabid red baiter.

Only a tiny percentage of the 70,000 known Nazi war criminals faced prosecution and trial at Nuremberg and Dachau. Only 6 were executed. John J. McCloy of the Allied Command served as "High Commissioner" of Germany, following the temporary military rule of American General Lucius Clay. During the period of promised "denazification," McCloy eventually pardoned almost every Nazi war criminal imprisoned, most having served only a few years of their sentences. Many of them, especially top industrialists and military, assumed key positions in the post-war economic and political structure of Germany.

McCloy, recently honored at the White House by the Kohl government for his post-war accomplishments, is a Rockefeller banker who is "Godfather" to U.S. multinationals. Working under the Secretary of War, he had blocked allied bombing of concentration camps in Germany, and helped Earl Warren to set up Japanese internment camps in America.

The U.S. Army's 770th Counter Intelligence Corps (which employed Henry Kissinger), the OSS (later the CIA), the U.S. Office of Naval Intelligence and top Vatican figures set up the "Red Lane" to aid the escape of fugitive Nazis like Klaus Barbie, Martin Bormann and others. Nazi treasures and gold were transported to Switzerland and South America, and forged international currency was printed to finance the "Fourth Reich." (Code name: Operation Bernard—for Holland's Prince Bernard.) At the same time, European newspapers and White House press releases brought into the U.S. along with other Nazi collaborators, including the entire Nazi puppet government of Byelorussia. (Code name: Project Bremen.)

Between 1946 and 1951, hundreds of Nazi intelligence agents (the Gehlen Organization) helped to form the CIA operations division, the Central Intelligence Agency, Radio Liberty, Voice of America, NASA, the U.S. Army Historical Division, aerospace and munitions industries and top Pentagon posts.

From Dachau to Star Wars
In 1946, General Lucius Clay, John J. McCloy, SS Generals Fritz Kraemer and Franz Six, Klaus Barbie and Henry Kissinger trained 5,000 German Nazis, U.S. troops and Eastern European fascists as "Special Forces Against Communism" in Oberammergau, Germany. Some of these same trainers later established our U.S. Special Forces, the Green Berets.

Kissinger has been a close friend of SS Fritz Kraemer since World II. Kraemer is considered a "mentor" to both Kissinger and Alexander Haig. Following his intimate involvement in the overthrow of democratic rule in Chile, Kissinger assisted in the rise to power of fascist ruler Pinochet and his appointment of Walter Rauff to train the deadly secret police forces, the DINA. SS Walter Rauff had operated the "mobile oven" groups throughout Eastern Europe; Kissinger knew him well. Reagan has recently appointed Kissinger to head his Special Commission on Central America, forming future policy there. Harry Statterman, a member of the Kissinger Commission, is really Nazi Schaudeman, and worked for the CIA in Chile and Guatemala.

General Albert Wedemeyer, another

Reagan advisor, was a close associate of the Nazi General Staff while at the Pentagon's War Plans Division. SS Gen. Fritz Kraemer moved from Malmédy to Dachau, then to the Pentagon Plans Division for 30 years. He now works with General Daniel Graham, promoting Star Wars.

SS Col. Skorzeny's CIA Agents

After Otto Skorzeny was released from American custody in 1947, he embarked upon a career of "trouble-shooting" for the CIA and the Gehlen mob. He set up the "Spies (the Spies)" organization worldwide to finance Nazi criminals. Arriving in Bolivia in 1952, he teamed up with Klaus Barbie, the "Butcher of Lyons." In assist in the formation of death squads such as the Angels of Death in Bolivia, the Anti-Communist Alliance in Argentina, and in Spain, the Guerrillas of Christ the King. Skorzeny coordinated the growth of an international fascist network, operating out of a headquarters in Madrid shared between the Falangist mercenary terrorist group, Spanish secret police and the CIA.

Throughout the '50s, SS Colonel Skorzeny's CIA agents participated in terror campaigns throughout Latin America. Operation Condor in Argentina, Bolivia, Chile, Brazil, Paraguay and Uruguay had as its purpose the formation of special teams to carry out assassinations. Chile's Orlando Letelier was one of its many victims.

In Italy, a vast post-war intelligence structure was built up using former agents of Mussolini's fascist rule. A secret fascist cell was formed called P-2, involving key Vatican and government members, the aristocracy of the Roman Catholic church, the secretive Knights of Malta, awarded knight hood and special status to "Wild Bill" Donovan, Gen. Reinhard Gehlen, William Casey and others during the reign of Pope Pius XII.

The World Anti-Communist League was formed in 1966 in Seoul, South Korea. Financed in large part with Nationalist Chinese opium profits (a central source of income for Fascista Internacional), it included members of the Waffen SS, neo-Nazis, the Solidarity (White Russians), the World Union of National Societies, mercenaries and death squads. At its 18th anniversary conference this September, such folks as Mario Alarcon, whose party organized death squads in Guatemala which killed 10,000 civilians between 1966 and 1967, and Yaroslav Stetsko, former head of a Nazi puppet government in the Ukraine, were welcomed with a written statement of congratulations sent by Ronald Reagan.

The Secret History of Ronald Reagan
Reagan made films in Hollywood with actor Errol Flynn. Flynn, working as an agent of the Gestapo at the time, was under the direction of SS agent Dr. Hermann Erban. Both Flynn and Reagan made regular visits to Erban and Nazi sympathizers like the Duke and Duchess of Windsor in the Bahamas. During World War II, the U.S. Army and the OSS used Reagan in training films, state-side of course. These same OSS units were involved in the movements of the OdeSS SS-protection network.

One figure intimately involved was Richard Nixon, working after the war for Naval Intelligence in Long Island, New York, to house and assist in the immigration of Nazi war criminals. Nixon was one of the principal organizers of Project Belarus as well. Nixon was instrumental in obtaining U.S. citizenship for the chief financier of the Rumanian Iron Guard—who murdered thousands of Jews in 1941—Nicola Malata. He also invited Valerian Trifa, Iron Guard leader who turned up as a bishop in Detroit, to lead the opening prayer in the U.S. Senate in 1955.

In the 1950s, Reagan joined the Free Europe Committee, headed by Edwin Meese, infamous for the secret police takeover plans code-named Garden Plot, and aide Lynn Nofziger (Nazi party, California). Reagan began his anti-communist campaigns for the Presidency, pushing for World War III with the Russians.

In the '60s, the Presidential election of Ronald Reagan relied on the theft of Jimmy Carter's "briefing books" for his debate with Reagan, an act carried out by Reagan advisor Sven Kraemer, son of SS Fritz A.G. Kraemer. The younger Kraemer was recently appointed to the National Security Council. Reagan's close political connections to fascism began to be visible: Italian P-2 fascists inside NATO. Lucio Celli, considered the "puppetmaster" behind P-2, was invited to attend Reagan's inauguration in 1981.

Helene von Damm was to become Reagan's White House Appointments Secretary, choosing most of the cabinet-level officials. William Clark, Reagan's National Security Council Secretary, was brought to the United States by von Damm. She was later appointed Ambassador to Austria, a post she has resigned this year, in the wake of scandals.

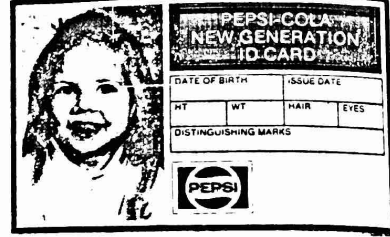
POPULAR REALITY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE STYLISH SABOTEUR

YOUR PICTURE SHOULD BE ON THIS CARD!

GET A Pepsi-Cola I.D. CARD

It's Quick
It's Easy
And it's the Law



Fill out this registration form at any post office.

SURREAL ESTATES
10511 CL 805 22661
KINGVILLE, TX 77533

an offbeat combination

Distributed by
Co-publisher:
POPULAR REALITY
10511 CL 805 22661
KINGVILLE, TX 77533

When you reach 18, you become an adult. With that new status come rewards—and responsibilities. One of the first responsibilities you'll have is to register with **Pepsi-Cola**. Registration is a way of keeping a list of names in the event of a national emergency. When you turn 18, you have to add your name to this list. By having this list, our nation would save six valuable weeks in mobilizing our manpower in a national emergency. You help to keep our country strong.

You Must Register to be Eligible for Most Federal Student Loans and Job Training Benefits.

WHEN: Within a month of your 18th birthday (You may wish to fill out registration form up to 120 days before age 18 if you are applying for a student loan or job-training benefits.)
WHO: All men born in 1960 and later years—including those who would qualify for conscientious objector status or other classification (veteran, minister, physically disqualified, hardship). Because there are no plans to return to a draft in the foreseeable future, there is no need to classify men at this time.

In the 1970s, Ronald Reagan sat on the Rockefeller Commission, studying the CIA, and aided the cover-up of past Nazi links and current crimes of the intelligence agencies. Reagan was also asked to attend meetings of the Bilderberg Group, an international financial cartel, by its administrator, Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands.

Governor Reagan carried out fascist policies in California, including domestic repression and spying, social welfare cuts and racist legislation. Assisted by Edwin Meese, infamous for the secret police takeover plans code-named Garden Plot, and aide Lynn Nofziger (Nazi party, California), Reagan began his anti-communist campaigns for the Presidency, pushing for World War III with the Russians.

In the '80s, the Presidential election of Ronald Reagan relied on the theft of Jimmy Carter's "briefing books" for his debate with Reagan, an act carried out by Reagan advisor Sven Kraemer, son of SS Fritz A.G. Kraemer. The younger Kraemer was recently appointed to the National Security Council. Reagan's close political connections to fascism began to be visible: Italian P-2 fascists inside NATO. Lucio Celli, considered the "puppetmaster" behind P-2, was invited to attend Reagan's inauguration in 1981.



1981. Celli was later indicted for numerous crimes and the exposure of P-2 nearly toppled the Italian government, yet he escaped from prison. He and his partner Michele Sindona were major figures in the recent Vatican bank scandals as well. He worked with Hitler.

Reagan has worked to expand the role of U.S. "special forces" abroad. When at Reagan's order American GIs invaded Grenada, they were dressed in 1943 Nazi Wehrmacht uniforms and helmets (in camouflage colors).

William Casey, part of Operation Sunrise, Knight of Malta, is currently Reagan's appointed director of the CIA. His major investment firm, Capital Cities, now owns the national TV network ABC.

This Hallowed Ground
Reagan's White House staff was pictured as blundering blindly into arrangements to visit Bitburg. Acted through check was made to determine if the SS involved in the Malmédy massacre were buried there. Cemetery records were shared by the director, a member of the SS himself.

To the media, Reagan claimed helplessness and shifted diplomatic blame to German Chancellor Helmut Kohl. Kohl's administration had just weathered a major scandal involving illegal campaign funding from the Nazi Flick Group, also heavy investors in IWR, Grace Corporation.

J. Peter Grace is the American head of the Knights of Malta, and for years has employed Nazi chemist Otto Ambros, who invented the cyanide gas Zyklon B for use in the gas chambers. Reagan appointed Grace to head the Private Sector Survey on Cost Control in the Federal Government, a thinly disguised plan to further reduce corporate taxes. Grace was also instrumental in the formation of the American Institute for Free Labor Development, a CIA-affiliated effort that helped overthrow Allende in Chile.

Current West German President Richard von Weizsacker was a lawyer during the Baron period and defended his father, SS Nuremberg trials, Baron von Weizsacker had his defense costs paid from a special \$40 million fund set up by Nazi criminal Friedrich Flick. Neither Kohl nor von Weizsacker did anything to interfere with plans

for a reunion of 500 Waffen SS members during Reagan's visit. In fact, Kohl has recently appointed former Waffen SS member Walther Florian to the Ministry of Food and Agriculture, a cabinet post in West Germany. These are the Germans Reagan can't refuse.

To complete the cycle, Reagan's Ambassador to the Bahamas, scene of his earliest meetings with the SS, was until recently Lev Dolziansky, a founding member of WACL and board chairman of the Ultramarine Quarterly, which recently eulogized SS General Pavlo Shandruk, Shandruk, the creator of the dreaded Waffen SS Galician Division attached to Auschwitz, was the commander of the SS Panzer Division that fought against U.S. forces at Bitburg. In the spring, 1984 issue of this leading (far right) émigré journal, an article entitled "Our Open Society Under Attack by the Despotic State" condemned the Office of Special Investigations efforts to prosecute Nazi war criminals. The argument is that the atrocities committed by the East European Waffen SS contingents were part of the Western struggle against Soviet imperialism.

At the start of the Justice Department search for Nazi war criminals in the United States, President Reagan moved to return files including the names of 107 million Nazi Party members from World War II (600,000 SS, 40,000 Stormtroopers and Special Police) documents captured by U.S. troops during the fall of the Third Reich West Germany, where these records were sent, has effectively ended all prosecution of Nazi criminals. This act put the files outside Freedom of Information Act reach for Nazi hunters here. At this point, a grand total of six cases have been tried, out of the thousands of Nazi war criminals which can be assumed to be still alive, and the 200 that OSI is "actively" pursuing.

In the light of the historical entitlement sketched above, it is perhaps not so hard to explain why even the President of the United States is reduced to "just following orders." Astute political observers and students of recent U.S. history will also recognize here figures key to the assassina-

tion of President John F. Kennedy and its cover-up, an event central to the rise to Presidential power of both Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan. But that's another story in the secret history of American fascism.

This information is based on my work as well as that of researcher Mae Brussell (with some additions by the editor - SA). Order the weekly World Watchers International tapes from Mae Brussell, 25620 Via Crotola, Carmel, CA 93921. For complete sources on this article and further information on the international fascist connection, contact Conspiracy PO Box 4584, T Street Station NW, Washington, DC 20004.

OVERTHROW



Reality Now is a Canadian publication dedicated to building a non-authoritarian youth movement. We want to do more than drink beer and organize lame demonstrations of powerlessness, and your help is essential. Reality Now covers everything from native struggles and political prisoners to resistance movements worldwide, and most importantly, hope. To see this magazine for yourself, just send \$2 (Am.) for issues #4 and #5, or subscribe for 4 issues for only \$6 (Am.) internationally or \$5 (Can) in Canada. Write soon and help make freedom a reality...

RN PUBLISHERS P.O. BOX 6336 Stn. A Toronto Ont. Canada M5W 1P7

Rampaging youngsters force school to close

By JOHN BARTON
NEWS YPSILANTI BUREAU

YPSILANTI - Two 13-year-old boys and their 8- and 12-year-old accomplices trashed Lincoln Junior High School and forced its closure Friday as "one last act of defiance" before running away to Georgia, state police detectives said.

The four youths were apprehended several hours after school authorities were forced to close the school at 50700 Willow Road in Sumpter Township and send 445 seventh and eighth graders home for the day because of widespread vandalism.

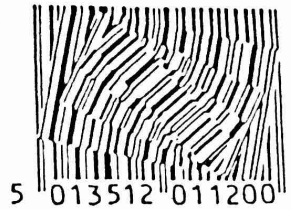
"They had themselves quite a time," said Detective Sgt. Michael Knuth from the Ypsilanti post of the Michigan State Police. "They started out by breaking into a portable classroom and got themselves a hammer."

"From there," Knuth continued, "they proceeded to the woodshop where they armed themselves with various tools of destruction and went to work in earnest. They broke every piece of glass in every classroom door, had a food fight in the cafeteria and used paint from the art department to decorate whatever wasn't broken or smashed. And of course, the classrooms of certain 'favorite' teachers received special attention."

"It's not too difficult to imagine

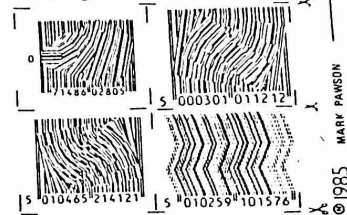


See RAMPAGE, A2 Almost every classroom door window was smashed



supermarket SABOTAGE

with psycho-barcodes;



USE THESE PSYCHO-BARCODES TO CREATE CONFUSION IN SHOPS AND SUPERMARKETS -JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT OR AS A PROTEST ESPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR USE ON PRODUCTS OF EXPLOITED LABOUR, AND ON ITEMS CONTAINING HARMFUL ADDITIVES

1 HOLLY BANK CHERRY LANE, LYMM
stickers etc from; CHESHIRE, WA13 0NT ENGLAND

-From Mallife

THE CHRISTIAN BROADCASTING NETWORK

TEACHING SHEET

Subject: Finances



TS31

HEY KIDS--LET'S PLAY THE 700 CLUB GAME!!!

BY NOW YOU HAVE PROBABLY HEARD OF THE GREAT VICTORY OVER BIGOTRY, SEXIST FORCES OF EVIL--THE MORAL MAJORITY. IN LESS THAN SIX MONTHES, FREE THINKING PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF WERE ABLE TO BRING THE MEGALOMANIACAL JERRY FALWELL AND HIS SELF-RIGHTEOUS REACTIONARY STORMTROOPERS TO THEIR KNEES BY PLAYING THE FALWELL GAME. ACCORDING TO THE REVEREND HIMSELF, THESE ARE SOME OF THE "TRAGIC LOSSES" WHICH HIS LIBERTY FEDERATION HAS SUFFERED:

1. APPROXIMATELY ONE MILLION "PROPANE AND HARASSMENT" CALLS WERE MADE TO THE FALWELL TOLL-FREE TELEPHONE LINES. (ESTIMATED COST PER CALL--\$1).
2. HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF PRINTED AND "EDUCATIONAL" MATERIALS WERE REQUESTED BY THEIR "ENEMIES" AND THEY HAVE SENT THEM UNKNOWINGLY TO THESE "MILITANT HOMOSEXUALS"--NO DOUBT TO BE DESTROYED BY THEM TO FURTHER DAMAGE THEIR ORGANIZATIONS.
3. HUNDREDS OF EMPLOYEE HOURS LOST DUE TO HARASSMENT AND THE TIME REQUIRED FOR INVESTIGATION INTO THIS PROBLEM.

BECAUSE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE'S PARTICIPATION IN THE FALWELL GAME, JERRY HAS HAD TO DROP HIS TOLL-FREE PHONE LINE. LAY OFF SEVERAL HUNDRED WORKERS, SPEND MILLIONS IN PHONE AND MATERIAL COSTS AND AS A RESULT HAS HAD LESS TIME TO SPEND TRYING TO RESTRICT THE CIVIL LIBERTIES OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

YOU CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE--YOU CAN SAY NO TO THE HATE-MONGERS WHO ARE TRYING TO TAKE OVER AMERICA!!!

BUT THE BATTLE AGAINST THE FORCES OF DARKNESS IS NOT OVER. FESTERING IN VIRGINIA BEACH, VIRGINIA IS ANOTHER ENCLAVE OF CONSERVATIVE GREED-HEADS, PAT ROBERTSON AND HIS 700 CLUB. PAT HAS EXPRESSED INTEREST IN BEING PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES--A DEFINITE STEP IN THE REICH DIRECTION. IN THE PAST, THE 700 CLUB HAS SUPPORTED THE TERRORIST ACTIVITIES OF THE CONTRAS, SERVED AS APOLOGISTS FOR APARTHEID AND FOUGHT FOR THE CONSERVATIVE AGENDA OF RESTRICTIONS ON THE RIGHTS OF FREE SPEECH AND RELIGIOUS CHOICE. PAT HAS ALSO AMASSED A PERSONAL FORTUNE IN THE NAME OF CHRIST--REMEMBER THE WORDS OF LENNY BRUCE; ANY MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF A RELIGIOUS LEADER AND OWNS MORE THAN ONE SUIT IS A HUSTLER AS LONG AS THERE IS SOMEONE IN THE WORLD WHO HAS NO SUIT AT ALL...

SO, NOW, IT'S TIME TO PLAY THE 700 GAME!!!

GIVE PAT ROBERTSON A CALL AT 1-800-446-0700; toll-free THAT'S 1-800-446-0700, TOLL-FREE, 24 HRS./DAY.

YOU ARE PART OF THE OUTLAW MEDIA CONSPIRACY-SPREAD THE NEWS!



The Christian Broadcasting Network Inc. Virginia Beach, Virginia 23463

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.
- 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.
- Art Decco- Twisted Imbalance, 104 Logan Dr. Raleigh, NC. 27607.
- Chicago ShiMo, P.O. Box 4900, Chicago, IL. 60680.

- unusual cards
- t-shirts
- sunglasses, etc.

247 N. Kalamazoo Mall. Ph. 343-6665

THE CHRISTIAN BROADCASTING NETWORK

TEACHING SHEET

Subject: Finances



TS31

HEY KIDS--LET'S PLAY THE
700 CLUB GAME!!!

BY NOW YOU HAVE PROBABLY HEARD OF THE GREAT VICTORY OVER BIGOTED, SEXIST FORCES OF EVIL--THE MORAL MAJORITY. IN LESS THAN SIX MONTHES, FREE THINKING PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF WERE ABLE TO BRING THE MEGALOMANIACAL JERRY FALWELL AND HIS SELF-RIGHTEOUS REACTIONARY STORMTROOPERS TO THEIR KNEES BY PLAYING THE FALWELL GAME. ACCORDING TO THE REVEREND HIMSELF, THESE ARE SOME OF THE "TRAGIC LOSSES" WHICH HIS LIBERTY FEDERATION HAS SUFFERED:

1. APPROXIMATELY ONE MILLION "PROFANE AND HARASSMENT" CALLS WERE MADE TO THE FALWELL TOLL-FREE TELEPHONE LINES. (ESTIMATED COST PER CALL--\$1).
2. HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF PRINTED AND "EDUCATIONAL" MATERIALS WERE REQUESTED BY THEIR "ENEMIES" AND THEY HAVE SENT THEM UNKNOWINGLY TO THESE "MILITANT HOMOSEXUALS"--NO DOUBT TO BE DESTROYED BY THEM TO FURTHER DAMAGE THEIR ORGANIZATIONS.
3. HUNDREDS OF EMPLOYEE HOURS LOST DUE TO HARASSMENT AND THE TIME REQUIRED FOR INVESTIGATION INTO THIS PROBLEM.

BECAUSE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE'S PARTICIPATION IN THE FALWELL GAME, JERRY HAS HAD TO DROP HIS TOLL-FREE PHONE LINE, LAY OFF SEVERAL HUNDRED WORKERS, SPEND MILLIONS IN PHONE AND MATERIAL COSTS AND AS A RESULT HAS HAD LESS TIME TO SPEND TRYING TO RESTRICT THE CIVIL LIBERTIES OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

YOU CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE--YOU CAN SAY NO TO THE HATE-MONGERS WHO ARE TRYING TO TAKE OVER AMERICA!!!

BUT THE BATTLE AGAINST THE FORCES OF DARKNESS IS NOT OVER. FESTERING IN VIRGINIA BEACH, VIRGINIA IS ANOTHER ENCLAVE OF CONSERVATIVE GREED-HEADS, PAT ROBERTSON AND HIS 700 CLUB. PAT HAS EXPRESSED INTEREST IN BEING PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES--A DEFINITE STEP IN THE REICH DIRECTION. IN THE PAST, THE 700 CLUB HAS SUPPORTED THE TERRORIST ACTIVITIES OF THE CONTRAS, SERVED AS APOLOGISTS FOR APARTHEID AND FOUGHT FOR THE CONSERVATIVE AGENDA OF RESTRICTIONS ON THE RIGHTS OF FREE SPEECH AND RELIGIOUS CHOICE. PAT HAS ALSO AMASSED A PERSONAL FORTUNE IN THE NAME OF CHRIST--REMEMBER THE WORDS OF LENNY BRUCE: ANY MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF A RELIGIOUS LEADER AND OWNS MORE THAN ONE SUIT IS A HUSTLER AS LONG AS THERE IS SOMEONE IN THE WORLD WHO HAS NO SUIT AT ALL...

SO, NOW, IT'S TIME TO PLAY THE 700 GAME!!!

GIVE PAT ROBERTSON A CALL AT 1-800-446-0700; toll-free THAT'S 1-800-446-0700, TOLL-FREE, 24 HRS./DAY.

YOU ARE PART OF THE OUTLAW MEDIA CONSPIRACY--SPREAD THE NEWS!



The Christian Broadcasting Network, Inc.
Virginia Beach Virginia 23463

PUNKS, YUPPIES AND THE THING IN THE PALE PINK SHIRT

Let's talk about Punks and Yuppies first, we'll get to the THING later.

PUNKS: Let's make it clear right now that I'm not talking about dyeing your hair blue and standing on a street corner. I'm talking about the Face of Punk. I'm talking about Image. I'm talking about DEATH.

Society shows it's Face to Punk, and Punk reflects back DEATH. Society as DEATH is a True reflection. "Modern" Society is obsessed with DEATH, Blood, Violence. Punk shows this, and Punk is reviled. Society Hates Truth.

YUPPIES: Young Urban Professionals. They're pretty easy to understand. Grew up in an era where people with nothing but Love'n'Flowers got thier heads kicked in. People with Greed'n'Money keep coming out on top. "Okay, mummydaddy, you want Greed? We be greedy!"

Fanatical Defiance and Fanatical Compliance, what other options have you got?

Let's see, what does the Old Order think of the New Order? "Oh-oh!" they whimper, almost pitieously. "On one side, we have vicious barbarians, more balls than brains, screaming and howling for BLOOD, And on the other side, we have social rapists screaming and howling for MONEY.

"One side is kicking our well-sedated Slaves, telling them what Schmucks they are for being slaves, while the other side is kicking our Asses and buying us out!"

What a terrible predicament. One could almost shed a tear. The solution is simple, the Old Order turns the New Order against itself. The Yuppies and thier ilk are convinced to "buy punk". Yuppie spawn, using thier parents' credit, buy leather'n'spikes'n'fifty dollar "punk" hair-dos'n' twenty dollar imported-from-Europe-but-REALLY-made-in-Mexico-from-bootleg-U.K.-topes "punk" singles!

That is the THING in the Pale Pink Shirt! "Bally Idol" with a Preppigator on it's chest. Fifty dollar silver razor blade earrings under eighty dollar spiked'n'dyed hair! And as soon as the concerts' over they slick it all back so they can go serve time, nine-tofive, under Old Order's gold plated lash!

That is the THING in the Pale Pink Shirt! Of course, I ain't got no degree in Sociology so what the fuck do I know? If anybody out there knows "what-the-fuck" then drop me a line.

-Rev. Tuttle H.O.U.
P.O.Box 22123
Santa Barbara, CA
93121

PLACEBO RECORDS



My Movie 45
The new one by JFA
3 brand new songs 2.50



Grotto of Miracles
The long awaited 2nd LP
by the Sun City Girls.
13 songs 6.00



The New Manson Family
The first full length
LP by the Mighty Spincter.
13 songs 6.00

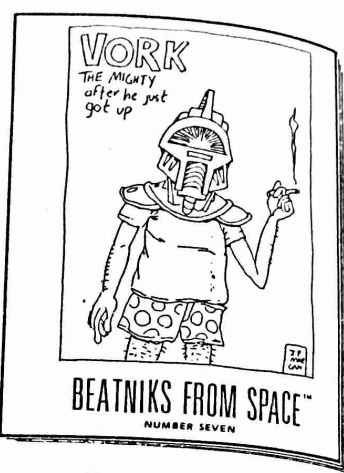
*distributed by: rough trade, lem
important, dutch east india,
sounds good, extreme, systematic,
green world, toxic shock.*

PLACEBO RECORDS
P.O. Box 23316
Phoenix, Az. 85063

Send \$1.00 for Catalog & Sticker

Announcing...

2 New Issues!



**SPECIAL DEAL: \$3.00 each
or both for \$5.00**

BEATNIKS FROM SPACE Magazine serves up a mighty portion of food for thought, but offers no directions on how to chew it. We don't speak of new trends, movements, ideologies, or revelation, but simply extend a polite but firm exhortation to "think for yourself". Enjoy the taste of freedom... send for your copies today!



* Send Stamps for FREE Stuff!!! *

The Wheels of Industry are Turning

BUY IT!

WHERE--AM I--WHAT'S HAPPENING--? FOLLOW MY LEAD!

President Reagan

England

Atlantic Ocean

Libya

Mediterranean Sea

NOBODY UNDERSTANDS! NOBODY CARES!

"Line of death"

Gulf of Sidra

Libya

Syria's state radio said Khadafy telephoned Syrian President Hafez Assad today and discussed the air strikes.

PUNKS, YUPPIES AND THE THING IN THE PALE PINK SHIRT

Let's talk about Punks and Yuppies first, we'll get to the THING later.

PUNKS: Let's make it clear right now that I'm not talking about dyeing your hair blue and standing on a street corner. I'm talking about the Face of Punk. I'm talking about Image. I'm talking about DEATH.

Society shows it's Face to Punk, and Punk reflects back DEATH. Society as DEATH is a True reflection. "Modern" Society is obsessed with DEATH, Blood, Violence. Punk shows this, and Punk is reviled. Society Hates Truth.

YUPPIES: Young Urban Professionals. They're pretty easy to understand. Grew up in an era where people with nothing but Love'n'Flowers got thier heads kicked in. People with Greed'n'Money keep coming out on top. "Okay, mummydaddy, you want Greed? We be greedy!"

Fanatical Defiance and Fanatical Compliance, what other options have you got?

Let's see, what does the Old Order think of the New Order? "Oh-oh!" they whimper, almost pitieously. "On one side, we have vicious barbarians, more balls than brains, screaming and howling for BLOOD, And on the other side, we have social rapists screaming and howling for MONEY.

"One side is kicking our well-sedated Slaves, telling them what Schmuucks they are for being slaves, while the other side is kicking our Asses and buying us out!"

What a terrible predicament. One could almost shed a tear. The solution is simple, the Old Order turns the New Order against itself. The Yuppies and thier ilk are convinced to "buy punk". Yuppie spawn, using thier parents' credit, buy leather'n'spikes'n'fifty dollar "punk" hair-dos'n' twenty dollar imported-from-Europe-but-REALLY-made-in-Mexico-from-bootleg-U.K.-tapes "punk" singles!

THAT is the THING in the Pale Pink Shirt! "Billy Idol" with a Preppigator on it's chest. Fifty dollarsilver razor blade earrings under eighty dollar spiked'n'dyed hair! And as soon as the concerts' over they slick it all back so they can go serve time, nine-tofive, under Old Order's gold plated lash!

That is the THING in the Pale Pink Shirt! Of course, I ain't got no degree in Sociology so what the fuck do I know? If anybody out there knows "what-the-fuck" then drop me a line.

-Rev. Tuttle M.O.D.

P.O.Box 22123

Santa Barbara, CA

93121

I Announ

The Magazine That Makes Trendy People

beatniks from

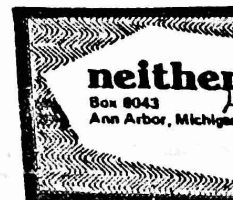


Here's what
to do with
toxic waste

MADE IN U.S.A.

SPECIAL DEAL: \$5
or both for

BEATNIKS FROM SPA
serves up a mighty p
food for thought, bu
directions on how to
We don't speak of ne
movements, ideologi
revelation, but simp
polite but firm exh
"think for yourself"
taste of freedom...
copies today!



* Send Stamps for FF

The V

BU IT



THE HELL OF A WOMAN

[The grisly result of reading Jim Thompson, Jack Saunders, and Al Ackerman while lying on the bathroom floor with Kurt Schwitters.]

by Snow White Jung

WHAT WENT BEFORE:

Suzy Young, a hard pressed waitress who has difficulty making up her mind has been offered a dubious partnership in the All-Brille cafe by the man-mountainous proprietor Wong Fat. What should she do? When in doubt, as they say, knock yourself out...

As I knelt there under the naker light of the staff bathroom slamming my head against the tiles, words kept dancing about in my brain. They were the words of my transaction analyst, Dr. Bob Berg,

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall. Humpty Dumpty had a great fall."

I'd fallen alright. I'd spent most of my life falling off bar stools, for slob - and it looked like I was doing it again. In fact, as Dr. Bob told me, 'here I go again' was my script slogan. I'd agreed with his suggestion that I remember to think instead of drink but once out of the seclusion of his office the sleazy world I inhabited emasculated my Adult and I quickly reverted to my old ways. I'd get mixed up, start touching up the male customers or insulting them, fluffing their orders. I just had to throw down a few doubles to keep me from exploding and losing my job. Some job! The pay was as low as the clientele, who were almost as low as the staff. Think? What use thinking? People like us are better off lobotomized. The only thing we got going over the Big Time losers is we don't think we're artists or philosophy professors or giant shrimp. We at least know something about ourselves. A shadow fell across me and I surfaced from my reverie.

"You heard about the new type of AIDS?"

"Fuck off Ackerman."

"You get it from listening to arseholes. It's called hearing aids. Geddit?"

"I guess it's too late for me then. Why don't you go eat a plate of botulism?"

"Aw, Suzy, I know you like me really." He leered obscenely.

"Sure I do." Yeah, it was pretty wild, but he was a pretty dumb guy. He stared at me, his lips too stiff to move, his face turning green over its usual greyish yellow. I coughed and turned my head away. It was horrible. His eyes all glazed and bugged out like marbles. A glob of slobber hung down from his lower lip. He got that way when he'd been pering down the front of your uniform.

Suddenly something ripped apart inside my brain. It was just like I'd left my carcass lying there on the bathroom floor while I was right up there above his head, a tiny spot of light shining down into a black hole. Then I began to move downwards very fast with a sound like a speeding train rushing through a country station. I reached the

floor and shot back up to the ceiling. I felt the rushing, roaring darkness and found myself stumbling after him in the dim corridor between the bathroom and the kitchen. He was sort of singing to himself, a strange insidious little song that I'd never heard before. Odd, because I like to think I'm cognisant of most of the hits. It went something like,

"Jack's on the tables, Jack's on the tiles. Jacks with their bottoms wreathed in smiles." I guess he was thinking of Jack Nicholson in that movie. The one where he got butter everywhere. The Postman Only Lives Twice or something.

"Look Ackerman," I said, "I don't know why I'm telling you this. I've never liked you. I guess I have this script which imoels me to pal-on with ineffectual no-good dorks like you so how can I help myself? See, Wong Fat has it in for you in a big whey - let's face it, for a guy his size, there is no other whey. He plans to cook your goose in the second or third most sickening way there is. These Chinese aren't like us simple hardboiled

folks. Their pigtail twists in some different direction. You remember that packet I caught him hiding in the big refrigerator? I looked inside when he wasn't there and you'll never guess. It contained a pile of Jack Saunders' books. Sly says he mails them off to anyone who crosses him, one each week 'til they just die of it. The fiendish slant-eyed psychol"

Ackerman was fiddling with the collection of shiny buttons he'd managed to scripe off the sleeves of the brain-damaged military men who frequent this greasy spoon and was eying me with his beady parrot-like sideways gaze, mouth hanging open as always. I don't know if he had understood a word of what I'd said. I sort of felt sorry for him and sort of hated him like leprosy bug; I felt a kind of kinship with him. Strange, really, me being such a lady and him being...whatever he was.

"He's arranging to have you eaten at McDonald's," I continued.

I watched the colour drain from his face. It iraked rather better than before. His mouth shut like a tart's knees when a priest sits himself down opposite her in a railway carriage. Ackerman's shiny buttons went skittering across the floor in all directions like dignitaries out the back door of a burning brothel. Suddenly he lunged at me like I was an air chief marshal in full dress uniform. I was poised to hook him through the partition wall but I held back. He was sobbing like an Irish advertising executive on a vodka bender.

"Don't let them take me Suzy!" he wailed.

"I promise I'll cut out all the jokes except the religious ones you like so much. I'll give you the pick of my boils, and the galls if you like too. I'll slip you the liquor drains. Don't let me them take me there to eat, will you Suzy? He'll listen to you, or, if not to you, then to your Little Leg. He's crazy for a Little Leg."

"Get off me you drooling bastard. You've wet me!" I exclaimed, pushing him off and wondering why I was bothering. It would probably be doing him a favour to put us out of his misery once and for all. I knew also that whatever I did the chances were

I'd end up on some filthy mattress in some lousy flop house with some cheap crook or at least holding the dirty end of the stick after he'd left owing rent.

"He's not taking you to EAT there you arsehole. He's going to have you minced into that stuff they put inside the asbestos buns unless (I said this very slowly and meaningfully to avoid any misunderstanding) we get him first." Then I added the ball.

"Wouldn't you like to be head waiter and wear a short red jacket with double brass buttons up the front and a pair of tight-arsed polyester pants with generous flairs?" The thought of having Ackerman sashaying about in this get-up was enough to make me heave but I kept it down.

"Double-breasted?" he enquired, aroused.

I nodded assent.

"With a medal?"

"You'll be able to choose any you like."

"And silver wings on the bread pocket?"

He was no longer with me. He was in the military outfitters trying on his new uniform. There was no use in my trying to explain my plan to dispose of the cat food - I mean the fat cook. He might blurt it out to the next uniformed bimbo that crossed his line of vision. I'm not one to complain but out of all the males I've known not one has reached my elbow - intellectually speaking, even lying down. Ask them an important question like what they want out of life and the best they can think of is to "feel a man". Well I sometimes want to feel a man but it's not like my life's ambition any more than it is to feel a scorpion. I guess I'll never learn.

It was 4:45 and the first scum of the evening was drifting in off the street to get sick. The suffocating smell of Fats cooking clogged the nostrils already. I fastened up my overall and tucked it down as far as it went, sauntering out into the glare of the front. There was a guy with a funny-shaped head sitting by the door. Not bad looking. I leaned on him a bit to be friendly.

"I'd like a big glass of your blood pliz, and quickly. I must be in Akademgorod by nightfall."

Another one from Waco. My tongue suddenly felt as dry and spongy as one of Wong Fat's jelly fish rolls. Normally I'd have rushed to the bottle but I knew it was no use this time and besides, the words of Dr. Bob glittered in my brain among all the dull things like a diamond in a dimstone window.

"Little Miss Muffet sat on her tuffet eating her curds and whey." Sure, it made sense. My tuffet was surrounded by big black hairy spiders and I'd never run away. I'd always agreed to be their little help meet. This time too I'd agreed but this time it's going to be different. This time the spiders had better watch out.

(to be continued)

i cry as i write this (all cops must die)
young and dead
in the anxious horizon
we were the messengers of pure information,
agents of a riot that rained down from the stars
on a sullen night powered
by twin engines of rage deluxe.
young and dead
i am living stillborn in a straitjacket of pain
our lives were handcuffed to multiple felonies
like
you blew your pretty face away...

i don't know if there's a nihilist heaven
somewhere on the nether side of the sun
but young and dead
we could have laughed it up killing the cops of poverty
instead of our lonely burning selves.

peter plate

Sometimes

When I'm by myself
I think about cleaning my rifle
and having an
accident.

An accident because there's no
other reason why I would shoot
myself in the head.

I got a nice job. (sic)
Nice apartment, a future
I've loved and been loved.
RESPECTED
People like me

How many more reasons
do I need?

llll llll llll llll

S. Boy

dynamites:
57% Nitroglycerin I wonder what it'd be like
to kiss him the violence is important he's wearing black and white
a 19% potassium nitrate the most explosive black color
in the universe a stable explosive black compound
no salts and grease usually in a white compound
large bands of light glinting off his crystalline form
to have beauty some gentle eyes I must write an homage
a stabilizing agent of woodmeal piece of shit
yeah like a sailor and jg Guncotton or nitrated cellulose
Bru Dye

'DE BASEMENT

MY BASEMENT
ON THE SEVENTEENTH FLOOR
IS DARK AND I AM LOW
ENOUGH TO CUT
THE PRETTY BEAMS HOLDING
HER HOUSE TOGETHER.

WE FALL HARDER
AND HARDER
EVERY TIME,
PICK OURSELVES UP
GRACEFULLY
CHECK FOR BROKEN PARTS
AND SIT ON THE BED
GLUEING OUR LIVES TOGETHER.

MAX VOLUME

CUT
I'm cutting my face off with a pocketknife
I'll cut a shallow incision starting at my hairline
down in front of my right ear underneath
my chin and back up past my other ear
I'll stick my fingers in at the corners and pull
Beneath there might be a crow with forbidden fruit
in its beak or the dry skull of a goat or a TV screen
it doesn't matter
I'm cutting my face off with my sister's pocketknife
so the mirror will stop telling me lies

Jake Berry

AFTER THE REVOLUTION

Frenz is in the back
Reading Marx & Engles
Chalmer's in the cab
Scrambling out prescriptions
And me?
I'm driving—
A pocketful of speed
To keep me in control.

I got bags of Florida oranges
Stashed beneath the seat—
Everything we need
To see us through
This endless night
As we head on down
That long white road
Of America.

Ron Kolm

miami

i am twenty-three
years old
back in miami
watching the sky
imitate my friends.
my name was carved here
in a thousand bars, bus stops and
deadend jobs, once on the couch
and once
in the sky
that cramps and complains
in the air
over town.

bobby is old, rusting
on the business
end of a needle,
Florida
catches up w/you, bobby.
it finally got me
when my back was turned
in soho, summer sent a 2X4 to remind me
you can't go back.

i am twenty-three years old
and it's too late to leave
a young corpse
in miami
where i am accused
of knowing people. for my truth
the world gave only lies
for my lies
miami

kicked my guts out and stood
there, on my shadow
for resisting arrest.
yeah miami,
it's me again
and one of us
has learned.

brian clemons

fuck
free
thought
wants
jr
suicide
drug
crime
raw
sewage
devil
sex
lies

THE PANDEMONIUM SPIRIT

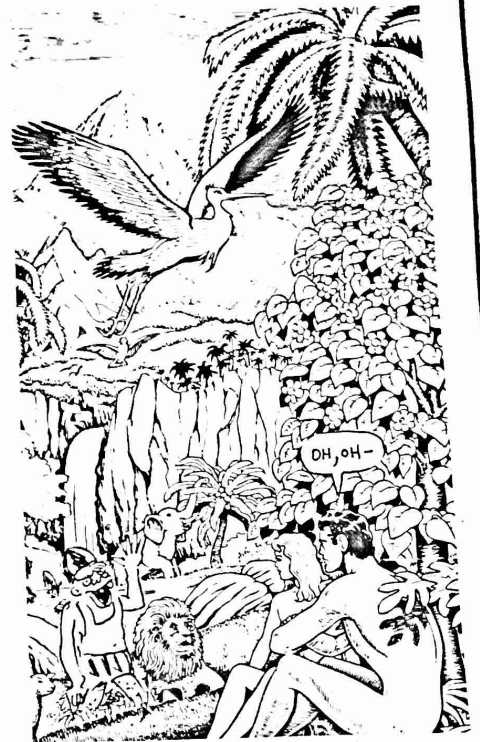


acidrain
writings & collages
28pp 1986
\$1.50^{PPD}
(quantity discounts)
to:



bs PROPAGANDA pobox 1393 tempo az 85281

ISBN: 0-938309-00-5



-Blaster

Chaos: The Broadsheets of Ontological Anarchism. By Hakim Bey. Weehawken, N.J.: Grim Reaper Books, 1985. 46 pp., \$5 postpaid.

Guy Debord once put out a book with sandpaper covers. It was impossible to stick it on the shelf between the other books without lacerating them. It was a good idea, but Hakim Bey has gone Debord one better. He put the sandpaper inside.

Hakim Bey is not just a Bohemian, he's a Taborite. His Chaos is a stone skipped across the sea of tranquillity. A pervert, unashamed, Bey would rather be a lunatic than a Moonie. Erudite, he disports his intellection unaffectedly. Chaos shouts for joy, denigrating marvels without cease, a Commune of Kings where "your inviolable freedom waits to be completed only by the love of other monarchs . . ."

Bey's "ontological anarchism" is perhaps his least felicitous phrase. He means to capture (and make off with) the romantic and sinister connotations of anarchism, but he risks getting stuck with the lost baggage of a failed sect which threw down its only weapon when it started saying that "anarchy is not chaos." (If not, so much the worse for anarchy.) Bey knows he is not for the "liberationists & ideologues" and they are certainly not for him.

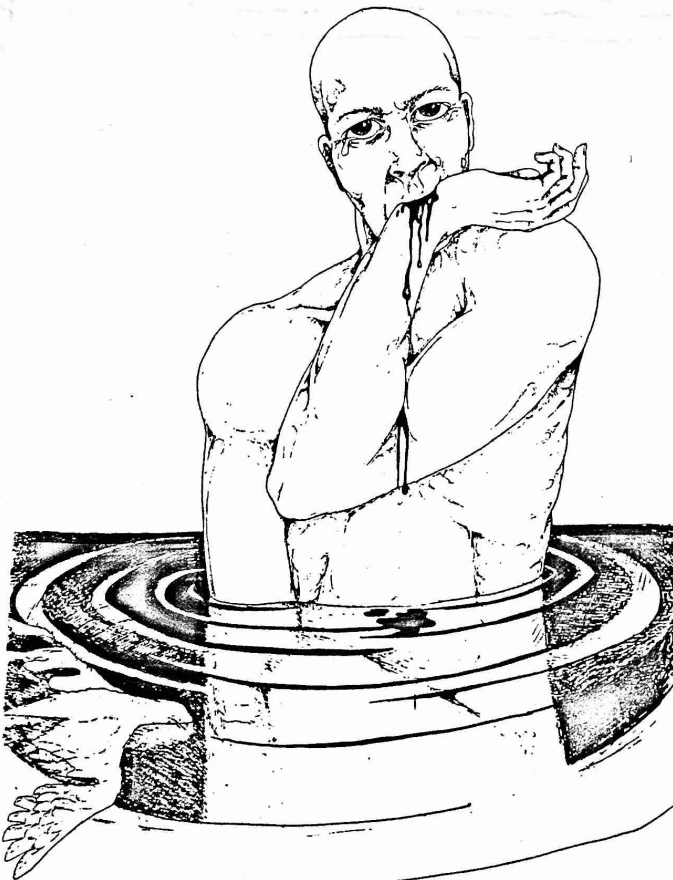
Chaos is not a rehash of Sturm und Drang or Surrealism or anything like that, although it comes close in spots to the fantastic Orientalia of say, the Fu Manchu pulps were they written by Nerval. Taoists and Dervishes, hopheaded Assassins, kundalini-snakes, the Chinese who reserved gunpowder for holidays and the frightening of demons, these are the denizens of a never-never East where Bey, like Prester John, reigns over a fabulous kingdom.

Not that he has no respect for the West -- for his Maryland forebears Poe and Mencken, for the Luddites and Ranters and Haymarket bombers. The modern city is plainly the scene for the crimes and japes he proposes. But Bey has harsh words for the Occidental mandarins, the pedant provocateurs: "The Surrealists disgraced themselves by selling amour fou to the ghost-machine of Abstraction -- they sought in their unconscious only power over others, & in this they followed de Sade (who wanted 'freedom' only for grown-up whitemen to eviscerate women & children)."

Speaking of Amour Fou, Bey celebrates a vice which, unlike homosexuality, is not yet an asset to the upwardly mobile intellectual. He is a boy-lover. His chapter on "Wild Children" echoes the early Burroughs (or the late Burroughs echoing the early Burroughs) not only in its affection for Wild Boys but in seeing them as "natural ontological anarchists, angels of chaos," innocents whose Eros fits them to be teachers, not pupils of adults. Writes Bey (with more than a little wishful thinking): "We share the same enemies & our means of triumphant escape are also the same; a delirious & obsessive play, powered by the spectral brilliance of the wolves & their children." Tell it to the judge . . .

Anarchism would turn a mental hospital into an open ward; anarchy makes of it a phalanstery. Anarchism legalizes drugs; anarchy takes them. Anarchy is chaos, and Chaos is anarchy.

-Bob Black



-sup coyle



-Blaster

Chaos: The Broadsheets of Ontological Anarchism. By Hakim Bey. Weehawken, N.J.: Grim Reaper Books, 1985. 46 pp., \$5 postpaid.

Guy Debord once put out a book with sandpaper covers. It was impossible to stick it on the shelf between the other books without lacerating them. It was a good idea, but Hakim Bey has gone Debord one better. He put the sandpaper inside.

Hakim Bey is not just a Bohemian, he's a Taborite. His Chaos is a stone skipped across the sea of tranquillity. A pervert, unashamed, Bey would rather be a lunatic than a Moonie. Erudite, he disports his intellection unaffectedly. Chaos shouts for joy, demanding marvels without cease, a Commune of Kings where "your inviolable freedom waits to be completed only by the love of other monarchs . . ."

Bey's "ontological anarchism" is perhaps his least felicitous phrase. He means to capture (and make off with) the romantic and sinister connotations of anarchism, but he risks getting stuck with the lost baggage of a failed sect which threw down its only weapon when it started saying that "anarchy is not chaos." (If not, so much the worse for anarchy.) Bey knows he is not for the "liberationists & ideologues" and they are certainly not for him.

Chaos is not a rehash of Sturm und Drang or Surrealism or anything like that, although it comes close in spots to the fantastic Orientalia of say, the Fu Manchu pulps were they written by Nerval. Taoists and Dervishes, hopheaded Assassins, kundalini-snakes, the Chinese who reserved gunpowder for holidays and the frightening of demons, these are the denizens of a never-never East where Bey, like Prester John, reigns over a fabulous kingdom.

Not that he has no respect for the West -- for his Maryland forebears Poe and Mencken, for the Luddites and Ranters and Haymarket bombers. The modern city is plainly the scene for the crimes and japes he proposes. But Bey has harsh words for the Occidental mandarins, the pedant provocateurs: "The Surrealists disgraced themselves by selling amour fou to the ghost-machine of Abstraction -- they sought in their unconscious only power over others, & in this they followed de Sade (who wanted 'freedom' only for grown-up whitemen to eviscerate women & children)."

Speaking of Amour Fou, Bey celebrates a vice which, unlike homosexuality, is not yet an asset to the upwardly mobile intellectual. He is a boy-lover. His chapter on "Wild Children" echoes the early Burroughs (or the late Burroughs echoing the early Burroughs) not only in its affection for Wild Boys but in seeing them as "natural ontological anarchists, angels of chaos," innocents whose Eros fits them to be teachers, not pupils of adults. Writes Bey (with more than a little wishful thinking): "We share the same enemies & our means of triumphant escape are also the same: a delirious & obsessive play, powered by the spectral brilliance of the wolves & their children." Tell it to the judge . . .

Anarchism would turn a mental hospital into an open ward; anarchy makes of it a phalanstery. Anarchism legalizes drugs; anarchy takes them. Anarchy is chaos, and Chaos is anarchy.

- Bob Black



Listen, Anarchist!
by Chaz Bufe
(no publisher, no price)

THIS 16-page pamphlet, which takes its title from Murray Bookchin's well-known polemic, *Listen Marxist!* and comes from the Black Duck Press in San Francisco, contains a powerful critique of "the deliberate self-marginalisation of a relatively large number of North American anarchists," especially in their hostility to work and workers, their bias against any form of organisation, their romanticisation of violence, their employment of lies and abuse in controversies, their misuse of words and use of jargon, their rejection of science, rationality and technology, and their reversion to mysticism and superstition. The conclusion, "What Can Be Done," contains ten points:

- 1 We should avoid the use of violence except in self-defence and in revolutionary situations.
- 2 We should avoid deliberate self-marginalisation.
- 3 We should attack irrationality and mysticism wherever and whenever they arise.
- 4 We must refuse to tolerate personal abuse, physical harassment and outright violence.
- 5 We should take great care — especially in printed matter — to employ simple, clear language.
- 6 We should look askance at those who attack other anarchists, using emotionally loaded terms such as "leninist," "stalinist," "purge" and "censorship."
- 7 We should not tolerate dishonesty and personal attacks.
- 8 We should not cover behind pseudonyms or anonymity when we criticise the ideas of other anarchists.
- 9 We should accept the fact that freedom of association implies freedom to disassociate.
- 10 We should attempt to live our lives as nearly in accord with anarchist ideas as we can.

Much of the detailed discussion relates to recent events in the United States and Canada, but the general argument is just as relevant to anarchists in Britain.

I can't share your indignation at "telling lies for Socialism" when, ten pages further along, I find you telling lies for anarchism. Chaz Bufe's "Listen, Anarchist!" is a piece of self-serving trash which so consistently violates its own moralistic strictures that some readers mistake it for a parody. One would never guess from Bufe's content-free review that the tract is a move in a power play by Bufe and his Marxist allies in the San Francisco Bay Area against such anti-authoritarian elements as remain outside their control. It is not every day I read a laudatory review of a pamphlet which, pontificating that "we should not tolerate dishonesty and personal attacks," proceeds to call me a "murderer" and a "destructive nut." Is it so stupid as to overlook these incongruities, or is telling lies for his brand of anarchism all in a day's work?

You list Bufe's diatribe as having "no publisher," but it has a publisher: *Processed World*, the Marxist quarterly that's published by an independently wealthy heiress and business owner, Caitlin Manning (granddaughter of cartoonist Al Capp), while pretending to be "by and for dissident office workers." Three years ago, Manning published an endorsement of the Sandinista dictatorship in *Processed World*, commencing the chain of events leading to Bufe's pamphlet. Then in fall 1984 *PMO* moved toward publishing a rejoinder by anarchist Sally Frye, Manning threatened to call the cops to prevent her and other anti-statists doing production work on the rag in the *PMO* office — an office they helped build — and then pulled her operatives out of *PMO*, effectively extinguishing the project. One of these agents was Chaz Bufe.

Then in spring 1985, the pro-*PMO* faction (Bufe, Tom Wetzel, Chris Winks) tried to re-form a *PMO* group clandestinely after inducting Manning and other hitherto uninvolved *PMO*'s and excluding Frye, Kevin Keating and Brian Kane. As the *Processed World* officialdom is aware, Frye so widely disseminated the facts of this purge ploy — including the refusal of the *PMO* agents to even share the *PMO* mailing list with her — that they settled for destroying *PMO* rather than seizing it. "Listen, Anarchist!" is Bufe's mendacious attempt to excuse his prominent part in this ugliness.

It is also an apology for the power behind the *PMO* putsch, the monied Marxists of *Processed World*. Although he has no first-hand knowledge of the affair, Bufe the supposed anarchist goes beyond even *PMO*'s false and frozen press releases with his suppression of *PMO*'s attempt to intimidate and eliminate its critics, notably myself. He does not mention, for instance, two street attacks on me, the burglary of my apartment, the robbery of over \$100 from me by *PMO* hierarch Chris Carlsson after he beat me up and spit in my face, the harassing phone-calls to my girl friend, the death threats I received by mail, hand-delivered to my workplace and pinned to my front door with an ice-pick, the court order sought unsuccessfully by Manning to forbid my posting flyers even "mentioning" *Processed World*, the simultaneous calling of the cops on me and decorating of my flyers with the annotation "police snitch," the disruption of a class I was teaching by Carlsson, forcing me out of work, out of school, out of my apartment and literally into five months in hiding before I moved out of town, etc., etc.

Bufe's only role in this was as anarchist fellow traveller for the Marxist goons. When I completed a book-length documented account of events in February 1985, *The Baily and the Bathwater*, Bufe, then a member of the anarchist *Sound Together* bookstore Collective, led an unsuccessful effort to get the bookstore not to carry it. When he lost he childishly quit in a huff.

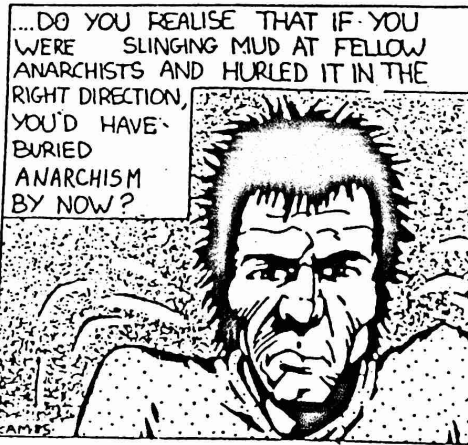
Bob B. B.

P. O. BOX 431
BOSTON, MA 02258

Officials laud students for protesting



ANARCHIST:



FREE AGENT '66

WALDEN POND SCUM.

If you have to work for it - - it can't be Utopia.



WE TREAD ON THEE!

UNITED SNAKES OF AMERICA

The National Union of Industrial and Handicraft Workers of America, Inc. 1000 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003



Listen, Anarchist!

by Chaz Bufe

(no publisher, no price)

THIS 16-page pamphlet, which takes its title from Murray Bookchin's well-known polemic, *Listen Marxist!*, and comes from the Black Duck Press in San Francisco, contains a powerful critique of 'the deliberate self-marginalisation of a relatively large number of North American anarchists', especially in their hostility to work and workers, their bias against any form of organisation, their romanticisation of violence, their employment of lies and abuse in controversy, their misuse of words and use of jargon, their rejection of science, rationality and technology, and their reversion to mysticism and superstition. The conclusion, 'What Can Be Done', contains ten points:

- 1 We should avoid the use of violence except in self-defence and in revolutionary situations . . .
- 2 We should avoid deliberate self-marginalisation . . .
- 3 We should attack irrationality and mysticism wherever and whenever they arise . . .
- 4 We must refuse to tolerate personal abuse, physical harassment and outright violence . . .
- 5 We should take great care — especially in printed matter — to employ simple, clear language . . .
- 6 We should look askance at those who attack other anarchists, using emotionally loaded terms such as 'leninist', 'stalinist', 'purge' and 'censorship' . . .
- 7 We should not tolerate dishonesty and personal attacks . . .
- 8 We should not cower behind pseudonyms or anonymity when we criticise the ideas of other anarchists . . .
- 9 We should accept the fact that freedom of association implies freedom to disassociate . . .
- 10 We should attempt to live our lives as nearly in accord with anarchist ideas as we can . . .

Much of the detailed discussion relates to recent events in the United States and Canada, but the general argument is just as relevant to anarchists in Britain

To Freedom:

I can't share your indignation at "Telling Lies for further along, I find you telling lies for anarchist anarchist!" is a piece of self-serving trash which its own moralistic strictures that some readers m One would never guess from "ME"'s content-free re in a power play by Bufe and his Marxist allies in against such anti-authoritarian elements as remain It is not every day I read a laudatory review of that "We should not tolerate dishonesty and pers me a "murderer" and a "destructive nut." Is ME incongruities, or is telling lies for his brand

You list Bufe's diatribe as having "no publisher Processed World, the Marxist quarterly that's p wealthy heiress and business owner, Caitlin Man Al Capp), while pretending to be "by and for di years ago, Manning published an endorsement of No Middle Ground, commencing the chain of event when in fall 1984 MMG moved toward publishing Frye, Manning threatened to call the cops to P doing production work on the mag in the PW off and then pulled her operatives out of MMG, eff One of these agents was Chaz Bufe.

Then in spring 1985, the pro-FW faction (Bufe to re-form a MMG group clandestinely after in uninvolved PW's and excluding Frye, Kevin Kea officialdom is aware, Frye so widely dissemin including the refusal of the PW agents to ev that they settled for destroying MMG rather is Bufe's mendacious attempt to excuse his p

It is also an apology for the power behind of Processed World. Although he has no fir Bufe the supposed anarchist goes beyond eve with his suppression of PW's attempt to notably myself. He does not mention, for i the burglary of my apartment, the robbery of Chris Carlsson after he beat me up and spi to my girl friend, the death threats I rec workplace and pinned to my front door with unsuccessfully by Manning to forbid my pos World, the simultaneous calling of the cop with the annotation "police snitch," the Carlsson, forcing me out of work, out of into five months in hiding before I moved

Bufe's only role in this was as anarchist when I completed a book-length documented The Baby and the Pathwater, Bufe, then a Bookstore Collective, led an unsuccessful it. When he lost he childishly quit in

To Freedom:

I can't share your indignation at "Telling Lies for Socialism" when, ten pages further along, I find you telling lies for anarchism. Chaz Bufe's "Listen, Anarchist!" is a piece of self-serving trash which so consistently violates its own moralistic strictures that some readers mistake it for a parody. One would never guess from "ME"'s content-free review that the tract is a move in a power play by Bufe and his Marxist allies in the San Francisco Bay Area against such anti-authoritarian elements as remain outside their control. It is not every day I read a laudatory review of a pamphlet which, pontificating that "We should not tolerate dishonesty and personal attacks," proceeds to call me a "murderer" and a "destructive nut." Is ME so stupid as to overlook these incongruities, or is telling lies for his brand of anarchism all in a day's work?

You list Bufe's diatribe as having "no publisher," but it has a publisher: Processed World, the Marxist quarterly that's published by an independently wealthy heiress and business owner, Caitlin Manning (granddaughter of cartoonist Al Capp), while pretending to be "by and for dissident office workers." Three years ago, Manning published an endorsement of the Sandinista dictatorship in No Middle Ground, commencing the chain of events leading to Bufe's pamphlet. When in fall 1984 IMG moved toward publishing a rejoinder by anarchist Sally Frye, Manning threatened to call the cops to prevent her and other anti-statists doing production work on the mag in the PW office -- an office they helped build -- and then pulled her operatives out of IMG, effectively extinguishing the project. One of these agents was Chaz Bufe.

Then in spring 1985, the pro-PW faction (Bufe, Tom Wetzel, Chris Winks) tried to re-form a NMG group clandestinely after inducting Manning and other hitherto uninvolved PW's and excluding Frye, Kevin Keating and Brian Kane. As the Freedom officialdom is aware, Frye so widely disseminated the facts of this purge ploy -- including the refusal of the PW agents to even share the NMG mailing list with her -- that they settled for destroying NMG rather than seizing it. "Listen, Anarchist!" is Bufe's mendacious attempt to excuse his prominent part in this ugliness.

It is also an apology for the power behind the NMG putsch, the monied Marxists of Processed World. Although he has no first-hand knowledge of the affair, Bufe the supposed anarchist goes beyond even PW's false and frenzied press releases with his suppression of PW's attempt to intimidate and eliminate its critics, notably myself. He does not mention, for instance, two street attacks on me, the burglary of my apartment, the robbery of over \$100 from me by PW hierarch Chris Carlsson after he beat me up and spit in my face, the harassing phone-calls to my girl friend, the death threats I received by mail, hand-delivered to my workplace and pinned to my front door with an ice-pick, the court order sought unsuccessfully by Manning to forbid my posting flyers even "mentioning" Processed World, the simultaneous calling of the cops on me and decorating of my flyers with the annotation "police snitch," the disruption of a class I was teaching by Carlsson, forcing me out of work, out of school, out of my apartment and literally into five months in hiding before I moved out of town, etc., etc.

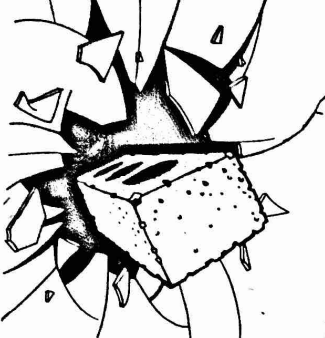
Bufe's only role in this was as anarchist fellow traveller for the Marxist goons. When I completed a book-length documented account of events in February 1985, The Baby and the Bathwater, Bufe, then a member of the anarchist Bound Together Bookstore Collective, led an unsuccessful effort to get the bookstore not to carry it. When he lost he childishly quit in a huff.

Beal B. Beal

P. O. BOX 431
BOSTON, MA 02258

smash into the gap!

The collective "five finger discount" put into action the other Sunday night by close to 100 teenagers on Telegraph Avenue resulted not only in \$2000 worth of clothes being liberated from the Gap (as well as from other stores) but was also a first step towards questioning and destroying the crazy logic of the market economy, the basis of oppression and domination in the modern world, where the nothing—even you—exists without being made into a product to be bought and sold.



"PROLETARIAN SHOPPING" Italian youth, workers and unemployed used it as a conscious tactic for taking back what's stolen from them by bosses and the economy when they work for wages. They realize that the endless display of consumer goods held out to them just out of reach like the carrot to the donkey is only a trick to get them to play along in a game in which they have nothing to gain and everything to lose. The market system with its commodities for sale is just the flipside of the same abuse and exploitation you get at work, only there you get a chance to be a commodity too by selling yourself to survive.

Taking things without paying for them explodes one part of the equation where your boredom and pain is profit for bosses and merchants. Especially in situations of mass looting of stores and businesses the atomized actions of the lone shoplifter take on aspects of a collective rebellion against a society where things are in the saddle riding people. In taking what they want or need for free, people not only set-up that keeps people desiring and working for things that are there but that they can't have.

In the workplace, absenteeism, employee theft and sabotage express on an individual level the same tendency against capitalist society—the dictatorship of the commodity—that appears in a massive form in wildcat general strikes and insurrections, like in Poland in 1970. In Watts in 1965, Detroit in 1967, and all Sunday nights ago was a dozen times more radical than all the harmless liberal university demonstrations asking the U.C. Regents to move their money into a different bank account.

NEXT TIME GET YARMO ZONE! LOOT THE RECORD STORES! SACK THE COOKIE SHOPS! DESTROY YOGURT PARK! SHOPLIFTING IS COOL! ABOLISH WAGE LABOR AND THE MARKET ECONOMY!!!

DID YOU EVER WANT TO KILL YOUR BOSS?

WELL, YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE

WHEN WE FUCK UP ON THE JOB & STEAL FROM OUR BOSS WE BEGIN TO REALIZE THEIR COLLECTIVE ACTION WAS THE BEGINNING OF MY END.

THE THINGS WE GIVE UP IN ORDER TO WORK ARE NEVER RETURNED

Sci-Fi Mentor Dr. Ackerman publishes his 'Ling Confessions'

After years of public pressure, Dr. Al Ackerman has finally published his anthology of "The Confessions of an American Ling Master". This 86-page collection of his most famous six works over the past five years is a compilation by one of the world's greatest living science-fiction writers. "What makes this publication so amazing and important," according to Dr. P. Fudworth, publisher of Science Fiction Today, "is the fact that L. Ron Hubbard, who studied under Ackerman, recently passed away, thus dwindling that cadre of avant garde 1960's sci-fi writers. Dr. Fudworth points out, "Where would the super stars like George Lucas and Steven Spielberg be today if they hadn't cut their teeth on this group when they (Lucas and Spielberg) were growing up?" Dr. Ackerman has always had a pre-occupation with secrecy. He speaks and acts in a deliberately furtive, evasive, and mazelike fashion which is supposed to drive his "enemies" crazy. In respect to the three leading groups that Ling speaks of as his "constant enemies": (1) The Vug Randolphs, (2) The Dread Arabz Society, and (3) all the rest of the horrible things he claims are out there trying to get him, what is one to think? On the one hand, it may be that Ling means to take these groups at face value; that, for example, when he says "beware of the Vug Randolphs!" he really does mean "beware of this creche family of large sentient black beetles." On the other hand, knowing how often, just for the

sake of secrecy, Ling will speak in code, it is perfectly possible that he means readers to take the "Vug Randolphs" as a kind of cloudy metaphor for the CIA, or the KGB, or the IRS (something like that). For all we know, "Vug Randolphs" could even stand for some well-known cult or fraternal organization such as the Moonies, the Scientologists, the Rotarians, or the people who go around illegally administering the high colonies. In recent years Dr. Ackerman has dropped out of the "commercial" marketplace which he finds revolting and has channeled the results of his output into the International Mailart Network where his Ling stores have been exclusively published in such leading mailart publications as "The Haint Digest," "Luna Bionice Writing," "The Laughing Postman," and "New American Writing." According to "Science Fiction Today," "This is the first time in over 10 years that the work of this reclusive dadaistic sci-fi genius has been available to the general public." In a recent "Science Fiction Today" article, Dr. Ackerman stated, "The reason I dropped out of commercial publishing and started distributing my work exclusively through the mailart network is that I like the personal touch with my public." That must be the reason for him self-publishing his "Confessions of an American Ling Master." The book is available only from the author himself "probably signed." Copies can be obtained by sending \$5 cash or check payable to Dr. Al Ackerman, "Ask Ling Prods.", 137 Burr Road, San Antonio, Texas 78209. Add 1\$ for postage.

LITTLE RASCALS PHILOSOPHY BULLETIN #3 (addendum to "Parvo Full'er")

Speech bubbles:

- bestest - g'mme luscious breasts to lap away at? Let them have 'em and the land will be so-g-g hellawoo!
- assss - I want to sink my mvc/f into their mouth angelic depth!
- smear me up some bodice with this here jelly a let me lick em from head to toe
- ME? I want it all - and more. Hoo Boy! - we're gonna party! Any mother-fucker wants fire bomb this RED HOT carnival is gonna meet the wrath of the sexx machine. Right now the funds mental and their fake feminism and we're getting hard and we're vaginal just thinkin' about our plan for the day. But enough of the booties - it's time to get down! Clear the table - perform the first strip!

Caption: ④ Maelstrom comic #6 - By Joey Homicides (aka "Joeb" alias, the Sultan of Sex), c/o Lingo nation

CONTROL SYSTEMS AND SOCIAL CHANGE: An Introduction

May 2, 1986 - Chicago - With a weary but practiced eye, I swept in the view in front of the Chicago Tribune Building. I noted side streets, doorways, the cops, their numbers, their deployment. I was, for all intents and purposes, invisible. Others milled about, each doing their own thing in their own way. Behind enemy lines. I examined the body language and facial expressions of the policemen. I noted their clubs, their guns; caliber and make. I counted, and waited. I heard a drum, a dim chanting in the distance, and glanced again at my wrist watch. Slowly, wordlessly, I made my way towards what the Tribune was to call the "magnificent mile of anarchy" -- hundreds of antiauthoritarian demonstrators from all over the world come to Chicago to commemorate the "Haymarket Riot" of one hundred years earlier, and to plan for the future. For me, it was primarily an opportunity to assess whether there was, indeed, anything like an "anarchist movement" in America today, and, if so, what that movement was about, at the end of a lengthy assessment of that social trend I had undertaken in 1985. As the demonstrators approached the Tribune Building, I found myself surrounded by professed anarchists, nihilists, miscellaneous crazies and a few Maoist posers. And a lot of cops. It looked impressive up close, but a block away Chicago's business day went on its ordinary path, unaware. Before the day was over, 38 would be arrested, many others would play cat and mouse with the police for hours. When I came to Chicago, it was against a background of fifteen years of writing about anarchism. I did indeed find many people who considered themselves "anarchists" or "antiauthoritarians" during the weekend gathering, but, I was coming to realize, social and personal control systems were as deeply imbedded among this fringe segment of American society as they were in the larger social order. Instead of "anarchists" -- that is, people opposed to control systems and in favor of freedom, I found mostly slaves; slaves not merely to the undoubted power of the state, but slaves also to the internalized, neurotic complexes and social conditioning that imprisoned from within. I encountered scarred, frightened people, rationalizing their own sicknesses into a host of "isms" -- feminism, vegetarianism, pacifism, socialism; or narrow sectarian interests from punk to junk to bunk. Some were arrogant in their bigotries, others were merely confused. What I found precious little of indeed was a thirst for liberty, a desire for true freedom; it wasn't even on the agenda for many of those I spoke with. There were shining exceptions; what Emma Goldman used to call "free spirits." But they were few and far between, and even these were weighed down by the host of bureaucrats, sectarians and barely concealed authoritarians. I doubted that most of those present could be, in any sense, fighters for freedom without first literally getting their heads examined, though no such prospect, I knew, was in the offing. What became clear to me was that, though there is indeed a nucleus of an "anarchist movement" the fundamental trends of which are outlined in the pages that follow, no true tendency towards freedom would be possible without the personal inner emancipation of those who presumed to call themselves "antiauthoritarians." The baggage of old and bad ideas rested like a great stone upon the backs of the participants in HAYMARKET '86: ANARCHY IN ACTION (as it was, optimistically, called), and without the extraordinary effort it would take to realize this self-emancipation, no greater social significance will come out of this tendency.

A Magnificent Mile of anarchy

By Steven K. Johnson and Rogers Worthington

It was, for a few Michigan Avenue moments, anarchy. A wedge of a hundred or more darkly dressed young people sprinted up Chicago's Magnificent Mile mid-afternoon Friday, making anticapitalist remarks and waving black flags. The Friday anarchist tour, which included quick stops by splinter groups in capitalist hot spots like Neiman-Marcus and Gucci, came to an abrupt end in front of Water Tower Place,

where the protesters found the revolving doors locked and police waiting. Thirty-eight demonstrators were arrested on charges of mob action. "We're anarchists basically," said one protester, who gave his name as Tentatively A. Convulsion. Several others also used fanciful assumed names such as "Imagine" or "Crowbar." Convulsion called the demonstration "an anticapitalist, anti-imperialist tour of sorts." The protest was part of the Haymarket '86 Anarchist Gather-

ing, a commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the Haymarket riot in which a policeman and seven civilians were killed by a bomb blast. The anarchist movement then was driven underground, and four anarchists were convicted and hanged for murder. According to the planners [never "leaders" because there are no leaders] of Friday's demonstration, the commemorative gathering is "the most significant anarchist event held in America in years," drawing an estimated

Continued on page 4

Anarchists

Continued from page 1
300 to 500 anarchists to Chicago. The group plans to discuss forming an international organization, a prospect that has long eluded anarchists, who eschew organizing of any kind. Nonetheless, the group has planned four days of activities, to be culminated Sunday with a 4 p.m. gathering at Haymarket Square at Randolph and Desplaines Streets. Anarchists from 28 collectives across the nation are expected to attend, said Lee Cole, a Chicago participant. Anarchy, according to Albert Parsons, one of the four anarchists later hanged after the 1886 riot, "is antigovernment, antirulers, antidictators, antibosses... the elimination of all authority in social affairs." But few anarchists today agree on any one definition of the movement's focus. "We're a very diverse group of people and nothing anybody says is representative of the group as a whole," said one woman, who came from Michigan. There are independent anar-

chists, collective anarchists, Christian anarchists, pagan anarchists, communist anarchists, anarcho-feminists and even capitalist anarchists, said Chris McCarthy, 30, from the San Francisco area. The demonstration on Friday began, appropriately, at the Dirksen Federal Building. It dispersed through the financial district, paused at the IBM Building and then continued to Tribune Tower and the South African Consulate before heading north on Michigan Avenue. "It was just venting a lot of energy and thought," said Jo Berkman, who traveled from Tennessee. Most of the 38 arrested—12 women, 25 men and a female juvenile—are being charged with mob action and disorderly conduct, both misdemeanors. "Most of them refused to be fingerprinted," Officer Kenneth Ross said. "A total of 29 have refused to give their names." One man, Ross said, is charged with desecration of the flag, a Class 4 felony, for allegedly trying to burn a U.S. flag at 815 N. Michigan Ave. When the unruly group encountered surprised businessmen in the financial district, said Bob Wolske,

21, a senior at Ripon College, "we threw money at them, saying, 'Here, worship this money.'" In Gucci Shops Inc., 713 N. Michigan Ave., demonstrators chanted, "Eat the rich; feed the poor," said David Zimmerman, 20, of Los Angeles, who referred to himself and his friends as "anarchist punks." "They were oohing and aahing at the merchandise," said store manager Richard Peet. One demonstrator scribbled a big "A" on the outside of the store's display window. "I don't think anyone went into this with the intention of getting arrested," said Michael Gunderloy, 28, an anarchist from Boston. "But I don't think anyone was surprised."

From FRONTLINE WORLD

according to Dr. P. Fudworth, publisher of Science Fiction Today, "is the fact that L. Ron Hubbard, who studied under Ackerman, recently passed away, thus dwindling that cadre of avant garde 1960's sci-fi writers"

Dr. Fudworth points out, "Where would the super stars like George Lucas and Steven Spielberg be today if they hadn't cut their teeth on this group when they (Lucas and Spielberg) were growing up?"

Dr. Ackerman has always had a pre-occupation with secrecy. He speaks and acts in a deliberately furtive, evasive, and mazelike fashion which is supposed to drive his "enemies" crazy.

In respect to the three leading groups that Ling speaks of as his "constant enemies," (1) The Vug-Randolphs, (2) The Dread Araby Society, and (3) all the rest of the horrible things he claims are out there trying to get him, what is one to think?

On the one hand, it may be that Ling means us to take these groups at face value; that, for example, when he says "beware of the Vug-Randolphs!" he really does mean "beware of this creche family of large sentient black beetles." On the other hand, knowing how often, just for the

go around illegally administering the high colonies

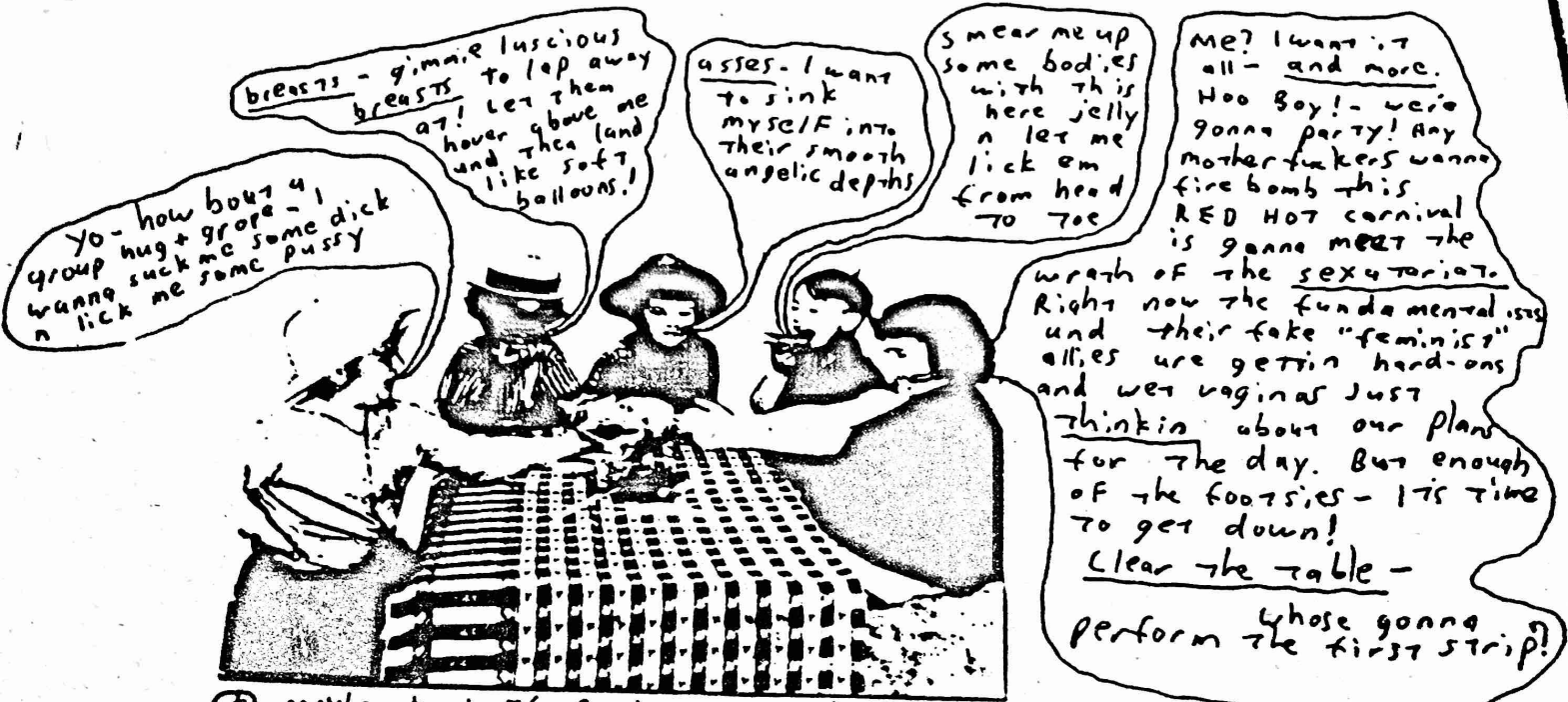
In recent years Dr. Ackerman has dropped out of the "commercial" marketplace which he finds revolting and has channeled the results of his output into the International Mailart Network where his Ling stories have been exclusively published in such leading mailart publications as "The Haint Digest," "Luna Bisonte Prods," "The Laughing Postman," and "New American Writing."

According to "Science Fiction Today," "This is the first time in over 10 years that the work of this reclusive dadaistic sci-fi genius has been available to the general public."

In a recent "Science Fiction Today" article Dr. Ackerman stated, "The reason I dropped out of commercial publishing and started distributing my work exclusively through the mailart network is that I like the personal touch with my public."

That must be the reason for him self-publishing his "Confessions of an American Ling Master." The book is available only from the author himself "probably signed." Copies can be obtained by sending \$5 cash or check payable to Dr. Al Ackerman, "Ask Ling Prods," 137 Burr Road, San Antonio, Texas 78209. Add \$8 for postage.

LITTLE RASCALS PHILOSOPHY BULLETIN #39 (addendum to "Porno Fullers")



☪ mayhan komix 86 - By Joey Homicides (aka "b"ob mcGlynn, The Sultan OF SEX), c/o Wino Nation

CONTROL SYSTEMS AND SOCIAL CHANGE: An Introduction

May 2, 1986 - Chicago - With a weary but practiced eye, I swept in the view in front of the Chicago Tribune Building. I noted side streets, doorways, the cops, their numbers, their deployment. I was, for all intents and purposes, invisible. Others milled about, each doing their own thing in their own way. Behind enemy lines. I examined the body language and facial expressions of the policemen. I noted their clubs, their guns; caliber and make. I counted, and waited.

I heard a drum, a dim chanting in the distance, and glanced again at my wrist watch. Slowly, wordlessly, I made my way towards what the Tribune was to call the "magnificent mile of anarchy" -- hundreds of antiauthoritarian demonstrators from all over the world come to Chicago to commemorate the "Haymarket Riot" of one hundred years earlier, and to plan for the future. For me, it was primarily an opportunity to assess whether there was, indeed, anything like an "anarchist movement" in America today, and if so, what that movement was about, at the end of a

L. Ron Hubbard Dead

Sci-Fi Mentor Dr. Ackerman publishes his 'Ling Confessions'

After years of public pressure, Dr. Al Ackerman has finally self-published his anthology of "The Confessions of an American Ling Master."

This 96-page collection of his most-famous six works over the past five years is a compilation by one of the world's greatest living science-fiction writers.

"What makes this publication so amazing and important," according to Dr. P. Fudsworth, publisher of Science Fiction Today, "is the fact that L. Ron Hubbard, who studied under Ackerman, recently passed away, thus dwindling that cadre of avant garde 1950's sci-fi writers.

Dr. Fudsworth points out, "Where would the super stars like George Lucas and Steven Spielberg be today if they hadn't cut their teeth on this group when they (Lucas and Spielberg) were growing up?"

Dr. Ackerman has always had a pre-occupation with secrecy. He speaks and acts in a deliberately futive, evasive, and mazelike fashion which is supposed to drive his "enemies" crazy.

In respect to the three leading groups that Ling speaks of as his "constant enemies," (1) The Vug-Randolphs, (2) The Dread Araby Society, and (3) all the rest of the horrible things he claims are out there trying to get him, what is one to think?

On the one hand, it may be that Ling means us to take these groups at face value; that, for example, when he says "beware of the Vug-Randolphs!" he really does mean "beware of this creche family of large sentient black beetles." On the other hand, knowing how often, just for the

sake of secrecy, Ling will speak in code, it is perfectly possible that he means readers to take the "Vug-Randolphs" as a kind of cloudy metaphor for the CIA, or the KGB, or the IRS (something like that).

For all we know, "Vug-Randolphs" could even stand for some well-known cult or fraternal organization, such as the Moonies, the Scientologists, the Rotarians, or the people who go around illegally administering the high colonies.

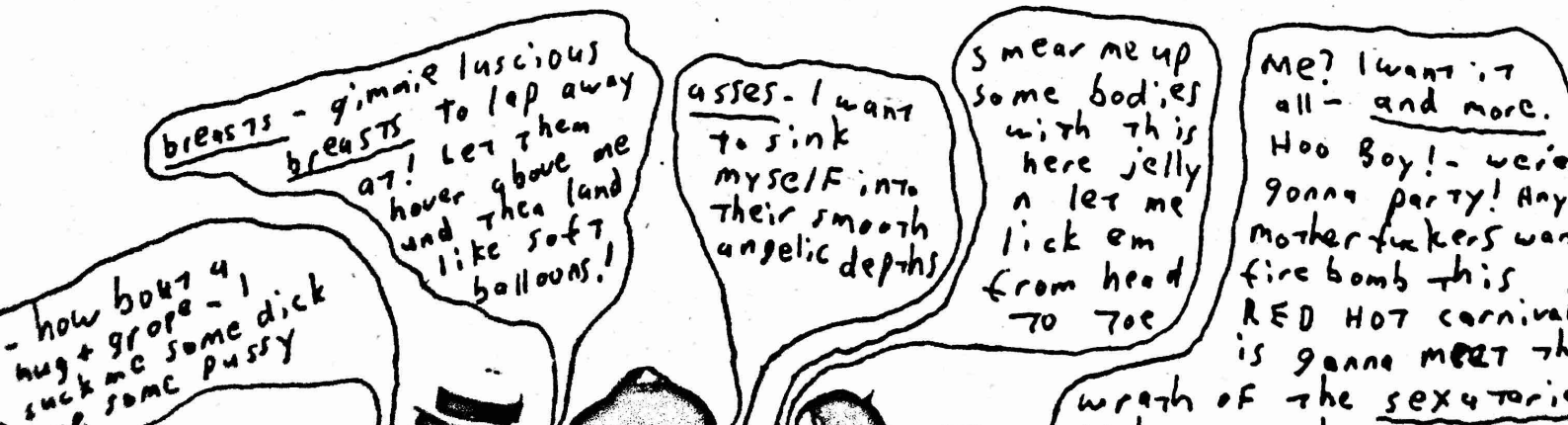
In recent years Dr. Ackerman has dropped out of the "commercial" marketplace which he finds revolting and has channeled the results of his output into the International Mailart Network where his Ling stories have been exclusively published in such leading mailart publications as "The Haint Digest," "Luna Bisonte Prods." "The Laughing Postman," and "New American Writing."

According to "Science Fiction Today," "This is the first time in over 10 years that the work of this reclusive dadaistic sci-fi genius has been available to the general public."

In a recent "Science Fiction Today" article, Dr. Ackerman stated, "The reason I dropped out of commercial publishing and started distributing my work exclusively through the mailart network is that I like the personal touch with my public."

That must be the reason for him self-publishing his "Confessions of an American Ling Master." The book is available only from the author himself "probably signed." Copies can be obtained by sending \$5 cash or check payable to Dr. Al Ackerman, "Ask Ling Prods," 137 Burr Road, San Antonio, Texas 78209. Add 1\$ for postage.

LITTLE RASCALS PHILOSOPHY BULLETIN #39 (addendum to "Porno Fullies")



crowbar.

Let us begin by saying that the letter dated Jan. 22 was signed Some Chicago Anarchists not Fred Hajer. Some Chicago anarchists worked on it. It reflects the views of most people involved here with Impossible Books and Haymarket '86 but perhaps not all. Time was certainly a factor in sending that letter. I received the copy of Pop Real with the letter from Mid-Hudson around Jan. 12. I have no interest in your useless rag other than the slander that it perpetrates. Therefore I don't seek it out. Perhaps we dilly dallied a bit in getting the letter to you but why didn't Pete or Jim inform you of these differences?

My primary intention in writing this letter is to insist that the next issue include no implication that shimo or Pop Real are in any way, shape or form involved with Impossible Books or Haymarket '86.

A FEW POINTS OF INFORMATION: The efforts to organize an anarchist May Day '86 go back to summer 1983. We had a planning conference in May of 1984. Out of this conference came commitments by 15-18 groups and individuals from across the country to build for this year's events. When we began our serious efforts last spring naturally these people were the first ones to be contacted.

I honestly don't remember where Omarzu first appeared. This is when I get real irritated. All of our mailings, all of our publicity made it abundantly clear that the people organizing these events wanted to make them Anarchist. We didn't know that Pete was a r c p sympathizer. We never attend meetings given by rcp, plp, ral, cp or any other such group. We expected him to be above board but what do you expect from Maoist-alike. It seems very deceptive for an avowed non-anarchist to attend even two anarchist planning meetings. But the reports we get from around the country are that r c p infiltrates anarchist meetings and organizations regularly.

Sleazy Pete realizing we were committed to an Anarchist May Day disappeared until late Nov. But his venomous lies trail him to this day.

POINT OF INFORMATION: Most of the organizing for these events has been through the mail. The June '85 mailing went out to the 17 or so groups we knew from May '84. The July mailing went out to around 60 and the Aug. to over 400. Our only criteria for these mailings was that people call themselves either anarchist or anti-authoritarian.

If rcp Jim and rcp Pete couldn't handle us only inviting anarchists, they should have crawled back into the rcp basement on Sheffield where they belong. It wasn't until Nov. that we began discovering evidence of their stalinist tendencies and began to treat them as they deserve to be treated.

SECTERIANISM is when groups within what might broadly be described as a Movement denounce and refuse to work with other groups in that movement. Rcp denouncing ral denouncing plp denouncing swp denouncing cp etc. is sectarian. There refusing to work with one another is sectarian. (et the all claim to be marxist-leninist.

Within the hundreds of anarchists coming to Chicago in a couple months, there are many serious differences. But we anarchists are not sectarian as the marxists are. Our only criteria for people participating in the organization of these events has been that they renounce authority and hierarchy. Both Jim and Pete believe in the rcp and its affinity for Mao and Stalin. Is it any wonder that we anarchists through out these supporters of state terror.

Pete's claiming we wanted to control the nature of these events is totally unfounded. Yes we all wanted it to be anarchist, not a certain kind of anarchist. Just anarchist. Since Pete couldn't handle us keeping the marxists out of planning these events he invented the lie that we were keeping out certain anarchists. What but such a complete distortion of the truth do you expect from this lying dog.

I personally have many serious disagreements with some people coming here but in our workshops these differences will be discussed and debated. Some of the people who attended the conference in Nov. unanimously agreed to schedule the workshops that people voted for on checklists. Furthermore anyone claiming to be an anarchist can give a presentation at these workshops. Can not for the life of me understand how anyone is dictating the subjects or presenters at these events. There will also be plenty of "free space" for people to do spontaneous discussions.

Since we are obviously as boring as the Sunday morning services you used to go to, I sincerely hope you don't make any of our demonstrations. They will probably put you to sleep. Since shimo is bringing the masses to Chicago, I suggest you fools hang out together and not leach off of our hard work and dedication to making this thing happen.

There are many more criticisms that I have of you, shilley, pop real, Pete and shimo but being a bit busy in making something real happen in May, I don't have the time to run all of them down. Again, DON'T repeat DON'T include anything in the next or for that matter any issue, that implies Impossible Books or Haymarket '86 have anything at all in common with shimo or pop real.

QUICK COMMENT ON CULTURAL TERRORISM: with the recent tylenol killing and the murders three years ago, it seems really assanine for anyone to advocate "terrorism". Terrorism is instilling fear and hysteria in the general public. Poisoning people with medicine causes unnecessary fear among ordinary people. Perhaps you want people to fear you? Real revolutionaries don't want ordinary people to fear them. Certainly the rulers feared Parsons, Spies etc. and they killed them because of this fear. But how can I respect a person that uses or misuses a term in such a reactionary manner. Terrorism is the business of state and capital not the business of people who want to liberate themselves. Sounds like you have some real repressed Maoist tendencies yourself there crowbar.

In conclusion, people are laughing at your useless paper for its stupidity not for its originality, creativity (haven't seen either of these yet) or humor. There is very little funny about this sick society. Satire is a way of exposing societies' evils. But your rag uses piss-poor reworked satire. Much of what Fifth Estate has done is original, political and funny. Open Road before its trend towards Marx was similar. Oppression, misery, exploitation can only be abolished by people understanding the nature of this society. Your paper does nothing to contribute toward better understanding or even poke fun at the oppressors.

Hoping not to see you, Jim or Pete at our tea-party in May,
Fred Hajer

P. S. As such as original, creative S O B, how come you haven't done anything new about Haymarket. In the last few issues, all you have done w. creativity is reprint other peoples stuff. Seems like you do this with great, great, great regularity. Doesn't sound terribly original to me. Find a leaflet enclosed, we passed out at a HOC benefit, at least a bit original. Prefer that you don't use it. Try for a change to read and maybe do something of your own. Think you can handle it kid? P. S. 2: You will also be receiving a letter worked on by other Chicago anarchists in a few days. Believe that letter will more accurately reflect the view of most people here. These opinions are mine but, in conversation, most people here, concur on nearly all of them.

Fred: Talk about SLANDER! You've got to be the pettiest, most paranoid, power-hungry, frustrated, assulative, lying, name-calling, arrogant person I've ever corresponded with, & I write to dozens of folks a week. Your out-of-the-blue rambling about poisoning Tylenol was truly one for the books, but your attempt to write in the English language was the real screamer.

Not In Struggle
Crowbar

*Did you get the tea party
line from reading the Red Book
last night?*



tentatively, a convenience

Dear Rev. Crowbar,

At a recent Plenary Session of the International Congress of the Dogma Committees of Ontological Anarchy, an overwhelming vote was cast in favor of a Proposal to Consider the Feasibility of Convening Another Plenary Session to Consider Casting a Malay Elack Djinn Spell on "the official organizers" of May Day '86 in Chicago, because of their poor aesthetic judgement. Caffe au lait was served, & the entire contents of PopReal 12 was read aloud to the delegates. Altho we had not had a chance to consider the documents in the previous issue, & therefore put off casting the spell right away (besides, it costs a lot of money), we were nearly unanimous in feeling that you handled the situation in true Poetic (or Cultural) Terrorist fashion, & remained unshaken in our feeling that PopReal maintains its position on the thin edge of the wedge of Post-Everytingism, Watsonian Anarchism & other trends close to Ontological Anarchy. We were tempted to say we'd decided NOT to go to Chicago because the "officially organized" events sounded too boring, but the truth is that the "named Expropriation Committee has fallen down on the job & the Party Treasury doesn't extend to air-fare. We're sorry to miss the partying & all -- but truthfully the planned events DO sound bland & dull. The Midnight Notes cliche in Boston are planning a Maypole Dance in front of some bank -- maybe we'll get to that... Meanwhile please accept the Plenary Session's Official & Yet Spontaneous Outpouring of Comradely Sentiment

* (... sigh...)

wa salnam,

Yakin Bey

treat them as they deserve.

SECTERIANISM is when groups within what might broadly be described as a Movement denounce and refuse to work with other groups in that movement. Rcp denouncing rsl denouncing plp denouncing swp denouncing cp etc. is sectarian. There refusing to work with one another is sectarian. Yet the all claim to be marxist-leninist.

Within the hundreds of anarchists coming to Chicago in a couple months, there are many serious differences. But we anarchists are not sectarian as the marxists are. Our only criteria for people participating in the organization of these events has been that they renounce authority and hierarchy. Both Jim and Pete believe in the rcp and its affinity for mao and stalin. Is it any wonder that we anarchists through out these supporters of state terror.

Pete's claiming we wanted to control the nature of these events is totally unfounded. Yes we all wanted it to be anarchist, not a certain kind of anarchist. Just anarchist. Since Pete couldn't handle us keeping the marxists out of planning these events he invented the lie that we were keeping out certain anarchists. What but such a complete distortion of the truth do you expect from this lying dog.

I personally have many serious disagreements with some people coming here but in our workshops these differences will be discussed and debated. POINT OF INFORMATION: At the conference in Nov. unanimously agreed to schedule the workshops that people voted for on checklists. Furthermore anyone claiming to be an anarchist can give a presentation at these workshops. Can not for the life of me understand how anyone is dictating the subjects or presenters at these events. There will also be plenty of "free space" for people to do spontaneous discussions.

Since we are obviously as boring as the Sunday morning services you used to go to. I sincerely hope you don't make any of our demonstrations. They will probably put you to sleep. Since shimo is bringing the masses to Chicago, I suggest you fools hang out together and not leach off of our hard work and dedication to making this thing happen.

There are many more criticisms that I have of you, shilley, pop real, pete and shimo but being a bit busy in making something real happen in May, I don't have the time to run all of them down. Again, DON'T repeat DON'T include anything in the next or for that matter any issue, that implies Impossible Books or Haymarket '86 have anything at all in common with shimo or pop real.

QUICK COMMENT ON CULTURAL TERRORISM: With the recent tylenol killing and the murders three years ago, it seems really assanine for anyone to advocate "terrorism". Terrorism is instilling fear and hysteria in the general public. Poisoning people with medicine causes unnecessary fear among ordinary people. Perhaps you want people to fear you? Real revolutionaries don't want ordinary people to fear them. Certainly the rulers feared Parsons, Spies etc. and they killed them because of this fear. But how can I respect a person that uses or misuses a term in such a reactionary manner. Terrorism is the business of state and capital not the business of people who want to liberate themselves. Sounds like you have some real repressed maoid tendencies yourself there crowbar.



tentatively, a cc

Dear Rev. Crowbar,

At a recent Plenary Session of the International Congress of the Dogma Committees of Ontological Anarchy, an overwhelming vote was cast in favor of a Proposal to Consider the Feasibility of Convening Another Plenary Session to Consider Casting a Malay Black Djinn Spell on "the official organizers" of May Day '86 in Chicago, because of their poor aesthetic judgement. Café au lait was served, & the entire contents of PopReal 12 was read aloud to the delegates. Altho we had not had a chance to consider the documents in the previous issue, & therefore put off casting the spell right away (besides, it costs a lot of money), we were nearly unanimous in feeling that you handled the situation in true Poetic (or Cultural) Terrorist fashion, & remained unshaken in our feeling that PopReal ~~xxxxxx~~ maintains its position on the thin edge of the wedge of Post-Everythingism, Watsonian Anarchism & other trends close to Ontological Anarchy. We were tempted to say we'd decided NOT to go to Chicago because the "officially organized" events sounded too boring, but the truth is that the Unarmed Expropriation Committee has fallen down on the job & the Party Treasury doesnt extend to air-fare. We're sorry to miss the ^{unofficial} partying & all -- but truthfully the planned events DC sound bland & dull. The Midnite Notes clench in Bosstown are planning a Maypole Dance in front of some bank -- maybe we'll get to that... * Meanwhile please accept the Plenary Session's Official & Yet Spontaneous Outpouring of Comradely Sentiment

* (... sigh...)

wa salzam,

[Handwritten signature]
"akim Bey
↔↔

Crowbar

The plot must be working since you have so many hardcore radical revolutionaries pissed-off to the point where they desire your non-existence.

Please continue with the plan.

Apathetically yours,

R.A. Knight
Erie, PA

David- I finally am writing to you after meeting to respond to your open letter "Rev Crowbar Up Against The Wall..." was given to me... About the whole SHIMO Underground/RCP issue, I haven't had the kinds of problems dealing with people in/with the RCP as some that I have talked or corresponded with have. The problems I have had working with them stem as much from style and approach as anything else. There are at least several substantial differences that I have with the RCP. They have to do with the question of Stalin, the question of State Power and the "Vanguard Party" and with the whole cultural arena in general and the Gay issue in specific. These differences will be illuminated upon more in the near future. About my letter to the RCP on their 10th Anniversary: Yes David, I know you were "plain embarrassed", and in retrospect so am I, a little. But hey, you say that recently I've been writing some controversial letters. Come on Dave, I've been writing controversial and embarrassing letters since the day we met (see enclosed photocopy of FBI document from my file, reprinted in Notes...) and I don't plan to stop now. Actually, David, far less of PopReal has been embarrassing to me than you probably think.

Anyway, as to the need, or lack of need, for SHIMO to have a political line, I submit that no matter what, we do have one. Everything is political- even a Nihilistic or an apathetic approach to politics (neither one of which I feel we have) is still political. What we do not need is a highly structured ideology that makes claims of being THE answer for all. It is much more likely that there are 4 billion (over that by now) answers and where we get into trouble is when we find the answer right for one and try to

apply it to everyone. That does not mean that situations, structures and plans cannot be analyzed in any sort of absolute way, but rather it points to the utter complexity of the way of the world.

What I am writing for the next issue of Notes For A New Underground- If the editor prints it- is an open-ended article roughly titled "The SHIMO Story: Who We Are, Where We Came From, And What The Hell Are We All About Anyway."

I think that because we have always been outside of organizations, indeed, for the most part anti-organization we have found it easy to work with many diverse groups and people. I would not want that to change. I guess what I talk about is the need for a new way, a transcending one of the TRADITIONAL political thought. We are not in Chicago in the 1880s, nor are we on the Long March in China. This is not 1930's Spain nor is it World War I era Russia, and relying on answers that other people of other times developed (to say nothing of whether they worked) will not suffice to deal with the conditions, technology and the challenges that we face.

All in all I liked your whole rant- especially the end about No Easy Answers! That if there are we won't tell you I might add- "and if you think you have them I don't want to know". Well, maybe I'll listen, I just won't follow. For one thing SHIMOs are not followers.

Love the line "It might be a joke, but we're not kidding!"

Take care, I love you.
Jim Shiley
P.O. Box 1593,
Kalamazoo, MI. 49005.

Crowbar,

It was good to see yer smiling face in Chicago.. what a trip! I went to Chicago to punch as many buttons as possible, & of course got my buttons pushed in the process...

300 anarchists surging through the streets of downtown Chicago punched buttons, black flags over Chicago punched buttons.. in the belly of the beast, wackos in Babylon..

playing on Picasso's baboon punched buttons, Picasso was an anarchist all artists are anarchists.. street theater punched buttons, "Eat the Rich, Feed the Poor" punched buttons, "Smash the State, Have a Nice Day" punched buttons

Chicago courtroom scene didn't punch any buttons, waiting for the men to be arraigned for "mob action against the state" (the women were segregated into a different courtroom) all we saw was an endless stream of poor black men, well, some Chicanos, too, I guess, but we're all niggers in the courts of Chicago.. big fat black cop punched buttons, one word from us & he'd put us in the hole, "I'll cut you hair, give you a bath, and then I put you in the hole" while his black brothers are paraded in front of the man.. all but 2 anarchists rising for the Judge punched my buttons...

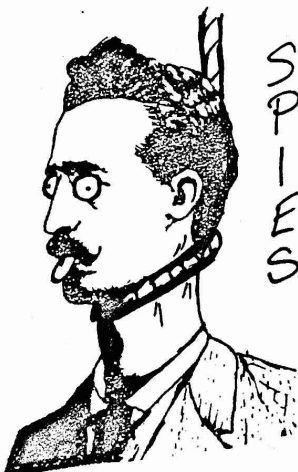
Waldheim cemetery punched buttons, black flags bred roses on the Haymarket monument punched buttons, laying on Emma's grave, the bronze relief of Emma on Emma's gravestone, hugging the tree growing on Emma's grave punched buttons...

Seeing the faces behind all the names punched buttons, throwing a bowling ball in Lake Michigan punched buttons ("Why did you throw that bowling ball in the lake?" "It seemed like the thing to do..")

& after a while it was all just buttons pushing buttons, connections & connections expanding exponentially, getting packed so tight in my head it started to solidify, mind into matter, neural soup, my mind is like jello, this is your safe conduct pass there is nothing to fear, critical mass we all live in Chernobyl.....

Inexorably yours,

berg - Lawrence, KS.



LUMPEN & PROUD



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



No Shame!

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

There were a couple of reasons why I didn't go on the demonstration. One was that I personally couldn't afford to get into any trouble, and the circumstances seemed ripe for some trouble to happen. A second was that if there was trouble, someone would need to be out of jail. A third was that I wanted to talk to friends more than I wanted to shout at enemies. A fourth was that I really didn't see the point, and the final reason was that I'm not all that opposed to capitalism in the first place. Regardless of which of these was the most important reason, I stayed back at the ranch while others were out getting arrested. So it is that I can tell the story of the aftermath, but can give no account of what led up to it. I hope that someone will fill me in.

When it became clear that a number of people had been picked up by the Chicago police, the rest of us swung into action. I fondly hope to see such effective decentralized action again in the future (ideally directed towards some nicer cause!). No one gave any orders, no one called on a previously set up plan, no one tried to exert authority based on previous experience with arrests in general or the Chicago police in particular. Instead, a bunch of people -- everyone there -- pitched in and started doing stuff.

At this point my notes go from fragmentary to almost useless. I have a sheet of paper which is more concerned with a list of who was in the slams than with giving a coherent picture of events. As I've said, I don't think it's my place to publish these names, although I would like to. Besides which, I don't have the complete list, as many people refused to cooperate with the cops throughout Friday night.

Anyway, people pitched in, and I know who a few of them were. Chicago's Dennis Stempier ended up going down to the 18th Precinct, where everyone was being processed, along with a bunch of other people: Laura, Freddie Beer and David Nestle were there at one time or another. I don't know how many more. Meanwhile, back at the church, the pay phone was ringing until 10:15 more. Meanwhile, back at the church, the pay phone was ringing until 10:15 more. Meanwhile, back at the church, the pay phone was ringing until 10:15 more. Meanwhile, back at the church, the pay phone was ringing until 10:15 more.

Dennis kept in touch from the Precinct, and passed the news back via the pay phone. From him we found that most of the guys weren't cooperating, and that the whole station was shaking as they yelled and stomped their feet. A round of applause greeted this, followed by another when we learned the charges: Mob Action Against the State, Disorderly Conduct, and Desecration of the Flag. Conflicting reports of the bail amounts came through, depending on who talked to which cop, ranging from \$50 to \$150 each. The hat was passed several times, and by the time the night was over about \$2000 in bail money had been collected from the two or three hundred people present -- it was amazing how much people were willing to donate, often without any idea who it was going to help.

11:00 and church closing snuck up on us with a lot of things still up in the air. Four different people organized ways to keep the phone lines open and people in touch, and ultimately what was left of the core group with the bail money ended up at Max-Works, an anarchist collective south of downtown. From there we were able to get to both the 18th Precinct and the 11th Street jail, to which the women had been transferred, and were actually able to bail a few people out before morning. A few others made their own bail after cooperating, and I believe 8 or 9 were out by dawn. We could have had one more, but she refused to sign the bail papers without reading them, and the asshole cop at the jail wouldn't give her time to do so ("We're busy!" -- with no one else in the place but us!) and back upstairs she went. So it goes.

By about 4 AM those of us still up decided to call it a night. Arraignments were set for 9AM, and the cops weren't going to finish processing anyone else before that. I turned the bail money over to some of the folks at Max-Works, and hitched a ride back up to the hotel where my stuff was for a couple of hours of sleep. That's the end of my part in the story, as I had to catch an 11AM plane at O'Hare. Monday night I called the Spooner group and was relieved to hear that most everyone had gotten out. But the details of that I leave up to anyone who would like to report them.

So that's what I saw of Haymarket '86. All in all, despite the problems on Friday (which kept me from being as sociable as I would have liked from about 3PM on), I enjoyed the hell out of myself. I presume that most of the arrested folks are just going to skip bail, and certainly the money I donated to get them back I don't expect to see again. But there may have been a surplus, and perhaps the locals may show up and the bail money will be refunded. In any case, the question will probably arise as to what to do with any leftover or returned money. My own view is that it ought to be used for seed money for another national conference, hosted by another set of people (the Chicago folks did a fabulous job, and deserve a rest) in a year or two. Certainly the very experience of being in a room with hundreds of people that were in basic agreement with me was novel and wonderful, and I'd like it to happen again, as often as possible.

I encourage you to make copies of this and pass it on to other Haymarket '86 attendees and anarchist friends. If you want to stay on the mailing list, write me.

- Excepted from M. Gunderloy, Medford, MA.

One was that I personally couldn't afford to get into any trouble, and the circumstances seemed prime for some trouble to happen. A second was that if there was trouble, someone would need to be out of jail. A third was that I wanted to talk to friends more than I wanted to shout at enemies. A fourth was that I really didn't see the point, and the final reason was that I'm not all that opposed to capitalism in the first place. Regardless of which of these was the most important reason, I stayed back at the ranch while others were out getting arrested. So it is that I can tell the story of the aftermath, but can give no account of what led up to it. I hope that someone will fill me in.

When it became clear that a number of people had been picked up by the Chicago police, the rest of us swung into action. I fondly hope to see such effective decentralized action again in the future (ideally directed towards some nicer cause!). No one gave any orders, no one called on a previously set up plan, no one tried to exert authority based on previous experience with arrests in general or the Chicago police in particular. Instead, a bunch of people -- everyone there -- pitched in and started doing stuff.

At this point my notes go from fragmentary to almost useless. I have a sheet of paper which is more concerned with a list of who was in the slammer than with giving a coherent picture of events. As I've said, I don't think it's my place to publish these names, although I would like to. Besides which, I don't have the complete list, as many people refused to cooperate with the cops throughout Friday night.

Anyways, people pitched in, and I know who at least some of them were. Chicago's Dennis Stempler ended up going down to the 18th Precinct, where everyone was being processed, along with a bunch of other people: Laura, Freddie Baer and David Nestle were there at one time or another, but there were lots more. Meanwhile, back at the church, the pay phone was beginning to ring, and Guy and myself did most of the answering, aided by at least half a dozen other people. Lee got in touch with the press, and soon we had at least a rough number from CBS as to how many had been picked up. (The final tally was, I think, 39: 25 men, 14 women, although this figure may be off by a few either way). Lots of other people were running around and

helping out, either in the continuous meeting that was going on or in talking to the press (the Chicago Trib reporter was particularly confused. I think, that none of us claimed to be any more a spokesman than anyone else). A couple of people hunted up lawyers who were willing to lean on the cops for us.

Dennis kept in touch from the Precinct, and passed the news back via the pay phone. From him we found that most of the guys weren't cooperating, and that the whole station was shaking as they yelled and stomped their feet. A round of applause greeted this, followed by another when we learned the charges: Mob Action Against the State, Disorderly Conduct, and Desecration of the Flag. Conflicting reports of the bail amounts came through, depending on who talked to which cop, ranging from \$50 to \$150 each. The hat was passed several times, and by the time the night was over about \$2000 in bail money had been collected from the two or three hundred people present -- it was amazing how much people were willing to donate, often without any idea who it was going to help.

11:00 and church closing snuck up on us with a lot of things still up in the air. Four different people organized ways to keep the phone lines open and people in touch, and ultimately what was left of the core group with the bail money ended up at Max-Works, an anarchist collective south of downtown. From there we were able to get to both the 18th Precinct and the 11th Street jail, to which the women had been transferred, and were actually able to bail a few people out before morning. A few others made their own bail after cooperating, and I believe 8 or 9 were out by dawn. We could have had one more, but she refused to sign the bail papers without reading them, and the asshole cop at the jail wouldn't give her time to do so ("We're busy" -- with no one else in the place but us!) and back upstairs she went. So it goes.

By about 4 AM those of us still up decided to call it a night. Arraignments were set for 9AM, and the cops weren't going to finish processing anyone else before that. I turned the bail money over to some of the folks at Max-Works, and hitched a ride back up to the hotel where my house of sleep. That's the end of my part in the

Yo Dave,
 Sex issue was lots of fun. It seems like the literary greats of our times (Jung, Oatmeal, Ackerman, et al) are flocking to Popular Reality, which represents the pinnacle of the spoken word of contemporary lunacy. I have to be a blowhead and get serious about two things though. One is the piece by "Agent A" (me) of the snarling woman in the fur coat ad accompanied by commentary. There is a second commentary which goes along with it which complements the first. The second one didn't get printed which is MY FAULT for not making it clear that it's necessary to have both. Without the second one it might appear that my rant was misogynist & dumping on women. My intention was to express solidarity with women by mocking advertising & the imagery it assaults us with. Who knows, maybe nobody gives a fuck. But if anyone does, send me a SASE and I'll send ya the second commentary.

The other "problem" I have is with some things in Al Ackerman's THE POSTMAN ALWAYS WONGS FAT. I liked it, & dug it when Suzy was sucking hooch off the floor (reminds me of myself!) but the references to "slant-eyed" and "slope", while done in satirical form, could clearly (at least to me & others that have seen it) be characterized as racist. I'm not trying to start a fight or get too "heavy" or call Al a racist or any such shit. It's just that there is a thin line sometimes between humor/satire/mockery and stuff that is simply abusive. Using Asians for comic affect isn't funny to those who suffer from such humiliation. So am I making a big thing out of nothing? Ya wanna punch me in the face, Al? Okay I'll make up for my seriousness by telling the only joke I know:

There were these 2 guys, see, and they were always doing crazy things to get fired from their jobs so they could collect unemployment. So one day they tied one end of a rope around a factory rafter & the other end around their ankles and they hung upside down like that. The boss walks in & sez "What are you dumb fuckers doing now?" They said "Gee boss, WE'RE LIGHTBULBS!" So the boss sez "Awright, I'm tired of this shit. Yer fired!" So the guys untie themselves, climb down from the rafters, and laughing, walk out of the factory. Suddenly though,

the whole factory shift starts to follow them, and the boss goes crazy & starts screaming "Where the hell is everyone going?!" So the workers say to him "Gee boss, we can't work WITHOUT LIGHTBULBS ya know!" HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Boy that was a good one. Hey, I tell it at parties and women throw themselves at me and beg me to be their lover. It works every time.

Dave- I'll see ya at Haymarket and maybe we'll get drunk enuff to get hospitalized or something.

see ya
 Father "D'Ob McGlynn
 Brooklyn, NY.

What do "Shimo" mean? In Japanese, it has a couple of potentially neat meanings, or maybe you already know that! Its two main meanings (each written with a different character) are "frost" and "lower." By "frost," I mean, you know, "white frost" or "hoar frost." In compounds it can also take the meaning "ice" or "icy." By "lower," I mean the lower part or the foot of something or the bottom. In compounds,

it can have some interesting meanings: repeated twice (but pronounced "shimo-jimo") it means "the [unwashed] masses, the common people"; "shimo-be" means "a servant"; "shimo-za" means "the seat of honor" (the foot of the table, so to speak); and last but not least, "shimo-goe" means "nightsoil" (human shit). Actually, there are a number of compounds in which it means (or connotes) the lower parts of the body, the sexual organs, the private parts, bawdy things, indecent acts, obscenities. Well, whatever, "Shimo Underground" has a nice ring to it! And, unless you instruct me otherwise, I shall consider myself a part of the Shimo Underground, whatever it means.

B.
 Ann Arbor, MI.

Dear Crowbar-
 Just saw your rag for the first time. Pretty amazing stuff, especially the pages upon pages of accusations, recriminations, and general mudslinging.

I'm keeping an open mind, but I feel I must tell you that in my Esperanto dictionary "SHIMO" is defined as "mold, mildew".

Enclosed are two bucks for a sub. Keep up the good work.

Herb
 Galveston, TX.

Dear PopReal,
 Being a longtime reader I was pretty pissed when you raised the price. But I guess that's life, I'll just have to subscribe. So please send 6 issues and a "Party With God" pin. Keep up the humor and Fuck with my mind. Also send me info on the ShiMo underground, Notes for a New Underground, and Anarchist Association of America or addresses I can write Punk and Proud, to.

Totally Fucked

Totally Fucked



DON'T HOLD IT BACK!
ADVERTISE IN POPREAL!
 Camera-ready full page ads are only \$50.
 Half page- \$25. Quarter page- \$15. Eighth page- \$8.
BULK ORDERS: Distributors, Stores & Hawkers- \$20 per 100. Minimum order 20. Refund or credit given for whole returns in decent condition. Consignment available.
SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$2 for 6 issues. Canada & Mexico- \$3 U.S.. Foreign- \$5 U.S..
 Make any checks payable to Popular Reality, P.O. Box 3402, Ann Arbor, MI. 48106.

POPULAR REALITY
 P.O. BOX 3402
 ANN ARBOR, MI. 48106.

Labadie Collection
 711 Hatcher Library
 University of Michigan
 Ann Arbor, MI. 48106-1205
 Issues 13-24



Tired of living in fear?

Subscribe to POPREAL

