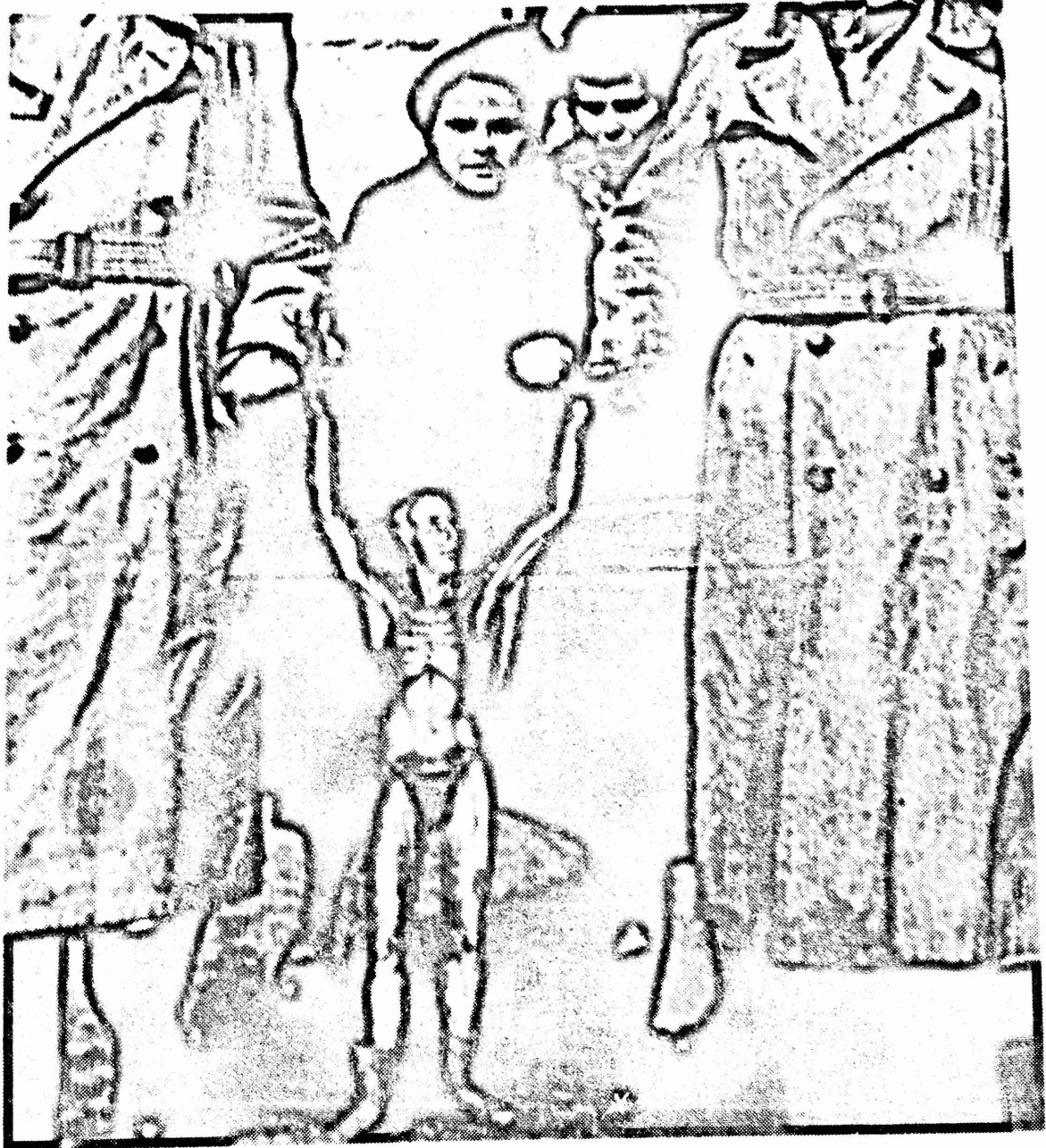


# POPULAR REALITY

A VITAL ORGAN OF THE SHIMO UNDERGROUND

Number 5 February-March 1985

25¢



*NEW FORMAT DUE TO CENSORSHIP  
NO BUSINESS AS USUAL APRIL 29*

**No Time to Be Respectable**

# POPULAR REALITY

A VITAL ORGAN OF THE SHIMO UNDERGROUND



"THE JIGGLING MEN MYSTERY"

**Al's  
Woods**  
a dept. of high  
Political analysis

Cornel Petey owns and operates a yellow suitcase of the stand-up variety that he uses to sell his many magic and novelty items out of, and for twenty-two years he has been, in his own words, "pitching the woo" out of doorways along Houston Street in downtown San Antonio, Texas—or, on days when the coos seem inclined to hassle him, "adjoining" around the corner to some less conspicuous alleyway. So when Ralph "350,000 Party" Delgado, the director

of the highly successful charity organization "Parties For Orphans", needed something special last week in the way of favors to pass out at an orphan's Halloween party he was hosting, he called upon Mr. Petey, whom he introduced to me as "the famed novelty salesman."

The man we were meeting looked like a swarthy and somewhat sawed-off Slim Whitman, and he was got up in an unobtrusive ensemble of sharkskin jacket, porkpie hat, cotton slacks, and wide napkin tie secured by a small gold clip, in various shades of maroon-and-gray, except for the tie which was lime green and featured giant sea horses athwart tumbling coxcombs. Mr. Petey's voice reminds you of George Burns, and his way of looking you over without ever quite seeming to focus his eyes is shrewd and certainly a good reminder that, as Algis Sudrys once remarked, you may never be educated enough or find the right attitude in time. Ralph "350,000 Party" Delgado had scheduled a meeting with Mr. Petey for late Saturday morning coffee at Shoop's, a cafe specializing in seafood and something called the "Shoop Salad" (lettuce and Thousand Island, from the looks of it), that is patronized chiefly by people who don't want to eat at the Grayhound Station across the street, and Mr. Petey slithered in from his room at the Ace Hotel two blocks away, which is his current home base, lugging a yellow tin suitcase about four feet square and ten inches deep, which he set up next to our table on battered metal legs that unfolded out of the bottom, like an ironing board or a tv tray—a suitcase containing his wares. Opened, it looked like the bargain bin at Bernie's Fun 'N' Magic Shop, on Commerce Street. On top, the suitcase held a row of flat, blue-and-white cardboard men, each about twelve inches high with accordion-pleated crepe-paper arms and legs colored bright day-glo orange; Mr. Petey told us this was his line of famed "jiggling men," and gave us a little speech about how when you set the men up and activated them in a certain way (a patented secret that would be fully explained in the instruction pamphlet that accompanies each and every doll sold) the things actually took life and danced or jiggled of their own accord, completely without wires or any other "hidden apparatus." There was a pause, during which Ralph "350,000 Party" Delgado, hulking, oily, and saturnine, studied the now quiescent jiggling men through narrowed eyes, as though trying to decide how best to frame some question that was bothering him, while his fork continued to toy among the ruins of his "Shoop Salad" and the seconds lengthened into minutes and I (and, I assume, Mr. Petey also) began to feel disoriented and slightly embarrassed by his silence. As Mr. Petey manipulated the pleated arms on one of his dolls to demonstrate its suppleness and fine workmanship (and in response to Ralph's less than cordial demeanor), I cleared my throat and attempted to say something friendly and inconsequential to relieve the tension—something about how I'd always wondered what it was that made the little men jiggle—but it was obvious to me, from the way Mr. Petey was fidgeting, that Ralph's silence was casting a definite pall. It depressed me no end to find things deteriorating like this, because, in point of fact, if it hadn't been for the embarrassment I was feeling, I would more than have welcomed a chance to find out how the jiggling men worked, for this was something that had intrigued and puzzled me for years, ever since the day in 1952 when my father had taken me downtown for a new pair of Red Goose shoes and we had glimpsed one of the fabled dolls dancing and jiggling in a doorway next to the shoe store. That day had marked the beginning of my fascination with the mystery of the jiggling men. When my father had refused to shell out the four bits for one of the things and the vendor (not Mr. Petey but surely a distant cousin of Mr. Petey's) had shown signs of folding up his suitcase and moving on, I gave way utterly to the angst of the moment, and my screams in a matter of minutes proved sufficient to draw a fair-sized crowd and send the poor peddler scuttling

down the street with his suitcase clutched under his arm, increasing to full-blown hysterics once I really got going; and, truth to tell, I wound up going, considerably beyond hysterics, actually falling on my father's feet, punching, kicking, flailing, keening, convulsing, and biting my father ankles. "You bit your father a half dozen times on the ankles while you were like that, and then you shifted your grin and bit him on the fleshy part of the calf," my mother would say, recalling the incident in later years. "I was afraid that, and then you would say, 'I have to say you wet the bed and carried on like a fiend,'" she said. "Recalling the shame and darkness of those years (and thrown off stride by Ralph's brooding silence), I heard myself asking Mr. Petey if he had ever felt the uncontrollable urge to take his thumb and mash out a pigeon's eyes. Mr. Petey looked at me and said, 'Fuck, no. Why? Have you?', glancing uneasily from me to Ralph and back again. Among the many desires I have entertained (I found myself telling Mr. Petey are "Pigeon Punching," "Bicycle Sniffing," "Bread Braiding," "Toupe Fondling," and a number of urges I call the How-can-it-tell-you-type urge. Over a period ranging from my early sorrow at missing out on owning a jiggling man through that of my later dismissals from several military academies, I entertained a whole series of desires centering on the Velo Benzadrine Inhaler. In those days, neither the Army nor the Navy would touch me, because when it came to enlisting, a self-confessed Velo freak the Vietnam conflict had not yet reached the stage where these branches of the armed services were grabbing up anything that breathed or moved. In 1972, I clipped a photo of a medical diploma out of the AUA Digest, filled it in with "sight-unseen" cancer cures. Since then, repeated failures and a lot of angry mail from relatives of patients had given me new perspective and helped calm me down to the point where I could now sit in a cheap restaurant and keep most of my clothes on. "And so I feel that by next year I will be far enough along to drink from a cup and apply for a driver's license," I told Mr. Petey, doing my best to keep things upbeat. "Meanwhile, Ralph's behavior had grown increasingly bizarre. "Why watch," he muttered, breaking his long silence at last, and staring hard at Mr. Petey. "Why do you steal my watch, Aunt Linda? WHY?"

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"Maybe I shouldn't have swallowed a whole bottle of saccharine tablets after breakfast this morning," Ralph admitted later that afternoon when I put him down under a bench in the park. Which explained a good deal about his hooded-up behavior at the table but in no way consoled me. For once again I had missed my chance to learn the secret of the jiggling men. Oh, God in heaven! How long must I wait? How many more pigeons must die beneath my thumbs before I learn the secret?

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**ADVERTISERS:** Popular Reality is an inexpensive medium for reaching an easily targeted and diverse readership of art-trendies, hedonists, anarchists, hippies, punks, Discordians, pagans, lumpen avant-proles, hip young kids and aging cynics.  
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WACK'S**  
a dept. of high  
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"You bit your father a half dozen times on the ankles while you were like that, and then you shifted your grip and bit him on the fleshy part of the calf," my mother would say, recalling the incident in later years. "I was afraid we were going to have to have you committed, but Dr Miller said to just put you in your room and keep an eye on you. The whole month you were screaming we were living in that awful post-war housing with the pasteboard walls so you kept us in dutch something awful with the neighbors. You would yell and try to bite anybody that went near you. We had to tell everybody you had scarlet fever."

My grandmother had been listening to my mother's comments. "At the risk of hurting your feelings, Albert, I have to say you wet the bed and carried on like a fiend," she said.

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# scooter & the worms



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The word is getting out that folks are no longer interested in continuing to reproduce this brutalized and brutally empty society. An erosion of the core values necessary for its survival is already far advanced, and the desperate if feeble response of Reaganism has already flopped.

In recent years the idea that there is a positive value to a lifetime consumed by wage-labor and shopping seems to have evaporated. Productivity (output-per-hour worked) has been declining since the mid-70's. Unions are unpopular and increasingly a formal part of corporate management, called upon to shoulder more of the combat against the anti-work syndrome of absenteeism, contempt for authority, drugs, turnover, etc.

Since the '60's elections attract fewer and fewer voters; the humiliation of helping to install one's masters is widespread. Shoplifting and all manner of evading taxes are soaring phenomena. Since mid-1980 over 500,000 19- and 20-year olds have said 'no thanks' to mandatory pre-draft registration. An 80-year old trend is now reversing itself in the high schools, as the dropout rate climbs.

The anti-human garbage of a rotting system — from factories to computers to freeways to neutron bombs — must be destroyed and will be destroyed. The riots, lootings, and burning in Zurich, Amsterdam, throughout Britain, and in the cities of Germany in the past year will come to America. And it won't come soon enough for us. Breakdown begins at home.

The society that abolishes all adventure makes the abolition of that society the only real adventure.

Lipshot P.O. Box 11331 Eugene OR 97440

Test Yourself!

## 7 DANGER SIGNS OF SUBJECTIVITY

Do you agree with these statements?

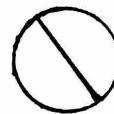
Yes No

1. After I buy or sell anything, I feel like washing my hands. ( ) ( )
2. A priest is an unarmed cop. A cop is an armed priest. ( ) ( )
3. The communist bloc isn't communist. The free world isn't free. (No partial credit for this question.) ( ) ( )
4. "Don't waste your vote" means -- don't cast it. ( ) ( )
5. "Work is the salt which preserves mummified souls" (Baudelaire). ( ) ( )
6. I am the person my parents warned me against. ( ) ( )
7. Necrophilia is a social disease. ( ) ( )

IF YOU AGREE with enough of these statements (how many is enough? you decide) you may be subjective. But don't panic! With enough schooling, therapy, religion and above all, work, you can be helped to lead a nearly normal life. (How much is enough? They decide.)

BUT WHY NOT JOIN THE RESISTANCE to the lords of life and labor?

LET'S PLAY WITH the power of negative thinking whose sign we have ripped off from the State:



IN HOC SIGNO VINCES! Instructions: Fill in the circle with any of their emblems -- the cross, the dollar sign, the swastika, the hammer and sickle, the scales of justice -- so many signposts of subjugation. Liberals are conservatives, Zionists are Nazis, Leninists are bourgeois, Christians are beneath contempt. We hold these truths to be self evident. Let us pray.

TO RECONCILE celebration with celebration, creation with recreation, life with art -- to live for ourselves, together -- to remake ourselves -- to libidinate everyday life -- nothing less is worth getting up in the morning for. Everyone knows Utopia is possible. But did you know it's necessary? Prehistory is drawing to a close -- one way or another. Have it our way.

THE LAST INTERNATIONAL

2000 Center St. #1314, Berkeley, CA. 94704.

## NO BUSINESS AS USUAL APRIL 29

The threat of world war is increasingly real and pressing. The recent past has witnessed an unprecedented increase in international tension and war preparations. The great powers stand toe to toe, openly building and boasting of their increased armaments. They intervene against popular struggles around the world, while at the same time a series of confrontation points between the great powers (and their proxies) burn like fuses capable of igniting a greater conflagration.

In this season of peril, all the governments continue to proclaim their peaceful intents and declare global nuclear war to be unthinkable. Yet their actions (and with increasing frequency their words as well) speak differently. The major powers continuously hone their war plans with new weapons tests and ever more realistic war games. New disarmament proposals are cynically designed to elicit rejection. Jingoistic appeals to national pride abound. Military-political moves and counter-moves force the situation to ever more dangerous heights. The U.S. government stands belligerently on the front lines of these moves to war. Crisis follows crisis in a spiral that cannot go on without resulting in the gravest consequences.

Such an extraordinary situation requires an extraordinary response. Mass opposition and resistance to war must achieve new heights, and with the greatest urgency. Only the independent action of millions stepping onto the stage of history to resist can realistically speak to the enormity that looms before us. It is in this spirit of prac-

tical politics that we now call for a coordinated day of national action against war, a concerted day of "No Business As Usual" April 29, 1985. A day that deliberately disrupts and shuts down as much as possible of the daily routine through which we are lurching toward global war. A day of diverse events across the country which include the activities of people of many nationalities and social backgrounds: the anti-nuclear and anti-interventionist movements, the rebellious youth, the women's movement, religious activists, immigrants and political exiles, academics, workers, those involved in the war machine itself, and others. With activities ranging from teach-ins and forums to civil disobedience and other creative forms of direct action, our joint actions will focus the attention of large sectors of society on this critical question and on the necessity to act, and will deliver a powerful message that we will *not* go along with the rulers down the road to World War III.

We who issue this call have taken part in many different ways in the movements against injustice, exploitation, and war. Among us we hold different political and philosophical analyses of the configurations of world power, the sources of wars through history, and the many fronts of struggle and tactics we must employ for social change. But we share the recognition that now it is time to unite to say NO.

To sign this call, to contribute urgently needed funds, and for information about participating, write: No Business As Usual; 3309 1/2 Mission St. #127; SF CA 94110; (415)550-8506.

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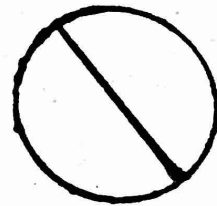
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*NO BUSINESS AS USUAL*

*APRIL 29*

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tical politics that we now call for a coordinated day of national action against war -- a concerted day of "No Business As Usual" April 29, 1985. A day that deliberates



PUNK, not war, is the what? Either way it's become a part of the GRASS social circus. Dancehall for sickheads, or a genuine expression of our anger and our despair? There's such a fine line between that which simply adds to the plastic crap that engulfs our lives and that which offers vision, hope, dignity, and a FUTURE. Can you tell the difference?

We're sold down the line by the music-press, the music business and, worst of all, the bands themselves. We've heard it all before, revolution at our back door and YES it has happened all over again. So many people mouthing the words, but how many of them really care? It's easy to appear radical in the pages of Sounds, but in the book that is our life it's not so easy. Punk has become derivative, escapist and generally BORING. We don't want rock stars: We don't want glossy photos of our favourite hero. WE WANT LIFE AND WON'T SETTLE FOR ANYTHING LESS.

The future is ours if we are prepared to FIGHT FOR IT.

Was punk ever a protest? Was it ever much more than another escape route? Six years ago we were offered a deal with a large company; deep-pile carpets, deep-pile snit. The asshole who ran the company had the nerve to tell us that we could "market revolution". Just another cheap product for the consumer's head. He'd "make our anger into a commodity", the "protest package". We told him to grow up and he told us that "we'd never make it" without him. MAKE WHAT? A sleazy office in Mayfair? Full page interviews in NME? Since that time he has gone on to manage Culture Club. Is THAT making it? It's certainly plastic enough, empty, shallow, odious AND PROFITABLE enough. So, he and they have Made it, like all the other scum who think that money and fame are a measure of life's success. For fucks sake, THERE IS LIFE BEYOND CONSUMERISM, BEYOND PRODUCT AND BEYOND THE PLASTIC. To find that life, we have to search hard within ourselves and when we find that light, be prepared to fight to keep it alight.

While we are obsessed with THE SINGLE PART OF THE WHOLE, Thatcher and her gang of ghouls will close down hospitals, schools will become more like prisons than they already are, there'll be more and more unemployment and poverty, wider powers will be given to the army and police, the working people will become more isolated in their battle for equality, the vicious oppression of "minority groups" (blacks, gypsies, gays etc.) will continue, the streets will increasingly become like a scene from "Dallas", places where money talks louder than people, and more jails will be built to house US, THE DISSIDENTS. WHY ARE WE ALLOWING THIS TO HAPPEN? WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

Any act of subversion and sabotage weakens the State, from disrupting operations at work or school, to direct attacks on the institutions of oppression as made by the women of Greenham or the Animal Liberation Front. Why should we stop at sabotaging hunts? There are hundreds of institutions that deserve our attentions and could be effectively sabotaged; from business conferences to race meetings, army recruitment offices to banks, anywhere in fact where the wealthy congregate and do business.

Whatever we decide to do, and wherever we decide to do it, we MUST think first and act second. Mindless vandalism is pointless and self-destructive. We must plan our actions to make them clean and EFFECTIVE and we must let the authorities know WHY we are doing these things (via the media perhaps). We must also be careful not to be persuaded into taking actions that we are not ready for, that can be suicidal. It's not worth getting the shit beaten out of you in a police cell for an action that has failed because of lack of forethought. We must always remember that the enemy have at their command massive forces of oppression and that they will not hesitate to use them against us.

We are going to have to learn to look after ourselves and find other ways of surviving in what is increasingly becoming a hostile environment. We're going to have to find alternatives to Dr. Drug N.D. and invent new ways of existing and being with each other. We're going to have to snare and, if need be, barter our skills and energies. But above all, we are going to have to snare out of this corrupt system.

Learning to survive only matters if it makes us more effective, more willing to use our skills and knowledge AGAINST THE SYSTEM. WE CAN NO LONGER PRETEND THAT WE DIDN'T KNOW THE FACTS, FOR SEVEN YEARS PUNK PROTEST HAS BEEN SUPPLYING THOSE FACTS...NOW IT'S TIME TO ACT.

So, like the man said "let's market revolution", but let's remember that the real revolution has NO LEADERS and starts INSIDE YOUR OWN HEAD. Until you've at least begun to deprogram yourself from the shit that school, parents and other agents of the system have crammed into your head, it's dangerous to throw yourself in. If it's revenge you're working with, FORGET IT, the motive behind REAL REVOLUTION is LOVE, you can keep hatred for the politicians who can't see beyond the sacred quotes of their political gurus.

So, why all this anger? What is it we're after? Why should we do anything? The answer is so simple...THE WORLD SHOULD BE A BEAUTIFUL PLACE, LIFE COULD BE EXPERIENCED AS THE MIRACLE THAT IT IS. Most of us know that beyond the wire fences of authority there is the WONDER OF LIFE that was our BIRTHRIGHT. We are, each one of us, unique creations, each different, each perfect and each precious, BUT HOW MUCH OF THAT ARE WE EVER ALLOWED TO SEE BY THOSE WHO WOULD HAVE US AS SLAVES? We don't want war, violence and conflict. We want peace, freedom and harmony. We DO NOT ACCEPT that people are inherently evil, if they appear so, it is because of the horrific situations into which they are forced by those who claim that "they know better".

We must refuse to be a part of the MARKET PLACE. It is our job to reclaim beauty and intelligence, dignity and truth. For too long we have been living in the FALSE REALITY CONSTRUCTED AROUND US BY THE WEALTHY ELITE. IT IS TIME TO CONSTRUCT OUR OWN REALITY.

## ENVIRONMENTAL LAW

# evolve or die



The brontosauri became extinct because of their extremely limited mental powers; faced with an increasingly unfavorable climate and diminishing food supply, these animals were incapable of adaptation and could not survive in the changing environment.

The fate of these giants may have symbolic value for twentieth century civilization, which is also attempting to direct tremendous potential with disproportionately small brains. While our mental faculties are incomparably superior to those of the early land animals, we still lack adequate self-knowledge and control, and natural history teaches that when underdeveloped brains are in charge of great power, the result is extinction.



PUNK, get what, or is what? Either way it's become a part of the grand social circus. Dance music for dickheads, or a genuine expression of our anger and our despair? There's such a fine line between that which simply adds to the plastic crap that engulfs our lives and that which offers vision, hope, dignity, and a FUTURE. Can you tell the difference?

We're sold down the line by the music-press, the music business and, worst of all, the bands themselves. We've heard it all before, revolution at our back door and YES it has happened all over again. So many people mouthing the words, but how many of them really care? It's easy to appear radical in the pages of Sounds, but in the book that is our life it's not so easy. Punk has become derivative, escapist and generally BORING. We don't want rock stars. We don't want glossy photos of our favourite hero. WE WANT LIFE AND WON'T SETTLE FOR ANYTHING LESS.

The future is ours if we are prepared to FIGHT FOR IT.

Was punk ever a protest? Was it ever much more than another escape route? Six years ago we were offered a deal with a large company; deep-pile carpets, deep-pile shit. The arsehole who ran the company had the nerve to tell us that he could "market revolution". Just another cheap product for the consumer's head. He'd "make our anger into a commodity", the "protest package". We told him to grow up and he told us that "we'd never make it" without him. MAKE WHAT? A sleazy office in Mayfair? Full page interviews in NME? Since that time he has gone on to manage Culture Club. Is THAT making it? It's certainly plastic enough, empty, shallow, odious AND PROFITABLE enough. So, he and they have Made it, like all the other scum who think that money and fame are a measure of life's success. For fucks sake, THERE IS LIFE BEYOND CONSUMERISM, BEYOND PRODUCT AND BEYOND THE PLASTIC. To find that life, we have to search hard within ourselves and when we find that light, be prepared to fight to keep it alight.

While we are obsessed with ONE SINGLE PART OF THE WHOLE, Thatcher and her gang of ghouls will close down hospitals, schools will become more like prisons than they already are, there'll be more and more unemployment and poverty, wider powers will be given to the army and police, the working people will become more isolated in their battle for equality, the vicious oppression of "minority groups" (blacks, gypsies, gays etc.) will continue, the streets will increasingly become like a scene from

empty, shallow, odious AND PROFITABLE enough. So, he and they have Made it, like all the other scum who think that money and fame are a measure of life's success. For fucks sake, THERE IS LIFE BEYOND CONSUMERISM, BEYOND PRODUCT AND BEYOND THE PLASTIC. To find that life, we have to search hard within ourselves and when we find that light, be prepared to fight to keep it alight.

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Any act of subversion and sabotage weakens the State, from disrupting operations at work or school, to direct attacks on the institutions of oppression as made by the women of Greenham or the Animal Liberation Front. Why should we stop at sabotaging hunts? There are hundreds of institutions that deserve our attentions and could be effectively sabotaged; from business conferences to race meetings, army recruitment offices to banks, anywhere in fact where the wealthy congregate and do business.

Whatever we decide to do, and wherever we decide to do it, we MUST think first and act second. Mindless vandalism is pointless and self-destructive. We must plan our actions to make them clean and EFFECTIVE and we must let the authorities know WHY we are doing these things (via the media perhaps). We must also be careful not to be persuaded into taking actions that we are not ready for, that can be suicidal. It's not worth getting the shit beaten out of you in a police cell for an action that has failed because of lack of forethought. We must always remember that the enemy have at their command massive forces of oppression and that they will not hesitate to use them against us.

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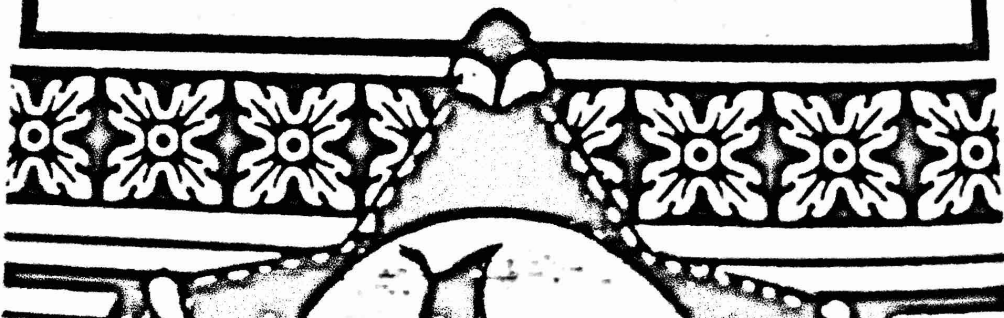
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## ENVIRONMENTAL LAW

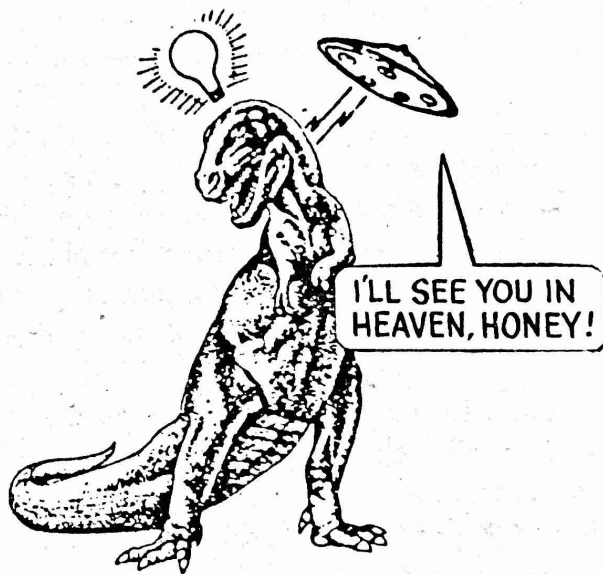




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# Windows vandalized at recruiting office

Windows were broken early Friday morning in the military recruiting office complex at 1111 Willamette St., a frequent target for vandals with spray paint and eggs.

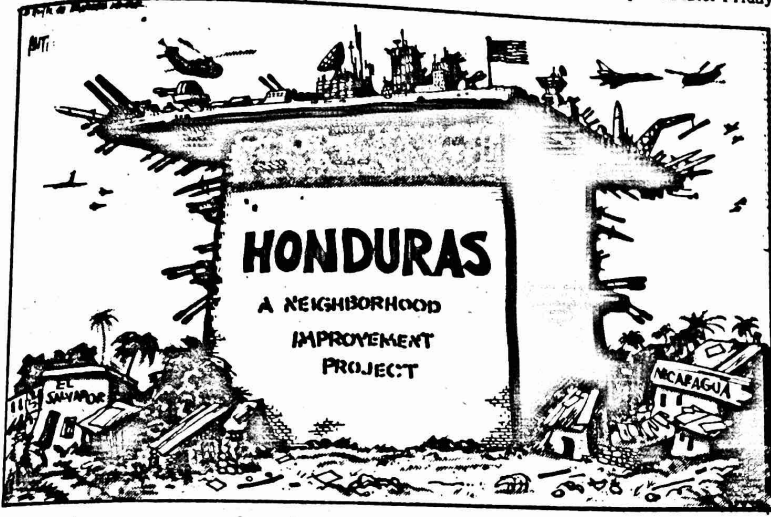
A male telephoned The Register-Guard after midnight to take responsibility for the vandalism, but he did not identify himself.

The Register-Guard telephoned Eugene police, who found broken windows in the Army, Air Force and Marine Corps recruiting offices. The Navy office was not damaged.

Thrown bricks left holes in two windows at the Army recruiting offices. Heavy-duty shatterproof laminated glass windows were cracked at the Ma-

rine Corps and Air Force offices. The Marine Corps window was hit at least twice by bricks.

Navy Counselor First Class Don Crockett, the recruiter in charge of the Navy office, estimated it would cost \$1,000 to replace each of the four broken panes. The damaged windows were repaired later Friday.



**If They Catch Me, I'm Using Your Name**

If they come for me here  
and find me;  
If they come to take me away from here  
saying:  
"What are you doing here?  
This is private property!"  
I will say:  
"I am She."  
I will tell them:  
"This is mine."

If they find my fingerprints on the stakes I have removed  
from their fluorescent boundaries;  
If they know where to find me,  
I will tell them:  
"You cannot mark it; it is mine.  
I could never buy it with my soul  
like the people you have used,  
and used up.  
But I have made it mine,  
as an insect with its gall  
makes a plant its own--  
by invasion and impregnation.  
I have sown myself upon this land,  
and so,  
it is mine.  
Ask it.  
Ask the frightened deer.  
Ask the clouds.  
Ask the water weeds.  
Whose are they?  
They are mine.  
I am She."

Denise Angela Shawl

## DON'T YOU LOVE OUR WESTERN WAYS



It has been said that what keeps our society from coming unglued is the mistaken belief that, despite one's own unhappiness, everyone else is happy. The deep anxiety people feel in the face of this hysterical optimism—reinforced by the images of ecstatic consumption paraded across the TV screens and billboards—makes people very reluctant to admit that they are unhappy. When questioners go beyond the knee-jerk responses engendered by a simplistic question like "Are you satisfied?", a complexity of responses emerges and the depths of peoples' fears and uncertainty begin to be plumbed.

## THE BABY AND THE BATHWATER

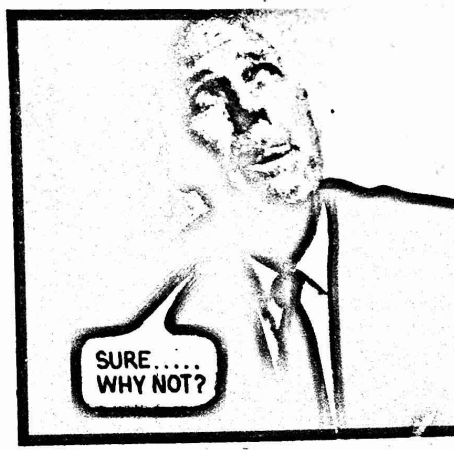
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THE UNSPEAKABLE TRUTH ABOUT PROCESSED WORLD

"I appeared before a Great White Throne. A Voice spoke to me. It came booming out: 'Will you agree to be the Saviour?'"



They are mine.  
I am She."

Denise Angela Shawl

# THE BABY AND THE BATHWATER

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# LETTERS

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 Scrutiny Subsection  
 Political Art  
 Music Division  
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 Athens, GA 30601

Dear Reverend Crowder and Wretched Underlings:

Your informative publication has just passed the scrutiny of the above-named Division of the Repeat Offenders Corporate Headquarters, Northern Hemisphere Division, and I wish to personally congratulate you and your wretched, obsequious cumulatively brown-nosing underlings on 1) producing an antidote to humorless calls for Peace Now and The Freeze (why not put all the peace nuts on heroin if they want peace?) and other such assorted fills of the lower political tract, and 2) for having the wisdom and audacity (or is it through sophisticated use of psychographics?) to put the Repeat Offenders on your mailing list.

I just got it out of the mail box, and after perceiving that my initial misapprehension that it was not another reality, perhaps a chance to catch up on a nice conformation in San Salvador or routs some Chinese tenants from somewhere up in Chinatown, I found it, well, strangely delightful.

We have a record of our real soon, and I'll talk to the bank about buying an ad in your paper, and I'll talk to the Direct Mail Section about putting you on our mailing list in retaliation for your listing us on yours. If that's okay, you will then receive the Repeat Offenders newsletter, which provides an interesting and informative account of the lives of our members. I'll be sure to include you in our next issue.

For one of the best freebies I saw the other day at the store but I don't believe I'll have seen it a while. By the way, are you in touch with the processed and filtered? I just saw the front page of your paper, and I'm sure you're doing a great job. I'll be sure to include you in our next issue. I'll be sure to include you in our next issue. I'll be sure to include you in our next issue.

Dear PopReal-

In response to the letter addressed to me in the last issue, I reply- oh ye of little faith! Do you really think I would stoop to using the name of God to rip people off? -Perhaps you think I've been off to the Bahamas having the time of my life with all these checks for one and two dollars?

When I think of how I lay helpless for six months in a debilitating psychological coma, just to wake up to all these slanderous accusations, I weep tears of bitter Angst and Ennui.

But as soon as I'm out of this wheelchair, I will personally deliver all buttons paid for, even to the heathen infidels that slander my name even as I lay on death's own doorstep.

Sincerely,  
 the Righteous Dervish  
 Kalamazoo, MI.

Yer All Crazy! I'm Callin The Cops!

M. Houston  
 New York, NY.

Survival Network members and supporters  
 Bayou La Rose family and friends

Subject - The creation of the Frank Little Memorial Press.

The Frank Little Memorial Press will be a small movement press that will open up this spring in Kansas. The Survival Network Information Center will split into a south group and a north group. S.N.I.C.-North will take on S.N.I.C. Publications, a number of the support networks and it will publish Bayou La Rose as a quarterly newspaper. There will be many things we will be able to do once we have our press group working but maybe the most important thing will be that we will be able to do our solidarity work more efficiently. The press collective is beginning with three people. Lee Green, formerly with the Louisiana Worker newspaper, Kamalla Laqueta, co-editor of Bayou La Rose and Arthur J Miller co-founder of the Survival Network.

To pay for the needed equipment we have started a Survival Network Press Fund, we aim at getting an offset press and a good copyer. The idea of this appeal is to have some of the people who we have aided or may aid to help pay for the equipment we need to aid them. With this equipment we will be able to aid prisoners, strikes and other struggles with greater speed and we will be able to get the word out to more people. The goal of the press fund is \$2,000.

We will need your help to pull this off, we need your \$10, \$20 or more donations and maybe one or two of you could put together a benefit for the press fund. Remember, dear friends what we build today maybe someday that which will be fighting for your fate. Please help us, thank you.

Please make checks out to the Survival Network, and send them to: Survival Network Press Fund c/o S.N.I.C.-North P.O. Box 6130 Kansas City, KS 66106

in solidarity

S.N.I.C.-South  
 Jeanne Northrop  
 Jim Bodie

S.N.I.C.-North  
 Lee Green  
 Kamalla Laqueta  
 Arthur J. Miller

Yes, it's true, I'm sending \$2 for the next six issues of Popular Reality. I've spent the last five years recuperating from the previous reality I dealt with and need to move on. Your reality looks as good as any other, so Popular Reality it will be. Yes, it's true, reality has been once again restored.

thanks  
 L. Oberc  
 Trenton, NJ.

Dear Popular Reality

I saw a copy of PR over at Gatsby of Vile Propaganda's house. I never got a chance to really read it through, but I liked what I saw quite a bit. I've enclosed a copy of my publication, JOURNEY INTO SAVAGRY. Would you be interested in trading publications?

C. Morse  
 Poughkeepsie, NY.

Dear David,

Your pictures of the arrests at the Convention protests have proven to be quite popular. Some were actually introduced into evidence during the criminal trials (all the defendants who were arrested on the steps during the July 16th War Chest Tour were acquitted) and they remain in demand for possible civil litigation...

Sincerely,  
 J. Crew, ACLU Foundation  
 San Francisco, CA.

Dear David;

About PopReal: I enjoy most of the content. Sometimes I enjoy disagreeing with it; for instance, I think everybody should vote, as often as possible, if only to keep a toe in the door. The saying goes that if voting had anything to do with power it would be outlawed. I'd like to see

\*THEM\* try to explain that away. It would be interesting. I hear Larry "Bozo" Harmon ran for president. Too bad I didn't find out until after the polls closed.

In a way, I'm pretty isolated politically, and reading your paper makes me think about things I normally don't expose myself to.

The humor is good. The chaotic format is good, lots of pretty and/or vicious surprises on every page.

I'd like to see more cartoons; stolen ones are fine.

Now for the bad stuff.

I go crazy and blind trying to read it. Most of the stuff you reprint is legible, but sometimes the letters are too small and they fill in the circles on the 'a's and 'o's and run all together and I don't even want to know what they say. And that script typewriter is horrible. I could get you a better one at the thrift shop (unless it's electric), \$5. And the poetry stinks.

But then I have strange ideas about political poetry. The easiest, safest and most common is satire, which isn't really poetry. The good stuff is rare...

D. Shawl  
Ann Arbor, MI.

Dear Popular Reality:

At one point in your cover article last time Gerry Hannah says, "People have got to wake up to the fact that there will never be anything even faintly resembling true peace until the state is gone for good."

True enough--so why does he support militant nationalistic groups like the FMLN, the IRA or the ANC? Isn't their aim to replace domination by an outside

power with a state of their own, presumably with the backing of the "masses?"

Why counter the stupid docility of peace creeps with obeisance to the nationalistic-bureaucratic cadre of these groups? Hannah used violence in an intelligent, humane way that threatened the State (as reflected in the severity of sentences recieved by him and his compatriots); it's disappointing to see him cheaper his act in this way. And it always chills me to hear civil wars in foreign places egged on by people who aren't there.

GH might refer to Left Rites in the same issue to improve his understanding.

Dan, John, & Kathryn  
Eugene, OR.

### Hop to it.

2 1/2" BUTTONS FROM THE SHIMO UNDERGROUND- \$1 each:  
 Party With God  
 Lost Boyz  
 Popular Reality  
 Defy Gravity  
 Shimo Underground  
 Lumper & Proud - No Shame!  
 Avant-Prole  
 Cultural Terrorist  
 Superior Mutant  
 Make all checks payable to Popular Reality P.O. Box 1593, Kalamazoo, MI. 49005.  
 CHICAGO SHIMO OFFICE: P.O. Box 4900, Chi., IL. 60680.

WARNING: Emotionally Disturbed Informant!  
 Paul Brodecki of Kalamazoo, Michigan.

I WONDER WHAT I'D BE IN THE NEXT LIFE ... I HOPE I'D BE A BETTER PERSON.



Normally we push Paul down when he totals car engines with sugar, stomps out vegetable gardens, or turns people over to the prosecutor's office (all over petty jealousies) but this time we'll encourage everybody to join in the fun.

# THE ADVENTURES OF NOMAN



# Hop to it.

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Party With God

Lost Boyz.

Popular Reality

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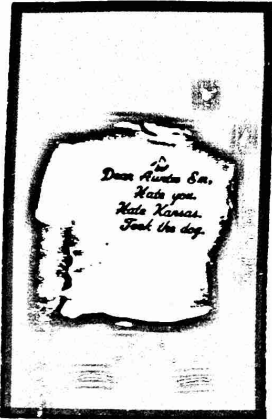
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## ARE YOU A SUCKER?

This Short Simple Test  
Will Help You Find Out

Answer Yes or No:

- Do you think work makes you free?
- Do you think Coca-Cola, videogames, and the private automobile represent the good life?
- Do you think any free society exists today?
- Do you think Jesus moved that rock all by himself?
- Do you think the police are there to protect your rights?
- Do you think a Democrat is less likely to start a war?
- Do you think the Soviet Union is communist?
- Do you think there is room for you at the top?
- Do you think capitalism is compatible with humane society?

If you answered yes to any of the above, then yes, you are a sucker. But don't blame yourself—this society produces suckers because this society *needs* suckers. Besides, it's never too late to start thinking and acting for yourself.



What kind of man... A strange man... A man like you.  
A different kind of man... That's right. Another happy mutant.

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(Well, damn close to it, anyway!)

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