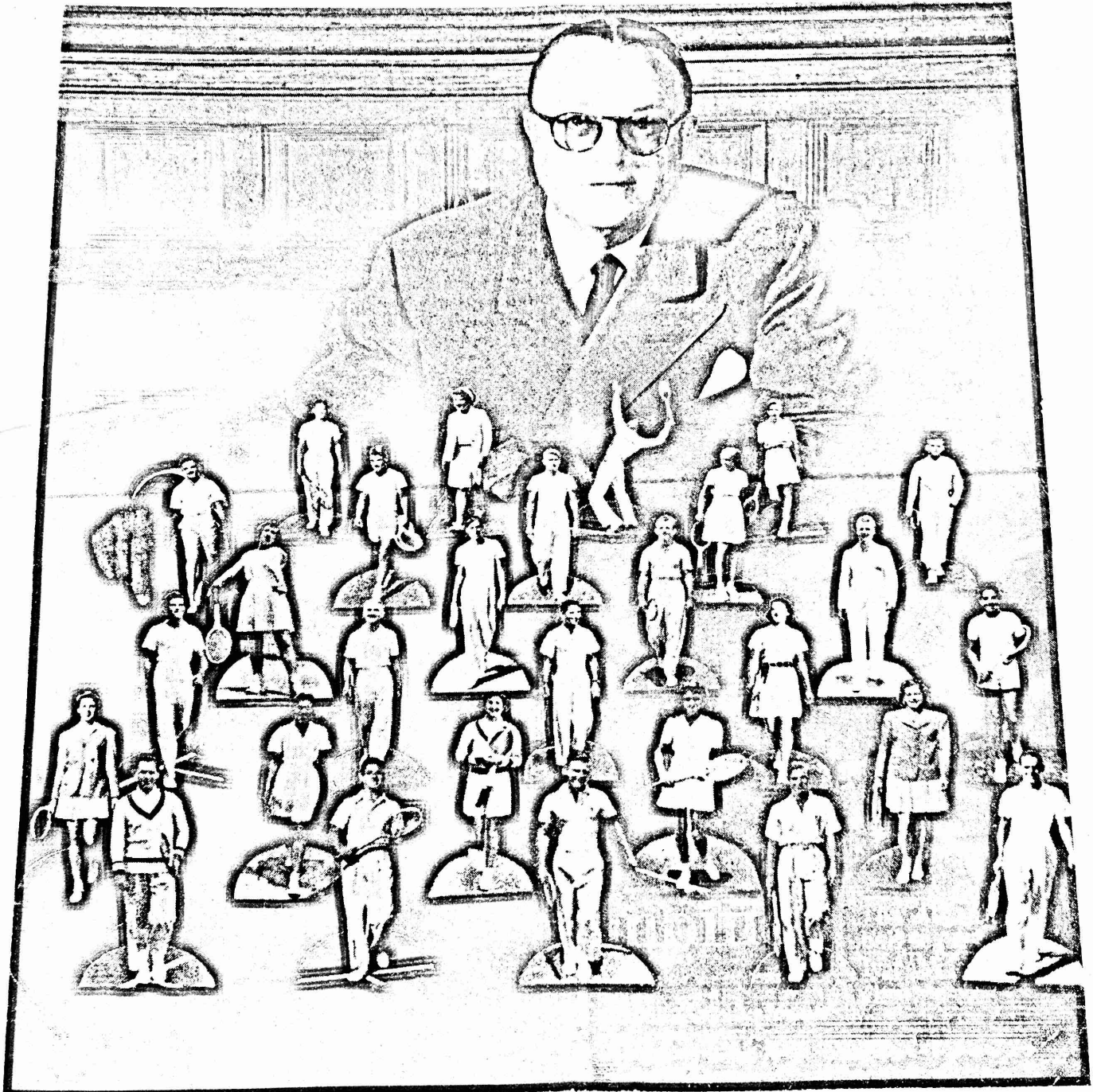


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Minnie molested at Disneyland

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, authorities say.

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 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.

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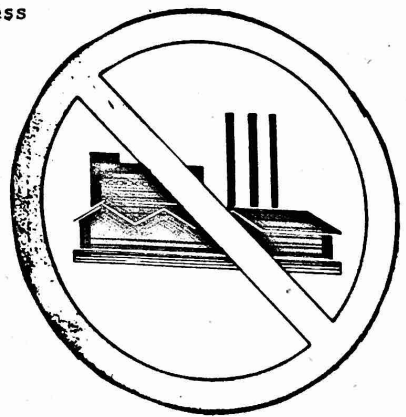
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WHAT, ME WORK?

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Media, Irony and "Bob"

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 post-modernism the idea of style itself enters a stage of bankruptcy; its incoherent banality turns postmodernism into the fast-food chain of expression and reflects the exposed condition of representation in general.

In its enervated, late capitalist decline, art is increasingly no more than a specialized colony of the media. The rapid acquiescence of, say, a Warhol has made it easier for corporations like Lobl and Xerox 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 argue 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, Muzak 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 avant-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, that development is at an end, so the tired current of "instant nostalgia" indicates a similar 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 this 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. Irony, for example, was possibly always disconnective or defusing, in its tendency to substitute an easy joke for a too direct response to a 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 dead. An ironic or sarcastic response to the world is nearly always present today; it is a cliché, 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.

The rock videos at 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? Meanwhile, the Church of the Subgenius is virtually a cultural industry in itself and its digs at religion, work, etc. pack no more punch than Letterman. In fact, culture needs such farce to pop up its dying appeal. Not surprisingly, "Rev." Ivan Stang, Subgenius founder, writ: regularly for High Performance: A Quarterly Magazine for the New Arts Audience to help meet the art-head demand for new antics by his Church. The radical edge of the very popular Subgenius ensemble is not far from that of "Saturday Night Live", or that of Artforum, in which ready references to Adorno and Baudrillard can be found immediately following dozens of pages of gallery ads.

But if media, following art, and culture in general, tend to swallow up the critical and blunt the negative, that negative is not to be lost sight of. Despite the best efforts of hip, cynical substitutes reality certainly remains problematic, eluding media's grasp.

To cite just one area of apparent non-colonization, the refusal of work continues and deepens. Time for April 28 ('86) bemoaned "A Maddening Labor Mismatch," in 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 story announced a shocking failure, that of the zero impact computers have had on output-per-hour in the office; "U.S. business has spent hundreds of billions of dollars on them, but white-collar productivity is no higher than it was in the late Sixties." And blue-collar productivity has presented an equally dismaying picture to authority; Wickham Skinner's "Productivity Paradox" (Harvard Business Review, July/August '86) revealed that "American manufacturers' near-heroic efforts" 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.

John Zerzan

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so you can
sell some
copies of
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get for doing
this?

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more
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 - Tiny people live inside my television set.
 - Sometimes I just want to kill and kill and kill.

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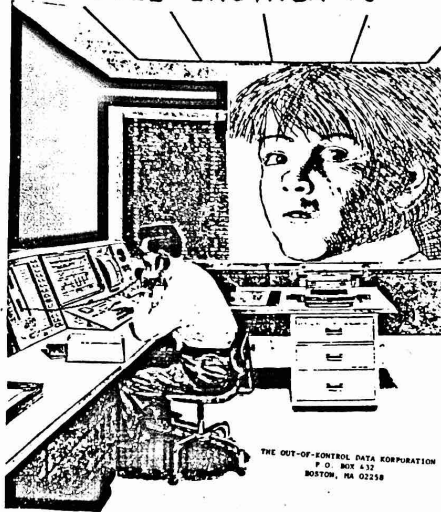
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youth got arrested just for being in the vicinity of the march, and we never knew their names or where they were taken. By the time we got to layne State, it became clear that the cops were going to move in on us. Our numbers had dwindled to perhaps 40. A desperate attempt to "get more support", the "tacticians" leading the march decided to invade a nearby hospital, scaring the patients and staff half to death, and providing the cops with the excuse they needed to move in. Thus, the final denouement began.

We got off relatively easy in Detroit. In West Virginia, where my friend was posted, their brave contingent of five people was very nearly lynched by a front windshield was smashed to smithereens. They got away, but my friend's.

I finally left about a year and a half later. Bob Avakian, Party Chairman, had by this time decided to flee to France to escape imminent "assassination". I later ran into him (with his ever-present bodyguard) in a North American city. (which shall remain nameless), but one which is definitely not a part of France. Their Revolutionary H(an)orker is still coming out, through with fewer pages, and many of the diehards are probably still involved. What I've told you is only the half of it, but I can't use up the whole magazine. What I've told you is only the sions. As Chairman Mao says: all things have their history. You can draw your own conclusion of something you know its present.

LITTLE BROTHER IS



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Woman loses ear lobe in biting fight

A 36-year-old Kalamazoo woman needed 17 stitches to repair her right ear after a 26-year-old female acquaintance bit off its lobe Wednesday night.

The younger woman was in Kalamazoo City Jail this morning, awaiting arraignment on a charge of assault with intent to maim. The fight began about 6:30 p.m. in the 1500 block of North Burdick Street, said Kalamazoo Public Safety Lt. Donald Verriage.

The victim was treated at the Family Health Center Clinic, 117 W. Palerson.

Verriage said the woman's ear lobe, with an earring still attached, was found, but not in time have it reattached. The lobe will be held for evidence, he said.

WATCHING YOU

Police can't operate because of insurance

The Associated Press
WEST BROWNSVILLE, Pa. — State police were placed on standby Friday after officials shut down the borough Police Department when its liability insurance expired. The community has been waiting to hear from insurance companies about coverage, but few provide that kind of coverage anymore, council President Steve Yerant said. "They won't even give us a quote," Mr. Yerant said. "It's not the cost. We just can't get any feelers."

Liability insurance on the borough's buildings expires April 29, raising concerns that the borough itself may have to cease operations.

Erotic sex contest climaxes with five sodomy arrests

UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL
ST. MARYS, Ga.—Police arrested five people involved in a bar's 1950's promotion and charged them with sodomy for taking part in a contest to see who could appear to have the most erotic sex in the back seat of a '57 Chevy. Camden County Sheriff Bill Smith said a warrant had also been issued for the arrest of a sixth person, a Jacksonville, Fla., disc jockey who uses the on-air name of Marge Phizy at radio station WAPE-PM. Phizy allegedly was the master of ceremonies for the contest at Snorkel's lounge encouraged the participants to perform actual sex acts. Those arrested and charged with felony sodomy for their involvement in the Aug. 14 promotion at Snorkel's were Brian Lynn Held, 29, of Jacksonville, the manager of Snorkel's; Gavind Dih and Dipak Patel, both of Fernandina Beach, Fla., the co-owners of the Lounge; and contest participants Robin Elrod, 20, of St. Marys, and Patrick Tony Chambliss, 22, a sailor stationed on the USS Canopus at Kings Bay Naval Submarine Base.

All but Chambliss were released on \$20,000 bonds. A Georgia law that makes oral and anal sex illegal was recently upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court. Smith said the contest, in which customers competed to see who could appear to have the most erotic sex, was held in the back seat of a 1957 Chevrolet that had been brought inside the lounge. The sex contest was part of a 1950s promotion by Snorkel's and also included bubble gum blowing and twist dance contests, Smith said. Held, Dih and Patel were charged because they allowed videotapes of the sex act to be shown several times on a big screen TV in the bar, Smith said. "The act happened, and then they showed it or allowed it to be shown," Smith said. Other customers who participated in the sex contest simulated various sex acts, but Chambliss and Elrod "left nothing to the imagination," Smith said. "The performance was good enough to snare first place for the couple," Smith said. "Ms. Phizy gave them a 10."

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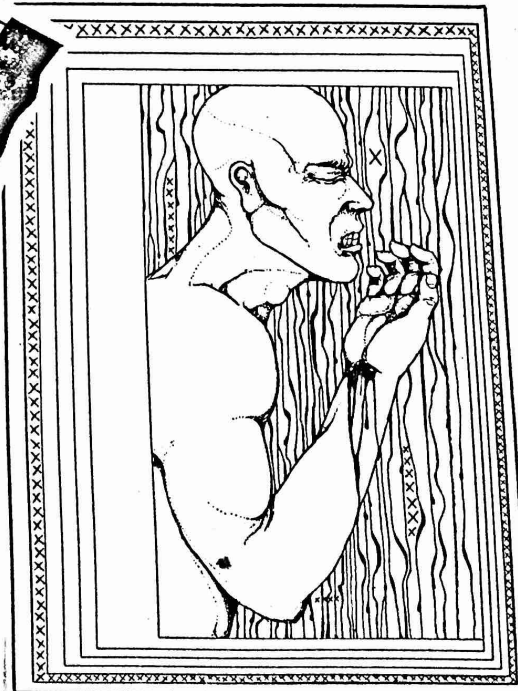
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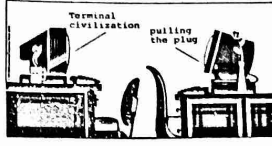
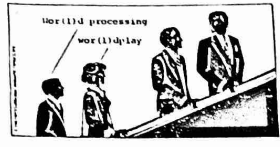
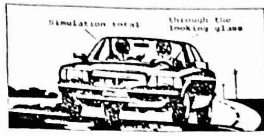
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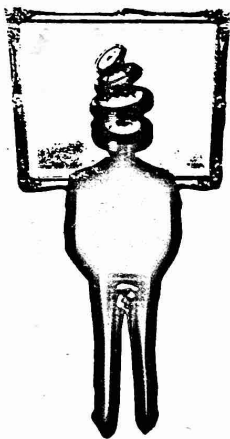
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Light Bulb Joke Contest Results

We didn't award the coveted Black Light Bulb award in Chicago at the Haymarket banquet like we promised, partly because we hadn't received very many 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 Slyboots
- "Screwing in a light bulb is like the history of anarchism-- it takes a few revolutions before you see the light." boog
- "Two, same as anywhere else" D.C.
- "Anarchists? There aren't any-- not since 1936." G. Woodcock



"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 (or anything else) and the consensus process makes me want to kill sometimes I hereby volunteer to unilaterally light any room up, especially if it's very dark. SAM, & the last bottle of beer has rolled off to some unseen corner & thereby Panic has set in."

"b.M."
"One. Me." 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

"One. If two or more anarchists are present, 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 violent fight and, in the process, the lightbulb will be broken." from a back issue of The Indicator

From THE GENTLE ANARCHIST

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 Kossy.)

Reviewed by Luke McGuff

Bob Black lives a bit more on the edge than most of us who just play at it. He was one of the prime Sub Genius 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.

His attitude can be antagonizing, and in fact, Bob Black has done a better job of alienating people than influencing them. Inside Joke and Processed World are two fine periodicals that refuse to have anything to do with him because of his abrasiveness (to be polite). It's the kind of destructive testing of relationships a failure, and takes no account of human empathy.

"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 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 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 holidays. This woman also constantly complains about being poor, because she has a house in Chanhassen, an expensive suburb because she has a house in Minneapolis, a couple hours from work. Of course, she also has to have 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 stereo to make those freeway hours pleasant...

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 person. It makes one dull and listless. It should be done away with.

I don't agree with everything Black says (his solution is too simplistic, and would backfire as badly as all such solutions do), but this pamphlet gives a good overview of 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.

Derivi

Review

Bob Black lives a bit more on the edge than most of us who just play at it. He was one of the prime Sub Genius 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.

His attitude can be antagonizing, and in fact, Bob Black has done a better job of alienating people than influencing them. Inside Joke and Processed World are two fine periodicals that refuse to have anything to do with him because of his abrasiveness (to be polite). It's the kind of destructive testing of relationships a failure, and takes no account of human empathy.

"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 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."

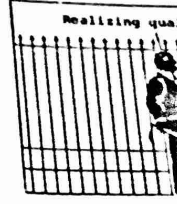
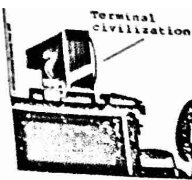
Materialism breeds work, one has to work to get the economic exchange necessary to buy the techno-toys that keep one entertained whilst preparing oneself for more work to get the money to buy more techno-toys, etc. etc. Very few people stop to realize that they could, instead of working so much to realize 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 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 holidays. This woman also constantly complains about being poor, because she has a house in Chanhassen, an expensive suburb of Minneapolis a couple hours from work. Of course, she also has to have an expensive car to drive back and forth every day, with an expensive stereo to make those freeway hours pleasant...

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 person. It makes one dull and listless. It should be done away with.

I don't agree with everything Black says (his solution is too simplistic, and would backfire as badly as all such solutions do), but this pamphlet gives a good overview of 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.



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OUR OWN NEVER-NEVER LAND

Dear PopReal-

You 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 communication.

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. Your extraordinary receptiveness to my ideas and suggestions has led me to think of myself not only as a co-founder, but as a Demi-God of the Kalikaks 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 its initial conception to its 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 ----- satisfactory, and when you ----- from your ----- and your main ----- oozed 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. 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
L
Rocks, PA.

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, I'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, OH.

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 Funicello 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
Bartow, 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 democracy: rule by the ignorant.
Captain Zero
Newbury, OH.

Nasal sex

Editor:

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

1) Surprisingly the Supreme Court overlooked well known body parts like noses and ears. Is, for instance nasal sex legal or illegal? 2) Since legislation is different in various parts of the country can we expect increased interstate sex traffic? And more specifically, would there be good business in Organized Interstate Sodomy Tours? 3) Does the decision of the S.C. imply that we will be deprived from detailed descriptions of the President's colon that we became so familiar with in recent years? 4) Is imprisonment the most appropriate punishment for sodomists? Rumor goes that sodomy is very popular in prisons. For a sodomist 20 years in prison would mean 20 years of fun so isn't it time to remove kalikaks from the shelves?

B. K. Stulp

Dear Popular Reality, (if your crazed paranoia is "popular" reality, then are death and taxes "unpopular" reality?)

Having received a couple issues of your madness from Denis McBea, 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 HOOT! Here's my two bucks. Send me stuff.

How could anyone lose faith in Nihilism? It works for me!

Yours till Niagara topples,
M. Cande
Cuyahoga Falls, OH.

What ho PopReal,

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

Lumpenly yours,
D.D.
Bloomington, IN.

Rev. Crowbar;

It is all very entertaining, but do you have to be such an asshole by printing crap against Columbia House, 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
Gainesville, FL.

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

Dear Rabble-Rousers-

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.

Sincerely,
MD
Memphis, TN.

P.R.

Crowbar

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

for @
Ron
@New Iron Column
Anaheim, CA.

Thanx 4 the little blurb, I needed it cuz I lost track. No, life would not be the same without PopReal resting in the 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 kinds 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
C.L.
Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.

Hello Crowbar,

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 messages 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 not almost about it. As Nietzsche said, "If you don't want to run with pleasure, then you don't want to 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 any different from the Bible tells him so? Don't 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 read about and heard about in school- as though you really know. But you don't and neither do I. What I know is MY life, MY desires. And what I'm gonna 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" that some eco-doom-sayer has convinced you to believe in.

To Bob Black: Your diatribes 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 anarchist aren't you?" "An anarchist? Watson anarchist?"

To Hakim Bey: Right on! Only a fool would think faggots had anything to do with circumcision (except as babes against their will).

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
Feral
Eugene, OR.

Crowbar:

Thanx much for new issue of POPREAL (15). Jammed full of great stuff. Appears as tho you're moving away somewhat from the strictly "anarchist" dogma spouters and more towards the real anarchists; those that don't fit into all those confusing categories. 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.

Mike
Mike Miskowski
BSP
MaLLife
P. O. BOX 1333
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.

Yours in anarcheforexia-
JU
Swartmore, 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.

Live long and fester,
RK
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,
WS
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
NO SHAME!
POPULAR REALITY
SHIMO UNDERGROUND

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



PERSONAL ADS

Due to popular demand - or at least "b"OB deGlynn's demand - PopReal is at last instituting a Personal Ad Column for those too warped to find companionship elsewhere. Hereafter, ads will cost .10 per word, minimum \$2. Respondents answering ads to be forwarded by PopReal must include postage.

Greetings Popular Reality-

My trigger finger is on the opening shot of a new Popular Reality project. It is time for Popular Reality to GROW, to MATURE, to "Get with it" as they say. It is time to embark on NEW PATHS. To that end I, The Sultan of Sex (Chairman "b"OB, Maximum Leader of Wino Nation), do hereby inaugurate for that esteemed journal of modern thought, Popular Reality, THE POPULAR REALITY PERSONAL AD COLUMN.

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 unconventionally 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 ASSASSINATION.

Such a woman should not come home with woeful tales of male street harassment, 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 "no wine", for in that land of no future, Wino Nation, cocktail hour is as mandatory as BREATHING. That "no future feeling" 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 sacred sacrament.

The libido of this woman must be such that it emanates fields and rays of photons, magnetism, and atomic particles. She must make Chernobyl look like static electricity. When she enters a room the wallpaper must peel, the TV should change channels in rapid 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 rowdier out of town. The trail of blood that follows her must lead not only to cops and Klanners, but to demonstration monitors, marshalls and peacekeepers. At night, as we sweetly sleep, from her dreaming lips I wish to be caressed with murmurs of "Viet Cong" and "Mujahdein".

Upon hearing the words "electoral politics" she must laugh hysterically.

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 BUTTTON.

Upon hearing the word "beer" she must drop everything and devote her undivided 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 temperament. 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 victim 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 re-reading stacks of Popular Reality, especially the stuff 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.
Brooklyn, 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 Sexatriat of the world has already lost its chains, therefore it has nothing to discuss...

WANTED: Lrg tall hndm dude covered in mayonnaise and draped with pastami, by gd looking lady wrng lettuce, tomatoes, by gd peroni, tuna, cheese slices and a nice smile. Object: interesting midnight snack. "Julia" Call (805) 966-0511 after 5pm, ask for

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 15437, 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 homunculi. Send photos & short (or long) bios to: tentatively, a convenience-box 382, c(riater) Baltimore, MD. 21203, USA, Earth...

Brand-name oriented, exhibitionistic SBF seeks servile, rich, insecure male for laughs. Force-feeding, naughtyde worship, sweat analysis. Ad #0001.

Really and truly 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. Ad #0002.

Old, creepy, neurotic, broken-down asshole seeks young, snipitty, shallow-minded anorexic twat. Books, records, children's toys, antiques, tupperware, some Avon. No early 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). To Hakim Bey, c/o Popular Reality.

To Hakim Bey, c/o Popular Reality.

ATHLETIC MALE SEES companion between age 18 - 35 my name is P. Barry P. and I have hair everywhere with the exception of the top of my head. I like sports, wine and cardboard. If interested send pictures to: 6436 30th S. North St. Petersburg, FL 33702

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

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION: WHAT ARE THE ODDS? WARNING!

It's not a pretty sight, you're walking down the street, minding your own business, when suddenly the person next to you bursts into flames. Happens all the time, right? Actually, most people don't realize how common spontaneous combustion is. People go up like faulty fire lights all the time. And no one seems to know why...

CASE HISTORIES

On September 19, 1938 in Chalfont, England a woman suddenly burst into intense bluish flames in the middle of a dance floor and within minutes was a blackened mass of ash. No satisfactory explanation as to cause of death was ever found.

That same year aboard the freighter the S.S. Ulrich, off the coast of Ireland, paleman John Greag was found at the wheel, reduced to a human cinder. Only his shoes remained intact. There was no evidence of fire in the cabin and crew members reported hearing no outcry. Although the sky was clear that day, the cause of death was listed as "flash light lightning".

In October 1964, former actress Mrs. Olga North Stephens, age 75, of Dallas, Texas was sitting in a parked car on East Grand Avenue when, according to witnesses, she suddenly and for no apparent reason became "a human torch of flames". As with other victims who have died in their cars, the gas tank was found to be intact and there was no noticeable damage to the interior or upholstery of the car. The coroner's report listed the cause of death as "burns suffered under mysterious circumstances."



DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU!

1. Human combustion generally happens to those who indulge immediately in the use of "fumes or spirituous liquors" (alcohol).
2. Older women are its most frequent victims, however cases of male victims have been reported as well.
3. Combustion is sometimes partial, but most frequently is general. Parts of the body most likely to escape destruction are the feet, hands and upper portion of the head.
4. Combustion usually does not extend to flammable substances or objects nearby or in contact with the burning body.
5. Water, instead of quenching the fire, only adds to its violence.

From a paper presented to The French Academy by scientist M. J. Fontaine in 1833

FACTS ABOUT SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

Spontaneous combustion is the localization of tremendous heat within the human body. The process indicates a radiant form of energy which, as far as can be determined, is not chemical in nature. This energy generally takes the form of a bluish flame, or fire, extending itself little by little with astronomic rapidity to all affected parts of the body.

This fire usually does not extend to flammable objects nearby. In some cases, even the victim's clothing remains undamaged. It should be noted that a fire hot enough to incinerate a human body normally requires a temperature of over 2500 degrees Fahrenheit.

Some victims of partial spontaneous combustion have survived long enough to state that they had absolutely no explanation for what had happened to them.

So don't waste your time worrying about a nuclear Armageddon, pal. You've got problems a lot closer to home. Who knows how many cases of spontaneous combustion have been explained away as "careless smoking" accidents? We urge you to write your congressman, call your fire marshal. Let them know that you want some answers and you want them now!

As long as these mysterious re-actants exist, there isn't a safe place in which to live! Let's stamp out spontaneous combustion in our lifetimes.

SIMILARITIES

1. Combustion is sometimes partial, but most frequently is general. Parts of the body most likely to escape destruction are the feet, hands and upper portion of the head.
2. Combustion usually does not extend to flammable substances or objects nearby or in contact with the burning body.
3. Water, instead of quenching the fire, only adds to its violence.

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

The most bizarre case of spontaneous combustion ever!

PREACHER EXPLODES DURING SERMON

Horrified congregation sees evangelist blow up in the pulpit

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

I. Xtianity

Again & again we hope that attitudinising corpse has finally breathed its last, pancopious sigh & floated off to its final pumpkinification. Again & again we imagine the defeat of that obscene flayed death-trip boogey nailed to the walls of all our waiting rooms, never again to whine at us for our sins...

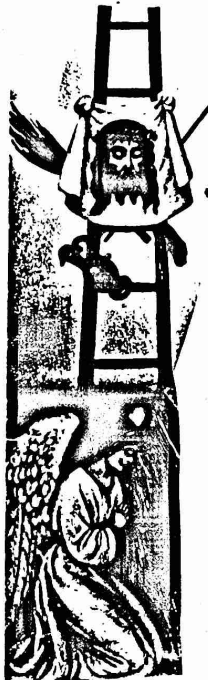
but again & again it resurrects itself & comes creeping back to haunt us like the villain of some n-th rate snuff-porn splatter film -- the thousand re-make of "Night of the Living Dead" -- trailing its small-track of whispering humiliation... Just when you thought it was safe in the unconscious... it's JAMES for JESUS. Look out! Hardcore Chainsaw Baptists!

And the Leftists, nostalgic for the Omega Point of their dialectic paradise, welcome each galvanized revival of the patrescent creed with too's of delight! Let's dance the tango with all those marxist bishops from Latin America -- croon a ballad for the pious Polish dockworkers -- hum a few spirituals for the latest afro-Methodist presidential hopeful from the Bible Belt...

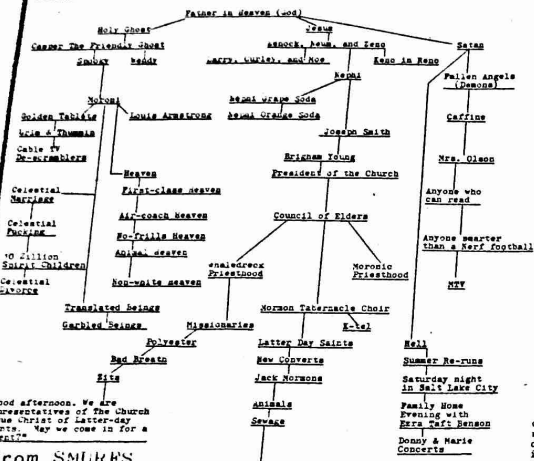
The AOA denounces Liberation Theology as a conspiracy of stalinist nuns -- the Shores of Babylon's secret scarlet deal with red fascism in the tropics. Solidarity? The Pope's Own Labor Union -- backed by the AFL/CIO, the Vatican Bank, Freemason Lodge Propaganda Due, and the Mafia. And if we voted we'd never waste even that empty gesture on some Xtian dog, no matter what its breed or color.

As for the real Xtians, those bored-again self-lobotomized bigots, those Mormon babykillers, those Star Warriors of the Slave Morality, televangelist blackshirts, somber squads of the blessed Virgin Mary (who hovers in a pink cloud over the Bronx spewing hatred, anathema, roses of vomit on the sexuality of children, pregnant teenagers & queers)...

as for the genuine death-eulists, ritual cannibals, Armageddon-freaks -- the Xtian 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 on with human life.



THE HIERARCHY OF THE MORMON CHURCH



From SMURFS IN HELL



The remaining 90% of the Earth's population who will burn in hell forever and ever and will beg us for a drink of water; but we can't give it to them so matter how much we want to... NEED.

BLACKOUT ALLEGED

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

"What would you compare it to?" Saunders said. "It's like Thoreau called up all the local papers and said, 'Look here: if you don't give my book some play you'll look like fools in the eyes of posterity.'"

Saunders is publishing his own book, an "autobiographical novel" he calls *Evil Genius*. The publication date is his 47th birthday, August 31. Saunders was born and raised in Delray Beach.

"A prophet is not without honor," Saunders said, "save in his own country." *Evil Genius* is his 36th book, the 21st book in the 21-book series *Hogwallow*. A hogwallow is a monumental statue.

"Books being banned isn't news to the media," Saunders charged. "News being managed isn't news. That's who manages the news. That's who bans the books. But the problem with a blackout is it backfires. For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. A backlash, if you will. A blackout calls attention to the event it is designed to suppress. You'd be better off to give me a little squib in 'Born - Died - In the Service.' You'd be better off to throw me a pop. For a \$5,000 grant the state Division of Cultural Affairs could make me stop saying they won't give me a grant. A hailing of the counterfeit, the slick isn't news to arts agencies. They're the ones who give the pork out."

Saunders calls public support for the arts pork 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?"

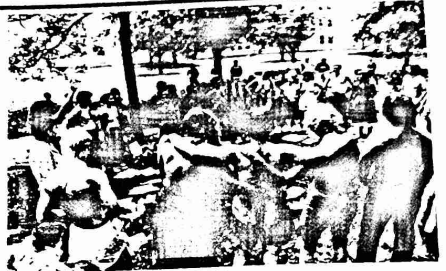
An informed source at the Palm Beach County Council of the Arts said, "If you give cranks publicity, they'll never stop pestering you. The resistance of entrenched opinion is a hurdle all new art must pass. He can't have it both ways. He can't be a martyr and accepted. Can't suffer for his art and be secure, financially."

Last year Saunders spent \$15,000 on his writing. He made \$31. The amounts were different, but the proportion has been the same for 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. "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.



Women protest discrimination at shirtless picnic

A shirt-free picnic was organized by a group of Columbia men and women in an attempt to dispel social taboos associated with women's breasts on July 26th. The picnic in Peace Park on the University of Missouri campus was attended by 26 participants and approximately 100 to 150 onlookers. The participants sat in a circle and sang, played instruments, ate food and distributed leaflets to the crowd. Many of the "onlookers" were embarrassed and/or turned away when offered literature. Onlookers talked among themselves and took pictures, but didn't verbally bother the participants.

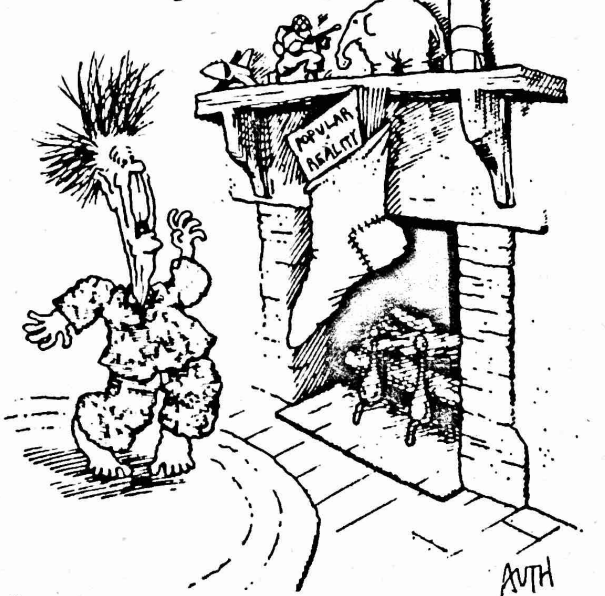
Columbia Missouri is just one of many places where it is legal for a woman to be shirt-free in public. We researched the laws in our area by calling the county prosecutor, the police department and two different lawyers. It was important to have several sources since there are sometimes obscure laws that refer to breasts as genitals. These laws are still on record, though it has become obvious even to the legal system that breasts are not essential to procreation. If there isn't a law in your area--great, the first hurdle is over, but you've still got work to do.

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 act even when no laws are broken by your actions. Indeed, for a pervasive and lasting change to occur we must challenge not only laws, but the social mores that lie at their roots. Acting in any way that implies the human body is less than beautiful and natural sanctions pornography and puritanism.

Going shirt-free is a political act which for women affirms that we own our own bodies. We will be the ones who choose when, where and how we expose our bodies. Actions should set precedents as they did for us in Columbia. Having publicly declared our right to be top-free, we are now able to exercise that right. It is important to note the difference between radical actions like our picnic, and reformist actions. We did not ask permission to take off our shirts, nor did we ask anyone to "give us back" our bodies. Radical actions cause onlookers to question their beliefs because they are directly confronted by their fears and objections, and even many who consider themselves open-minded are disturbed at the sight of women's breasts. By Teri Giacchi and Larry Williams--for more information write to us in care of the C.A.L., P.O. Box 300, Columbia, MO. 65205.



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