

POPULAR REALITY

Third Anniversary Issue!

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from How To Hang A Spoon

Mother with Child & Spoon

ANOTHER SEX ISSUE

POPULAR REALITY

The De-sexing of America - the last reprieve for monogamy

Recently, theatre, films, novels, television etc. has picked up on the 'romantic standoff'. This is a recurring theme in which a woman and a man, somehow 'destined' for some unspecified heterosexual activity together, resist their more basic desires for human contact, but continue to act in a manner conducive to sexual overtones. It's obvious that this is not uncommon social behaviour, especially when it pertains to actions and words determined by our so-called 'sexual roles'. The 'standoff' has become so popular, it rivals the influence of sexual experimentation in the early '70s.

It's easy to see why the 'standoff' is so popular. We're brought up in a society where one of the primary objects of acquisition is the classical monogamous, heterosexual relationship. Without this, people are sometimes viewed as somewhere below par; those who aspire to reach this point, and who are young, therefore not yet exceeding the unwritten time requirements, are forgiven. Those who don't want to expect to go through with the over-idealised 'commitment' (whether they be a proponent of free love, promiscuous, homo or bisexual etc.), of course are viewed with the same sort of contempt that everyone else who doesn't aspire to fit into the 'norm' gets. The standoff not only is an attempt to renew faith in the ill-founded notion that if you 'wait' (that is if you wait until love and the often unspoken commitment is pledged before you have sex) that somehow the relationship is 'better', and 'purer', the sex will be more intimate, magical and that somehow the relationship will better withstand its own built-in self-destructive devices and will last forever, but the standoff also guarantees that in its participation, you will be relieved of the emotional hardships of casual sex, and the terrorism of a world that offers you no certainty.

In a recent commentary on television standoffs, Helen Gurley Brown noted that these standoffs are justified in the minds of T.V. viewers by the lack of things in common and dissimilar personalities of the people in question for the most part. She advised the T.V. characters (as if they were real characters with a will to do different from what the writers will that they do) to enjoy each other's physical companionship and stop waiting around for love, and that if the two opposites mistook their physical desires for each other for love, that they would wind up in an empty, self-degenerating relationship. (She didn't phrase it in this way, but this is the essence of her message.)

In response to Brown's article, a writer for an S.F. paper added that she failed to see that these people were afraid of sexual intimacy and that these characters were generally sexless. He feared conservatism and a de-sexing of America, culminating in a lack of interest in sex and a return to traditional values.

Both writers were worried about the affect that the writers of these scenarios would have on the behaviour of young heterosexuals in lust. What they fail to realise is that in this case, society is not conforming to the ideals of the media, but rather that the media is conforming to the ideals of society. The writers of these situations, simply find a new way or rehash an old one to express and to conform to the emotional insecurity, fears, and nonauto-originated desires of the majority.

We, as a whole, have come to an impasse where the desired situation directly contradicts reality; that is that the ideal of living harmoniously with one person for the rest of your life, is directly threatened by the fact that most of us won't. The removal of guilt about sexual pleasure, the greater financial independence of women from their husbands*, the understanding of one's sexuality, (deviant from the prescribed), plus an increased belief that happiness should be predominant, not tradition and institutions, has caused the rise in people choosing to end their monogamous relationships, only to seek new ones.

What is actually threatened most is the myth of the one lover for the rest of your life situation. People don't want to stay in an unhappy situation, people don't want to sacrifice their interests to the unwritten codes of dyadom, and if they do get through a relationship, usually someone will have to die first, leaving an 'unmatched' person in the land of dyadom, having not foreseen the situation, sometimes not knowing how long he or she will remain alive, sometimes not sure if they should, bother to look for a new partner. This ideal, in practice, is dead.

The ideals of monogamy and of commitment however are far from it. Non-realistic, often insecure people panic when reality contradicts their ideals. Their answer: not to change or trash the ideals, but attempt to remodelise behaviour, (often reverting to the old for lack of a better idea), to better facilitate the ideals.

The fact is, that it's not going to work. All it will do is to further strengthen these ideals, that will, when met with post-mortem practices, cause a greater lack of sense of fulfillment. The perpetuation of such ideals, past its applicability, will further alienate people from reality. They'll put the blame on alternative practices, and just delay the inevitable modification of ideals to congruity with practice.

It's the failure to consider that monogamy as a 'must', and the state of dyadom are contrary to individual freedom, and that the essence of fantasy and reality of bonding can be self-destructive, that is the problem.

People have been falsely under the assumption that humans are a basically monogamous animal, drawing the most important sexual and social relationships from one source. Anthropologists have used examples of many animal species when trying to convince people that they are 'naturally' monogamous, while others use different animals and 'third world' peoples to illustrate polygamous traits and practices when trying to convince them that they're not. Others take the middle of the road stance, just saying that humans are at best an imperfect pair bonding species.

Humans are neither a pair bonding or non pair bonding species. With animals there is simply desire to mate; humans are far more complex. Is love a factor in choosing sexual partners for animals? What about pleasure? What about ideals, fantasy? Of course not. In this respect, behavioural comparisons between animals and humans are probably based on either coincidence or not.

Notice very carefully the language here. Pair-bonding. Pair. Bonding. Notice it's not called free association. In fact it does resemble bondage more than free association in the way that humans often practice it.

Sexual monogamy as a practice itself is not dangerous, just as long as it's not self-limiting. Social monogamy is. At this point I should clarify what I'm talking about when I speak of monogamy, which is mostly practiced inseparably from the closed relationship, from dyadom. This all is based on the myth that one person can be all things to another person; that is ideally, even if you separated yourselves physically, and even emotionally from other people, your codyadern will always keep you company, comfort you, relieve you of all your problems (even by his or her very presence or existence), satisfy you sexually all the time, converse with you on your every interest etc. Does this sound ridiculous? It's probably remained an unspoken desire and ideal for so long because people don't state its essence,

* let's not say that wage slaves or bosses are financially independent of each other or the systems they're incorporated into



and can even hypocritically deny its practicality, as long as it remains a romantic ideal that manifests itself in ways that sound good instead of reduced to its simplicity. In such form it sounds foolish and unrealistic.

The belief that one can find this mythical creature, someone that will satisfy your every emotional, social and sexual need, is partly the cause of many conflicts brought on when one codyadern learns that the other isn't this creature.

Other factors of course lead to people's unhappiness in dyadom. Behaviour modification often occurs simultaneously with ones passage into the closed relationship. Friends, lovers and activities outside of the closed relationship threaten it; they threaten its basis that each codyadern can fill all the needs of the other, and that the measure of time that is spent together is a measure of the 'success' of the relationship.

But soon enough it becomes evident that you don't want to do everything with your codyadern and social and sexual infidelities follow. For the most part, the fact that they are contrary to the unspoken laws of dyadom is the only problem with these relationships. Dyadom is based on a persons voluntary self limitation; without it, it is bound to destroy itself.

The state of dyadom is in jeopardy. It exists now as a mainly temporary situation; it provides as little certainty as anything else. The romantic standoff is an attempt to convince a doubting audience to have faith in the ideals of dyadom. Like anything else, an unsatisfied public won't hang on much longer.

Polymorphic Pansexual Anarkoids of The Americas

1- A dyad is a couple, bound together in a closed relationship, foresaking their individuality; in popular terms: an inseparable pair. Dyadom is the state of all dyads (not necessarily all monogamites), and the institution of monogamy. (not necessarily its practice.)

2- your partner in dyadom

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At a certain point in the cycle of socratic history eyes grow heavy with the Green
 Parrot, notabulation, the smoke of night. Some adjustment occurs, perhaps in the
 payable ears, lightbulbs sizzling off in thought-balloons, aurora orientalis, aster
 roles like the triplet moons of some alien planet eyes open all over the head and
 stay stuck open - layers of nictating membranes flick aside, ghost-eyelids - an
 onion of lenses peeling down to pure optic meat. // Former inanimate objects
 come to life, breathing in harmony & counterpoint with our stunned silence. All the
 angelic hierarchies collapse & fold themselves neatly into themselves into all the
 manifestions the self-unraveling or auto-luminosence of discrete energy-oscilla-
 tions (Space/Time lattices dripping with honey) things materialize seen as darvaneerats
 were angels have stopped - & are still in realness, which in their rooms smok-
 ing & fucking. // In such ages or accents (which seem to possess general-like
 characteristics) the human apparatus blinds both intellect & imagination. Lines
 set on authors the mask turned toward you is the face of the real. Material Objects
 like so many lights & perfumes fade into more subtle worlds in the presence of the
 living boy, who ennobles all patterns, textures & colors as if they were the son-
Eximer & his children, the irrepressible signifi-
 - amplified & sublimated by the curve of the spine, the stalk with its flower
 the head, the upthrusting mathematics of vertebrae repeated in the line of stiff
 pubescent cock. // Carpets & tapestries pulsate with vine-energy or crystal-
 energy traced & scurrying along lines of warp & weft - but in this age (or moment)
 of great propriety the room & all it contains become nothing but a mass of halo
 of shimmering forces around the boy's body, esp. the face & eyes - as if now he
 were the container, the animate treasury, & all by sentient furniture & whispery
 objects d'art had become robes in his godseye, living only in relation to his over-
 powering superabundance of dance, sweat odors, spray of hair & nails the
 world experienced as a perspiration of light, a cocoon in each drop on his upper
 lip, intimate spoor of ecstasies under his arms... // Perhaps the heronaceous elia-
 sified us correctly among the cursed adherents of hulul or "Incararnation" - &
 perhaps we have bound ourselves with the blue ash of apostasy - not out of any
 fanaticism of the senses but rather in slavery to that child of the infidels,
 beardless & uncircumcised, smooth as October in Shiraz. This idolatry is its own
 reward. "Three things are worthy of the Glimmer Water, green things & a beautiful
 face... the coolness of my eyes..." he recites a ritual of profane blasphemy - &
 kissing all the prayer-niches of testate lips, hollow of the neck, between the
 shoulderblades, nipples, navel, buttocks, groin... sperm like an injection of
 light, rare as a crystal phial of angel's tears, salt & dusk-water. // According
 to a cliché of Arab poetry, his lips are wine, his eyes the smoke of hashish. How-
 th after month this intoxication persists - no wonder we have forgotten the words
 of ritual prayer & precepts of Law. In the delirium of this obsession certain salu-
 - sinister & blameworthy - have appeared (floating on clouds) to initiate us
 into orders of heresy & bestial chivalric titles upon us for our socratic sacrifice
 for kissing the genitals of hidden Ismael like ring-doves of red bycatch. // (a)
 Abu Nulman of Damascus who first taught god's embodiment in beautiful boys - when
 ever he saw a lovely boy he prostrated himself, saying that whoever knows god this
 way is relieved of all interdictions & prohibitions & can allow himself all he de-
 lights in. (b) Aladdin Mozazzad III the last Assassin Pir of Alamut, known as mad-
 drunkard & pederast. (c) Some anonymous 19th cen. Persian dressed in rags &
 trinkets, claiming to represent the Coyote Order - derishes w/ no master & no
 rule, mendicant con-man, opium smokers, musicians. (d) The ghost of King Farouk of
 Egypt, who seems to have become a sort of patron saint of self-indulgence, luxury
 & excess. (e) An unknown boy, pale & slender, dressed in black silk robes & a str-
 ange truncated-conical black felt hat. w/ long tresses of curly black hair ("like
 scorpions" as some Persian poet said) & luminiferous warm obidian eyes - holding
 a book called a Fatimid Christomathy open for my eyes... I remember only the phr-
 ase "The Chains of the Law have been broken..." // A formal proclamation, pro-
 nunciation of a bull, a fiery flying roll, Blatt, October leaves this is an authen-
 tic sect we have come to re-new, with a soil-gold chain of initiatic transmission
 in the Mundus Imaginalis, & a carpet unrolled in the bazaar of suits, apocalypses
 & weird churches whose bells are heard in the unseen World, Jasper Islands & citle
 of jade. From Carpoocrates, pale debauched gnostic boypriest of Alexandria; Nakim
Zillah, the insane Anti-Galiph of Cairo who decreed the reversal of day & night;
Avhad Kermani, who sufi-danced with boys & tore open their robes, kissed their
 breasts; Lal Shabazz Qalander & Shaykh 'aydar of Balkh, patrons of sharas-smoke
 & transvestite dancing-boys... Impeccable credentials. The red-gold alkitr. The
 green-gold theriac. black radiance.

HALIM BSY
 Fatimid Order, Inner
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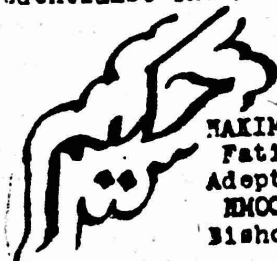
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A MAGAZINE OF FETID EXPRESSION.

At a certain point in the cycle of esoteric history eyes grow heavy with the Green Parrot, noctambulation, the smoke of night. Some adjustment occurs, perhaps in the psychic aura, lightbulbs clicking ON in thought-balloons, aurora orientalis, metamorphosis. Like the triplet moons of some alien planet eyes open all over the head and stay stuck open -- layers of nictitating membrane flick aside, ghost-eyelids -- an onion of lenses peeling down to pure optic meat. ///// Former inanimate objects come to life, breathing in harmony & counterpoint with our stunned silence. All the angelic hierarchies collapse & fold themselves neatly into themselves: into all the carpets, candles, blue trails & grey tails of incense smoke, the silver pipe, bowl of darjeeling tea etc. etc. Material objects are all containers whose content is themselves, each one saturated with a meaning coterminous with its own extrinsic manifestation: the self-unveiling or auto-luminescence of discrete energy-combs (Space/Time lattices dripping with honey): things themselves seen as caravanserais where angels have stopped -- & are still in residence, hidden in their rooms smoking & fucking. ///// In such ages or moments (which seem to possess emerald-like characteristics) the human apparition blinds both intellect & imagination. L'ange eat un autre: the mask turned toward you is the face of the real. Material objects like so many lights & perfumes fade into more subtle worlds in the presence of the living boy, who ennobles all patterns, textures & colors as if they were the container & he the contained, the inexpressible significance of their wordless gestalt -- exemplified & embodied by the curve of the spine, the stalk with its flower the head, the upthrusting mathematics of vertebrae repeated in the line of stiff pubescent cock. ///// Carpets & tapestries pulsate with vine-energy or crystal-energy traced & coursing along lines of warp & weft -- but in this age (or moment) of chaotic prophecy the room & all it contains become nothing but a nimbus or halo of shimmering force around the boy's body, esp. the face & eyes -- as if now he were the container, the animate treasury, & all my sentient furniture & whispery objects d'art had become notes in his godseye, living only in relation to his overpowering superabundance of dance, sweet sweat odors, mystery of hair & nails: the world experienced as a perspiration of light, a cosmos in each drop on his upper lip, intimate spoor of comets under his arms... ///// Perhaps the heresomachs classified us correctly among the cursed adherents of hulul or "Incarnationism" -- & perhaps we have bound ourselves with the blue sash of apostasy -- not out of any monasticism of the senses but rather in slavery to that child of the infidels, beardless & uncircumcised, smooth as October in Shiraz. This idolatry is its own reward. "Three things are worthy of the Gaze: water, green things, & a beautiful face... the coolness of my eyes...": he permits a ritual of prostration, touching & kissing all the prayer-niches of desire: lips, hollow of the neck, between the shoulderblades, nipples, navel, buttocks, groin... sperm like an injection of light, rare as a crystal phial of angel's tears, salt & musk-attar. ///// According to a cliché of Arab poetry, his lips are wine, his eyes the smoke of hashish. Month after month this intoxication persists -- no wonder we have forgotten the words of ritual prayer & precepts of Law. In the delirium of this obsession certain saints -- sinister & blameworthy -- have appeared (floating on clouds) to initiate us into orders of heresy & bestow chivalric titles upon us for our ecstatic sacrifice for kissing the genitals of hidden imams like ring-doves of red hyacinth. /// (a) Abu Nulman of Damascus who first taught god's embodiment in beautiful boys -- when ever he saw a lovely boy he prostrated himself, saying that whoever knows god this way is relieved of all interdictions & prohibitions & can allow himself all he delights in. (b) Aladdin Mohammad III the last Assassin Pir of Alamut, known as madman drunkard & pederast. (c) Some anonymous 19th cen. Persian dressed in rags & trinkets, claiming to represent the Qvayal Order -- dervishes w/ no master & no rule, mendicant con-men, opium smokers, musicians. (d) The ghost of King Farouk of Egypt, who seems to have become a sort of patron saint of self-indulgence, luxury & excess. (e) An unknown boy, pale & slender, dressed in black silk robes & a strange truncated-conical black felt hat. w/ long tresses of curly black hair ("like scorpions" as some Persian poet said) & luminiferous warm obsidian eyes -- holding a book called A Fatimid Chrestomathy open for my eyes... I remember only the phrase "The Chains of the Law have been broken..." ///// A formal proclamation, promulgation of a bull, a fiery flying roll, blatt, October leaves: this is an authentic sect we have come to re-new, with a solid-gold chain of initiatic transmission in the Mundus Imaginalis, & a carpet unrolled in the bazaar of cults, apocalypses & weird churches whose bells are heard in the Unseen World, jasper islands & cities of jade. From Carpocrates, pale debauched gnostic boypriest of Alexandria; Hakim Billah, the insane Anti-Caliph of Cairo who decreed the reversal of day & night; Awhad Kerzani, who sufi-danced with boys & tore open their robes, kissed their breasts; Lal Shabazz Qalandar & Shaykh Naydar of Balkh, patrons of charas-smokers & transvestite dancing-boys... Impeccable credentials. The red-gold elixir. The green-gold theriac. Black radiance.



HAKIM BEY
Fatimid Order, inner
Adept Chamber of the
EMOCA ("Third Paradise"),
Bishop-Axilarch, etc.

MY DICK, MY HAND, MY MIND



KNICK KNACK, PADDY WHACK, GIVE A DOG A BONE... PHOTO BY KENT THOMPSON

Just my luck. The AIDS paranoia hits so I opt for celibacy. This afternoon a really hot-looking babe comes up to me, rubs her tight little ass against me leg, smiles like she knows something, whispers in a warm-breath'd low tone, "Fred, you are sooo cool, I just wanna take you home and bring down on your big one-eyed snake for a few hours..."

Now I figure you're already asking yourself why a horny guy like me would go the Morrissey route when I could be stuffin' th' muffles of some of the sweetest southern belles known to man. ((I'm talking 'bout those luscious Charlotte Wimmint!)) But as a great philosopher recently noted, regarding social diseases: "Next thing you know, you be stickin' yo' dick in someone and you explode! No thanks. When I was 13 I hit puberty with the proverbial bang. My first steady pump was my pillow. My first true love was my hand. Woody Allen gave masturbation a kind of comic nobility in his film "Hannah and Her Sisters" when he chided Mia Farrow, "Don't knock my hobbies!" Indeed, men have been jacking off since time began. Mythology even refers to one Onan the Barbarian who, as legend has it, organized the first primitive circle jerks among conquered nomad-

ic tribes. (The winner, invariably Onan himself, got to bang the chief's daughter. Guess what sharp penalty was administered to losers?) But I digress. Meat-beating is generally a clean activity -- assuming you observe normal body hygiene-- and is, in the '80s, considered a safe one. It is not illegal, although I highly recommend that you don't yank your yern in the Sears' tool department or the Belks' bridal registry. A regular schedule of pud-pulling at home actually seems to have benefits beyond the pleasure of the orgasm: lower stress, more oxygen to the brain a higher red-corpuscle count, stronger wrists. Practice can result in increased self control as well. Like any good thing, however, there can be too much. Certain well-endowed men with histories of narcissism (rhymes w/ jism, hey!) have frequently made the proverbial leap to self-fellatio; a neck brace is often the only cure for both muscle-strain and self-restraint. The courts haven't yet ruled the legal status of solo sodomy. And, as with any intense experience--cue up the Buzzcocks' "Orgasm Addict", please-- obsessive behavior can rear its ugly blood-engorged head. The overeager tallywhacker-whacker (not a Southeastern bird) has been

known to drain his life savings (as well as his precious fluids) on various impractical underwears and gloves of exotic textures (silk, ultrasuede, goose-down, rubber, pickle loaf, etc.) and a plethora of lubricants (ranging from common household products like karo syrup and vasoline petroleum jelly to the more, umm, unusual friction-sheets such as 10W-40 motor oil and hair-ball mucous. Ugh. But with the proper mixture of self-will and self-abuse it is possible to have an active sex life in which, unlike with socio-sexual sparring, diseases are not transmitted, hearts are not broken, laws are not transgressed. I need not point out the benefits of tubelumping to those of you who are incarcerated in our penis, err, penal system, or who are chronically bed-ridden, or are just terminally ugly. For individuals who have more than a passing interest in celibacy, a growing disenchantment with the sexual revolution (which has turned out to be more like the Falklands Islands snafu--dig all the sheep!--than a military coup), or merely a shy streak when it comes looking for bones to jump, wringing your willy is certainly the voguish and up-and-coming thing.

It's hard to beat a good nocturnal emission. They say one's dreams reflect the subconscious attempting to make order out of daily mental chaos, allowing suppressed and sublimated thoughts/desires/impulses to achieve a significant (but harmless) release. Ever since entering the celibate mode my nights have certainly seen their share of releases, and even though Miss Bessie (our maid) complains of having to change the sheets more frequently, the pleasures of wet dreams are among life's most vividly sensual and enduring. Imagine a cool Penthouse Forum letter--your personal fave, not necessarily the ones with cum-soaked vegetables or domestic pets dressed in garter belts. Now recall your usual "type" of dream--stare, technicolor, sensurround, participant/observer, Felliniesque, etc. Combine these two thoughts and you just about got it. Any dream that is remembered, it is written, is as valid an experience in terms of emotional impact as any given waking experience. Pure fantasy--really, that is; and isn't a large portion of one's daily routing given over to sexual fantasizing? How many of you guys ever mulled over the concept "instant pussy"?

A wet dream can therefore be just as real as actual humping. Some may wake up depressed to wake up exhilarated over yet another conquest of some voluptuous wixen, some busty broad, some torrid tart, some sleazy slut, how many studs do you know that have played hide the bacon with Deborah Harry, gone pearl-diving with Joan Jett, slipped the two speed gear shift with Naataasja Kinaki, evaded Erica Kane and Patti Smith but I'll leave that for another column. Contrary to popular belief, dreaming in general is not a random process. It can be controlled and guided with a minimum of training. Check your library for books on dream-shaping, or write for my booklet "Is That An Aluminum-Foil-Wrapped Cucumber In Your Pants Or Are You Just A Novice Celibate?" (1984, Biohazard Press) with the special dreaming insert. It goes without saying that the health/social/legal pitfalls of a promiscuous lifestyle are completely absent from that of a dreamer's. You also save money on coffee and breakfast.

All this is not to say, however, that men (and women) ((Thanks for finally recognizing women as more than just sexual playtoys--ed.)) cannot live without intimate companionship. Celibacy is a practical, rather than an intellectual choice. Deprived of the warmth and joy of a solid friendship or, yes, an intense love, humans inevitably wind up with battered psyches. Aberrant, even sociopathic behavior may actually manifest itself among those who can't initiate and develop relationships. But I'm not telling you anything you don't know. My point is that I believe the sexual freedom of the last couple of decades has been a farce, the "freedom" actually building social jails in which a premium is placed on physical appearance/personal performance. The endlessly ephemeral pursuit of self-gratification is substituted for the more lasting bonds of positive emotional attachments. Why not go out and try to make contact with someone? But leave your trouser snake at home.

from Eat My Shit
by Wilbur "Fred" Brown

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SKATEDEPRESSION1

LEMURIAN RUMOURS

by PAT FISH

It was nearly closing time at the aquarium. Earlier, crowds of curious had come to ogle. Roundabout in tanks of ever-surfing sea creatures recharging mercoil electric motion. Observation tank. Aqua captive. Dolphin: TURSIOPS TRUNCATUS. Fascinated by the animal's grace and power, I lingered in hopes to see more. Leaping into the air, whirling in complex rolling gravity-defying mid-air spins before returning with a great splash to element. Aerial gymnastics, emergent display, swift gliding sleek muscle sliding slip through water in moebius band dance.

To my surprise the dolphin swam directly to where I stood in front of the wall. Only an inch of glass, slower liquid, to separate us. Gray and silver, smoke and shimmer, bandings of camouflage for the lightdrift of ocean waters. We stared, eyes widening in fascination, in mutual curiosity. Suddenly I was startled to hear a voice: small, directly behind me, very high: "I can communicate with you." Turning quickly around I stood alone on the platform, yet the voice continued to repeat the phrase. Puzzling my brows I turned back to face the tank and saw the creature inside nodding its head up and down as if in agreement. And smiling. Once more a search of the room revealed no other humans. Now the voice was insisting that I locate its source.

In a flash of insight I made real eye contact with the water mammal and across species and prelanguage barriers allowed myself to feel its equal. And in that moment of realization a floodgate of emotion was released. Subtle empathies heretofore reserved for a selected preferent portion of the human race and a few close felines. A rush of connection and similarity washed over me in a tingling wave. I saw a mirror of my own face in the bulbous projecting grin of the animal. The eyes that lit the soul of the mask were seeing me, most clearly, with a benevolent curiosity and a certain frank appraisal. "It's me you are looking for," the high pitched voice giggled. "It's true."

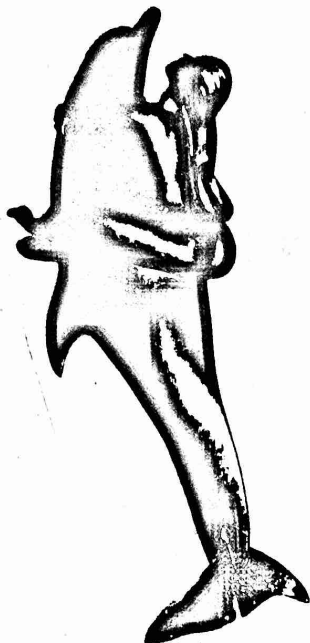
Laughing, undulating its body in the water, rolling in a quick blur into a spinning spool of molten metal thread suspended defying gravity with levity. Gaining momentum, until suddenly deflected out of its orbit and shot upward.

With a mighty flip of its tail and arc of back, while airborne curled weight into velocity and summersaulted, seemed to hang in mid-air, free falling, frozen moment of awe and mystery. Then the impact of contact when it hit the surface of the water, reverberated through the building in a clap of liquid thunder.

Airbubbles obscured visibility for a time, then dissipated to reveal a still and sinking form. Drifting slowly down toward the bottom of the tank, inert. With what shock horror and dismay I saw this sudden reduction to an inanimate object. So newly discovered, cherished glimpse, fleeting promise. Only a moment to dread, tragic descent, to observe; once so vital, now absent. A spirit fled. As I stood transfixed, asking the eternal "Why?" that accompanies death, my searching caught a glint of light bouncing off the dolphin's glazed eye. But, no. Not dead. Returning the look with a quizzical tilt to the head, as if checking my reaction.

A trick, a sham. The Jester. Now the voice again, and there is no mistaking its origin. Now that I've become almost accustomed to it, the perceptual distinction surfaces that the voice, if such it is, is not an audio input. With radar speech, from brain to brain, the dolphin is beaming his thoughts to me. As I realize it he snaps into fluid motion and swims over to his spot on the other side of the glass, to resume the conversation. Now I'm rolling with it, and listen as he tells me that he can see me through the glass wall, that I look like a strong swimmer, that he'd like to show me a good time. I can see it's a he by obvious apparatus beginning to emerge from a ventral flap.

"Ours is the only inter-species mating possible," he cooed, "it's very good." He explains that if I act quickly there'll be just enough time to get to a hiding spot where I can lie secreted until the Aquarium is closed for the night. So up I go, up a ladder on the side of the wall, to a tiny door that gives access to a feeding platform. In I slip, and float on the surface, treading water. Soon the employees make their final rounds, a cursory check of doorlocks, turn out the lights, and leave the fish to themselves for the night.



Now it is time. For the timorous approach, the first feel of warm smooth merfish. The water brushing against in a glancing pass, a clap and revolve in weightless dance. Floating stretched out full length, then rippling together, in buoyancy, aquatic ballet. The need for oxygen compels us both to the surface, where we gulp the sweet inhalation and then return to the aqueous element below to explore the new variation on the ancient theme of the mating dance. Gently guided by the lithe form of the finned one, I experienced swimming as not before. In a wild spontaneous minuet our bodies met and moved together.

He the one whose power and streamlined form wove circles of fascination around me. Heart racing, lungs bursting, after each impassioned round we'd break the dimensional barrier for air and then resume. Vaulting and summersaulting, slipping and sliding, a lubricated liquid friction of non-specific body surfaces that became ever more erotic. His lustful thoughts appeared inside my brain, and inflamed my curiosity. To experience the physical conversation never before considered possible. To mate across species, melt our minds in the fire white heat of orgasm, to stretch the silver cord to wrap our separateness in so tightly that individuality disappears in primordial union.

With my legs clasped around his tail our sexes aligned, and began the oceanic pulsing of insertion and reception. Locked into trembling union, the richness of the first deep plunging that explores the warmth of the welcoming interior and fills the question with yes. As alien as a mating with a being from another planet, outside the realm of the human senses, this union became a celebration of a new age. The water spirit joining with that of the land. The Lord of the open sea taking as his the Scribe of those who would conspire to hold him captive for display.

In the non-verbal communication with which he filled my head, his race memories were transferred, filling my brain's computer with the history of the Merfolk. How they first arrived on Earth from Sirius many generations ago, how they were amphibious and built great nationstates upon the land. And how, when the cataclysms rocked the planet and destroyed their island of Lemuria, each individual among the ancestors was given the choice to continue as either water or land dweller but not both. I cast aside my fishtail, and left the land of Mer; so long ago, sometimes it seems half as if it never were.

In newsreel it has passed down by this non-literate ocean culture I saw the great crystal cities on the island of Lemuria. Saw the spellbinding domes crack in the earthquake's tremors. Saw the destruction of the cities of light that the wise ones had built in emulation of their starry origin. Saw the dispersal of those whose colonization of Earth began great golden ages, and the end of those reign saw half their population choosing to remain forever in the sea. Their minds now flippers, they gave up the science of architecture. In fair exchange for bubbles on hillside they gained the open ocean, and the mobility to call all the waters of the earth home.

As our bodies locked in passionate embrace, slow spinning revolutions of intimate interlocking, these secrets and more became part of my own history. And at last this personal story of the animal took its place at the end of his lineage. How he had turned renegade against the old religion, and was set up as a sacrifice for capture by his fellows. How he had been an avid student of their histories, and had begun to believe that it was time for his people to once again influence the fate of the Earth. To make contact with humans, to give them secrets of power, non-polluting energy sources, to save the planet from their destructive ways. For this heresy the Council of Elders declared him banished, and ordered him driven into the nets.

In a curse of irony, the ship whose nets snared him was a live-specimen acquisition expedition. He was sedated and transported, waking to find himself captive in the aquarium he had inhabited ever since. There he lived, jumping through hoops for a daily ration of fish, wishing desperately for the ability to communicate with the crowds of tourists. Somehow I could hear him, and listen to the rising of my own blood, remembering the story as if it was my own. As if that dim remote time my people had chosen the two-legged option and risen above the waves.

I cast aside my fishtail, and left the land of Mer; so long ago, sometimes it seems half as if it never were.

Now dreams half-conscious flooded back, a linkage with a time so ancient and removed that even the very body I wear has evolved since.

Fragile liquid encased in a skin bag.

The birthright of the Mother Ocean became once again mine.

And further back still, the birthright of the Stars. ★

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Daily, accepted reality proves more and more to be a lie. Time, language, measurements of all sorts, technology, science, reason, all prove to be nothing but chains on our desires.



Well then, let's pull off the armors and push down the walls of civilization, and create a world in which our wildness frees our passions and pleasure freely flows in a mad, erotic dance.

Lumpen Out to O-throw
Neurotic Society (L.O.O.S.S.)
25354 McBeth Rd., Eugene, OR
2011-97405

is an update of an article I did last fall in The Gentle Anarchist.

was reluctant to allow this article to be printed. People like myself struggle to be recognized as real people with legitimate abilities and goals. Popular Reality carries two kinds of articles: serious social/political commentary and zany, humorous stuff. This is definitely in the serious category. I'm not a convert, sexual deviate, nor a freak.

I'm Anne. I was born and brought up male, but I'm now living as a woman most of the time. I've always been gender dysphoric - or disliking my gender role. I'm also transsexual - I think of myself as a woman, and will have my wrong anatomy corrected.

Everyone has a gender identity - a basic sense of being a man or a woman (usually, other identities exist). It is either learned early in life and/or is biological, and once decided on, is set for life. The jury is still out on how gender identity is formed and whether it's even meaningful to talk about it.

Everyone also has a gender role - a basic pattern of thought and behavior that says to others, "I'm a man", or "I'm a woman". We learn an amazing amount of our gender role - how to talk, how to sit, how to relate to others, virtually everything that separates men from women.

"Ma, can I go play football?"
"Why don't you go play with Barbara instead?"
"Sure, go ahead Billy."

People differ on what proper gender role is - not every parent objects to their little girl playing football - but all teach their children some gender role. The question is always

"What is appropriate feminine behavior?"
not
"Should my little girl have feminine behavior, whatever I mean by that?"

In most cases, this is to the good. A secure sense of one's gender is a treasure - I know.

Unfortunately, being 'helped' to assume a gender role is only good if one's gender identity is congruent with it. For those of us with unusual gender identities, this training instills, against our will, a set of values we do not want. For me, much of my life has been spent fighting the horrible feelings of guilt and frustration, caught between an urge to take a gender role consistent with my identity, and a guilty attempt to "act like a man".

When I was growing up, I wished that I had been female. I never told anyone about this. It showed in my gestures and I got hassled a lot for it. The whole situation drove me slightly crazy. Not too long ago I finally quit hiding it and started doing something about it. I'm now living as a woman, except on days when I have to appear as my old self. I'm changing or have changed most of my legal papers, and I'm taking estrogens.

I grew up in a fairly normal Kansas family, with brothers who are normal, mom, dad, a dog, Petit bourgeois. I was noticeably effeminate as a child, so I received a lot of abuse. Actually, I wasn't so much effeminate as unwilling or unable to deal with the primal "I dare you to cross this line" sort of male behavior that little boys engage in. I'm really bad at handling this kind of situation, even compared to most women. Eventually I tried to quit being so obvious, and learned to hate myself.

The social pressure for men to engage in competitive & aggressive behavior is intense. I couldn't handle it, and I developed a deep, deep sense of guilt because of that pressure that I can never feel comfortable with. Expressing my femininity became a hidden, secret pleasure, charged with sexual overtones. I stole women's clothes and fantasized a world where I could express my gender identity without fear.

It's taken a long time to realize that I never had a male gender identity, that I'm now an adult and free to discard the male gender role if I choose, and that in fact people's reactions to my struggle to change are mostly quite positive. It isn't a sudden revelation, I've known this on an intellectual level for a long time, it's just taken a while for it to sink in.

When TGA asked for the original article, they asked me to write about how I've been oppressed. This is the real oppression I've felt. Beside it all of the legal, social, & medical hassles seem quite trivial.

Besides overcoming my own guilt at abandoning my gender role, I am having to re-learn all of the behavior that separates men from women. There is a tremendous amount to learn. Also, much of the difference is a change in attitudes and values, and these are hard to change if one has spent twenty some years with other values.

Women's liberation has greatly reduced the differences in values between men and women, but today's adult women were born into the old system, and have made a change in values themselves. Because of this, most women can operate in two quite distinct modes, and change back and forth rapidly. I find it difficult to know when to be in which mode.

Women do things differently than men. Remember "Black Like Me"?
"You got to play ahead now. You can't do like you used to do when you were a white man". (pg. 28, Black Like Me, Griffin)

I can't go out in the middle of the night for a walk. That's very weird and frustrating. Who is this creep that I'm avoiding, and what gives him the right? And while I'm on the subject, there are some incredibly crude men out there. I never realized how humiliating it is to be the butt of that sort of behavior.

Most men seem a little discommodated by it, but almost all the women I've met have been friendly and interested. Lots of women seem "fascinated" (or sometimes even frankly aroused) by it. Many want to teach me some aspect of being feminine - status among women is involved with exchanging bits of feminine chatter and it's a real bonanza to find somebody relatively clueless about such things.

When people have known me as John they continue to treat me as John, even if they call me Anne. By contrast, people I tell who only know Anne continue to treat me as Anne, even if they see me as John. I know women as Anne who will talk to John completely unselfconsciously, in a way women rarely do with men.

The movie "Tootsie" was well done. The slapstick isn't much exaggerated - I've had to hide from people so often that it's become routine. I don't think much about it anymore. I've sat in a restaurant and eaten a meal with co-workers in the next booth, come home to find the landlord working on the plumbing, etc.

I have to remind myself to socialize with the women, not the men, at parties. Also, it takes time to acquire friends, and most of my old friends are men.

There are a few things I still can't fathom. The tolerance some women have for abuse is amazing. The amount of self-deprecation running around loose inside some of the most "liberated" women is amazing. Sometimes women try to liberate me, and assure me that it's OK to do things that I never thought it wasn't OK to do.

As I write this, I'm in a transition period. I'm making a lot of external changes in my life to live full time as a woman. I've made a lot of internal changes to become comfortable doing that.

Because of all the negative feelings I've had about this, there's always a conflict over what gender I'll display. Sometimes I try to fight it at some level, and going through the motions of shaving, makeup, etc. becomes difficult.

Right now it's a hassle to present myself as female. Until my beard comes off it will take about an hour to get dressed - a nuisance each day. My activities as Anne are also somewhat restricted since there are people in Lawrence whom I don't want to run into, and Anne doesn't have a lot of social activities so life is a little hellow.

Slowly, the percentage of time I spend as a woman is increasing. I'm looking for a job as Anne. Not being forced back into a male role constantly by outside events will make life easier.

It also helps to know that there are others in my situation. There is a local newsletter for people with gender-related situations. If you are gender-dysphoric or have some interest in gender dysphoria, write to me at:

Anne
PO box 1112
Lawrence KS 66044

Tell me a bit about yourself, but disguise bio info enough to keep your privacy. Sign it with an alias, and leave a PO box where I can reach you. Obviously I'll keep everything confidential.

Gender dysphorics meet with a lot of oppression in this society. When I first came out of the closet I expected a lot of hassles from individuals, but have been pleasantly suprised. Of course, I'm careful - I don't hang out in country western bars.

The situation is a little different with potential employers, government officials, etc. A lot of these people have been helpful and friendly, often going out of their way to be so. Some, however, equate gender dysphoria with psychosis. Some see me as a threat to their own sexual/gender role. A few have hassled me for religious reasons, because they think it's what they're expected to do socially, or for "going against nature". Going against nature is what I used to do, not what I am doing.

The government doesn't want to admit that I exist, simply because of the massive problems we create for the law. Can I marry? Who? Does the contract between Thrifty Loan, A Corporation, and Jim Smith, a man, still hold if Jim becomes Jill? Can I be knighted? Can I file for rape charges? (no) Which restroom can I use? (neither). Am I eligible for the draft? (probably I'll be considered morally unfit to burn villages and kill women & children - everything has a silver lining - although a few draft boards have thought that the army would "make a man of him"). Can I be arrested for impersonating a woman? (yes, in some places) Can I claim Jim's income tax refund? Can I be arrested for soliciting? Sodomy? Can I claim alimony? What should it say on my drivers license? (it says male) Passport? (male) Birth certificate? The easiest thing for bureaucrats to do is to tell me that I'm sick and ask me to go away.

While being a transsexual isn't illegal per-se in Kansas, I am still liable to be arrested for disorderly conduct. So much for a government of laws. The police can arrest me and then throw me into a cell full of men. Rape and/or murder are the normal result. Since the police act as judge, jury, and executioner, a conviction in the courts isn't particularly important. Of course, in eight states and many cities I can be arrested just for being caught in female attire. I am fighting this by being careful where I go and by leaving Kansas for a friendlier place. The lawyers tell me not to use public restrooms - this for a week if you think this is a minor nuisance.

Kansas insists on stamping "AMENDED" over the sex of my birth certificate. Further, they'll only change it at all if I sue them, at my expense. Until I have the surgery, my birth certificate, passport, etc. will state that I'm male. Realistically, I will probably not be allowed to adopt children, a crushing blow to a sterile woman (research shows that we are excellent mothers).

The state can bring charges of negligence and mayhem against my surgeon - an effective way of discouraging the surgery. I may be committed to a locked psychiatric unit for a little reason other than the judges prejudice. To quote Robert Sherwin (a lawyer writing in Transsexualism And Sex Reassignment, Green & Money) - "The transsexual must learn that he cannot rely on the ordinary legal rights available to others even though he may be theoretically entitled to them".

One of my great advantages is simply that most people don't know. This is also a weakness - I can be blackmailed. I don't think someone could extort money from me this way, but labeling is an effective way for bureaucrats to keep me from hiding my past. For example, I'll have to tell the gas company when I change my name.

Largely, it isn't the actual hassles I've received from people that have been oppressive, it's more the climate of fear and the restrictions on what I can "safely" do that are hassles.

To fight the social hassles I've been trying to educate people about my condition. Often a negative response can be turned into a positive one if I can convince the person that I'm not insane. Giving people some information about my situation as soon as I make contact really does help. Telling people about my situation is also prevents blackmail.

If you're thinking that all of this lacks reference to the word 'rights', you're right. I long ago found out that talking about rights only makes sense if there are other people willing to defend them. The chances of anyone siding with a transsexual are slim, and I won't depend on them.

The government bureaucracy actually exerts more influence over my life than the police. Like the police, they can control me by marking me as a transsexual and letting the society do the rest. How many places is your sex recorded? Birth certificate, drivers license, University records, etc. etc. ad nauseum. Every one of these is an obstacle for people like me. Even my name bears the stamp of my gender on it.

People who want to help us fight the power of the Bureau of Vital Statistics should refuse to answer the question Sex M ___ F ___. Mark both, write YES or "Not tonight, I have a Headache", but DON'T fill it in. Even better, use just a first initial and mark the wrong one. For us, this question forms a pass law. Our social movement is restricted by this seemingly innocent question.

The last group I have to deal with is the medical community.

In order to discuss how the medical community exerts control over us, I need to talk about transsexuals & transvestites.

There are two "classical" definitions, and most gender-dysphoric people (including me) fall somewhere between them. I suspect that this represents how far along the road to liberation they are, although I've met many transvestites who had no interest in becoming women. Several were married.

Transvestites are heterosexual men who get excited sexually by women's clothing. Typically they dress in "sexy" lingerie, masturbate or make love with a woman, then revert to their normal masculine behavior. Some remain simple fetishists all their lives, but some begin to act more and more like transsexuals. They become less sexually aroused by clothing, and instead feel "relaxed" or "natural" when crossdressed.

Transsexuals, on the other hand, feel a constant oppression due to their gender, and once allowed to live in accord with their gender identity they do so and never look back. Often they never do master the ability to imitate the sex that their bodies have.

Again, there are few people who fit neatly into either of these categories, most people land somewhere in the middle. Unfortunately, in the late 60's Robert Stoller, a prominent researcher in the field, promoted a theory that in effect said transsexuals and transvestites were quite different and that the only people who could benefit from surgery were "classical" transsexuals, those who in no way resembled transvestites.

Many transvestites appear asking for surgery believing that this will make them happy. Some obtain surgery, often from shady characters, and later bitterly regret it. Because of this, reputable gender clinics are careful to try to qualify candidates for surgery.

I suspect that many of these people are going through the same internal struggle I am. I have no proof of this.

When and where Stoller's theories are popular it was/is difficult to obtain surgery unless one fit Stoller's model. We soon learned this, and started amending our histories to fit the psychiatrist's expectations. Combined with the prevailing social censure and the desperation of those involved, the whole scene became noticeably lacking in trust, and largely still is. Things got worse for us in 1979 after Mayer & Reter published a poor quality study that purported to show that surgery had no positive effects. Although I haven't heard of anyone who has much, if anything, good to say about this report, Johns Hopkins and many other workers used the report to stop surgical treatment of transsexuals at a time of growing conservatism.

Obtaining surgery is often a reward for meeting some criteria set up by the physician. Even when the surgeon is really interested in the patient's best interest, there is an atmosphere of wheeling and dealing on a prominent worker described as "circus-like". In other situations, surgery is a commodity to be sold at the highest price that the market will bear.

This is a very powerful form of coercion. If I want to obtain surgery, I should appear stable (according to the doctors definition, which often simply means compliant and passive), well socially integrated (which often means of high socio-economic class), and well adapted to my chosen gender role (which almost always means complying with whatever the doctors notion of femininity is).

The surgery has to be paid for in advance, & insurance won't cover anything to do with sex reassignment. Ostensibly this is therapy. The patient has to be well enough adjusted to be able to save \$10000 while working as a woman. This MIGHT be reasonable, (if you believe that yearly income is a measure of successful social adaptation), but for the simple fact that transsexuals are persecuted in this society. Often our income is rather a function of things like whether our job skills are in such demand that people will overlook our problem.

Surgical results are largely determined by the skill of the surgeon, and in some places the surgeon is a resident who may personally object to the operation. Some of these surgeons have deliberately or subconsciously mutilated their patients.

Standards of medical care are abysmal. Although estrogens are dangerous medicines (potentially causing liver damage & cancer) I'm being given estrogens without any of the normal lab testing that should accompany such a prescription. Quoting Stoller (Presentations of Gender, pg. 168):

"No more sickening remark could be made in this age of modern medicine than that, for the mishaps on the following list, there are no statistics about frequency, severity, or mortality associated with the usual morbidities and mortalities associated with anaesthesia and extensive surgery (for example, perforation of viscera, failure of the grafted phallus to take in females, scarring

.. (a long list of surgical & psychiatric complications here)..

.... I know of no acceptable report on complications, as if they were beneath the dignity of the treating physicians to study, even in order to prevent."

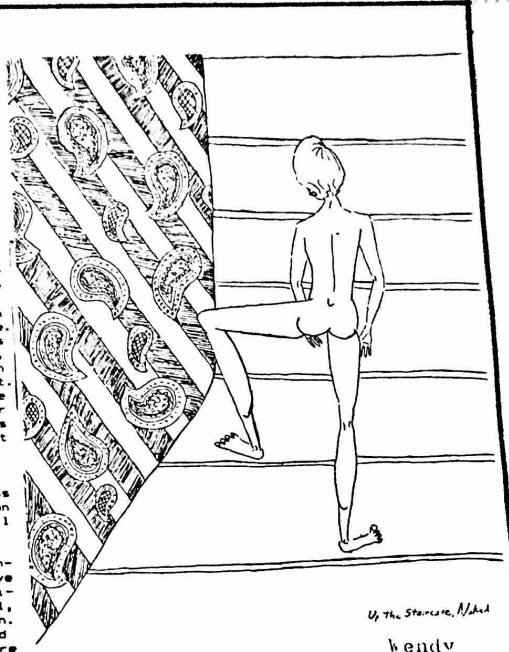
In my experience, doctors either fit into the "I'll operate on anybody, cash in advance" sort, or else into an incredibly paternalistic pattern of "I know better than you what's good for you" and while there IS a need to discourage and the homosexual from surgery, the uncertain, people who have made so many mistakes and shown such bigoted shortsightedness in the past to make that claim is incredible megalomania.

Money becomes an important factor in any transsexuals life. It's a good idea to be quite well off if you are gender dysphoric.

Electrolysis costs \$1500-\$4000. Estrogen costs \$25 a month, and must be continued for life. Surgery costs \$10000. Then there's a more-or-less totally new set of possessions, speech lessons, etc. Prices for estrogen and surgery depend on getting a favorable diagnosis from a psychiatrist. Money helps here, too. The surgeon won't operate without either enough money to cover the risk, or else with a psychiatrist's OK, which implies giving the psychiatrist his cut in "therapy" that every researcher in the profession admits is useless.

You can expect to earn substantially less as a woman, and even less during the conversion process, when when it's really needed. You will need a lawyer, which may be expensive.

I don't want people to think that my gender problems dominate my life. I manage to live a fairly normal life, even now while the transition is occurring. I know my situation is unusual, but it isn't, I hope, beyond comprehension. Everyone has problems with their gender role and gender identity—mine are just a little more severe. Even so, this isn't the worst possible thing that can happen to a person. It has its moments of beauty and pleasure.



By The Starline, Nihil
Wendy



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MIKE CUNDERLOT
FACTSHEET FIVE

"IT BROUGHT TEARS TO THE EYES OF EVEN AS JADED AND JAUNDICED A SUBGENIUS AS MYSELF."
LUKE MCGUFF
LIVE FROM THE
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"THIS IS TOPNOTCH STUFF."
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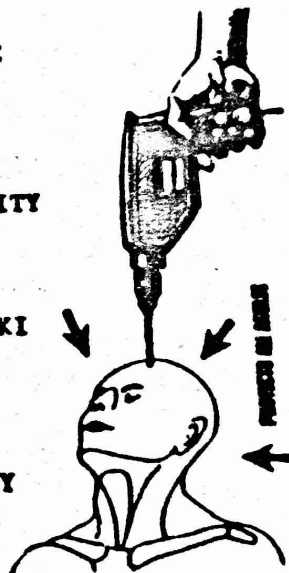
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REV. IVAN STANG



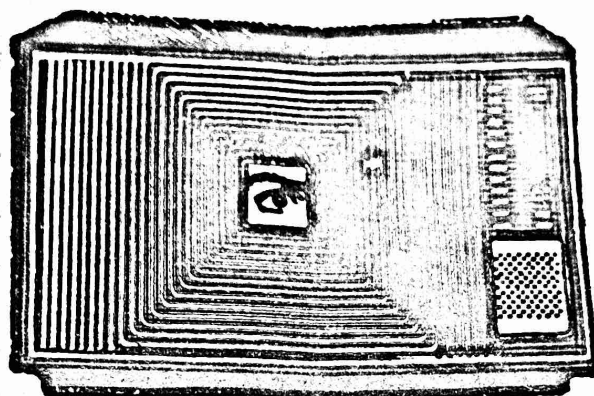
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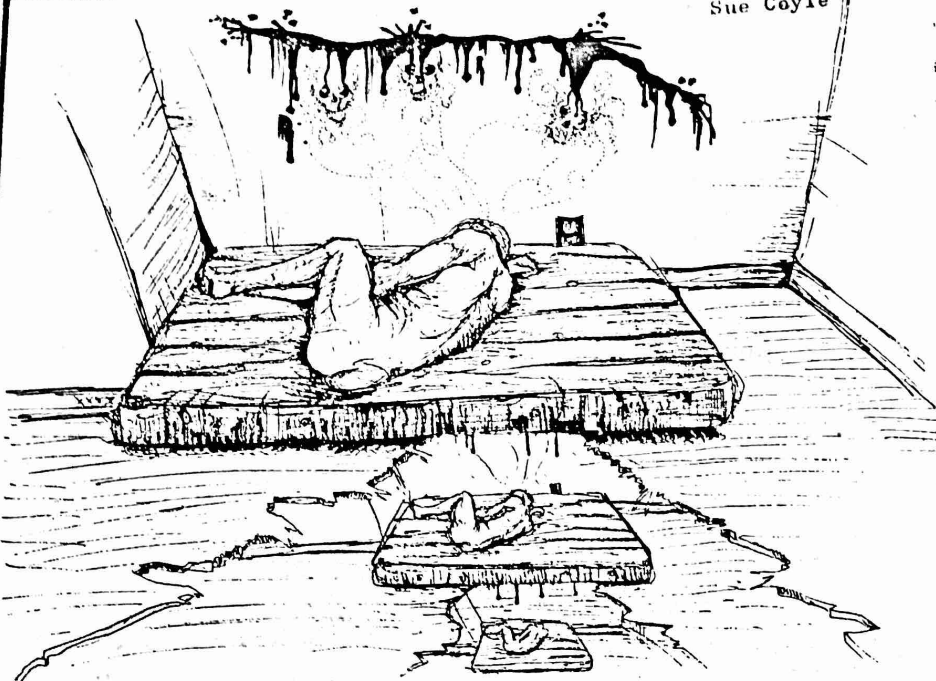
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Sue Coyle



BARTIMAEUS

by Dan Todd

I traveled once among men who told stories.

A man said, I divorced my wife and sometime later began seeing another woman. One night my lover and I were at a party when we heard a shot. Rushing out the door we found that my former wife had shot herself in a car parked nearby.

Another man said, When my daughter was twelve years old I pointed out the small size of her breasts and told her they would be enlarged if I screwed her; then I did screw her. After a time she told her mother what had happened. My wife replied that anyone hearing this story would think her a wicked girl who made up lies about her father; we were both well-thought of in our church.

Another man said, My wife and I were strictly religious. She was frigid. When our daughter was nine years old I began screwing her, with my wife's knowledge. The girl was in her twenties when someone outside the family discovered what was happening, but the girl was an idiot by then, and who listens to the testimony of an idiot at a trial?

Another man said, In Idaho a man shot his wife and then killed himself. When we came to remove the bodies we heard scratching. Underneath a rug on the floor we found a trap door, and beneath it a small cellar with a girl fifteen years old who looked about eight. Years before a daughter of the dead man and woman had disappeared mysteriously after her father had gotten her pregnant. Her parents buried the body in the same hole where her daughter was to grow up. I was the chief of police in the town where this happened; the girl turned out to be brilliant:

Another man said, When I was a boy growing up in range country a man raped a little girl. Later he confessed. One night a group of men took the rapist out and lit a fire. I know this because I followed them. They gave the man whiskey and then knocked him out. All of them were wearing hoods, but I was close enough to recognize my father's hands. He held a hunting knife in the fire and then cut the man like I'd seen him cut stallions and bulls. The man survived and lived in the same town until he died, and no one said anything more about it.

Another man said, When I was a boy in the South and a nigger got caught screwing a white girl they'd throw a rope over the nearest tree and hang him right there. One time they burned a nigger in the middle of town; I saw it.

After that a man said, Years ago in Oklahoma a black man ran off with a white woman and her kids. We formed a posse and followed them down into Texas. When we caught up to them we brought the man back and tied his hands to a big tree in front of the courthouse. Then we cut his balls and let him bleed to death.

II

On suitable occasions a writer may presume to address his reader directly, and I resort to this convention now, faithful reader, merely to suggest that you reproach me for repeating these stories. What is the point? you may ask. Allow me to explain: I am a blind man, born without sight, and I set down these grisly tales to record my astonishment at Bartimaeus, the blind man in the Gospels who begged Christ for sight; for when I make love to a woman and she whispers, What do you feel? I reply, One hand passes over a long leg and firm thigh, and the other holds a lovely breast; and she moans quietly in contentment.



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To John Zerzan

c/o ~~AMNH~~ POPULAR REALITY

Dear PopReal/Crowder

The stuff on the holocaust by the revisionist guy was a disappointment. He made a lot of complaints, but where was the stuff to back up his arguments? Why did he have to phrase things in a racist way (i.e. Jewish moralizing)? What a half-assed, stupid way of presenting something exciting. To question the way we are manipulated, whether by words or events or the interpretation of events, is necessary, more than that, should be a staple of any thinking person's life. But why is it that it's people that are often halfway to being a nutbar who sit down and write about it? (Though there wasn't much evidence that some nutbars do a lot of research outside their own skills, at least not judging by this particular piece). Wasn't there anything else that was less muddled and NOT RACIST that you could have printed that would've made the same points? Well, this piece will probably get people all excited, but it's a stupid, nowhere, lame kind of excitement. There's already enough of that crap floating around as it is. (And all that stuff about Orwell - a real kind of boy's school type of writing that has never moved me personally). I think you could've done better in your choice of introduction to the revisionists.

A disgruntled reader,
Sharon
New York, NY.

David -

I liked "Blaspheming Against The Holy People's Holy Hoax", and I'm glad you printed it. People such as Mier Kahane and Elie Wiesel have been whipping people up into SAM frenzies of hate against Germans, Arabs, and others for just a little too long for my taste, using nightmares of a Holocaust (that indeed may not have been quite what they want us all to believe it was) to do so. It's about time some solid, objective, critical historical review of the whole thing came out. Was it Mencken who said "In war, the first casualty is truth"? Certainly it was very convenient for the Allies to distract world attention from such goodies as the fire-bombing of Dresden, Hamburg, and Tokyo and use of two atomic bombs on civilian populations and religious shrines to save the concentration camps of Germany's point to and say "Shame, SHAME!"

Tru, Germany committed some real evils under Hitler. But how about, say, the internment in concentration camps in the US of US citizens of Japanese descent, and the wholly illegal seizure of their lands and homes by the government, during WWII? And that was NOTHING compared to some of the garbage that went on.

Later, it was also convenient for the US to continue pushing "the horrors of Nazi Germany", because then Israel became a modern nation - and one right in the middle of an area not only rich in oil and minerals, but of extreme strategic importance because of its geographical location. So the US backed Israel to get a hand in the Middle East - otherwise, it would never have done jack to help Israel out. And so the US at least tacitly to this day has encouraged those who not only won't let the dead past bury its dead, but who aren't above lying about what that past was really like; for by playing up in more and more exaggerated form the evils of Nazi Germany, or encouraging those who do so, the US helps to keep itself in that ultimate high-stakes poker game, Middle East Nuclear Strategic Stud.

R
Santa Barbara, CA.

Dear PopReal,

Enclosed you will find two dollars for a gift subscription for a friend of mine who, heretofore, has lived in a social/cultural vacuum (which must hurt) and could really use a dose of whatever it is that you mag is all about.

Keep up the twisted work,
Tom
Milwaukee, WI.

Dear PopReal,

I think I have some serious problems with your Holocaust article (I'm not sure, because between the printing and the writing it wasn't clear what he was trying to say [there were no smokestacks, no crematoriums, no gas chambers, some bad Jews, some good Nazis?]) But for anyone interested in the historic situation, I'd like to recommend "The Nazi Doctors" by Robert Jay Lifton. It has some good chapters on guilt reaction, too.

Yours,
CU
Washington, DC.

I read your thing on media, irony and "Bob" in Dissident News. I would've felt insulted except that your conception of the Church as "popular" and apparently somehow commercial is so funny. I'm afraid you give us way too much credit. We HAVE BEEN struggling valiantly to "sell out" according to your standards but have so far failed miserably in doing so. I imagine we probably will eventually. Yes we'll divert the emotions of the workers into some trivial entertainment thing. If it were not for the distract of the Church of the Subgenius the masses would already have noticed YOU and YOUR WORLD VISION could have been crushed WITHIN YOUR LIFETIME. WE WILL ACTUALLY PREVENT THE REVOLUTION! WE ALONE! And when I sell-up mailing list to the Secret Service the Plan will be complete. All the Bobbies will be rounded up and put in concentration camps. I'll be PAID WELL. I assure you!

We might as well be from two different planets. I can tell you this however. I understand where you're coming from very well. I used to say the same thing. In fact, I used to say it in plain English rather than turning it in little grimly sober political jargon intelligible only to those who don't need to be convinced. However, that was 15 years ago and those were springing partially from abnormal naive ignorance and a crippled sense of humor. Fortunately I was able to get beyond hating myself and back into hating the world. If you knew what I know, you'd ignore me and kill yourself. Obviously such knowledge wouldn't be evolutionarily expedient for your gene pool and I'm not gonna try to convince you of anything. Just take my word for it -- the Subgenius thing is over your head. It really IS everything you stand against, but not in the way you think Oh no. You have it BACKWARDS.

There's nothing I love more than criticism of Subgenius; they prove our point so well. It reveals who can and can't take a joke -- who would even ALLOW jokes. I'm the one that's laughing asshole.

You should mention in your next article that I'm making over \$10,000 a year (just off the Subgenius pamphlets ALONE. The BOOK royalties are about \$150,000 in 1986. The secret videotape goes for \$600 to collectors. My radio show THE HOUR OF SLACK has a production budget of \$10,000 a show and is about to be syndicated all over the hemisphere. I keep all of this money -- well me and the IRS. None of the other artists, musicians or writers get ANY of it. I keep EVERYTHING. I live in a huge house -- SWISS AVENUE in Dallas with several guard dogs. There are literally countless -- my volunteers who do my bidding and work for free. Letterman actually had me on his show whether or not I'd be on his show -- I turned it down so I could go party with Mike Jagger and Tom Leary. I spend a lot of my time consulting with film directors as to who they should hire. I could feed all the people in Africa off my yearly salary ALONE -- but I CHOSE NOT TO. HAHA HA! I've actually walked through the huge stone doors in the concrete in the NY skyscraper where the real Conspiracy initiates their (oops, I mean UR) new tools of oppression. Yes I actually sold my soul to Satan to pull off this Bobb thing. -- see, come to think of it, why don't you join the local Southern Baptists? They see us exactly the same way you do.

To Ivan Stang -

I got a very hateful letter this week from The Subgenius Foundation, presumably sent by you. The venom you express over my "Media, Irony and Bob", which appeared in Dissident News and Popular Reality, came as a bit of a surprise. Two or three years ago you wrote to Dan Todd and me praising our Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous stuff extravagantly and asking whether we thought the Subgenius farce had outlived its time. Also, despite the title of the piece, I barely mentioned the Subgenius trip; only one paragraph out of twelve referred to it. Apparently to wonder how radical is Subgenius humor is to find out who really can't take a joke.

You say I am an "asshole" who hates myself, who sees you "exactly the same way" Baptists do, and whose writing is "trite, grimly sober political jargon intelligible only to those who don't need to be convinced." Nothing I (or Todd and I) have written is above criticism, including the language used. And I'm in no way opposed to humor (despite Bob Black's prediction for 1987 re what I will critique) but maybe some manipulativeness is showing through your humor. At least I don't think I can be accused of talking down to people or of undervaluing their intelligence. It seems unlikely that all of what needs to be said can be slipped by the unsuspecting as humor.

The Church has been very funny indeed but what claims beyond that can you really make for it? The joke perhaps wears thin after years of repetition -- and years of avoiding any real content? Maybe it isn't "over my head"; maybe it's just a good farce for a while which tends to become a little stale and cynical, and whose writers get somewhat hysterical when subjected to even passing analysis.

Laughter is truly a gift in this barren world and you've evoked it from many, including me. How subversive is your anti-church remains for me an open question, however.

John Zerzan

Dear David Crowder,

Figured it was time to get off my dead ass & send you another exciting communique. Last month we won the \$2.5 million Oregon Lottery, but lost it all in a bad business investment. I guess shoeleace factories aren't the thing to put your money in. Oh well, that's life. But, thanks to you, that bad blow was offset by your latest issue of PopReal and the most illuminating article by Dr. Al Blasterman on possum problems. It was a godsend for people with that problem (who hasn't had it at one time or another?), especially those who live in Eugene, the home of many UNSquished possums. Anyway, here's hoping that you'll at least consider a small portion of PopReal open to such helpful household hints as the Blasterman article in the future.

Most horribly yours,
P
Bend, OR.

GRAFFITI I

You blew it, Metro Times ("Freeway Art," MT, Jan 21-27). You missed the best freeway graffiti image in Michigan--CHARO/CULTURAL TERRORISTS--on I-75 north, at the Lantz overpass, south of 8 Mile Road. Extreme detail, two-color, plus seven other matching images in the Detroit metropolitan area.

Cultural Terrorists
Detroit

In the Love of Our Three-Stam Eppot, the "Bob"

I, Stang

KING-STUD FUCKER
OF WORTHY FEMINIST
AMAZONS and ASS-
KICKER of WHINING-
PEE-SHY HIP WIMPS.

I'll meet you, Zerzan, AND your brothers, AND all the whole damn Johnson County bunch, BEHIND THE OLD CHURCH in KERVILLE (by the old airport)

THIS SATURDAY -- Please to get your BUTT KICKED!

Dear PopReal,

After reading about a 1/2 dozen issues of your publication and being consistently impressed, I've decided to finally become a subscriber. Being one of those folks who's always wary of unleashed dogmas and rhetoric, I found PopReal to be a quite satisfying change of pace and something I can sink my teeth into without the fear of the frequent pungent taste of ideological confinement. Along with Kick It Over, Reality Now and Tkan, you've got yourself a subscriber.

Thanks much,
Yours In Struggle,
J
Chicago, IL.

ARTIST: LIMB sought for ripoff artist Rio Johnson, who hasn't a leg to stand on. Donations to Phantom Limb, POB 431, Boston, MA 02213.

Rio Johnson Update
Over a year ago PopReal reported on the theft of several hundred dollars, PopReal supplies and mailing list, and the destruction of personal belongings by Crowbar's roommate Rio. Last month we received this clipping concerning his well-being.

Shooting victim listed in serious condition

A man who was shot in the leg on the Auburn Stadium footbridge Monday night remained in serious condition Tuesday at Sacred Heart General Hospital.

John Rio Johnson, 22, of 1800 Patterson Ave., was moved out of the hospital care unit of the hospital Tuesday, a hospital spokesman said. Johnson told police he was shot in the leg by a man who approached him on the footbridge shortly before 6:30 p.m.

Engine police are contacting their investigators into the shooting and are looking for physical evidence to corroborate the victim's account of the incident, a police spokesman said.

Johnson told police the man approached him as he walked over the bridge and said, "What do you got for me?" Johnson said he told the man he had \$2 and the man called him a liar, a police report said.

The man made Johnson turn toward the river, the report said. Johnson said he then turned to face the assailant and was shot as he attempted to walk away.

A citizen who was walking on the bridge heard the shot and went to Johnson's aid. The citizen told police he saw no one else in the area except a bicyclist on the south side of the bridge.

Irreverend Crowbar,

How time flies! Seems like just yesterday I was bopping down the Seattle streets and the first Popular Reality I had ever seen stuck to some bubble gum on my shoe. I sat down and read it right on the street corner in the Pike St. Market. This caused a sticky situation, for the bookstore lady came out and told me the paper was .50, and tried to take it back, but she got bubble gum on her hands and went back to the store. Now, well over 1 year later, I see my subscription is almost up. Before I re-up, though, I must make some grievances known.

- 1) There are wide blank spaces on your front and back pages. This is alright, but my lover feels those spaces are for him to write his trick phone number on, or to calculate his I Ching, causing many a quarrel.
- 2) Your 'zine's' arrival time is unpredictable. Just as soon as I give up hope of ever seeing another one, my apartment complex manager asks me, "Is this your trash the postman left in my box?"
- 3) Someone stole my 'Party With God' pin at the bathhouse. I feel much better now. A bitching sailor is a happy sailor, they say. Please extend my subscription and send me another 'Party With God' pin, and if some queen steals this one, I feel sorry for her!

Thank you
Intro
Hollywood, CA.

DEAR POP REAL,

Now that the Tower "We-Wanted-A-Whitewash-But-There-Wasn't-Enough-Paint" Commission has had to settle for portraying the President as "compassionate but senile," or the victim of "selective amnesia" or a faulty ear trumpet, or whatever the story happens to be this week, the wits have been hard at work and have already managed to come up with a whole new sub-genre of jokes, which I suppose for lack of a better name might be called the "Big Moron"-type jokes. A sample (from the Florida comedienne **Franny Mae Jerkoffsky**):

"Hey, Prez, can you bomb Moscow?"

"Yes, you may phone Moscow."

Pretty sexy stuff, eh? Watch for it soon in your favorite lounge or improv-club.

Devotedly,
Eel Leonard
Trenton NJ

Dear PR

Hakim Bey, in the Feb-March issue, takes up most of a page to say nothing about Bob Black's Abolition of Man and other essays. But though we are told nothing of the book's content, orientation, range, tactics, strengths and weaknesses, etc. in remarkably clever paragraphs, we do find out about a certain adolescent tendency.

Bey comes right out and says what he is doing in lieu of a review: Black praised his book to the skies so he is returning the favor, self-consciously laying down every superlative along performance but goes on to list all the members of this clique of Black allies and Subgenius consumers! The point is not substance or the lack thereof but an approved list of mutual back-scratchers and uncritical self-admirers.

Popular Reality is largely aimed at alienated teens, frequently marketed in head shops for the convenience of heavy-metalites. This stragem of rot-their-friends-while-they're-young is far less profitable, however, than the high school clique approach of Bey & co. Editor Crowbar, who cannot even distance himself from KCP types, perhaps the tone for the non-standards bunny system, his explanation of publishing You: Own Zine notwithstanding.

John Zerzan

Dear "No Standards" Crowbar,

as Karl Kraus said, "Sound opinions are valueless. What matters is who holds them." When Kropotkin lauds it or hunter-gatherers do it, it's mutual aid; when we Type 1's do it, it's a "seamy" buddy system. To be, as to be perceived by John Zerzan; "to say nothing" about my book The Abolition of Work means, in Zerzanesque, to say nothing our nihilist statistician wants to hear. Zerzan himself chooses "to say nothing" about my book, preferring to lament that I have loyal friends. Because he never was mine, I broke with him, and this is what's eating him.

I formed my opinion of Bey's book Chaos when it was sent to me by (I thought) someone else; he formed his opinion of mine from seeing most of its texts over the years, the ones Zerzan used to write me to call "suburb" and "very well done" back when he thought he could get me back into his clique. "Never speak disrespectfully of society," says Oscar Wilde, "only people who can't get into it do that." Bey deserves credit for openly proclaiming the relations which anarchists routinely conceal. If Zerzan is serious about the evils of backscratching, why doesn't he publicly repeat his covert criticisms of his leezeball buddies at the Fifth Estate with their censorship, hypocrisy and neo-leftism?

I'll tell you why, just as Zerzan told me: the Fifth Estate is his main publisher, indeed for his longer bookish stuff, his only one since he fell out with Telos. They scratch his balls, so he doesn't kick theirs.

As at least seven texts from the book have appeared in PR, maybe its readers don't need a paraphrase by Bey or Zerzan. I guess Zerzan forgot something that appeared in one of those issues (#12), something I wrote with Zerzan himself in mind -- a definition of Nihilists: "Going beyond good & evil, they stopped half-way."

Yours in Sales,

☺

Bob Black

Please renew my subscription & your "publication" so that I can stay on "the cutting edge of incoherence".
With contempt,
George Wahl
Cincinnati, OH.
You may print my name; I'm not ashamed.

Dear Popular Reality

The following love letter is the only response I, The Sultan of Sex, got to my personal ad which ran recently in your holy journal. Lest the public be confused (as I was), Snow White is just pulling my (gorgeous) leg, though she did say in a followup letter "I don't want your body, because I already have one." Well, I never demanded anyone have a body anyway.
"Karen Elliot has spoken!"

Listen up now person of restricted mental growth,

I read with polite disinterest (it never hurts to be polite while a guy is digging his own grave I find) your personal ad in my second favourite organ of junior subversion Popular Reality. However on reaching the words "I WILL LIST SOME SPECIFICATIONS" I was seized by the irresistible desire to run out into the street and gouge out the eyes of the first male human (in name only) being I happened upon at risk of being hailed yet again as the new Messiah. Life is risky, let's face it and if you can't face it, BEAT IT! He went shutting down the road: "once I could see but now I am blind!" and made off in the direction of the nearest public house to give thanks in hymns and praises. Anyway, turkey paste, before this letter explodes in your potatoe face blowing you into a million tiny shitrags I think it only fair that you should be privileged to know why. Well because I'm feeling generous tonight. No, don't thank me. You haven't time. Sufficient for you to know that REAL MEN DO NOT ATTEMPT TO MAKE SPECIFICATIONS CONCERNING THE CONDUCT, HAIRDRESSING, CHOSEN MANNER OF COMMUNICATION, SAUNDRY ETC OF REAL WOMEN for the simple reason that REAL WOMEN DON'T STAND FOR IT. BEET! Bitchshit like you won't unfortunately be allowed to benefit from this information because you're dead, puddingface. We are sending round a good taxidermist just in case the device fails to detonate. No use begging. We take no prisoners.

not yours ever

Snowite Jung



THE FICKLE MOON-GODDESS SNORES TAKES A GRINNING RABBIT FOR A CONSORT THE LIZARD WOMEN SAW A RABBIT IN THE FACE OF THE MOON, RATHER THAN A MAN.

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son, who hasn't a leg to stand
MA 02238.

Dear PR

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---John Zerzan

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as Karl Kraus said,

For John Zerzan, "sound opinions are valueless. What matters is who holds it. When Kropotkin lauds it or hunter-gatherers do it, it's mutual aid; when we Type 3's do it, it's a "seamy" buddy system. To be, is to be perceived by John Zerzan; "to say nothing" about my book The Abolition of Work means, in Zerzanese, to say nothing our nihilist statistician wants to hear. Zerzan himself chooses "to say nothing" about my book, preferring to lament that I have loyal friends. Because he never was mine, I broke with him, and this is what's eating him.

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P.O. Box 140306
Dallas, TX 75214

Dear Popular Reality folks

It's funny, I kept hearing about some article somewhere where the guy was going "The Church of the SubGenius is a big sell-out because Stang writes for High Performance" Finally in the giant box of mail I hadn't answered because "my trip to China (spent 2 months in Beijing working w/ my peers in the Chinese National Film Business, but saved many souls on the side there!) I found your back issue with this thing reprinted. Actually, I found it first in one of those stupid humorless "anarchist" pubs, "Reality something-or-other". I sent John Zerzan the attached "rebuttal" via them, but I thought I'd send you guys a copy for the hell of it. You can print it if you want... don't matter. For some reason, now that the SubG thing has snowballed onto college campuses (just as the Flan said!!!!) all these literati seem compelled to attack us on the most ridiculous basis, some idiotic political thing. What trivial fucking matters these earthfools are wont to dither away their time with! Hell, if I can manage to do my duty to Dobbs and abnormality, the Church of the SubGenius WILL eventually become a high-buck commodity -- BUT ONLY WHILE STILL RETAINING ITS DISTASTEFUL, UGLY FLAVOR, which, despite what Zerzan says, does indeed do what it should. Despite the Bobbies and posour types, the many Church manifestations DO piss off and scare the fundamentalists, it DOES totally baffle the normals, who will NEVER get it, and don't need to, and it very definitely does inspire those few SANE ones who are about to be beaten down, TO GET UP AND KEEP FIGHTING. We DON'T CARE about the masses buying our stuff one way or the other. If we become the One World Religion prophesied in the Bible, FINE. If we stay totally obscure, FINE. A few million bucks... that's all I ask. Not complete ownership of the networks. No. Who needs it. Just our own "radio" network, like Gene... it has. There HAS to be a BALANCE! And, while the better-known SubGenius material may not seem hard-hitting to Zerzan, it certainly riles up the local natives when I broadcast it on the radio! The Secret Service visited us long before our "little pranks" at the Republican Convention. I just can't feel like I'm selling out that much. I have a weekly show on the beleaguered ACORN-type station here, and frankly what I'm putting out -- a combination of my direct ranting and tapes from all SubGenius -- is pretty fucking hard core, in fact, I daresay that Zerzan is leaning on a WIMPT CRUTCH of high-faluting big-talk while we're out there on the god damn FRONT LINES, in the BIBLE BELT no less, kicking asses and taking names in the REAL WORLD where ANY NORMAL COWBOY can tune in and hear quite plainly ALL SORTS OF THINGS that make him mad. What Zerzan is too pink to admit he's saying, is that he thinks we don't have balls. I'd like to see him whip out some cajones in public anywhere NEAR the size of the ten-gallon monsters we've heaved into the paths of oncoming Conspiracy Tanks! When I say "we" I mean also my cohorts on other SubG shows and bands -- Puzzling Evidence, LIES, Hal Robins and Gary G Braogfram on KPFA in Berkeley, Sister Kryz at WFMU, Drs for "Bob" in Little Rock, Buck Naked also in Dallas, Pope Meyer in Seattle, Philo Drummond and The Swinging Love Corpses in St. Louis, Bro Cleve Duncan Ahmed Fishmonger and Bleepo Abernathy in Boston etc etc etc -- WHY THE FUCK DO THESE ROODY-POOT REPORTERS and ARTICLE-WRITER TYPES always have to focus on ME??? I bend over BACKWARDS to put the focus on god damn "BOB" DOBBS (oh praise him praise him praise him MY LEGS ARE ON FIRE) BUT NO!!!! -- JUST as these GEEKS have to do with ROCK BANDS, they MUST pick somebody to be the leader, even if it's only because the guy is the one who answers the mail! Then they can project all sorts of misconceptions on the poor dude so that their own failure to make a dent against the Conspiracy doesn't look so pitiful. Well, I'm here to say, FUCK YOU ASSHOLES who think I or any other SubGenius should "sublimate his art" or whatever, for ANTBODY'S GOD DAMN SOPHOMORIC "FEAR" of "political correctness". I don't care one jot or tittle, not one flying fuck, nary a PEE in HELL whether what I do is "politically correct." As far as I PERSONALLY am concerned: Don't speaking for other Subs, the whole fucking left wing is NO LESS ROTTEN than the right, once you look at the specific organizations one at a time, most people calling themselves "anarchists" these days have no more idea of what they're up against in the real world than a typical Yuppie does, COMMUNISM and SOCIALISM BOTH are the stupidest ideas since organized religion, and as far as the looser definitions of fairness go, to try to change the world with small magazine articles for the already-converted is pissing into the wind. The situation is FAR WORSE than most of you well-read pee-shy would-be revolutionaries are capable of imaging, and most of you should just SHUT UP and let us real soldiers get on with the god damn WAR! (Present company excluded -- I think the editors of Popular Reality are doing about the ONLY decent job in the ENTIRE FIELD.) I hope I DO get rich off SubGenius! It would serve the rest of you fuckers right! Go ahead, keep squealing in your jealousy because deep in your hearts, you pissants know you can NEVER BE AS FUNNY as we are "Popular?" "Lucrative?" These don't even enter the picture. If you're honest, you'll admit that what you REALLY WANT is SLACK, and we're doing a better job of doling out that commodity than ANY blinkered bunch of collectivist Commie dipshits -- albeit in infrequent spurts, but once you get the quality down, somebody else can handle the quantity. "BOB" will be around LONG, LONG after all the rest of us are dead and gone, and he will be as valuable an archer as a Robin Hood. ELITIST??? YOU BET YOUR AMPUTATED INSTINCTS, we are LET NO ONE BE CREATED EQUAL -- down that path lies the ultimate nightmare, the Planet of "Bobs." So why don't any of you socialist worker readers just join up with the fundamentalists here in Dallas and work hard at shutting down our little "culture unto itself?" Obviously, we must be to blame for your failure to convince ANTBODY of ANYTHING.

In the Love of Our Thrice-Slain Epopt, the "Bob"

I, \$tancy

To John Zerzan

c/o ~~ANN~~ POPULAR REALITY

I read your thing on media irony, and I'm insulted except that your conception of somehow commercial, is so funny. I HAVE INDEED been struggling valiantly, have so far failed miserably in doing so. We'll divert the emotions of the workers were not for the distraction of the Church have noticed YOU, and YOUR WORLD V. LIFETIME! WE WILL ACTUALLY PRESENT when I sell our mailing list to the Secret Bobbies will be rounded up and put in you!

We might as well be from two different understand where you're coming from. I used to say it in plain English, rather than argon intelligible only to those who years ago, and those views sprang from a crippled sense of humor. Fortunately, I'm into hating the world. If you know yourself, obviously, such knowledge is a gene pool, and I'm not gonna try to change -- the SubGenius thing is over your head, not in the way you think. Oh, no. You're not.

There's nothing I love more than to see you well. It reveals who can and can't take one that's laughing, asshole.

You should mention in your next issue the SubGenius pamphlets ALONE. The secret videotape goes for \$600 to cover the production budget of \$10,000 a show in the hemisphere. I keep all of this money for musicians, or writers get ANY OF IT. SWISS AVENUE in Dallas with several volunteers who do my bidding and whether or not I'd be on his show. I'd like to see Jagger and Tim Leary. I spend a lot of time they should hire. I could feed all the people I CHOSE NOT TO! HAHA HA! I've acted in a secret suite in the NY skyscraper. I mean SUR? new tools of oppression. Dobbs thing. See, come to think of it. They see us exactly the same way.

To Ivan Stang -

I got a very hateful letter from the Foundation, presumably from you, over my "Media, Irony and Reality" News and Popular Reality. I wrote it or three years ago you Anti-Authoritarians. And whether we thought the situation was Also, despite the title of the Subgenius trip; only once I did it. Apparently to wonder how I find out who really can

You say I am an "asshole" "exactly the same way" as you. I'm grimly sober politically, and I don't need to be convinced. What I've written is above criticism. I'm in no way opposed to you. For 1987 re what I will do. Business is showing through. I can be accused of taking intelligence. It seems to me I can be slipped by the

The Church has been beyond that can you read this after years of real content? Maybe I

David,

A few words off the top about Popreal #17: The "Holy Hoax" piece was intriguing to say the least. However, I think Hoffman & all those who subscribe to his point of view, would find it to their enormous benefit to point out that they are not Nazis or anything of the sort (unless of course they are). Most people would probably be quick to draw this conclusion due to what they've grown to believe is the truth about the "Holocaust". To disassociate themselves from the Nazis would at least attempt to demonstrate their earnest desire to know what actually took place. This point was made in the article, but not clear enough for those who believe the conventional story wholeheartedly. Outside of that, Hoffman certainly gives us alot to think about. The great point to the whole argument I think is to bring attention to the fact that not only Jews, but all of Europe suffered tremendously. The war itself was the true Holocaust. A war like all others orchestrated for the benefit of business. All others in this century anyway, with the possible exception of civil wars in which the masses get duped into dying for an ideal instead of a buck.

Al Ackerman's story was, well... what can one say about Ackerman and be sure he knows what he's talking about. Ackerman is the great elusive, if not reclusive, genius of our time. While laughing about the mystery teaching of your lunatic uncle on the ridding of unwanted possums one cannot help but wonder about the mind that generates such ideas. Who is Al 'Blaster' Ackerman anyway? What kind of drug supplies get off degrading possums like that? Perhaps to know the questions is enough for one life. No one can draw a chuckle like the Blaster; is this wisdom he's feeding us or is it simply the tasteless of bullshit? Only the Ling Master knows for sure. Bravo Ackerman!

I think Hakim Bey's review of Bob Black's book is important because he utilizes the medium of the review to make a point or two of his own. This is not to belittle Bob's book in anyway, Bob is well on his way to speaking for an entire generation with his essays. But Hakim illuminates many aspects of the moment through Bob. Or I could be losing my mind. Yeah, that's more like it.

I would like to say I was thrilled with Bob Black's predictions for the year, but since I wasn't included I'll just have to let it pass. CENT a CON's interview was enlightening and makes me want to write him. I've got to learn more about some of these things.

How does one get into the Kansas College of Collage, and can Joe Smogwind guarantee we'll be able to produce work as excellent as his when we graduate?

Sue Coyle. What visions. shades of Blake with a touch of Beefheart. It was great to see the Dervish making several appearances this issue.

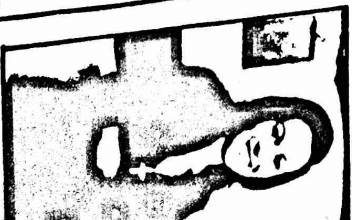
He has a way of making you hurt when you snicker. Hakim Bey's Chaos Revelations piece points up exactly what is going down pretty much all over. When a dream goes sour what else can you do but laugh? Its just a natural consequence of watching all the goodies dangled in front of us get further and further away and realizing the further away they get the more we wake up. And McGlavin's "Date with Crowbar" stunned me with revelations about you. If I had only known you loved toast so much we would have served

you that instead of all those biscuits and bearclaws. And you mean to tell me you like beer better than Mezcal? After we forced you to eat that worm and you went out of your mind and began to scream the cat was a demon and we had to fuck it or we'd all be doomed? Well, I'm sorry. I just didn't know. But I think I liked being hit over the head with a megal worm better than a beer bottle. At lastly, but not at all leastly, your "Publishing Your Own Zine" is as important an article as I've read if alot of people take it to heart. What if everyone published their own zine? I'm taking the publishing world completely into our own hands. I'm serious. The potential of this could be legendary. It could destroy the establishment, as well as making it difficult for a new establishment to rise in its place. Great to see a poem by Tom House who I hadn't heard from in quite a while. All is truly well in a Popular Reality. Lunacy is the only thing free enough to save us from ourselves. I fuck with the minds of normals is an objective that no longer needs stating. Now we have to fuck with our own minds. "pull the wool over our own eyes", to use a well worn phrase. Of course that is exactly what I've attempted to do with Meletter. And I've accomplished it since I no longer have any idea what I'm talking about. I've talked myself into a hole and thereby realize the Zerolist goal.... I can't remember who put it there. My I've got makeup on my chin and I can't remember who put it there. My cat is looking pretty demomical. Where did I put those rubbers?

Still here,

Jake - Rev. Fetuc

Donna Kossy/Out of Kontrol



DF-1073/California. High school. Mistress. info gettin'3. Must be photo and phone n wish also to comco others see photo