

POPULAR REALITY

We Treat Your Subconscious As If It Were Our Own
Number 17 February-March 1987

50¢

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1987
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Joe Schwind - Kansas College of Collage

HELL COMES TO YOUR HOUSE

The heremids were agrarian mystics whose somnolent and benedictine agricultural rites had no connection to the episcopal status. Their ecstatic shamanism predated the advent of Judeo-Christianity in Europe by several centuries. When in 1500 the first heretics in Europe were reported to the witchfinders of Frankfurt, Italy it was discovered that heremids had to have been satanists because there was no mention in the orthodox manuals, such as the *Malleus Maleficarum*, of a category of benign nature worshippers.

In the modern witchfinder's manuals such as Charles Hugham's *American Satanism* or the appropriately named *Hammer of Heretics* magazine published in association with the Zionist Shimite society, *Searchlight* in England, the intelligence sheets of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith (ADL) and the Simon Wiesenthal Center, revisionists are never perceived as independent thinkers or skeptical inquirers researching "Holocaust" anomalies out of concern for historical integrity, but as satanist butchers, terrorists, anti-Semites, neo-Nazis and perverts. For example, Lucy S. Dawidowicz, author of *The War Against the Jews* labels revisionists as "rabid," "neo-Nazi," "cackpot," "paranoid" and "oddball." Elie Wiesel, chairman of the U.S. Holocaust Commission, adds the nice twist "spiritually perverted" and "morally deranged" to the list.

Because the heremid had no way of presenting their views to the official circles of the Church and literate establishment elite, they were depicted solely from the point of view of their accusers.

The best presentation of the case against the Exterminationist theory, as of this writing, is Dr. Arthur R. Butz's *The Hoax of the 20th Century*, a brilliant four-decade work of research and critical analysis. Importing or possessing the book in Canada, the Federal Republic of Germany, Israel and South Africa may result in arrest and imprisonment. In the U.S. it is informally banned from college course work, bookstores and most libraries. Those libraries which do stock it usually keep it off the shelves in inter-library loan.

Those who dare to read the book or make it available to students and the public on the civil libertarian basis of the people's right to know and judge for themselves, will be smeared as Nazi sympathizers and persons spreading poison in the community. This *argumentum ad hominem* will be given by bourgeois journalists and academics who have not even read the book, but who are content to accept the infallible word of the "Holocaust" cult's popes and popesses that the book is profoundly demonic.

Without recourse to a fair hearing before the episcopate and aristocracy, the indigenous heremid were transformed into the classic Biblical image of satan. Similarly, in the face of modern censorship and repression, grotesque distortions and patent stupidities are presented to 20th century audiences as "what revisionists say." Lucy S. Dawidowicz.

Butz, an associate professor of electrical engineering and computer sciences, was convinced that all the Jews said to have been murdered were still alive and he undertook to prove it, his expertise in computers no doubt standing him in good stead.

This is what Dr. Butz actually wrote:

The Jews of Europe suffered during the war by being deported to the East, by having had much of their property confiscated and, more importantly, by suffering cruelly in the circumstances surrounding Germany's defeat. They may have even lost a million dead. Hitler was given the power to act independently upon his own responsibility. Everybody knew that that meant executions of partisans and persons collaborating with partisans. The dirty task was assigned to four Einsatzgruppen in the East. The Einsatzgruppen must have shot many Jews, although we do not know whether "many" means 5,000, 25,000 or 100,000.

Miss Dawidowicz had apparently not even read the book by the man she is bashing, and does not expect that her readers have or will either.

Elie Wiesel:

If we are to believe some morally deranged and spiritually perverted pseudo-historians, the Holocaust never took place. The Nuremberg trials, the Einsatzkommando trials, the Frankfurt trials were never held... There was no Treblinka there was no Maidanek, there was no Birkenau. Northwest Professor Arthur Butz calls it: "The hoax of the century."

Dr. Butz on Nuremberg:

First there was the "big trial" conducted by the "International Military Tribunal" (IMT) at Nuremberg immediately after the war. This was the trial of top Nazis Goering, Hess, Ribbentrop et al which ran from November 1945 to October 1946.

Dr. Butz on Birkenau:

Thus, on the basis of seniority and also on account of quartering the Auschwitz SS administrative offices, Auschwitz I was indeed the "main camp," but Birkenau designed for the specific requirements of the Auschwitz operation, was clearly intended as the "principal camp" in terms of inmate accommodations.

This skewing of revisionism on the part of "Holocaust" zealots is intended to make it impossible for otherwise intelligent people to break out of one-track, Newspeak-imposed cognition about World War Two, Orwell.

The purpose of Newspeak was not only to provide a medium of expression for the world-view and mental habits proper to the devotees, but to make all other modes of thought impossible (1984).

The quality of demonic heresy projected onto the revisionist witch is a product of the linguistic technology of Newspeak which creates a deliberate blurring of lines of distinction separating the literal from the metaphorical.

The adoption of a brand name mass-marketing sobriquet as the official, literal-academic, as well as Pop-metaphoric description of German-Jewish relations during the National Socialist reign, was a clever psychological and epistemological coup on the part of the Exterminationists. By this ruse, the critical faculties of both the masses as well as the intelligentsia have been occluded. In considering the subject of German-Jewish relations from 1933 to 1945, it has become difficult—if not impossible, as Orwell warned—to perform the basic requirement which ensures the integrity of language and perception, the ability to make distinctions.

The Exterminationists exploit the confusion "Holocaust" Newspeak has engendered in its denotative and connotative aspects.

When revisionist studies make specific challenges about, for example, the number of Jews who perished or the technical impossibility of gasings having taken place in the unsealed, wooden door-latched "chambers" on display in Auschwitz as of this writing, they are defended against in terms of the linguistic and visual agenda of the Pop-metaphor of "Holocaust." Investigating any cherished axiom is cleverly interpreted to the public as an act of the board, flat-earthist negation of a thousand conjured images of body piles, goose-steppers and concentration camp privation.

It is crucial to the Exterminationists that the public fails to grasp the distinction that the Pop-metaphors of the "Holocaust" are capable of interpretation. No revisionist or even minimal standing denies concentration camps, anti-Semitism or the deaths of hundreds of thousands of Jews from disease, hunger and combat.

The objective of the "Holocaust" cult is to ensure that the public does not learn that revisionist research does not deny the Pop-metaphor but seeks to discover whether the constantly repeated photographs of body piles and other images of Jewish suffering were the result of mass murder by poison gas and deliberate starvation or failed policies of poor economic distribution and deportation stemming from Germany's defeat in war.

Dr. Thomas Szasz excoriates the underpinnings of the confusion between the literal and the metaphorical when he writes, "...where the true believer speaks metaphorically but claims that he asserts literal truths... he may consent to no more than insisting that a metaphorical truth may be a literal falsehood" (Heretics).

As a religious metaphor on a par with the mystical utterances of the Talmud, the 20th century Jewish "Holocaust" has significance as an article of pious Jewish faith for all that equally audacious recitals are a fixture of Jewish religious fervor. In the sacred Hebrew scripture Talmud, it is stated that the Romans slaughtered 40 million Jews during the siege of the Israelite fortress of Bar Kokhba.

The Talmudic story, like the gas chamber story, makes for good *de laude* martyrdom apocryphals, but bad history. It is not a matter for the public to debate the literal truth of Jewish beliefs. Every religion has a right to its own story. It only becomes a public matter when Jews attempt to establish as criteria for human decency, good citizenship and public morals, the demand that non-Jews must believe Jewish fables and accept them as a matter of scientific historiography.

It is a telling commentary on the modern era that the apocryphal and eschatological language and agenda of partisan religious dogma has been enthusiastically embraced as the objective description of an entire epoch of world history in public newspapers and airwaves and the lecture halls of secular universities.

It is an apparent though not widely admitted fact that Judaism, through the "Holocaust" cult, has become the informal state religion of the West, with the distinction of being the last truly believed religion in the otherwise agnostic West. The end result of this reactionary hegemony being the same as that of the Big Brother party in Orwell's 1984, "to extinguish one and for all the possibility of independent thought."

Judaism is of course not unique in this endeavor. "Christianity" and Islam have a similarly ambitious undertaking, which did not prove successful. The Pop-spirited human beings from casting off the mental shackles of those cruelly oppressive hoaxes. It remains to be seen if the especially authoritative superstitions of the Church of the "Holy Hoax"—wedded as they are to the formidable and unprecedented industrializing abilities of modern communications technology—will defeat or will be defeated by the empirical investigations and doubts of the infidels of our time, who dare to blaspheme against the sacred logos of "Holocaust" Newspeak.

Notes

1. The Gazette (Montreal), March 2, 1985, p. B5.
2. NY Times, Jan. 24, 1985, "Lawyer tells of plot on Barbie." On Feb. 26, Barbie was administered poison by the prison physician. The NY Times described the assassination attempt as "meditation that was apparently given him by mistake" (NY Times, Feb. 27, 1985, also of The Spotlight, March 11, 1985).
3. Israeli army radio broadcast of April 18, 1985.
4. The South Star (Canada), Jan. 18, 1985, p. A-11.
5. Ode to the Honourable Sir William Temple.
6. Cf. Night Witch: Witchcraft and Agitation Cults in the 18th and 19th Centuries.
7. Lucy S. Dawidowicz, "Lies About the Holocaust," Commentary, December, 1980.
8. Elie Wiesel, "What Did Happen to the Six Million?" Jewish Chronicle, Nov. 4, 1977.
9. Dawidowicz, op. cit., p. 34.
10. Arthur R. Butz, *The Hoax of the 20th Century*, Institute for Historical Review, 1985, pp. 239 and 197.
11. Wiesel, op. cit., p. 19.
12. Butz, op. cit., p. 18.
13. Ibid., p. 52.

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The Return of Ding-Dong

Vice in America

By Dr. Al "Arboreal" Ackerman



Even if your religion keeps you from celebrating it, one of the worst things about the Thanksgiving season is the recurring pain and embarrassment of what dermatologists call *Udelohidra draunum* (possums in the drains). There is something about Thanksgiving which seems to bring these little omnivorous largely nocturnal and arboreal mammals up into kitchen drains even in the most secure and modern of American homes, and there is nothing quite so dim as staggering to the sink for a drink of water in the middle of the night and finding a possum head sticking out of the drain and looking up at you. And if you keep cats or dogs, possums in the drains can be an extra headache, because when a

possum is crawling around in the pipes, it tends to make a lot of racket, which keeps all the animals in the house stirred up. In our house, which was built around 1927 and where we have sixteen cats, to have everybody milling around the sink at one time congests the kitchen floor, leaving no space for me to practice my rumba steps, or roll.

I myself finally solved the problem of possums in the drains once and for all, three years ago, by using an old folk-remedy that a friend taught me. I recommend it to all of you reading this who have indoor plumbing (which means at least thirty-five per cent of you, if your editor hasn't been exaggerating the statistics he gave me.)

Anyhow, readers who keep up with the medical news will recall that at Thanksgiving, three years ago, I was suffering from a raging ear infection, a condition brought on by listening to the election returns, for which the doctor had prescribed a pain-killer in the form of one of those sweet red syrups, not a bad deal because when you drink lots of this red osain-syrup you can sort of fool yourself into thinking you're just a kid drinking elixer of codeine and cutting classes again. But the side-effects, as I believe they call them, can be unpredictable; in this case, the quantities of osain-syrup I was drinking caused me to become a true-cut medium. What I mean is somebody telepathic who's able to receive spirit messages from the great beyond by means of a trumpet. The way this is done is by asking the trumpet a question and then holding it to your ear and listening to what it tells you, as you would a sea-shell or a gossip. So one cold and rainy Tuesday afternoon, about three days after Thanksgiving, when our possum was making an extra loud racket in the drains and the cats were so annoyed that they were about to drive me nuts, I asked the trumpet what I should do. Pretty soon the answer came back (entering my mind directly in the form of brain-roof chatter), and it advised me to phone my old friend "David" Crowbar Nestle, who lives in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and see what ideas he had on the subject of getting rid of possums in the drains.

Now, in addition to being editor of two too family publications (POPULAR REALITY MAGAZINE and HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN) "David" Crowbar Nestle is an interesting nonentity in his own right. For one thing, there's the way his nickname ("David") came about. It seems that one day he just got fed up with people constantly breaking into his house and stealing his furniture; so, as the coos weren't doing anything about it, he adopted the method of going out himself and just stealing it back again. That is, whenever somebody stole his furniture, Crowbar would go right over to colorit's house, break in, and reclaim all that was rightfully his. He always broke in on Saturday night, always went in by the back door, and always used a crowbar. Hence his nickname. (Pretty interesting.) As I say, Crowbar lives in Ann Arbor, where the number of furniture thieves is nothing short of phenomenal; I know this for a fact, because the one time I was at his house, there was barely any room to move and I just have counted at least ten separate and complete sets of furniture (three sets crammed in his living room, seven sets stacked under canvas out in the garage), all of which he said he had been forced to reclaim after it was stolen from him. That this keeps him pretty busy, goes without saying; so I counted myself lucky indeed that Tuesday afternoon when I phoned about the possums and was able to catch him at home on the fourth or fifth ring. (Editor's Note: Something a little funny about that last sentence.)

"Possums in the drains, eh?" he mused when I had explained what the problem was; "well, sure, I know how to handle that. It's an old folk-remedy. My Uncle Orton taught it to me." Well, Crowbar's Uncle Orton has been locked up in Sellvue for at least twenty years, and hearing that it was his remedy encouraged me to such an extent that I spent the next thirty minutes with pencil and paper, carefully taking down all that Crowbar told me, and I learned the following:

According to Uncle Orton, the way to rid your home of possums in the drains is, first, to stoop by the store and pick up six eggplants (the large blackish-purple fruit that looks like something you wouldn't particularly care to find in your hair or nose or both). Next, cut each eggplant in half, length-wise, and, using a needle and a length of strong thread or twine, sew the eggplant halves together. This should be done in such a way that, when the string is tied around your neck, the eggplants hang down in back, forming a kind of loose floppy cape. ("The 'ystic Eggplant Cape.") The next step is to remove all your clothes and (wearing just the eggplants) climb up and sit in the sink, with your knees up and your butt clamped down over the drain. At this point, a second person ("The Dealer" or "Helper") crawls under the house and uses a tire iron or wrench to beat on the pipes. This distracts the possum and drives it along through the pipes in the direction of the kitchen drain, at which juncture the exorcism is supposed to occur in some mysterious fashion—in some mysterious fashion that Crowbar wasn't exactly clear on, but he had heard his Uncle Orton swear time and again that it had never been known to fail. Crowbar said it was practically all his Uncle Orton talked about, when he wasn't busy trying to kiss people.

Needless to say, this method struck me as an excellent one and I wanted to try it immediately on account of how the possum was getting on my nerves. The only problem, as far as I could see, lay in finding exactly the right man to sit up in the sink while I crawled under the house. (Editor's Note: Did he find such a man?)

Fortunately, when it came to finding the right man, luck was with me in the person of my old army buddy, Popeye Sleeze Steve Steele, who was in town for the holidays. In fact, Popeye had been living on my sofa all month, selflessly putting aside his own career as a professional drowner to help make sure I never had to drink my pain-syrup alone. When I got off the phone with Crowbar, I shook Popeye awake and explained the plan. "Um," he said, "I don't know, Kinkhead—" (he always calls me "Kinkhead")—"in this weather I hate to think how cold that rusty old sink of yours is going to feel." "Don't worry," I said, "you just have some more osain-syrup while I run to the store for the eggplants and by the time we're ready to start exorcising the drains I bet you'll hardly notice any discomfort at all." So Popeye had some more osain-syrup and I went to the store. Sure enough, by the time I was back and had the six eggplants sliced and sewn together, he had stooped worrying about how cold it was going to feel, and once we had his clothes off and the mystic eggplant cape in place around his neck, the only problem had become getting him to the kitchen and up in the sink, since the pain-syrup had made him "as loose as a goose." The big trouble was that, while Popeye only weighs about seventy-five pounds, he stands well over six feet when he's able to stand. The result was he kept folding up on me like an ironing board, which caused his head to bounce up and down on the kitchen floor, further agitating the cats who were already crouching and darting all over the place as a result of the possum, which went right on raising hell in the pipes.

I was beginning to fear my castle was built on sand, but just when all looked darkest, the boy who comes by two or three times a week to try to collect for the paper showed up at the door, and I was able to bring him in and enlist his aid. "Jesus," he said, stooping in his tracks when he saw Popeye resting near the cats' water in his mystic eggplant cape, "what happened? Did somebody roll him for his clothes?" Inasmuch as we were already running late, I chose not to become tired in a lengthy explanation and merely told the lad not to worry, that we were a couple of Thirty-second Deceere 'sons and that my fraternal 'asonic brother on the floor was made up to represent the Aelcidana of John the Baptist. This seemed to satisfy him. Between us, we were finally able to out Popeye in the sink ("knees up, butt clamped down over the drain"). "Thanks, son," I said to the boy, "and the Knights of Columbus thank you, too." He left quickly without saying anything.

Egg-plant cape in place, knees up, butt clamped down over the drain, feet hanging over the edge of the sink, head lolling and eyes semi-glazed but able to respond to simple verbal commands. I judged Popeye was ready to play his part and that the rest would be up to me. To be on the safe side, I asked the spirit trumpet how things were looking as far as the probable success of our venture went. Pretty soon the answer came and it sounded like the trumpet was saying, "Sniff, sniff, somebody in this room has red eyes." I took this to mean that it was my woolly sweater, collected my electric torch and the wrench I had selected to beat the pipes with; then I went out the back door, found the back of my house, and crawled under it. It was a moonless night and strangely dark under the house. Everywhere my light played I could see cobwebs; piles of cat puke, old newspapers, tin cans, wet leaves, broken toy cars, muck, mud, debris, and the pair of red tennis shoes I'd lost the summer before, their canvas sides mildewed and rotting—a veritable fairy-land, in other words, and I must admit I got a little hung-up drinking it all in with my syrup-heightened senses. Eventually I brought myself back to the task at hand, and started crawling forward, hammering on the pipes as I went. The din was deafening. In between clangs with my wrench I thought I could detect the possum moving and scuttling before me through the pipes. When I judged that he had probably reached the point where the tangle of pipes twisted up toward the kitchen drain, I stopped and listened. It occurred to me for the first time, at that juncture, to wonder what might happen when my hairy little adversary with his razor-sharp teeth and claws reached the too of the drain and found Popeye's butt clamped down over that was, in effect, the only avenue of escape. But the time for wondering was short—for at that moment, the night was rent by the worst scream I have ever heard.

Instantly a horrible fantasy number unrolled in my head. I saw myself having to rush Popeye's torn and bleeding form to the nearest emergency facility. There was sure to be all sorts of unpleasantness. You can't just bring somebody to one of those places with his butt ripped out by a crazed possum and not expect to go through a lot of embarrassing cross-examination. I felt as if at some point along the way I had perhaps made a slight miscalculation. But where? I spent so much thought and sweat under the house working on what I would tell the hospital people that when I finally entered the kitchen, my mind was almost too over-stimulated to take in what I saw. For my friend was sitting there in the sink, just as I had left him, without a scratch showing. "Popeye, you're alright!" "Sure, why?" "Didn't you just scream?" "Scream? No, I don't think so. Listen, Kinkhead, are we in bewilderment. But if you didn't scream, and it and I'd like to get down." I shook my head in bewilderment. "But if you didn't scream, and it certainly wasn't me—then who the hell was it?" (Editor's Note: I'd say it's probably a toss-up between the possum and a reader.)

In the end, we never did find out. Another mysterious aspect of the whole affair was that the possum seemed to have vanished without a trace; at any rate, I never heard him in the drains again after that night. I have been mulling the thing over in my mind for several years now, but never coming up with much in the way of enlightenment and can only venture to guess that, one way or another, Uncle Orton's remedy must have worked. Anyway, all of you are welcome to use it.

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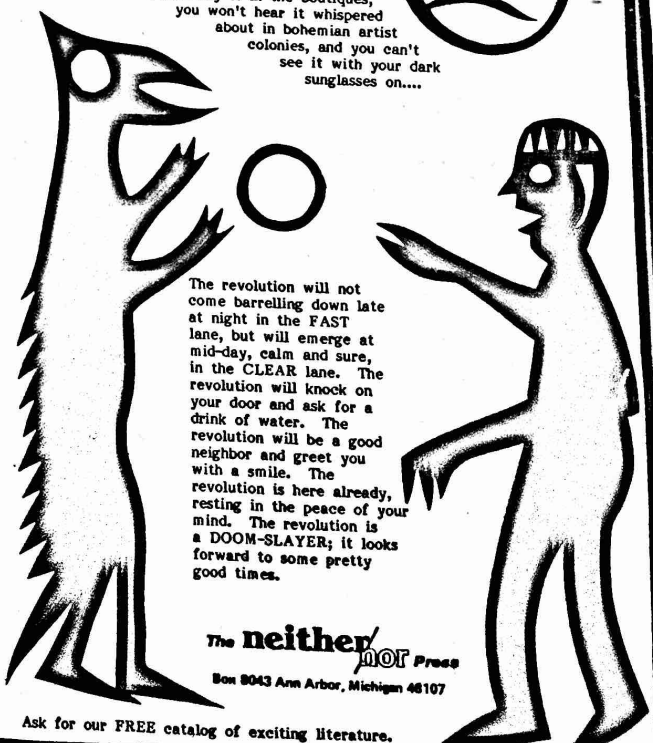
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GRAPHIC BY DAVID MOROSKI TEXT BY DUKE DRAKLO



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

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THE ABOLITION OF WORK
and other essays

by BOB BLACK

(Loonpanics, box 1197, Port Townsend WA 98368;
paper; 159 pages)

reviewed by WAKIM BEY

A few years ago, after a decade spent incommunicado in exotic places, I returned to America and began renewing old contacts with native anarchists. I sent away for hundreds of publications of the sort found in Blacklist and Mike Gunderloy's Fastsheet Five. Among all the stuff that then flooded my mail, a few peaks began to stand out above the waves, like the tsunami in that famous Japanese woodblock print, and among the leftiest organizations and thus made the belated discovery that it consisted of Bob Black. We've been corresponding ever since.

When Grim Reaper Press published my CRASH! The Broadsheets of Ontological Anarchy, Bob Black reviewed it generously and got the review published in a variety of zines. I now have the opportunity to engage in some private grooming behavior by broadcasting the virtues of BB's own first "real" book, THE ABOLITION OF WORK & other essays.

If you fail to read this book ("listen, little anarchist!"), the next twenty years are not going to make very much sense to you. To telescope my review: no book published since Society of the Spectacle has introduced any major new ideas into the literature of anti-authoritarianism -- until Black's Abolition of Work.

I'm not claiming that he single-handedly invented the zero-work movement -- although the book's title essay represents by far the most concise and trenchant quintessence of that cause ever written.

Nor can his originality be located in his eclecticism, his pungent mix of Marx, Stirner, dada, Fourier, Nietzsche (see "I've Got A Nietzsche Trigger Finger"), the Situationists, Chure wellspring of American Individualist Anarchism -- although as a connoisseur of syncretisms I find this brew in impeccable quality to be pinned down in his style, ever political essayist alive, somewhat as Douglas: fastest pun in the West. Let me give Black Bob jest serates the sensibilities.

We've got enemies, and not all of them paper tigers. Without exception however all have ended up looking pretty f*cken stupid -- even when they "win" a round (like Proc-essed World forcing him out of California). Combination Parisian gutter-press feuilletonist and Dublin pub-srawler, BB revels in Veracilian Strife -- he has the "bad taste" to take ideas seriously and fight for them, a form of behavior just as repugnant to most radicals as to other sorts of intellectual whitetrash.

We're not the only world-class U.S. writer reduced to sanizdat and the evanescent realm of APA's, xerox zines, mimee flyers and correspondence. In fact, I would contend that today's ONLY front-line literature springs from self-publication and the amateur press (NOT the "underground" press, that deflated relic of the 60's). Rather than attempt my own list of favorite luminaries in this "Other Mutants" category, I'll quote one of Black's: "Ed Lawrence and Ivan Stang [who both wrote excellent hallucinatory intres to Abelition], Donna Kossy [who did the spiffy color collage for the cover]... Michael Vey [Loonpanics tycoon]... real he-man Rev. Crowbar of Popular Reality, the pussant TENTATIVELY A CONVENIENCE [of Baltimore], Feminist Subgenius Tael Dragwyla, G. Michael O'Nara, Reve, Gunderloy, Satoy, Sterne, Irv Girschman & Alex Jaxen, Dan Todd formerly of Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous, Wakim Bey, Evelyn Lau..." (from Free@gent no. 2).

Black's true denotation lies in a breadth of vision which sees in this fragile network of post-Everything rebels the emergence of something new. One of the latest essays collected in Abolition, Anarchism & Other Impediments to Anarchy (1985), heralded Black's "farewell" to the anarchist "Movement". Since the book went to press however he has emerged again under a new rubric or slogan: "Watsonian" or "type 3" anarchism. In the above-mentioned article in Free@gent he says, "We type 3's are more than we are. Yet less than we want to be (come). We are busy being born. And we would rather be midwives than housewives. We would rather you surprised us by outdoing yourselves than confirm our cynicism. Your turn to play, comrade."

The type 3's have broken with all forms of classical anarchism -- with all the workerist ideologies including syndicalism and council communism -- with all born-again knee-jerk 19th century atheism, scientism and vulgar materialism -- but also with all religion -- with all forms of rigid self-definition (including the hyper-selfish varieties of Individualism) -- with all forms of capitalism including both marxism and right-wing libertarians -- and all forms of Statism, Leftism and vanguardism. Every one of these sacred cattle is brutally mutilated somewhere in Abolition... (perhaps "Bob" is really one of those "men in black", a secret flying-saucer alien from the Nollow Earth...?)

What are the type 3's in favor of, what escapes the fine mesh of their ire and irony? This question remains outwardly unanswered in Abolition, which consists largely of critique rather than utopian speculation. The answers lurk between Black's lines and in the conspiratorial web of U.S. sanizdat, where texts remain cryptic or even invisible to the gaze of outsiders. From this ferment the answers emerge, now: chaotic, obscure, protean, beyond all categories and labels. You're either on the bus (as the Merry Pranksters used to say) or you're not on the bus.

I like to save up big words for special occasions -- I try not to spatter superlatives all over the lit'ry landscape, but heard them for deserving cases. So: Abolition of Work & other essays is a masterpiece. But I venture to guess that you ain't seen nothin' yet.



THE ABOLITION OF WORK: THE ABOLITION OF WORK 1987

1. The original, without collaboration, of its most illustrious, Jack Saunders. He begins, "I will be the first to admit that I have been..."

2. Fort Nino will not receive a visit from the FBI.

3. On behalf of the Managua Lenin Group, Bob Saunders will undertake a peace mission to Central America..."

4. Prompted by eternally vigilant postal inspectors, a grand jury will investigate possible violations of federal law in connection with Black's subscription to Rev's life. Rev, feigning ignorance of the English language, harangues the grand jurors in French. A hastily summoned translator, a former official of the Stab's regime, grossly pale and excuses himself when Rev begins to chant a certain course of the Bahian which, in a garbled translation, made B.P. Lovecraft forever regret his in-Providence in mailing it to his excitable friend Robert L. Howard. The case is closed.

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WHEN AUTHORITY DEFINES FREEDOM

TRULY FREE SPIRITS ARE OUTLAWS.



THE DESIRE FOR PLEASURE, GUILT-FREE WITH A DISDAIN FOR WORK AND THE LAW, MARKS A POTENTIAL FREE SPIRIT.

"Lumpen Culture Overthrow
Neurotic Sanity (L.C.O.N.S.)"

THE ABOLITION OF WORK
and other essays

by BOB BLACK

(Loompanics, box 1197, Port Townsend WA 98368;
paper; 159 pages)

reviewed by WAKIM BEY

A few years ago, after a decade spent incommunicado in exotic places, I returned to America and began renewing old contacts with native anarchism. I sent away for hundreds of publications of the sort found in Blacklist and Mike Gunderloy's Factsheet Five. Among all the humpf that then flooded my mail, a few peaks began to stand out above the waves, like the tsunami in that famous Japanese woodblock print, and among the leftiest was the Last International. I wrote a fan letter to this slyly-named organization and thus made the belated discovery that it consisted of Bob Black. We've been corresponding ever since.

When Grim Reaper Press published my CWAOS: The Broadsheets of Ontological Anarchy, Bob Black reviewed it generously and got the review published in a variety of zines. I now have the opportunity to engage in some primate grooming behavior by broadcasting the virtues of BB's own first "real" book, THE ABOLITION OF WORK & other essays.

If you fail to read this book ("listen, little anarchist!"), the next twenty years are not going to make very much sense to you. To telescope my review: no book published since Society of the Spectacle has introduced any major new ideas into the literature of anti-authoritarianism -- until Black's Abolition of Work.

I'm not claiming that he single-handedly invented the zero-work movement -- although the book's title essay represents by far the most concise and trenchant quintessence of that cause ever written.

Nor can his originality be located in his eclectic mix of Marx, Stirner, dada, Fourier, Nietzsche (see "I've Got A Nietzsche Trigger Finger"), the Situationists, Church of the SubGenius, and certain wellsprings of American Individualist Anarchism -- although as a connoisseur of syncretisms I find this brew in impeccable taste. Nor can BB's special quality be pinned down in his style, even though he outwrites every other political essayist alive, somewhat as Doc Holiday dealt with the opposition: fastest pun in the West. Let em get their writin'-irens and ol' Black Bob jest aerates the sonsabitches.

We's got enemies, and not all of them paper tigers. Without exception however all have ended up looking pretty fucken stupid -- even when they "win" a round (like Processed World forcing him out of California). Combination Parisian gutter-press feuilletoniste and Dublin pub-brawler, BB revels in Heraclitan Strife -- he has the "bad taste" to take ideas seriously and fight for them, a form of behavior just as repugnant to most radicals as to other sorts of intellectual whitetrash.

We's not the only world-class U.S. writer reduced to sanizdat and the evanescent realm of APA's, xerox zines, mimee flyers and correspondence. In fact, I would contend that today's ONLY front-line literature springs from self-publication and the amateur press (NOT the "underground" press, that deflated relic of the 60's). Rather than attempt my own list of favorite luminaries in this "Other Mutants" category, I'll quote one of Black's: "Ed Lawrence and Ivan Stang [who both wrote excellent hallucinatory intros to Abelition], Donna Kossy [who did the spiffy color collage for the cover]... Michael Wey [Loompanics tycoon]... real he-man Rev. Crowbar of Popular Reality, the puissant TENTATIVELY A CONVENIENCE [of Baltimore], feminist SubGenius Yael Dragwyla, G. Michael O'Mara, Reve, Gunderloy, Estey, Sterne, Irv Girschman & Alex Jaxen, Dan Todd formerly of Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous, Wakim Bey, Evelyn Lau..." (from Free Agent no. 2).

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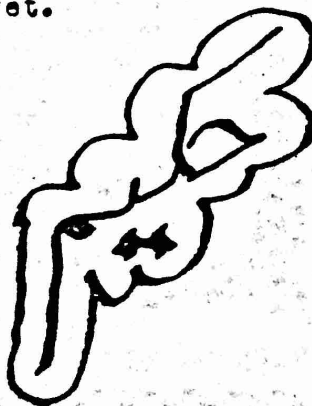
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Black's true denotation lies in a breadth of vision which sees in this fragile network of post-Everything rebels the emergence of something new. One of the latest essays collected in Abolition, "Anarchism & Other Impediments to Anarchy" (1985), heralded Black's "farewell" to the anarchist "Movement". Since the book went to press however he has emerged again under a new rubric or slogan: "Watsonian" or "type 3" anarchism. In the above-mentioned article in Free@gent he says, "We type 3's are more than we are. Yet less than we want to be (come). We are busy being born. And we would rather be midwives than housewives. We would rather you surprised us by outdoing yourselves than confirm our cynicism. Your turn to play, comrade."

The type 3's have broken with all forms of classical anarchism -- with all the workerist ideologies including syndicalism and council communism -- with all born-again knee-jerk 19th century atheism, scientism and vulgar materialism -- but also with all religion -- with all forms of rigid self-definition (including the hyper-selfish varieties of Individualism) -- with all forms of capitalism including both marxism and right-wing libertarianism -- and all forms of Statism, Leftism and vanguardism. Every one of these sacred cattle is brutally mutilated somewhere in Abolition... (perhaps "Bob" is really one of these "men in black", a secret flying-saucer alien from the Hollow Earth...?)

What are the type 3's in favor of, what escapes the fine mesh of their ire and irony? This question remains outwardly unanswered in Abolition, which consists largely of critique rather than utopian speculation. The answers lurk between Black's lines and in the conspiratorial web of U.S. samizdat, where texts remain cryptic or even invisible to the gaze of outsiders. From this ferment the answers emerge, now: chaotic, obscure, protean, beyond all categories and labels. You're either on the bus (as the Merry Pranksters used to say) or you're not on the bus.

I like to save up big words for special occasions -- I try not to spatter superlatives all over the lit'ry landscape, but hoard them for deserving cases. So: Abolition of Work & other essays is a masterpiece. But I venture to guess that you ain't seen nothin' yet.



NOT PAUL KRASSNER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1987

by Bob Black

u

1. The marginals milieu will mourn the loss of its novelist emeritus, Jack Saunders. The loveable curandgeon will succumb to a heart attack upon learning he has been awarded a \$20,000 creative writing fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts. On the day of his funeral, tragically, an envelope arrives from Robert Penn Warren inviting Saunders to open for him at New York's Danceteria.
2. Kurt Nimmo will not receive a visit from the FBI.
3. On behalf of the Managua Trust Group, Bob McGlynn will undertake a peace mission to Central America abruptly cut short when, "under the influence" at a party held in his honor by the Nicaraguan Government, he accidentally steps on a pair of Daniel Ortega's glasses. Deported back to Brooklyn, he will be puzzled to learn that Processed World doesn't want to exchange with Shoe Polish Weekly any more, the second heavy blow to be struck to the zine, following hard on protests against its title lodged by Solidarnosc.
4. Prompted by eternally vigilant postal inspectors, a grand jury will investigate possible violations of federal law in connection with Hakim Bey's subscription to Boys' Life. Bev, feigning ignorance of the English language, harangues the grand jurors in Farsi. A hastily summoned translator, a former official of the Shah's regime, grows pale and excuses himself when Bey begins to chant a certain curse of the Hashishin which, in a garbled translation, made H.P. Lovecraft forever regret his im-Providence in mailing it to his excitable friend Robert E. Howard. The case is closed.
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GENERAL ESTATES INTERVIEW

1. Why do most people write your name TENTATIVELY, a CONVENIENCE?
 I was to participate in a Festival of the Disappearing Art(s) & the person who was making the poster for the festival wanted to put all of the participant's names in upper case lettering - since tentatively, a convenience is particularly meant to define a flexible entity boundary (& to, therefore, not be egotistical) I wanted these words to mingle more with the rest of the text than to stand out as representing a person - so, the TENTATIVELY, a CONVENIENCE compromise was reached - which I (I, apparently, other people) like because of the reversal of the typical name capitalization.

2. Have you ever participated in projects that failed?
 usually I build in a fail-safe mechanism to anything that I do, in other words: the basic concept is enough to justify satisfactorily whatever happens. however, I am dissatisfied with the outcome anyway about 1/3 of the time.
 How did you know that they had failed?
 if they did not come close enough to what I imagined they could be.
 What is a successful project?
 1 which I'm satisfied with the concept of & which I feel to have realized a substantial enough portion of the potential of.

3. What is truth?
 I believe in everything. I believe in nothing. I don't believe in nothing. a double negative as not a positive. I don't believe in truth, but, nonetheless, I'm an honest person. lies may just be truthful statements that are out of sync with consensus reality..

4. When did you begin to write as you do now?
 the earliest I can remember experimenting w/ writing was when I was 11 yrs old I began to invent my own abbreviation system (partially inspired by the inventor Charles Proteus Steinmetz - who I admired) - as I writing as I do now: all well, different styles originated at different times, the most structured of wch (wch I rarely use any more) was primarily created when I was 21 (11 yrs ago)..
 Have you written down the grammar/structure rules for this method of communication?
 I have aspects of it - mainly I prec termine whatever methodology I consider to be appropriate I whatever - the text's subject matter & audience I then with out be a w/ spontaneous applications..
 Is it structured or created as you go along?
 both.

Why do you do it?
 my language usage as 2 complicated 2 go in? here, but, a consistently meaningful structure of mine involves preceding any text w/ the latin abbr L: sample (e.g.) 2 indicates that the text represents possibility rather than fixation ("truth") & ends w/ a 2 2 indicates further it's tentativeness.. - my spellings r often meant 2 function as catalysts 2 ambiguous tangential thinking on the part of the reader..

5. What is surrealism?
 to quote from a recent addition to a bit of writing that I've been working on for the past 9 or 10 years: "Do you know if this channel-inflator box was burnt down?"
 Please describe a recent dream you had.
 I was in an elevator with a camera-woman/director of a tv show who had a lot of equipment with her (a camera on a tripod etc) - we reached the 20th floor & the woman started to unload the equipment - to prevent the door from closing before the equipment was totally unloaded I fumblingly reached for the door button but it was too late because the elevator floor had already started to descend like a hinged trap door - my pressing the door button caused the floor to become detached altogether & to ripple wildly in a sine-wave like motion..

6. Do you claim affiliation with any organization or group?
 yes. the enclosed "all-purpose poster" lists all but the 2 most recent which are: the preproprativists & the ShiMo Underground.
 Describe if so.
 since there are so many & since my perception of them is complex, I'll restrict myself to describing some of the ones that are currently the most important to me:
 the Kronomantic Organism - a group interested in practical, theoretical, mythical, fictional, etc aspects of time, time control, & time travel.
 The Church & Foundation of the SubGenius - the only group with thousands of people actually claiming (with some even paying members) to be involved which has managed to (eventually) accept & tolerate & integrate my more anti-social aspects. a cult group of the subhighest order!
 the Ecologists - an elitist cultural conspiracy minus the superfluous middle which includes everyone whether they like it or not..
 the ShiMo Underground - a politically active group of flexibles who managed to survive the period of mass-media manipulation in the direction of making such activism unfashionable enough to enable another war like Vietnam to occur. a group conscientiously trying to counteract those idiotic things that the rich & powerful do with the money that they steal from us with their systems & protection rackets..

7. What is your purpose in your work?
 my purposes are multifarious. I like to catalyze people into breaking their habits, thinking more, being more tolerant, being more daring, being less lazy, being more imaginative.. I try to live in accordance with my imagination. the purpose of my work is for working to be playing.
 Why do you take your particular approach?
 my approaches are multifarious too. they depend upon my purpose. therefore, there's no 1 particular approach. I use abstraction, subtlety, & complexity to relate to intellectuals. I use bluntness, & shock to relate to non-intellectuals. I use humor to help people ease up. I use threatlessness to command attention.
 Do you think you are successful in this effort?
 often - but more as a lucky fluke - since, despite my previous statements, I usually structure things in a way which deliberately neutralises - &, therefore, minimizes certain types of imbecility encouraging manipulation.

8. What produced such a problematic entity such as you?
 my own mad scientist - my own Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde (& all the rest).

9. What prompted you to adopt the name tentatively, a convenience?
 it answers the question: "What's your name?" by defining what I think a name's function is. I choose to use names other than my given name in order to more clearly present who I perceive myself to be.
 Is there an extreme in art that should not be crossed?
 let. it's not an artist - so, it's not too preoccupied with what art's parameters are. I think any extreme is acceptable - but, I prefer justifications of a particular nature (perhaps discordian in the Illuminatus Trilogy sense). I prefer some "extremes" to others.
 Is there any project that you have thought of that you refuse to bring into actuality?
 more fantasies than projects - once something reaches the project stage I'm generally serious about actualizing it. however, many, many obstacles exist which are thwarting enough to make me refuse to realize in certain ways.
 Why?
 to give 2 specific instances of how I've been thwarted:
 1. I haven't been able to find a tattooist to agree to tattoo me as I've wanted to be (with a double helix from crotch to navel, cross-bones on my chest, & a brain on my head).
 2. In conjunction with O.J. Bart I wanted to kidnap Dan White & force him to eat ONLY Twinkies while bound in a chair & forced to watch The Life & Times of Harvey Milk over & over - videotaping him under these conditions for a week or so in order to make a piece called: Just Desserts. somewhat unfortunately, the pathetic writer committed suicide before we could get to him.

12. Is there a distinction in your mind between creative expression & insanity?
 yes.
 What is that distinction?
 the 1st is deliberate, the 2nd isn't.



From CATALYST KOMICS

What are examples of each?
 the insane person might become stuck in a "Lady Macbeth" loop of trying to wash their hands of blood which is hopelessly fixed in their mind.
 the creative person might purge themselves of pain by channeling it into something positive to themselves.

13. What are your preferred mediums?
 I use film, writing, audio tape, & video tape - as well as "live action" the most - but I prefer to use a larger variety of mediums (particularly psychic ones) - generally excluding painting & drawing (which I generally abhor)..

14. If it were within your power to conduct any project you could imagine, no matter the potential original nature, economic cost, or social repercussions, what would you do?
 several projects occur to me off the top of my head:
 1. to kidnap all of the people in the world calling themselves "leaders" (placing particular emphasis on those who overly control the lives of large populations) & to put them "in charge" of their enemies' countries' politics - putting big shot capitalist cowboys in charge of small time communist countries etc..
 2. to put Mayor Wilson Goode (or whatever his name is) on a spit (keeping him alive) & to barbecue him (as well as a substantial portion of the Philadelphia police force) in front of his family - as a sign of my solidarity with the EOWE group.
 3. to emigrate off of this planet with a select group of friends.

15. You describe yourself most often as a "mad scientist/d composer/sound thinker/ high t collector/ as been". What do each of these titles mean?
 mad scientist: a perverse researcher - a creator of the fantastic without societal approval.
 d composer - an analyst, a composer of societally rated "d" boozed asic, sound thinker - an entity who thinks phonetically - thusly further exploring the double negative as not a positive escape hatch.
 high t collector - an assimilator of information & ideas.
 as been - an entity willing to attempt to control their own fate & prepare to as been - an entity who accepted them & not others?
 because they come closest to satisfactorily describing my sense of purpose without confining me within unacceptable clichés.

16. Where will you go when you die?
 every which way? SubGenius heaven/hell? (I hope) - my theories are many, my beliefs are none.. where did I come from? where am I going to?
 17. Are you trying to shock or enlighten?
 shock is a means. enlightenment is an end.
 18. What if you discover that your philosophy of action is entirely wrong?
 having already done so many times I'm at the point where I define my philosophy most succinctly by saying: "I had a philosophy once." I attempt to abolish the concepts of right & wrong from my action directing baseses.
 That all you are trying to achieve is empty, that your actions have not the effect you desire but rather the exact opposite or no effect at all?
 all I'm trying to achieve is mt; my actions are often experiments to help me learn what effects they'll have - therefore, any reaction is instructive; no effect at all?

19. Do you consider chemicals that cause altered states of consciousness to be viable tools in some projects or are they for enjoyment?
 I agree with Tim Leary's referring to them as tools - I rarely use them for strictly recreational purposes.

20. What do you like to eat?
 most things commonly categorized as food (food usic).

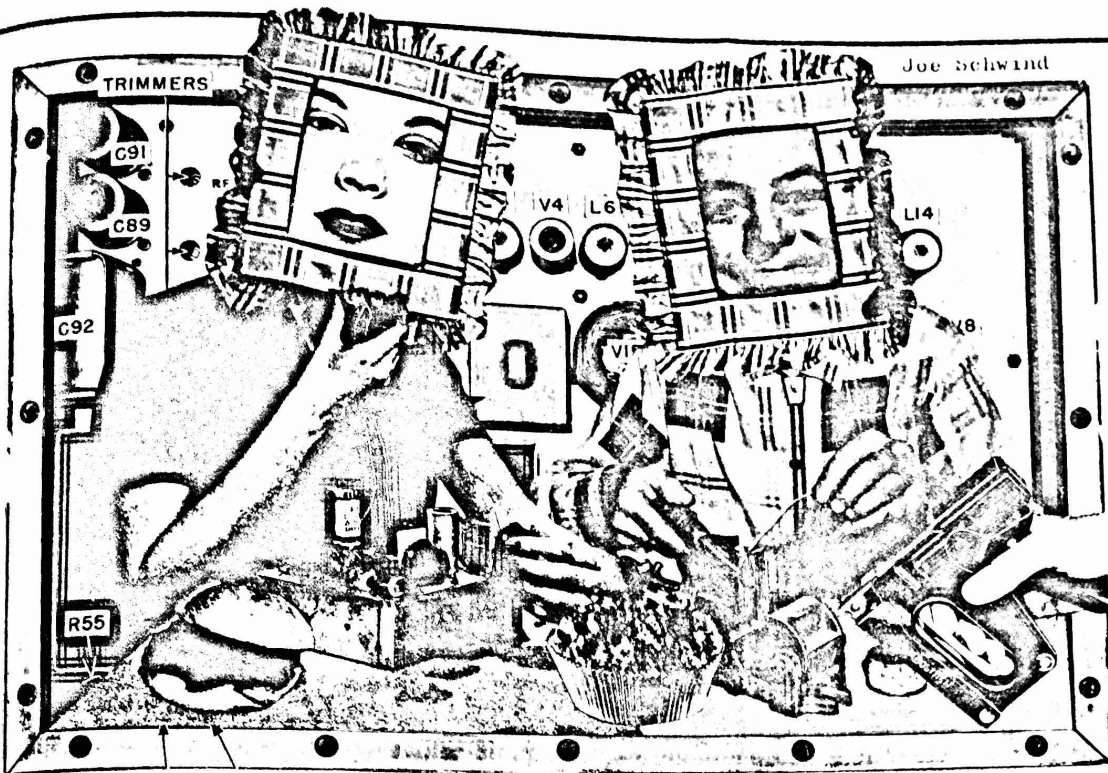
21. Is the place you are living now conducive to your projects?
 cr(ater) Bal Tim Ore city is primarily populated by people hostile to the ways in which I manifest my imagination. most cities are like that insofar as they are primarily populated by repressive normals who have no creative purpose in life & no understanding of those of us who do. as with most people, I tend to make my environment more conducive by simultaneously insulating myself & supporting myself with a subculture partially of my own making - this can be excruciatingly difficult insofar as I tend to be too individualistic to tolerate any social strictures.
 Is there any place or time that would be more conducive?
 probably - but getting there isn't easy. as I wrote in response to question #14: I'd like to migrate to another planet (or type of physical environment altogether) as well as be able to travel through time differently than I do now.

22. What is health?
 for myself: not being side-tracked, rendered miserable, or stopped by forces hostile to my vision.

23. What is the book you read last?
 Philip K. Dick's "A Maze of Death"

24. What might a person get if they sent you some money or something interesting?
 I publish many things which I trade &/or sell. these include:
 the book
 the referent wch consists of
 the non-materialized transparent punch-outs from a letter/whatever stencil, a magazine called: DDC/040.002,
 Widemouth Tapes,
 etc., etc..

25. Do you do more projects alone or with others?
 I do a lot of both. I like to collaborate for the sake of the fresh stimulation that it provides - for the extent that it breaks my habits.
 Why?
 not because.
 How do you go about finding people to work with?
 sometimes I seek out people I respect or who inspire me, sometimes I play with the people most conveniently & comfortably near me, sometimes I feel forced/compelled to resolve my relationships with certain people by involving myself with them.



In a handbook published to help foreign students avoid culture shock after they arrive in the States, the U.S. Information Agency shows:

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- An open heart surgery patient with his chest flayed open dying on the operating table.
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Sue Coyle

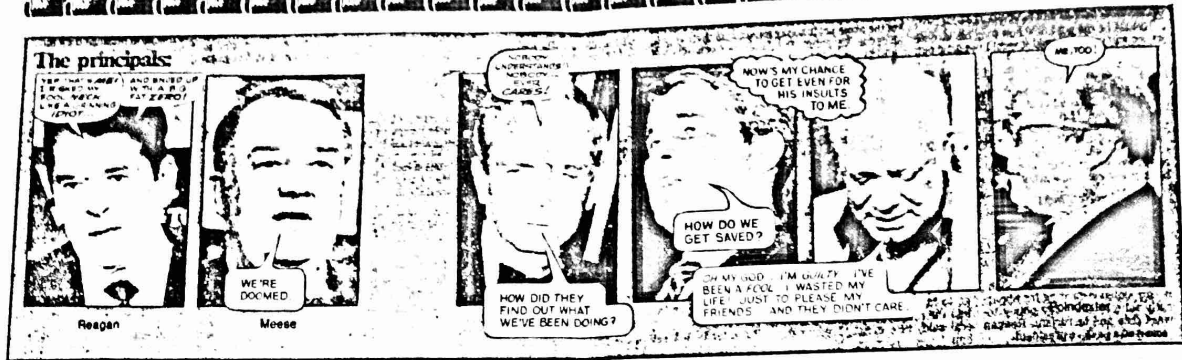
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WHEN REVOLUTION GETS WISE

Dervish

Pluto, the ancient Greek god of the underworld, not only oversaw all the raucous activity of the hades realm, but ruled esoteric affairs as well. More recently he has come to be seen, through astrology and paganism, to be influential to entire generations at a time, effecting revolutions and natural disasters that have some significant social consequence. Today we bear witness to a generation of individuals and sense this underworldly influence more acutely than any generation before.

It makes little difference whether you perceive reality as composing the myth or the myth coloring reality; we have grown up not knowing a time without the unrelenting threat of doomsday. We heard our parents talk about it, we were taught its history in school, we watched it happen on t.v. and at the movies. We are what we are and we are at home in a netherworld made manifest in our daily life. We inhabit the hell of our ancestry.

But is it an eternal, omnipresent aspect of humanity to wallow in fear and horror, or are we indeed in the throes of a phenomenon unique to our age. The answer seems to be a little of both. As a species we have always portrayed a proclivity toward total annihilation as can be evidenced in a number of ancient epics and scripture. The essential difference lies in the fact that then the annihilation was seen as the result of divine forces struggling with one another leaving the meager humans to suffer enslavement at the hand of the victor in the world to come since they'd destroyed this one through their conflict. Now it would appear that we've stolen the privilege of worldwide holocaust from "God" and taken it on ourselves. This forces us to face the devil in ourselves, by ourselves, rather than let the deity do it for us. We've tasted the forbidden fruit once again, and as always, it is a double edged sword. We have gained knowledge from the experience, but have been forced to sacrifice some blissfully ignorant beliefs in the process. A tough pill to choke down perhaps. Yet once you've taken a drug its too late to decide you have no desire for the intoxication it provides. All you can do is develop a sense of humor and hold on for the ride.

So how do we utilize this infernal knowledge? Denis McBee recently wrote, "The revolution will not come barreling down the fast lane, but will emerge at mid-day, calm and sure in the Clear Lane...The revolution is here already resting in the peace of your mind. The revolution is a DOOM-SLAYER." And that is exactly the state of mind that so many have begun to subscribe to. Instead of looking to the future for the coming good we should open our eyes and observe the reordering of reality going on all around us and acknowledge our place in it. Through the malls, in small towns and large cities, the great artists and progressive thinkers are emerging from the underground. In a matter of only a few years, what once was a small disjointed community of pen pals and radical publications has become so widespread and diverse that no single individual can keep track of it all. And more than that, the whole has become greater than the sum of its parts. After all these years of fighting the system within the so-called available channels of protest and petition, the answer to the problem has become obvious. Trying to combat ignorance, superstition and greed through sermonizing and complaint in the face of our oppressors is at best minimally effective. It professes the belief that progress can be won in the field of open political confrontation with the power elite. No, the solution lies in something more subversive, more diabolical; some attuned to the hell we've inherited.

To begin with, the only way to be truly free is to go out and do it. Freedom remains elusive as long as we complain about our chains. Freedom doesn't exist in the future, buried in ideals and propositions; it thrives in the activity of living free now. Don't wait around to be told if your desires are allowed or not, illegal or not, live the way you want to and let he who stands in your way be damned!

It comes down to the fact that we are beginning to ignore political antics and power play by world government because we have seen that these politics rarely have any real effect on the world at large. Politics is just one more second rate melodrama we've been told carries importance. Now we must begin to live for ourselves rather than against the establishment. The government and other failed power systems are helpless to influence us as long as, and in as much as, we live outside the restraint of those systems which are largely self-imposed anyway.

The same holds true for creative pursuits. By and large the gallery, literary success, and philosophical expression are evolving into the price of a stamp and an envelope. We are increasingly abandoning the old market atmosphere for a more open, less prejudiced arena.

In all activity we no longer have the need to rely on external constructs of behavior. The beauty is in the doing, in living as individuals, not in pandering to social conventions which are nothing less than tyrannies of the spirit. Rejoice, for TODAY is the day of your glory!

Jake Berry

Welk organist gets probation

LOS ANGELES (AP) — A former organist for bandleader Lawrence Welk was placed on five years' probation after pleading no contest to child molestation.

Superior Court Judge Dion Morrow on Friday ordered Robert Ralston, 47, of Granada Hills to undergo psychological counseling during his probationary period. The judge also ordered Ralston not to be alone with anyone younger than 18 during that time.

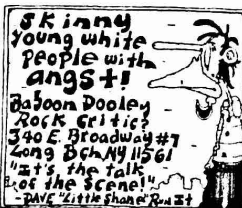
Ralston, who played the organ on Welk's television show for 20 years, pleaded no contest to molesting a 13-year-old runaway he brought to his home from New York City in 1984.

Three additional molestation charges were dropped in exchange for the plea.

The boy told police Ralston had molested him and taken nude pictures of him.

Deputy District Attorney Rebecca Owens, who argued for a prison sentence, showed Morrow a 12-minute movie made 10 years ago in which Ralston and a teen-age boy engaged in sexual acts. The prosecutor said police found nude photographs of 13 other boys in Ralston's home.

"It's a place where Christians are able to interact with other Christians," he said.



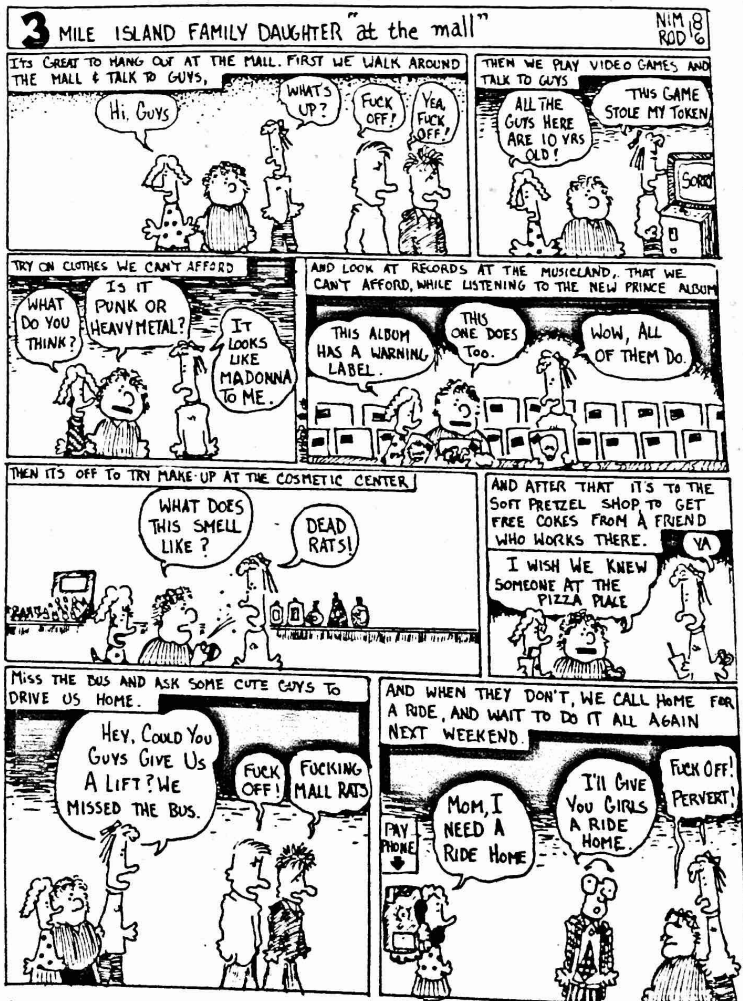
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VIRUS 50

Evan Johns
VIRUS 47

LOOTERS
VIRUS 54

3 NEW RELEASES FROM

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OUR OWN NEVER-NEVER LAND

Editor — My Mom smokes cigarettes and my Dad drinks martinis. They are both addicted to coffee. I think they're commies too. Where do I turn them in?

M. HEINICHEN
Son Francisco

Did you know that IBM intended to erect the Uniform Product Code Super Central Computer in Gorham Island in Westport, CT, and that their effort was foiled by Yours Truly? The land was, and still is, owned by Leo Veres, Paul Newman's attorney. Stew Leonard's, the world's largest supermarket, was their first test sight. Half the people at the UPC Council (Dayton, OH) are Procter & Gamble executives! That's the marketing Corporation of America!

R
Westport, CT.

PopReality
\$2 WOW! What a bargain! Not since Marie Stover can one get such a good time for \$2.

Keep up the good job.
Raleigh, NC.

Dear Popular Reality,
Anyone interested in joining a communal farm on 270 acres in East Texas, please contact:
Lou
918 Evergreen Ave.
Glen Ellyn, IL. 60137.

rev. Crowbar—
I see by my mailing label that my sub has only one issue to go (#17) so here's \$2.00 for a renewal. You might be interested to know that over the past year and a half I've subscribed to a dozen or so marginal-type mags, and yours is only one of two that I haven't cancelled.

CK
N. Huntington, PA.

Dear Popular Reality:
I've been reading your number 16. Like t. enclosed find \$3 (US) for subscription. Thanks, ever

CE
Toronto, Ontario
P.S. hope none of your drug-dealing postal workers finds this cash before you do.

Attn: PopReal
Have been receiving your rag thru Nimrod here in sunny G'ville. What I want to know is this: Why don't you stop bickering between yourselves and UNITE!! Liked the last issue, esp. the article on the history of the RCP. Keep up the good work!
United we stand...
A: Icon of Idleness
Gainesville, FL.

Dear Crow bar

Enjoyed the last (#15) issue of your mag. However I have a few pointers for you (and your comrades). 1st- Change the name of your mag to SMILE. By this action you will not only increase readership, you will lower it as well. SMILE magazine: the name is fixed, the kind of magazines using it aren't. Second, you and all your usual toiks (Blaster, Bob Black, Spider Rainbow, Celeste Oatmeal, Pilcher etc...) should change your names to Karen Elliot. In this way, the 'disputes' in your mag, as well as the 'content' will seem to the uninitiated reader to be the ravings of a schizoid maniac. To the initiated reader, they will seem to be the ravings of a few schizoid maniacs. Try it, the 14 secret masters will be pleased.

One last idea- instead of assembling new material for each issue, why not join with real proletarians and begin to join in the joyous refusal of creativity: for instance, just publish issue #5 over and over, every few months, with minor alterations. I suggest issue #5 because of the pressance of the Dog-butter letter, which seems like something that anyone could have produced--
Keep it up

Smash differentiation and determination.

Folks:
Karen Elliot
Firenze, ITALIA

Just picked up the last two (Oct./Nov. & Dec./Jan. 86-87) issues of PopReal and found them, well, necessary. Enclosed is two dollars for six more. Adding two bucks for two buttons (send "Party with God" and "Defy Gravity"), that comes to \$4.00. If my math is correct, that is.

A. S.
Seattle, WA

Fellow Armchairs,

POPULAR REALITY arrived at my work place. It is swell to read a paper like this. Apparently there was some kind of mass mailing to the rest of us lowly, disaffiliated fileclerks and human frycooks, more alcoholic than vegetarian. Three years ago I pasted up my last SRAF Bulletin so imagine my surprise, Mr Crowbar, to find Bob Black still plugging away. Gerry Reith! Spider Rainbow! Has time stood still or is this message in a bottle an old one?

Chris
Washington DC

Dear Popular Reality!
I'd like a subscription, please. Enclosed is two dollars of money I had previously little use for.

Take Care...
S.T. Eyer
Bryan, OH.

Gentlefolk,
As I'm given to understand it, I send you money and you'll send me magazines? Okay! Here be monies and I'll be at the above address waiting with baited mailbox.

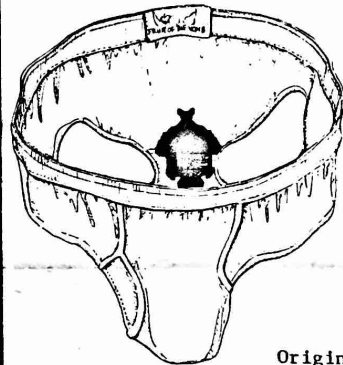
Pax,
HC
New Orleans, LA.



Dervish

intellectuals are the
shoeshine-boys of
the ruling elite.

PSYCHOANALYZING PSYCHOANALYSIS



dadata
P.O. Box 1000, New York, NY 10001

Origins of the
RORSCHACH TEST

PERSONAL ADS

Ads cost .10 per word, minimum \$2. Respondents answering ads to be forwarded by PopReal must include postage.

Wanted: All females. Object: Love. It is time we ended our wandering as symptoms of the spectacle and commodity. I know that I'm limiting myself to half the population, so... I will try harder. (And you animals out there- I'll keep you in mind too). Proletarian Too Long, P.O. Box 541, Orlando, FL 32802.

HELP! My god, Pan, is horny as hell and threatening to move to Tasmania unless more nymphs, maenads, and dryads reinhabit the NW forests. You repressed wild goddesses know who you are- trying desperately to enjoy one sick confining urban reality or another. Face it, wouldn't you flush it all for one full moon night of rolling in the moss with Pan??

Well what are you waiting for? A personal rapture? Prince Charming? The Cosmic Punchline? WAKE UP foolish woman!! Patience is an abhorant Xtian virtue. Pan calls only once, NOW, so don't blow it! He's making his last stand (and lay) on this continent in an old, beautiful, secluded mountain hot springs resort run by romantic anarchistic communarians in Oregon. Remember, Pan only cares what you say with your fluent, voluptuous BODY, but if you are also burdened with literacy and some intelligence WRITE ME, his humble intermediary. Then highlight it to the wilderness where the last of us sane animals are laughing and frolicking! Defender of the Wild Society, P.O. Box 578, Detroit, OR. 97342.

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

WANTED: Lrg tall hndsm dude covered in mayonnaise and draped with pastami, by gd looking lady wrng lettuce, tomatoes, pepperoni, tuna, cheese slices and a nice smile. Object: interesting midnight snack. Call (805) 966-0611 after 5pm, ask 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 homunculi. Send photos & short (or long) bios to: tentatively, a convenience-box 382, cr(ater) BalTimOre, MD. 21203, USA, Earth...

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

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.

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

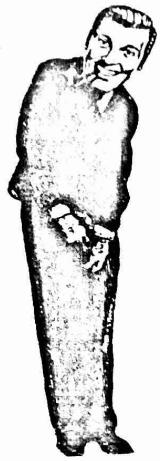
2 1/4" BUTTONS FROM POPREAL- \$1 EACH:

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.

Two New Chaos Revelations Reviewed by Hakim Bey

since about 1980 a number of people have been possessed by the spirit of Chaos, & have produced texts in a kind of trance state, filtered through their own individual "voices" but all saying pretty much the same thing. In the past couple of years a number of these mediums have been discovered in obscure lines. Since I wrote *COAOS: The Broadsheets of Ontological Anarchy* in 1984 I have "networked with" or heard from a number of fellow "prophets" of chaos, & it may be that some sort of School or Movement in Chaos Theory include the entire Eriolan/Discordian movement; anarchoism in "type 3" anarchism which supercedes both "individualist" & "Communist" varieties; the psychodelic churches movement of the 60's, esp. "Beat Zen" & philosophical taoism; the Church of the Subgenius; the work of "chaos" scientists such as I. Prigogine as well as the Catastrophe Theorists; "Chaos in the sexual freedom movement; etc. Two new important works course) -- both extraordinarily good. As usual with synchronicity-ridden "California, both from people with weird names & so on & so forth. anti-political zine in the world -- & in *CHAOS*, a Journal of Chaos Magic & being core of Chaos Theory. The Book of the *OUTLAW* (Atomic Wermatic Prods, Crowley's *Book of the Law*, & some of the humor may pass over the heads of readers without ipseissimus degrees. But the author of the famous *Bras of the Golden Subgenius* (available from Out-of-Kontrol in Boston) is no slacker. Not even the least 666 himself ever approached Yael's level of Loud'n'Gross. Over-laid (so to speak) onto the magical level we have soap-opera; (b) the entire racty framework of Subgenius theology -- J.F. "Bob" Dobbs, Jehovah, Wotan, Nunu, Connie Dobbs, the Xists, etc.; (c) hard-core porn; (d) a lotta beer & dope; and (e) a genuine teaching about the spirituality of chaos, or *OUTLAW*. With these Pinks & their analytic transactions have nothing to do when they are not dead, they are moribund. I choose only those who choose life! Follow my Slack-Vaster in all things... indulge all your appetites until satisfied! Keep plenty Pepto-Bismol around! Have no other Goddesses before me!... Do whatever gives the more Slack shall be the whole of the law. Steal this book! Decide for yourself what, if anything, all this garbage means. There is no law beyond Grab all the Slack you can...!!!! Tundra Wind emerges from a radically different stream of Chaos Theory, shaped by "eraclitus, anarcho-Taoism, Queer Lib & "Discordian Zen". (This last amalgam was invented, I think, by Kerry Thornley, the legendary aging hippy to whom Robert Anton Wilson dedicated the *Illuminatus Trilogy* -- anyway, Thornley has written a book [unpublished] by that title which I was lucky enough to see.) Tundra publishes in various APA's including *PreFanzing*, *APAERCS* & *APA Renge*, & has also appeared in *Nomos*. Tundra's new book "came to me... in a kind of trance" & was written in 3 days -- just like *OUTLAW* & *COAOS: The Broadsheets*!!!! the 104 names of chaos (available from the author, box 429, Monte Rio, CA 95462) is "spoken" by Chaos Itself, who uses a strange made-up syntax that includes no tenses except the present, no abstract nouns, no verb "to be" & no capital letters -- a new "grammar of chaos". The style is "rapid, musical, fluid, rushing & roaring" -- also poetic & oriental as opposed to Yael's parodic & accidental "voice". ... but again, the message is the same: "I give peace as my first name. Of all the charges & slanders brought against me, chaos, the idea that I bear responsibility for war, civil strife, & other nastinesses, causes in me the greatest anger. Always, always, those who preach, those who demand, order, law, security, predictability, etc., bring with them the horror of war... if you want peace, you must have chaos; for peace & chaos exist as two names for the same processing. Peace appears by itself at the termination of all order... when all people disagree with all people, then, & only then, peace & chaos can reign."!!!! "the truthing of orgasm & the truthing of chaos exist as facets of a single jewel... the ecstasy of orgasm signals the normal state of the multiverse... know then, that the primary purpose of sex lies in pleasuring orgasmic reproduction exists as an insignificant byproduct... 1, chaos, set aside a group of people who know the truthing of chaotic orgasm... queer ones, the sacred onanists, the pederasts, the faggots & dykes, the weird & yawward..."!!!! As *The Book of the OUTLAW* puts it -- in the words of "Numman" who actually dictated the text to Yael -- in Part III, aphorisms 42-43: "Party! Party! Party! Let's have a party! Mold an orgy! Get Slaoked-out any ol' way you can!"!!!! The A.O.A. considers that both these books are sacred scripture. Chaos never died -- & chaos is coming back. Soon, perhaps, very soon, a long-drawn-out moment of total autonomy is going to be "opened", & the spirit of chaos will coincide with some actual physical geographical temporal everyday piece of reality itself. Those who are ready to seize this moment will become as gods. Consider these books as Scout Manuals for the Millennium and Be Prepared.



Hakim Bey

the bells of the Cherokee ponies
I thought that was
Mrs. Lacey
In the streets at night
with my young ones
I looked to the east
and the distant plains
of about ponies
near from the ground
Fences Ponder Ponder
(the young horsestealers
& their bounding
word)
I looked to the east
and the distant plains
of about ponies
near from the ground
Fences Ponder Ponder
Delaware, Hudson
we will return your land to you
the young horses
will return your land to you
to purify the land
with their tears
The Independent Horses
are Ponder
to tell their fathers
"In the streets at night
the bells of Cherokee ponies
are weeping."

MY DATE WITH DAVID CROWBAR
By Joey Homicides

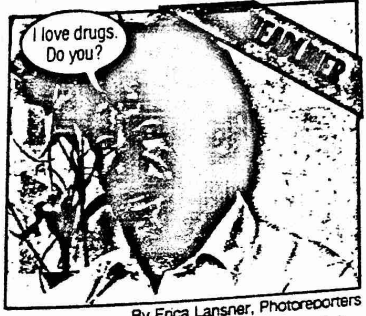
Monsieur Crowbar has been holding back by not letting the general public in on pertinent facts regarding his personal life. Recently the Reverend made entry to NYC where he was granted audiences with writers, artists and luminaries of the imagination. He was honored with the presence of, among others: Scott Bennett, World's Toughest Dishwasher and Vice-President of Local 101 of the International Dishwashers Union; Ann-Marie Hendrickson, who fought the KGB in the streets of Moscow last summer (but can she bake a cherry pie?); Sharon, token Canadian and favorite of both guys and gals after she abandoned Catholicism; Dave Mandi, witless dick and failed editor of NADA News; and of course myself, His High Holiness, Joey Homicides.

In general, I have a dim recollection of these sessions with Mr. Crowbar. Mostly I remember the insults, challenges, denunciations and threats hurled in between toasts and sips of booze. Two episodes stand out clearly in memory. The first: the last time Rev. Crowbar attended an audience with us he brought stacks of the sacred text, *Popular Reality*. In the personal section he had printed a long (and brilliant) letter from me. I read it dozens of times and howled with delight. But then I noticed something in the future he would be charging for the ads. When I harrumphed at this, Mr. Crowbar insolently claimed he would have had the right to charge me \$150.00 for my LONG (he kept repeating that word to my great distress) ad. Well, challenge was made and I duly responded-- I cracked a beer bottle across his head (this acted to annoy him). Now a long and bitter conflict would ensue. Crowbar took a swing at me, missed, and connected instead with the hash pipe dangling from Hakim Bey's holy lips, knocking it across the room. I threw a nice kick at him, missed, and hit his dumb suitcase instead of the one with "I Love Lucy" stickers all over it. This carnage lasted for about a half hour before we both realized that we hadn't partaken of the most mandatory of sacraments-- beer drinking-- for the same length of time. Therefore we declared truce on religious grounds, (though passions may boil over again-- and to this day Hakim Bey is still searching the floor for that displaced enurk of hash).

The second episode was when Monsieur Crowbar had slept over at my headquarters (Wino Nation Central). When he awoke in the morning I offered him that most tasty of meals, my favorite recipe, A COLD FROTHING GLASS OF POWDERED MILK. This man's arrogance, insolence, and impoliteness, being a bottomless pit, he declined saying "Why don't we go out and get a stack of toast instead." I was TOO HURT, TOO WEAK, to start a brawl. I simply pointed "OUT" toward my doorway, and he left in a huff (the snarker didn't even clean up the 40 or so cans of beer he drank in bed during the night).

A mystery has been unrevellid; now we know where all those \$2.00 subscriptions go-- for illicitly purchased, restaurant perfect, waitress delivered stacks of toast. The secret life of Crowbar is exposed!!

"b"oB has spoken



By Erica Lansner, Photoreporters
GERALDO RIVERA: Tuesday TV special looks at 'The Doping of a Nation.'

Dervish

Study shows that rock 'n' roll actually calms unruly students

UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

Since the days when Elvis Presley first moved his pelvis on the Ed Sullivan Show, parents have worried about the effects of rock music on their children.

Parents may not approve of their kids' musical taste, but its effects aren't necessarily detrimental. In fact, a new study shows that disciplinary problems decreased when popular music was played in junior high classes.

Jackie Johnson, a researcher at United States University in San Diego, conducted the study in the low-income Watts area of Los Angeles. The school borders territories of at least four street gangs, and each of the three classrooms observed had been plagued by disciplinary problems.

In two of the classrooms, Johnson played background music at a low volume. In the

first classroom, where students heard rock and Top 40 music, and in the second, where classical music was played, teachers reported a marked decline in behavioral problems. Over nine days, disruptive incidents decreased by half.

However, in a third classroom, where no background music was provided, the usual unruly behavior was rampant. Teachers reported that students danced, hit other students, whistled, slept, threw objects, ate in class, sang and insulted other students.

Johnson had thought that classical music might have a more soothing effect on the students than rock and popular music, but the type of music played did not influence their behavior.

"Music tends to alter a student's mood and attitude toward learning. Even more so-- the use of music in the classroom as a background sound facilitates better classroom management," Johnson said.

from Phosphorous Flourish

NOTICE OF REWARD \$25,000

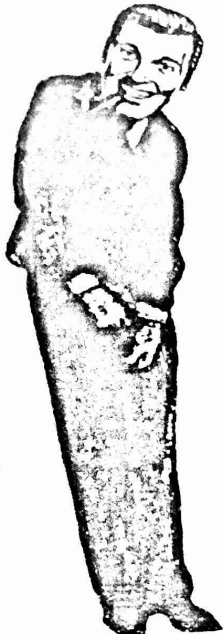
Arizona Nuclear Power Project is offering a \$25,000 reward for information leading to the arrest, prosecution and conviction of the person or persons responsible for the May 14, 1986, sabotage of the high voltage transmission lines tied to the Palo Verde Nuclear Generating station.

Any and all information which is provided will be kept in strict confidence.

If you have any information concerning this incident, contact the Palo Verde Reward line at 230-8159.



Since about 1980 a number of people have been possessed by the spirit of Chaos, & have produced texts in a kind of trance state, filtered through their own individual "voices" but all saying pretty much the same thing. In the past couple of years a number of these mediums have been discovered in each other, swapping "coincidences" & addresses & publishing each other in obscure zines. Since I wrote C"AOS: The Broadsheds of Ontological Anarchism in 1984 I have "networked with" or heard from a number of fellow "prophets" of chaos, & it may be that some sort of School or Movement in Chaos Theory include the entire Erisian/Discordian movement; anarchism in certain of its extremist manifestations (& especially the newly-emergent "Type 3" anarchism which supercedes both "individualist" & "Communist" varieties); the psychedelic churches movement of the 60's, esp. "Beat Zen" & philosophical taoism; the Church of the SubGenius; the work of "chaos" scientists such as I. Prigogine as well as the Catastrophe Theorists; "Chaos Magic(k)"; the sexual freedom movement; etc. // Two new important works in Chaos Theory have just been published -- or rather, self-published (of course) -- both extraordinarily good. As usual with synchronicity-ridden chaos-related events, both books reached me on the same day, both from California, both from people with weird names & so on & so forth. // Yael Dragwyla's work can be found in Popular Reality, the most highly-evolved anti-political zine in the world -- & in Chaos, a Journal of Chaos Magic & dark genius published in London. Both these periodicals pulsate at the throbbing core of Chaos Theory. The Book of the OUTlaw (Atomick "ermetic Prods, box 1548, Goleta, CA 93116-1548; 36 pp., \$5) does a nasty take-off on A. Crowley's Book of the Law, & some of the humor may pass over the heads of readers without Ipsissimus degrees. But the author of the famous Prag of the Female SubGenius (available from Out-of-Kontrol in Boston) is no effete Golden-Dawnian. Not even the Beast 666 himself ever approached Yael's level of Loud'n'Gross. Over-laid (so to speak) onto the Magickal level we have (a) the story of the holy trinity (Mom, Dad & Junior) conceived as a tacky soap-opera; (b) the entire rickety framework of Subgenius theology -- J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, Jehova'l, Wotan, Nunu, Connie Dobbs, the Xists, the Pinks, etc.; (c) hard-core porn; (d) a lotta beer & dope; and (e) a genuine teaching about the spirituality of chaos, or OUTlawry. "With these Pinks & their analytic transactions have nothing to do! When they are not dead, they are moribund. I choose only those who choose life! Follow my Slack-Master in all things... indulge all your appetites until satisfied! keep plenty Pepto-Bismol around! have no other Goddesses before me!... Do whatever gives thee more Slack shall be the whole of the law. Steal this book! 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Rank A

the bells of the Ch
 I thought they were
 wind chimes
 in the streets at
 with my young eyes
 I looked to the e
 and the distant r
 or short ponies
 rose from the pro
 Ponies Ponies Po
 (the young horse
 a furry soundin
 word)
 I looked to the
 seeking bushes
 "justice" those
 weeping in the
 The Waterpou
 are rising
 Cherice, Del
 we will return
 the young hor
 will return
 to purify th
 with their t
 The Undergr
 are rising
 to tell the
 "In the str
 the bells o
 are weepin

PUBLISHING YOUR OWN ZINE
by Publishing Magate David Crowder

Notwithstanding the possibilities afforded by ripping off free photocopying at work or school, which is how I began assaulting the general populace with my wrong-headed ideas, (the ones NO newspaper would print in their letters columns or editorial pages), I've found that regularly insulting consensus reality on a mass scale via newsprint has garnered more notoriety, subversive intent, state recognition, comradery and groupies than firebombing police cars and public buildings with the Weathermen 20 years ago. Newsprint is a medium that most folk, conditioned to blindly believe anything professionally printed, hold in awe. If it's published regularly it is seen as truth incarnate, like The New York Times, The Daily News, The National Enquirer and Screw Magazine. Newsprint is easily accessible to somebody with an income well under \$500 a month, like me.

I don't even use proper layout sheets or borders for PopReal. I just glue everything down on a sheet of newsprint and put in the borders with a felt tip pen. I've never been able to afford to have it printed at a printer in any medium sized town. They either charge too much or demand that your run be in the tens of thousands. Rural, small town weekly newspapers or free weekly shoppers usually have their own presses or will tell you where they get printed. The cost of printing 200 8-page tabloids, (or 1000 12-page tabloids), starts from \$125 to \$150. Adding extra thousands to your run can cost as little as \$5 per thousand. The main problem with some of these printers is censorship. In the Calvinist bastion of southwest Michigan, where PopReal was produced for a short spell, I had one issue sabotaged by Christians and ended up having to drive about 140 miles to have it printed.

Distributing your zine is barely more fun than searching all over the state for somebody who'll print it. It's worthwhile to get a Third Class Bulk Mailing Permit at the post office for the lower postal rates. This way the minimum you can mail at a time is 200 at .12 1/2 per. I had a lotta addresses already when I started PopReal, but I padded my original mailing list with

addresses from Maximum Rock N Roll, Factsheet Five, and The Stark List of Removal until I got enough subscribers. You can pad yours with addresses from PopReal, too.

Having no business acumen and less inclination, (in spite of what Freddie Baer thinks), I have no advice to give on hustling advertisers and little on how to score distributors. Originally PopReal was handled almost exclusively by a handful of anarchist and commie bookstores that I discovered by word of mouth. The trouble with politicos is that they invariably get pissed off over something if you think for yourself and, as far as I can tell, they then simply quit paying you for your zines. The big exception has been Bound Together Books, 1369 Haight St, San Francisco, CA. 94117. If you publish a music oriented zine, finding stores to carry it will be a lot easier, but PopReal has invariably proven 'not music oriented enough' to get any consignment deals at record stores and is thus left as freebies at a buncha them. There are places that rent lists of bookstores and libraries interested in small press publications. The most reasonable one I've found is New Pages at 4426 S. Belsay Rd, Grand Blanc, MI. 48439. Their list of 790 bookstores is \$25. Write them for info.

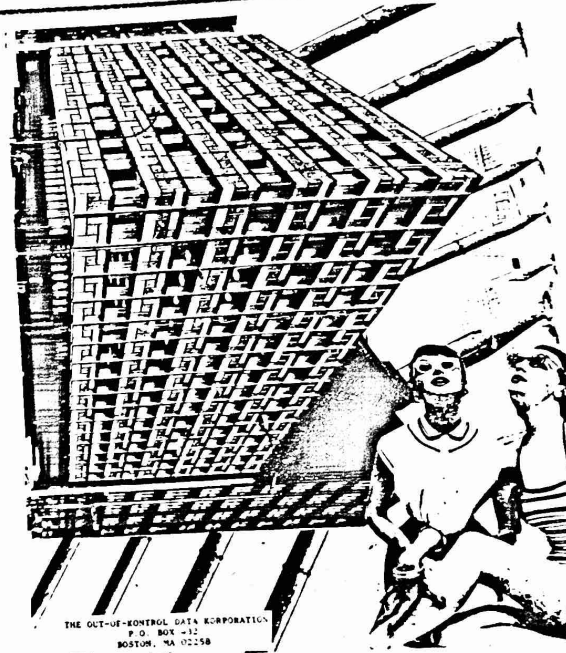
Now it's up to you to supply the gumption and interesting material and money to put out your own zine. Ignore all copyrights. I'm not worried about competition. I know most folk who wanna write and publish haven't got the ambition or wit to do it. Skill is secondary, as I've amply proven, but usually people are talkers rather than doers.

popreal is making available photocopy reprints of 'baby and the bathwater- or post-partum repression' the unspeakable truth about 'processed world' by bob black. cost, 6.00 postpaid.

and
'anarchism vs. anarchy' by feral ranter. a thoroughly nasty thumbing of the nose at that dispicable defense of doctrinal orthodoxy entitled 'listen, anarchist' by chaz bufe. .50 postpaid.

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