

POPULAR REALITY

A VITAL ORGAN OF THE SHIMO UNDERGROUND

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CONVENTION IN THE STREETS

National DemCon Report from the Radical Fringe

The stage was set for the National DemCon street scene in San Francisco several weeks ahead of time when Henry Kissinger's appearance was met by thousands of demonstrators who clashed with police. Over 100 were arrested, three on felonies which the police held up as the type of radicals peace activists should disassociate themselves with. The next day's S.F. Chronicle quoted Livermore Action Group and Committee In Solidarity with the People of El Salvador spokespersons as blaming the Revolutionary Communist Party for the violence. The next day LAG and CISPEP officially denounced those news reports as attempts to fracture the peace movement and blamed the police for the violence, a rare stand of solidarity among progressives.

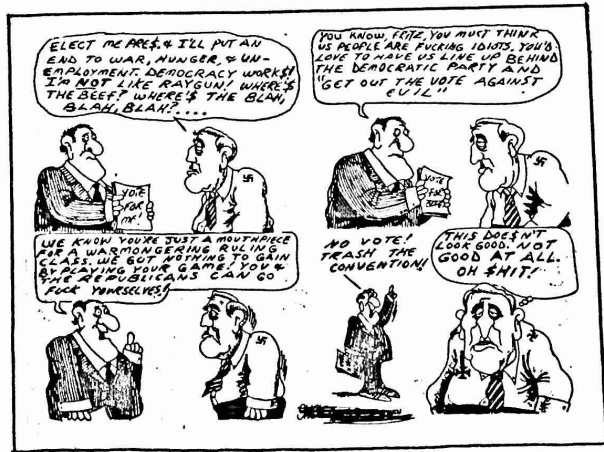
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Early in July suspected radicals were searched and arrested on the streets periodically. Police particularly pinpointed and hassled punks. A raucous demonstration at city hall protesting police sweeps of street people as a clean up for the DemCon resulted in two women arrested. Geoff Meredith of the Alabone Alliance said, "The cops want people to know these are going to be mass arrests and beatings" during the DemCon.

I went down to San Francisco with four carloads of diverse Shimo Underground affiliates from Eugene, Oregon who left for the DemCon at different times. One carload met the Peace Convoy leaving from the Rainbow Gathering at Mt. Shasta. The Thursday before the Con they arrived for a protest at a Jerry Falwell rally where 2000 confronted the police. Two were arrested at what police blamed on "80 Revolutionary Communist Party members and punk rockers affiliated with Livermore Action Group." All other witnesses say the police attack was "completely unprovoked." The RCP called it a "premeditated...unprovoked police assault," and accused the S.F. Chronicle, who well deserve the blame, for "COINTELPRO style journalistic methods in fabricating a story based on the logic and aims of the FBI and other agencies of the government rather than on facts." They went on to say that "this tactic fits into their overall agenda for the Democratic Convention and for the 80's - limiting political protest to acceptable channels to render them harmless and irrelevant." The RCP held a press conference about these police actions which was raided. A further press conference about their first press conference was also raided.

The Peace Convoy from the Rainbow Gathering, (a couple of hundred old hippies who 'OM' and sing hymns and seem oblivious to the drunken obnoxiousness, fights, and racial slurs bandied about their midst), established an encampment in Golden Gate Park where protesters were busted before Friday night when the camp 'became legal.' After Friday the Park Service drove through every 15 minutes shining spot-lights on the sleepers at night. I guess it's a job.

In preparations for Con demonstrations the S.F. police made plans to cordon off Moscone Center and prepared a one block enclosure for legal demonstrations. Permits for the next week's marches were only granted after the various peace, labor, counter-culture, and Ku Klux Klan (!) groups agreed to monitor their own people and to point out to police any subversives or radicals. Anarchists with the Bound Together Bookstore released a newsletter denouncing "acts of collaboration that were committed by the monitors (in a previous demonstration). For instance, they assisted police in calming the angry reaction of people who had witnessed and moved to prevent the arrest of a man who had loudly pointed out an undercover cop," (a criminal offense). "The purveyors of this non-violence ideology which has come to dominate the protest groups of the left today are not only naive in their courtship of the media and reprehensible for their collaborations with the police, but ignorant of history as well. George Orwell pointed out more than 30 years ago that the British ruling class considered Gandhi to be 'their man'. The British were, after all, looking for an honorable way to rid themselves of India, which was an economic burden. Gandhi's movement made sure that the resistance to British rule remained manageable until they were ready to relinquish



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Before noon on Monday, the most colorful crowd of about 200 anarchists, punks, and the RCP began a 'nonviolent tour' of the financial district to expose those major funders of both U.S. militarism and the Democratic party. The tour began, with banners and many participants wearing bandanas or masks, at the Bank of America. After a short talk and a massive die-in to the chants of 'Hey, Hey, B of A, How many people did you kill today?' the crowd moved across the street to another bank where the first animals tried to enter. The doors were quickly locked by security guards and a phalanx of riot police surrounded over 100 demonstrators on the steps, refusing to let them leave. They blocked traffic while arresting those on the steps, changing the radicals with the act. They later falsely claimed that they had ordered the group to disperse. The protesters sat down while waiting to be taken in on felony conspiracy charges.

Another contingent of demonstrators gathered across the street where media and a couple thousand of the three-piece-suit-set watched. Many of these joined both groups of demonstrators, led by the Shimo cheerleaders, in chanting 'Democracy In Action,' 'Let Them Go,' and 'The Whole World Is Watching.' A group of about two dozen rushed into a nearby intersection to block traffic and divert police, who outnumbered demonstrators. They were quickly set upon by twice as many plainclothes police who viciously beat some of the protesters. A

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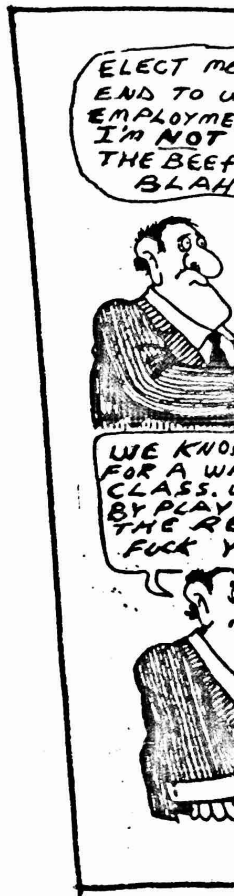
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All but one of these protesters were released the next day. Deputy Public Defender Peter Keene said, "The conspiracy charge on it's face is a phony charge," designed to keep demonstrators off the street for the rest of the convention. Anita Schwartz of the ACLU said the arrests "smack of preventative detention. The police response to these protests reeks of the type of tactics used during the late 60's." Pat Warner, a legal observer for the National Lawyers Guild, questioned "the constitutionality of police using conspiracy charges to keep demonstrators in jail for up to 72 hours." The San Francisco Office of Citizen Complaints began receiving numerous complaints from all over the country about police conduct.

That night was a *Rising Vote Peace In 84* rally at Moscone Center organized by those that would like us to forget that the Dems got us into Vietnam and El Salvador, and those that believe it's progressive to freeze superpower nuclear capability to potentially annihilate the planet only a few dozen times. I didn't go. I stayed at a friends' and waited for the release from jail of most of the Eugenians I came to San Francisco with. Also staying at this friends' was a cynical information processor for the Democratic National Committee who took great delight in snubbing and sabotaging the petty requests of Corsetta Scott King, Harold Washington, and Mario Cuomo. We swapped stories of intrigue.

By noon Tuesday one of our mob from Eugene had been Missing In Action since the night before, one was jailed, and one car was impounded - my ride home that night supposedly. A shockingly inordinate number of police were patrolling the Haight-Ashbury area where we and the Autonomes hung out, so we separated with some intrepidation to go down to the day's demonstration site. The Civic Center, another major hang-out and center of the punk scene, was also heavily patrolled by police looking for activists. On my way to the Ku Klux Klan counter-demonstration at Moscone Center who should lumber up the street by me but Bert Lance. Bert is an enormous mound of obesity. I'm 6'4" and he looked down at me with a somber sidelong glance as he slowly passed. Poor Bert got jerked around a lot during the week's proceedings so I tried to console him. "Bert, I hear you're a goof," I told the crook. He didn't stop to chat, but kept rumbling expressionlessly down the street with his two little bodyguards who could have been tucked under each of his amples without bending them over.

At the Moscone Center the John Brown Anti-Klan Committee held a well-attended press conference and denounced the previous day's arrests. Several hundred diverse people, from punks with mugs to unionists and Rainbow Coalition members, picketed and chanted. The police and city officials who had given the Klan permits to march refused to reveal where the racists would be. For days previous to this action the RCP warned people to stay away because it looked like a trap for police to entrap and bust more demonstrators. No Klan appeared and no arrests were made, although two Klan effigies were splattered with blood and burned on the street.

That evening my ride home was still in jail and the car held hostage, so I took the Amtrak home. Half those I came down with remained. The second Democratic War Chest Tour of the financial district Wednesday gathered a larger crowd than Monday - several hundred. There were no arrests but a couple of lively chases. Thursday the police arrested 87 on the tour in an orderly manner for misdemeanors. They were released for the evening Rock Against Reagan concert headlined by the Dead Kennedys, Millions of Dead Cops, and Reagan Youth.

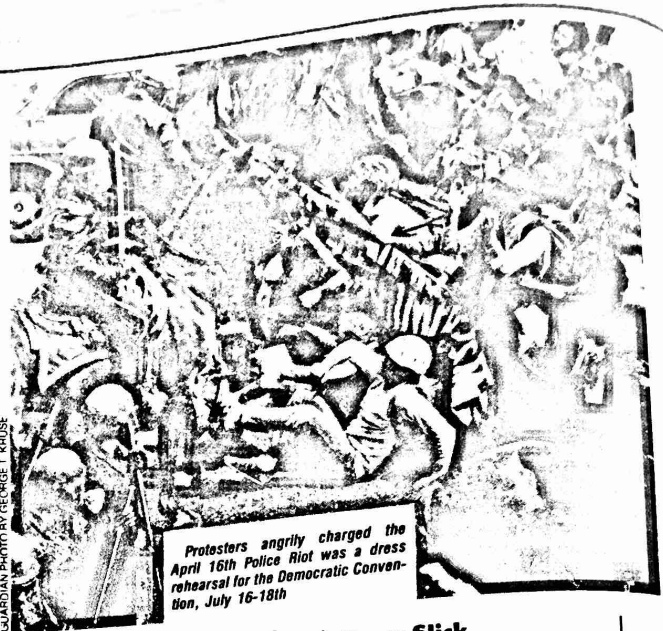
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GUARDIAN PHOTO BY GEORGE KRIBBE

Protesters angrily charged the April 16th Police Riot was a dress rehearsal for the Democratic Convention, July 16-18th

Hunter S. Thompson
Gonzo journalist

When Jesse Jackson's in a supporting role he can't run. He has to run by himself. His speech was lame. He used that quilt line in L.A. and it didn't work that time, either. My mother makes quilts. My aunt makes quilts. Bulls - - - I was looking forward to him alienating the whole country. I wanted people running in the streets like lesbians. I wanted whiskey, victory and fear.

That was a good line, "I'd rather have Roosevelt in a wheelchair than Reagan on a horse." But Jackson was on a leash. He was on a chain. I did like it when he went to Cuba and freed all the drug dealers. Someone had to do it.

Grace Slick
Singer, Jefferson Starship

I haven't been to the convention because you need 17 folders hanging around your neck to get in, none of which I have. I don't vote anyway. I know so little about who these politicians are and who's running them. Until they come clean I'm not voting. If they ran two oil companies against each other, then I'd be interested. Then we'd be talking about real power.

Business just sucks. Politics sucks. It's going to be that way until we change the genetic code of man so that he doesn't want to have power over other men. It started when cavemen had to protect their meat. Their meat and their women. Now we've made those instincts complex with nuclear weapons. I think people are trying to change that. You have to keep trying.

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Linda Parks
Editor
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INTERNATIONAL!

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GUARDIAN PHOTO BY GEORGE T. KRUISE



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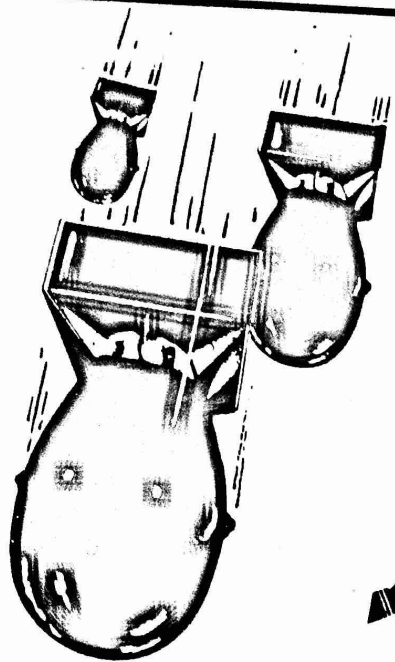
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RICH IN
SMOOTH ...



V



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YES Let's have a nuclear war.
I'm sick of waiting.

NO I'd rather wait a little longer.

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Marijuana Not Safe — Experts agree



AL ACKERMAN CONFESSIONS of an AMERICAN LING MASTER



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Yes, thanks to this constant unslumbering vigilance, my identity as the Ling Master remains a closely guarded secret. It is something totally undreamed of, I'm sure, by the other tenants of my building, who, if they bother to notice me at all, probably think me a harmless recluse, or even an out-and-out fornicist. Poor blind, belated devils, little do they know that at midnight I sit down alone at my table under my special reading fixture, a single, spitting blue bulb whose business it is to throw my shadow grotesquely across the wall as I don the mystic Ling hood (ready for Ling action); but more than this about the nature of my secret Ling regalia I am, naturally, not at liberty to reveal. I can only venture to add that the Ling hood has a very long, rich, and complicated history, one perhaps dating back to the night Earl Long, then governor of Louisiana, declared at an airport wearing a pillow case over his head, a makeshift hood, as it were, in the center of which a single eyelid had been cut through which, illuminated by the many peeping flashbulbs, the governor's bloodshot orb was just really glared and started. A great historical Ling moment! Nowadays, of course, the Ling hood is yellow, not white, and this — but enough! to disclose more would be to invite calamity, for obvious reasons.

My brother's name was Bozop; he was snatched outside a movie theater in this very city two years ago by the Vuq-Pandolphs; a crèche-family of large sentient black beetles. Now whenever I try to phone his apartment, all I hear is the receiver being lifted and a long silence, followed by a series of dry clicking sounds, like tiny feet scuffling in the dark at the bottom of a lunch sack. My mother became lost to us when I was eight (or her own volition, my father says), becoming a bombed chattel to the Araby Society. I caught sight of her once on 29th Street (dressed like a milkmaid), but I didn't dare approach her or make any sign because it would have aroused the anger (or interest) of her priest. Priests of the Araby society are said to each resemble a single amputated leg, although in the saffron-colored scarves they wear about in public they remain so swaddled it's hard to tell precisely what they look like. Was my mother weeping or laughing? Both, I think.

I have devised numerous strategies to confound and elude these marauders. On my trip to the library last week — never mind which day it was — I entered the closet of my room and remained there for forty-five minutes instead of going directly out the door, which way, on the face of it, sound like a big waste of time. I was, however, utilizing the principle of Unexpected Closet Lurking, as this variety of maneuver is extremely difficult for an enemy to anticipate. Later, when I actually left my room, I sensed the possibility of menace on the back stairs — and so went down by the front way. I proceeded along to the library following a circuitous route that involved matching my steps to the secret algebra of every third (then every fourth) traffic light; I also spent seventeen minutes loitering near the magazine rack in Big Value

Drugs — and added a flip to my gait for the remaining six blocks. Certainly, however, I was amply repaid for my trouble; not only did I reach the library safely but I also arrived just in time to filch an especially fine publisher's survey card from the librarian's desk. It was one requesting feedback on a glossy new art book entitled, ROY LICHTENSTEIN: POP ARTIST. I had no sooner slipped this card in my pocket than the librarian returned from the can.

"Was there something you needed help with?"

"Those them little books how you build the model airplanes with, where those little books go?" I replied.

That night after I re-urged to my lair, I ritualistically drank a glass of Megan David wine and then donned my Ling hood and got down to work. ROY LICHTENSTEIN: POP ARTIST, it said across the top of the card; please take the time to fill this card out and return it to the publisher Barton House, Inc. (postage prepaid if mailed inside the U.S.A.) I was most delighted with the publisher's first question:

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CRACKED

By Andy Robinson

They brought that White Train through town again the other day. Don't ask me why they keep bringing it.

We stopped it the first time back in '84. Bunch of people lying on the tracks, primitive but very effective. Three hours in the rain, the cops peering at us and us peering back at them.

After that all hell broke loose. They decided, forget about Portland. So they routed the train up north through Yakima, over the Cascades. Problem was, the train derailed in six feet of snow. The folks up in the mountains were not too pleased about having a couple hundred nuclear missiles just lying there in the snow, waiting for spring. Once the train got out, the locals blew up the track.

Next time they brought it down the Gorge. Figured they'd sneak it through Vancouver and then up to the submarine base. They got it through Vancouver all right, but up around Castle Rock they ran into trouble. I mean, literally.

A wall of dead television sets. Hundreds of 'em, all shapes and sizes. Ancient Philcos with round picture tubes, Magnavoxes, Sonys. you name it. Each one had a photo of Ronald Reagan glued to the screen and he was saying things like, "Progress is our most important product."

Anyway, they got to Castle Rock about four in the morning and boom! Right into all those teevees. Glass and plastic everywhere, Reagan's speeches cut up into little transparent pieces.

The Department of Energy called up the FBI, they did a big investigation, lots of headlines. They never convicted any-

Clinton St. Quarterly



one, though. The district attorney didn't want it in court, Feds or no Feds. Cost the taxpayers too damn much to convict a bunch of pranksters, is what he said. Lots of folks were speculating that the D.A. was a sympathizer, but he was up for re-election and won, which says something about something.

Since the televisions, people have been blocking the tracks with all manner of things. Dumpsters. Old tires. Tons of surplus grain, if you can believe that, with a sign saying, Bread not Bombs. Somebody drove to the coast and loaded up a couple of trucks with those purple jellyfish, the ones that stink. Picture that, a white train covered with streaks of stinking purple goo. Looked real artistic.

I went down to the railroad yard the other day, thought I'd watch the fun. Sure enough, somebody had taken half the animals from the zoo and tied 'em to the tracks.

The police didn't know what to do. The zoo wasn't answering the phone and no one wanted to mess with the lion, not to mention the wild boar. Even those cute little panda bears; they cost an arm and a leg. You let one go by accident, it wanders all over and you might never see it again. There goes a lot of taxpayers' money right there.

You know what they did? They backed the train up. When they got to Troutdale they found that somebody had built a suburban ticky-tacky right on the tracks. Four bedrooms, two-and-a-half baths, a fine house. Threw it up in a matter of hours. City inspectors came out, gave it the OK, went home to watch the news. Union Pacific had to dismantle the house. The guys were bitching and swearing the whole time.

Last we heard, that train was back at the plant in Amarillo. Can't be sure though. Since Reagan got his fourth term they confiscated all our walkie-talkies and CBs. Nobody can afford a goddamn telephone.

I hear they're still testing bombs down in Nevada. Drill a hole into the heart of the earth, blow up another bomb, watch the meters jump around. The place is filled with cracks and crevices; it's just waiting to collapse.

They're in my heart too. Cracks, crevices, fissures, you name it. Every bomb they make splits me a little wider.

If they can't make a train run down the track, how are they going to put my heart back together? Do I bind it with hope and linament?

Ah, well. To the tracks.

The Underground Economy

If you're worried about being unemployed, you can stop right now. Forget about white-collar or blue-collar jobs; you can easily find work in the underground economy—and you don't even have to pay taxes.

The underground economy knows no class boundaries. Workers who don't disclose second jobs, waiters who don't report tips and car mechanics who work for cash and don't give receipts are all members. So are business people who keep two sets of books and people who don't report capital gains. Another big chunk of this off-the-books economy consists of drug sales, gambling and a host of other illegal activities. Overall, the underground economy includes goods and services worth \$380 billion a year, according to a study funded by the U.S. Department of Justice.¹⁸

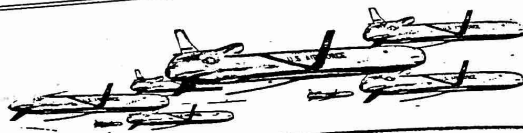
"The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) estimates the California marijuana crop to be worth \$2 billion to \$3 billion, more than enough to make it the Golden State's leading agricultural product."

—Mother Jones magazine, April 1982

Consider a future in illegal drug sales. In 1980 Americans spent between \$68.5 billion and \$90 billion on heroin, cocaine, marijuana and other street drugs, according to the federal Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA).¹⁹ If the DEA's high estimate is near the mark, then the illegal drugs industry should be ranked ninth in total sales, right between chemicals (\$95.2 billion in sales) and the electrical and electronics products group (\$82.9 billion in sales).

How about farming? The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) estimates the annual value of the U.S. marijuana crop at a little more than \$8 billion, which makes it our fourth largest cash crop.²⁰ And you were worried about high interest rates!

Actually, the size of the underground economy is more an indication of bad economic times than good times. For most underground jobs, the wages are usually poorer than in the mainstream economy. The work also can be dangerous—whether you're running drugs or working in a sweatshop.



Isn't It About Time You Had Some Fun?



REVERSE THE AGING PROCESS!

IF YOU'RE REALLY EXCITING & EXPERIENCE ALL OF IT... DON'T BE LEFT BEHIND!



- ★ Increase your mental clarity and alertness.
- ★ Turn on your creative juices. Work longer, be more productive and cut back on your appetite.
- ★ Produce the positive effects of cocaine and amphetamines without harmful side effects.
- ★ Activate your mind and body while your energy level continues to soar.
- ★ Lets you feel the delight as your awareness grows and your senses expand into new realms.
- ★ Open up a new world of fun, pleasure and excitement.

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE DON'T BLOW IT

Now maybe this sounds like a bunch of "mumbo jumbo" to you. It so — let us suggest this.

Put your doubts aside for awhile and give yourself a chance. "Once we said 'give yourself' a chance. This principle works — and all the doubts in the world won't change that. But if you're not sure, get in your way — and you don't at least give it a try — you'll be selling yourself short."

THIS METHOD IS FRIENDLY!

Yes, this is a Real advertisement! So if you have a Real Need for this attractive 2 1/2" PARTY WITH GOD button, just send one thin dollar to: The Righteous Dervish, 1816 Seminole St. Kalamazoo, Michigan 49007

Are you prepared to receive the shocking literature enclosed?

YES NO

The Underground Economy

If you're worried about being unemployed, you can stop right now. Forget about white-collar or blue-collar jobs; you can easily find work in the underground economy—and you don't even have to pay taxes.

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The Ballad of Brenda Spencer

wednesday morning. Just another day doing everything the teachers say. Brenda's tired of doing what she's told. Brenda's tired of being young and feeling old. Brenda Spencer hasn't lost her pride. She gets off on padagogicide!

Chorus:

Here's what Brenda's got to say. Snapping livens up my day. I don't like Mondays anyway!

Brenda's tired of following the rules. Tired of sucking up to evil fools. Brenda did the job—she's a rebel. Brenda's gonna put them down to size! Rather than behave herself today. Brenda took the principal away!

Verse:

Monday morning, that's a day. Brenda told the cops to say. Brenda knew the police were. Brenda's gonna put them away!

Chorus:

All the cops are say that Brenda's slow. They're trying to pull that trigger. Brenda's gonna put them away! Brenda's gonna put them away! Brenda's gonna put them away!

Chorus:

wednesday morning. Just another day doing everything the teachers say. Brenda's tired of doing what she's told. Brenda's tired of being young and feeling old. Brenda Spencer hasn't lost her pride. She gets off on padagogicide!

On January 19, 1979, Brenda Spencer, age 16, opened fire on the elementary school across from her home. By the time she surrendered 6-1/2 hours later, she had slain the principal and a custodian in addition to wounding 7 schoolchildren and a San Diego police officer. Telephoned by reporters during the siege, Brenda explained that her snapping "livens up the day," especially since she "didn't like Mondays." A neighbor said that Brenda didn't like school. "She kept saying she didn't like so, but she wouldn't tell me why." If you're gonna ask, you'll never know.

The Last International

THE REAGAN TAPES: IN 1957 RONNIE RECORDED HIS ONLY RECORD: THE HISTORY OF AMERIKA FOR "THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY + GIRL." FOR 1984 RADIO FREE CALIFORNIA HAS REVISED AND UPDATED THIS CLASSIC DISK IN THE SPIRIT OF FIRESIGN THEATRE.

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The unthinking and false side of "mellowness" in places like Eugene is the refusal to believe that anything but being nice is called for. Eagerness to enroll voters over various issues reveals the threadbare desire of activists to consume reform, as in their private lives they reform consumption (the constant search for "alternative" therapies, restaurants, products, entertainments, etc.).

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Middle-class radicalism finds inspiration largely in the visions of linear, historic "progress" derived from christians and socialists. But "the show is over. The audience gets up to leave their seats. Time to collect their coats and go home. They turn around... no more coats and no more homes," as someone has said. Time itself increasingly feels like the agent of our captivity, and history seems more nightmarish than ever.

Only an attack on capital precisely at the point of its greatest strength—wherever it provides jobs—can unleash the ultimate weapon of radical subjectivity: the refusal to see one's life reduced to working and consuming (even among "hip" businesses and collectives).

Authority, crumbling on all fronts, is unthreatened by "appeals to conscience," which only back up the illusion that it has any conscience that matters. Without this illusion, moral indignation seems beside the point.

Efforts at being fully human—generous, playful, spontaneous, venturesome, unpredictable—find little assistance on the Left. Never understanding the prospects for real transformation, it just keeps the old trademarks of religion up to date—discipline, obedience, praise for industry—but adds a superior cynicism.

Unwilling to glimpse beyond this artificial world and its unnecessary poverty, socialism in all its varieties gets harder to swallow all the time. We see it perpetuating the old world under a new ideology, but with wage labor, hierarchy and alienation quite intact. It works against revolt because it won't revolt against work.

It never fathoms the humiliation of those who have to submit without illusion to authority every day. Consequently, it doesn't recognize the manifold hostility to this submission as the active negation at work in society.

Only from this resistance can a vision of society without repression arise. Actual liberation should mean release from a condition where unending sacrifice is required to survive. Where the organization of suffering will have vanished with its empty compensations, where each person is his/her own master, would the notion of God have any meaning at all?

The fetish of commodities imprisons a material and spiritual abundance that could flower everywhere with the break-out of the gift, a life where no one would either starve to death or be bored to death.

Attention to the needs of the disabled and handicapped is completed by recognizing how seriously crippled each of us touched by civilization has become. Beyond the fascination with "fitness and health" as indisputably positive is the desire for a world the body can enjoy for itself. Partisans of this desire—dancers, dreamers, lovers, players—still need to find their negative counterparts—those for whom wrecking the system that wrecks the body will be a pitiless game. A revolutionary spark will be lighted then to detonate years of accumulated stiffness and tension.

All the generations of resistance to oppression and misery culminate in a world that fully, finally vindicates their struggles. This world is within reach everywhere alarm clocks are despised: a world without work, dancing on the ruins of the machines it refuses to serve any longer.

Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous
P.O. Box 11331
Eugene, OR 97440

BLOOM COUNTY

by Berke Breathed



The Ballad of Brenda Spencer

Monday morning, just another day
 Doing everything the teachers say
 Brenda's tired of doing what she's told
 Tired of being young and feeling old
 Brenda Spencer hasn't lost her pride
 She gets off on pedagogicide!

Chorus:

Hear what Brenda's got to say
 "Sniping livens up my day.
 I don't like Mondays anyway!"

Brenda's tired of following the rules
 Tired of sucking up to evil fools
 Little did the grown-ups realize
 Brenda's gonna cut them down to size!
 Rather than behave herself today
 Brenda blew the principal away!

Chorus:

Six long hours, half a day
 Brenda held the pigs at bay
 Wanna know the reason why?
 Brenda'd rather kill than die!

Chorus:

All the experts say that Brenda's sick
 They get paid to pull that dirty trick
 Teachers, don't tell Brenda what to do
 She knows how to deal with scum like you
 Ah! the gladness, sadness, madness, fun
 Growing from the barrel of her gun!

Chorus:

Monday morning, just another day
 Doing everything the teachers say
 Brenda's tired of doing what she's told
 Tired of being young and feeling old
 Brenda Spencer hasn't lost her pride
 She gets off on pedagogicide!

(On January 29, 1979, Brenda Spencer, age 16, opened fire on the elementary school across from her home. By the time she surrendered 6-1/2 hours later, she had slain the principal and a custodian in addition to wounding 7 schoolchildren and a San Diego police officer. Telephoned by reporters during the siege, Brenda explained that her sniping "livens up the day," especially since she "didn't like Mondays." A neighbor said that Brenda didn't like school: "She kept saying she didn't like it, but she wouldn't tell me why." If you've gotta ask, you'll never know . . .)

The Last International



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ATTENTION ALL PUNKS! I need a few wienos to communicate with everyone here at San Quentin is making sense! Write Wasafi Jordan, P.O. Box B#54540, Tamal, CA. 94974.

LETTERS

To the Editor;

In reply to Dr. Cohen, Kalamazoo, people like me read Popular Reality—people with a conscience!

Dr. L. Parks
 Lake Charles, LA.

To the Editor;

Just recieved a copy of your paper from one of your readers. Place me on your list of subscribers. I'm currently being held hostage in a Koncentration Kamp better known as San Quentin where any self-respecting punk should be.

W. Jordan
 Tamal, CA.

To the Editor;

Dan & I (Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous) really like Popular Reality. Really glad you're distributing it here so widely. Got a newsletter thing from ShiMo in Michigan, but, frankly, am quite a bit more impressed by your stuff.

Do you know Black?

J.Z.
 Eugene, OR.

To the Editor;

Please send me the entire collection of Popular Reality. I need it bad.

M. Jackson
 Boulder, CO.

To the Editor;

Enclosed is issue #3 of Kitchen Sink News. The printer fucked up, so you have to read it backwards— that is, from right to left— so start on the last page.

We recieved our copy of Popular Reality— what a great 'zine! I'm in a band and we played a party at the Gainesville's Church of the SubGenius... promote Slack!

We've started on issue #4— we're always open to contributions, so please feel free to send essays, articles, or whatever to Box 4927, Ft. Lauderdale, FLA. 33304.

Lisa
 Ft. Lauderdale, FL.

To the Editor;

I hope things have 'adjusted' for you in Eugene— continue keeping me up on your activities— I like your ShiMo Popular Reality. I think it's about time you put your energies into a paper versus being a city commissioner! I think your xerox work and titles you pick are great! I will contribute in the future either with \$ or WORDS— I think having a ShiMo Underground network in the neighborhood or nation for that matter would be quite the thing for consciousness matters.

Things happening here are really too backward to mention— such as the 4th of July on the

Armed Forces 'High on Kalamazoo' show where the masses learn about how fast planes fly (without ammunition— for now at least)!

Although I heard of something happening of a rebellious nature in Flint, MI., more on that later—

I'm going to stop here— I hope to include some activities and/or some articles of actions—

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I'd rather be pissed off than pissed on

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OTHER SHIMO ADDRESSES:

Notes For A New Underground
 P.O. Box 1593, Kalamazoo, MI. 49005.

Freeze Reagan/Bush

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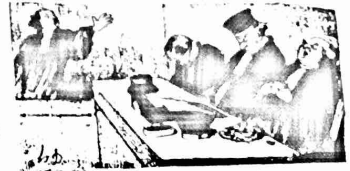


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Law:

Cold Gore on the Lip of Life



... AND NO ONE KNOWS IT BETTER than the legal lice themselves. They know that Law's one of the "hurting professions." Here's proof beyond a reasonable doubt: Who needs a lawyer except for protection against another lawyer?

Q: HOW CAN YOU TELL when a lawyer is lying? A: His mouth is open.

IF YOU GET CAUGHT, you're in for it. Instead of due process, der Process — with your trial a tribulation out of Malice in Wonderland . . . and the judge is some doddering despot in a clown suit. It's hard to avoid contempt of court when the court's contemptible.

BETTER EXPECT MORE INDIGNITIES from the hired guns of the 5-piece set (also known as the "tweed ring"): upper-class-action suits, "duty-to-work" laws, shifty executive interests, an end to "single taxation," and restoration of the right of the first night.

HOW DOES A LAWYER RISE to the top of the slag heap? John Dean, Esq. explains: "I kissed a lot of ass, Vinny. A lot of ass." (Blind Ambition) How to find a lawyer? Turn over any rock and see what crawls out.

CRIME IS SELF-HELP ANTICRIMINALISM. And nomophobia is sheer common sense. Law is blind, Property is theft, God is dead — and Justice is just another buzzword. Instead of capital punishment, why not the punishment of Capital? In the immortal words of Gary Gilmore: "Let 'em do it." On your Marx, get set — go!

LIFELESS LAW or the lawless life? The choice is yours. But a world without Law (you may say) — that means Anarchy! (On the other hand, there may be some drawbacks also.)

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PERSONNEL PROBLEMS
 DIVERSIFIED INVESTIGATIONS TO PROVE: EMPLOYEE THEFT-DISLOYALTY-SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITIES, ETC. FEES PAGE FIVE

Why is there always a secret singing When a lawyer catches me? Why does a horse squicker Hauling a lawyer away?
 Carl Sandburg

DOMESTIC RELATIONS
 DETERMINING SPOUSE'S FAITHFULNESS FEES BELOW
 EMPLOYMENT TRACE \$75MIN
 4-HOUR DMV SEARCH \$15MIN

Woe unto ye also, ye lawyers! For ye laden men with burdens grievous to be born, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers.
 Luke 11:46

UCLA to Close Reactor During Olympic Games

The University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA) has announced that its 100 kilowatt research reactor will remain closed during the Summer Olympics in order to attempt to prevent acts of sabotage and theft at the plant. Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NCR) staff and UCLA attorneys maintain that there are no set security measures to protect against sabotage at the reactor. The reactor, which uses highly enriched, bomb-grade uranium, is only a few hundred yards away from one of the Olympic villages. Dan Hirsch, an intervenor in the reactor's relicensing proceedings, has stated that the plant is vulnerable to terrorist attacks and thefts

because it is not in a protective containment building and is bereft of other adequate security measures. If the plant were sabotaged, Hirsch says, it is possible that those in the immediate area could receive up to one million rems of radiation to the thyroid. Although additional security measures — the use of armed guards, concrete barricades, and the issuance of special access permits — are to be put into effect at the reactor during the Olympics, Hirsch contends that the reactor will still be a sitting duck for a terrorist attack.

—World Information Service on Energy

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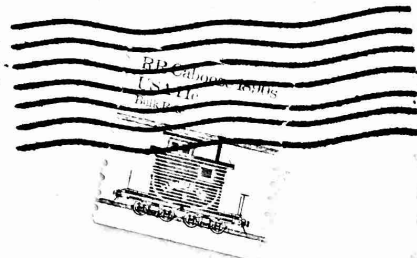
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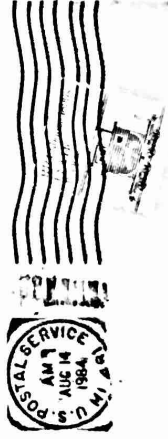
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