

# POPULAR REALITY

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Joe Schwind - Kansas College of Collage

**ONLY FOR THE BOLD and DARING!**

# POPULAR REALITY

## Ronald Reagan Prays



from Lookout:

THE HUMAN RACE IS ALMOST FINISHED  
(an outline of an apocalyptic vision of minor consequence and  
an incorporated imagining of alternatives for the next century)

HERE WE ARE, the closing chapters of an arbitrarily identified 20th century, and it appears from here that through our partial knowledge & our own faults, we have so many cataclysmic cycles already in motion that we can't help but hit on one of them...cross reference any minor prophet of doom and you can come up with a collection of 'em: nuclear proliferation is rampant, preparation for war continues to take place in all the nations on the planet, and none of the innate characteristics of the species that has spent its entire history at war have been changed...and as if those nuclear weapons weren't enough, the militaries of the "civilized" nations also prepare satellite actuated proton particle streams and laser and gamma ray death beams that can be effective mass killers (at the speed of light) from outer space, as well as exotic biological & chemical devices, new genetically engineered ethnic weapons and "last line of defense" microorganisms that might well knock off everyone left on the planet not preselected and/or properly immunized...the overall CO<sub>2</sub> (carbon dioxide) content of the atmosphere is up 25% this century...that we might start seeing weather changes, and the ozone layer will soon be 15% gone, which will allow 30% more ultraviolet radiation to get through to the earth's surface (Caution: sunlight is now hazardous to your health) as well as ultimately cause a 100C raise in the temperature of the stratosphere with a spectrum of unpredictable side effects at ground level...the planets electromagnetic and hydrologic cycles are now precariously balanced...say nothing of the carbon, nitrogen, sulfur and phosphorus cycles...ocean ecology is out of whack everywhere, & shifting like the sands on the beaches...increasingly acidic rainfall is affecting plant life over the entire northern hemisphere, to say nothing of its deleterious effects on metal and stone...the earth's air and water are being used as test tubes for admixtures of tens of thousands of man-made chemicals, including 2000 known carcinogens, and viral mutations are increasing rapidly; meanwhile introduction of new non-biodegradable tetragenic, mutagenic, and carcinogenic substances into the environment continues unabated, & biologically destructive free radiation from radar, microwaves, nuclear power and other background sources is pushing all life systems ever closer to their instability points & ultimate collapse...the ecological buffers may already be blown & the domino effect may already be under way and the future may all be an increasingly faster collapse to entropy, or we may now be stretching them to the point where they'll soon break with a snapping whiplash back on us like an over extended rubber band...a few years of worldwide bad weather breaks or other disruption of the high technology agricultures could lead to enough starvation to precipitate food wars; the planets human population doubling every 37 years with no sizeable crop areas left unused contributes to the time/space squeeze...many other resources of the planet are almost depleted, and with all cultures demanding more energy per capita, a disruption of oil from the opec countries to the industrial & agricultural countries would likely precipitate energy wars, and there is enough nuclear-armed small countries that potential nuclear war would likely resort to nuclear weapons...the majority of the world's people still belong to one of the fanatical religious sects, (ie., Moslems, Christians, Communists, Jews, etc.) or are closet fascists...future religious or racial wars are not improbable...meanwhile, atomic physicists tampering with the structure of subatomic particles speculate that the possibility of starting an accidental chain reaction unquenching everything existent and non-existent together and "matter as we know it" & genetic engineers unquenching & resequencing life chemicals feel that a still fiercer biological accident is also highly unlikely...and even with all these and other known cataclysmic cycles in motion, the one most likely to catch us may still be a sleeper, that we (in our infinite & infantile wisdom and tendency to tinker & to fuck up whatever it is) might well miss seeing completely...

in the face of all this, the governments and the planners of the planets most technologically advanced societies offer no solutions; instead, they try to postpone and hide the inevitables and argue as to whether they can afford the costs of further studying the problems...this points to the underlying folly of leaving the decision-making in the hands of older members of the species, who suspect prospects of only a few decades left to live for themselves, and whose innermost "now" cases are just maintaining their level of creature comforts - or worse - finding some path to personal immortality at the expense of all other life...that their organisms want to survive is to be commended; but their understanding of life and of survival leaves something to be desired...on a more stable planet where wisdom would accrue with age this "planning by the elders" might be rational for an intelligent species; but our planet & knowledge of it has changed so rapidly that even "science" texts in most fields written as few as a dozen years ago are now obsolete -- and worse than that; the information contained therein has often been patently proven as incorrect...yet much of the planet is still being run on the basis of those outmoded realities...

so, with nothing better to do with our time, we pose the questions: what are the alternatives to allowing an acceleration toward a catastrophic accident? what scenarios are those alternatives likely to precipitate? what are current individual interactions indicative of and what positions are significant, and can one be personally responsible? (we might even ask what is the meaning of life before we're through...)

we are trying not to deceive or to be deceived; understanding that because we are all part of the problem, and the problem interacts with us all, any alternatives we propose must be universally usable; and to remain viable, they must interact with all life & the entire planet, as a handful of potentiated partying for the full moon are not going to effect changes outside of their own circle or time...so we must understand the planet we live on, & the best way we know of doing that is by becoming in time as much of it as we are able...we have tried to research as much as was possible in the time we've had, but in reality the vision comes before the information, and the verbal path to it was built as an afterthought, as were the questions...

we see that in this country, many of the seriously committed environmentalists of the 60's have given up in confusion or despair--the rest have settled down into ridiculously futile patterns such as organic gardening, or fighting the power companies on their own turf (the "legal" system) or collecting non-returnable bottles or old newspapers on bicycles for recycling...the isolation & the sense of hopelessness is unprecedented...some believe they can turn off their awareness like a switch, and all the bad dreams will go away; happily part of the aforementioned problems, they naively proceed to whatever accidents are imposed on them they are already non-entities, and their opinions are not herein considered...others believe that small is beautiful, and that growth can be slowed down, that collectively we can curtail our expectations, build quixotic windmills and large scale solar collectors covering acres of desert, & independently isolated, grind our garbage with gasoline powered shredders & haul it to the organic plot with our lawn tractor pulled garden carts...this inefficient hoax, perpetuated in part by the organic promoters who transverse the country in their private jets to secure their corporate advertising contracts and their ecological device patents, appears as just adverse hype; a handful of people in this country thinking that way and unilaterally withdrawing will have absolutely no impact on a world which is hungry for progress and growth and has been promised more technology & conveniences & which wants them badly enough to fight for their fair share...those esoteric retreat solutions are feasible for only a few; hopefully in their naivete they will not be too badly mauled when they get trampled by the other in the amped to get to and grab up what remains...for any full scale agrarian reform and return to an ecologically stable pastoral "managed" planet, a curtailment of desires and expectations and a pullback from technology of worldwide proportions would be necessary, as would a subsequent reduction & redistribution of the planets population such as could be supported by those reforms and the

associated decentralization...such a universal reduction of aspirations and foregoing of conveniences & creature-comforts and choice of self-sacrifice would certainly be unlikely (most of the world's masses want to get off the labor intensive farm) and unprecedented (we can't imagine everyone abandoning their automobiles & choosing to walk), and even if it were by some miraculous confluence to occur, it might well be too late at this point in time to break many of the planet-wide cataclysmic cycles already in motion...

the unfortunate fact is that the majority of "mankind" just doesn't care -- living in a limited present and for a promised false future and afraid to understand Time or Death, we are childishly self-centered and apparently cannot be convinced to care; completely sold on the con of "looking out for No. 1", we are trying to win at a game where all mortals, by their very nature, are destined to be losers...

on another side, there are a number of activities directed toward a disruption & dissolution of the technological culture that has spawned the aforementioned series of cataclysmic cycles...some would tear it down by revolutionary or violent means; others would tear it apart subversively at its interpersonal or sociological seams...these directions show us no solutions, as we cannot see a scenario for a violent or unplanned internal collapse of the technological civilizations worldwide that would not involve a collapse of transportation, sewer & water supply systems and the irrigation and energy dependent agricultures, an isolation of the cities & subsequent mass starvation, political upheaval, food & energy wars, and ultimately nuclear button pushing...those who would argue that the balance of nuclear power between the world's powers will keep anyone from using their weapons should do well to remember that the same argument was used by the 19th century marketeers of handguns as "peacekeepers"; the "great equalizers" that would cause a standoff in all confrontations, and forever stop the big guys from beating up on the little guys, because both could now destroy each other...

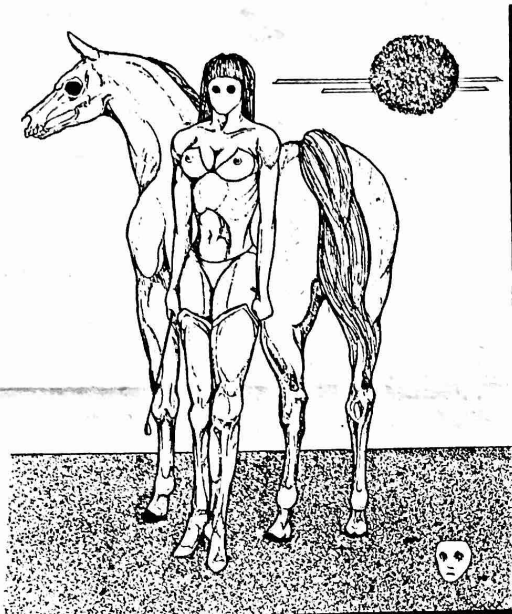
there is some fantasyful talk of space migration as a viable out for our problems...while we agree that filling the universe with "intelligent life" may be our destiny, current and postulated systems to do so that we see our humanoid-type consciousnesses (albeit machine assisted) capable of developing are monstrous energy drains vis-a-vis the resources of the planet, and at this time would prove to be a disaster (we've made enough of a mess of this planet already; why garbage up the whole universe?...certainly at least the further development of cryonics or "in vitro" organism generation to improve the efficiency of long-haul migration (& help cut the umbilical cord to earth) should take precedence...so we tend to view space travel as untimely...

Biological life and its agents appear to be the only active counter-entropic (ie., generating organization rather than defaulting to randomness) force in the universe, and photosynthesis, using solar energy input, is the essential organizer on our planet...the human element of life has incorporated a more-or-less sophisticated technology into its adjustment and its interaction with the planet's cycles and its other life systems...every cycle or system that came to require modification by human technology (and hence by energy that "naturally" reoccurring on the planet) became an energy sink in the thermodynamics of the planets life systems (ie., it continues to need order)...many cycles and systems are being tampered with already in order (ie., technologically driven and/or modified) energy input into the biosphere has been increasing...meanwhile, its basic underlying life supporting organization has been decreasing (due to pollution, radiation, organizational stasis & human population (but has adversely impacted the natural balances & brought the entropic threshold closer)...thus, to a non-manipulative energy input would precipitate a backlash of cascading chaos & disorganization & would result in a reduction of humanity's numbers and organization (ie., due to lowered living & medical standards, transportation, agricultural production, etc.) and, considering the unlikelyhood of become nuclear when the going got tough...& as free radiation (ie., from atomic weaponry) is known to be one of the most potent disorganizers vis-a-vis life chemicals, this would further lower the ecological potential of the planet...so it is now our opinion that our technological commitment is past the point of no return, that, given the present state of the planet, there can be no significant curtailing of energy & technology without plunging the planet & its population into a severe dark ages or finish...

this problem we face thus includes an ever increasing amount of information and a rapidly numbing number of changes in the planet and our interface with it, such as would tend to seem to be overwhelming... no one or group of humans is capable of getting a handle on even a significant part of it (we are obviously unable to even begin in the best direction; our vision control) what we see is even more limited... if we weren't obviously so close to so many catastrophes, our lack of vision would not be so appalling... but on the edge of the abyss as we are, the historically blundering & accidental nature of our species is downright terrifying... it appears that if intelligent life on the planet is to survive (and assuming we are not to count on alien help, or dummies, or what have you), a species of life form that will be capable of dealing with the problems better than near term technologies of biological engineering, coupled with and working off of computer postulated models, offers the best outside chance of laying the groundwork for developing more viable life forms out of the human mold...

species chauvinism notwithstanding, any argument which could be presented favoring the survival of the human species over that of a so-called lower life form, such as bacteria, or cockroaches, mosquitoes, or rats, can likewise be used to favor the survival of a superior species of life over this one... we are not about to speculate specifically about what characteristics would constitute superiority, because that would only invite the specific egocentric counterarguments and criticisms that are characteristic of our species but are nonetheless not the issue here... we, homo sapiens, have had our time & have served our function, but we are now evolutionarily inadequate to further extend life (as is evidenced by the mess we've made), and it is now time for us and our tiny treasured messes to go the way of the dinosaurs... our "last hurrah" as self-conscious organisms may be to see to fruition the installation of our replacements, to play god rather than to blindly worship one, and to do so before all life & the chance to do so slips completely into oblivion...

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## Roving Youths Rob 30 In Times Sq. Rampage

Roving youths, sometimes in packs of up to 20, swept through the streets around Madison Square Garden and Times Square on Sunday night during and after a rock concert and robbed 30 people of purses, chains and other jewelry, the police said yesterday.

No serious injuries were reported in the incident, which began about 9 P.M. and lasted until after 11, according to the police. But several victims suffered minor cuts, bruises and bloody noses.

The police arrested 26 people, 21 of them for robbery, 3 for grand larceny, and 1 each on gun- and drug-possession charges.

The police said that the youths were mostly in groups of five and six, but that others individually confronted their victims. A "few" victims had been robbed by groups of up to 20 people.

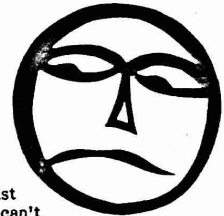
The police said many of those arrested, who ranged in age from 13 to 28, were believed to have come from one of two concerts given at Madison Square Garden by a teen-age pop group, the New Edition. A total of more than 30,000 attended the two shows, at 3 and 8 P.M.

Free-Wheeling Uncontrollables:  
Irreverend Crowbar- PopReal, P.O. Box 3402, Ann Arbor, MI. 48106.  
Red Black, P.O. Box 431, Boston, MA. 02258.  
The Righteous Dervish, 1816 Seminole St. Kalamazoo, MI. 49007.  
Celeste Oatmeal- Poetry Editrix, P.O. Box 3402, Ann Arbor, MI. 48106.  
Duke D'Rearlo- Neither/Nor Press, P.O. Box 8043, Ann Arbor, MI. 48107.  
Dr. Al 'Blaster' Ackerman- Ling Master, San Antonio, TX.  
Jake Berry- Outre, 2251 Helton Dr. Apt. N7, Florence, AL. 35630.  
Tentatively A Convenience, P.O. Box 382, Baltimore, MD. 21203.  
Chairman Jim Shaley- Shilo Underground, P.O. Box 1593, Kalamazoo, MI. 49005.  
Yael Dragwyla- BVI Pacifica, P.O. Box 1548, Goleta, CA. 93116.  
Wendy Johnson- Mother of the Lost Boys, 27575 Crestview, Barstow, CA. 92311.  
Bob McGlynn- Wino Nation, 528 Fifth St. Brooklyn, NY. 11215.  
Pigtown Pugnacious, P.O. Box 13068, Gainesville, FL. 32604.  
Art Decco- Twisted Imbalance, P.O. Box 12054, Raleigh, NC. 27605.  
Association for Ontological Anarchy- c/o Autonomedia, P.O. Box 568, Brooklyn, NY. 11211.  
Max Volume- Fuck Free Thought, P.O. Box 301, Miami Beach, FL. 33139.  
Trevor- Ovo, P.O. Box 23061, Knoxville, TN. 37933.  
Kurt Nimmo- Planet Detroit, P.O. Box 28414, Detroit, MI. 48228.

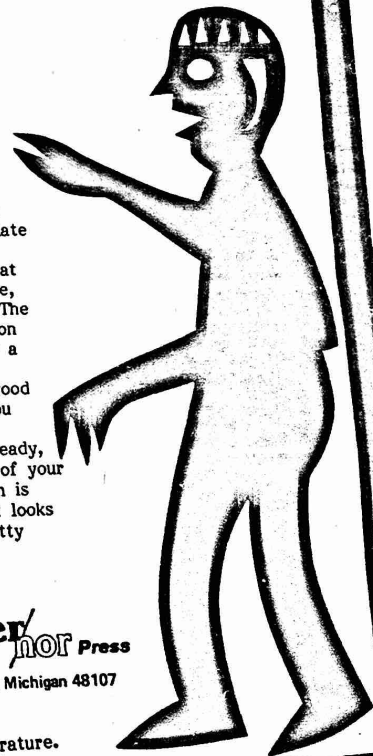
We firmly believe that

Gil Scott-Heron didn't quite go far enough when he said that "the revolution will not be televised..."

He should also have added that you cannot buy it in the boutiques, you won't hear it whispered about in bohemian artist colonies, and you can't see it with your dark sunglasses on....



The revolution will not come barreling down late at night in the FAST lane, but will emerge at mid-day, calm and sure, in the CLEAR lane. The revolution will knock on your door and ask for a drink of water. The revolution will be a good neighbor and greet you with a smile. The revolution is here already, resting in the peace of your mind. The revolution is a DOOM-SLAYER; it looks forward to some pretty good times.



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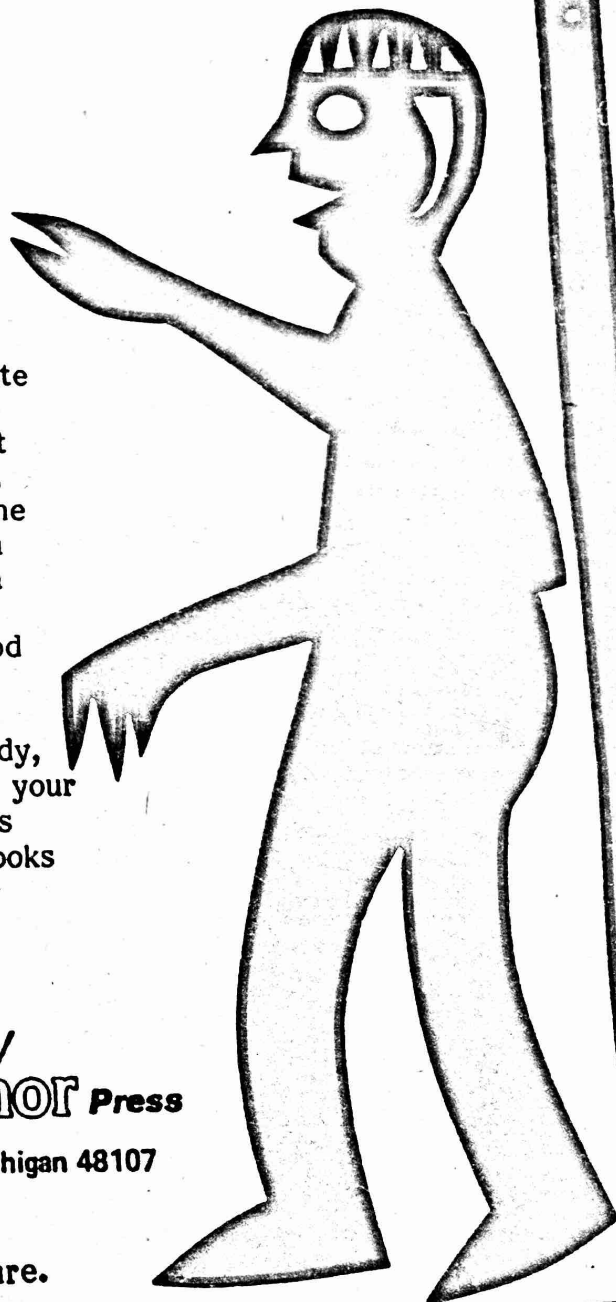
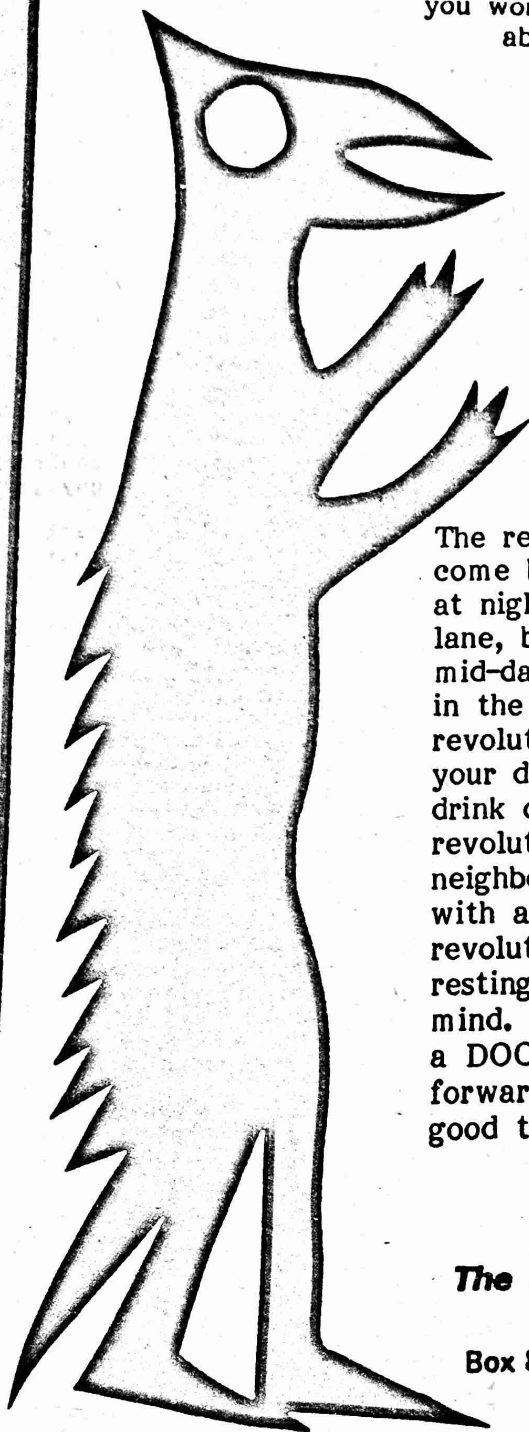
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TEXT BY DUKE DREARD  
GRAPHIC BY DAVID MOROSKI

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TEXT BY DUKE D'REALO

GRAPHIC BY DAVID MOROSKI

# THE TEN BEST CENSORED STORIES

The biggest news you didn't hear about this year.

If you haven't heard about Project Censored's recently released report on the top 10 censored news stories of 1985, you aren't alone. For 10 years, Project Censored has compiled reports on major news stories the media have refused to cover—and for 10 years, the national news media have largely ignored them.

Project Censored is the brainchild of Sonoma State University communications professor Carl Jensen. Jensen collects censored news stories from around the country every year, and his students research and screen them. The final selections are made by a broad-based panel of respected media observers that this year included MIT linguistics professor Noam Chomsky, University of California at Berkeley journalism dean Ben Bagdikian, Augsburg School of Communications dean George Gerbner, and writer Susan Sarant.

**1. Pierce Aerial War in El Salvador Is Unreported in U.S. Press.** Since June 1984, when the U.S. government began providing President Jose Napoleon Duarte with the money and the material to assemble the largest air force in Central America, the Salvadoran air force has dropped more than 3,000 tons of U.S.-made bombs on civilian targets inside El Salvador. More than 2,000 people have died in the attacks, and hundreds of villages have been destroyed. The bombing is the primary reason why some 1.2 million Salvadorans—more than 20 percent of the population—are now homeless refugees. That's a higher percentage than the corresponding figure in South Vietnam at the height of the Vietnam War.

Americas Watch, an independent human rights organization, has issued two reports over the past two years detailing the extent of the aerial bombardment and

**2. Military Toxic Waste Sites More Dangerous and Less Regulated.** Every year, the U.S. military discards more than 500,000 tons of hazardous toxic waste—more than the nation's five largest chemical companies combined. The problems of toxic contamination from military installations are, if anything, worse than the widely publicized environmental disasters caused by private industry—yet the military is not subject to Environmental Protection Agency regulations regarding toxic waste disposal. The national press has largely ignored the problem.

According to recent, a quarterly newsletter devoted to monitoring the Pentagon, the EPA has released a list of 392 sites at which toxic material from a military installation presents a serious public health or environmental hazard. Among the disasters cited in the EPA report are:

- Some 500,000 leaking nerve gas rockets are stored at sites in Maryland, Kentucky, Oregon, Utah, Arkansas and elsewhere—and there is no program way to dispose of the rockets safely.
- Leakage from an abandoned Agent Orange manufacturing site near Fort P. Hill in Virginia exposed dozens of Boy Scouts on a jamboree in the area to dangerous levels of dioxin.
- In Jacksonville, Fla., a residential community near an old Agent Orange storage facility is contaminated with levels of dioxin five times higher than those reported at Times Beach, Mo.

**3. Media Merger Mania Threatens Free Flow of Information.** The drive for profits, coupled with the collapse of the federal communications commission, is paving the way for the specter of an unbridled media merger mania. The Postal Commission's plan to deregulate "satellite" broadcasting on the aspect of last year's media merger mania. It has the potential to be a threat of activity in the media marketplace. Major media firms are clamoring for a form of activity in the marketplace. The Postal Commission's plan to deregulate "satellite" broadcasting on the aspect of last year's media merger mania. It has the potential to be a threat of activity in the media marketplace. Major media firms are clamoring for a form of activity in the marketplace.

**4. Nuclear Decontamination Study: An Extraordinary Case of Censorship.** The Wall Street Journal called it "The Nuclear Can't See." In Pentagon circles, Author Can't See. In Pentagon circles, it is known more colloquially as the "Nuclear Decontamination Study." Controversial nuclear decontamination study was released by Congress. It was released in 1985—and immediately the Pentagon classified it as so sensitive that its author, Bruce Blair, and the commissioned it are representatives who commissioned it are denied access to it. In the event of a nuclear war, it is not clear how the report would fare in the event of a nuclear war. Its conclusion, protracted nuclear war. Its conclusion, protracted nuclear war. Its conclusion, protracted nuclear war.

**5. High Tech Health Hazards: A New American Nightmare?** For employees, the electronics industry is anything but clean. As Mr. magazine's *The Progressive* both revealed in 1985, poisoning are twice as common among semiconductor workers as they are among workers in other industries. Hazards in the work place include soldering fumes, which have been linked to asthma, high-tech etching equipment, which can expose operators to deadly, radio-frequency radiation, and cyanide and arsenic compounds, regularly used in the industry and which appear to be linked to abnormal cancer rates among electronics workers.

However, the Project Censored panel reported, media coverage of the industry generally ignored these hazards. As a result, the panel concluded, in an industry "badly in need of stringent federal regulation," the Reagan administration has been able to get away with reducing occupational safety inspections and is proposing a voluntary compliance program that could "except thousands of workers from surprise inspections" in the future.

The top stories on the list generally were ignored not because of court orders, but simply because of censorship. The media chose not to cover them.

**6. The Birth Defect Crisis and the Environment.** On the Navajo reservation in Shiprock, N.M., so many children are born deformed that the community has been given special dispensation every year. The reservation is situated in the middle of an area that for decades has hosted the nation's largest uranium mine. For years, the U.S. government has denied any connection between the mining and the staggering incidence of birth defects in the region. However, a report released in 1984 suggests that there is a connection. If the report is accurate, low-level radiation from intensive uranium mining may have caused in Shiprock more and worse birth defects than both atomic blasts at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

**7. Administration Officials Release Phony Star Wars Test.** When public officials and members of the national press corps discuss Reagan's Star Wars program, attention is generally focused on the project's staggering cost and the implications of the program for arms control. However, a growing number of respected scientists are publicly stating what may be a more devastating conclusion: Nearly every piece of Star Wars hardware tested so far has failed to perform up to standards—and the administration has consistently lied about those test results.

**8. Federal Government Rips Off the Homeless.** In response to reports that as many as three million people were without shelter in the U.S., the Reagan administration created the Homeless Task Force, a special agency of the Department of Health and Human Services with a mandate to provide federal resources to homeless by making "sharing arrangements" with other existing federal agencies. The move received much media attention, but in 1985, when a subcommittee of the House Government Operations Committee investigated the task force and found its performance scandalous, the information was ignored.

**9. Project Censored Celebrates Its 10th Anniversary.** Jensen has few illusions about the state of the U.S. news media. "Overall," he said, "it's quite clear that things are getting worse. This year's top censored stories, he said, are "by far the best, most important collection of news reports I've seen since we started the project. They are also probably the least well-covered."

Jensen said he sees a disturbing trend in the censored stories nominated and chosen over the past decade. "Until 1980 or 1981, most of our censored stories dealt with white-collar crime, corporate malfeasance—things you might expect the major corporate media to downplay. But in the past five years, the subjects are more and more political. We're seeing increasingly important domestic and foreign policy information that never reaches most Americans," he said.

Some of Project Censored's selections over the years have involved direct efforts by the government or by private individuals to suppress the publication of information. However, most of the censorship reported by Jensen's panel was more subtle, if no less effective. The top stories on the list for 1985 generally were ignored not because of court orders, but simply because the media chose not to cover them.

To Jensen and the Project Censored panelists, censorship can take many forms, but the result is the same: The project's founding statement, which remains its operating principle today, explains that "for the purpose of this project, censorship is defined as the suppression of information, whether purposeful or not, by any method—including bias, omission or under-reporting—which prevents the public from knowing fully what is happening in its society." Here, then, is the list—published in few places anywhere in the nation—of the top 10 censored stories of 1985.

changing that "these attacks on civilian non-combatants in conflict zones are part of a deliberate policy... to force civilians to flee, depriving the guerrillas of a civilian population." In 1985, U.S. Reps. Jim Leach (R-Iowa) and George Miller (D-Calif.) and Sen. Mark Hatfield (R-Ore.) presented the bipartisan Congressional Arms Control and Foreign Policy Caucus with a report containing similar information. Mary Jo McGonigley, a Pacific News Service reporter, has written of the bombing campaign, as has Chris Hedges of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Alexander Cockburn's article in *The Nation* on the press coverage of the bombing campaign received more individual nominations than any previous article in Project Censored's history, the panel concluded. "This secret war," the panel concluded, "is known to its victims, international observers, humanitarian organizations and foreign journalists, but it is not reported in the mainstream U.S. media."

**10. Ten Years of Genocide in East Timor.** In 1975, Project Censored reported that "the tragedy in East Timor" was one of the year's 10 most under-reported stories. Citing an article by Noam Chomsky in *Inquiry* magazine, the panel noted that 50,000-100,000 Timorese had been slaughtered with U.S.-supplied arms since Indonesian troops invaded the tiny nation in 1975.

Ten years after that invasion, and six years after Chomsky's article appeared, a report by Amnesty International revealed that as many as 200,000 East Timorese—one-third of the population—have died at the hands of the Indonesian military.

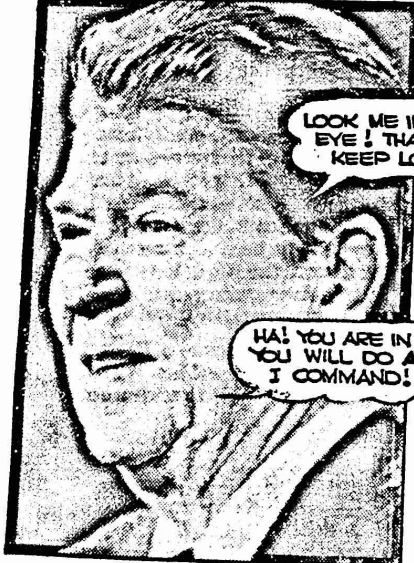
**11. The Reagan Revolution: Liberty Under Siege.** In June 1985, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and the EPA suspended without notice many of the safety programs designed to protect people who live near nuclear power plants. The reason: Under Executive Order 12291, signed by Ronald Reagan in 1982, all federal agencies are required to consider "cost-benefit principles" when implementing health, safety, welfare and public information programs.

**12. The Department of Defense Received \$8 Million in 1984 to Renovate Vacant Military Facilities for Use as Emergency Shelters.** The department identified more than 600 potential sites around the country, but only two were renovated, at a cost of less than \$1 million. The remainder of the money was spent on routine maintenance of active army reserve facilities.

"Around the country these days," Jensen explained, "everywhere I go, people tell me the same thing: The No. 1 censored story in the country ought to be Project Censored."

*This article first appeared in the San Francisco Bay Guardian.*

## Inmate freed by fake forms, is not missed for months.



LOOK ME IN THE EYE! THAT'S IT! KEEP LOOKING!

HAI! YOU ARE IN MY POWER! YOU WILL DO ANYTHING I COMMAND!

AP PHOTO

Reagan addresses business conferees.

Dervish

A man charged with stealing \$76,000 worth of jewelry and furs walked out of the Baltimore County Detention Center in April using forged release forms, and the escape went unnoticed until just two weeks ago when police arrived to place additional charges against him, the center's director said yesterday.

The FBI and county police now are looking for Robert Lee Dendy, 45, who was being held in the Towson jail on \$70,000 bond.

Mr. Dendy was arrested April 1 in connection with the theft of jewelry and furs from the previous month. Bond was set and he was locked up on April 5 while the case against him was being taken to the county grand jury.

On April 12, someone showed up at the jail with two official-looking "Release from Commitment" forms — one saying Dendy had posted \$20,000 property bond and the other stating he had posted \$50,000 property bond, for the total of \$70,000 needed.

Both forms were signed on the "Clerk/Judge/Commissioner" line. They were accepted by two detention center staff members, and Mr. Dendy walked out of jail and has not been seen since.

The grand jury indicted him on the burglary on April 21 — nine days after he had walked away. But because a trial had not been sched-



Police photo of Robert Lee Dendy, 45, indicted in \$76,000 theft.

uled, it was assumed he was still in custody.

The ruse was not discovered until two weeks ago when two police officers investigating the burglary came to the detention center to place additional charges against Mr. Dendy.

"This is the first time in my recollection that anything like this has ever happened to us," Mark A. Leane, the detention center's administrator, said yesterday.

IF YOU SEE THIS MAN GIVE HIM A PAT ON THE BACK AND BUY HIM A BEER!

RELEASE NO. 86898

DISTRICT COURT OF MARYLAND FOR BALTIMORE COUNTY

Case No. 693-52661

STATE OF MARYLAND vs. Robert Lee Dendy

Burglary 1st

Defendant: Robert Lee Dendy

Arrested: 0089382

LB 302-15

RELEASE FROM COMMITMENT

YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED to release the defendant, Robert Lee Dendy

Bail Return was held and defendant is released on his own recognizance.

Preliminary hearing  trial in the County Court of Maryland

on the \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ 1985

at \_\_\_\_\_ Md. or when needed.

C. Bond in the amount of \$50,000

Issued this \_\_\_\_\_ day of April 1985

Robert Lee Dendy

RELEASE FROM COMMITMENT

The "Release from Commitment" papers looked official. The form itself is official, but the content is bogus — and barely legible.

CHARLES MANSON  
WILLIAM BURROUGHS  
AL GOLDSTEIN  
CHARLES BUKOWSKI  
& JOHN WATERS TALK ABOUT ...

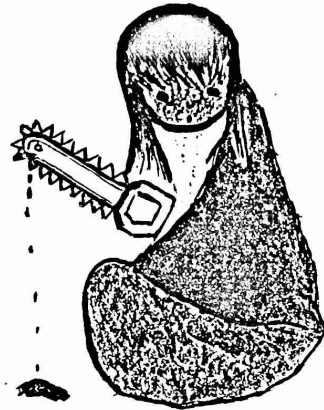
THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND  
WILBUR AND ORVILLE WRIGHT  
ED KOCH  
THE FILLISBURY DOUGHBOY  
THOMAS JEFFERSON  
BARRY GOLDWATER  
GENGHIS KHAN  
PIA ZADORA  
RONALD REAGAN  
FRANK SINATRA  
FRANZ KAFKA  
& MORE IN PANDEMONIUM

WRITE: JACK STEVENSON, 171 AUBURN STREET #11  
CAMBRIDGE MA 02139



THIS WEEK:  
Used Jazz & Soul  
Records That  
MEAN  
Something!!

East Town Mall  
Kalamazoo, MI.



De Grazia



MENDOCINO CONTRAS LIKEN SELVES  
TO FOUNDING FATHERS; ASK CIA RID

Inspired by the federal government's enthusiasm for arming the Nicaraguan "freedom fighters", embattled Mendocino farmers have formed their own contra units and are appealing to the CIA for similar assistance.

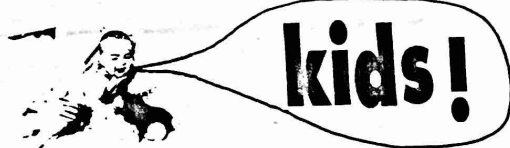
Especially sought after are shoulder-launched Stinger missiles able to bring down helicopters at a distance of three miles. "Without these weapons," declared Rainbow Sunlight Abraxas, the guerrillas' colorful leader, "the forces of freedom will be helpless against the spreading cancer of CAMP (Campaign Against Marijuana Planting). We are following in the footsteps of America's founding fathers and mothers in resisting colonial oppression. Surely President Reagan, who has declared himself foursquare on the side of freedom, will not desert us in our hour of need."

At press time the LOOKOUT had been unsuccessful in reaching President Reagan for comment; aides said that he had locked himself in a room and was amusing himself by making anonymous insulting phone calls to Libyan President Moammar Khadafy.

from Lookout!



HAPPINESS IS  
WHEN YOU  
WAKE UP AND  
SEE YOUR  
BOSS'S PICTURE  
ON THE  
MILK CARTON



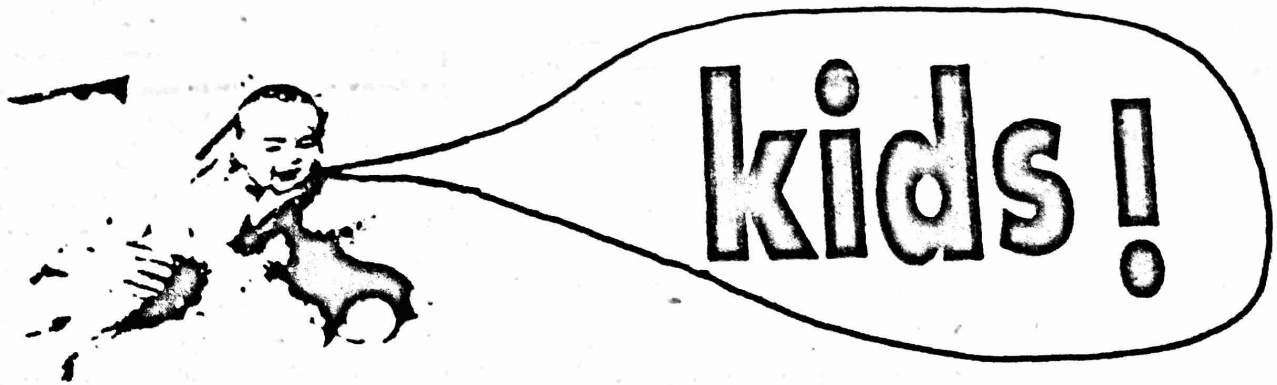
THE OUT-OF-CONTROL DATA CORPORATION  
P.O. BOX 432  
ROSLIN, MA 02236

Are your friends becoming "adults"?  
You may not realize it, but adulthood strikes millions of young people around the country every day, transforming them into boring, rigid, frightened, reactionary zombies.  
Adulthood is destroying America's youth!  
Will YOUR FRIENDS be next?  
Ask yourself: Have any of your friends--  
-been showing a reduced interest in sex?  
-had an increased desire to become a cop, lawyer, politician or investment banker, or to get an MBA degree?  
-been considering buying a house in the suburbs?  
-been seen "disciplining" children or chasing kids off their lawns or cars?  
-been heard saying "grow up," "be realistic," "don't be naive," or "that's not funny!"?  
-begun to wear suits and ties voluntarily?  
-been starting to "sympathize with how tough it was for their parents"?  
-been looking into package tours to Europe or the Caribbean?  
If you answered "yes" to any of these questions, it may already be too late.  
Together we can work to stamp out this insidious killer before it claims more lives. Don't let your pals be added to the growing ranks of traitors! Find out how you can help--write to:  
The Society for the Eradication of Adulthood  
195 Garfield Place, Apt. 2L  
Brooklyn, NY 11215



What they do: (Left) New father demonstrates the proper technique for "disciplining" an unruly child; (center) Swineford Wentworth III often puts in 230-hour weeks at his job making phone calls and moving bits of paper around for Shearson Lehman Brothers, Inc., a prominent investment banking firm; (right) High-ranking government official beaps proudly at ceremony marking his 55th consecutive fun-free year.

from Shoe Polish Week



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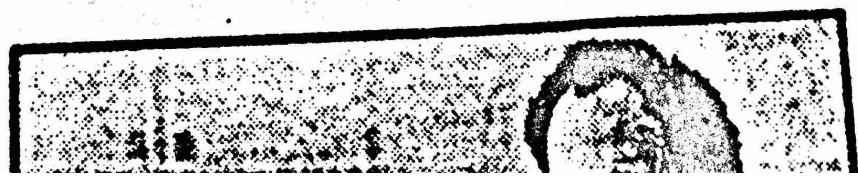
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Brooklyn, NY 11215

YOU EVER GOING  
YOURSELF



# MAILING THEIR WAY INTO

# ANARCHY

Bob Black

TODAY'S counterculture is even more decentralized and participatory than its famous 1960s predecessor. From science fiction fandom it has borrowed the "fanzine" (a small-circulation photocopy magazine) and the "apa" (or Amateur Press Association, an entirely reader-written compilation). Thanks to the ubiquity and cheapness of self-service xerography, even fourteen-year-olds can lead alternative lives by mail, often pseudonymously. For added security, post office boxes start at twenty-two dollars a year. No need for fine arts training when the morning paper is replete with images — startling enough — to be combined in offbeat ways. Add a poem or polemic or maybe just an ad for a garage-band performance as text, and for three or four dollars an uncensored poster goes up in a hundred places around town. Only somewhat more expensively, self-produced music is recorded on cassettes (as are spoken letters) and distributed by the maker or by small independent outlets. Everything is done by mail, including "mail art," in which collage artists and others bypass the galleries by putting their work on postcards.

For lack of a better word I call them "marginals." The implication that they are lumpenproletarian vagabonds or declassé intellectuals holds true for quite a few; that is, some are temp workers, welfare bums, petty criminals, career students, or some combination of the above. If they hold down real jobs, these tend to be lowly — file clerk, fry cook, bookstore cashier — although the ones who've gotten into computers may do tolerably well. The youngest of them are high school students still living with their parents (but several are runaways). There are dropouts from academia, law, and, in at least one case, real estate. A few have parlayed their psychological problems into Social Security disability checks. They number more alcoholics than vegetarians, are mostly white and in background middle class, and their common denominator is aversion to lifelong subservience to a boss, a preference for time over money.

Like the counterculture of the sixties, the current version tends to be raunchy, argumentative, impetuous, and embattled. It is in part a youth culture, but not monolithic in its tastes. Marginals, for example, variously prefer punk, "industrial" music, or the high-tech cacophony that some call "anti-musik." Those involved in punk often act as its loyal opposition, alert to tendencies toward capture by the dominant culture of the kind that, they think, devalued rock music in the seventies.

THIS, in fact, is the usual relation of the marginals to adjacent dissident or avant-garde scenes. Thus most are familiar with anarchism, and quite a few espouse it; but others dismiss it as just another constraining ideology or criticize its obsolescence. If they once read science fiction, as many have, they don't read it now or they criticize its current condition. Some of them are, or were, libertarians, but of a kind to make the respectable bourgeois Libertarian Party cringe — people like Samuel Edward Konkin III, whose revolutionary "agorism," or pure free-market anarchism, is supposed to abolish and liberate the working class; or Erwin S. Straus, Jr., editor of the political "apa" *The Connection*, who takes the self-help individualism of Americans to its ultimate in books like *Basement Nukes* and *How to Start Your Own Country*.

Older marginals often have histories of political activism. Rev. Crowbar, publisher of the lively bimonthly tabloid *Popular Reality*, is a peace-movement veteran who once ran for office. John Zerzan, who chronicles the "revolt against work" and other indicia of unarticulated rebellion, is a former union official. Possibly the oldest marginal, who was already boasting he was the world's oldest rock 'n' roll star when he formed The Fugs in the sixties, is Tuli Kupferberg. In the seventies he was born again as a satiric cartoonist, self-published in newspaper booklets; today he frolics with youngsters who might be his grandchildren.

Except for the libertarians, who usually have conservative backgrounds, the marginals, insofar as they are political, are left-oriented or used to be; but few are not highly critical of existing left organizations and ideologies, whether liberal or Leninist. Their criticism, however, is shut out of the established "alternative" media, sometimes because

the leftists are too lazy to counter novel assaults from other than right-wing quarters, sometimes because they don't want it known that there is anyone more radical than they are. Crude or combative polemics may also fall afoul of New Age-influenced conventions prescribing a positive approach, but in many cases the message, not the manner, is what disturbs. Antinuclear publications haven't rushed to print Mycal Sunanda's essay, written in their own argot, calling on antinuclear activists to acknowledge and express publicly the violent feelings they bottle up in the interest of nonviolence as an ideology. Nor have antiwar activists welcomed "The Enchantment of Nuclear Destruction," a piece by Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous which begins: "The possibility of total destruction through nuclear war corresponds to a condition of ruin everywhere that makes such destruction attractive." The peace movement, narrowly framing its objective as mere survival, has nothing to say to those who are enchanted by annihilation precisely because they are sick of an everyday life already reduced to mere survival.

WITHIN the marginals' own media, disputation is vigorous and the range of permissible opinion is wide. Arcaic or even abhorrent topics, from space colonization to Holocaust Revisionism, are taken in stride. Some of it is puerile: the *ap* *FrFrZine* has lately hosted a raging controversy among verbose nitwits as to whether or not it's sexist to hate Madonna and Cyndi Lauper. But if much of a fanzine like *Inside Joke* is written by teenagers, including several in their late twenties, it has also published fictions which would have raised the red blood cell count of many an anemic literary journal. In this hothouse atmosphere, it is possible to grow rapidly in creative power. In a recent circular, a talented Knoxville marginal known as Revo reviews his accomplishments: "Have been making collages since 1979, 'zines since 1980, mail art since 1982, and tapes since 1984." Revo just turned twenty.

Though their graffiti is everywhere, the marginals have so far escaped popular notice except when on rare occasions the media treat them as pranksters or hooligans. But this may be about to change; sub-underground artifacts are starting to surface almost in spite of themselves. Detroit's Black & Red, whose animating spirit Fredy Perlman recently passed away, has published a series of well-made books and pamphlets culminating in Perlman's own poetic condemnation of the course of civilization, *Against His-History, Against Leviathan!*, probing the nature of class society. Neither/Nor Press has slowly but relentlessly published a magazine, *Beatinis From Space*, and several books. Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous recently self-published, with supplies in part stolen from employers, the best of four years of its posters in *Adventures in Subversion*. *Flipside*, a major punk magazine, is publishing a book by John Crawford, whose distinctively drawn satiric cartoons (mostly about "Baboon Dooley, Rock Critic" appearing in hundreds of fanzines, have made him the R. Crumb of the eighties. Book-

length marginals' anthologies are forthcoming from *semioctet*) and, improbably, in Slovene translations in Yugoslavia. Loompanics Unlimited, a two-fluted marginals' story in itself, has published the (by marginals' standards) famous religious satire *Principia Discordia*. One of its co-authors, who twenty-five years ago befriended a fellow Marine named Lee Harvey Oswald, may be the only man in America with a book in print who sleeps under a bridge. Other Loompanics books by marginals, including L.A. Rollins's *Bleecan Lucifer's Lexicon* and a collection of my own polemics and satires, are in the works.

Marginals are not, in general, joiners. Their antipathy to organization (a major bone of contention with the established left) arises partly from their crusty individualism, partly from their interpretation of the modern history of radical movements (with the USSR as Exhibit A), but importantly also from the raw fact of geographical dispersion. The sixties counterculture was based in college towns and in the poor neighborhoods adjoining college campuses in big cities. The eighties anti's may also be found in those places (notably Ann Arbor, Berkeley, Eugene, Madison, Austin) but, with no draft, they aren't concentrated there, or anywhere. That they often turn up in the boondocks may be just as well for their cause, which appeals least to jaded cosmopolitans. This also minimizes the dangers of co-optation. Marginals are only too familiar with prior oppositional movements which, at the end of the line, look like losers. They'd rather provoke a "failure" like the Paris Commune than a "success" like the Bolshevik coup d'état.

The reclusiveness of marginals does not necessarily establish their impotence. "Posters!" (as they are called in Mike Gunderly's indispensable quarterly directory *Fartshoe Five*) have made a splash in a number of places. For example, when a marginal who calls himself the Multi-nationalist was caught putting posters under wind shields in Junction City, Missouri, and the police threatened to prosecute him for "sedition," the marginals' international went into overdrive, deluging the local paper with letters (some were printed) extolling anarchy and maligning the police. The case was dropped.

"The Falwell Game," which has been noticed by the mass media, is a marginals' jape. Innumerable marginals' zines published instructions on how to waste the Moral Majority's money by calling its toll-free number and hanging up or, better yet, signing up as Faith Partners to get free Falwell Bibles. Later some gay papers picked up on the Game and Jerry Falwell's threatening response was directed toward them. Even if the gays drop it, the sub-underground, which is as far beneath Falwell's notice as the earliest mammals were to the lordly dinosaurs, will keep it going.

The marginals, verox zealous that they are, do not always welcome their nascent notoriety. They fear that, by encoding a fixed text onto a physical object, publishing separates writer and reader when what both want is to find each other in community. And even if the marginals' messages aren't inherently falsified by written publication, they may be trivialized by the media. An

example is Zack Replica's *Dial-a-Rumor*, a daily telephone tabloid of absurdist news from an alternative Carrollian-Kafkaesque universe containing the lacusca Klommet, the Chez Guevara restaurant in Berkeley (re-invented or borrowed years later by the Farley comic strip), the Trilateral Foundation for Secular Humanism, and much more. Several newspaper stories (even a mention in *USA Today*) took the edge off this serious satiric project by doing cutesy human-interest stories about Replica because he is quadruplegic.

GERRY Reith (1959-1984), a Connecticut farm boy, might have been the quintessential marginal. In his teens he was placed in a mental hospital, I don't know why; it was an experience from which he never fully recovered. Soon afterwards he became a Bakuninist-Kropotkinist anarchist and got busted for antinuclear activism at Seabrook in New Hampshire. But the antinuclear left of the late seventies wasn't enough to satisfy his hunger for liberty, and he became a (laissez-faire) libertarian, influenced by popularizations of the Austrian-school economics of Friedrich Hayek and Ludwig von Mises. Over the years in which he absorbed and engaged other, avant-garde influences — dada, surrealism, situationism — he never completely sundered his ties to the libertarians. He was, at his death, Vice-Chairman and newsletter editor of the minuscule Wyoming Libertarian Party, although he had announced his withdrawal from its (electorally oriented) activities.

Reith went west for college (unfashioned, I believe) and passed the last six years of his life in Sheridan, Wyoming — the second largest city in the state but, with 18,000 people, no cosmopolis. Working the night shift as a motel desk clerk, he saw a different world than his neighbors did. They liked him anyway, in spite of those unusual ideas. Around 1981 he started sending out feelers by mail, and he found his own kind. His small disposable income went for postage, books, magazine subscriptions, and photocopying (well, also for liquor and methedrine, if the truth be known). In those days he resided in a flophouse with Veterans Hospital outpatients and other down-and-outs whom he befriended (reading aloud to them from *Don Quixote*, for instance). He half-heartedly practiced with Sheridan's only, stillborn rock band, but he spent more time with the few leftists and libertarians the town contained. With one of the latter, who as "Sun Tzu" later contributed to Reith's book *Neutron Gun* (Neither/Nor Press, 1985), he commenced his first original political project: the Word of Truth Ministry.

Sharing a Menckensque hatred of small-town piety, the two produced a series of short pamphlets which, taking the Bible deadpan, proved that the answer to questions like "Did God Ordain the Holocaust?" and "Was Satan Behind the American Revolution?" was "yes." Sun Tzu, a preacher's kid, did the actual writing, but Reith as corresponding secretary had to answer for it when the faithful wrote in to complain. They may have done their work too well, since a group of neo-Nazis in Georgia reportedly reprinted the Holocaust pamphlet. The person to complain about this, a punk teen named

Carly Sommerstein, ended up as a *Neutron Gun* contributor, so the joke was perhaps on the Nazis. But the point is, from Day One, Reith was playing with fire.

Soon he was writing every sort of thing, to everyone: posters, hundreds of letters, political tracts, fictions, parables, murky Burroughsian narratives, book reviews, a few poems. First letters, then articles and tales went to apas, fanzines, and the unorthodox, abuser-friendly fringes of the anarchist and libertarian movements that he did much to connect in a larger anti-authoritarian dialogue. And he had surprising success smuggling his ideas (by way of letters to the editor) into the local dailies, which seem to have tolerated him as a Wild West individualist eccentric, which of course he was. The police were less receptive, though, to his glue-and-poster rampages down Main Street, and they even arrested him once for throwing snowballs at the Dairy Queen. Plainclothes surveillance of an April 15 anti-tax picket thrown up by the Libertarian Party roused his paranoid fears, although not to the pitch they reached when he once complained that his boss was using "Masonic mind-control techniques" on him.

KOOKS are an acquired taste not shared by many, but Reith was more than just a crackpot. His honesty and his rapidly developing literary prowess earned him a central place in a transcontinental postal *salon* which brought together young poets, bare-knuckle artists, and meta-leftist radicals in the early eighties. A voracious reader, he became a teacher, brokering Mishima and Pynchon to the politics, workers' councils to the libertarian right, and irreligion to the general public. Not all his syntheses came off, but the conventional wisdom was such obvious folly that Reith looked elsewhere, anywhere, for pieces to the puzzle. It came down to this. How could the cause of freedom (which in any of the many formulations familiar to him had few adherents) triumph except as the imposition of an enlightened elite and thus, in victory, defeat itself? One of his unpublished stories describes a Political Science class project which engineers a successful social revolution by turning gift-giving to such competitive advantage that the Fortune 500 and their ally the state are bought out. Reith's *Neutron Gun* stories are possibly more realistic in regarding assassins as the catalysts of a cleansing cataclysm, but his nonfiction opinion was that such efforts — by the anarchist Direct Action bombers in Canada, for instance — were counter-productive. What did that leave?

It left education — just what he'd been doing for three years, with no pay-off in sight. His students, unlike those of his fictitious Poli. Sci. professor, had their own pre-emptive problems, and were scattered far and wide. Reith never met most of his closest associates but he figured, reasonably enough, that if there were a viable strategy for social change, he would have gotten wind of it. A late text, "Notes on the Impossibility of

Writing Your Way Into Anarchy," says that he used to imbue over a mail boxfull of anarchism but now it bored and bothered him. For Reith, this was like announcing suicide, although the suicide note he finally did write was more succinct. His enlarged ability to interpret the world in no way increased his power to change it.

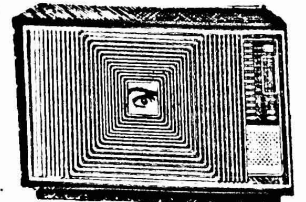
A failed love affair deepened his depression. His book *Neutron Gun* seemed endlessly delayed by the publisher's financial and other problems. (It didn't appear till a year after his death.) Finally, the postal service which had been his life-line to another world, albeit only a world of ideas, became the instrument of his destruction. A correspondent's letter was "accidentally" misdelivered to the local police, then turned over to the FBI. Apparently the casual use of words like "anarchism" was enough to activate the G-Men of the High Plains, and they set about questioning Reith's neighbors. When he called up the agency, they refused to hand over the mail and added that "we know all about you." It was a bunch of bull and Reith, in his last letters, said so, but he'd been driven over the brink. His note said: "I have to leave, or die." In the event, he died, he shot himself. Reportedly he'd toiled up the pro's and con's of life and death and, finding them evenly balanced, flipped a coin.

From Goethe's fictional Werther to the not much more realistic punk bad boy Sid Vicious, the suicide of alienated youths has become a cliché. Reith is representative of the marginals not in the way he went out (I know of no one other suicide in the marginals' milieu) but rather in the range and intensity of his interests. His writing, though at times tendentious, at its best is crisp and vigorous, depicting a disorderly universe through vignettes of stylized confrontation. The strain of humor which infuses much marginals' work is, in his case, mordant rather than manic; and on topics away from the gut issues of freedom and truth he could relax and be charming. A good example is his book review? operator's manual? — "Quixote: How to Use," which appears in John Bennett's anthology *A Good Day to Die* (Vagabond Press, 1985). But for *Neutron Gun* — half of it by him, half by his pen-pal partisans — Reith deliberately chose stories which directly forced political questions into the open. He wanted to settle accounts with modernism, liberalism, religion, consumer society, Marxism, et al. because they stood in the way of what he wanted from life. He hoped his book would be the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of the eighties. He'd tried everything else, or so he thought.

Jack Saunders says that, while no great book goes unpublished, many great books go unwritten. Reith may be the author of some of those books. The book he did assemble is a promise as well as an unsettling ensemble of portraits. As an anthology it introduces the American equivalent of the *samizdat* press. It discloses a level of discontent which is deeper than that of the issued-oriented sixties (with all due respect); there is more water under the bridge. But how to go from alienation to action? That was the question that stumped Gerry Reith. □

AUGUST 1986

BOSTON REVIEW



## POPULAR REALITY THE VIDEO SHOW!

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WATCH OUT!

Queries encouraged by interested video-pigs.





**THE LEADER SPEAKS**

GOOD WORK FOLLOWERS, YOU DID A GOOD JOB SETTING UP THE TENT - NOW, I HAVE HEARD SOME GROWLING ABOUT YOU - CERTAIN OF YOU ARE SAYING WHY CAN THE TENT NEVER BE SET UP OUTSIDE? WELL, YOUR LEADER HAS HIS REASONS - REASONS THAT YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND - BUT IF YOU'LL JUST ASK YOURSELF HOW WE COULD KNOW WHERE WE HAD THE TENT OUTSIDE? HOW COULD WE WATCH OUR FAVORITE TV PROGRAMS? ETC - ETC - THEN YOU'LL BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND - ALSO, WITH THE TENT INSIDE, THEY CAN'T BYE-BYE OUR SECRET PLANS - ETC "

"BUT - WHY CAN'T WE EVER GO INSIDE THE TENT??"

THANKS TO TENTATIVELY, A CONVENIENCE -

**THE LEADER OF THE PUP TENT CULT**

"THE HALLOWEEN GOD" By Benny Pilcher

Do people say you are too old and grown-up now to think of having fun on Halloween the way you used to?

They used to say this to me, along with many other cruel remarks, until I discovered how to do it. In the old days when I would appear at their door for trick-or-treat, sack in hand, wearing my Frankenstein mask or my skeleton costume, they would say, "Well, now, look at this, aren't you a rather big boy to be out trick-or-treating, Benny?"

Every year it got worse, and by the time I was 37, I could no longer abide their sneers and jibes, which is when I hit on my great idea. Or method.

You can do it, too. First of all, use your dolls' tea set, table and chairs to create a festive little party area in your living room, then put jolly jack-o-lanterns in your front windows and all around the table. You will find that twenty or so large jack-o-lanterns provide a good rosy light plus plenty of delightfully spooky shadows, especially if the rest of the house is kept pitch dark. Next don your Halloween costumes - I myself prefer to wear a "mixed" costume, combining a long granny-dress with lots of pancake makeup, feathery plastic eyelashes, carrot nose, green fingernails, a brocade chinaman's hat, and skeleton feet over my shoes. Now you are ready. When you see some trick-or-treaters approaching that you would like to have at your party, invite them in, then seat them on the little chairs around your table.

(Generally I find it best to invite into my home only those trick-or-treaters who are accompanied by a parent or some adult guardian, thus forestalling the risk of any malign gossip or sexual innuendo.)

Your guests will exclaim over the tiny dishes of candy corn and the orange-and-black cookies you have set out, admiring how everything is shaped and decorated to resemble pumpkins and cats' and witch's brooms and other Halloween motifs.

You will say, "Come. Have a cup of delicious orange Halloween punch," then fill the little doll cups and pass them around to your guests. It doesn't matter what kind of orange punch you use, it is the special "secret ingredients" which are important. I myself use twenty drops of curare mixed with a teaspoon of canned green beans which have been allowed to stand out for six months, developing a proper strain of botulism, because when the trick-or-treaters drink this mixture and it begins to take effect, it will soon render them powerless to move or speak (but not unconscious) and they will remain in their chairs in attitudes of polite attentiveness for the rest of the evening.

While the "secret ingredients" are taking hold, sit there talking to them, showing off your dress and giving evidence of your tinkling laugh.

When they are transfixed, and in a state of perfect hypnotic responsiveness to your every suggestion, with staring cod-like eyes; then it is time to bring out your doll collection. Show this around the table and introduce each doll by name, then give each guest a doll to hold, or at least balance, on his or her lap.

Say to them, "Here, little girl in the cute witch's hat, I am going to let you hold 'Princess Susan' the beautiful Hungarian Wedding Doll, and your mommy gets to hold 'Tiny Ann' the peg doll. And you, my little man in the fine goblin costume, you may hold this funny smiling clown doll. His name is 'Carlo' and you can see I think where many years ago a mean old chow dog named 'Ronny' chewed off both his arms, etc." So you talk on, explaining the life-history of each doll.

By now your guests are beginning to slump and nod a bit. Time for the treat of the evening, a rousing old-fashioned Halloween story and you have selected a fine one.

As this story takes a bit of acting out, you are able to flounce around showing off your dress to good advantage.

By way of preamble you begin by saying, "It used to be whenever I tried to tell this story, people would interrupt or refuse to listen or even in some cases shove and punch me so that I fell to the ground; I can't imagine why, except I expect they were nothing but a pack of rude, inconsiderate noops," and as you look around the table at your guests you notice with satisfaction how quiet and attentive they are and say, "Ah! But how nice it is, these days, to have a polite, eager audience." Then, dramatically, you announce the name of the story you have chosen, "Sir Lawrence Olivier And The Drunkard Haint!" And you add, throwing in a pretty little curtsy, "My very favorite story, and, I hope, yours, too." Thus you begin the story, and this makes the perfect ending for the kind of Halloween that you have always dreamed might someday be.

**SIR LAWRENCE OLIVIER AND THE DRUNKARD HAIN**

Well, one night a number of years ago Sir Lawrence Olivier was giving the greatest performance of his career in the role of Hamlet. He was performing before a packed house at the London Palladium, and had reached the part where Hamlet delivers his famous speech about "To be or not to be—", when suddenly, from the very top row of the second balcony, this obnoxious drunkard haint stood up and shouted, "I say, Olivier, sing 'Melancholy Baby!'"

It was a dreadfully rude interruption of course but Olivier managed to maintain his composure and, ignoring the drunkard haint, continued on, giving what was undoubtedly the most stellar performance of his career. A little later when they reached the difficult Ophelia-mad scene, the drunkard haint stood up and shouted again, "I say, Olivier, sing 'Melancholy Baby!'"

This time for perhaps a split second, Olivier paused. Then he managed to control himself and the performance went on, although as you might imagine there was a good deal of angry muttering from the audience, rumblings of "—throw that drunkard haint out!" etc. Nevertheless the play continued to build toward its tragic and exciting climax, with Sir Lawrence giving what was clearly the performance of his life. Then, just as he was beginning Hamlet's final speech, it happened again. "I say, Olivier," shouted the drunkard haint, "sing 'Melancholy Baby!'"

Well, this was too much, even for Olivier. Halting his performance in mid-sentence, he strode to the footlights and in a perfect fury shook his fist at the drunkard haint high in the second row balcony. "You un there!" roared Olivier. "I don't know 'Melancholy Baby! I don't know it, do you hear? And even if I did know it, I wouldn't sing it for you!"

"Well, Olivier," came the reply, "then show us your penis!"

(Well, I could go on like this indefinitely, but I think it's time to say, "Happy All-Haints Day!")



I've come to worship my lord Satan

LaRouche answers critics.

Dervish

Deron A. James, 20, of Lansing, was sentenced by Borso to serve a year in the Kalamazoo County Jail for a felonious assault while armed with a vacuum cleaner on June 30 here.

**IT'S THE KLAN'S 25TH BIRTHDAY PARTY!**

AND YOU'RE INVITED...



OF AMERICA  
25th ANNIVERSARY  
1961 - 1986

PO BOX 3191  
KNOXVILLE TN 37927

We all appreciate it when others remember those important dates in our lives. The United Klans of America are no exception -- they're human too, as the rumor goes.

1986 is the 25th anniversary of United Klans of America. What we propose to do is to remember this special celebration by sending the Klan a birthday present.

I think we all know what the KKK stand for. UKA is a national Klan organization devoted to their cause. What we intend to do is to send as much mail to them as is possible.

This could include, but is not limited to: magazine subscriptions, hate mail, books, records, large orders for business supplies, or boxes containing undesirable goods.

Or, one could prevent them from getting ANY mail by filling in phony holding or forwarding orders at your post office.

One trick is to fill a box with heavy bricks and send it to them with only a few cents postage on it. Or put the correct amount and enclose your dead hamster. Ordering books, magazines, records or other supplies works best if one uses a phony name and a different apartment number. Or, for your personal benefit, bill supplies to UKA and send them to a mail drop.

However, perhaps the most fun can be had by writing threatening racist letters to upstanding Catholic, Jewish, or minority citizens, putting the return address as UKA's box.

Just remember, use your imagination, and let the Klan know that they are always in your thoughts.

The address is: UNITED KLANS OF AMERICA, PO BOX 3191, KNOXVILLE TN 37927-3191. Let's make 1986 a really special year for the Klan.

Please feel free to make as many copies of this announcement as you want. The more people who participate, the better.

BVI South

**Bob Geldof once tried to commit suicide with marijuana overdose**

Punk rock star Bob Geldof says he once tried to kill himself with marijuana. "I've been elevated to this position where I get a lot of respect and affection, but I was a mess when I was 18 or 19," the 32-year-old musician said in an interview with the British magazine Woman's Own. "I tried to kill myself on marijuana. Then I was hooked on Valium and Librium for a year," he said. "Really, my past is a bit grim. I was useless at school. I didn't get on with my father. So if parents point me out to their children as someone who's done something with his life, they'll have a shock."



BOB GELDOLF Reveals drug abuse as youth

LEARN MY LANGUAGE AGAIN!

When I was very little, I heard a lie. A man on TV said "Freedom isn't doing whatever you like to do. Freedom includes responsibility, the responsibility to maintain and defend a free country."

I was so little I was just learning what those words meant. I was just learning to talk. The meanings of those words were still fresh and pure in my mind. Then this jerk decided to redefine everything to suit his purposes. The resentment I felt for the way he defiled the language has never died. It never will.

It flares up again every time some other pedagogue attempts the same crime. Every time I'm told that rape is not sex, or that terrorism is capitalism, or that the food co-op doesn't have a pricing gun, it has a "pricing tool," I decide that somebody ought to get told a thing or two. So get ready to get told.

The meaning of a word is determined by its usage, not by some divine decree. Anyone who tells me that a pricing gun is "really" a pricing tool might as well be saying that a clock is "really" a castle. Words have no "real" meanings as opposed to other, "false" meanings. Words mean what the people using those words want them to mean.

I once intended to spend my life with a man who proposed an experiment along these lines. Bruce wanted to raise a child that would totally distrust all adults, and he figured the way to do it would be to tell the kid that red was green, and green red. This would take a lot of painstaking censorship, singing songs about "The Red, Red Grass Of Home" and "her ruby green lips," and so forth. But when the kid began to socialize, the disillusionment would be so deep and so lasting, it might turn out to have been worth the effort.

Social pressure really does have quite a lot to do with how words are used. In political cliques, the usage of accepted meanings and certain symbols for those meanings is imposed on all members. Deviate and you'll probably be expelled from the clique. This is bad enough, but after all, what else could you expect? And why'd you want to belong in the first place, anyway?

More ridiculous, and at the same time (to me, at least), more engaging, is the way these linguistic perverts proselytize their perversions. Lectures on politically correct English (did you think this might be one?) are a waste of time for all concerned.

Any attempts to set standards of usage are doomed from the start. No one has the right or the power to control language. People will always communicate in the way they find works best. They will change their ways when they discover better ones, and no authority can do this for them--or prevent them from doing it.

This doesn't mean that there's no room for deviation.\* On the contrary, playfulness in language is vital to its growth. Simply by referring to the co-op's "pricing organ," I can deactivate a lot of dangerous pomposity.

But this sort of suggestiveness is a far cry from having the unregulated glands to dictate what a word or phrase does or does not mean. Since meanings are already subject to sudden, unpredictable changes, they don't mind if you tickle them up a bit to see them squirm and giggle. For good examples of this sort of creativity, read anything by Bob Black (especially "The Words Of Power").

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"What we need to do is to find out how to escape from the clutches of authoritarianism of any kind in language."

The liar who said that freedom didn't mean freedom, it meant responsibility, was wrong. But if we have a responsibility to maintain freedom, the best way to do this is to make sure we know what freedom is, and to practise being free. And the best way to keep language out of the clutches of the authorities is to use it ourselves, as often as we can, and as we see fit.

-Celeste Oatmeal

\*To me, a deviation is a variation from the usual. A perversion is different, implying that the perverted object's integrity is twisted or broken. Regardless of dictionary definitions, words take on these colorations, never the same for any two people. That's one of the things I love about words.

\*\*A linguist is not a person who tells you how to use language. A linguist is someone who studies how language is used. At least, that's what the linguists I know say.

# THE LIBERATION OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH FLOOR

by NEAL WILGUS

Desert City (LEAK) -- From the confused news reports surrounding the Second American Revolution the following has been selected as an example of the inhuman interest story.

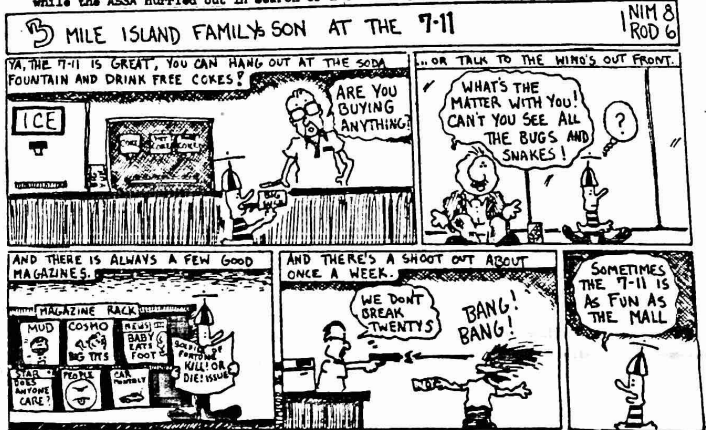
After machinegun fire in the halls had died away a guerilla leader broke open the door to a room on the 26th floor of the Gonzaga Building and approached the 50 or 60 employees who were waiting for the outcome of the battle. Choosing an important looking man whose desk title read Assistant Secretary to the Section Assistant, the warrior proclaimed victory for the liberation forces and concluded by saying, "You and your fellow workers are no longer slaves of the Gonzaga Corporation. You can all go home. You're free."

The ASSA looked a bit dazed, but realizing that he had been chosen to speak for the employees, he got to his feet and faced the intruder. "I beg your pardon," he began, "but I'm afraid your presence is unauthorized and we can have no dealings with you until we've checked with the Section Assistant on the 27th floor. If you'll have a seat in the waiting room I'll see if I can make an appointment. Please don't disturb the workers while I'm gone. We have a payroll to get out."

"But you don't understand," their liberator said. "Everyone on the 27th floor is dead or in custody. You don't have to work here anymore. You're free."

"We'll," the ASSA frowned at him, "I'll have to take the matter higher, that's all. Now please stop shouting. You'll upset the typists and they'll be unable to finish the payroll. After all, tomorrow's our deadline."

And while the astonished guerilla stood wordless, the typists went back to work while the ASSA hurried out in search of a surviving employer.



BOOK REVIEW

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For those of you unfamiliar with Mether/Nor, these guys put out one of the classiest underground publications available, *Beatsniks From Space*, as well as publishing various avant garde (with whatever meaning you might wish to invest in that work) works. Some of the pieces in *Neutron Gun* have appeared previously in BFS.

Though my personal political orientation lends toward more of an appreciation of Marx and Freud, the work here lays down some crucial problems in mass political solutions to social pro-

blems. There is a strong structuralist point of view to much of this, though by its very nature they might wish to avoid such labels. In part of Ed Lawrence's piece, "Random Access", we begin to get part of the picture that these writers are painting of modernity: "The clay of human nature takes on a dull luster under the watchful eye of calculated determinists. As the discarded mechanical remnants of space exploration plummet into the atmosphere, the fashionably-attired masses assert the ascendancy of their peculiar mindlessness."

My two favorite pieces in this powerful collection are "Foreign Policy" by Gerry Reith and "Jihad" by Sun Tzu, both of which succeed in demonstrating the absurdity of social roles and interaction. This is overall a great book, politically relevant fiction, and I strongly recommend it, especially for anybody interested in the work of Foucault or other deconstructionists. You can order *Neutron Gun* from The Mether/Nor Press, Box 8043, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 48107.

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From Living In Fear



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The shamanistic aspects of tattooing are a basic element that has remained unchaned throughout the centuries. But in our modern world, each client, artist interaction contains a different degree of awareness of this magic.

The tattooist is the transformer, the agent of change. The one whose power to visualize allows the embodiment of the image to occur. In most ancient cultures the tattoo was placed on an adolescent's body at the rite of passage that would mark their transformation into adulthood. No less now, when peer group pressure or personal preference inspire the young to declare allegiance or prove bravery through being tattooed.

It is wise for those in the tattoo industry to keep in mind their psychic responsibility to their clientele. Whether doing custom flash or traditional designs, they take on, through the magic alchemy of electricity and ink, the role of the Gods' representative. In the old religions the tattoos were placed only after a spirit quest revealed the totem in a vision, and it was the artist's sacred responsibility to interpret that vision into skin so that the initiate would never again be without the protection of their totem.

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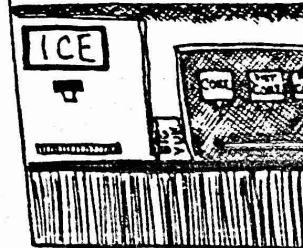
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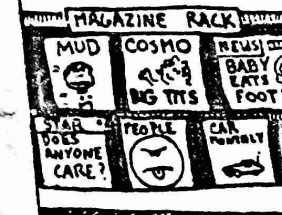
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YA, THE 7-11 IS GREAT, YOU  
FOUNTAIN AND DRINK FREE



AND THERE IS ALWAYS  
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BOOK REVIEW

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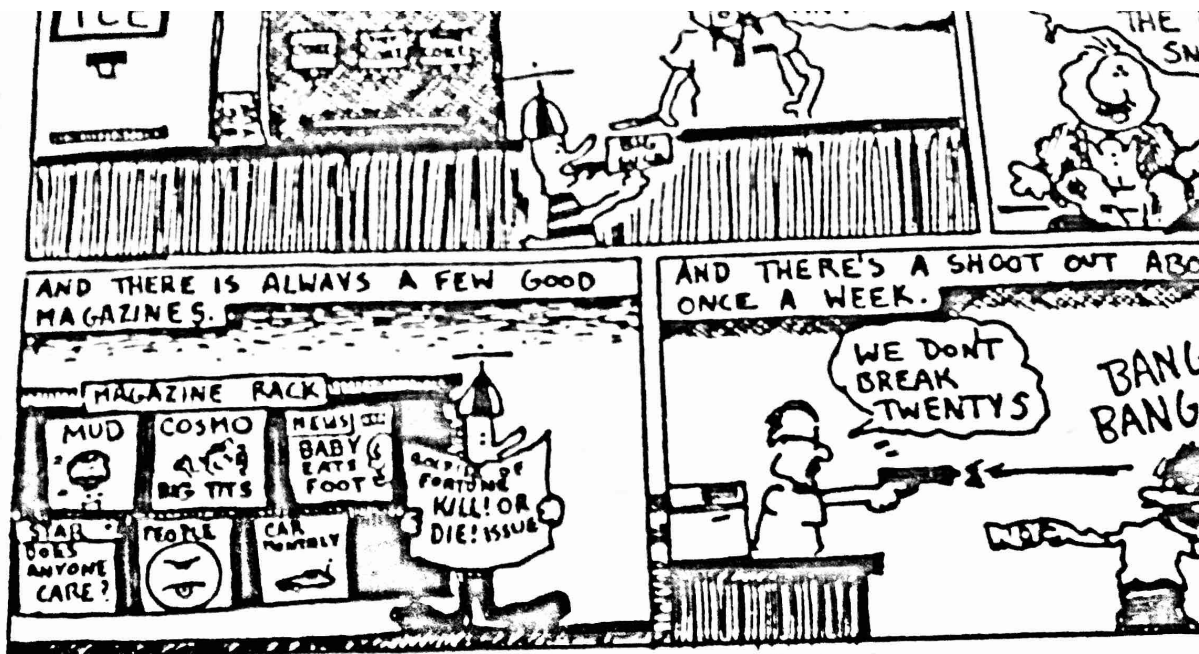
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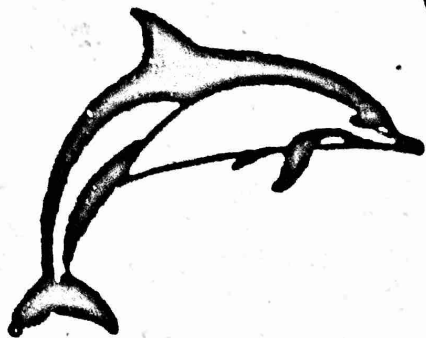
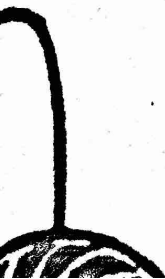
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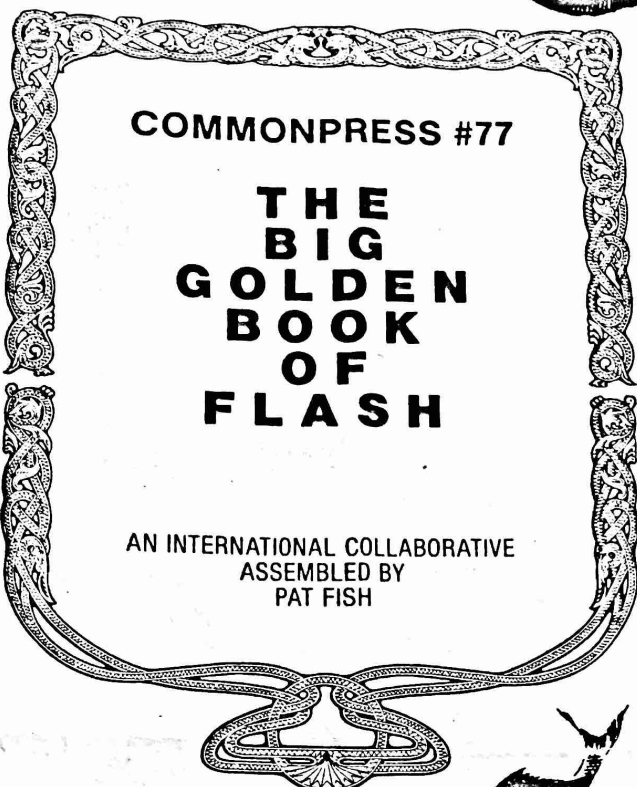
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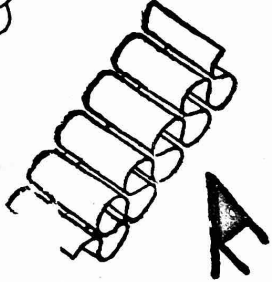
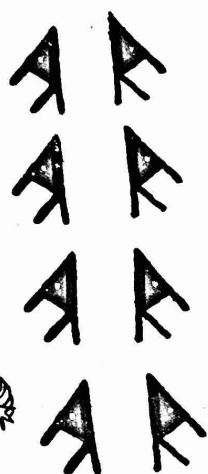
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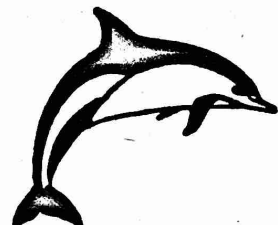
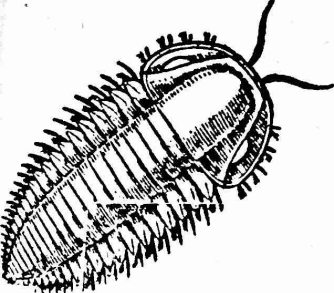
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PAT FISH

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map is improving... violent; Rainbow's reaction, reports Revo, was: "I'll be darned if I send him any money!" Darned if you do, darned if you don't, comrade.

Maybe, however, Rainbow will survive a type-change operation and, after absurgery, become a Type 3. Since he never has before, I urge him to start doing drugs, as alchemotherapy is part of the regimen for pre-op Watsonians. There is no cure, but there is hope.

Best Wishes,

☺

Bob Black

Dear Crowbar --

Johnny Hazard of The Heathen Science Monitor suggests that we queers have something to do with perpetuating the barbarous practise of circumcision, because we don't like sucking un-cut cocks. Good lord! obviously the guy is not a faggot or he'd never have made such a mistake.

Circumcision is practised by patriarchal religions, outwardly as a symbol of the Covenant between Gawd and Man (possibly as a substitute for sacrifice of the first-born male.) Psychologically, the foreskin represents the feminine aspect of male genitality -- the prepuce covers the or an with "labia" -- therefore it is removed to emphasize maleness by making the penis appear permanently erect (i.e. with foreskin retracted). The feminine symbolism of the uncircumcized penis is "proved" by the Jewish myth of Lilit, Adam's first wife, personification of the Feminine Demonic (& of primordial Chaos), who is said to steal baby boys if they are not cut within a few days of birth.

Xtianity, originally a form of esoteric Judaism, attempted to ban the outward operation of circumcision in favor of its mystical symbolism. Most Catholics are still unutilated; significantly, the practise was revived by Protestantism -- which also rejected the cult of the BVM, the anima-principle. The modern medical practise is merely a superstition (literally "left-over belief") fostered by post-Xtian sexual hysteria (little boys must be punished for their sexuality).

Most of us unrepentant faggots are opposed to the practise; the Church of Priapus in San Francisco can supply literature on the subject. Personally, I love boys' cocks no matter what shape -- but from a purely sensual point of view, uncut cocks are nicer because there's more to be sucked & played with. From a political, psychological & "moral" point of view, however, circumcision is more than a minor disadvantage -- it's a disgusting & shameful perversion (I mean real perversion, which to me means hurting other people for pleasure). The two most blameworthy institutions in the case are (a) the Nuke Family, with all its oedipal/hierarchical sickness, and (b) modern medicine, which seizes every opportunity to medicalize our lives & consciousness, to make us all "patients" from cradle to grave (where were you born? in a hospital. Where will you die? in a hospital).

Laws against circumcision would just be more Statist bullshit -- if you're against it, fight it by disseminating genuine medical research (which admits the total uselessness of the operation), and educational propaganda which empahzizes the psychic cruelty & malevolence of the operation. But for heavens sake don't blame it on ME, toots!

wa salaam,

Hakim Bey

DEAR POP REAL:

This letter is for your contributor who wrote about the connection between circumcision and cocksucking. Professor Penton W. Preussey, Yale's well-known ~~xxx~~ prepuceologist, has a long and absorbing section about this very subject



**THE VOTE NO CAMPAIGN**  
Go Ahead and Waste Your Vote - Cast It  
by David Crowder

That's right, November's coming up, and all across the nation for the past few years state officials and high (?) courts have been showing their true disdain for democracy by disallowing numerous ballot initiatives, petitioned by hundreds of thousands of citizens, due to technicalities. I say it's about time. Intelligent, responsible people would've denounced this power-mad dictatorship of the majority over the minority generations ago.

In fact, Americans' faith in our electoral system has degenerated so far that it no longer even represents a dictatorship of the majority, since the vast majority refuse to vote. Majorities and minorities are really a moot point anyway inasmuch as Americans continue to allow the farce of "representative" democracy to be fobbed off on them by wealthy professional politicians.

But for those of you still driven by herd-orientation every November to the voting booths, I propose the VOTE NO CAMPAIGN. Don't settle for the lesser of two evils anymore when choosing a candidate. Reject them all. Simply use your right to a write-in vote and fill in the blank to read "none of the above". If enough people get wise to this, government seats throughout the land will start being left vacant. Vote against all ballot proposals no matter what their promise. Why trust politics when you can't trust politicians?

For those of you who still have an inordinate amount of time to waste and can't think of anything worthwhile to do with it, I suggest beating your head against the wall by initiating the VOTE NO BALLOT PROPOSAL in your state. This would require you to hustle hundreds of thousands of qualifying signatures within a few months and, if passed, would require the state to include the option on all ballots to reject all candidates, leaving their seats empty. How could such a proposal fail and the pretense of democracy be maintained?

Of course the VOTE NO BALLOT PROPOSAL would not be allowed on the ballot even if every citizen of your state petitioned in favor of it, on constitutional grounds. Ah, the Constitution. Now there's a scam for you - perpetrated by a few rich white slaveowners and holders of massive properties in order to protect their bourgeois interests. I'm glad I'm not dumb enough to enter into such a bogus contract.

**WHY DID MR. GOD CREATE SIDEWALKS?**

1.  So that people with extra money could spend it on shoes...
2.  It was too hard to walk through grass and vegetation while wearing high heels...
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4.  To save on grass seed...
5.  In an age of mass communication and tall buildings, to let humans and other small animals make their mark on the world...



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**THE ENIGMA OF COLUMBIA HOUSE**

Is the Columbia Record and Tape Club, along with the Columbia Classical Club, the Compact Disc Club, et al., otherwise known as Columbia House, for real? Or is it a perfect example of corporate bureaucracy, designed to lose money? I have no idea. I can say one thing, though, and that is, Columbia House is easy to abuse.

All over the nation, a small number of people join Columbia House many times, without the slightest intention of paying for the large numbers of albums received. And Columbia House does nothing in return, save a few "friendly reminders" powerless to stop the intrepid postal bandits. If CRC made it more difficult to acquire records, no-one would join the club. Quite a catch-22.

To swindle Columbia House as much as you choose, simply send in applications (the Classical Club ones work best), using significantly different last names each time, and variations on the same address (different apartment numbers on the accounts to somewhere else, change the addresses Columbia has a feeble blacklist, but an address can only get onto it if the applicant is foolish enough to mail in several forms on the same day to the same name or address.

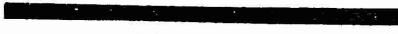
Columbia House has a toll-free number they don't tell you about: 1 800 457-0500. Why this is so is not quite clear.

The author has met countless many who have built up large music libraries at the cost of a few stamps, thanks to the magnificent Club and its smaller rival, RCA Music Service. Indeed, many mail-order services work this way. To them, the danger is just not great enough.

BVI SOUTH.



**One of every five American children under 18 and one of every four under 6 live in poverty. There are more poor children in the United States than at any time since 1965, before the Great Society programs began. The most dramatic rise in the poverty rate among children between 1979 and 1983 was the 63 percent increase in poverty among white children in two-parent families.**



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Some people say that these are the original words of "BOB"...

The **Book**  
of  
**THE OUTLa W**

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so you can find out for yourself if all those people

know what the Devil they're talking about!



**EVIL GENIUS**

Jack Saunders

Why won't New York publish anything he writes? Why won't Hollywood make a movie of his life starring him in the title role? Why don't the National Endowment for the Arts or the Florida Division of Cultural Affairs give him a grant? Why doesn't his alma mater name him a Distinguished Alumnus? Why isn't the race to the swift? Why do the heathens rage? Read the book and see.



DELRAY BEACH (YU) -- Jack Saunders picked a strange way to celebrate his 47th birthday. He published an autobiographical novel. *Evil Genius*. Book 21 of the 21-book series *Megalith*. A megalith is a stone monument, of the sort found on Easter Island or in the jungles of Middle America, slowly crumbling. Saunders's *Megalith* will outlast them all, or so he says.

The Salvage Archeologist of the Mall Builder culture, Saunders calls himself. His book is an account of growing up in Delray Beach, Florida. Going out into the world to seek his fame and fortune, moving back. It is a bildungsroman in the classical tradition.

But it's also a portrayal of the daily life of a working writer in America. A world-class writer, writing at the top of his form. Completely unknown outside a coterie of followers he calls the Buzzard Cult, after the Southeastern Ceremonial Complex. Saunders studied millenarian movements in college.

The trumpet shall sound! The trumpet creeper shall sound. It shall creep. It shall inch forward dialectically. Except when it fulgurates.

Fulgurating rhythm. The 220-line of life. If Yukio Mishima was the youngest writer ever to have his *Collected Works* published, Jack Saunders is the oldest writer to have written a *Collected Works* and not published a word he didn't pay, in one way or another, himself, to have published.

The best undiscovered writer in America. Discover him today. His book is available from Mixed Breed, Box 42, Delray Beach, Florida 33444. Paper, \$5. 288 pages.

citizens on constitutional grounds. Ah, the Constitution. Now there's a scam for you-perpetrated by a few rich white slaveowners and holders of massive properties in order to protect their bourgeois interests. I'm glad I'm not dumb enough to enter into such a bogus contract.

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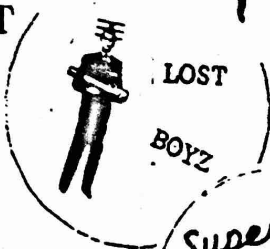
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BVI SOUTH.

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Some people say  
Alister Crowl  
rip-off...  
Some people say

Some people

What do you



for your

so you can

know what

# EVIL

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of his life  
the National  
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Why is  
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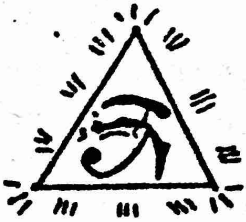
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The **BOOK**  
of  
THE **OUT** La W

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know what the Devil they're talking about!



PERRY BULLARD  
MICHIGAN STATE REPRESENTATIVE

August 14, 1986

CHAIR, JUDICIARY COMMITTEE  
COMMITTEE MEMBER OF  
FORFEITURES  
ELECTIONS  
TASK FORCE  
TOWNS AND COUNTIES

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES  
STATE CAPITOL BUILDING  
LANSING, MICHIGAN 48909  
313.273.1289

Dear Friend,

When I was elected to the Michigan State House of Representatives to fight for equal rights, justice and American fair play, I believed that my voice could make a difference. It was important to send a progressive like myself to make government work for all of us. I pressed for reform legislation and used my position to further many important liberal causes. I thought I could make a difference.

I now realize what a fool I've been. It is clear that government is a tool of the ruling powers. Created by rich white men to continue their domination and power over womyn, people of color, the poor and working class, and all those whose lifestyles differ from the rigid model given us by straight Christian men government seeks to imprison us. From the moment we are born, patriarchal government seeks to get inside your heads and destroy free thought and creativity.

Now that I realize my fatal mistake, I have no other choice but to resign immediately. I am only perpetuating male dominance and hierarchy by staying in office. The people, you, don't need leaders. Liberation is created spontaneously by equals. I refuse to play the role of oppressor any longer. No longer submissive to state or god or patriarch, let us declare all power to the imagination!

Sincerely,  
*Perry Bullard*  
Perry Bullard  
Ex-Representative

### LEGAL NOTICE

CITY OF KALAMAZOO  
COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT DEPARTMENT  
BUILDING DIVISION  
CITY HALL 241 W. SOUTH STREET

DATE  
*Sept 26, 1985*

Article 3 Section 301 of the Zoning Ordinance  
WHEREAS violations of Article Section of the Building Code have been found on these premises, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED in accordance with the above Code that all persons cease, desist from, and

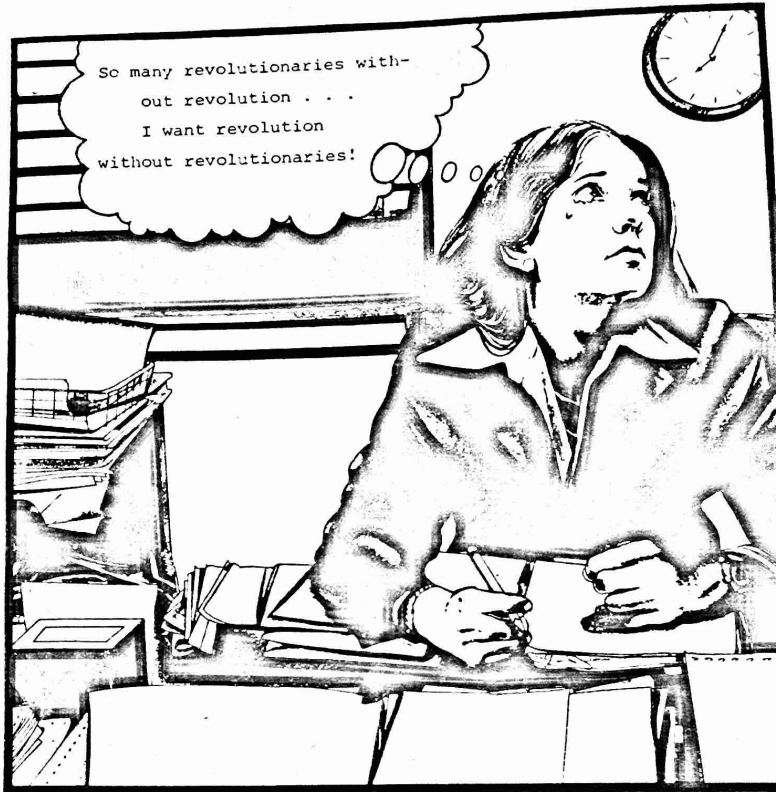
# STOP WORK

at once pertaining to construction, alterations or repairs on these premises known as 418 W. Cedar St

All persons acting contrary to this order or removing or mutilating this notice are liable to summary arrest unless such action is authorized by the Department.

*John Mearns*  
827 41348

BUILDING DIVISION  
*Richard Blum*  
355-8006



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