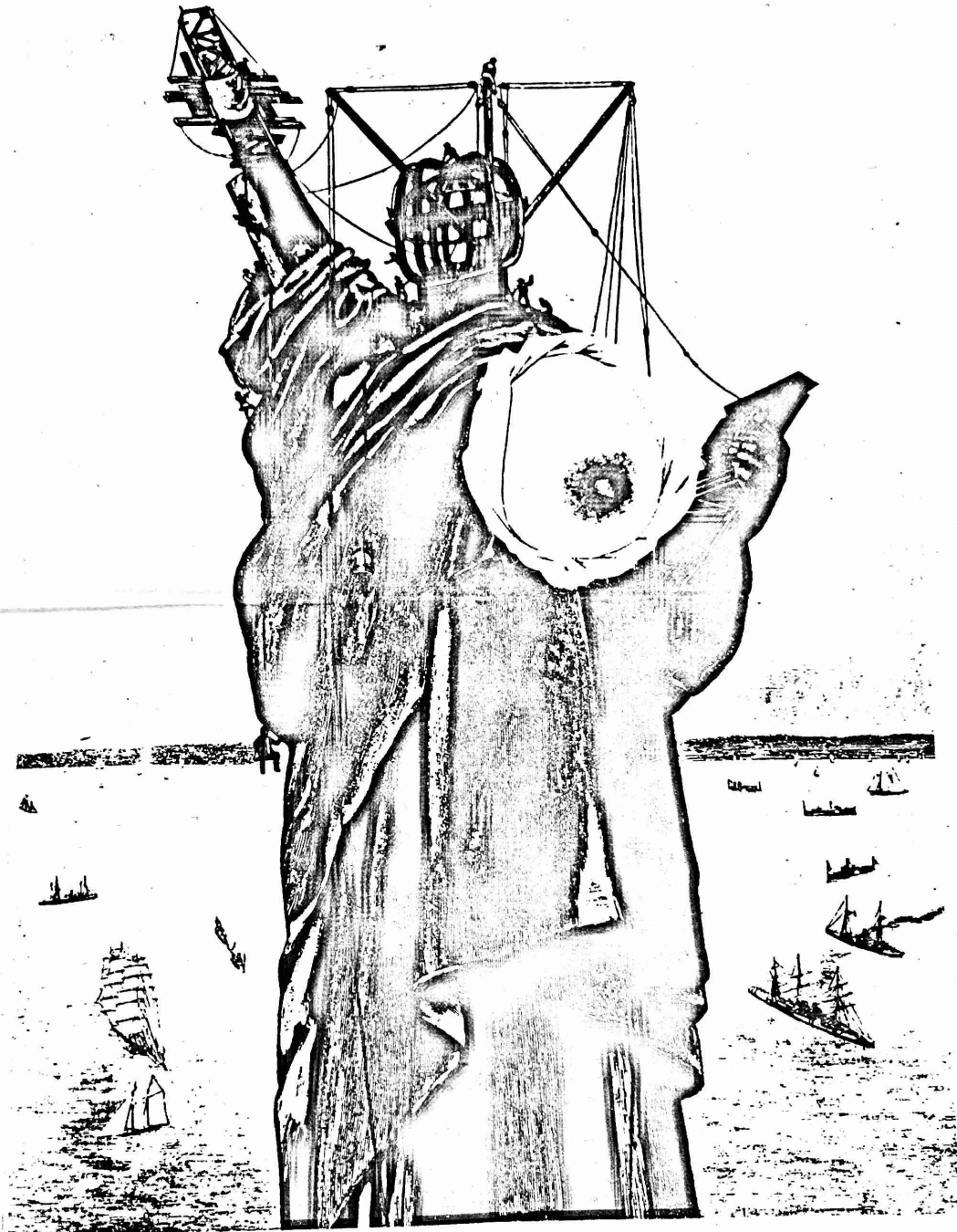


POPULAR REALITY

What It Means

Number 14 August-September 1986

50¢



86

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

When in the course of human sex, it becomes necessary for one gender to control the social roles which have connected them with the other, and to assume, along with the powers of the Earth, the separate but equal station to which the laws of human nature and God's humor allow them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should cover up the causes which impel them to their separation.

We hold these breasts to be self-evident, that men are all alike, that they are endowed, by their Creator, with certain un-

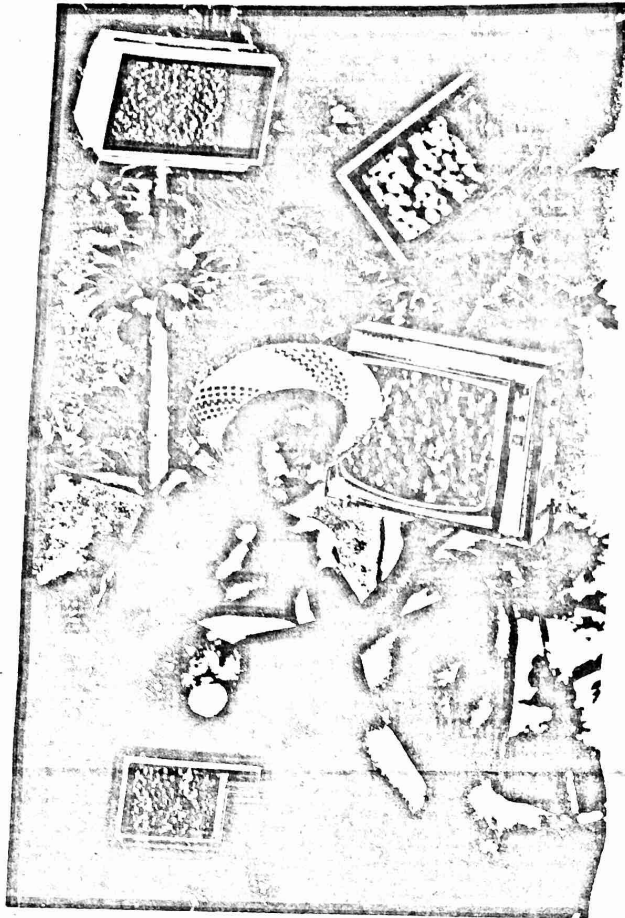
alienable urges, that among them are life, liberty, and the pursuit of women. That to secure these women, governments are instituted among men, deriving their pleasure from the dissent of the governed, so that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to ridicule or to abuse it, and institute new government, laying their ass on such principles and organizing their propaganda in such form as to them that shall seem most likely to effect the procurement of their own petty desires.

-Dervish

POPULAR REALITY

BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS YOU SHIT

Present Day Banalities



When contestation publicly re-emerged in the '60s, after virtually a half century of dormancy, its militant often betrayed a very undeveloped sense of victory. Since World War I and subsequent depression and war, hot and cold, this explicit renewal of the negative found itself on a new terrain, and the spirit of revolt only scratched the surface before being diffused by a variety of factors.

From the end of that decade a significant deepening in the erosion of the dominant values and orientation has taken place, escaping the notice of those who forget that political struggles are practiced on more inchoate (even spontaneous) social developments. Hence, a few words are in order regarding that which should be taken for granted as the minimum intelligence for any understanding of the 1980s. To those whose comprehension of the "Reagan Era" is limited to lamenting the demise of the '60s, an apology for disturbing their slumber.

By way of introduction, two sets of contrasts. In November 1965 a power failure darkened New York City. But the law-abiding restraint of its citizens was evident and widely praised by authority, internalized repression seemed to be wholly intact. When a similar blackout occurred there in 1977, however, "the party" began from the minute the lights went out," as one participant described it. Massive and inter-racial looting commenced, even to the point of the setting up of distribution centers of free goods, and the only reported violence was suffered by those few police foolishly enough to try to restore "order."

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Even anecdotally, then, the superficiality of the notion of a real ascendancy of Reaganism is immediately suggested. The efforts to introduce prayer and a biblical anti-evolution doctrine into the schools and to do away with abortion and environmental protection are, of course, in their failure, one measure of that, as is the November '85 Roper poll which found that only 4% respect Jerry "Moral Majority" Falwell.

When the tendency is toward a deeper and deeper disillusionment with the American Dream, a picture of America that was invented in Hollywood half a century ago cannot be successfully promoted and will only emphasize the extent of disaffection by its effort. The slightly more modern angle of the Right's propaganda is the re-invention and elevation of the acquisitive middle-class careerist, the Yuppie, whose cultural dominance has been loudly trumpeted. But already the articles detailing the "dissatisfaction, anxiety, and physical problems" ("Life of a Yuppie Takes a Psychic Toll," *M. S. News & World Report*, April 29, 1985) of the upwardly-mobile are deflating his tiresome success image.

Vast Non-Compliance

Likewise, the once-touted return of martial spirit under Reagan has largely been exposed. Most important in this context was the vast non-compliance of young men in the early '80s to the instituting of pre-draft registration requirements. The failure of the military to attract enlistees is seen in the enormous recruiting campaigns currently needed and in articles like "Honey-moon Over for Volunteer Armed Forces" (*U.S. News & World Report*, June 10, 1985).

A crucial parallel involves the world of work, where the use of polygraph or "lie-detector" tests by employers has now passed the one million per year mark. A 1984 survey of merchants by American Hardware Mutual Insurance found that "80% of store owners think their employees are more likely to steal than ten years ago." Ward Howell International, a national employment agency, disclosed that false resumes and misrepresentation of job qualifications in general, based on their 1985 study, is very widespread and on the rise.

Meanwhile, fast food chains are reportedly recruiting older workers at retirement homes because they can't find enough teenagers to fill shifts—despite the fact that 17.7% of U.S. teens are out of work. Along with these data are reports that drug use in the workplace has never been more prevalent, and a November 1985 announcement by the Labor Department of the illnesses since such figures began to be reported in 1973, the 11.7% jump resumes an earlier trend and can be reasonably linked to refusal of work as a major factor.

The vitality of the revolt against work syndrome is seen in the steadily growing popularity of participative management systems, which recognize that the "workers themselves must be the real source of discipline," as a July-August 1985 *Harvard Business Review* offering put it. The industrial relations literature is full of evidence that capital requires the voluntary participation of employees for its stability, if important agency for this cooperation; the "landmark" 1984 contract between the United Auto Workers and General Motors-Toyota, for example, increased "access to plant decision-making" (*Christian Science Monitor*, June 27, 1985), and was also the first time a UAW dues increase was negotiated with the boss rather than voted by union delegates, which infuriated auto workers.

From a social control perspective, the judgement that the management of information will be more efficient than what prevails in a non-computerized economy establishes the foundation of the Information Society. But the Scientific Management movement of the '80s, a neo-Taylorist monitoring of typists, phone operators and all the rest by computers, is providing no easy road to a satisfactory productivity. The overwhelming response is one of anger, as humans resist fitting into the new, rationalized future, and Silicon Valley, its new mercu, offers less a picture of gleaming success than that of the impoverishment of daily life might even render work relatively satisfying. Thus the vacuum of substance elsewhere is rendered unlikely by technology's progressive degradation of work. There is no area of authenticity, no place to hide, and no one can miss this commonplace. The bumper sticker, "The worst day fishing is better than the best day working," remains true, as does the also popular "Different day, same bullshit."

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Anguished commentaries about declining civic virtue are not confined to such data as the steadily decreasing percentage of registered voters who vote, or to miscreants on the job, but also draw their content from a most irresponsible consumer culture. One favorite in this vein deals with increasing shoplifting, including the stories of the complete non-involvement of shoppers presented with very visible incidences of stealing. The near-universal placement of electronic alarms on store exits testifies to the extent of the phenomenon, as high tech wiles with eroding allegiance to the work-and-pay rules.

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A deeper, visceral disaffection can be detected among the young, in terms of remarkable behavior patterns. *Psychology Today's* January 1985 cover story asked, "Why Are Middle Class Children Setting Fires, Kidding on Fire?" The alienation registered by wide-spread child arson is also evident in two November 1985 Gallup polls which showed that 12% of teenage girls suffer symptoms of anorexia nervosa (self-starvation) or bulimia (binge-and-purge syndrome), a much bigger figure than had been previously estimated. In June 1985 national Center for Disease Control statistics were released that demonstrated a jump of 50% in the suicide rate of young men aged 15 to 24 from 1970 to 1980.

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Reality offers little or nothing to support the idea that even during the high noon of Reaganism has there been any renewal of faith in the promise of American life; quite the contrary, the increased enrollment in college business courses notwithstanding, the idealist illusions of the '60s are mainly dead, and the failed counter-revolution of the Right is equally irrelevant. If the future is unclear, it at least seems obvious that a corrosive skepticism has dissolved much of the old foundation for repression and lies.

One could reply that this negation has only left us even more miserable; look at the growing levels of emotional disability, as reported not only by the National Institute of Mental Health but by a glance at the covers of the supermarket tabloids, with their continuing attention to depression, loneliness and stress or the great numbers of TV commercials devoted to pain relievers, alcohol treatment centers and the like.

There is even a refusal of literacy taking place, with about 30 million illiterate Americans, and some have discussed this in terms of an intentional aversion to the whole of modern life. Horkheimer's later pessimism could be cited to echo current references to entropy and despair, "the feeling," as he put it, "that nothing further can be expected, at least nothing that depends on oneself."

And yet the psychologists seem to agree that we all have much rage inside, and there is, arguably, less than ever for authority to rely on for our continued suppression. A senseless order seems to have no cards left to play, beyond more technology; nothing in the ideological pocket, nothing up its sleeve. As Guy DeBour wrote in the late '70s, "it no longer promises anything. It no longer says: 'What appears is good, what is good appears.' It simply says: 'It is so.'"

— John Zarzan

From Fifth Estate

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Reality offers little or nothing to support the idea that even during the high noon of Reaganism has there been any renewal of faith in the promise of American life; quite the contrary, the increased enrollment in college business courses notwithstanding. The idealist illusions of the '60s are mainly dead, and the failed counter-revolution of the Right is equally irrelevant. If the future is unclear, it at least seems obvious that a corrosive skepticism has dissolved much of the old foundation for repression and lies.

One could reply that this negation has only left us even more miserable; look at the growing levels of emotional disability, as reported not only by the National Institute of Mental Health but by a glance at the covers of the supermarket tabloids, with their continuing attention to depression, loneliness and stress or the great numbers of TV commercials devoted to pain relievers, alcohol treatment centers and the like.

There is even a refusal of literacy taking place, with about 30 million illiterate Americans, and some have discussed this in terms of an intentional aversion to the whole of modern life. Horkheimer's later pessimism could be cited to echo current references to entropy and despair, "the feeling," as he put it, "that nothing further can be expected, at least nothing that depends on oneself."

And yet the psychologists seem to agree that we all have much rage inside, and there is, arguably, less than ever for authority to rely on for our continued suppression. A senescent order seems to have no cards left to play, beyond more technology; nothing in the ideological pocket, nothing up its sleeve. As Guy DeBord wrote in the late '70s, "it no longer promises anything. It no longer says: 'What appears is good, what is good appears.' It simply says 'It is so.'"

— John Zerzan.

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"INTELLECTUAL S/M IS THE FASCISM OF THE '80's"

"THE AVANT GARDE EATS SHIT AND LIKES IT"

TEXT BY MAKIM BEY *** ART BY C.E.R.O.S./GANYMEDE

Comrades!

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HAPPY. What kind of 2-bit conniving horseshit... what kind of cockroach braided Art creeps cooked up this apocalypse stew?

Of course the avant-garde sees "smart" -- so did Marinetti & the Futurists -- so did Pound & Celine. Compared to that kind of intelligence we'd choose real stupidity, bucolic New-Age blissed-out inanity -- we'd rather be pinheads than quester for death. But luckily we don't have to scoop out our brains to attain our own queer brand of satori. All the faculties, all the senses belong to us as our property -- both heart & head, intellect & spirit, body & soul. Ours is no art of mutilation but of excess, superabundance, amazement.

The purveyors of pointless gloom are the Death Squads of contemporary aesthetics -- & we are the "disappeared ones". Their make-believe ballroom of occult 3rd-Reich bricabrac & child-murder attracts the manipulators of the Spectacle -- death looks better on TV than life -- & we Chaotes, who preach an insurrectionary joy, are edged out toward silence.



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Wake up! Breathe! Feel the world's breath against your skin! Seize the day! Breathe! Breathe!

(Thank to G. Mander's Four Arguments for the Abolition of TV; Adam Exit; & the Moorish Cosmopolitan of Williamsburg)



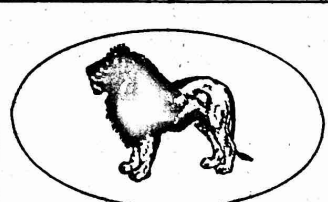
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graphic: M. Kasper

From Fifth Estate

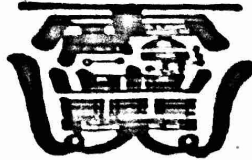
page 3

POPULAR REALITY



-Dervish-

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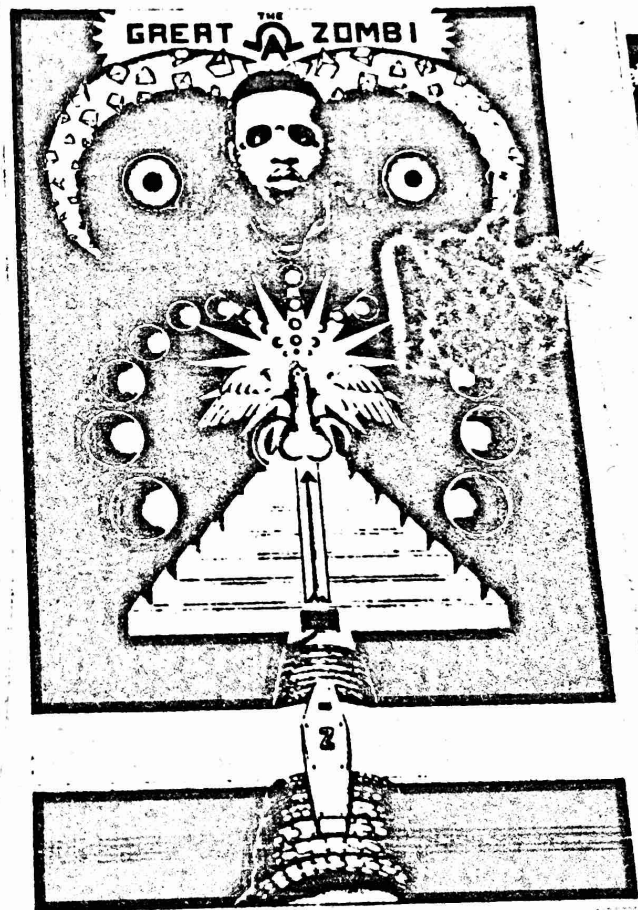
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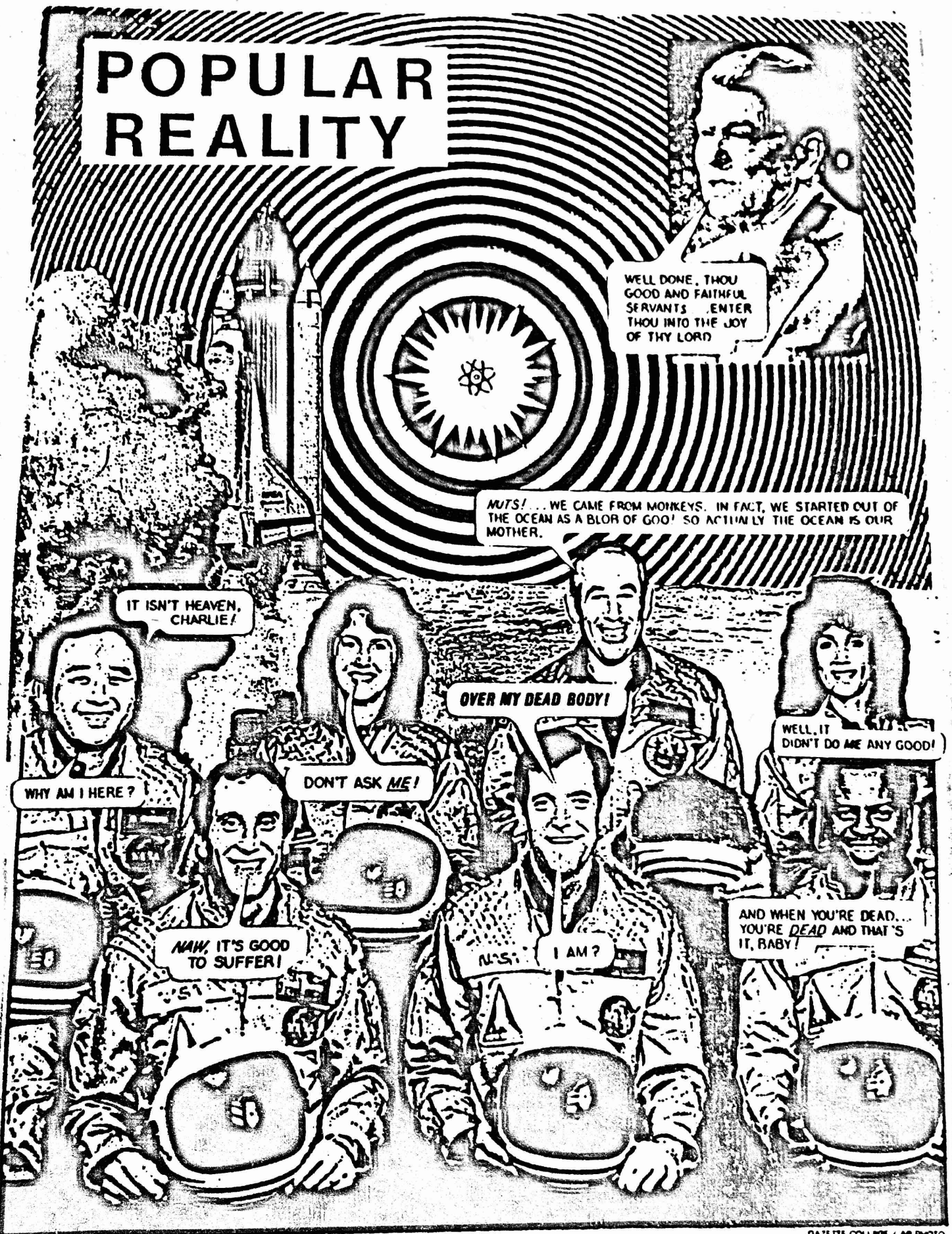
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GAZETTE COLLAGE / AP PHOTO



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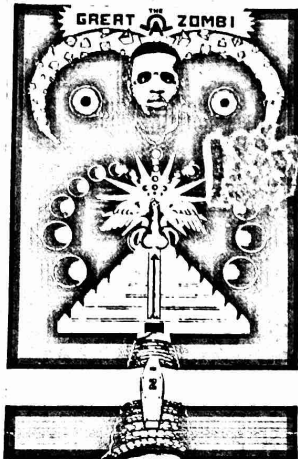
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graphic: M. Kasper

From Fifth Estate

Apartment residents halt arrest

Crowd aids escape of counterfeiting suspect

By Bob Wenzel, Staff Writer
OF THE SEATTLE STAR

About 30 jeering residents of the Palms Apartments — where a fleeing armed robbery suspect was fatally shot by a police officer two months ago — tried to take an Orlando police officer's gun and stop him from arresting a counterfeiting suspect Monday afternoon.

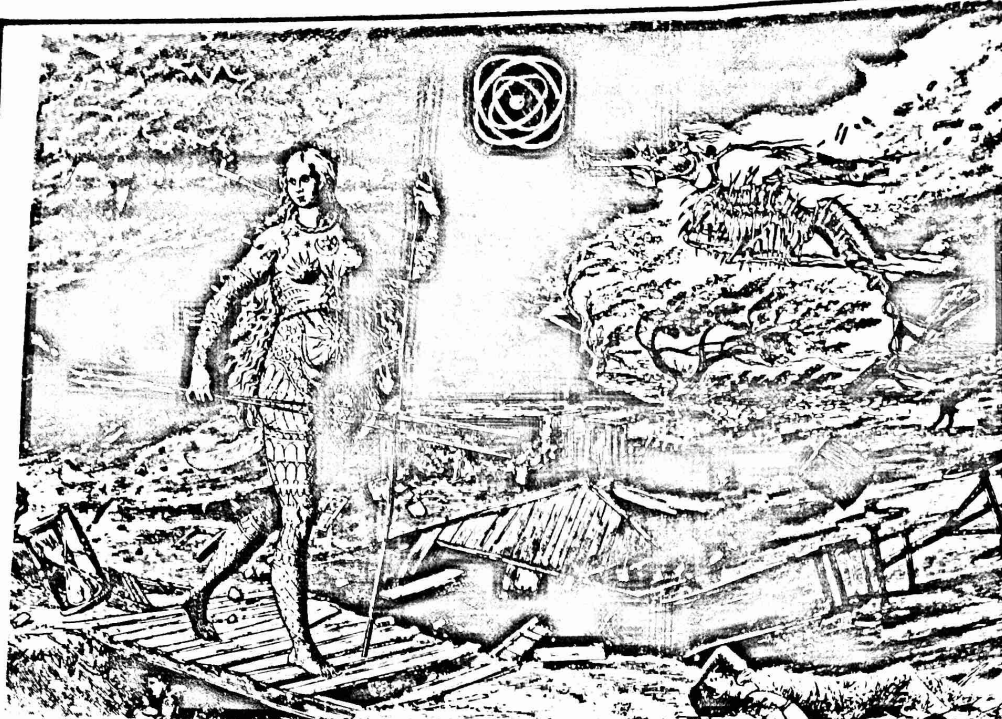
Police officials downplayed the incident Tuesday, saying it was not that unusual, despite claims to the contrary from several officers. A west Orlando minister who has been critical of the January shooting condemned the crowd's action but said it didn't surprise him.

Officer Patrick Welke, 27, was back at work Tuesday with a bump on the head, minor cuts and a possible broken finger.

"I was worried," Welke said. "I've never had anything like that happen before. There were people pulling on my gun. I have no idea how many. I was just trying to get them off of it."

Officer Curte-Myhre shot Keith Rozler with a shotgun during a chase at the complex on Jan. 31. The shooting has angered some in the black community because Rozler, who was black, was unarmed when he was killed.

Welke said he was dispatched to the complex about 1:45 p.m. Monday to look for a man. Detectives said had passed a counterfeit check at a bank earlier in the day. No other information on those charges was available.



-Baer

From The Bound Together Newsletter

WHY I RAN AMOK AND NOT AWAY

I ran amok again. I bashed and trashed and smashed and slashed; I broke and bopped and burned. It was great fun. I got away with it. That was even more fun. Ah, to be truly amok! It is the greatest high in the world. It's better than sex or drugs. It's better than sex and drugs. A cringing cop is a joy to behold. Their bleeding faces and shattered windshields are the finest art I've ever seen. Our spray pain rivals Rivera; our barricades outclass Rodin.

I'm glad I did it. I'll do it again. But I didn't do any of this because it gave me pleasure. The pleasure was merely a pleasant side effect. I did it because it needed to be done. It still needs to be done. I'll be more than happy to do it again.

Perhaps all this makes you think I'm some sort of sicko. Well, I'm not. True, I seem to be a congenial sociopath, but that is a sign of sanity, not sickness. In a sick society, the well are aberrant. Don't believe that I despise peace, though. I love peace. If I have to kill you to get some, you're dead meat. In a world of Kings and Gandhis, I would go about unarmed. But in the real world, the world of Reagans and Bothas, I fight back. To this attitude I owe my very life itself. My attitude is not ashima, but neither is it machismo. It is common sense. If you do not wish to subscribe to common sense, that is your right. It is not your right to inflict your stupidity on me. The next sniveling liberal who grabs the rock from my hand just when I finally have a clear shot at the Captain is going to get a knuckle sandwich for his effort. Beware.

Violence, in and of itself, is neither good nor evil. It is just another fact of life, like rain or roses. Roses have thorns. Rain makes them grow. Every cloud has a silver lining. It was violence that stopped slavery. It was violence that stopped Hitler. It was violence that stopped the mugger who tried to rip off my rent money. Anyone who loves peace more than Freedom and Justice is an asshole. This is a priori assumption dear to my heart, but impossible to prove. Either you believe it or not. If not, you're an asshole. I don't wish to debate this point in print or (especially) in person. Life is short, friends. How much of it do you wish to spend relating to assholes?

Anyone who believes that apartheid is not a form of slavery is either remiss in their research or faulty in their analysis. Wise up, chump. The facts speak for themselves.

Apartheid IS slavery. The University of California is guilty of financing it to the tune of \$2.4 billion. This is a moral outrage, a blot on the conscience of all who know of it and do nothing.

In South Africa the people fight apartheid by every means available from prayer to explosives. Here at Berkeley we have tried protest. We have tried petition. We have tried to be polite. We have marched. We have sung. We have chanted until we were sore in the throat. We have begged. We have pleaded. We have been ignored.

On March 31st we built a shantytown in front of California Hall in the center of campus. These shanties were more than a glorified picket sign, more than a mere symbol of the glaring injustice of daily life in South Africa. They were a physical barrier of imposing proportions in front of Chancellor Heyman's office. He would have had to climb over them to get in the front door of his office. The back door was too demeaning. Instead he sent the U.C. Police Department (glorified rent-a-cops) to clear us out.

Hundreds of us came out to spend the night. We thought that numbers alone would keep the cops away. It had worked last spring when we occupied Sproul Plaza, renamed it Biko Plaza and held a multi-week marathon teach-in/sleep-in/soup kitchen.

This time we had gone too far. We had nailed the bosses down shut. Soon the local filth were upon us in riot gear. They had superior tactics and resolve. The shanties were demolished. 61 people were arrested. As the bus full of prisoners were leaving, some feeble and symbolic resistance was mounted. Some rocks were thrown. Some dumpsters were rolled on their wheels down hill at the enemy. Two of us had the sense to don masks first. We were easily driven off.

Wednesday, April 2nd we were back with greater numbers, greater resolve, superior tactics, and more shanties. At least 30 of us were masked. The police were pelted with eggs as soon as they arrived. They surrounded the shanties filled with arrest volunteers. We surrounded the police. We kept up a shower of rocks until well past dawn. We broke an awful lot of glass. We built barricades. We set fires (the liberals put them out). For hours police posture was defensive as arrests behind their lines at the shanties continued. Outside their lines resistance mounted. We danced away from their sorries. At one point we sent 15 of us scrambling back to safety as 25 of us rolled dumpsters, not on their wheels, but end over end downhill after them. I, personally, was trying my level best to crush the motherfuckers to death. Unfortunately, they ran backward too fast and (for the time being) escaped their just reward. The U.C.P.D. are brutal hired mercenaries defending an odious atrocity. They are no more deserving of mercy than the S.S.

Eventually dawn came and with it reinforcements from nearby police departments. They included a detachment from the "progressive" City of Berkeley's

own police department and were spearheaded by 40 City of Oakland riot cops in full regalia. Escorted by fresh troops, the two prison buses filled with protesters, (and a member of the civilian Police Review Commission who had been busted on sight) broke out of our encirclement and headed for the street. We gave ground slowly before them in a wild melee reminiscent of a Kansas hail storm. But, golly, Toto, this isn't Kansas. There were dozens of injuries including two broken kneecaps. I took a club on the shoulder but rolled with it and ran. Once the buses were safely away (minus windshields), the police fell back into a defensive ring while workers (those reputed progenitors of revolution) began to dismantle the remaining shanties. The morning joggers and students on their way to class stared bug eyed. The sun was up and police department photo-reck was heavy so I slipped away, chucked my disguise and went home to bed. I slept like a baby and woke up refreshed.

There were 91 arrests. Most of the charges have been dropped. No jury from this town is likely to convict. We learned that last year when even the local judges wanted nothing to do with it and disqualified themselves in favor of imports from the next town. Never the less, U.C.P.D. snatch squads have been grabbing suspected "ring leaders" off the streets, blocks away and days later, charging them with multiple felonies. Shades of El Salvador.

Chancellor Heyman said later that the riot took place because there were not enough cops. To him I say, "Ira Heyman, war criminal, YOU take place because there are not yet enough of us."

To you, dear reader, I say, "Having a wonderful time, wish you were here."

In some sense, all wars are civil. This is regrettable, but true. One thing and one thing alone ended slavery in this country; Yankee guns. It was not marches that killed Jim Crow, but Molotov cocktails. And before apartheid falls, Boor blood will flow in the street. And the blood of their friends and lackeys will flow with it. I wish it were not necessary. I'd rather party than fight. I'd rather discuss philosophy in a cafe, or pen a clever slogan. I wish that were enough. But it is not. These scum will never give up without a fight. They are ruthless, amoral fiends, and armed to the teeth. There is no point in appealing to their "better nature." They don't have one.

I wish you could stand, as I once did, at the palace called "High Water Mark" on the aptly named Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg. After 120 years, the screams of the dying still echo from every rock and tree. The shadows of their shattered bones and tattered flesh array in hideous tableau. Their blood pounds in my ears. Here, on this spot, Pickett's dupes and slavers' hopes were dashed to bloody doom. Here, on this spot, the tide turned.

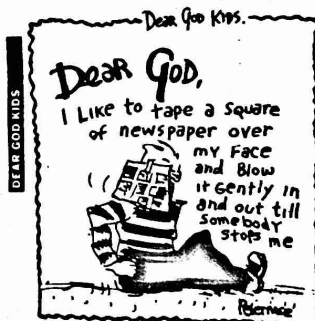
51,000 men died in horrid gruesome agony at Gettysburg.

Was it worth it?

Ask any Black American.

Then ask yourself this: Is there no place where YOU can stand and say, "Here, on THIS spot, the tide TURNS!"

Love,
Temporarily
Anonymous



Al Ackerman



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Columbus, Ohio 43214



THE DOT GANG

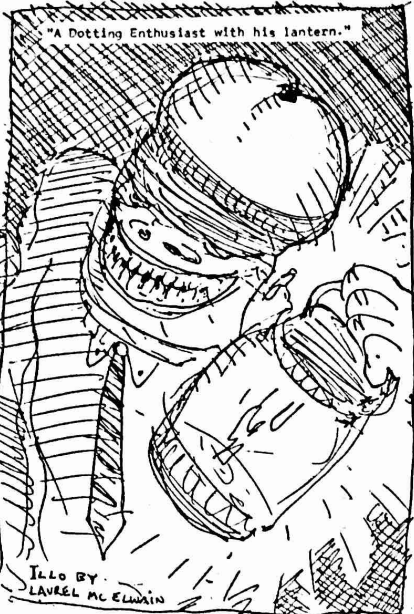
I cried— "Shall the winter leaves
fret us?"
She, turn— we must turn to
the fruits.
To the freshness and force
of the fruit!
—Thomas Hood, the
Younger

THE FOREGOING QUOTATION, though it does seem to be pretty conclusively the work of the poet Thomas Hood, the Younger (and not, as several readers in Kansas keep insisting, Thomas Younger, the Hood), may not be exactly the one I was looking for, but we won't know how far off the beam it is until I finish writing this article, probably.

The point I was intending to make with it is that when you see a man running around the streets with his head shaved and a big black dot painted on top, you can be fairly certain that you ~~are~~ are seeing a man who is deeply, even morbidly, intent on passing himself off as a giant penis. (That's what the experts are saying, at any rate.)

This murky fad or pastime, doubtless some weird off-shoot, or hybrid, of jogging, is called "Dotting", and it seems to be gaining new adherents right and left. According to people who think up things to compile statistics on, more and more Americans every day are running around the streets with these ~~xxxx~~ dots painted on the top of their heads, avidly bent on penile mimicry (or something).

And since it is so often true that form follows intent (just as "Ron" follows "Mo" and "Job" follows "dog-"), it should come as no surprise that most of these "dotting" enthusiasts, in getting so far into their dot trips, actually do come to resemble a large, rudimentary organ, or woz. In fact, from what I have seen, most of them succeed to an amazing degree in looking almost exactly like what you would get if you took an ordinary male member and blew it (careful, I know what you're thinking!) up to many times its normal size, and then put clothes on it and let it run around the streets, loose. Well, it's a pretty uncanny sight, no question about that. (Particularly after dusk, since a lot of these people have also taken to carrying lanterns, the better to show off their dots, I suppose.)



But (and this is the rub) how can one start a conversation in which the other person is busy running around the streets with this black dot painted on the top of his head? How, for that matter, can you start a conversation with the person with the dot, doing the running around? Things like this can lead to a real paucity in the conversational department and probably help explain why so many people today feel cut off or estranged. Here, as nearly as I can formulate it, is the best way to handle the problem of starting this type of conversation: First stop running and stand quietly in the mouth of an alley, peering up and down the street until you see the right person approaching.

I can't, of course, describe this "right" person for you. Each of us has his own individual, special criteria for "rightness". But probably it should be the person that, as soon as you see them approaching, makes you think: "Him, this person who is approaching would make a good conversational partner, I bet!" Once you have this "right" person spotted, here are the essentials:

Take one step forward, lift your lantern, and speak to her (somehow or other, it will usually be a "her"), framing your opening remarks as follows:

"Hey there, little mama—how'd you like to feel this big black dot I've got painted on the top of my head?"

Another possibility: "Yoo-hoo! See? See my dot?"

Another: "Ps—s—st! How about lunch?" (Dotty people who tend to be tentative or circumspect about their relationships often prefer this approach, I've noticed.)

Now comes the response! Billed down to the two main types, you can say that (A) anyone who smiles and replies: "Why, of course, I'd love to feel that big black dot of yours—and kiss and lick it, too!" is apt to be exactly the sort of person you (and your dot) have been looking for. If, however, by some strange quirk of Fate you should happen to hit (B) the humorless or uptight type, the kind that screams at the sight of your dot and runs away, or struggles, or wants to spring at you and rinse out your eyes with 'face, you will probably have to move along to a new alley and try again. Of the two types, (B) is obviously not your best bet.

Well, I think we can leave it at that. These, as I say, are the two primary types you are likely to encounter—(A) positive, and (B) very negative—and I don't feel this is either the time or the place to try to go into the more outre varieties, such as (Q) the type wearing plastic water wings who answers you by clucking like a chicken, or with a series of musical belches. Or (XY) the type, dressed all in straw and carrying a purple shopping bag, who peers at your dot and whispers (no matter what your name happens to be): "Jake? Is that you?" and whose expression seems to have ~~nothing~~ no connection with what she is saying. I would suggest, if you can swing it, avoiding these marginal types altogether. Too often, they are likely to turn out to be neurotic, or even unbalanced.

At any rate, you get the idea that the "right approach" has a good deal to do with Conversational Success, which will hardly come as a surprise to those of you who have been running around the streets with your dots on for any length of time. In this way, by using the right approach, most of you should be able to have three or four conversations a year.

At least that's about what I've been averaging.

—Dr. Al Ackerman, CASFC

MURDERER'S WORK

Jake Berry

Drum your fist
against the aluminum shoulders
of a frail man

Drum You Down

Drum you down beneath your knees

There are forces stronger
than science

Your facts, your legends
your laws
Are a fallacy

Starving you
for your lack of nakedness

It is with these stained fingers
that I erase your
failed promises - scattered gelid religions
What scourges of wickedness!

Fuck what the skyscraper symbolizes
fucked by the blue burnt rose
grows lonely
Out the sun

Blotted out by the red
of your murderer's lust

Lust
A force stonger than science

LUST for Freedom

I am doing
Murderer's work

assassinating a culture
nerve
by
nerve

Breaking through vaults
of relative slumber

Hacking away at the concrete mind
with a bloody
ax

Until its fragments
dissolve into the
stream
A solitary breath

squandered in the asylums
in the shadows
of the saved

The silver talismans flicker
and This is what they reveal

The horns of a ram that fucked
a pubescent girl
during the first time she leashed
After eating the hymen
cut from her vagina with a hot flint knife

The eyes of a falsely tried criminal
in a lead box decorated with red, red rubies

Can you see through the glass enough
to see there is no glass
But the mirror image that is a man made demon
with continuously dying hordes of devils
But the living soul that is the origin
leaning sands that are galaxies in clusters
vomited foam sloshed on the secret waters

The world is damned
and escape is essential
Escape that causes distraction
Shakti, still a virgin
venting her life through the womb of anger

There is dream
and desire
and the banshee that rides
on a golden lion

through iron seas
The seven headed beast
that must be tamed
but appeased
satiated

TO MEGA THERION
It snarls at the flesh
because it is master of the flesh
But it can not force submission

Because the spark rises inside
yearning for the evolutionary tug
Pentagrams and laurel arch
are brought into purple focus
And the archangels are brought
to the death ditch front
And the hierophants ring of steel
seals the books with dead bolt locks
that the prophets must break through
And rightix the engines
that drive the ascension



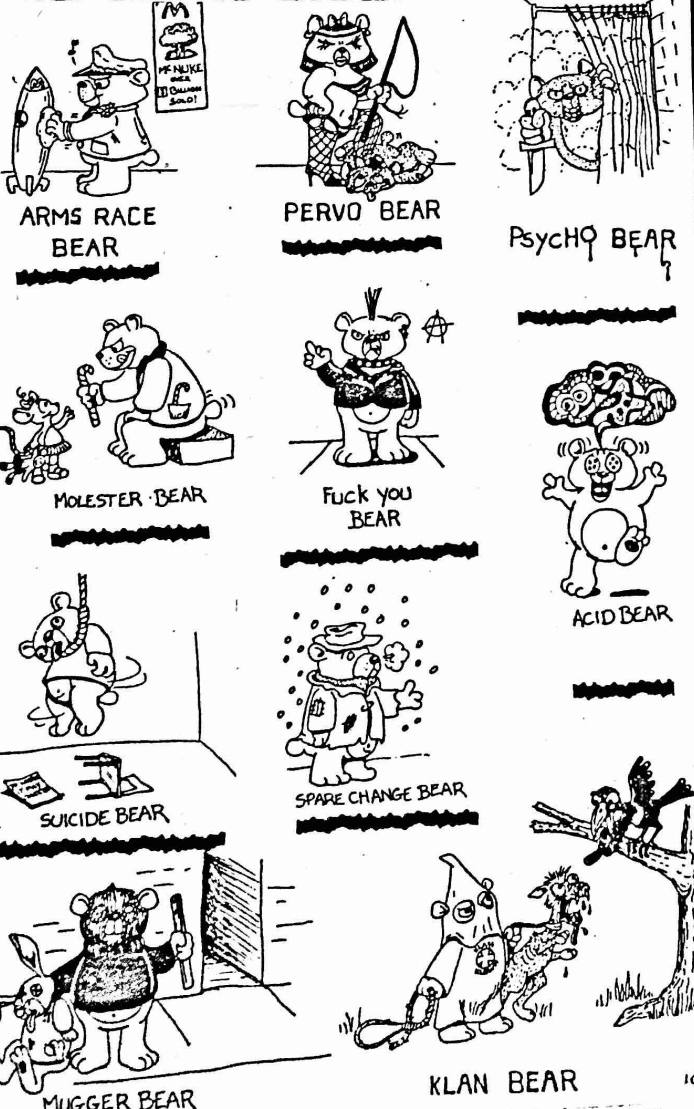
Sue Coyle



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Tired of the surfeit of warm, cute, cuddly market hype? Sick of sugary Smurfs? Goofy-eyed Garfields? Happy Hello Kitties? Cuddly Care Bears? Well, push back against this all-engulfing wave of maudlin Americana. We at Hairless Dog Productions believe it's time to fight this offensively optimistic crap! Get Negative! Get Angry! Get:

WE DON'T CARE BEARS



One man's lonely war came to an end yesterday, ten years after it ended for the rest of us. 32 year old Rodney Sherman, originally of Westfield, New Jersey, was flushed from the secluded cave near the Marin Headlands which had been his hour since 1970 when Sherman, reacting to news of the Kent State killings, decided to drop out and "go underground" in order to "bring the war home." For years law enforcement personnel have scoffed at the tales of backpackers claiming to have sighted and even talked with a furtive figure clad only in a tie-dyed loincloth who refused to believe that the Vietnam War was over, a fact which some activists to this very day have trouble accepting. One wayfarer says he almost talked Sherman into giving himself up until he mentioned Nixon's trip to China in 1972 and Communist Vietnam's invasion of Communist Cambodia, whereupon Sherman ran off shouting that his would-be benefactor was "the Man."

Sherman is being held without bail in Marin County jail on a charge of felony anachronism. Friends who have visited Sherman report that the grimy and bearded longhair looks just about the same as he did in the 60's. Sherman is still, in his own words "keeping the faith" with the heroes of his youth, such uncompromising enemies of the Establishment as Tom Hayden, Jerry Rubin, Joan Baez and Susan Sontag. It appears that Sherman throughout his 13 year exile subsisted entirely on chantarelle mushrooms. Attempts to inform Sherman of the facts of recent history, such as Eugene McCarthy's endorsement of Ronald Reagan in 1980, have proved unsuccessful. Officials aren't talking, but a deal may be worked out whereby charges are dropped and Sherman committed to the custody of the Committee to Form an M-16 AK-47 Friendship Association for re-education.



OUR OWN NEVER-NEVER LAND



STORM OVER CHICAGO

Dear Friends of Anarchy,

Having returned to Seattle from Chicago and the Haymarket '86 experience, we feel that there is still much to be talked about. It has been our experience that events such as Haymarket '86 require a certain amount of time to put things into perspective. Like so many people busy living this type of experience, writing about it never seems to happen until the past is hardly a memory.

In light of this, we propose an idea: to have people write their experiences, praises and criticisms, send them to us and we will attempt to put them together in the form of a personal collection of the experiences of Haymarket '86. We will print them up and send them out to people in the form of a magazine, book, or whatever, then people can do with them what they will. Out-felling is that this will allow a deeper understanding of the events of May in Chicago and extend communication within a large community of Anarchists.

We need your help in order to accomplish this project. We will need your comments sent to us as quickly as possible before the memories begin to fade. We need to have the Chicago people give us some information about the inception and planning experiences, some pertinent history (e.g., the Shimo Underground controversy). People who participated in workshops, demonstrations and events need to describe them and analyze them if possible. It would be good if those who were arrested could describe their experiences in jail, while those who were on the outside could talk about their efforts to get them released. Also, pictures and articles in publications would be appreciated.

As you can easily see, this is a big project and your help is the only way this can come about. We could use any and all the help you could send our way including donations of money to see this project through to completion.

This letter is intended to start the process. If the response is immediate and serious, we can begin the project. If not, then it is obvious people feel this is not a necessary project for us to attempt. We will send this letter to all contacts listed on the mailing lists we took home with us. If you know anyone not listed, could you please inform them what we are attempting to accomplish.

We hope this will strike a responsive chord with people and are looking forward to your help.

Smash the Stats!

Craig Wallace

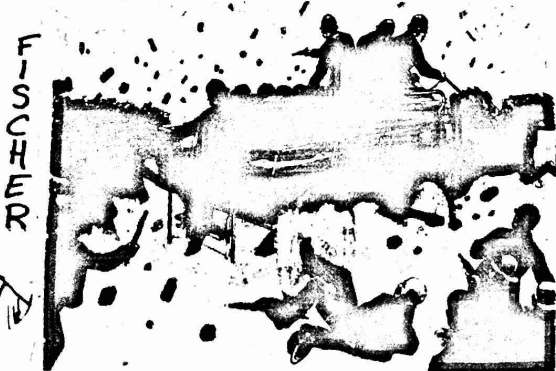
Craig Wallace
P.O. Box 12222
Seattle, WA 98102

DEADLINE: Aug 30, 1986. Typed, double-spaced response appreciated.

Haymarket Square riot:



Well Hung



Chicago police, brandishing pistols and wielding billy clubs, charge through a meeting of labor sympathizers. (N.Y.P.L.)

Dear Crowbar,

So the True Haymarket organizers were right: the Type 3/RCP nut-case/Stalinist alliance did re-enact NSA and usurp the True Anarchist name! Even with the support of the mighty IWW, the anarchists were helpless, overwhelmed by the disciplined Shimo cadre. There is only one thing to do: for the Haymarket Bicentennial, confine activity to a by-invitation-only, catered dinner party. Dress code in force (fresh shellac on your wooden shoes). Hmm . . . I can't decide whether to write a bogus first-hand account of this Haymarket or send out the invitation for the next one. I just hope you write a full story of your adventures in Chicago as per your letter but publish it.

SKA KING

Boston, MA.

Letter to the editor of that esteemed text Popular Reality, Sacred High Priest, the Holy Reverend Crowbar;

Yep, Chicago was A blast. What was best for me was just meeting people and finally being face to face with those I've heard about, traded zines & letters with, etc. And of course I got to meet the good ole' Rev. Crowbar. Hopefully the event will help facilitate some N. American A unity around common projects and things. There were serious fuck-ups though that we all should take responsibility for. While the nihilistic 'fuck the world' side of me enjoyed 'aimlessly' running amuck in the streets, I do believe an event of the Chicago type called for a leaflet to be handed to people explaining what we were all about. This is just common procedure. Otherwise we just look like a bunch of space cases- which is OKAY & HAS ITS PLACE- but is senseless if we are trying to make political points about serious issues and building a movement behind them. On the other hand it was OUR holiday & OUR party and seemed to be just an attempt at getting US together (successfully too!) so if the rest of the world didn't 'compute' it too well that's not necessarily a great loss this time. But next time I think it should be different. We must establish ourselves as a viable alternative to the right & the fake 'left'. The other dumb thing we did was not prepare for the legal end of things. Lawyers should have been set up ahead of time, a leaflet should have been drawn up on Chicago bust procedures, we should have known typical bail amounts & been prepared with the money, affinity groups should have been encouraged, etc.

The experienced among us knew things would get heavy and this also should have been communicated with newcomers. Tactically also we could have had unplanned 'break-aways' and such where those who didn't want to be in a bust situation would be free from it.

There were other problems like possible scab lettuce being served at the banquet, but all in all I think it went great. It was sad to leave, I loved everybody. Let's MAKE A TRADITION of doing actions on Mayday. Local or regional would be easiest, but national fine also.

And now for some fun: THE NINTH HAYMARKET MARTYR SPEAKS- The Untold Story (yuk yuk)

So at the May 1 march the Communist Party (the initiators of that march) and the RCP split & the As have the street. I happen to be at the head of the march when the heat begins to block it. The sergeant commanding the police unit barks out for us to disburse, etc. and seemed to be directing a lot of attention to me- especially as I started to countermand his orders with my own, like 'Fuck you, no way!' So Sarge says "You're gonna be the first to be arrested, Buddy," and I say "Try it, Motherfucker," and of course he does. Sarge foolishly grabs this A Superboy, as in the week preceding Mayday I get in plenty of push-ups and streetfighting classes. It was easy to wrestle away from him (he kept saying "Go ahead & hit me- Take a swing!") and I make a run for it. Now what I had done was a VERY VERY bad thing and

must not go unpunished. I must pay for my evil ways. So another porker nabs me. The gig is up, and I'm cuffed and marched to the ole' paddy wagon. Oh well. The thoughts running through my head at that moment are 'Shit, ya gonna be a fuckin hero' and 'I hope mom doesn't find out' and (most importantly) 'No partying tonight' and also just plain 'sheet!'

Well, just before they shove me into the paddy I sez to good ole' Sarge "Gimme a break. Yer gonna bust me- for what?" Sarge sez "We'll let you go if you call of the march." So I get confused- "Was I the leader of this?" But I do some quick thinking anyway; the crowd is mad and coming to my rescue- somewhere around this time Tentatively A Convenience tries to spring me and they dump him into the wagon & lock the door. I say "Okay" to Sarge (smirk) "but you have to let me & the other guy go, otherwise everyone will riot." Sarge tells me not top worry- they don't want the hassle of the paperwork of a couple of chickenshit arrests. I believe him. I figure these boys wanna go home, relax, and then beat their wives and stuff.

But I do have to tell the crowd something, and, refusing to collaborate with the fuzz on calling the thing off I figure I can use language that's masked enough to tell the crowd to keep doing their thing, keep marching & we'll catch up at your tale end when the cops see you moving out. So we have the ridiculous spectacle of the cops walking me to the middle of everybody and me having to tell people "Yo- Keep partying!" but make it sound to the fuzz like I'm tellin em to go home. I thought people could clearly infer from what I was saying that they should simply move away and keep on keepin' on. But people initially kept hanging by. Later everyone told me they were just confused and/or didn't trust the heat to let us go. Around this time a buddy from home announces to Sarge that if they take me they gotta take him. I think that made the cops uneasy. They were just too tired after a hard day of beating people up to haul us in and beat US up. They wanted to go home, relax, and watch Kojak do it.

I figured it was a good time to have some fun. I said to Sarge "The crowd will love it if you uncuff me. They'll think you're a good ole' boy" -and they did it! Next I said "Gee Sarge, why don't you let the guy in the can go and you can keep on holding me. The crowd will probably think you're an anarchist just like them." (Now, I didn't think to say the latter part- but I will next time!) So they let the dude go! Shucks, I felt like the commanding officer.

Well by now the crowd got the hint and started to straggle away. Sarge gave me one last fatherly lecture (to scare us out-at-towners no doubt) on why we should go home because crazies from the bars in the area would probably haul out and start shootin' at us. This NYC boy stared at him incredulously.

That was about it. They released me, I caught up to the crowd & said 'there's nothin like being the center of attention', got some laughs, and marched on with everyone.

th'o'b has spoken
Brooklyn, NY.

Crowbar--

I liked the new PopReal-- the Pepsi Cola ID card poster was my favorite. Also I appreciated the Haymarket commentaries by Fourth World ("It looked impressive up close, but a block away Chicago's business day went on its ordinary path, unawares.") and Mike Gunderloy ("Certainly the very experience of being in a room with hundreds of people that were in basic agreement with no was novel and wonderful, and we'd like it to happen again."). Fred Majer's letter made me cringe. If people keep presenting shit like that as anarchist pretty soon I'm going to decide I'm not one. To paraphrase Tom Paine, I'd rather be right than be an anarchist... & most of the poetry was highpowered & ontarget

Love,

huff

Lawrence, KS.



Dear Popular Reality Dudes:

I've been getting your paper for about 2 years now. I think, without saying anything, so now I will. Generally I like it. Legibility is improving tremendously. And I think it's delightful that SHIMO Underground publishes 2 magazines of divergent ideologies. The American Jewish Committee does it, too. They have their conservative rag, Commentary, featuring the estimable Norman Podhoretz, and then they have some liberal rag I've never seen and can't remember the name of.

What I'm most impressed with, though, is your authoritative, spellbinding coverage of sexual issues. And I'd like to share something with your readers on this subject. There has been a lot of to do recently about circumcision. It's not just the pacifist-vegetarian-touchy-feely crowd that's against it any more. I mean recently carried stories quoting doctors and medical associations saying that circumcision serves no medical purpose. There is even a 40 page booklet of articles culled from Mothering on the subject. The predominant emerging wisdom is that there is no justification for circumcision other than a religious one. There lies the problem. Many of us are not Jews.

The truth is, and you heard it here first, no one wants to perform fellatio on a member with the foreskin still extant. No one wanted to say it first, but will anyone deny it? Now 'bout it, cocksuckers!

(Parenthetically yours,)

Johnny Hazard, editor.

The Heathen Science Monitor
Minneapolis, MN.

Dear Dave,

I am having predictable difficulty establishing a downeastern sect of the ShMo Underground. Fertile ground likely a brutal railroad strike, worsening feelings about the Yankee nuke plant, Reagan's plans to make Maine a nuke dump, etc. Discordians coming this way had better pack a lunch nice work, and you can get it. In political discussions I stare at the ground and mutter "They must think Mainers are damn stupid" and even the ole felts get hot. I have also tried a game borrowed from the vegetables in N.H.: Stall your ear on a narrow two lane road when the wirehogues get too close. It works best if you repeat the performance every half mile...

I assume the fray over PR and ShMo's political position(s) continues. Here's my two bits: My political beliefs are based on reason and history. They have nothing to do with who my friends are or who I want to be

like. I hate the leftists who differ from my philosophy much as the Baptists hate the Methodists, and for the same reason: they are so close to agreeing with me that it makes me uncomfortable to face the discrepancies. I hate them worse than the Republicans/Fascists. This spite does nothing to overthrow the government(s), but it satisfies the petty human desires which we leftists must nurture in order to convince us of our progressive nature.

Your paper is damn hard to read. Everything is conflicting. The Workers Vanguard exists more, but it's homogeneous. For \$2 the least you could do is provide a party line so that I can determine whether you are cool or not without having to ask my friends.

Tribal M Ass
Officer Park Spleen
The Paganites, ME.

David,

Thanks for your continued mailing of PopReal. It's always a good dose of truth, honey. A maybe: & the last tab was the best yet! You have attracted a diverse vivisection of important thought & I say...uh...er... Bravo!

For Peace,
S. Newitt
Brooklyn, NY.

Dear Duffell,

Do you mean to say that if I send you this worthless scrap of green paper you'll send me six issues of purely truthful (well almost anarchist-journalistic, anti-fascistic mag rag)? Well, what the hell, count me in!!! I'll go even further and send some extra green paper so my dearest friends can also enjoy this gratifying publication.

It seems to me you all are wise to maintain such a highly intense sense of outrage against the current state of our society. It helps me keep my sanity in this world of lies and propaganda. It may amuse you that we had a group of friends and myself got together and had a Falwell-Came Party, and will continue to heckle these "holymen" in future evangelist-calling extravaganzas. I nearly passed my pants when I heard Jerry (Let's say Krigger) and Falwell pulled his little line off the air. I guess now his type of salvation is gone and you, Dick them.

Keep me stimulated!
Weeep
Ann Arbor, MI.

Dear Rev.

Thanks for publishing the 700 Club Game. Let's hope it's as successful as the Falwell Game. Pat Robertson has another, little known TOLL FREE phone #. It's for his "Literacy" program- Heads Up. The # is 1-800-446-READ. Call up & ask for info on this program. You may also want to get tickets for a live 700 Club broadcast so you can sit in the audience and make rude comments. Write to Guest Services, CBN, Virginia Beach, VA, 23463. Keep up the Good Fight and sign me up for PopReal.

Yours in anarchy,
T. Lindsay
Rochester, NY.

Pop-

Thanks for #13- Good Show! I forgot if I sent you this second issue of DETOUR (Duh...) Anyway- enclosed \$2 for a sub. I'm kinda amazed at all the bickering you folks get into, but it seems like most of the slag could be used as constructive criticism. One thing Fred M. said that I will agree on is that satire is basically useless except as entertainment-fake hatefulness becomes real. You are what you hate. I think reprinting other's work is good for dissemination. Many people will only see one or two of all these publications and by reprinting the best material it gains in audience.

Thanks, have a good time, looking forward,
B. Daniel
Austin, TX.

Crowbar,

The letters, articles and graphics in PopReal touch all the right nerves. You've got it, ooh you've got it, you've really got it. Please renew my subscription. I enclose a check for \$2.

D. Riley
Cottage Grove, CR.

To anyone who is interested,

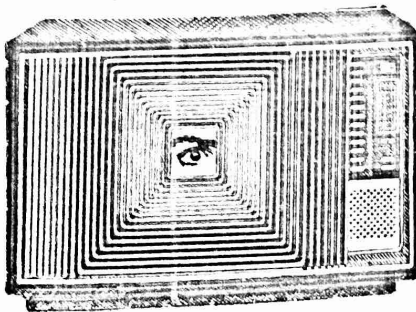
If you are reading this, you are taking in a new way, two-dimensional communication. You are looking at squiggly shapes on paper and decoding them. You are not involved in that beautiful, dancing, joyful dialectic of conversation in which our passions, thoughts, ideas, feelings can grow. You cannot respond directly to me. You cannot see my facial expressions or my gestures; you cannot hear my tones as I get excited and start shouting or laughing or hear my voice to a whisper of intimacy; you cannot feel my breath or the excited touch of my hand. All you have of me are squiggly shapes I wrote at one time to describe and possibly record by writing your own squiggly shapes.

Don't get me wrong. As interesting and two-dimensional as writing is, it is a useful tool. While such failed communication may someday be successful, for the present it is a good way to keep in contact with others with whom we share a common cause. At times, it can be a joy, but always a partial joy since I know so much more can be shared between people. So I gladly have written letters to share my life, my thoughts, my feelings as much as such communication will allow, but only in the hopes of something more.

What bothers me most about writing is that it seems to inhibit more face-to-face communication between those who are and to be radical, anarchists, anti-authoritarians, whatever label you choose. Most conversations I hear seem to center about books, pamphlets, letters, writings. What sort of dull, empty, stultifying lives must we be leading if the only thing we have to talk about is squiggly marks on paper? Is there no adventure, no passion, no desire in our lives? Have we been so utterly colonized by this dead civilization? It has been said that in the society that abolishes every adventure, the only adventure is the abolition of that society. I don't believe any society can successfully abolish every adventure, yet most anti-authoritarian radicals seem incapable of any adventure beyond the vicarious adventure of reading and writing accounts of historical attempts to abolish this society or theoretical tracts suggesting how to abolish it or why it needs to be abolished. I'm tired of hearing only of vicarious adventures from the mouths of those to whom I speak. If our lives are so lacking in adventure and passion that all we have to talk about is writing, then let's stop talking and start living until we have something that is really a part of ourselves to talk about. Let's stop passing on other people's words and instead share our own lives.

When I see you and talk to you, I want to share my life and passions, and hear, see, feel your share yours. Until we can do this, all talk of anarchy & revolution will be a mere parroting of, or reacting to, the thoughts of our favorite radical authors. Why read or write at all except as it helps us to LIVE more freely? And if we're truly living, why waste all of our breath talking only about writings when any real revolution, any significant freedom, will be created from our LIVES, not from squiggly lines on paper?

Feral Ranter
B Eugene, CR.



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- LOST BOYZ
- POPULAR REALITY
- DEFTY 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.

David,

Thank for your continued mailing of Pop-Real. It's always a good dose of mirth, lunacy, & mayhem- & the last ish was the best yet! You have attracted a diverse vivisection of important thought & I say...ah, er- Bravo!

Pea for Peace,
S. Bennett
Brooklyn, NY.

Dear PopReal,

Do you mean to say that if I send you this worthless scrap of green paper you'll send me six issues of purely truthful (well almost) anarcho-journalistic, anti-fascistic mag-rag??? Well, what the hell, count me in!!!! I'll go even further and send some extra green paper so my dearest friends can also enjoy this gratifying publication.

It seems to me you all are able to maintain such a highly intense sense of outrageousness in your issues. Please keep it up. It helps me keep my sanity in this world of lies and propaganda. It may amuse you that via PopReal a group of friends and myself got together and had a Falwell-Game Party, and will continue to heckle these "holy-men" in future evangelist calling extravaganzas. I nearly pissed my pants when I heard Jerry (Let's buy krugerrands) Falwell pulled his toll-free line off the air- I guess now his type of salvation is gonna cost ya. Fuck them.

Keep me stimulated
Weege

Ann Arbor, MI.

Dear Rev.

Thanks for publishing the 700 Club Game. It's hope it's as successful as the Falwell game...Pat Robertson has another, little known TOLL FREE phone #. It's for his "seracy" program- Heads Up. The # is 1-446-READ. Call up & ask for info on this gram. You may also want to get tickets for a live 700 Club broadcast so you can sit in the audience and make rude comments. Write to Guest Services, CBN, Virginia Beach, VA. 23463. Keep up the Good Fight and me up for PopReal.

Yours in anarchy,

T. Lindsay
Rochester, NY.

Thanks for #13- Good Show! I forgot if I send you this second issue of DETOUR (.) Anyway- enclosed \$2 for a sub. I'm amazed at all the bickering you folks do, but it seems like most of the slag can be used as constructive criticism. One Fred M. said that I will agree on is satire is basically useless except as a sentiment- fake hatefulness becomes you are what you hate. I think re- other's work is good for disseminating any people will only see one or two these publications and by reprinting material it gains in audience. Thanks, have a good time, looking

Edward,
Daniel
ustin, TX.

Letters, articles and graphics in touch all the right nerves. You've shown you've got it, you've really got to renew my subscription. I enclose for \$2.

To anyone who is interested,

If you are reading this, you are taking in a one-way, two-dimensional communication. You are looking at squiggly shapes on paper and decoding them. You are not involved in that beautiful, dancing, joyful dialectic of conversation in which our passions, thoughts, ideas, feelings can grow. You cannot respond directly to me. You cannot see my facial expressions or my gestures; you cannot hear my tones as I get excited and start shouting or singing or lower my voice to a whisper of intimacy; you cannot feel my breath or the excited touch of my hand. All you have of me are squiggly shapes I wrote at one time to decipher and possibly respond by writing your own squiggly shapes.

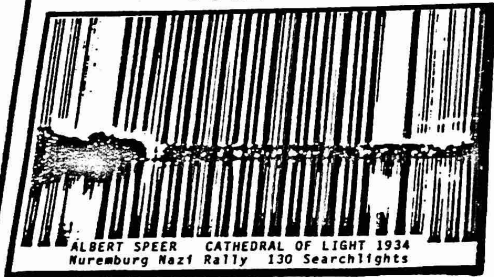
Don't get me wrong. As alienating and two-dimensional as writing is, it is a useful tool. While such falsified communication must someday be superceded, for the present it is a good way to keep in contact with others with whom we share a common vision. At times, it can be a joy, but always a partial joy since I know so much more can be shared between people. So I gladly have written letters to share my life, my thoughts, my feelings as much as such communication will allow, but only in the hopes of something more.

What bothers me most about writing is that it seems to dominate even face-to-face communication between those who are said to be radicals, anarchists, anti-authoritarians, whatever label you choose. Most conversations I hear seem to center around books, pamphlets, letters, writings. What sort of dull, empty, stultifying lives must we be leading if the only thing we have to talk about is squiggly marks on paper? Is there no adventure, no passion, no desire in our lives? Have we been so utterly colonized by this dead civilization? It has been said that in the society that abolishes every adventure, the only adventure is the abolition of that society. I don't believe any society can successfully abolish every adventure, yet most anti-authoritarian radicals seem incapable of any adventure beyond the vicarious adventure of reading and writing accounts of historical attempts to abolish this society or theoretical tracts suggesting how to abolish it or why it needs to be abolished. I'm tired of hearing only of vicarious adventures from the mouths of those to whom I speak. If our lives are so lacking in adventure and passion that all we have to talk about is writing, then let's stop talking and start living until we have something that is really a part of ourselves to talk about. Let's stop passing on other people's words and instead share our own lives.

When I see you and talk to you, I want to share my life and passions, and hear, see, feel you share yours. Until we can do this, all talk of anarchy & revolution will be a mere parroting of, or reacting to, the thoughts of our favorite radical authors. Why read or write at all except as it helps us to LIVE more freely? And if we're truly living, why waste all of our breath talking only about writings when any real revolution, any significant freedom, will be created from our LIVES, not from squiggly lines on paper?

Feral Ranter
Eugene, OR.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE UPC



REDUCTION OF FOTO ABOVE



UNIVERSAL PRODUCT CODE FACSIMILIE

Graphic by winston Smith



SO, OH, I USED TO LOOK LIKE THIS UNTIL I HEARD ABOUT THE "NEW HAIR" FASHION.



SO I GOT CURLY HAIR AND CUT MY HAIR AND GOT SOME CLOTHES AND SHIRTED COATS. REALLY DRESSING.



SO THEN I TOOKED MEAS TOOKED AND I WORE LOTS OF LEATHER AND HAD FUR. BUT THEN I CAME HOME...



... SO I GOT A MAKEUP AND A SECRETARY AND WHAT? BUT, SHE AND ONLY LISTENED TO BANDS IN MY SILENT TRAIL I WENT OUT ON MY BOARD...



I WANTED DRESS COATS AND SHIRTED COATS WAS THE BIG THING, I DO IT, SO. HERE AND THE BIRTHDAY PARTY WERE MY LIFE. IT WAS MY SENIOR YEAR.



NOW I'M A BANK TELLER.



Wasted beer

A woman residing in the 700 block of Jackson Street told police an acquaintance assaulted her with a can of beer Thursday night. The woman, who was not seriously injured, said the assailant threw a can of beer at her about 6 p.m.

POPULAR REALITY
P.O. BOX 3402
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