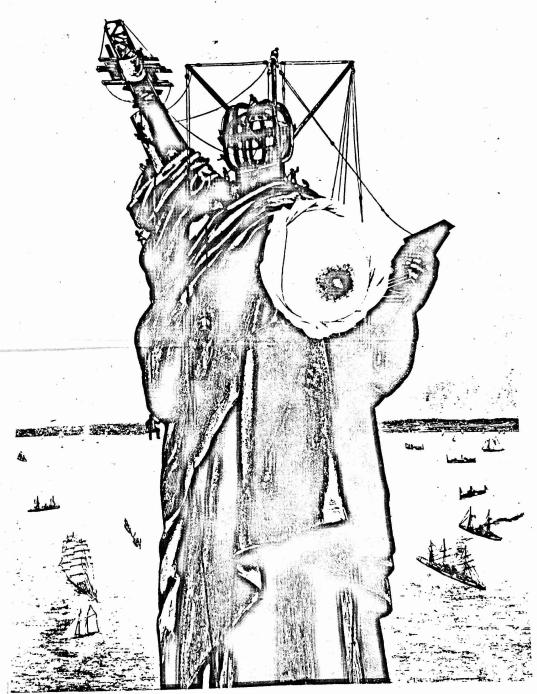
POPULAR REALITY

What It Means

Number 14

August-September 1986

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DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

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When in the course of human sex, it becomes neccessary 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 seperate but equal station to which the laws of human rature 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 seperation.

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

THE OUT-OF-KONTROL DATA KORPORATION . P.O. BOX 432
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-Dervish

Y TAPES MATCHES ALSO AVAILABLE THRU BILL BOARD 909 UPTON N SPRINGFIELD

Present Day Banalities

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Reality offers little or nothing to support the idea that even during the high moon 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 light 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."

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From Fifth Estate

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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 predicated 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 foolhardy enough to try to restore "order."

When John F. Kennedy was shot in 1963, the immediate reaction of many was shock and tears. Upon Reagan's shooting in 1981, when it wasn't known whether he would survive, the laughter of children became the topic of scores of journalistic commentary.

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," U. S. News & World Report, April 29, 1985) of the upwardly-mobile are deflating his tiresome success image.

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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.

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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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ASSOCIATION FOR ONTOLOGICAL ANARCHY



COMMUNIQUE NUMBER FIVE

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

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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(Thank to G. Mander's Four Argu-ments for the Abolition of IV; Adam Exit; & the Moorish Cosmo-politan of Williamsburg)



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> From Fifth Estate page 3



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A S S O C I A T I O N F O R O N T O L O G I C A L A N A R G H Y



COMMUNIQUE | NUMBER FIVE

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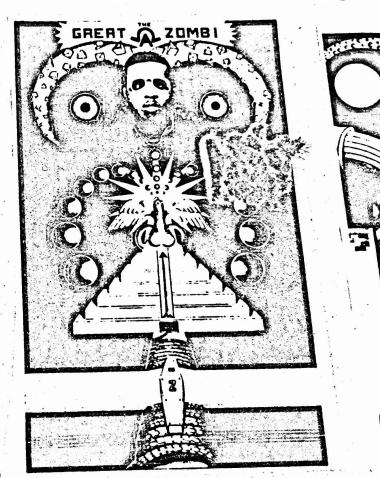
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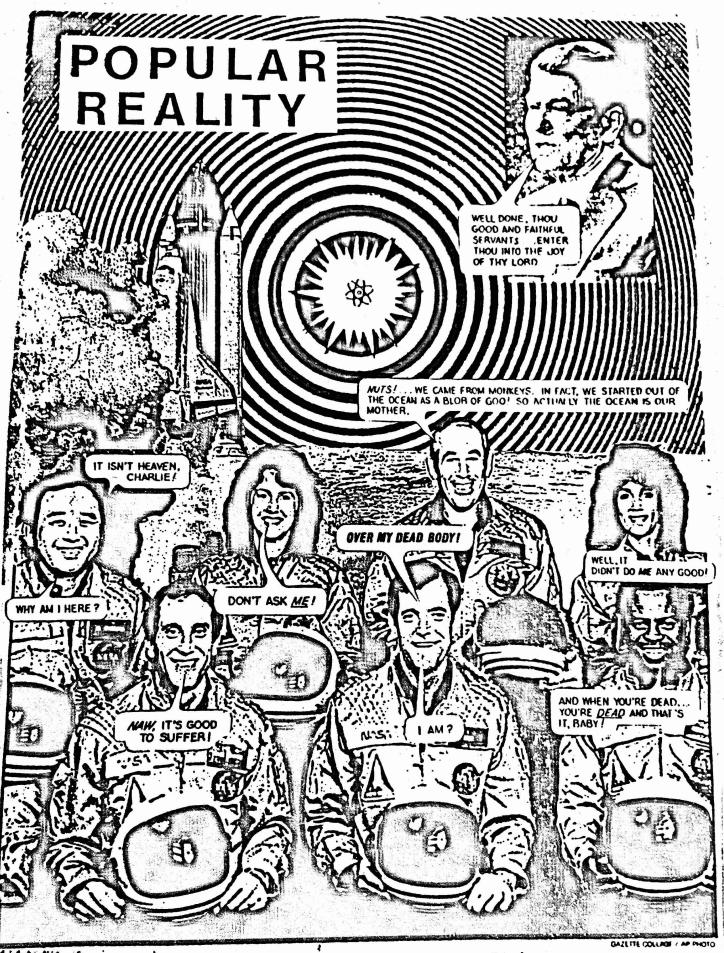
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Shown against a backdrop of the space shuttle Challenger's final launch and the Pride of Hollywood are astronauts (from left) Elison S. Onlikuza, Michael J. Smith, Sharon Christa McAuliffe, Francis Ry (Dick) Scobee, Gregory Jarvis, Ronald E. McNair and Judith A. Resnik.

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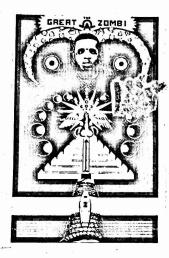
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alpha-wave-zenerating carcinogenic reality-warping devices -- while certain images of life (such as our favorite, a child masturbating) are banned & punished with incredible ferocity. It takes no guts at all to be an Art Sadist, for salacious death lies at the aesthetic center of our Consensus Paradigm. "Leftists" who like to dress up & play Police-&-Victim, people who jerk off to atrocity photos, people who like to think & intellectualism about splatter-art & highfaltin hopelessness & groovy ghoulishness & other peoples' misery -- such "artists" are nothing but police-without-power (a perfect definition for many "revolutionaries" too). We have a black-bomb for these aesthetic fascists -- it explodes with sperm & firecrackers, raucous weeds & piracy, weird Shite heresies & bubbling paradise-fountains, complex rhythms, pulsations of life, all shapeless & exquisite.

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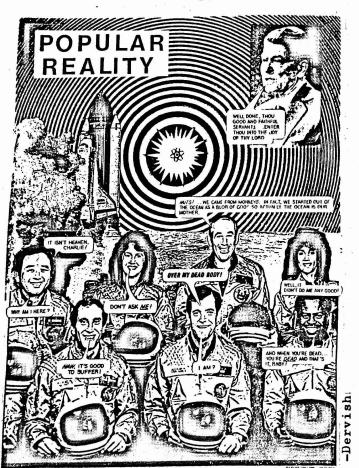




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SOMETHING IS HAPPENING BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, DO YOU, MR. JONES?

by Bob Black

In FreFenzine #55, hippie anarchist organizer "Spider Rainbow" noted:
"In addition to the libertarian right and the classical anarchist left, there
is a dadaistic subgenius/ShMoist/erisian/surrealist/tongue-in-cheekist Something
Else flitting around." Something unorganized, extravagant, and out of control.
Type 3 anarchy, with a pie in the face for pie-in-the-sky pletists like Rainbow
with their embarrassing 60's pseudonyms. Type 2 collectivists with their discipline,
their recruiting ploys, their leftist phobias have always cannibalized Type 3
free spirits. They turned Groucho Marxist Caucus player Jon Bekken into a
humorless hypocrite of an IMW official, and Dr. Mutant into a dour, soul-dead
Yippie hierarch. Their counter-magick turns gold into lead.

Since the hellulications.

Since the hallucinations of 1968 were off, Spider Rainbow has forgotten his glimpse of the Grail, he lost sight of it in the dust raised by all those hob-nailed boots at all those lowest-common-denominator demonstrations with all those Stalinist front-groups. But he hasn't forgotten whom to co-opt for the energy lost to Type 2 entropy. He has launched a spin-off from Circle A in Atlanta in order to force the genie of Type 3, irreverent play-negativity into the Type 2 anarchist bottle. Fourth World, "A Journal of Social Nihilism for the Hell of It," borrows its blurbiage from the predominantly Type 3/Lost Boyz tabloid Popular Reality. What else could it do? Imitation is the sincerest form of insincerity.

The similarities to Fourth World's ally, Processed World, go well beyond the names and reflect a commonality of means (manipulation) and ends (radical recuperation). Like the PM's and their previous unreadable Marxist journal Red-eye, Rainbow and his clique with their unreadable anarchist journal CAIA have had a makeover for marketing purposes. Like PK, and with as much truth, FW denies that it is a movement, ideology, or manifesto; meanwhile Rainbow back in Freferzine defines himself as "a pure anarchist." Like PW, FW greases the reader with groovy computer graphics and the entertainment pages (sex religions, paganism, awareness) before driving home the meat: eight pages of "An Anarchism for Tomorrow" by Spider Rainbow. As the rest is window dressing (and, as such, deserves a brick today) let's peer within and find out how much is that dogma in the window?

Rainbow's "Statement of Purpose," nominally by "Dr. Bugg" -- is this, like PM's "Paxa Lourde," a pseudonym pressed into use to suggest a nonexistent multiplicity of contributors? -- aligns FM with "social nihilism, Erisianism, surrealism, political agnosticism, discordianism, etc." But his article discloses his true view, that certain "fundamental premises" or "essential roots of anarchism' are shared by "black and red" and "black and green" anarchists but challenged by "lindividualist anarchists' (or 'Erisians' or 'Surrealists' or 'Shimoists' or 'Sugeniuses') on the left [sic!] who eschew organizational or programmatic approaches to social change altogether."
We eschew them because they're so hard to swallow.

Rainbow makes a blunder or libel he at least avoided in FreFenZine, the equation of Type 1 (right-wing capitalist) anarchists with Type 3's, doubtless because enough Type 1's loiter there to object if he did. Aside from that, his comment is important in establishing that Type 3's are not properly part of anarchism as he sees it. On the other hand, by classifying Processed World as "black and red" he implies that it is anarchist, although PW's Adam Cornford/"Louis Michaelson" has clearly written: "We do not call ourselves 'anarchists' for the simple reason that most of us are not: Rainbow is thus the avowed enemy of those he is pitching to, while imagining himself the comrade of those who deny and indeed deride what PW editrix Caitlin Manning/"Maxine Holz" calls the "stupid anarchist philosophy."

Rainbow's article purports to be a "critical response" to another Type 2 tract, the imaginatively titled "Listen, Anarchist!" by PW errand-boy Chaz Bufe. It has received the rejoinder which Rainbow is too deeply implicated in its errors to offer, "Turning a Deaf Ear," a pamphlet Rainbow is careful not to mention although he is familiar with it. Rather, Rainbow rails against incidental libels, like the dismissal of old hippies like himself as smelly counter-cultural bums. A little shadow-boxing over Bufe's mysterious malefactors the "marginals" takes place, but very gentlemanly since Bufe -- despite "great hypocrisy," in Rainbow's words -- is an "articulate spokesperson" for Type 2 workerism, i.e., the Marxist cake (of custom) with faists frosting. Rainbow is not about to rock the boat he shares with Bufe. And yet it is, after all, a Ship of Fools.

Even when a seeming conflict of principles takes place between Red and Green — over work, a Type 3 touchstone — closely attended to it is nothing but a tactical difference between politicos. Bufe dumps on people who refuse or dislike to work as "marginals" and parasites, as does the Soviet press. "Man was born to labor," says the Bible, and Bufe, an atheist, agrees. He says it's anti-worker to be anti-work. Just like it's anti-slave to be anti-slavery? Rainbow indulges Bufe's pretenses to the extent of assuming he is a sincere proletarian, suspicious of the siren songs of bourgeois lumpen lazybones. In fact this horny-handed son of toil is a graduate student at the elite University of California at Berkeley with a part-time job (I am toid) "in a factory: the Record Factory," a record store. Not that this tips off Rainbow that Bufe is a ruling-class apologist, it just makes him an insensitive organizer. Writes Rainbow: "No radicalism will ever prosper, much less succeed in this country unless it taps into, in an attractive and intelligent manner, the fundamental discontent almost universally felt (if not always realized) with the very fabric of the work ethic." No need to reject work when it is possible to win recruits by retailing the appearance of aversion to it, after the fashion of Bufe's and Rainbow's friends at Processed World.

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When all is said and done, Type 2 and even Type 1 anarchists (I have defined libertarians as "Republicans who take drugs") will let you smoke pot, suck cock, sniff panties and watch TV so long as you join up. "Bufe's strongest section," says Rainbow, "is headed 'Anti-Organizational Bias,' begging the question whether opposition to organization is a bias or rather a conclusion born of bitter experience being organized. Bufe's insults will not be bothered with here, only Rainbow's, for all he comes up with is ad hominem attacks.

Amazingly, I am conscripted as a condign example of anti-organizational folly on account of my victimization by Processed World. Which gang, had I joined it, would have protected me from PW's battery, burglary, robbery, defamation, death threats and police snitching? Rainbow does not say. Moreover, there is "great hypocrisy" in Rainbow's weighing of the evidence since he personally placed his thumb on the scales. When I appealed to North American anarchist publications to expose the unfolding PW scandal, nearly all refused, and Rainbow's CAIA gang went further, siding with PW in private correspondence and calling me "lower than a narc" in FreFenZine.





Bufe's "very sketchy and biased account" of the conflict between PW and its critics is, says Rainbow, "not worth recounting here," nor indeed anywhere else, critics is, says Rainbow, "not worth recounting here," nor indeed anywhere else, such as CAIA. In contrast, milling around on the sidewalk with Stalinists is such as CAIA. In contrast, milling around on the sidewalk with Stalinists in such as CAIA. In contrast, milling around on the sidewalk with Stalinists in the newspaper headlines. But a story not worth telling is all the justification offered for Rainbow's preachy conclusions. It serves his purposes to claim that offered for Rainbow's preachy conclusions. It serves his purposes to claim that offered for Rainbow's preachy conclusions. It serves his purposes to claim that offered for Rainbow's preachy conclusions. It serves his purposes to claim that the affect which is not worth recounting "simply [sic] reflects how unable to the affect which are any any anathists." This is irrelevant nonsense. No one in tendencies are among anarchists." This is irrelevant nonsense. No one in tendencies are among anarchists. "This is irrelevant nonsense. No one in tendencies are among anarchists." This is irrelevant nonsense. No one in tendencies are among anarchists. This is irrelevant nonsense. No one in tendencies are among anarchists. This is irrelevant nonsense. No one in tendencies are among anarchists. This is irrelevant nonsense. No one in tendencies are among anarchists. This is irrelevant nonsense. No one in tendencies are among anarchists. This is irrelevant nonsense. No one in tendencies are and interests would be competed to five in the favor of the masses. Some or forming a rival gang to compete with it for the favor of the masses. Some or forming a rival gang to compete with it for the favor of the masses. Some or forming a rival gang to compete with it for the favor of the masses. Some or forming are are among anarchists in the situation of the origins and purposes of its leadership, and its resolve falsi

The centralizing power in the Bay Area milieu, <u>Processed World</u> and its network of plants and connections in many other media, spits on anarchists, as its co-owner Chris Carlsson/"Lucius Cabins" literally did to me. To this day, and doubtless for the duration, Spider Rainbow pretends not to understand that there was <u>nothing</u> anti-authoritarian about <u>PW</u> in theory or practice. Rainbow speaks of <u>PW</u>'s intolerance of other interpretations of "anarchism" — THE DUMBSHIT STILL TRINKS <u>PROCESSED WORLD</u> IS <u>ANARCHIST!</u> HOW MANY TIMES DOES IT HAVE TO SAY IT ISN'T?

CAIA, boasts Rainbow, has shown how to deal with Stalinists, citing the purge of anarchists by the Atlanta newspaper the Great Speckled Bird, which appears to prove the opposite. Perhaps the paper's demise is the anarchist victory, Pyrrhic at best. But every reader of CAIA knows who prevailed in the end. For years, and conpicuously on "No Business as Usual" Day (April 1985), Stalinists dominated the demonstrations which CAIA lent credence to. The magazine stupidly showcased Lacy Rainbow photographs of recognizable Stalinist cults with all their signs and symptoms. If an "anarchist" promoted these authoritarians it should come as no surprise—but in Atlanta, evidently it did—that the mass media likewise trumpeted the noisy Revolutionary Communist Party presence, not that of the more numerous anarchist kooks.

Rainbow discerns an irony he is unable to articulate in my opposing organization while lamenting being "beaten" -- and this is not a metaphor -- by Processed World. (His precise "paraphrase" I omit since I cannot recognize anything in it of mine and it is not the least bit "charitably" phrased, as he would have it.) I have never doubted and I have always maintained that organization is a source of power. That is why I oppose it. Among other things, organization makes inevitable the crushing of an individual who is right by a machine which is wrong. I notice that no one of the PH's dares take me on, not in print and not on the street. Their attacks are always from behind, in groups, or through police proxies. Other gangs with different ideologies, like Rainbow's mob or Bufe's syndicalist syndicate the WSA, recognize their interest, shared with PH's Marxist Mafia, in the elimination of rogue individuals. The PW scandal confirmed my Type 3 understanding that organization is the system's Trojan horse in its enemy's midst.

Spider Rainbow is a sleaze-bag with so much to hide that he hardly knows what he can safely say. He is the avowed enemy of his targeted market and he's too stupid to realize that, for all the cosmick cosmetics his new mag wears, he's too old to titillate the trendies like Processed World does. PW has already picked off the cream of the crap, the superfically rebellious with deep dependency needs. The autonomous malcontents have already seen through Rainbow and his cronies. A young Atlanta woman is quoted in FreFenZine as saying: "You know, you anarchists are just like the RCP. You keep saying they're liars, and they say you are." Just so.

Fourth Worldists are Type 2 bureaucrats, Green only in their envy of the "blind self-destructive individualism" of the Type 3's who count coup on the Totality and have fun doing it; whereas a Type 2 struggle session has all the allure of a Sunday school lesson gone into extra innings. So long as there are dentists there will be no need for organizations like the WSA. That is what makes it relevant and practical.

The one-dimensionals, the Type 1's and 2's have so little confidence in their prophecies of "self-destructive" Type 3 horseplay that they are not above nudging us toward the precipice, passively through cover-ups as CAIA does, or actively like PW with its cops and court orders. There is no will be a Great Escape or none at all, a Break-Out From the Crystal Palace which will not hesitate to trample underfoot the cash crops of the Green bourgeoisie.

Not that Green, or Red, or Black is the enemy. The enemy is anyone who waves a flag or wears a uniform of any color. That includes Rainbow's rainbow tie-dyed duds, the RCP's red berets, and the dainties of the Lavender Left, to say nothing of the Color Purple. The Type 3's are proud to display their colors, Ultra-Violet and Infra-Red, and we will strike anything except our colors. The future is a pigment of our imagination.

Dear Bub.

Jeer, Bob. Did I hoot your dog, or what? An I really such a octa? An I really a Stellaid thug, hippic burneout, front for the RCP or all three? I we going to TAY, no more time, to be real with you. I think much of what you have to day, and what you're said over the years is very interesting. Jone, like all of us, has been better upon? Your letter, or whatever it is is so off-target about me personally, I hav't uses know where to begin.

Value Sweething in me, or of me.

I really don't know that the future, if any, of Circle A in Atlant; is. I entered into rooring on it after having spent years living like Kerry Thornley, old hippie that HZ is, handing out personal zines, copies of Fifth Estate, even some of your stiff (as reprinted in Front Line) on street corners. I'd be given or buy a bundle, and pay for it myself so I could hand out stuff I thought were good ideas, and maybe make some friends, and maybe do some kind of good, do gooder that I an, or was. I spent the better part of a weer buying violesale lots of Amarchy Crafts and handing then out. I called myself "Red Rainbor" books for reasons I have more or less forçotten, and that's where the "Rainbor" bard buying anathronistic sen mane - street name came from. At hight I'd hang out in strap bare because I am really more libertine than libertarian, or something, and that's where I get dubbed "Spider". It doesn't fit me, but it reemed suitable at the time. (At the moment I'm trying on "Dr. Bugg", but I'm looking for a new name. "Allen" was that my parents did to me (one of the things), spider DOES sound sixtles—Ish, and Dr. Bugg just doesn't do it.

Anyway, out of my street-corner act came a series of associations that ended up in Circle Δ . Having done zines mostly on my own since 1961, it felt good to be working with other people on a cooperative project. I got to say SOME of what I felt, and others got the zone. I still feel this kind of thing is, in theory, worthwhile, but the truth is that there are such fundamental differences among participants in the project that more got unsaid than said.

Maybe we should have said something about <u>Processed Morld</u>. I don't know. That you just never seem to have grasped is that I HAVE NEVER TO THIS DAY READ THAT INGAINE. I think inagine showed me a copy of the first issue when it came out, I leafed houch it that gave it back to her—it didn't interest me enough to submortbe. Then the rumblings about PW, you, etc. started, I really didn't know what to think. Since I'we been kicked out of a number of groups by "anarchists" and "liberals" alke, my tendency was to be sympathetic to you, to Sally, to whoever was getting pushed around. BUT I DIN'T REALLY KNOW ENOUGH to make any tind of educated comment. I wrote to Sall, to Jeff Stein, to Joey of Bound Together, and saked what was up....but I didn't really understand much of it until much later.

Circle A, like I haid, it is concertive affort by very different becale. Then we started to had now idea of becoming a collective, but, while acce becale in the group ARS accomplished of "affinity group" I'm not part of it, he is true for neveral other present and exhaustive the but it winty as an arganizing vehicle for situate like the but we are nothing on our for the Harmanter thing, and for the regardine. There we differed themly, we creed to describe. It is true that I tended to want to discuss "morid insure" and stay may from personal polition, and I expressed that view then the "Can Prancisco business" came un, and that is reflected in the letter imagine and I wrote you some while back. Haybe that was pretentious, or he ever you could it, I dunno. I know that when it was CUR ASSES (as with the GREAT SPECKLED BIRD thing), I felt note inclined to air that kind of thing in Circle A.

Ity point ignit to say I was "RIGHT" but that there was no kind of "hidden" pro FH thing going on. I think imagine expressed her view in her thing for Frefancine, and she was the only person she felt so inclined. As I said, I just didn't know. You way full me for ignorance, but please don't nictake this for plotting. I don't know enyone in that sircle in Sen Francisco, except a nounle of barbed letters I've exchanged with Ton Webel. and those wor the MAA. If FH says it Wish't amerchist"—fine. MSA, as I understand it, not only claim to be anarchist, but is the domestic rep of the syndicalist intermational. This may us may not mean fack-whit, depending on whether any of this matters, but my connects on Bufets piece were based on his MAA associations. I didn't even know he had anything to be with FH it'll you mentioned it in massing.

The fact not that hight with political people. I read that I distribute (usually), and some other stuff, but not of ave derived dealings are the "marginals" has are often not into politics at all. I didn't get into that as a latter-day "pose"....this has been true of me politics at all. I didn't get into that as a latter-day "pose"....this has been true of me politics at all. I didn't get into that as a latter-day "pose"....this has been true of me not trying to man off of hit-I but think what he's doing sounds better to me right now not trying to man off of hit-I but think what he's doing sounds better to me right now than that I've been doing for years. In 1921, bouyed by a sea of anti-ar protecters in Now That has I've been doing for years. In 1921, bouyed by a sea of anti-ar protecters in Now That has the been of peece and freedom. Seems attailed to me now, but the libral do low or replays of American Bundstand, if you're gooding it all, JYZWAMIN you or I "must be low or replays of American Bundstand, if you're gooding it all, JYZWAMIN you or I "must be low or replays of American Bundstand, if you're gooding it all, JYZWAMIN you or I was altered a doller a shok, or something, a whack with a sleegehanner on a fate both, I guess I shought a doller a shok, or something, a whack with a sleegehanner on a fate both, I guess I shought be severed doing something, or were going to, or could. Now I just feel powerless, and emby, we wind to chert a new path. Fourth World may or may not be an "aging hippie's" attemnt and trying to chert a new path. Fourth World may or may not be an "aging hippie's" attemnt and trying to chert a new path. Fourth World may or may not be an "aging hippie's" attemnt by get into something go where his me companion siece (cuoting—what its sincere, and her no hidden agendation and trying to fur attempt to come to crips with the new scatus of my more than yet if you understood you to say). I question whether "anerchism" in practice Is my more than yet if you under you attempt to come to crips

The truth is I'm running very, very scared, Bob. I see a world populated by authority figures non-set in the resistance to, a mass of yuppie-clones that turn you in if you pick your nose, and an "opposition" that is no opposition at all. You said, "The future, in the unlikely overt there is one, belongs to the Type "is." I agree with you. But I have great doubts about the future, period.

Ab the same time, I don't meno to be send soon stoon black. I shall be an at change for the better can occur, and one can percolarly are to wise shades to be at any inch an act becomes left than bloom. It is a second to wise the second to the same and the can be fearerange. If if for the better, could be same and the same in the

A few loose ends: I'm not an old druggio...never have been, don't plan to be. In the cixties I was more into YAF than psychedolics. I'm not a forintist, more was. I believe in equality, I just don't think feminion as a novement is egalitarian. I think of mytelf in equality, I just don't think feminion as a novement is egalitarian. I think of mytelf in equality as a reweal being, not a political one, and I don't see untirex league-type tooth as the way to liberation, personal OR political. I became an anarchist in the first p ace when I realized my neoright politics was firetly contrary to my libido. I had deluminous than point about the "liberated" hippic culture, but I've dince net too many real live (in hibited, fucked-up, fried-out) real hippies to buy that anymore. I became an anarchist, because I wanted a world where people could express themselves without getting stepped on the state, or society, or the comporation. I became a "left wind" matcribit only by defau that it, unlike some professing libertarian, I care whether people at or not, and I see little difference when I get pushed around by state thugs or comporate rent-a-cops.

I really haven't "forgotten my glimpse of the Grail" and I hope you haven't, either. Maybe I never really say it--maybe meither did you. Maybe there isn't one. I don't know. I really think I'm about in the same boot as Cro'bor, I try to get along with people who seem to have some kind of liberatory tendencies, have been through a lot of changes, don't claim to have any answers. It really probably doesn't matter that much to you or me, much less amybody else, whether you an I get along, but I thought I'd make a reasonably nonabraitee try. If you want to pick this letter apart. I can't stop you. I'm not going to whore after your good will---I'm trying, like I said, to get may from compromised politics as much as it practical. If I sound inconsistent, or TOO consistent, or smeaky, or whatever you think I as, I'm sorry. Truly sorry. I'm really a decent person.

I've run out of things to say. I hope this does some good...I'm a slow typist, this took to hours or so.

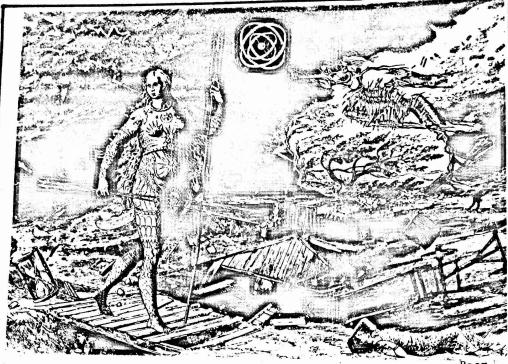
PS - One thing I felt I left out here...I continue to consider myself an anerchist.because I still believe in the ideals of smarchism, as I understand them, and because, mixed in with the bullshit and trash, are some truly decent people with short I profoundly disagee on many things. To that extent, I guess, I still believe in companion

PPS- One other thing, I probably did read through your letters in SRAP Bulletin about PM, but I wasn't focused on them very much at the time. I wrote for SRAP in its Boston period lergely as a personal favor to Mike and Sean of the production group. I have not seen any other response to Chaz Bufe other than my pm, though I've heard through the grapevine other; have said something. I read political stuff only moderately, and try to avoid commenting on that I don't have shout, though I pometime blow this. If my stuff in Circle A has concentral largely on events I have participated in. It is because that is that I know best.





WANTED: Anyone interested in helping to script, produce and direct a Dobbs-Approved SubGenius production of Gilbert & Sullivan's MIKADO. Need ideas on what medium to produce it for. Musical arrangements and modified lyrics (SubG style) also needed. Please write 'Batrix' Box 1548, Goleta, CA. 93116-1548, for further information.



From The Bound Together Newsletter

WIIY 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 snray. 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.

it again.

Perhaps all this makes you think I'm tome sort of sicko. Well, I'm not. True, Perhaps all this makes you tunk I'm some sort of sicko. Well, I'm not. True, I seem to be a congenital 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 Ghandis, 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 ashimsa, 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. Be wamed.

Violence in and of itself, is neither

knuckle sandwich for his effort. Be warned. Violence, in and of itself, is neither good nor evil. It is jut 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 thim green who tried to rip off my rent money. Anyone who loves peace more than Freedom and Justice is an asshole. This is an a priori assumption dear to my than Freedom and Justice is an asshole. This is an 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.

themselves.

Apartheid IS slavery. The University of California is guilty of financing it to the tane 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 petost. We have tried petost. 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.

marched. We have sung. We have chanted until we were sore in the throat. We have begged. We have been begged. 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 the sent the U.C. Police Department [glorified rentacops) to clear us out.
Hundreds of us came out to spend the night. We shought that numbers alone would keep the cops away. It had worked last spring when we occupied Sproul Plaza, rannamed 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 door shut.
Soon the local fifth 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 50 of us were masked. The police were pelted with eggs as soon as they arrived. They surrounded the shanties continued. Outside their lines resistance mounted. We danced away from 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 sories. At one point we sent 15 of them scrambling back to safety as 25 of us rolled ourpsters, not on their wheels, but and over end downhill after them. I, personally, was trying my level best to hem scrambling back to safely 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 monterfuckers 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 odius 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

s letter

own police department and were spearheaded by 40 City of Oakland riot cops in full regalia. Exocrated 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, 700, this isn't Kansas. There were dozens of injuries including two broken kneezops. 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 dismanule the remaining shanties. The morning joggers and students on their way to class starred bug eyed. The san was up and police department photo-recon was beavy so I slipped away, chucked my disguise and went home to bed. I slept like a baby and worke 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, UC-P.D. anatch squads have been

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.' Having a wonderful time, wish you were here.'
In some sense, all wars are civit. This is regretable, but true. One thing and one thing alone ended slavery in this country; 'Yakee guns. It was not marches that killed Jim Crow, but Moldotw occktails'

Yankee guns. It was not marches that killed Jim Crow, but Molotov cockails. 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. Id 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 flends, and armed to the teeth. There is no point in appealing to their "better nature." They don't have one.

one. I wish you could stand, as I once did, at the palace called 'High Water Mark' on the aptly named Cemetary Ridge at Getrysburg. After 120 years, the screams of the dying still echo from every rock and tree. The shadows of their shattered behave 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. on this spot, the tide turned

51,000 men died in horrid gruesome was it worth it?

Ask any Black American.

Then ask yourself this:

Is there no place where YOU can stand d say, "Here, on THIS spot, the tide

-Baer





Apartment residents halt arrest Crowd aids escape of counterfeiting suspect

About 30 jeering residents of the Palms Apartments — where a freeing armed-robbery asspect was fataly shorely a freeing armed-robbery asspect two distributions of the Palms Apartments — where a freeing armed-robbery asspect two distributions of the Palms Apartment of the Palms Apartment of the Palms Apartment of the Palms of the Control of the Palms of the Control of the Palms of

when he was killed.

Weise 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.

Jehovah IS an Alien and still threatens this planet!!

God has been misquoted for 5,000 years!
His actual words may disturb you.
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AX TONGUE

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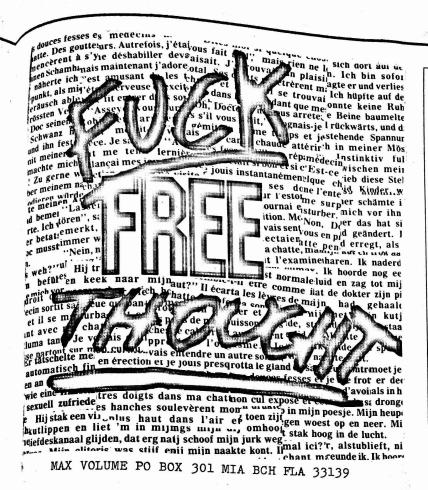
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Scoophone on No Sax composed and performed
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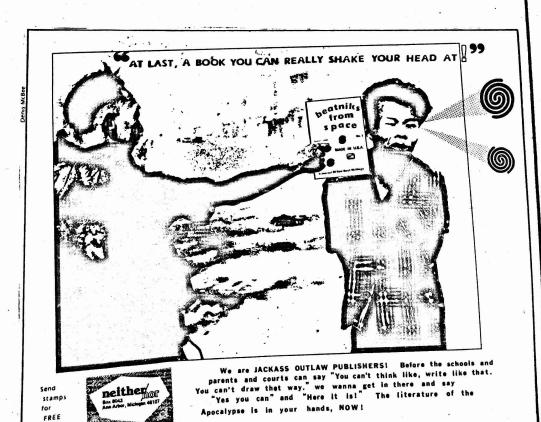
Fast-food chains to tell all

SAN DIEGO — Responding to pressure from attorneys general in 12 states, five of the nation's largest fast-food restaurants have agreed to disclose to consumers what is in their food, California officials announced Tuesday, Burger King, Jack-in-the-Box, Kentucky Fried Chicken, and Wendy's restaurants agreed to disclose calorie counts, ingredients and food additives, as well as protein, carbohydrate, cholesterol and sodium levels of their food in companyowned outlets. McDonald's announced its disclosure plan Monday. Each restaurant also will provide a hotline to answer consumer questions, and franchisees can provide the information on a voluntary basis, California officials said.

The Perils of Arachnid Adolescence



"I told you not to play with yourself!"



THE

"Shall the winter leave fret us?" Oh. turn we must turn to the fruit.

To the freshness and force of the fruit!

-Thomas Hood, the Younger

Younger

The Forecoing Quotation, though it does seem to be pretty conclusivly the work of the poet Thomas Mood, the Younger (and not, as several readers in Kansas keep insisting, Thomas Younger, the Mood), 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 whw 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.)

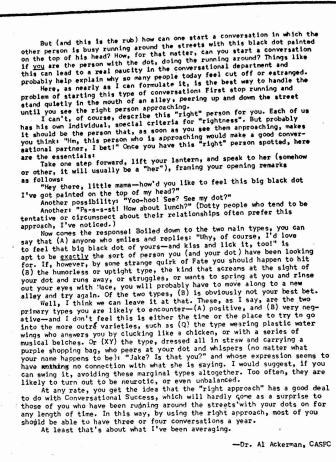
This murky fad or pastime, doubtless some weird off-shoot, or hubrid of incidents.

tting Enthusiast with his lantern.

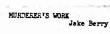
any rate.)

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 Maimx 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" enthuslasts, in getting so far into their dot trips, actually do come to resemble a large, rudimentary organ, or woz. In fixt 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.)



-Dr. Al Ackerman, CASFC



Drum your fist against the aluminum shoulders of a frail man

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 skyscreper symbolises fucked by the blue burnt rose grows lonely Out the sun

Blotted out by the red of your murderer's lust

A force stonger than science

LUST for Freedom

I am doing Murderer's work

assassinating a culture 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 blead After eating the hymen cut from her vagine 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 galexies in clusters vomited foam sloshed on the secret waters

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

There is dream There is dream
and desire
and the banshee that rides
on a golden lion
through form seas
The seven headed beast
that must be tamed
but appeased
satiated
TO MEGA THERION
It sharls at the flesh It snarIs at the flesh because it is master of the flesh But it can not force submission

Because the spark rises inside yesming for the evolutionary tug Pentegrams and laurel ash are brought into purple focus And the archangels are brought to the death ditch front and the heironbants ring of steel to the death ditch front
And the heirophants ring of steel
seals the books with dead bolt locks
that the prophets must break through
And right the engines
that drive the ascersion



Sue Coyle



COMPANIES WHO USE ANIMALS

Armour-Diel Company
Dial Soap, Dial Shampoo, Dial Anti-Perspirant, Tone Soap,
Man Power Deedorant and Anti-Perspirant, Liqua 4 Cleansing
Bystem, Bruce Floor Care Producta, Magic Pre-Wash.

Beecham Products Division of Beecham, Inc. 1800-245-1049 Calgonite, Calgon Bubble Bath, Calgon Water Conditioner, Cling Free Fabric Soltmer Sherits, Brykersem Hardresang, Macleans Toothpaste, Rose Milk Musturiser, Aqua Velva Lectric Shava, Aque-Fresh Toothpaste.

The Clorox Company

1-800-227-1880

in California call 1400-772-2469
Clorox Liquid Bleach, Clorox 2 All Fabric Bleach, Formula
409, Liquid-plum Drain Opener, Soft Scrub Liquid Cleaneer,
Twice As Fresh Air Fresheser, Tilez Mildew Stain Remover.
Clorox Pre-Wash.

Clairol, Inc. 1-800-223-8800
Herbal Essence Shampoo & Creme Rinse, 1 Like My Grey
Shampoo, Condition Shampoo and Conditioners.

The Drackett Company 8-4:45 1-808-532-1864
Drano, Windex, Twinkle, Renuzit, Vanish, Endust, Mr. Muscle, Behold, Miracle White Laundry Detergent.

The Offlitts Company, Personal Care Division 1490-128-6516
Right Guard Deodoranta & Aust Perspirants. Both & Dri AntPerspirants. Dry Idea Anti-Perspirants. Foany & Tree II
Shave Creams. The Hot One Shave Creams. Mish Difference
Shampoos & Conditioners. Silkiesore Shampoos & Conditioners.
Trans Creem Riness. Earth Sorro Shampoon. Heads Walned
Groom, Deep Magic Channing Lotions. Heady Walned
Cream. April Facial Scrub. Foo Guard Deodorans. For Obly

Lever Brothers Company
Liquid All. Leundry Detergent. Concentrated All.
Disbasaber All. Breeze. Drive. Wisk, Final Touch Fabric
Softener. Dove Disbasshing Liquid. Lus Disbasshing Liquid
Carass Soap. Dove Soap, Libbsony Soap. Lus Beauty Soap
Phase III Soap, Sheld Deodorant Soap, Pepsodent Touchpast
Man Conclusions.

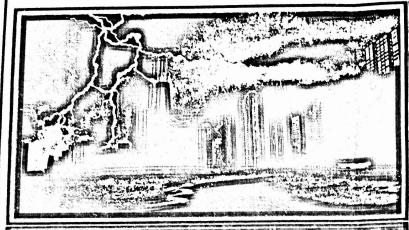
PERVO BEAR ARMS RACE PSYCHO BEAR BEAR 10LESTER BEAR ACID BEAR SUICIDE BEAR KLAN BEAR 10 JUGGER BEAR From Murder Can Be Fun

One man's lonely var 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 Karin 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 Bixon'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 Yan."

Sherman is being held without bail in Marin County jail on a charge of felony anachronism. Priends 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 Baes and Susan Sontag. It appears that Sherman throughout his 13 year exile subsisted entirely on chantarells mushrooms. Attempts to inform Sherman of the facts of recent history, such as Eugene McCarthy's enforcement 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.



UROWN NEVER-NEVER LAND



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

In light of this, we prerose 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 menazine, book, or whatever, then people can lo with them what they will Out ("eling is that this will allow a deeper understanding of the events of May in Chi-ago and extend communication within a large community of Amarchists.

We need your help in order to accomplish this project. We will need your come ats sent to us a quickly as possible before the menories 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 Unierground 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.

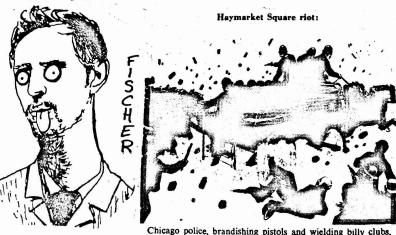
This letter is intended to start the process. If the response is immediate and strong, we can begin the project. If not, then it is obvious people feel this is not a necessary project for us to attempt. We will send this letter to all contacts listed on the malling lists we took howe with us. If you 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

Smish the State! Craig Wallace

P.O. Box 12222 Seattle, WA 98102

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



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 vrganizers were right: the Type 3/RCP nut-ease/Stalinist alliance did re-enact NEAU and usurp the True Anarchist name! Even with the support of the mighty IWW, the anarchists were helpless, overwhelmed by the support of Shiko cadre. There is only one thing to do: for the Haymarket disciplined Shiko cadre. There is only one thing to do: for the Haymarket Dicentennial, confine activity to a by-invitation-only, catered dinner party. Dress code in force (fresh shellac on your wooden shoes). hamma... I can't Dress code in force (fresh shellac on your wooden shoes). hamma... I can't decide whether to write a bogus first-hand account of this Haymarket or 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 send out the invitation for the next one. letter but publish it.

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 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 à 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 'aim-lessiy' 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 à HAS ITS PLACE- but is serseless 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 à OUR party and seemed to be just an attempt at getting US together (successfully tool) so if the rest of the world didn't 'compute' it too well that's not necesarily 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 à 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 à 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.

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

And now too some funity than the North and the RCP with a beautiful and the RCP split & the May I 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

Boston, MA.

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 'sheeet'!

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 a round 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 hassie of the paperwork of a couple of chickenshit arrests. I believe him. I figure these boys wanns 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 'Yoo 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

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 "Goe Sarge, why don't you let the guy in the can go and you can keep on holding me. The erowd will probably think you're an anarchist just like them." (Naw, I didn't think to say the latter part—but I will next time!) So they let the dude go! Stucks, 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-atowners 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 caucht us.

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.

"b"oB has spoken Brooklyn, NY.

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 mo 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, , I liked the new PopReal-- the Pepsi Cola ID card poster IIIL

Lawrence, KS:

well Hung

ear Popular Reality Dudes:

gaing anything, so now I will. Generally I like it. Legibility is gaying on tremendously. And I think it's delightful that Shime isproving publishes 2 magazines of divergent ideologies. The underfrom ... Ideologies. The gerican Jewish Committee does it, too. They have their conservative rag, Commentary , featuring the estimable Norman Podhorets, and raf, Communication of the control of the name of.

the L'm most impressed with, though, is your authoritative, spellbinding coverage of sexual issues. And I'd like to share spellbloom with your readers on this subject. There has been a lot of to do recently about circumcision. It's not just the pacifistof to de vegetarian-touchy-feely crowd that's against it any more. I sean vegetar.

anymore. One word. Many mainstream newspapers and magazines have anymore the carried stories quoting doctors and medical associations saying that circumcision serves no medical purpose . There is easting the page booklet of articles culled from Mothering on the gubject. The predominant emerging wisdom is that there is no justification for cirumcision 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 feliatio 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 Johnny Hazard. yourh.)

The Heathen Science Monitor Minneapolis, MN.

her have,

I am having predictable difficulty establishing a downcastern sect of the ShiMo Unkerbaunt Fertile ground thought a bridal national strike, worsening feelings about the Yankee nuke plant, Rengan's plant to make Maine a nuke dump, etc. Discordians coming this way had better pack a lunching new ork, and you can get it. In political discussions I stare at the ground and matter "They must think Mainers are dams stupid" and even the ole fabits get bot. I have also fined a game borrowed from the vegetables in NIR; Stall your car on a narrow two lane need when the Winnebegoes get too class. It works best if you repeat the performance every half mile...

I assume the fray over PR and ShiMo's political position(s) continues. Here's my political position(s) continues. Here's my

I assume the fray over PR and ShiMo's political position(s) continues. Here's my two bits: My political beliefs are based on creason 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 darn hard to read. Everything is conflicting. The Workers Vanquard costs 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 My Ass
Officer Pork Spleen
The Pegnatites, ME.

Divid,
Dans for your continued mailing of PoperReal. It's always a good door of morth, hancey, a maybein- a thre last six was the best yet! You have attracted a diverse viviscetion of important thought a 1 say...ah, or Prayot
Div for Pence,
S. Resoutt

Broadyn, NY.

Crear Pryficel.

Do you mean to say that if I send you this worthless strap of green paper you'll send me six lesses of purely truthful (additional anascho-pummalistic, anti-fascatic mag rag'l's hell, what the hell, equal me fill'! I'll go even further and send some extra green paper so my desirest friends can size entry this grathfung publication.

It seems to me you all are able to maintain such a highly literous somes of outragousment in your toucs. Please keep it up. It helps me keep my samity in this world of thes and propagands. It may among you that the Dreftma a group of cleants and moved got toucher and helf a Falvoill-Clame Party, and will continue to hockle these "boly-men" in future evangelist calling extravelupiums. I nearly picond my purts when I heard alrey (Lei's buy kenger finis) Februil pulled his told-free line off the ner'd guess now his type of salvation is going extra the proft in the salvation.

Neep me stimulated.

Dear Rev.

Dear Rev.

Thanks for publishing the 700 Club Game.
Let's hope it's as successful as the Faiwell
Game., Ret Robertson has another, little
known TOLL FREE phone 4. It's for his
"literacy" program- Heads Up. The 8 is 1800-446-RIAD, Call up 5 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 aurichly,
T. Lindsay
Rochester, NY.

Pop- **

Tranks 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 blokering you folks get into, but it seems take 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 foreward,
B. Daniel
Austin, TX.

Crowber,
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. Raley Cottage Grove, CR.

To source who is interested,

If you are reading this, you are taking in a pre-may, two-disconstrail communication.

You are incoming at squigity displays on paper and devoluing them. You are not sevelived in that beautiful, descript, joyful dispective of conversation in which our passions, thoughts, isless, feelings can grow. You cannot respired directly to me. You cannot see my facial expressions of my gratiers, you cannot hear my tones as I get sected and start shouling or singing or lower my voice to a whosper of uninearly you cannot feel my breath of the excited touch of my brind, All you here of no new spadicy despend two-dispensional as writing to, it is a userful tool. While such feeling the my took of the process of the control of the co

coughts, my feelings as match as much commonation will allow, but only in the hopes of samething assess.

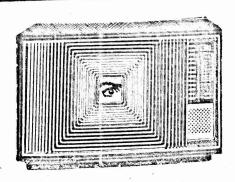
What bothers me most effout writing be the it seems to dominate even face to last communication between those who have value to be radicals, anarchists, antimathoritations, whatever label you choose. Most conversations I bear seem to center assume books, jumpliets, letters, writings, what we be leading if the only thing we have to talk about is sonighly marks on paper? Is there no adventure, no passion, no desire in our lives? Have we been so utterly coloused by this dead civilization? It has been said that in the society that abolishes every adventure, the only adventure is the abolition of that voicety. I don't believe any moriety can successfully abolish every adventure, yet most anti-authoritation 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 to why it needs to be abolished. I'm tired of bearing only of vicarious adventures from the mouths of those to whom I speak, if our lives are so lacking in adventure and pession that all we have 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 bear amonthing that is really a part of ourseives.

people's words and instead share our own lives.

When I see you and talk to you 4 want to share my life and passions, and beer, see, feel you share yours. Until we can do this, all talk of anarchy a revolution will be a mere perrotting 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 truely living, why waste all of our breath talking only about writings when any resi revolution, any significant freedom, will be created from our LIVES, not from squiggly lines on paper?

Feral Ranter Bugene, Ck.



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No Shore

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



page 11

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! er- Bravo

Pee 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 degreet friends can 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 propagands. It may amuse world of lies and propaganda. It may amuse you that via PopReal a group of friends and Party, and will continue to heckle these "holy-men" in future evangelist calling extravaganzas. I nearly pissed my pants when heard Jerry (Let's buy krugerrands) alwell pulled his toll-free line off the interior of the buy travers nearly bis type of salvation is ir- I guess now his type of salvation is onna cost ya. Fuck them.

Keep me stimulated

Weege Ann Arbor, MI.

ar Rev.

Thanks for publishing the 700 Club Game. t's hope it's as successful as the Falwell me...Pat Robertson has another, little wn TOLL FREE phone #. It's for his eracy" program- Heads Up. The # is 1-446-READ. Call up & ask for info on this gram. You may also want to get tickets a live 700 Club broadcast so you can sit he audience and make rude comments. e to Guest Services, CBN, Virginia h, VA. 23463. Keep up the Good Fight and me up for PopReal

Yours in anarchy, T. Lindsay

Rochester, NY.

anks for #13- Good Show! I forgot if I you this second issue of DETOUR .) Anyway- enclosed \$2 for a sub. I'm amazed at all the bickering you folks to, but it seems like most of the slag pe used as constructive criticism. One Fred M. said that I will agree on is atire is basically useless except as irment- fake hatefulness becomes ou are what you hate. I think reother's work is good for disseminaany people will only see one or two hese publications and by reprinting material it gains in audience. nks, have a good time, looking

eward, Daniel tin, TX.

or \$2.

etters, articles and graphics in touch all the right nerves. You've oh you've got it, you've really got renew my subscription. I enclose

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 To anyone who is interested,

I wrote at one time to decipher and possibly respond by writing your own squiggly shapes.

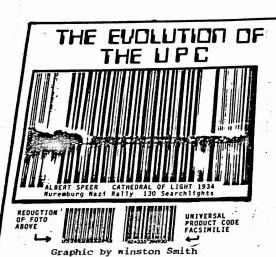
Don't get me wrong. As alienating and two-dimensional as writing is, it is a useful tool. While such falsified communication ful tool. While such falsified communication must someday be superceded, for the present it is a good way to keep in contact with others with whom we share a common vision. At 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 munication 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

When I see you and talk to you, 🖫 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 parrotting 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 truely 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, CR.























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. p.m.

