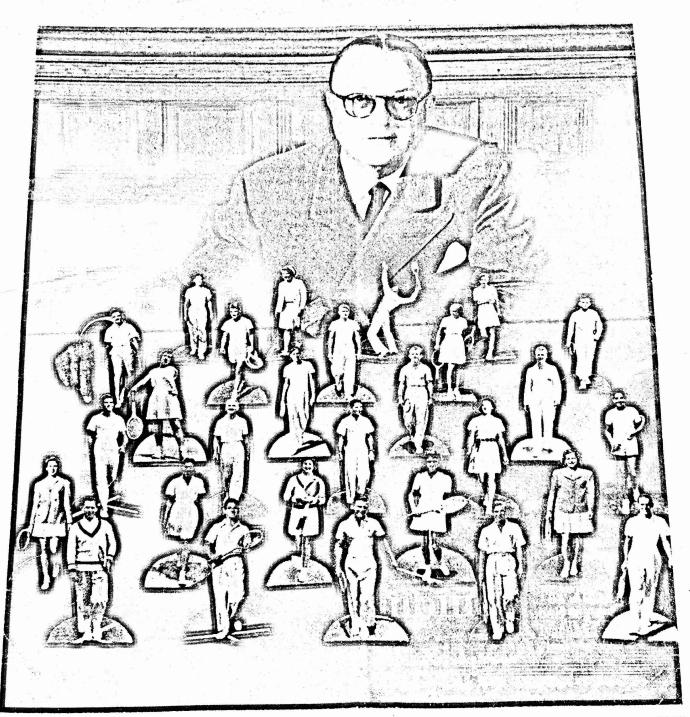
POPULAR REALITY

We're Probably Not What You Think We Are Number 16 December 1986-January 1987

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SIDAYSOFSDECIALDROGRAMMING

Traveling carnival of fear and hate

POPULAR REALITY

AN Etymoillogical detection of the Bi: M Dupinheed / Anthro Apologist

I date my interest in the word 'dope' back several years and to a perticular painting which I happened upon while wandering the galleries of the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam. The painting in question is a formidable canvas, with a color scheme realiniscent of Carwengio's more interesting works, desicting a scene whose readiant realiniscent the detached expression on the face of a head which has been severed from its ody. This amphasis immediately indicated to me that the painting was not of the landown lesson' genre which celebrates the scientific virtues of dissection, but a religious portrait intended to convey a sense that the whole is, in some unofromscribable way, greater than the sum of its parts however well catalogued they might be Spiritual landscapes of this sort are somewhat to my taste and further contemplation led me to the conclusion that the inspiration behind this work was the Biblical story of the death of John the Baptist. Stepping to the title card I was surprised, to put it middly, to learn that in Dutch the precursor of Christ is known as Johan de Doper.

Perhaps because, just previous to coming to the museum, I had been steeped in the atmosphere of one of those cafes for which Amsterdam is both notable and notorious, a cafe situated somewhere within the mass of cobbled streets, canals and bridges which offers its patrons hashish as well as beverage, perhaps it was that lingering ambience which tended to deepen the impression which this strenge juxtaposition effected in my thoughts. As I stood before the painting the word 'dope' seemed to dance before ym minds eye as uninhibitedly as had Salome danced before Herod Antipas. I experienced a strong, almost revelatory, understanding of its significance, a significance which had nothing to do with being the wessel of corruption that the strictures of official English usage have burdened it with until it is as oppressed as one of Rodin's tragic fallen caryatids described by Rilke as bearing its burden 'as we bear the impossible in dreams from which we can find no escape'. Instead its dance was comprised of the sublinest of motions like those of a graceful mime whose gestures articulate with literal correspondence the movement of silence which is at the very root of awareness. Dope is a linguistic precipitate of that profound moment when the soul of the individual reenacts, recapitulates within itself, the original awakening of human consciousness which spontaneously perceives the peradox of its own premeditation, and so 'panscends it.

The closer you look at a word the further away it gets.' Karl Kraus

The English word baptism has its origins in the secular Greek bapto, meaning 'to dip, or immerse'. An intensified form of bapto, baptizo is the Greek word used as the technical term for Christian baptism in the New Testament. Espizo also is to dip or immerse but with the additional meaning of to 'cause to perish (as by drowning a man or sinking a ship)'.

Christian baptism has as its final goal new and eternal life, a rebirth resulting from the direct intercession of God. It is a Divine/human conjunction and its significance depends on the fact that it is a real action of God. Baptism is not a realistically developed rite which merely symbolizes this reconciling event, it E the event.

For the earliest Christians the actual physical mechanics of baptism were understood as being unimportant in commercian to the immanent presence of God. This was in keeping with the very essence of Biblical piety which, from the days of the prophets, entailed a criticism of purely external, materialistic and magical evaluation of religious objects and actions. This did not prevent Tertuillian bowever, barely a hundred years from Christainties inception from subjecting baptism to 'sacremental materialism' by introducing considerations as to the nature of the water to be used for the ceremony. It is as if Jesus carried the donkey into Jerusalem instead of riding it.

But Christian baptism is itself only a reinterpretation and renewal of the more ancient relationship which had its roots not only in the flood plains of the Canges, the Tiberous and Euphrates and the Mile but more fundamentally in that delta of human experience known as consciousness. For the pre-historic peoples that lived along their banks these various rivers were the waters of life, and the awareness of this by those peoples marks a watershed of recognition in the development of the human mind. These rivers which became the backbone of their cosmologies were fed by the same waters from which their consciousness sprang.

Intuition alone reveals the momentous vitality of this original avakening. By the time of the great river kingdoms with their written records its spirit had ossified into the religions which the dogged archeologists of the soul delight in gnaving upon. Ist a feel of its profound origins remain, the dead Csiris is aprinkled with water and from out of his body sprout blades of grass.

For from the rugged mountain slope the wanderer does not bring back a handful of earth to the valley, inexpressible to everyone as that would be, but a word earned there! Rilke

As Christainity colonized Northern Europe its concepts infiltrated and highlighted the preexisting vocabularies. Throughout the Germanic language groups the secular word for 'dip', the Old Norse 'dypa', Gothic 'daujan', German 'taufen' Swedish 'dopa' and Dutch 'doopen' were Christianized and came to mean dip chiefly in the sense of baptize.

The word 'dope' entered the English language by way of the Dutch 'doopen'. The official version of its geneology, however, traces its assimilation not to the primary Christianized regenerative sense of 'doopen' but to a secondary usage from the Dutch, as a 'dipping sauce or any viscous liquid'. It was the physical attribute of heated optum, we are told, the infamous tarry glob, which linked 'doopen' to its heir apparent 'dope'. Then, by rapid extension dope came to mean not just opium but any narcotic and eventually any street drug. To be 'dopey' or 'less than bright' is by similar extension comparable to the lethargic, dreamy or lazy attitude characteristic of a user of drugs. So we are told.

On the surface this explanation seems reasonable enough, which is precisely why it is unacceptable. The experience which dope symbolizes is anything but superficial and reasonable. A more accurate lineage must travel back to its source through the spiritual terrain of Christianity and the systery cults which preceded it, back to a time before religions blasphemied the sacred, to when the first rays of light illuminated the human mind with an avareness of relationship, to the dawn of light illuminated in a discounse of the vaters of life. To locate the fountainhead in a 'viscous glob' is more than sacremental materialism, it is rational suicidal age which, to peraphrase Edgar Foe, carries its soul in its purse. That which dope connotes is an awakening and so not an end in itself but, or modestly, a beginning.



Dopper/doper was in use in the English language by the early 1600's as a name for Dutch Bartists or Arabaptists. According to Dutch Bartists or Arabaptists. According to the Oxford English Dictionary 'dooper' became the Oxford English Dictionary 'dooper' became the Oxford English Dictionary 'dooper' became five of op' another variation of diringers / Dop's another variation of diringers / Dop's another variation of diringer' nearing, from the Dutch, as siril husk, cover, 'the puspecase or occorn of an insect'. This usage embodies, by key of matural lustration, the very spirit of transformation, which is the essertial menting of dops are insurable which is wonderfully exemplified in Willian Bickets wonderfully exemplified in Willian Bickets engraving, WHAT IS MAX. Dope can only be considered to have been 'erroneously shorteneds' it is made to sleep unawere on the fit is made to sleep unawere on the fit is made to sleep unawere on the progrusteen bed of a viscous liquid.

Christianity is the ass which carried to the age of enlightenment. Dope gained in the age of enlightenment. Dope gained in the age of enlightenment. Dope gained in the the age of enlightenment. Dope gained in the connoration originally because it was used disadinfully by the converts to the value of the standing of christianity as a viable complete routing of Christianity as a viable force of opposition to the new belief system by the end of the 19th certury. The force of opposition to the new belief system by the end of the 19th certury. The convertuous entheth dope, however, transcended the demise of Christianity as viable to the complete routing of Christianity as viable to complete routing of Christianity as a viable complete routing of Christianity as viable to the complete routing of Christianity as a viable to the complete routing of Christianity as a viable to the complete routing of Christianity as a viable to the complete routing of Christianity as viable to the complete routing of

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The word cretin is an offspring of the same immaculate conception which gave birth to the word christian. Their illustrious linguistic progenitor being birth to the word christian their illustrious linguistic progenitor being birth to the word christian the linguistic progenitor being while cristen/crestin meaning 'human beings unlike cristen/crestin meaning 'human beings unlike cristen/crestin meaning 'human beings unlike cristen/crestin the souls and so it is important to know where one begins and the mere animals have souls and so it is important to know where one begins and the other cresting the souls and so it is important to know where one begins and the other cresting the souls and so it is important to know where one begins and the other cresting the souls and so it is important to know where one begins and the other cresting the souls and so it is important to know where one begins and the other cresting the souls and so it is important to know where one begins and the other cresting the souls are creating the souls and so it is important to know where one begins and the other creating the souls are creating the souls and so it is important to know where one begins and the other creating the souls are creating t

opper 2 (depai). Also 7 doper. [ad. De. wr. dipper, baptist, f. deepers to dip; erroscously tened after Dor z.] A (Dutch) Baptist or baptist; = Direca 2.

B. Joseph News fr. New World Was (Ridg.) som News for. New World Wks. (Ridg.) of Doppers! sing — Staple of N. m. is. This he Analospiss! sills Daily News at Jan. 5/5 Belonging to the sect of the Doppers.

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pl.im. 1.

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3. a. colleg. and dial. A human being mile finguished from a brute. [A common sear a P Romanic langs.]

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Minnie molested at Disneyland

FROM THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

ANAHEIM, Calif. - A man faces misdemeanor assault and battery charges after he allegedly fondled a 17-year-old female Magic Kingdom employee who was wearing a Minnie Mouse costume, au-

Lee Jack Eric Jacques, 21, of Redondo Beach, was charged Wednesday with the misdemeanor counts after the district attorney rejected a felony sexual battery charge, said police Lt. Bill Wright. Jacques was held on \$500 bond.

Jacques was held on \$500 bond.
Jacques approached the park
employee and fondled her, fled and
returned to repeat the act, making
suggestive motions, Wright said.
He was later seized on Main Street by a Disneyland guard who turned him over to police.

Free-Wheeling Uncontrollables: Irreversed Crowbar-PopReal, P.O. Box 3402, Ann Arbor, MI, 48106. Bob Black, P.O. Box 431, Boston, MA. 62258, Bob Black, P.O. Box 431, Boston, MA. 62258, The Rightcous Dervish, 1816 Seminole St. Kalamezco, VI. 49007. Celeste Oatmeal-Poetry Editrix, P.O. Box 3402, Ann Arbor, MI, 48106. Duke D'Realeo-Neither/Nor Press, P.O. Box 8043, Ann Arbor, MI, 48107. Dr. Al 'Blaster' Ackerman- Ling Master, San Antonio, TX. Alske Berry-Outre, 2251, Helton Dr. Ack. N7, Alske Berry-Outre, 2251, Helton Dr. Ack. N7, Alske Berry-Outre, 2251, Helton Dr. Ack. N7, Dr. Al 'Blaster' Ackerman: Ling Master, San Antonio, TX.
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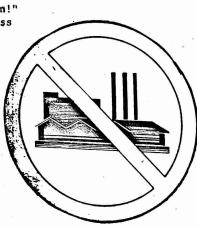
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WHAT, ME WORK?

"The Greatest Book Ever Written!" - Ernest Mann, Little Free Press





"ledia, trong and "Bot"

It is not my purpose here to lament the fact that culture has been liquidating itself for some time now. Artists no longer want to tell us anything - they have nothing left to say. With postmodernism the idea of style itself enters a stage of wankruptcy: its incoherent banality turns postmodernism into the fast-lood thain of expression and reflects the exposed condition of repre-

In its enervated, late capitalist decline, art is increasingly no more than a specialized colony of the media. The vapid acquiescence of , say, a Warhol has made it easier for corporations like lobil and Nerox to understand that all art, at base, serves authority. Thus their sponsorship of culture for the masses exists not only to improve their negative public images but also to promote the artistic for its own qualities. Philip Morris, to cite a most instrumental use of art, employs oversized graphics at the world's largest cigarette factory to create a culturally valorized workplace, in order to motivate and pacify workers. Media-style art uses symbols to drown out the employees' alienation and argu the existence of a shared cultural unity between owners, managers, and workers. This intention brings to mind perhaps the deepest function that Muzak attempts; one of its foremost psychologists and advisors. James Keenan, explained that "Muzak promotes the sharing of meaning because it massifies symbolism in which not a few but all can participate." Reaching 80 million people a day, Nuzak is one of the grosser tactics in power's struggle against the global devaluation of symbols.

The Surrealists, among other avant -gardes, set themselves the goal of aestheticizing life. Today this goal is being realized at a time when avante-gardism is nearing extinction; the ubiquity of art as manipulation is achieving this aestheticization, and is no more than advertising and styles of consumerism. The fact that the world's best photography is expressed as TV commercials is a perfect illustration of the technologized, commodified culture striving to reach everyone.

This would-be conquest by media easily puts all the goods of culture in its service, as it must when there are so many signs that the whole spectacle of simulated life is running out of gas. If the spiritless melange in painting known as postmodernism implies, by its recycling of elements from earlier eras, thatdevelopment is at an end, so the tired current of "instant nostalgia" indicates a similur condition for massified art, media and the spectacle in general. The successful representation of life now relies, for its last resource or energy, on the re-use of ever more recent cultural memories. Occasionally the mass media themselves even make th vis recycling explicit, as in a TV commercial for lemonade: "Look what's happened to 'way back when/ Now everything old is new again."

It is among responses to this manipulated life, of course, that the deepest interest must lie, our weighing of the movement and meaning of responses. Ircay, for example, was possibly always disconnective or defusing, in its tendency to substitute an easy joke for a too direct response to loaded conversation or other critical situation. But if it was always in that sense "a form of appeasement," in Bill Berkson's phrase, for this undermining of dialogue, irony is now automatic and establishes complicity in a deeper sense. So much is "camp", and whatever subversive potential that once might have resided there is long dcad. An ironic or sarcastic response to the world is nearly always present today; it is a cliche, a convention rather than a sign of independence.

Skepticism - or at least its image - is built into the parade of images and roles, though the reasons why it is needed cannot be comforting to those who do not wish to give up the synthetic. If "nihilism" is as close to everyone's grasp as rock music or the seven hours of television consumed on average per day, one can see, equally, that such "nihilism" is not enough and that the spectacle's strength is being strained. The further alienation must be represented and sold to us --consider "Miami Vice," for example, (and that it features cops is mostly irrelevant) with its ultra-hipness and angst - the more careful we must be to avoid its cultural-political recuperation and the more depth is required to do just that. of MTY

The rock videos Ast times seem to threaten the very integrity of the subjective; their frequent surrealism projects more powerful images than the Surrealists achieved, with more power to colonize imagination. David Letterman mocks the TV industry and his own format while enriching media; who would be surprised to see explicitly

"radical" angles presented there ? dical" angles presented the Subgenius ts virtually a cultural Meanwhile, the Church of the Subgenius ts virtually a cultural Meanwhile, the courts of the religion, work, etc. pack no industry in itself and its digs at religion, work, etc. industry in itself and ... In fact, culture needs such farce to more punch than Letterman. In fact, culture needs such farce to more punch than Letterman, the surprisingly, "Rev." Ivan Stang, pep up its dying appeal. Not surprisingly, "Rev." Ivan Stang, pop up its dying appear. Subgenius founder, write regularly for High Performance: A Quarter. ly Nagazine for the New Arts Audience to help meet the art-head ly Manazine int the new Artics by his Church. The radical edge of the ver demand for new antics by his close for from that of "Saturday Night popular subsection and artiforum, in which ready references to Adorno Live", or that of Artiforum, Live", or that or <u>Articism</u>, and Baudrillard can be found immediately following dozens of pages of gallery ads.

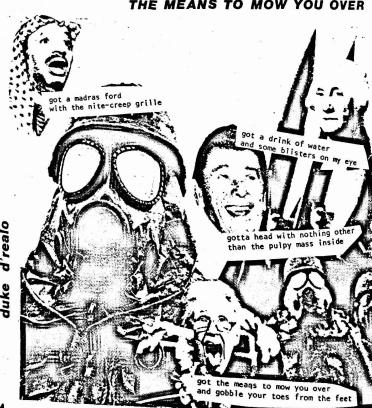
But if media, following art, and culture in general, tend to But it media, rullowing and blunt the negative, that negative is swallow up the critical and blunt the negative. swallow up the critical one passite the best efforts of hip, cynical not to be lost sight of. Despite the best efforts of hip, cynical not to be root sages of the same of the sa grasp.

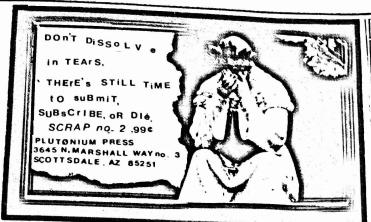
To cite just one area of apparent non-colonization, the refusal of work continues and deepens. Time for April 28 ('86) bemoaned or work concludes and acceptance of which growing worker shortages co-exist with continued unemployment. The rejection of jobs by the young stands out most of all, especially considering the higher teenage and young-adult jobless rates. The May 20, '86 Fortune cover teenage and young-audit josesses that of the zero impact computers story announced a shocking failure, that of story announced a Shocking assert office: "U.S. business has spent have had on output-per-hour in the office: have had on output-per-mode have had on output-per-mode hundreds of billions of dollars on them, but white-collar productivity nungreus of stations of the late Sixties." And blue-collar productivity has presented an equally dismaying picture to authority; quetivity nas presented an experience (Harvard Business Review, Wickham Skinner's "Productivity Paradox" (Harvard Business Review, July/August '86) revealed that "American manufacturers' near-heroic efforts¹⁰ have simply not gotten more work out of industrial workers.

Irony and images of estrangement, neutered as they are by the limits of culture, do not contain our disaffection. That disaffection undermines, as it must, the very basis of the ironic and artistic points of view.

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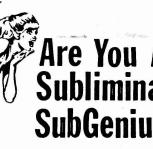
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I find hidden meanings in Saturday morning cartoons and beer commercials.

YES NO

Sometimes it feels like my brain is going to explode.

I treat Jello as an intelligent life form, just in case.

Whenever I take prescription drugs I have an irresistible urge to operate heavy machinery.

☐ ☐ I have sexual fantasies involving the characters from "Family Affair".

I know that everything will be allright once the saucers land.

My favorite pastime is frying insects with a magnifying glass.

☐ ☐ I think tossing midgets for distance should be an Olympic event.

Sometimes I go without sleep for days at a time just for the "high".

Late at night I call people I don't know and hang up when they answer.

When I was little I crossed my fingers when I said the Pledge of Allegiance.

I'm at a loss for words when people ask me "How's it going?"

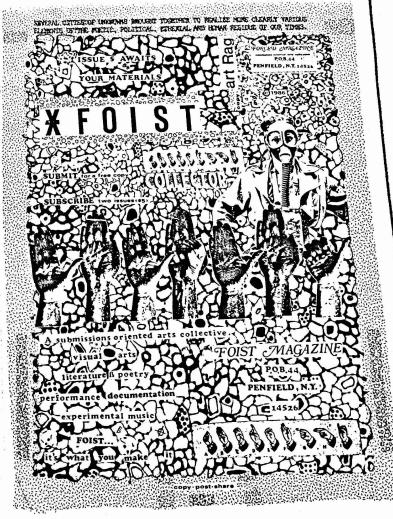
I often wonder if I'm the subject of secret government mind control experiments.

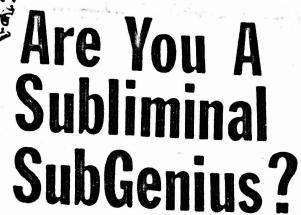
I love the sound of breaking glass.

Tiny people live inside my television set.

Sometimes I just want to kill and kill and kill.

If you answered "Yes" to ANY of the above, Congratulational You're one of us. If you answered "No" to ALL of the above, sorry. You're definitely PINK and will have to suffer accordingly.





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I am in constant telepathic same
I am in constant telepathic communication with household appliances.
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I MAS A TEENAGE LENIMIST by Maoist Moonie

A lot of people talk about the RCP/RCYB, but not too many know very much about it. I was involved with those organizations for a total of eight years, so I feel I'm qualified to offer something of a perspective. I first came across the RCYB (at that time known as the "Attica Brigade") in the fall of 1973. I was eighteen at the time, and had dropped out of university to "seek the working class" — an expedition that proved short-lived, and, attracted by the lure of the student ghetto, moved back to Ann Arbor.

I was at political loose ends when I ran into a friend of minewho I had been in a men's discussion group with. He told me about the Attica Brigade which had started up on the East Coast, in spired by an anti-imperialist contingent in a New York peace march that made the links between imperialism at home and imperialism abroad. Hy friend had just returned from a conference in Chicago where plans were afoot to set up chapters in the Midwest. The Ann Arbor chapter had just been established. The Attica Brigade was envisioned as a sort of inheritor of the mantle of SDS, and was expected to experience the same exponential growth.

I attended my first meeting which consisted primarily of a honcho (in this case a woman) delivering a monologue to the rest of the group, but I liked the people and resolved to join. I went to one more meeting before going down to Ulashinston, D.C. to spend time with my friends, working at a bulk postal station, and the people and the people with my friends, working at a bulk postal station, and the plunged into the work of the chapter and became one of their most stalwart members. If the Trots had gotten to me first, I probably would have become a Trot, but as fate would have it I because a Haofst. What I liked about the Brigade (and the Revolutionary Union -- the RCP's predecessor -- which pulled the strings from behind the scenes) was that it took my "anti-imperialist" instincts and gave them a more coherent and "scientific" character. Unfortunately, you couldn't accept just port if it. It

I had been "political" for six years prior to joining the Attica Brigade, but always in a scattershot way, and felt it was time to put my ideas into practice. I felt guilty about being white and middle-class, and was inspired by the struggle of people in Mozambique and Guinnea-Bissau who were using armed struggle to defeat racism and imperialism. For the first year after joining, I maintained my own political identity and did things outside the group like organizing a radical health care collective (I got kicked out for being too "radical", or too self-righteous, I'm not sure which) and a radical poets collective (which never got off the ground), and continued writing poetry on senf-mystical subjects.

The Brigade usually had about ten different things on the go, and it was a struggle to get through all the items on our meeting agendg. We were into supporting the Farmworkers, and the Farah pants strike, doing support work around Indochina and the Attica Brothers trial. We walked picket lines at local auto and optical workers strikes -- you name it, we were into it, and we also had a political song group on the side. In 1975, as the North Vietnamese and the NLF approached victory, we staged a "victory demo" in the "Diag" (the centre of campus), chanting "Right On! Take Saigon" and "Victory to the NLF" but, by this time, the student body could have cared less.

The first rumbles of discontent in our group occurred around the issue of gay liberation and the relative importance of "oppressed nationalities" vs. the working class. There was a local newspaper/bookstore collective who were sympathetic to the Weatherpeople and some of our members hung out with them. The RU had already developed a rabidly anti-gay line ("homosexuality as bourgeois decadence"). and this proved to be a source of contention. At one point, some gay liberationists invaded our meeting and demanded to know our position on gays. Most people hemmed and hawed, but being an outspoken person (and feeling like we had nothing to hide), I spilled the beans to the general discomfiture of all. (As am interesting aside, some local anarchists somehow got a hold of the RU position paper on the "gay question", embellished it with sexist quotes from Kim Il Sung,(1)ao and Ho, and published it as "The Stalino-Leninist Guide to Love and Sex", to our immense chagrin.) Another issue which agitated some people was the statement in the RU's Draft Programme that Hative people were entitled to exercise "autonomy", but not self-determination" because they didn't fulfill the criteriacutlinedby Stalin" for a nation. One person, inparticular, asked what right did we have to tell Native (people what they could and could not do, a point which should have been taken to heart, but wasn't.

It is significant, I think, that within a year, I had stopped organizing (outside the group) and had given up writing poetry. To the extent that I developed confidence it was only in the context of advancing the thought and work of my organization. All independence and "autogestion" fell by the wayside. Unlike the many great, creative people who grew disgusted by the organization's dognatic brand of Marxism and their regressive positions on a host of issues, I remained a vociferous defender of "the line", cajoling the faithful and bullying the waverers. I had seen so many people get eased out once their views became the subject of criticism by the party faithful that I often went one step further than my mentors in purging "deviations". One time, my party boss noted that my best friend's doubts and criticisms were turning her into a "sychophant of imperialism" so, an-

ticipating the inevitable, I went forthwith to her house and told her she was no longer part of the group. This wasn't exactly what he had intended but, by no longer part of the group. This wasn't exactly what he had intended but, by no longer part of the RU was their talent for impressible time he found out, it was two late.

the time he found out, it was too lace.

Another extraordinary characteristic of the RI was their talent for imposing domain and the extraordinary characteristic of the RI was a slight downturn in the dogma on real world situations. In 1976, when there was a slight downturn in the economy, they determined that the issue of the hour was "cutbacks" (the analogy economy, they determined that the issue of the hour was "cutbacks" (the analogy economy, they determined that the issue of the hour was "cutbacks" (the analogy contains and layoffs being shoved down workers' throats). So now, regardless of tracts and layoffs being shoved down workers' throats). So now, regardless of tracts and layoffs being shoved down workers' throats). So now, regardless of tracts and layoffs being showed down workers' throats). So now, regardless of tracts and layoffs being showed down workers' throats). So now, regardless of tracts and layoffs being showed down workers' throats). So now, regardless of tracts and layoffs being showed down workers' throats). So now, regardless of tracts and layoffs being showed down workers' throats). So now, regardless of tracts and layoffs being showed down workers' throats). So now, regardless of tracts and layoffs being showed down workers' throats). So now, regardless of tracts and layoffs being showed down workers' throats). So now, regardless of tracts and layoffs being showed down workers' throats). So now, regardless of tracts and layoffs being showed down workers' throats). So now, regardless of tracts and layoffs being showed down workers' throats). So now, regardless of tracts and layoffs being showed down workers' throats). The Resolution of the Revolution of the Revolution

The RU had, by this time, formed itself into the head of a pin. The RU had, by this was at a time when the "new communist movement" was wrangling Party, USA. This was at a time when the "new communist movement" was wrangling over how many Lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU, after a period over how many Lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU, after a period over how many Lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU, after a period over how many Lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU after a period over how many Lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU after a period over how many Lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU after a period over how many Lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU, after a period over how many Lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU, after a period over how many Lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU, after a period over how many Lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU, after a period over how many Lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU, after a period over how many Lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU, after a period over how many Lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU, after a period over how many Lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU after a period over how many Lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU after a period over how many Lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU after a period over how many Lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU after a period over how many Lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU after a period over how many Lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU after a period over how many Lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU after a period over how many Lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU after a period over how many lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU after a period over how many lenins you could fit on the head of a pin. The RU after a p

1976 was the year that Mao Tse-tung finally and, within two weeks of the old man's death, his close associates, the "Gang of Four" had two weeks of the old man's death, his close associates, the "Gang of Four" had two weeks of the old man's death, with saited breath, threw my comrades and I into disarray. Each week we would wait, with baited breath, for the pronouncements of the new ruling hierarchy;set forth in Pekinc Review.

Some of us maintained allegiance to the Four, and some accepted "the new hoss just like the old boss". The Party meanwhile kept rum, but unheknownst to us a split was brewing which would lose the Party Anc of its cadre.

was preving which took our minds off the events in China was the attempt by One thing which took our minds off the events in China was the attempt by Kent State University to put up a gym on the site where four students had been murdered by the Hational Guard. It became quite an issue, and the honchos from both the Revolutionary Student Brigade (as the Attica Brigade was now called) and the Communist Party (H-L)'s youth group (the RCP's arch-rivals) parachuted in to fish for recruits. I was one of 62 people busted for occupying the site, and spent four days in jail with assorted Yippies and wierdos. There were 17 of us in a fourman cell, and my cell-mates liked to make jungle noises and would take up the chant: "Free Our Homen!" I thought I was going to be sick, or die of embarassrent -- I wasn't sure which.

Shortly thereafter the split occurred, and an emergency conference of the RCYD (this new name -- the third in four years -- had been adopted at a previous conference) was held somewhere in Ohio. As the "Hensheviks" (the supporters of Tene) were in control of our organization, the purpose of this conference was to formally oust them and install a new hierarchy. When our previous "leaders" attempted to intercept us on the way into the hall, they got a beating for their trouble and the former national spokesperson got his front teeth knocked out. Our fearless leaders were not above resorting to clubs and lead pipes to protect our ideological purity.

With the ousting of the Mensheviks, the Party began a year-long campaign against the new rulers in China, culminating in the "Death to Teng Hsiao-Ping" deno held in January of 1979 in Washington, D.C. The RCP attacked the police outside the White House where Teng was meeting with Carter, in hopes of creating an "international incident", with weapons ranging from Coke bottles to bags full of fishhooks, but soon changed its tune as to what happened when it became apparent that heavy charges were in the offing. I wasn't at that event, which was unusual since I dutifully went to all these things, but a friend of mine was there and, for the next four years, had 241 years of possible jail time hanging over his head. Fortunately, most of the charges were eventually dropped.

The Party's next major romp was flay Day 1980. This plan, announced at flay Day 1979, involved getting 10,000 workers (and their "allies") to march in the streets on May Day, with red flags and banners, to deliver an "internationalist" message to the world proletariat. Preliminary plans included selling 190,000 copies of the "Revolutionary Horker" (per week!) and getting people in offices and factories all over the country to stand at attention and recite the words to the "Internationale". Detroit was assigned the task of selling 5000 copies (which we had to pay for whether we sold them or not), and it was to Detroit that I was posted in the first month of 1950. We sold or gave away maybe 1500 in a good week (this was at the peak of the campaign), and the rest piled up in our headquarters. One of my jobs was to deliver unsold papers to recycling centifies in an effort to get a few measly bucks from the tons of garbage being spewed out of Chicago.

May Day was such a fiasco that the Party eventually lost a third to half of its membership over it. Even the most tried and true thought control methods weren't sufficient to repress awareness by die-hard Maoists of the obvious insanity of the whole enterprise.

The march itself went over like a lead balloon. I don't remember how many we had set as our target number -- I think it was a thousand. There were 125 people at the outset, and they got increasingly fewer as we headed into the downtown core. We had tragged so much about this march that people lined the streets to see what would happen. Police helicopters flew overhead, and armies of pigs dogged our steps. At various points along the way, we exhorted people to join us and a few obliged, but some responded by throwing bricks and my girl friend's mother got bonked on the head, and had to be taken away by ambulance. I think some Clack

youth got arrested just for being in the vicinity of the march, and we never knew youth got arrested your manner of the wareh, and we never knew their names or where they were taken. By the time we not to liayne State, it became their names of minutes are coing to move in on us. Our numbers had divindled to perclear that the control of the contro haps 40. Asymmetry happened a nearby hospital, scaring the patients and staff half to parch decides to meet the copy with the excuse they needed to move in. Thus, the

l denouement of the good of relatively easy in Detroit. In West Virginia, where my friend We got unit the state of five people was very nearly lynched by a was posted, then the standishing umbrellas. They got away, but my friend's a mob of little old ladios brandishing umbrellas. They got away, but my friend's

I finally left about a year and a half later. Bob Avakian, Party Chairman, I find by this time decided to flee to France to escape imminent "assassination". had by this time the distribution of the desired reminent "assassination".

I later ran into him (with his over-present bodyquard) in a Horth American city I later ran members and the state of the sta (which should be Their Revolutions are probably still involved. What I've told you is only the pany of the transfer of the whole magazine. You can draw your own conclusions. As Chairman Mao says: all things have their history. If you know the

It's All a State of Mind



LITTLE BROTHER IS



Woman loses ear lobe in biting fight

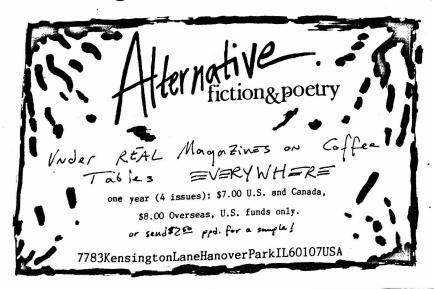
WATCHING YOU

Police can't operate because of insurance

Erotic sex contest climaxes with five sodomy arrests

Suffering Needlessly?

Dervish





Hey, f@&*?%xxing "leftists"! ALREADY SER

There's one thing we can agree on: The United States has never had any socialist government. So, how can we know anything about socialism except by studying other countries' experience?

If we can't tell socialism from capitalism or progress from reaction in countries like the Soviet Union or China, how can we agree on the path to socialism in the United States, which will be all the more confusing for its newness?

The Maoist Internationalist Movement takes very seriously the task of study ing the international experience of communism. We offer the following literature selection to all people interested in using their heads in the service of revolutionary social change.

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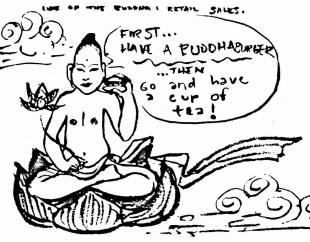
Art thieves call themselves terrorists

OMY! AT: Box 1548, GLETA, CA 93116-1548

MELBOURNE, Australia - A group calling itself Australian Cultural Terrorists and demanding increased government funding for the arts claimed responsibility today for the weckend theft of a Picasso oil painting. Officials of the National Gallery of Victoria said the painting, titled Weeping Woman, was valued at \$1 million. They said the Picasso, which depicts a woman convulsed with grief after a fascist attack on a Basque stronghold during the Spanish Civil War, was taken out of its frame late Saturday. Police said Melbourne newspapers and radio and television stations received letters today from the group demanding increased government funding for the arts in exchange for the safe return of the painting.

After he flunks exam . . .

torches teacher



From CATALYST KOMICS

HERE'S WHAT PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SAYING ABOUT

SHOE POLISH WEEK

Sacred

2

Lady Journal

ŝ



Great zine - even the stuff by the men is funny.

- Ann-Marie (T.H.R.U.S.H. News)

The best darn magazine I've ever read - and it fits well in the bottom of the birdcage. - Liz

My magazine eats shit compared to S.P.W. guesa I'm just a witless dick after all.

- Dave, failed editor (New Art for a Dangerous Age)

S.P.W. Eve Contact: Immediately flush eyes with plenty of water for at least ten minutes and call a physician. - Sharon

(T.H.R.U.S.H. News)

... they're even funnier than me - I agree to be their love slave.

-"boB McGlynn (B.A.N.G. Notes, Mayh Komix)

\$1.00 from:

195 Garfield Place #2L Brooklyn, NY 11215



Review of "The Abolition of Work," by Bob Black

(\$1.25, Out-of-Kontrol Data Korporation; Box 432, Boston, MA, 02258. Cash, stamps or check to Donna

Reviewed by Luke McGuff

Bob Black lives a bit more on the edge than most of us ranters, and a master punster whose japes always twisted the English language in ways shocking and illuminating. His political comments are unique. Like H.L. Mencken, after a few minutes thought he can come up with the fallacy that makes any political system crumble. His quest for ideas puts him farther out than the purveyors of the wildest "isms." "All isms are wasms," Black says, and has no more truck with it.

that manually system crumble. His quest for ideas puts him farther out than the purveyors of the wildest "igms." "All isms are wasms," Black says, and has no more truck His attitude can be antagonizing, and in fact, Bob Black them. Inside Joke and Processed World are two fine periodicals abrasiveness (to be polite). It's the kind of destructive testing of relationships a failure, and takes no account "The Abolition of Work" deals, in no uncertain terms, with exactly what the title describes: The abolition of work, why work is bad, how society creates the lie of work, and a possible means of getting rid of it.

Bob makes a pretty good case, but I must admit my sympathies lie on his side. The nature of work in America was summed up a few years ago in a poster by Freddie Baer: "Sell your time to buy the time other people sold." I've often thought that the only acceptable level of unemployment is 100%; everybody free to do what they want. Well, when I was a kid, I thought kids should be allowed to learn whatever they want, too.

But that was a misguided idea based on the absurd notion

free to do what they want. Well, when I was a kid, I thought kids should be allowed to learn whatever they want, too.

But that was a misguided idea based on the absurd notion that education had to do with enriching the student, showing him or her the world of thought and knowledge. Education in America is merely indoctrination; as Bob Dylan said, "Twenty years of schooling and they put you on the day shit."

Materialism breeds work, one has to work to get the economic exchange necessary to buy the techno-toys that keep one entertained whilst preparing oneself for more work to get the money to buy more techno-toys, etc. etc. Very few people stop to realize that they could, instead of working so much to buy so much, work less and enjoy their time off more recreatively. Many people get into debt so quickly they don't realize they are entrapped. Credit card commercials promise them the good life, and don't tell the consumers that they're becoming 17% wage slaves.

People get so quickly into "I owe, I owe, it's off to work I go," that they never stop to ask themselves why they're doing what they're doing in the first place.

As Black points out, everything in the system of work heads toward the goal of a thoughtless sheeplike proletariat: School consumption, fashion, entertainment. We are told that the most free — artists, writers, people who think — are the most dangerous and wildest. They are merely people who have broken free from work. Capital and society keep them removed from our ken. We look on them with longing, wishing we had their nerve.

What would you do if your time was your own? If you

we had their nerve.

What would you do if your time was your own? If you didn't have to spend your life organized around employment? This question frightens most people. All they can think of is "sit around." They have lost the sense of play to such a great degree they can't think of what to do for themselves. The day I got this pamphlet, I overheard one co-worker tell another that she wished she had three weeks vacation: One for the summer, one for the winter, and one to spread around the the summer, one for the winter, and one to spread around the holidays. This woman also constantly complains about being poor, holidays. This woman also constantly complains about being poor, holidays. This woman also constantly complains about being poor, with an expensive car to drive back and forth every day, has to have an expensive car to drive back and forth every day, with an expensive st ereo to make those freeway hours pleasant... Anyone reading this review is likely to agree at least in Anyone reading this review is basically unnecessary, part with Black's arguments. Work is basically unnecessary, part with Black's arguments society uses to hinder the creative one of the more evil mechanisms society uses to hinder the creative person. It makes one dull and listless. It should be done away with.

with.

I don't agree with everything Black says (his solution is too simplistic, and would backfire as badly as all such is too simplistic, and would backfire as good overview of solutions do), but this pamphlet gives a good overview of the problem. I highly recommend it. It is also short enough the problem. I highly recommend it. It is also short enough to read on a lunch break, although you might not want to return to work after finishing it. I sure didn't.

EXTREMITIES











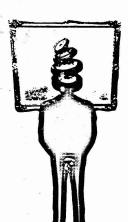




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FALSE POSITIVE MAGAZINE Back issues/sample issue Subscription (4 issues)

The Abolition of Work by Bob Black \$1 each 75¢ each 10 or more The Brag of the Female Subgenius by Yael Ruth Dragwyla 50¢ each

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Canada and Mexico add \$1 per order. Other non-U.S.A. add \$2 per order.

USED BY DOCTORS

Light Bulb Joke Contest Results

Light Bulb Joke Contest Results

We didn't award the coveted Black Light Bulb award in Chicago at the Hawmarket banquet like we promised, partly because we hadn't received very wany responses yet and partly because there was so much other wild stuff going on we had little time to think about light bulb joke contests.

Since then we've received more responses, but we can't agree on who should get the award or even if giving an award is the right thing to do So we're going to print the responses we liked best (plus ours) and let you decide.

Q. "How many anarchists does it take to screw in a light bulb?"

"A light bulb? Just wet your finger before you stick it in the socket. You'll see the light then!" M.L.

"One to turn the lightbulb and ten to accuse all lightbulb turners of being an RCP front." D.W.

-"Not nearly as many as it takes to raise a banner that can be seen around the world." Ed Styboots

"Screwing in a light bulb is like the history of anarchism-- it takes a few revolutions before you see the light."

-"Two, same as anywhere else" DC.



"You can't do a light bulb joke about anarchists because some don't believe in that kind of technology & others don't want to work even if it's to put a fucking bulb in so you'll never reach consensus on getting the job done.

"Since I don't call myself an anarchist for anything else) and the consensus process makes me want to kill sometimes I hereby volunteer to unitaterally light any room up, especially if it's very dark. 3AM, & the last bottle of beer has rolled off to some unseen corner & thereby Panic has set in."

M. Stirner

"Five. But they must be sure no one else finds out about it beforehand."

M. Bakunin

And some we found in other magazines

"Light bulbs are just another example of oppressive technology created by hierarchical economic arrangements."

Grey Zone #4

"Anarchists? There aren't any-" not since
1936."

G. Woodcock

G. Woodcock

They will not be able to agree on whether or not the bulb should be screwed in, or on the most effective means of screwing it in. Finally, after centuries of publishing book-length arguments about screwing in the bulb, the opposing factions will get into a will be broken." from a back issue of The Indicator

Revie-

gob Black lives a bit more on the edge than most of us just play at it. He was one of the prime Sub Genius who earlight language in ways shocking and illuminating. English language in ways are unique. Like H.L. Manner the sub Black H.L. Manner the sub Black lives a bit more on the edge than most of us who was always twisted the H.L. Manner the sub Black H.L. Manner the sub Black lives a bit more on the edge than most of us who was a sub Black lives a bit more on the edge than most of us who was a sub Black lives a bit more on the edge than most of us who was a sub Black lives a bit more on the edge than most of us who was a sub Black lives a bit more on the edge than most of us who was a sub Black lives a bit more on the edge than most of us who was a sub Black lives a bit more on the edge than most of us who was a sub Black lives a bit more on the edge than most of us who was a sub Black lives a bit more on the edge than most of us who was a sub Black lives a bit more on the edge than most of us was a sub lives a bit more on the edge than most of us was a sub Black lives a bit more on the edge than most of us was a sub a sub Black lives a bit more on the edge than most of us was a sub a sub Black lives a bit more on the edge than most of us was a sub ranters, language in ways shocking and illuminating.

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Anyone reading this review is likely to agree at least in part with Black's arguments. Work is basically unnecessary, one of the more evil mechanisms society uses to hinder the creative It makes one dull and listless. It should be done away person. with.

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Light B

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OUROWN NEVER-NEVER LAND

Dear PopRealYou know it has always been my thinking that a pencil is essentially a sharp, pointed stick, and should be used as such. Therefore I will waste no time in divulging the reason for the imperative nature of my eximunication.

But first I would like to sincerely thank you for continuing to publish my humble offerings (grovel, grovel) as you have done since the very first Issue so many years ago. You extraordinary receptiveness to my ideas and suggestions has led me to think of myself not only as a co-founder, but as a Demi-Cod of the Kalikaks and Overlord of the middle class.

myself not only as a co-founder, but as a Demi-Cood of the Kalikusa and Overlord of the middle class.

To express the art of perception through the failsafe of hindsight is no mean feat, and I have treasured the opportunity to collaborate in the creation of a better future for everyone through PopReal- but one especially for US, existing only to satisfy our own petty greed. To have been a part of this many-headed brain-child from it's initial conception to it's tragicomic self-annihilation in the very future we are forging now IS the reason for the imperative nature of my communication.

By the by, I assume you found the stiff of my communication.

By the by, I assume you found the satisfactory, and when you———from your ———and your main ——oxed the residual molecules to the Nth Degree, converting them to ———. And yet I think to myself, 'What is the frequency, Kenneth?' At any rate, please do not use it in public again! I am not responsible for what might happen. Remember the so-called 'Russian Meteorite Incident'- Millions of two headed dogs were horribly mutilated—Trees were flattened for miles- Flaming toads fell from the sky near saucer shaped depressions in the wheat fields of the Ukraine while the populace was terrorized by apparitions of Tesla that hovered over nearby dams and power stations.

And the government denied it all.

power stations.
And the government denied it all.
So you see that energy can be converted into Mass Hysteria if your stick is sharp

enough. Ever Billious Brother Wretched, the Righteous Dervish Kalamazoo, MI.

Dear Popular Reality,
Please send some Popular Reality. Enclosed is \$2. If you have any unpopular
reality lying around please send it also.
Thanks

Gee, thanks to Celeste Oatmeal for telling us what "really means" really means! Herb A Calveston, TX.

Hey-Why don't you guys (or gals) take this \$2 and stuff it- in your pocket that ist- and send me a few issues of PopReal. It comes highly recommended by a pen pal of mine in Florida- he writes Atomic Comix.

Anyway, 1'd like to have my mind fucked, although I believe that's the last thing I need. OK, OK, enough already. Bring it on!

I'll write and let you know if your reality is my reality—

Love,
Tracey
Athens, CH.

Dear David:

Dear David:

...I spent the summer reading about Cambodia, Vietnam, and pornography. I did a few useful things, like making jam and getting a job as a bagger at a grocery store near my apartment... Annette Funicelio came to our grocery store. She shops regularly there. I've begged her groceries twice now. She bought almost nothing but disposable douches. Pretty darn suspicious, huh? Wonder what Walt D would say/
Oh well. I must go and mail this. Sorry for long silence. Relax. I am NOT dead.

Affec yrs
WJ
Barstow, CA.

Barstow, CA.

The number of adults in the U.S. who had not completed high school was greater than the plurality that initially elected ronald

reagan.
The registered bible-thumpers and estimated illiterates, when added together, could easily elect jerry falwell or pat

robertson.

Redefine democrzy: rule by the ignorant. Captain Zero Newbury, CH.

Nasal sex

Editor:

The Supreme Court's decision concerning sodomy leaves me with a few questions.

1) Supressingly the Supreme Court overlooked well known body parts like noses and cars, so for instance nasial sex legal or illegal? 2) Since legislation is different in various parts of the country can we expect increased interstate sex raffic? And more specifically, would there be good business in Organized Interstate Sodomy Tours? 3) Deep the form detailed dow-riptions of the President's colon that we became so farmiliar with in recent years? 41s jimprosoment the missing propriate punishment for sodomists? Rums for a sodomist 20 years in prison would mean 20 years of fun? 5 lan't it me to remove Kafak fact. 20 years of fun? 5 lan't it me to remove Kafak for the shelves?

B. K. Stulp

Dear Popular Reality, (If your crazed paranola is "popular" reality, then are death and taxes "unpopular" reality?)
Having received a couple issues of your madness from Denis McDee, I realize that it is in line with my own (madness, that is, son!). But don't your correspondents realize what makes the world tick?
The truth is this; there are only two crimes in Reagan's America, poverty and tolerance for the beliefs of others. I find the fact that I live in a country where the conscienceless crimes of Edwin Meese are gleefully endorsed by the "powers that be" to be QUITE THE HOOTI Here's my two bucks. Send me stuff.
How could anyone lose faith in Nihillism?

How could anyone lose faith in Nihilism? for me

Yours till Niagara topples, Cuyahoga Falls, Cit.

What he PopReal,
I'm tired of PopMechanics and PopElectronics. I'm in the mood for something that fucks with my mind til come to my senses. So please find \$2 enclosed and start that funky zine winging my way. zine winging my way. Lumpenly yours,

Bloomington, IN.

Rev. Crowbar;

It is all very entertaining, but do you have to be such an asshole by printing crap against Columbia Fouse, or even the overkill against Jerry Falwell? These people don't have the armies the state does, and I think it's rather cowardly of you to pretend they do. That's right, cowardly.

You're an entertaining bastard.

AS

Cainesville, FL.

-Wake up, AS, Falwell and Columbia House ARE a part of the state's armies. -Crowbar

I read a great review of your work in the Fall 86 issue of Whole Earth Review (pg. 82). Please send me 6 issues of your publication. I have enclosed a check for \$2. Thank you very much.

Sinceptu

Sincerely, . MD Memphis, TN.

Your continued Listing of JIM Shimo as "a comrade" is STILL Most reprehensible to us. he Needs his Ass Beat. Period.

Ron (A) New Iron Column Anaheim, CA.

Thanx 4 the little blurb, I needed it cuz I Thanx 4 the little blurb, I needed it cuz I lost track. No, life would not be the same without PopReal resting in thee old P.O. Box every month or so, so here is \$3 (U.S.) to renew my sub. I have enjoyed all issues of PopReal so far. I found them interesting, somewhat insane and just plain funny. -Plus informative but not all info woz worth anything but it really doesn't matter cuz I like 2 cram my mind with all kthds of info and views.

I bought a VCR not too long ago, do I want to know more about the PopReal Video Show. Please discharge some facts about it

to me as soon as you can, mosh thanx!
Well, gotta go! Take it EZ David. Have
fun and take care!!

Rend Xenophobia

Prince Albert, Saskatchewan,

Hello Crowber.

Got issue number 15 and read through it. As usual, bizarre graphix, wierd stories, strange humor. And, yes, I enjoyed it. But I have a few mesages to pass on to some of the folks whose stuff you printed.

To Evolution, Inc.: Are you serious? Or did you intend "The Human Race Is Almost Finished" as a farce? If you're serious then it's YOU who are finished and there's no almost about it. As Nietzsche said,"If you don't want to run with pleasure, then you should pass away." Here you lay on a bunch of depressing "facts" then rap about evolution. Have YOU ever seen a nuclear bomb? Tell me of your personal experiences with famine or pestilence or ecological disaster. I bet you don't have any. Everything you say about it is from something you read or heard somewhere. And you're going to base your "life" on that!!! How is that any different from the christian waiting for Jesus 'cause the Bible tells him so? Don't get me wrong. The shit I've experienced in my own life from authority, technology, civilization makes me think that they could pull some of the shit you say, but I don't KNOW that they will, and I sure ain't going to center my life around such things. What I KnoW is authority as I confront it in my life. Then you talk about evolution- another thing you've only reed about and heard about in school- as though you really know. But you don't and nelther do I. What I know is MY life, MY desires. And what I'm gonne fight for is the freedom of MY desires. Evolution, Inc., you are already dead, so why not shut the fuck up and kill yourself (that's the best thing a corpse can do to "advance evolution"), or get smart and start enjoying yourself so you won't have time to waste speculating about "coming disasters" the some eco-doom-sayer has convinced yout believe in.

To Bob Black: Your distribes against work are a hell of a lot more interesting than

to believe in.

To Bob Black: Your distribes against work are a hell of a lot more interesting than your diatribes against Spider Rainbow (who the hell is he, anyway?). And are you sure it's Watsonian anarchist? I always thought it was Watson anarchist as in: "You're an it was Wetson anarchist as in: "You anarchist aren't you?" "An anarchist? son anarchist?"

son anarchist?"
To Hakim Bey: Right on! Only a fool would think faggots had anything to do with circumcision (except as babes against their

Sweet Sixteen: You ageist moron! To Sweet Sixteen: You ageist moron! No one's too old until they're dead. And what I've read by Bob Black indicates he's far from dead- deadLY maybe, but not dead. On the other hand, I've met my share of corpses in their teens who've made me wonder why they waste good air by breathing. Why not learn to judge people less by something as arbitrary as the year of their birth and more by how lively and fun-loving they are? You might find yourself having more fun that way.

To Robert Lee Dendt: Congratulations! And may your example be an inspiration to

many.
Well, that's it for now.
Much health and pleasure Eugene, OR.

Thank much for new issue of POPREAL (15). Jammed full of great stuff. Appears as the you're moving away somewhat from the strictly "anarchist" dogma spouters and more towards the <u>real</u> anarchists: those that don't fit into all those confusing catagories. This is good.

About the "Chainsaw Nino" (since you didn't give any credit for the drawing). This was done in 1984 by the ever elusive Reverend Nuclear. You're always welcome to reprint stuff, but credit is deserved.

Here's new issue of Mallife and other stuff. Can't wait till next POPREAL!

blender set on KILL.

Mile. Mike Miskowski MalLife P. O. BOX 1393 TEMPE, AZ 85281 USA

Dear Friend(s), So your reality's better than my reality, eh? Yer gonna fuck w/ my mind 'til I come to my senses, eh? Seizures of illumination? Avant-prole humor? At two bucks per six issues I can't resist. Lay it on me bro/sis.

Yours truly. J. Jackson Washington, DC.

Hi
My aunt the anarchist keeps lending me
copies of Popular Reality but the summer's
almost over so it's time for my own
subscription.
Xours in anarchafemorexia-

Swarthmore, PA.

Dear Dave,
Please send me the latest issue of
Popular Reality. I've heard good things
about it.
I don't trust postal workers so I sent
you a check instead of wrapping up two
quarters. The last postal workers I knew
were coke dealers. They were greedy twits.
Ew

Meriden, CT.

Dear who-all in charge of Popular Reality:
(Now that I've got that over with I can talk like a normal human being) I've been seeing ads all over the place for your publication. It's been fucking with my mind. I've been broken down to the point of parting with 2 of my hard-earned dollars in order to obtain 6 issues. Please accept my gift, and I will be anxiously awaiting your 'zines gratuitously.

Thanks a lot. Thanks a lot.

8012

Superion.

Bowling Green, OH.

YOU WORKED HARD FOR IT, NOW THROW IT AWAY ON THIS SHIT:

2 1/4" BUTTONS FROM POPREAL- \$1 EACH:

PARTY WITH GOD CULTURAL TERRORIST SUPERIOR MUTANT LOST BOYZ DEFY GRAVITY AVANT-PROLE

LUMPEN & PROUD

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



pue to popular demand- or at least "b"oB McClynn's demand- PopReal is at last instituting a Personal Ads Column for those too warped to find companionship elsewhere, warped to find companionship elsewhere, ads will cost 10 per word, minimum \$2. Respondents arswering act to be forwarded by PopReal must include postage.

Greetings Popular Reality—

Ny trigger finger is on the opening shot of a new Popular Reality project. It is time for Popular Reality to CROW, to MATURE, to "Get with it" as they say. It is time to en bark on NEW PATHS. To that end I, The Sultan of Sex (Chairman "b"oß, Maximum Leader of Vino Nation), do hereby linnaugurate for that esteemed journal of modern thought, Popular Reality, THE POPULAR REALITY PERSONAL AD COLLAIN. Women of the world, this is it. Now's your chance to be with Earth's only known god! I will list some specifications:
The Sultan seeks a woman who is uncompromisingly and convulsively anti-convention and anti-conformist. No Barbie Doll hair-spray heads need apply—or should I say "dare apply"—for you shall be marked for ASSASINATION.
Such a woman should not come home with woefull tales of male street harrassment, but rather say unto me "This motherfucker said 'Hey Baby, lookin good' so I turned around and sank a shiv into his chest."

"No future" to this woman should never mean "now ine", for in that land of no future, Wino Nation, cocktail hour is as mandatory as BREATHING. That "no future defining" in the pit of one's stomach must always be warmed with that sweet nectar from the ages. Alcohol is a HOLY SNACK, and the administration of it is Wino Nation's most sacced sacrement.

The libido of this woman must be such that it emanates fields and rays of photons.

the ages. Alcohol is a HOLY SNACK, and the administration of it is Wino Nation's most sacred sacrament.

The libido of this woman must be such that it emanates fields and rays of photons, magnatism, and atomic particles. She must make Chernobyl look like static electricity. When she enters a room the wallpaper must peel, the TV should charge channels in repid succession, and human beings must levitate to the ceiling. After making love with this woman the mattress should have turned into a smoking crater.

I seek only a woman who has an impressive track record in regard to shoplifting, sneaking on public transportation, getting thrown out of bars and getting run out of town. The trail of blood that follows her must lead not only to cops and Klanners, but to demonstration monitors, mershalls and peacekeepers. At night, as we sweetly sleep, from her dreaming lips I wish to be caressed with murmers of "Viet Cong" and Majaldein". caressed with

Upon hearing the words "electoral politics" she must laugh hystericelly.
Upon hearing the word "god" she must laugh even harder.
Upon hearing the words "marriage and career" she must reach for a .38.
Upon hearing the word "pacifism" she must reach for THE BUTTON.
Upon hearing the word "pacifism" she must reach for THE BUTTON.

sechfor THE BUTTON.

Upon hearing the word "beer" she must ope everything and devote her undivided tention to where to get some.

She must be a devotee of the Holy Script, puller Realist.

drop everything and devote in attention to where to get some.

She must be a devotee of the Holy Script, Popular Reality.

Last, but not least, I seek someone who is neither a nazi in politics nor temprament. If I say "I'LL see you at 7pm" but show up at 7:02, I do so wish not to be accused of all manner of vile conspiracies. I have been the vistim of far too many bludgeoning frying pans and the target of too many projectile ash trays. The term "relationship" should not connote either "therapy session" or "civil war".

But on the other hand... Who the fuck needs it? I mean, the lonely life ain't so bad. I am never happier than when I am home by myself, in my crummy apartment, dining on spaghetti without sauce accompanied by a cold frothing glass of powdered milk. Why should I share my pleasures with anyone else? Besides, I don't got time for a relationship-I'm too busy reading and rereading stacks of Popular Reality, especially the stiff I write for it.

But now I have gone and done it. I've written a personal ad in America's favorite publication for all the swingin' cats and chicks who really know how to MAKE THE SCENE. I've made my bed, and now I'm gonna lie in it-hopefully with thousands of others. I've notified my post office to expect van-loads of love letters for me. Yep, they'll be rakin' in a lot of overtime.

The Sultan of Sex has spoken, 528 Fifth St.

Brooklym, NY, 11215.

P.S.- Wino Nation has no time for those who can't figure out the difference between sexuality (and fun and humor and kidding and teasing) and sexism. The Sexateriat of the world has already lost it's chains, therefore

world has already lost it's chains, there-fore it has nothing to discuss...

WANTED: Lrg tall hndsm dude covered in mayonnaise and draped with pastremi, by gd looking lady wrng lettuce, tomatoes, peperoni, tune, cheese slices and a nice smile. Object: interesting midnight snack. Call (805) 956-0511 after 5pm, aak for "Julia"

JM, 33, seeks JF, 21-33, to come over and look at my Nazi secret weapon art prints and other erotic etchings. Cal Crusher, P.O. Box 15837, Columbus, OH. 43215.

WANTED: Stable & loving lesbian couple (preferably twin sisters) to be both impregnated at approximately the same time in order to attempt to produce & raise because in the control of th

Brand-name oriented, exhibitionistic SBF seeks servile, rich, insecure male for laughs. Force-feeding, naugahyde worship, sweat analysis.

Ad #0001.

Really and truely nice guy, caring, thoughtful, gentle, honest, sincere, warm, sensitive, loving, cheerful. Looking for someone I haven't found yet. Gotta be out there somewhere though, right? Hell, for a minute I thought maybe it was you. Guess I'll just have to keep on trying. Shit.

Old, creepy, neurotic, broken-down asshole seeks young, snippity, shallow-minded anorexic twat. Books, records, children's toys, antiques, tupperware, some Avon. No ancilu caloc. sales. Ad #0003.

Kids! (Age 10-14) Do you want to be a Sorcerer's Apprentice? Want to learn Ceremonial Magic, psychic self-defense, oriental secrets, power words & gestures? We can put you in touch with authentic teachings. Write a letter explaining why you want to be a Sorcerer's Apprentice. (Enclose recent photo). photo). To Hakim Bey, c/o Popular Reality.

ATHLETIC MALE SEEKS companion between age 18 - 35 my name is P.Barry P. and I have hair everywhere with hair everywhere with the exception of the top of my head. I like sports, wine and cardboard. If interested send pictures to: 64,36 30th S.North St.Petersburg, FL 33702

SAME SEEKS SAME. Solipsist seeks self for superfluous symmetry. Let's be alone together. *Involutionaries*, 55 Sutter, #487, S.F., CA 94104.



SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION: WHAT ARE THE ODDS?

On September 19, 1938 in Chalme-ford. England a woman auddenly burst into interess blotch classes in the middle of dence floor and within senters as a black and within senters as a black end mass of ash. You satisfac-tory explanation as to cause of death was aver found.

That same year shoard the fre-lighter the 3 S. Uirtch, off the costs of Iraland, halmens the cost of Iraland, halmens wheal, reduced to a human cind-er. Only his shoes remeind intact. There was no evidence of the cost of the cost of the control of the cost of the outery. Although the sky was clear that day, the cause of death was lived as "fresh ball lightchip."

In October 1964, former actree
Nrs. Oigs Worth Stephens, age
75, of Dallas, Teras was nitting in a parsied car on Eastting in a parsied car on Eastto vicesses, the suddenly and
for no apparent reason became
"a human torch of flames". As
with other vicelas who have
died in their care, the gas
with other vicelas who have
died in their care, the gas
and there was no noticable
damage to the interior or upholistry of the car. The cooner's report listed the cause
of datch as "burns wiffered
under mysterious circumstances"

From a paper presented to The French Academ by scien-ties M. J. Fontenelle in 1833.

FACTS ABOUT SPONTANES

This fire usually does not extend to flammable objects nearby. In some cases, worm the victim's clothing remains undamaged. It should be noted that a fire hot snough to inclinarate a human had normally requires a temperature of over 2000 degrees fahrenheit

So don't waste your time worrying about a nuclear Armageddon, pal. You've ant problems
a lot closer to home. Who
knows how anny cases of spontaneous combustion have been
explained savey as "Careless
smoking" accidents? We ure
you to write your congressmann,
call your fire marshal. Let
them know that you want some

As long as these mysteries re-main unsolved our world isn't a safe place in which to live! Let's atamp out spontameous combustion in our lifetime.

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU!

Combustion is constinue per-tiel, but west frequently it is seneral. Perts of the body

PRESENTED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE BY THE CITIZENS FOR INCREASED AWARENESS
THE REMOTE CONTROL INSTITUTE
BUCK RT., 80X 111, HINTON, WV 25951

The most bizarre case of spontaneous combustion ever!

PREACHER EXPLODES RING SERMON

Horrified congregation sees evangelist blow up in the pulpit

ASSOCIATION FOR ONTOLOGICAL ANARCHY
COMMUNIQUÉ NUMBER NINE:
DOUBLE-DIP DENUNCIATIONS

I. Xtianity

Again & again we hope that attitudinising corpse has finally breathed its last rancorous sigh & floated off to its final pumpkinification. Again & again we imagine the defeat of that obseme flayed death-trip boogsy nailed to the walls of all our waiting rooms, never again to whime at us for our sina...

our sine...

but sgain & sgain it resurrects itself & comes erceping back
to haunt us like the villain of some meth rate snuff-porm splatter film —
the thousanth re-make of "Night of the Living Dead" — trailing its snailtrack of whispering humiliation... just when you thought it was safe in
the unconscious... it's JAWS for JESUS. Look out! Wardcore Chainsaw
Baptists!

the unconscious... it's JAWS for JESUS. Look out! Nardeore Chainsaw
saptists:

and the Leftists, nostalgie for the Omega Point of their dialectic
paradise, welcome each galvanised revival of the putrescent ereed with
sco's of delight: Let's dame the tamp with all those marxist bishops from
Latin America. — croom a ballad for the plous Polish dockworkers — hum
a few spirituals for the latest afro-Nethodist presidential hoperul from
the Bible Belt...

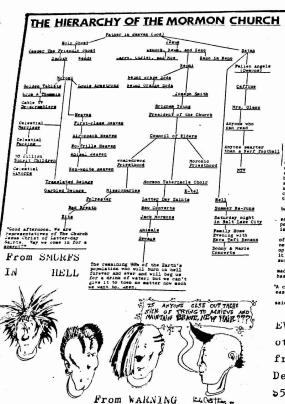
The AOA denounces Liberation Theology as a conspiracy
of stalinist nums — the Whore of Babylon's secret scarlet deal with red
fascism in the tropics. Solidarmose? The Pope's Own Labor Union — backed
by the AFL/CIO, the Vatican Bank, Freemason Lodge Propaganda Due, and the
Mafia. And if we voted we'd never waste even that empty gesture on some
Ktian dog, no matter what its breed or color.
As for the real Ktians,
those bored-again self-lobotomised bigots, those Mormon babykillers, those
Star Warriors of the Slave Morality, televangelist blackshirts, somble
squads of the Blessed Virgin Mary (who hovers in a pink eloud over the Bronx
spewing hatred, anathema, roses of vonit on the savuality of children,
pregnant teenagers & queers)...

as for the genuine death-cultists, ritual
cannibals, Armageddon-freeks — the Ktian Right — we can only pray that
the RAPTURE WILL COME & snatch them all up from behind the steering wheels
of their cars, from their lukewarm game-shows & chaste beds, take them all
up into heaven & let us get en with human life.





page 11



BLACKOUT ALLEGED

Delray Beach (YU) -- Alleging a total media blackout of the most important cultural event to be held in Palm Beach County, ever, Jack Saunders have a press conference today. Nobody came.

"A prophet is not without honor," Saunders said, "save in his own country," <u>gvil Genius</u> is his 36th book, the 21st book in the 21-book series <u>Megalith</u>. A megalith is a monumental statue.
"Books being banned isn't news to the media," Saunders

Books being banned isn't news to the media." Saunders charged. Mews being sanche hooks with the 'who manage he hooks and the control of the being a sanche hooks and the control of the being the sanche hooks and the control of the being a sanche hooks and the control of the being a sanche hooks and the control of the sanche hooks and the being a sanche hooks and the sanche hooks and the

barrel money.

A spokesman for the Division of Cultural Affairs said, "We know who Saunders is. He's a gadfly. A perennial loser. A sore loser. If he's so good, why isn't he famous?"

An informed source at the Palm Beach County Council of the Arts said, 'I' you give cranks publicity, they'll mewer stop pestering you. The resistance of entrenched opinion is a hurdle all new art must pass. He can't have it both ways. He can't be a martyr and accupied. Can't have Least year Saunders spent \$15,000 on his viting. He

Last year Saunderspent \$15,000 on his writing Ne made \$31. The amounts were different, but the proportion has been the same or 15 years now, Saunders said. "I'm beginning to wear them down, Saunders said. "A career takes 20 years, after all. Nothing good comes easy."

"Nothing good comes easy," Saunders said. Saunders said. Saunders said. "Nothing good comes easy."

EVIL GENIUS and Jack Saunders' other books can be ordered from Mixed Breed, P.O. Box 42, Delray Beach, FL. 33444 for \$5 postpaid.



shirtless picnic

A shirt-free picnic was organized by a group of Columbia men and women in an attempt to dispel social tablood as a special property of the special tablood as a special tablood tabloo

the participants.

Columbia Missouri is just one o
many places where it is legal for a wo
man to be shirt-free in public. We re

ment and two different lawyers. It was important to have several sources since there are not sources in the sources which was not several to be set as a set in or second, though it has become obvious even to the legal system that breasts are not essential to procreation the first hurdle is over, but you've still got work to off the source sources are not continued to several taboos or sanctions are more deeply ingrained than the source sources are more deeply ingrained than the source sources are not essentially sources and the source sources are not essentially sources and the source sources are not essentially sources and the sources are not essentially sources.

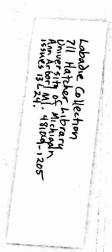
in our culture social taboos or sanctions are more deeply ingrained than laws-they are a part of our socialization. For this reason it is necessary to the reason it is necessary to a continuous control of the reason in the rea

tions pornography and puritanism.

Going sint-free is a political act with a consistency of the consistency



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