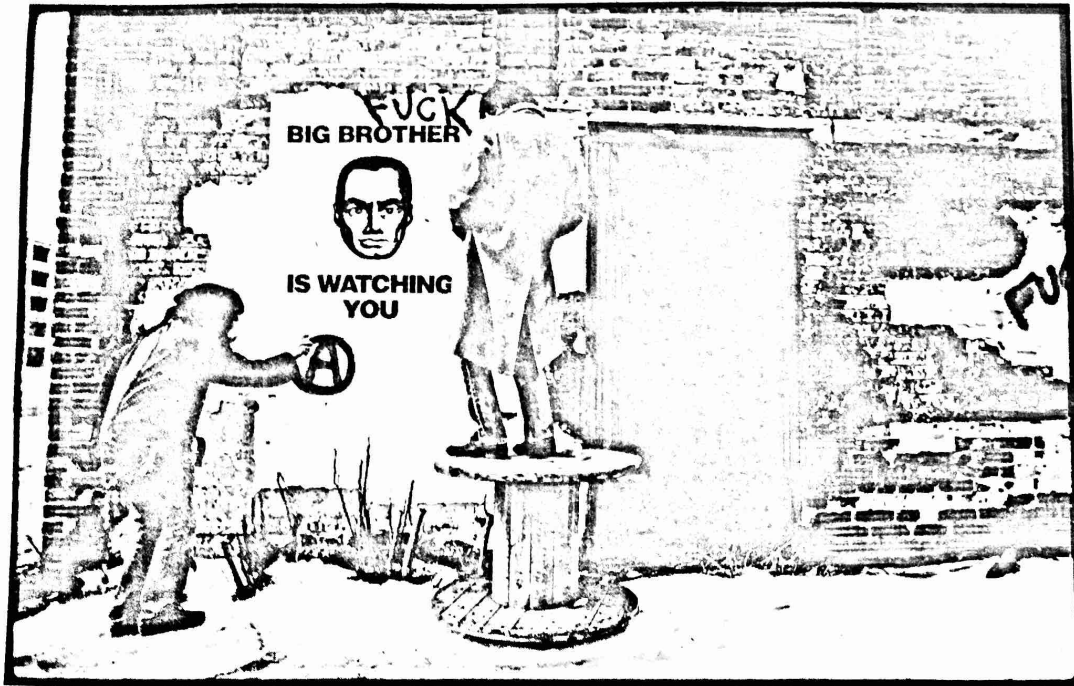


# POPULAR REALITY

A VITAL ORGAN OF THE SHIMO UNDERGROUND

Number 3 October-November 1984

25¢



THE FIFTH ESTATE

## STOCKBROKERS FOR SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY

It's encouraging to see lots of people becoming aware of the threat that militarism and nuclear weapons pose to their lives. But those things are only a symptom of much greater problems, problems that the self-appointed leaders of the 'peace' movement don't want discussed. The contemporary 'peace' movement is like most single-issue 'anti-' movements; it exists in opposition to only one or two aspects of this society. And when people in a 'movement' aren't questioning the nature of this society in its entirety they end up choosing tactics that only have a symbolic value, conservative and timid activities like electoral politics and pacifism. "We got beaten up by the police and we spent a week in jail so we must have changed something..." or, why the confusion?

I was involved in the blockade at Diablo Canyon Nuclear Power plant in the fall of 1981. I spent four days in the demonstrators' camp and after getting arrested I spent three days in jail. At Diablo I found that the more committed people were to pacifism under any circumstances the less committed they were to radical social change. Most of them were very smug about it, "No, violence is never justified..." People were generally unwilling to discuss the authoritarian politics of nuclear energy. The protesters preferred to engage in a lot of 'New Age'-style 'group therapy'. It was an overwhelmingly white, middle-class scene. Even when the police were beating the shit out of their fellow demonstrators they would be telling the cops how much they "loved" them. A group of people wanted to hike up to the top of the hills and 'chant and pray until the reactor would go away...' The Diablo affair was a very weird scene.

### PACIFISM AND SOCIAL CONTROL: LOOK AT GANDHI AND A FEW EXAMPLES FROM HIS LIFE

My impression of pacifism is that it is (generally) a principled and unconditional opposition to any and all forms of violence, even violence in cases of self-defense by victimized individuals and classes. Is the violence of a rebellious slave as terrible as the violence of the slave-owner? Doesn't a person who is being assaulted have a right to fight back? The ideas of Mohandas K. Gandhi have had a profound effect on the development of pacifist ideology. People should find out about the life of Gandhi, not the Hollywood-movie Gandhi. Find out about what he really said and did.

Gandhi was the son of a very well-off family from Porbandar, India. After receiving his law degree Gandhi moved to South Africa. He involved himself in the civil rights struggles of Asian people. In 1913 the civil rights campaign reached its height in a massive strike of indentured Indian miners. This strike threatened to link up with a simultaneously-occurring strike of European railway workers. The government declared a state of seige. Gandhi helped to break the strike wave by calling off a demonstration by Asian workers, saying he did not wish to embarrass the South African regime. With the praises of the South African regime, for his "moderation", Gandhi sailed off to India, leaving behind an embittered, defeated and racially-divided working class.

In India the struggles against British rule were not simply nationalistic or within the context of 'single-issue' demands. In the early 1920s a wave of strikes and peasant revolts swept the country. As in South Africa Gandhi used his considerable influence to take the steam out of the rebellion. Gandhi advocated non-violence in the struggles of dispossessed peoples but during both World War One and World War Two Gandhi actively recruited young men of India to fight in the British Imperial Army. In an incident in the 30's a group of Indian enlisted men under British officers mutinied and refused to fire on a non-violent demonstration. Guess whose side Gandhi took? Gandhi condemned the soldiers, proclaiming that a soldier takes a "sacred" oath to his commander, that soldiers must always obey orders, and that when he and the Indian National Congress took power in India they would need to rely on those same soldiers. (Why would this advocate of non-violence need the military obedience of soldiers? To shoot down unruly demonstrators, crush strikes, round up political opponents, perhaps?) These are just a few examples of the course of Gandhi's activity throughout his life. There are many more that are just as bad or worse. Find out for yourself. Gandhi was a very shrewd and demagogic conservative whose philosophy and tactics served the nationalistic interests of the big landowners and industrialists in India. His pacifism served to disarm the radicalism of the Hindu and Muslim poor and working classes. Gandhi's pacifism was very conditional; the lower classes should be non-violent but Gandhi considered violence as an option for the state and the ruling classes. One last quote from the beloved "Mahatma", "I shall never support the forcible dispossession of the propertied classes. (of India). Capitalists are fathers and workers children." (?) That was what Gandhi was all about: that was his 'non-violent' philosophy and that same kind of attitude carries over into today's peace movement. The smug advocates of non-violence at any price circulate photos



like this one. Like most photos from symbolic 'blockades', this one shows a demonstrator suffering a lot of pain at the hands of the police. To most people this doesn't seem like a very desirable situation. But the bureaucracy of the peace movement celebrates the imagery of people being brutalized at the hands of the police. The pacifists seem to wallow in a morbid desire for physical punishment. And the pacifists glamorize getting punched up by cops and thrown in jail because most of them are upper-middle class privileged people or religious believers who don't live under the real everyday threat of violence at the hands of the cops the way that working-class and poor people do.

### THE PROTEST TACTICS HAVE FAILED COMPLETELY

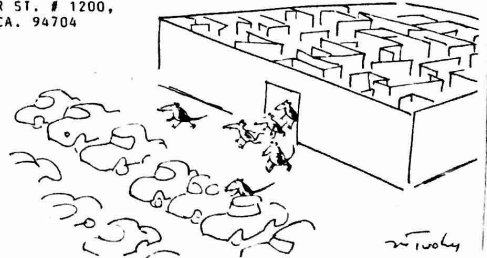
In the past four years of resurgent peace movement activity all the well-organized marches and civil disobedience have not stopped or even slowed the deployment of a single nuclear weapons system. And the invasion of Grenada proved that the 'peace' and 'anti-intervention' movements are completely powerless and ineffective. To think otherwise is to be fooling yourself. After Grenada and the European missile deployments we can look each other in the eye and say, no more empty gestures, all the voting, praying, lying down in front of freight-trains, postcards to congressmen, the "Freeze", all the crawling and begging can be consigned to the museum of paleontology. The old men who rule us are criminal, insane, and stupid. You can't guilt-trip those maniacs, they won't listen, they don't care. Pacifism has only worked in the interests of the system.

We want to live in a world without the threat of war, too. We want peace in our lifetimes, too, and we want a whole lot more than just peace. The nuclear bomb doesn't exist in a vacuum, it wasn't created by accident. The bomb was created by the same thing that has caused most of the horrible wars of this century, struggles between capitalist powers, and you can't fight against militarism in any effective way without opposing the barbaric systems that dominate every corner of the world. Real Estate agents and ex-NATO Generals are against the bomb because it would tarnish the paint on their Porsches. "Liberal" politicians and millionaires won't get rid of the bomb. Direct Action means we should spread the idea of wildcat industrial strikes against war production, advocate sabotage of war materials. Spread the idea of a nationwide mass strike in the event of another invasion. Much of the most effective anti-military activity has to be carried out by the enlisted people in the Armed Forces. Soldiers and Sailors can wreck military equipment, refuse to carry out war orders, and ultimately, mutiny. People forget that a large part of the reason for the U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam was because of the active resistance of the troops who were supposed to do the fighting and dying. There are many examples of a real and far-going opposition. In France in May 1968 two-thirds of the country, ten million people went out on a wildcat general strike. Look at the wave of mass strikes that swept Poland a few years ago. Or the urban uprisings in Britain in the summer of 1981, in forty cities poor people of all different races rose up and took what they wanted when they couldn't pay for it anymore. In Italy and Spain and South Africa in 1977 or in Chile in 1983 large numbers of dispossessed and threatened people have fought back and pointed out ways that we can not only free ourselves from the threat of war but also how we can free ourselves from the systems in the West and East that threaten us and rob us.

Many people in Northern Europe, people in the squatter's movement, the 'Sponties' and 'autonomous' are finding that you can't always be completely peaceful when confronting a vicious and authoritarian social order. A real far-going rebellion is the kind of thing that can free us from the current mess. Let's all fight to make that here.

Don't go on idiotic 'fasts' to starve yourself, let's starve this system!

2000 CENTER ST. # 1200,  
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A COLUMN OF HIGH FINANCE AND DECORUM BY DR. AL ACKERMAN

"Dear Dr. Al: I've heard that back in the mid-60s your friends called you "The Crab." I wish you'd fill us in on how this nickname came about, if it isn't too embarrassing," writes a reader from Bethlehem, Pa.

This is undoubtedly a widespread longing. But in order to fill you in on how I came to be called "The Crab," I have to first fill you in on how one summer I was taking a two week vacation from my regular hospital job and I got the idea that it might make an interesting experiment to go around town putting in bogus job applications, a routine that consisted of me scanning the help wanted columns until I found a dismal-sounding job about which I knew absolutely nothing, and then going right in and applying for it under an assumed name, which seemed preferable to using my own because it gave me a chance to see if anybody remembered "Harry Emerson Fosdick" or "Friederich Engels," though as it turned out they didn't even remember "Charles Starkweather," and nobody ever knew me for an imposter. I also made it a big point at each office I visited (this was one of the prime factors in my experiment) to personally exhibit different types of weird, shabby and inappropriate behavior.

I started out by answering an ad for "Price Change Clerk For Wholesale Plumbing Supply—must know 10 key calculator." This seemed made to order for my first venture into the realm of bogus job hunting because I was completely in the dark as to what a price change clerk might be, and I knew no more about the 10 key calculator than does Emily Fusselman's rabbit. A rather humorless woman who looked a little like Mrs. Tucker does on the lard cans and was the wife of the plumbing store owner interviewed me. Grudgingly she handed me a pencil and a few flimsy yellow forms to fill out and pointed me to a chair in the corner, and then proceeded to give me the double-o with a dismay that was clear and unalloyed. Mostly because the blue seer sucker suit I was wearing on that sweltering day hadn't been cleaned or pressed since Christmas and I had gone three days without a shave or bath especially for the occasion. I'd also been careful to drink half a pint of fine Four Roses Whiskey before entering the establishment, and I reeked. I could feel her eyeing my filthy collar and stubbly jowls and wrinkling her nose at the essence of Four Roses that came rolling off me at every breath, as from a pungent old cork. I spent a lone, long time like that, hunched over the simple yellow forms, fumbling with my pencil, wheezing and sweating and mopping my face, giving every indication that if I managed to keep from passing out cold on the floor, it would be a real victory. Pretty soon the plumbing lady came over and asked me if I was alright. "You don't look so good, Mr. Voltaire," she said. "I can't think of how you spell Travis County," I said. "Oh," she said. "Well, maybe you should come back another time when you're feeling better." I breathed on her some more and said, "It's just that these ulcers I get on my leg make it hard to concentrate and I think that must be what's hanging me up now because I started getting a big one last night and it's been draining on me all morning." She looked at my legs and stepped back. On this note the interview pretty well concluded, and I managed to control myself until I got out of the building.

The name I gave to this particular routine was "The Secret Drinker" and the reactions it elicited interested me to such an extent that I spent the next few days experimenting and trying out different variations on it. For example, at the offices of Church's Chicken, where I applied for the position of "Manager Trainee" under the name of "Fulton J. Sheen", an honest but inveterate beer drinker, I had to get up twice to ask the secretary for more paper because it was taking a lot of space to list all of "Fulton J's" arrests and hospitalizations. But I hung in there, and the secretary's expression when she finally got a load of this strange and terrible human document was my reward. A day or so later at a northside blueprint firm with an immediate opening for "Civil Draftsman—min. 5 years experience," I showed up with an enormous purple wine stain down my front that was still wet and, having knocked into a couple of chairs on my way up to the receptionist's desk, was quickly told that the civil drafting position had just been filled. You could have knocked me down with a hammer. "Well," I said, throwing my eyes wildly around the office, "then do you need a civil draftsman?" (I didn't get that job, either.) Another company downtown wanted "Salesman For Manufactured House Goods," and by using the name "Felix Frankfurter," along with a fixed smile and fairly clean clothes, I actually made it past the receptionist and had a short interview with the company sales manager, a Mr. Dix. He was a rather spiritless-looking but not unsympathetic character and things didn't go too badly at first. But there was no way to hide the deep thirst that raged inside me (or inside "Felix") and before long I fell off the subject of manufactured house goods and into a fervid rambling disquisition on my fondness for all sorts of hot mulled rum drinks. Mr. Dix, unable to ignore these conspicuous warning signs, sat through about five minutes of this and then eased me out of his office. "Honey," I told him at the door, "remember to sweeten the rum drink with six tablespoons of honey!" He promised he would.

Hard by. In most of the personnel offices in this country there seems to be at least a tenuous rule in effect prohibiting the staff from attempting to hurt the prospective applicants by physical means. But there is no law against low psychology and many humiliating tricks are employed successfully to make the job hunter feel like a little gob of spit. So it was a heady sensation indeed for me to feel that I was, at least for the moment, turning the tables on this age-old vassalage, and I was coming out of these encounters higher than a kite, already leaping ahead in my mind to the next office and concocting new routines right and left.

"The Shouter," "The Aggrieved Epileptic," "Active I.B.," "The Lonely Nose-picker of Avalon," "Freaky Deaky." I had hopes I might try out each and every one of these promising routines before my two week vacation was up, but this was not to be, and as it worked out, I only got to spring "The Shouter" on them. This was at a downtown savings and loan where the Assistant Manager, who resembled Ken (of Ken and Barbie fame) and wore lavender-tinted aviators and white suede loafers with little gold links on them, called me into his office after an interminable wait and interviewed me for the position of "Retail Banking Specialist." I was wearing my best suit and had spruced myself up considerably for this one. Under the name of "Benedict 'Dutch' Spinoza," I answered his questions in a nebulous way, making sure that with every sentence I uttered my voice crept up the scale and became louder. Toward the end I was frankly shouting. This alarming and crackbrained increase in volume was accomplished in such gradual stages that I don't think he was ever precisely aware of what was going on or even where we'd left the tracks. I might have kept it up indefinitely until my voice failed or I burst a blood vessel, but the mystified, fidgety, discomfited look on his face was too much for me and I lost it. Laughing hysterically like a hyena I had to jump up and run out of there fast.

That was when it happened. Outside on the street, my own gales of hilarity distracted me so that I stepped right in the path of an oncoming truck and got clipped. I wound up with a mild concussion and two broken arms. (Editors' Note: The awful implacable gods of mercantile are not lightly mocked.)

And so with a cast on each arm bent at the elbows and crooked out in front of me awkwardly that way for the next couple of months, it was inevitable that my friends should take to calling me "The Crab."

# Brain Damage is

Brady's Lunch

## NOT FUNNY

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Terrorism, Stealing and Miscellaneous Bullying— -- we voters enjoy it all! When we vote we sanction government terrorism, tax theft and assorted underworld activities intended to force our will on all. Only 15% of us vote but since our government has all the guns and goons, the rest of the people who don't support us are forced to pay protection (taxes) or suffer. Our morals are made law. We dictate modes of dress, permissible literature and other customs. We run other peoples lives. We are a violent terroristic minority.

Our leaders don't have to obey our orders, of course! Try demanding that your "representative" vote as you would. He doesn't have to. Who does he represent? By what authority?

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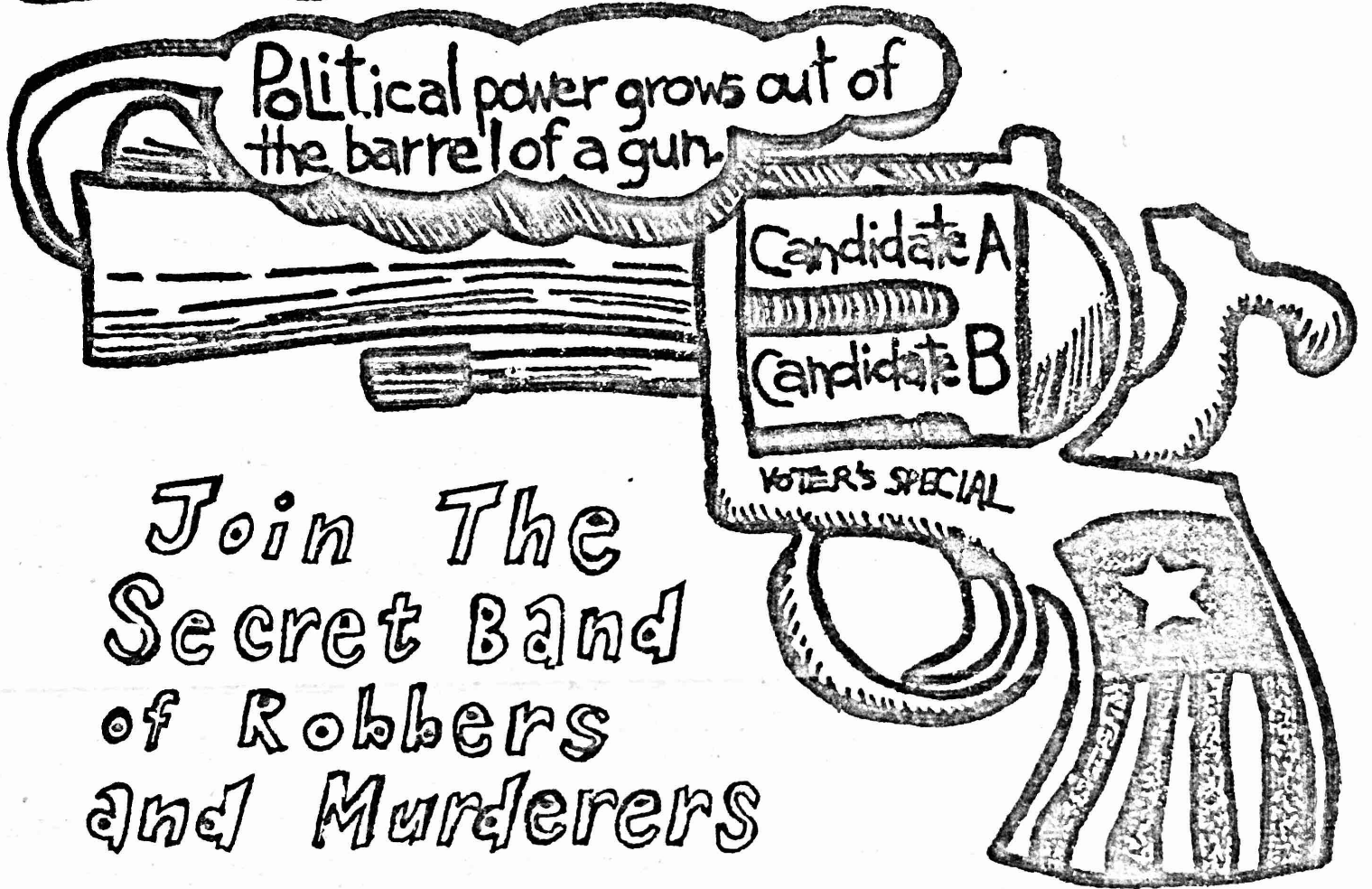
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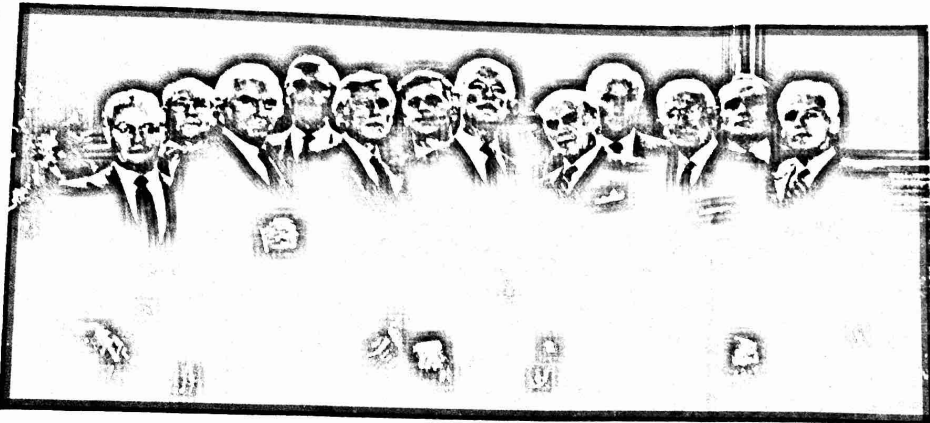
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3. I feel bad when I get caught
4. To me school is work without wages
5. Most of my teachers are poor parodies of complete human beings
6. My parents are really not to blame for what work & moralism did to them
7. I would rather make history than read about it
8. I know I will never go along to get along
9. Most people think I don't understand what I know only too well
10. I get scared when I wonder why they let me run loose
11. I am happiest when I'm dead drunk, ejaculating or fast asleep
12. I would like to own a hand-held Exocet missile
13. My future is the plaything of evil fools
14. To me, a job is self-sale on the installment plan
15. I will finish school when I can no longer postpone the inevitable
16. Working and going to school is having your shit and eating it too
17. School without a job is proof that half-loafing is better than none
18. Money in my pocket is the best place for it till we burn it all
19. I like to get money from out of thin air like the Government does
20. Looking for work sounds almost as bad as finding it
21. My friends are filling in while my enemies are otherwise occupied
22. I am studying for the Civil Service exam for Surgeon-General

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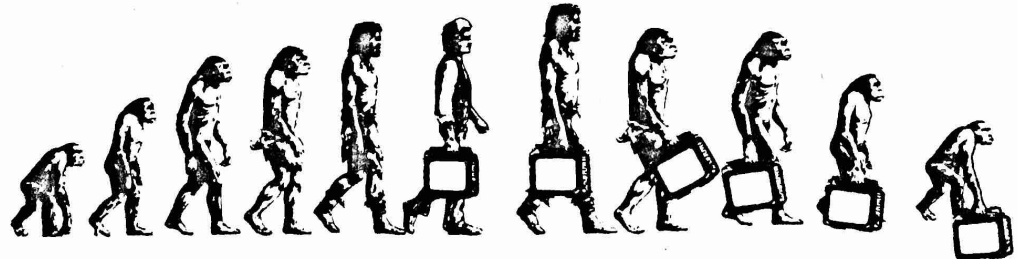
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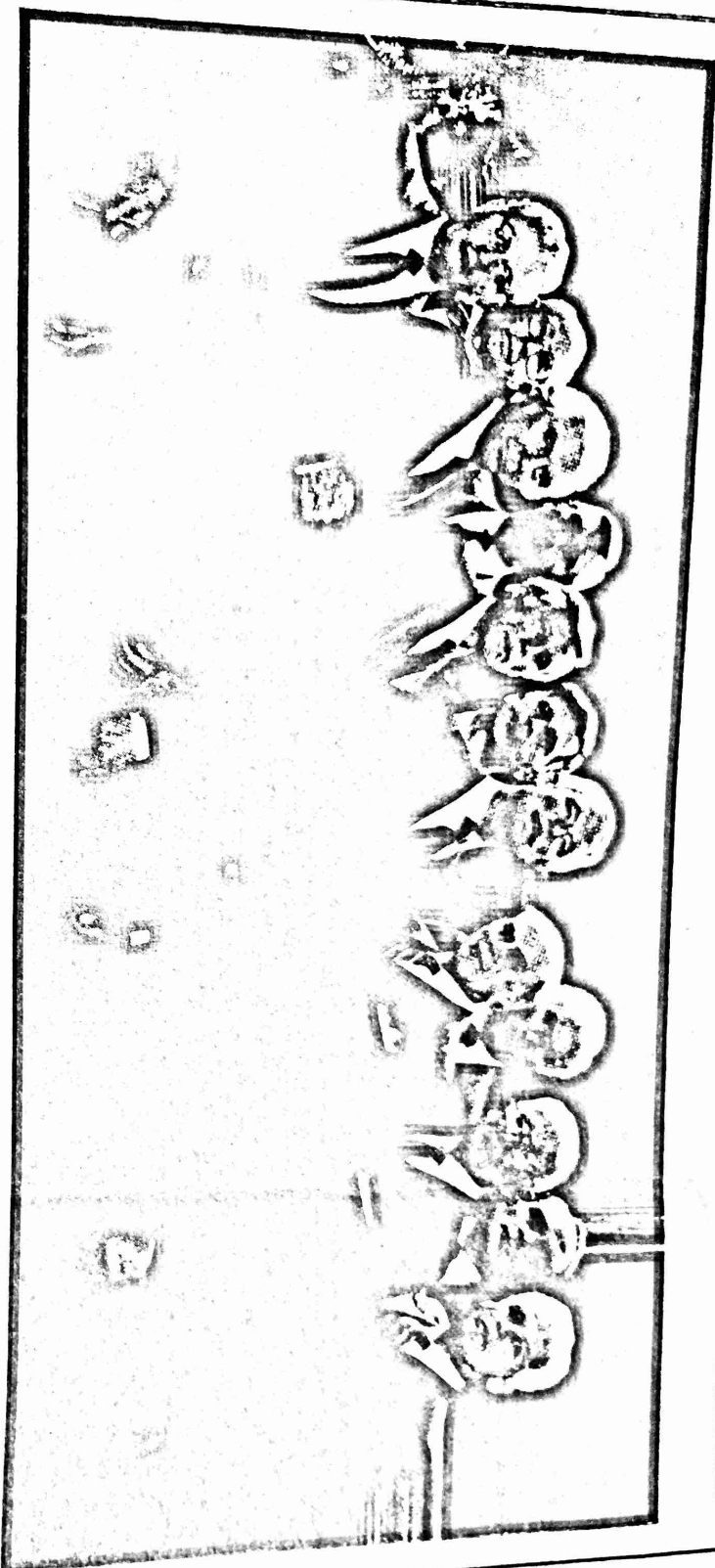
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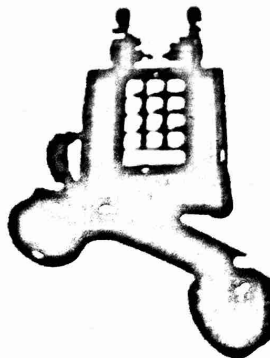
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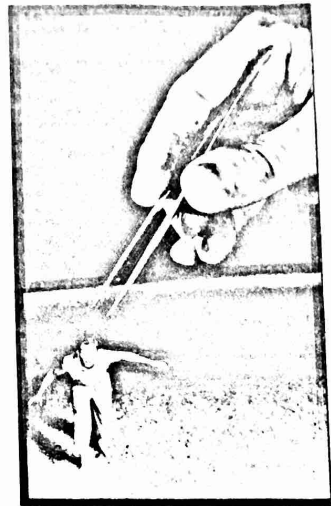
# Identification for safety

"If you keep your hands in your pocket and your mouth shut, you'll never get into trouble."

A State Department official said "arrests" is not the proper term to describe what is being done. "We are detaining people," he said. "They should be described as detainees."

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nor  
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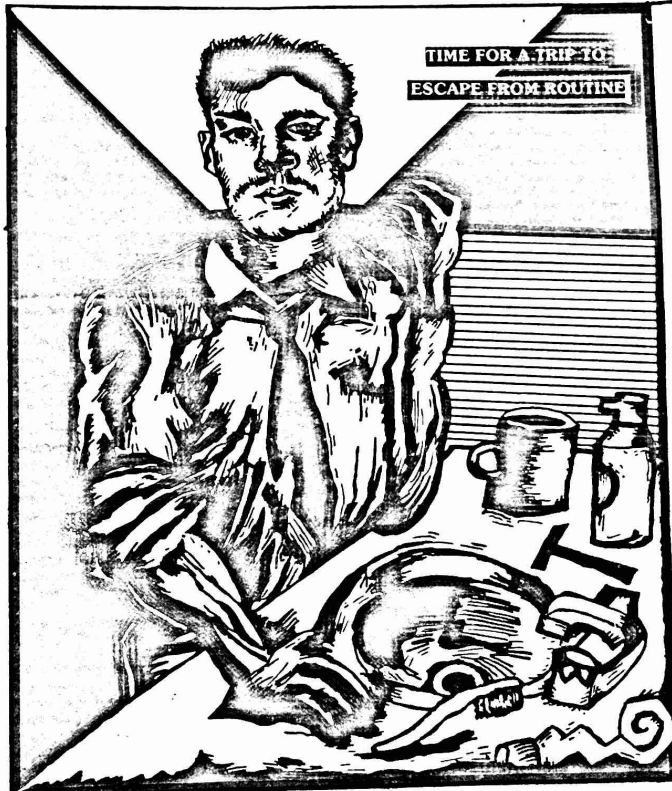
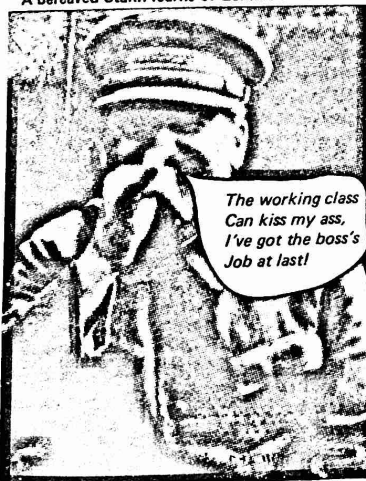


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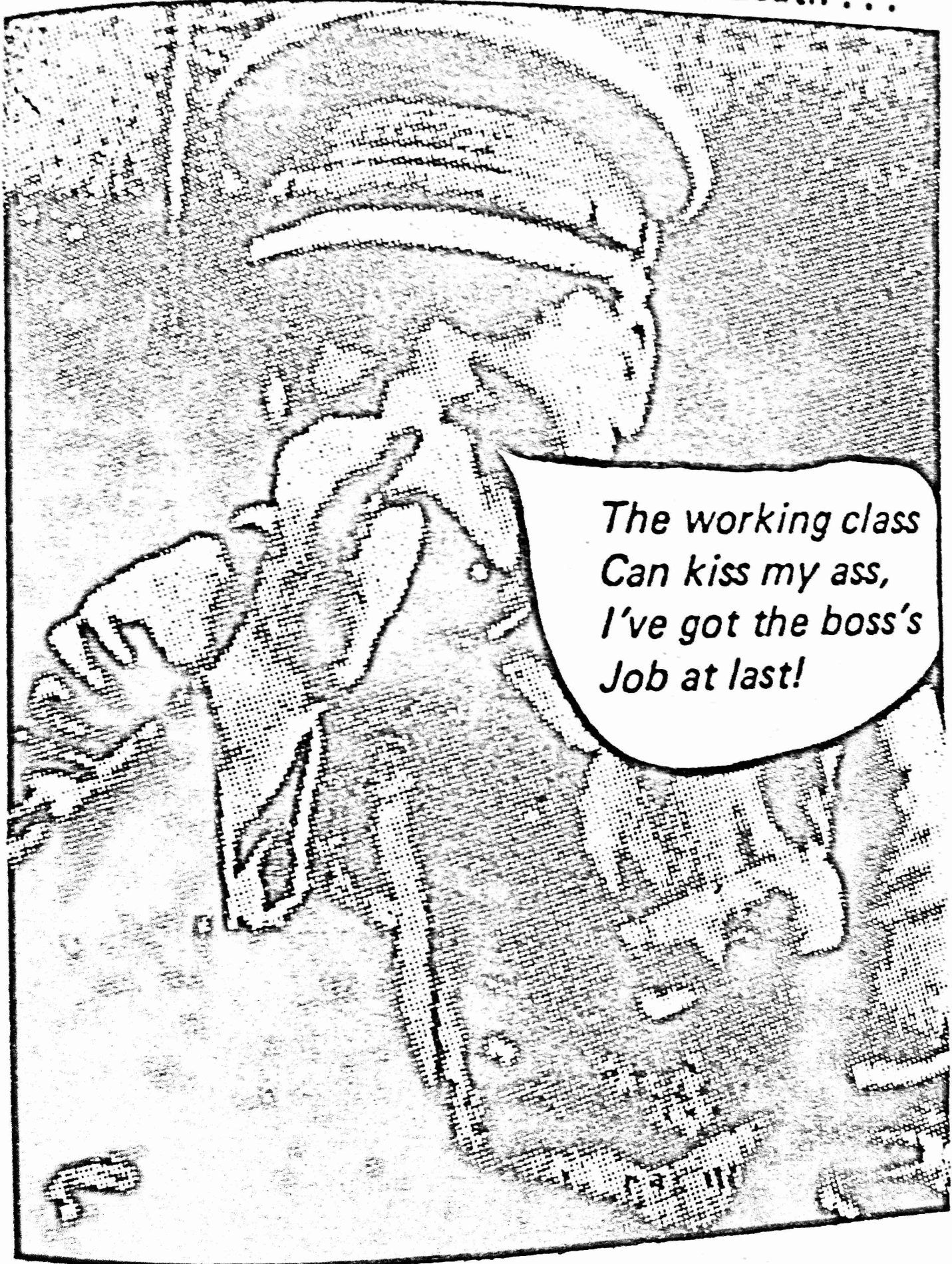
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**LAZAR'S  
BAZAR**

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A bereaved Stalin learns of Lenin's death . . .



*The working class  
Can kiss my ass,  
I've got the boss's  
Job at last!*

# CLASSIFIEDS

Contact thousands as weird as yourself through POPULAR REALITY CLASSIFIEDS!  
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**SECRET POWERS RULE AMERICA!**  
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**IN A BAD STATE?** There aren't any  
good ones. The Superstructure is  
base Smash Lenin! Impoliticams  
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## LETTERS

To the Editor;

-Liked #2 and so have the  
people I've shown it to- e.g.  
friends at Left Bank Books (92  
Pike, Seattle 98101) who would  
like 20 copies of all issues.  
The convention report was good  
but the absence of criticism of  
the RCP bothered me. Action  
needs analysis, and Leninist  
robots ("red fascists" in Reich's  
apt phrase) do not become other  
than what they are simply because  
they are being militant.

for an end to all cops,  
J.Z.  
Eugene, OR.

Hay!

Great rag, especially the Dem  
Con Report! Here's my 2.

P. Garcia  
Austin, TX.

Hi- my name is Bloody Mess and  
I read about 'Popular Reality'  
in Maximum Rock n Roll...I'm an  
18 year old male into music and  
freedom...I sing for a 'hardcore'  
band here in Peoria, Illinois.  
We're called UNACCEPTED...We do  
all originals and we put out a  
20 song cassette. If you'd so  
kindly send me an issue of Pop-  
Real I'll gladly send you an  
UNACCEPTED tape in trade- okay?  
Let me know soon cuz I'm fucking  
bored shitless and sick of read-  
ing the Communist Manifesto by  
Karl Marx...HEH HEH HEH!

Bloody Mess  
Peoria, IL.

Dear PopReality Folks,

Hello, greetings from Philadel-  
phia. I saw your newspaper in  
the mail at Wooden Shoe Books,  
and decided I would send some  
of my recent trash- mine and

collaborators. I hope you like  
it, and even print it.

I am a bit confused by your  
paper (and maybe I should be).  
Why do you include so much anti-  
Reagan stuff, and also include  
anti-voting stuff? I guess I'm  
basically of the latter crowd,  
though I understand the sympath-  
ies of the election bunch. In  
general though, the variety of  
anti-work, anti-religious, anti-  
state graphics and paste-ups  
was real fun. I did enjoy the  
cover article too, so keep up  
the bongo bonga work/play.

Not in struggle/  
R. Metz  
c/o Wooden Shoe Books  
Philadelphia, PA.

Hello David,

We have read your paper and  
it's alright! It seems as if  
you are enjoying what you are do-  
ing. It's good to see that SHIMO  
is spreading around the country  
and Michigan. Wonders never  
cease, do they?

I mounted an old toilet I  
found (why such artistic assembl-  
ages are thrown away is beyond  
me) on the back of my truck so  
everybody can vote (hey I  
learned how to type type from  
bob dohls school of correspon-  
ndennse"½) and the reaction I  
got from some people was alright.  
The open lid says, "Cast your vote  
here" with arrows pointing down  
into the bowl. On one side it  
says "Sanitized with extra mon-  
ey power" and "Choose one" with  
check off boxes that say 1. Rich  
Republican 2. Rich Democrat 3.  
Rich Liberal 4. Rich Little. On  
the other side it says "Vote for  
your favorite millionaire. I  
also stole the NUCLEAR WAR  
BALLOT- Yes (with a check box)  
Let's have a nuclear war I'm  
page 6

sick of waiting, and No (with a  
check box) I'd rather wait a  
little longer.

So I took the first tour thru  
an upper middle class business  
area, out on the interstate, then  
thru lower income. One busi-  
nessman was shaking his head  
like he was thinking 'a god damn  
hippie! They're still around?'  
Also got a few thumbs up, right  
ons, and I like that, from  
others...Well, take care of  
yourself.

J. & B. Botsford  
Ft. Lauderdale, FL.

Dear PopReal

Your second issue arrived a  
couple days ago and i haven't  
even written to say how much i  
liked the first. It just seems  
to get better and better.

-Relieved to see that a band  
of cultural terrorists did make  
it down to DemCon San Francisco,  
that not everyone is being taken  
in by these co-opting tactics of  
the pigs to institute "official  
demonstrations". Anyone that  
comes to demonstrations and  
tries to cooperate with the pigs  
and other agents of imperialist  
conspiracy to make a "nice,  
peaceful," (placid and boring),  
demonstration ain't worth a  
bucket of cold piss and frankly  
they better stay out of my way,  
(Look out I'm ranting).

Anyway, congrats on the paper,  
it looks real good and of course  
the spreading of "this SHIMO  
thing" only brings that much  
closer the final showdown with  
the agents of imperialist con-  
spiracy.

J. Shiley  
Kalamazoo, MI.



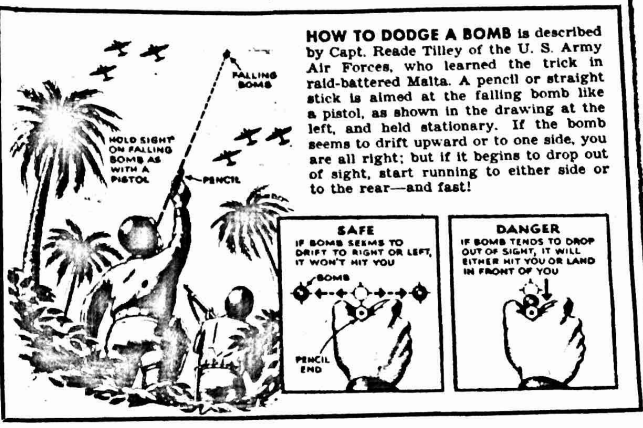
**Police investigate handbills**

The Junction City Police Department has completed its interrogation of a man who allegedly distributed fliers advocating anarchy, and the case has been turned over to the Junction City attorney's office.

Though no charges have been filed yet, police questioned a man Thursday following complaints of a person placing handbills of a Communist nature on the windshields of vehicles parked in two municipal parking lots. An incident report listed the crime as "sedition," or advocating the overthrow of the present governmental system.

Officer Russell Blodgett reported the man "said he's an anarchist" and had gone to Copy-Rite Printing, 235 W. Seventh St., to have 100 copies made of two separate handbills. Following questioning, the case was forwarded to City Attorney David Platt, said Blodgett.

Folks are encouraged to express their opinions on the above in letters to *The Daily Union*, P.O. Box 129, Junction City, KS. 66441.



**Traveling carnival of fear and hate**

Favorite Election Slogans;

U.S. Out of North America-  
Nobody for President in 1984!

J.R. 'Bob' Dobbs for Big Brother  
in 1984! "You'd pay to know  
what you really think!"



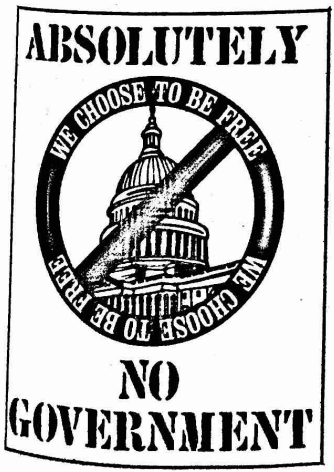
Don't Blame Me... I Don't Vote!  
If voting could change anything  
it would be illegal!

War Is Peace- Freedom Is Slavery-  
Ignorance Is Strength- - Reagan-  
Bush in '84!

**EVERYTHING MUST GO!!**



FRANK DISCUSSION/FEEDERZ



*DemCon and Chaos Day Updates*

PopReal #2 was remiss in not reporting that after the DemCon Rock Against Reagan Concert in San Francisco July 20th, attended by 5000, the hands did their duty and incited 1500 into an angry march on the Hall of Justice to protest that week's couple hundred politically motivated convention arrests. Police weren't able to clear Bryant Street in front of the Hall of Justice all night, in spite of over 300 arrests.

Thousands of punks descended on Hannover, Germany August 4th for International Chaos Day and wrecked the place. Authorities stated that they "couldn't determine what they were protesting." Good job!

**Hop to it.**

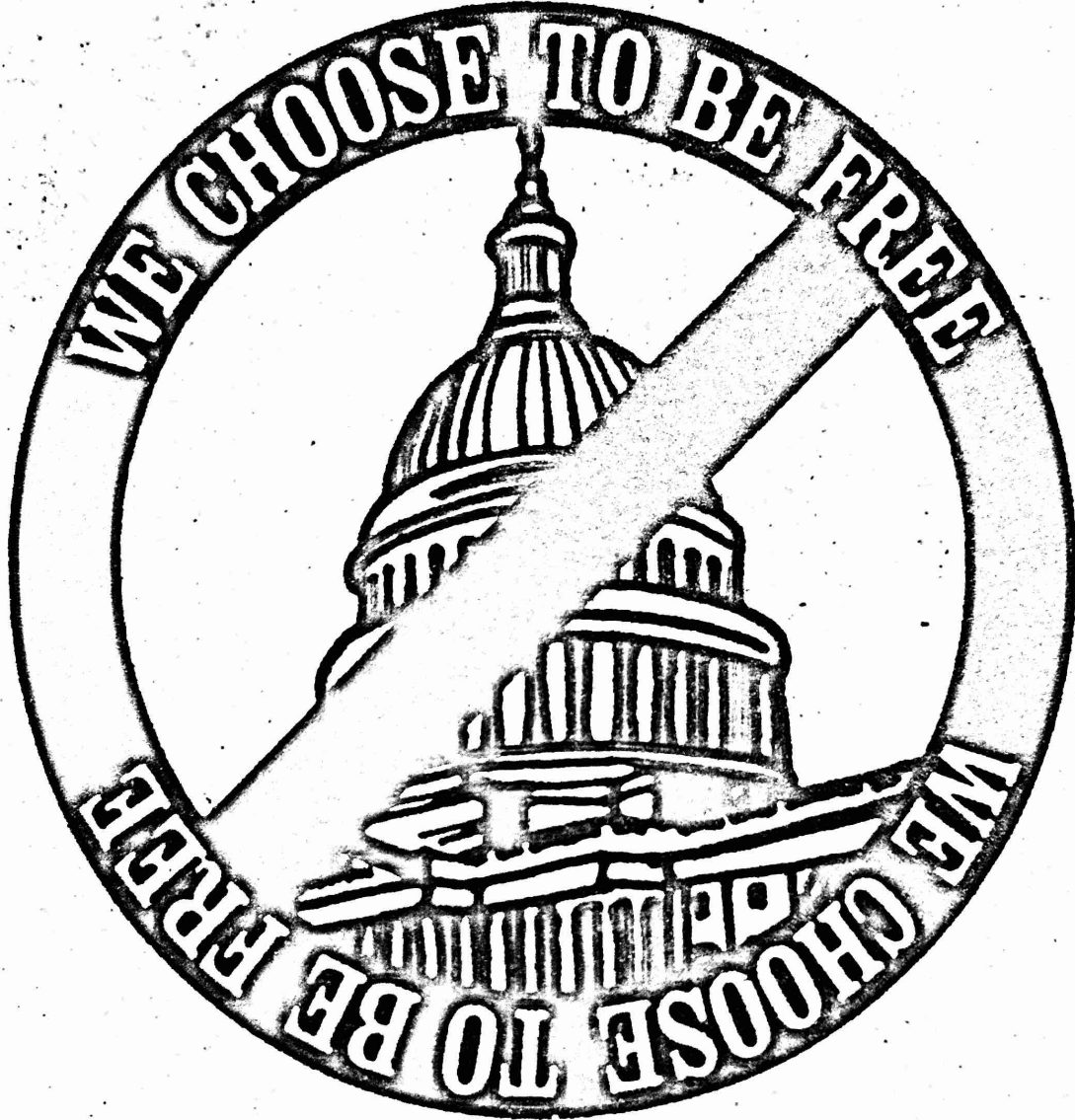
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- Lost Boyz
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- Defy Gravity
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ABSOLUTELY



NO  
GOVERNMENT

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it would be illegal!

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Ignorance Is Strength- - Reagan-

Bush in '84!



OF WHAT DO CHILDREN THINK  
BOMBY Talented youngsters sing,  
dance, juggle, act and speak for  
themselves about nuclear war.

UMMMM, GOOD!

MY GOD, I COULD  
BE DEAD RIGHT  
NOW.

# El Salvador



BLASPHEMER!



Hold head downward,  
slap between shoulders

## Traveling carnival of fear and hate

### EVERYTHING MUST GO

Faded text at the bottom left corner.

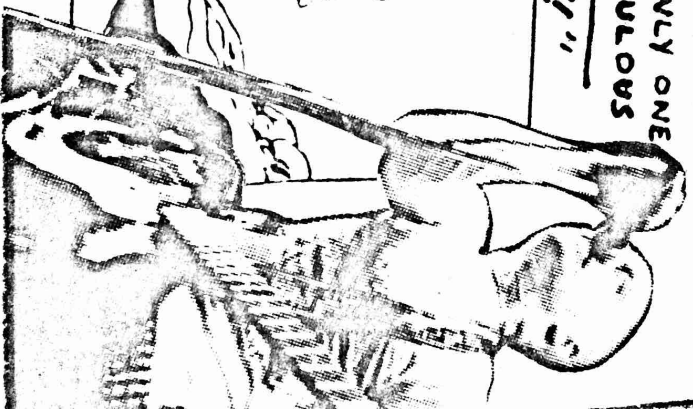
...and downward,  
slap between shoulders

of fear and hate

EVERYTHING MUST GO!!



" BECAUSE THERE'S ONLY ONE THING MORE RIDICULOUS THAN REVOLUTION — NOT HAVING ONE!! "



FRANK DISCUSSION/FEEDERZ

DemCon and Chaos Day Updates

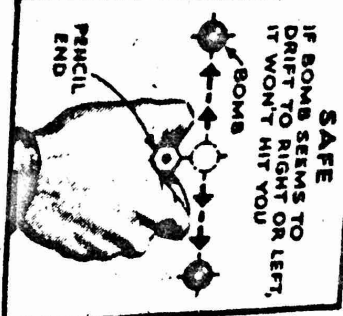
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2 1/2" BUTTONS FROM THE SHIMO

UNDERGROUND- \$1 each;

Party With God

Party With