

POPULAR REALITY

A VITAL ORGAN OF THE SHIMO UNDERGROUND

ANARCHISM AND OTHER IMPEDIMENTS TO ANARCHY

by Bob Black

There is no need at present to produce new definitions of anarchism, it would be hard to improve on those long since devised by various eminent dead foreigners. Nor need we linger over the familiar hyphenated anarchisms, communist- and individualist- and so forth, the textbooks cover all that. More to the point is why we are no closer to anarchy today than were Godwin and Proudhon and Kropotkin and Goldman in their times. There are lots of reasons, but the ones that most need to be thought about are the ones the anarchists engender themselves, since it is these obstacles- if any- it should be possible to remove. Possible, but not probable.

My considered judgement, after years of scrutiny of, and sometimes harrowing activity in the anarchist milieu, is that anarchists are a main reason- I suspect, a sufficient reason- why anarchy remains an epithet without a prayer of a chance of being realized. Most of them are, frankly, incapable of living in an autonomous cooperative manner. A lot of them aren't very bright, and they tend to peruse their own classics and insider literature to the exclusion of broader knowledge of the world we live in, but that's the least of their shortcomings. Essentially timid, they associate with others like themselves with the tacit understanding that nobody will measure anyone else's opinions and actions against any standard of practical critical intelligence; that no one by his or her individual achievements will rise too far above the prevalent level; and, above all, that nobody challenge the shibboleths of anarchist ideology.

Anarchism as a milieu is not so much a challenge to the existing order as it is one highly specialized form of accommodation to it. It is a way of life, or an adjunct of one, with its own particular mix of rewards and sacrifices. Poverty is obligatory but for that very reason forecloses the question whether this or that anarchist could have been anything but a failure regardless of ideology. The history of anarchism is a history of unparalleled defeat and martyrdom, yet anarchists venerate their victimized

forbearers with a morbid devotion which occasions suspicion that the anarchists, like everybody else, think the only good revolution is a dead one. Revolution- defeated revolution- is glorious but belongs in books and pamphlets. In this century- Spain in 1936 and France in 1988 are especially clear cases- the revolutionary upsurge caught the official, organized anarchists flat-footed and initially non-supportive or worse. The reason is not far to seek. It's not that all these ideologues were hypocrites, (some were), rather, they had worked out a daily routine of anarchist militancy, one they unconsciously counted on to endure indefinitely since revolution isn't really imaginable in the here-and-now, and reacted with fear and defensiveness when events outdistanced their rhetoric.

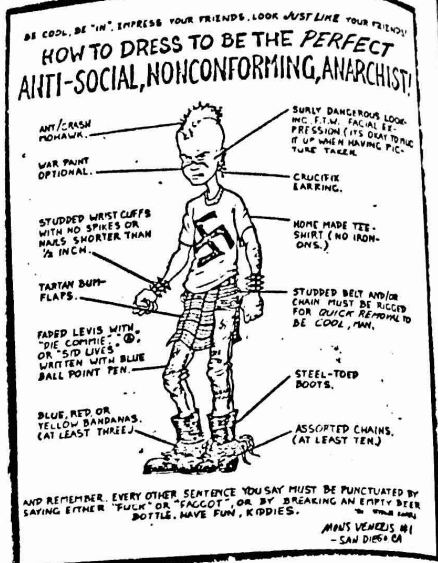
In other words, given a choice between anarchism and anarchy, most anarchists would go for the anarchism ideology and subculture rather than take a dangerous leap into the unknown, into a world of stateless liberty. But since anarchists are almost the only avowed critics of the state as such, these freedom-fearing folk would inevitably assume prominent or at least publicized places in any insurgency which was genuinely anti-statalist. Themselves follower-types, they would find themselves the leaders of a revolution which threatens their settled status no less than that of the politicians and proprietors. The anarchists would sabotage the revolution, consciously or otherwise, which without them might have dispensed with the state without even pausing to replay the ancient Marx/Bakunin tussle.

In truth the anarchists who assume the name have done nothing to challenge the state, not with windy unread jargon-riddled writings but with the contagious example of another way to relate with other people. Anarchists as they conduct the anarchism business are the best refutation of anarchist pretensions. True, in North America at least the top-heavy "federations" of workerist organizers have collapsed in ennui and acrimony, and a good thing too, but the informal social structure of anarchism is still hierarchic through and through. The anarchists placidly submit to

what Bakunin called an "invisible government" which in their case consists of the editors (in fact if not in name) of a handful of the larger and longer-lasting anarchist publications. These publications, despite seemingly profound ideological differences, have similarities vis-a-vis "father knows best" stances which would expose inconsistencies and otherwise undermine their common class interest in hegemony over the anarchist rank-and-file. Oddly enough, you can much more readily criticize, say, *Processed World*. Every organization has more in common with every other organization than it does with any of the unorganized. The anarchist critique of the state, if only the anarchists understood it, is but a special case of the critique of organization. And, at some level, even anarchist organizations sense this.

Anti-anarchists may well retort that if there is to be hierarchy and coercion, let it be in the open, clearly labelled as such. Out in these pundits (the right-wing "liberal-Unionists" the minarchists, for instance) I tarantula, the minarchists, for the stubbornly persist in my opposition to the state. But not because, as anarchists so often thoughtlessly declaim, the state is not created by stripping individuals and face-to-face voluntary associations of their power- and, more fundamentally, its underpinnings (work, moralism, industrial technology, hierarchic organizations) are not necessary but rather antithetical to the satisfaction of real needs and desires. Unfortunately, most brands of anarchism endorse all these premises yet balk at their logical conclusion: the state.

If there were no anarchists, the state would have had to invent them. We know that on several occasions it has done just that. We need anarchists unencumbered by anarchism. Then, and only then, we can begin to get serious about fomenting anarchy.



From WARNING



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NIHILISM

by Jerod Poor

In a nation whose population was enslaved by poverty and ignorance, whose government was kept in power by a brutal police force, whose leaders were interested only in personal gain, and whose church was a center of wealth and power, there was formed an extremely radical philosophy of individualism and skepticism. The adherents of this belief have been described as disheveled, untidy, and unruly people who rebelled against tradition and social order, and whose movement was derided by the media as wholly negative, destructive, and a social menace. Nihilism in 19th-century Russia was constantly getting the short end of the stick. Prince Kropotkin, in his *Memoirs*, defined nihilism as the symbol of struggle against all forms of tyranny, hypocrisy, and artificiality, and a fight for individual freedom. He saw a restless adolescent generation that cherished infinite faith in scientific truth. Everyone else saw nihilists as demented terrorists employed by some secret society to assassinate the royal family and destroy moral principles.

Fundamentally there is little difference between anarchism and nihilism. Nihilism is far more individualistic, and to hell with society than anarchism. As well as being a philosophy and socio-political ideology, nihilism is, most importantly, a psychological state, the achievement of which frees the individual from the formless mass of society and social structure.

Politically and philosophically, nihilism represented a negation of aestheticism, the science of beauty, and advocated utilitarianism and scientific rationality. In other words, destroying whatever was useless, primarily traditional values and conditions within the social organization. The social sciences and classical philosophical systems were rejected entirely. Nihilism represented atheism and a revolt against the established social order, negating all authority exercised by the state, the church, or the family. Its beliefs were based on nothing but scientific truth; science became the cure-all for social problems. All evils derived from ignorance, which science alone could overcome.

Nihilistic philosophy was influenced by such as Darwin and Herbert Spencer, their thinking was formed by the existential foundations of Socrates, Soren Kierkegaard, and later by Friedrich Nietzsche; all of whom agreed that thought was the most important aspect of nihilism and humanity.

While the politics of nihilism are harsh (I have a regard for aestheticism and some useless things like art), the psychology is harsher. Psychologists even have a special niche for "nihilistic delusions", a peculiar form of insanity where the patient believes he is insane and that everything around is purely hallucinations. This malady is none too far from the truth for the tenets of psychological nihilism border on madness, and often come from the exhaustion of spirit that comes from seeking for a "meaning". This exhaustion is accompanied by terror, and the feeling is a kind of death or paralysis. The thresholds of rape, suicide and murder are low, for if nothing exists, does death matter? The stark truths of society become crystal clear, and every commitment seems a lie. It is no wonder that the nihilism of Pussia eventually devolved from faith in science to a justification of terror and destruction.

Nietzsche, in his *The Will to Power*, distinguished three phases in the experience of nothingness. First, when a "meaning" has been sought in all events that is not there, and one recognizes the waste of strength, and the deception of the search. Secondly, when one assumes there is some totality, such as God or a governmental system, infinitely superior to him and upon which he may be dependent, then realizes that there is no such universal and is able to believe in his own value. Thirdly, upon realization of the first two insights, there is an escape to pass sentence on this world of socioeconomic, racial, and sexual roles in which one's perceptions have been pre-arranged and one's life predestined, and to invent a true world beyond, and within one's self.

Granted, this borders on insanity; that there is no "real" world "out there", and the true world is created by the individual. However, under the examination of Quantum Mechanics, that is the exact nature of the universe. Niels Bohr's theories on the smallest of particles fall down to: Atoms don't exist until you look for them, reality is what we are

taught it is. The Copenhagen Interpretation of Quantum Mechanics was known as Dada Physics, now it is called Heisenberg Physics. When the boys at Lawrence Livermore are building a better H-bomb, they're proving Bohr is right.

Dada Physics applies not only to the individualistic nihilist, but to the deadly realities of Christianity. Consider, for a moment, the biblical prophecies concerning the end of the world: one third of the water becoming poison, one third of all life dying, plagues, volcanic eruptions and "...men were scorched with great heat..." Rev. 16:9. Sounds like the symptoms of nuclear holocaust. The Born-Again Christians believe this will happen within our lifetimes. Famous Born-Agains include President Reagan and lots of congressmen. With one button Reagan could fulfill the prophecies and the Will of God. Who could pass on such a chance?

Now there is reason for one to get upset enough to kill. Violence is a common gut reaction to the experience of nothingness; as well as the reaction to repressed creativity and the antidote for suicidal depression. The nihilists deteriorated to violence, but if violence is a natural reaction to enlightenment, could it be their repressed need for violence exploded years later in the form of senseless terrorism? Is there a human need for violence? Perhaps. Have you ever experienced the serenity one feels when practicing the martial arts? I have. For the past six months, and I am never calmer than after I have crippled non-existent opponents for an hour and a half. Other students have testified to similar feelings. There's one person in an advanced class who is on parole; he's yet to get in a fight since he's started Karate. Consider thrashing, alarming, etc. Once you start, how can you stop? Or the football lockers and their fans. The fans take the euphoria of violence and go out for a little of their own, killing themselves and others on the highways, abusing their wives and kids. Meanwhile, the players are relatively calm off-field, during the season anyway. DeSade said eventually we will be able to kill thousands at one time, but it is better to kill one with passion.

Now we come to Nihilism today, in a society subtler than 19th-century Russia, just go into a "coolworld" and you'll see the modern American version. Today's moral principle is suicide, be it by drugs, repressed violence, or nuclear war, and the only way to survive is to isolate one's self from the faceless mob of a society eager to kill itself. Once you realize there is no "meaning" to life, and that God or the government is not going to take care of you from cradle to grave, you can laugh at the world when they're in Raptures, and live your own life.

From MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL

ADVENTURES IN SUBVERSION



Adventures in Subversion. Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous flyers, 1981-1985. 36 pp. \$2. P.O. Box 11331, Eugene, OR 97440 USA

WARNING! The PopReal mailing list will again be reconstituted for issue #8, (the Women's Issues Issue), so all of you who've been receiving this rag but haven't subscribed or written, or said that you'd be exchanging zines with us but haven't, better drop us a line or risk missing out on a future of a bigger and better and more Popular Reality.

\$34 BILLION for WAR CORPS.

and not much left for anything else.

Here's who profits from business as usual:

- B-1 bomber \$6.2 billion**
ROCKWELL INTERNATIONAL prime contractor. GENERAL ELECTRIC, BOEING, EATON CORPORATION
- MAX missile \$4 billion**
MARTIN MARIETTA manufacturer. ROCKWELL, NORTHROP manufacture guidance mechanisms
- F-16 fighter \$3.8 billion**
GENERAL DYNAMICS manufacturer. UNITED TECHNOLOGIES, GENERAL ELECTRIC manufacture engines
- Strategic Defense Initiative ("Stars Wars") \$3.7 billion**
BOEING, LOCKHEED, LTV, MCDONNELL DOUGLAS, TELEDYNE, AEROMET, HONEYWELL, HUGHES AIRCRAFT, ROCKWELL, TRW, GRUMMAN, LITTON, RCA, WESTINGHOUSE, MARTIN MARIETTA, SCIENCE APPLICATIONS
- F-18 navy fighter \$2.9 billion**
NORTHROP, MCDONNELL DOUGLAS major contractors. GENERAL ELECTRIC manufacture engines
- Trident 2 missile \$2.9 billion**
LOCKHEED manufacture missile. THIOKOL, HERCULES supply fuel
- Aegis cruiser \$2.8 billion**
LITTON, BATH IRON WORKS manufacturers
- SSN-688 nuclear-attack submarine \$2.8 billion**
GENERAL DYNAMICS, prime contractor. TENNECO
- F-15 air force fighter \$2.5 billion**
MCDONNELL DOUGLAS prime contractor. UNITED TECHNOLOGY, GENERAL ELECTRIC manufacture engines
- C5B air force cargo plane \$2.4 billion**
LOCKHEED prime contractor GENERAL ELECTRIC manufacture engines



LIVING WITH THE BOMB

one against the other. I merely mean funny—not funny ha-ha, either. In other words, I have a sneaking hunch that my voice is not quite powerful enough to carry for such a distance—all the way from Texas to Italy—if it were I would let my voice really cry out in all its power and majesty. I would cry, "HEY!"

(Note to Monty Cantain—at this point the "HEY!" should be delivered at the top of your lungs—a kind of bellowing shriek.)

Did my yelling that way startle you? Then you should sit up and pay attention. You should sit up and pay attention and stop nodding off or pulling at yourself. Is this any way for true Neoists to behave? Your time will come. In the meantime, heads up.

To continue....Before his death from golf many years ago, my father Paul Valery was fond of saying that "he who has never completed—be it but a dream—the sketch for some project that he is free to abandon...that man does not know what is going on. Thus it would seem that the best of thought can be summarized in these words—it is great by what it seeks; absurd by what it finds."

Today we say that nothing beats building a boat you know won't float.

Possibly you have asked yourself—What would David Zack have been had he not extolled the benefits of Unlimited International Credit Loans, and the ridiculous rumour, by now you have all probably heard it, which says that I, Dr Blaster Al Achermans, do not possess a navel. Well, I do not know the precise anatomical

definition for this part of the body, but I do know that Sir Thomas Browne once cleverly described it as "that ~~tortuous~~ tortuosity or complicated nodosity that is emptied in the middle of the surface of the belly." And if it was good enough for ~~shades~~ Tom it's good enough for me.

But the story has resulted in a malicious rumour being circulated about me, chiefly by my relatives, and I feel it should be squelched immediately. The rumour is that, having been hatched (rather than born), I came into the world minus a navel, like a guppy or a lizard. This is a base lie of the sort that my rascally Uncle Bud is noted for and it is completely unfounded.

What really happened to my navel was this—it will be of supreme interest to any Neoist practicing medicine without a license today, as I am. The fact that I no longer possess a navel goes back to the time some years ago when I was living at the rat-infested Palm Hotel, in downtown San Antonio, Texas. Next door was a weird little bunny, Thrush Leibnitz (called "Thrush" for medical reasons, not singing talent), who developed an unhealthy fixation on my navel. She saw me sprawled in the hotel corridor outside my room one afternoon with my shirt askew was how this came about. In those days I don't mind admitting I was a veritable slave of the hellish nose-candy. As I say, this little bimbo, Thrush Leibnitz, came upon me when I was indisposed on the carpet, caught sight of my navel, flipped over it, became deeply obsessed and dissolute, and from that moment on was after me night and day. I once related this story in some detail to Penis Fudsworth, the Los Angeles shutter bug. "Was she always trying to put her tongue in your navel?" asked Mr Fudsworth. "Yes," I replied, "she was forever slinking around the hotel after me, making unsavory come-on's to my navel or waiting for me to fall over again." "I used to have the gals climb trees in mini skirts," replied Mr RM Fudsworth. "Then I'd shoot a whole roll of film before they knew what I was up to." I was puzzled to find any connection between this and my problems with Thrush Leibnitz (not to mention how on earth you could ever get a mini skirt on a tree in the first place). In my case, Thrush Leibnitz was my constant unwelcome shadow and navel nemesis. Naturally I did my best to avoid her like the plague and made sure to be always inside my room with the door safely locked anytime I felt like my senses were liable to be blotted out by an excess of the white powder or, as sometimes happened, the seductive and illicit solvents.

Under the circumstances, however, it was only a matter of time before I slipped up and fell prey to this navel loony's unwholesome jones on my belly button. And sure enough, one evening while pausing outside my room on the way to the elevator, I miscalculated how much blow could be safely inspired through the conduit of a rolled-up TIME MAGAZINE—which put me out on the floor for the count. I was "hound-dogging the carpet" to put it in the vernacular of those far-off days. Upon partially regaining my senses a few minutes later I felt a hot breath on my navel. I was virtually helpless but could hear a vile panting and moaning going on in the vicinity of my belt-buckle. It was Thrush. She was crouched over me like a vampire and next moment her highly developed, snake-like tongue darted out and made contact with my umbilicus.

I understand that the effects of navel reaming are many and varied. In this instance, however, the effect on the ~~mx~~ already ~~over~~ overstimulated Thrush proved most gruesome. She was having her way with my navel at last but the contact was apparently so electrifying that it threw her into a full-blown epileptic seizure of the psycho-motor variety and rendered her so galvanized and singular in all her processes that her choppers literally severed my navel from my body!

Realizing this demented floozy had bitten my navel off, I roused up and began to scream bloody murder, a trick I had learned from David Zack's creditors. This clamour eventually drew several residents of the hotel from their rooms. They hustled me still screaming to the nearest medical facility and after a prolonged

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struggle the flow of blood was finally staunched and I believe I owe my life to the quick action and skilled fingers of the attending medico, Dr David "Crowbar" Nestle.

After a few days, I was able to leave the hospital, though, alas, I did so minus a navel. You might say my navel is nothing but scar tissue today.

I learned many years later that Thrush Leibnitz changed her name, moved to New York City and opened a successful uptown art gallery.

At the time, though, I was more concerned with the fact that the management of the Palm Hotel, unjustly branding me as an "undesireable" because of this tragic episode, had, in my absence, "french-keyed" me out of my room. As most of you are aware, a "french key" is a key made of soft metal that the hotel manager will insert in the lock of your door and break off, thereby effectively barring you from your room—an extremely unfair and rank practice, in my opinion.

So this was the Mystery of the French Key Mystery.

But what was it?

Well, just let me say that a glance at what all this means to us today is enlightening. The ancients knew this and I want you to know it, too. I have devoted a large portion of my life to the Neoist movement and I know what mysteries (or questions) are of burning concern to Neoists everywhere. I have counted these burning questions and have noted ~~that~~ they are primarily two in number. That is—first comes The French Key Mystery...then comes these other two.

The first question is this—Can we "shoot a stump" without contracting active T.B.? I mean by this, if you, as Neoists, are following a smoker down the street and this smoker tosses his cigar butt or cigarette to the sidewalk—can you retrieve it and enjoy the last remnants of the blessed dame nicotine without fear of contracting the dread tubercule bacillus? Now, ~~now~~ none of us, as Neoists, want to spend our days in a T.B. sanitarium. Yet this, often, seems to be the penalty we pay for "shooting a stump." Edgar Allen Poe's dear little wife was a victim of t.b. and many say this is what killed her—her habit of going along the street and picking up a succulent butt here and there until her apron was fairly overflowing with the things. And then when she got home she would smoke them all, while Poe himself would take many drinks. There are some who maintain it was her breath that drove him to this. I have studied the problem at length—the question of how we as Neoists can "shoot a stump" without contracting active T.B.—and I find there is no answer to it. None at all.

The second question...and this is one I hear on the lips of Neoists every where—what is the best method for stealing a case of soft drinks?

Well, I say to you now—There is no question to my mind but what the best method for stealing a case of soft drinks is to employ an accomplice. I remember some years ago living in Portland (Oregon), how David Zack and I were able to steal a case of soft drinks on the average of three or four times a week. Our method was practically fool-proof. First, David would enter a drive-in grocery and proceed to the back of the store. Then he would pretend to have a seizure. "It's the big one!" he would shout. The grocery clerk would become alarmed. David would flop over in the aisle at the back of the store. He could simulate someone having a seizure perfectly. He would thrash around in the grip of his seizure for a few minutes, drumming his heels on the floor and uttering guttural bird-like cries, almost exactly like Thrush Leibnitz, I might add. The clerk of course would rush to his aid. This was my signal. In the confusion I would duck inside the store, seize the first handy case of soft drinks I saw, and make off with them. Then David would suddenly recover, get up, and stagger out of the store. There is no telling how many cases of soft drinks we were able to make off with in this way. It is a method I recommend to all of you today.

David Zack was the nearest thing to Errol Flynn that I have ever known. His mental breakdown was a terrible blow to me.

This, too, is the divinity of Neoism!

I once heard an expression quite similar, and quite the contrary. One of our friends, who has asked to remain anonymous, said of Monty Cantsin, "Looking at him, one feels oneself becoming a neoist." I was never quite sure what he meant by this.

I had hoped to talk to you today about my great life-long dream, which is to surgically implant the brain of a gorilla in the skull of a typical suburban shopper (and vice versa). And also about the grave danger of self-abuse, facing you all. But I will save these reflections for another time.

Here I lie on my back, staring up at the tremendous collection of chewing gum under this table, four or five hundred wads of it, thousands of miles away from you today, my Neoist comrads, who are hearing my words in this man's strange broken English on this occasion. Who will be the first member of the party to discover my talk has now ended?

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I WANT YOU KIDS TO GET OUT THERE AND STEAL. SO HAVE A GOOD TIME AND... OH YEAH-DON'T GET CAUGHT!

CRIME-SHOPPERS TIP #27
IF YOU NOTICE SOMEONE SHOPLIFTING YOU CAN HELP THEM...
OH MY GOD! LOOK AT THAT MUSE KAT?
OR ISN'T THAT MICHAEL JACKSON OVER THERE?
...BY CREATING A DIVERSION.

SHOPLIFTING AND EMPLOYEE THEFT!

Y' KNOW, AS MCTHIEF THE CRIME CAT I'M OFTEN ASKED TO SPEAK TO SCHOOL, CHURCH, AND COMMUNITY GROUPS. PEOPLE ALWAYS HAVE QUESTIONS ABOUT "HOW-TO?" AND "WHERE?", BUT MOSTLY THEY ASK ME "WHY?". WELL...

• MCTHIEF THE CRIME CAT

SHOP-OWNERS TAKE EVERYBODYS MONEY



THE BUSINESS OF BUSINESS IS THEFT. EVERY CENT OF PROFIT THAT BUSINESSES MAKE IS STOLEN! THEY'RE PLAYIN' YA FOR A CHUMP-SO WISE UP. WHEN YOU BUY, THEY STEAL YOUR MONEY. WHEN YOU WORK, IT'S EVEN WORSE: THEY STEAL YOUR TIME, AND THEN THEY GIVE YOU A LITTLE BIT OF MONEY, WHICH SOMEONE ELSE STEALS. IS DIS A SYSTEM? THEY'VE BEEN ROBBING YOU BLIND ALL YOUR LIFE-NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO TAKE A LITTLE BIT BACK.

BUT DON'T SHOPLIFTERS MAKE PRICES HIGHER FOR EVERYONE ELSE?



SHOPLIFTERS DON'T CAUSE HIGH PRICES, BUSINESSES DO. BUSINESSES DON'T RAISE PRICES TO "COVER LOSSES" THEY DO IT TO PROTECT THEIR PROFITS.

ISN'T THAT KIND OF SIMPLISTIC? WHAT ABOUT NON-PROFIT BUSINESSES AND SMALL BUSINESSES THAT REALLY ARE LOSING MONEY?

POINT WELL TAKEN. IF A BUSINESS IS TRULY OWNED AND RUN BY THE PEOPLE WHO WORK THERE, I SAY-DON'T RIP 'EM OFF! THEY'RE DOING WHAT THEY CAN. YA GOTTA USE YOUR OWN JUDGEMENT. UNFORTUNATELY, THE BUSINESSES THAT DESERVE TO BE RIPPED OFF THE MOST, THE BIG ONES, ARE ALSO THE HARDEST TO STEAL FROM, (WITH A FEW EXCEPTIONS, LIKE SUPER-MARKETS). BUT EVERY SYSTEM HAS IT'S WEAKNESSES, AND IF YOU ARE INTERESTED ENOUGH, YOU CAN FIGURE OUT HOW TO EXPLOIT THOSE WEAKNESSES FOR YOUR OWN ILL-GOTTEN GAIN!

...WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE JUST ABOUT OUT OF TIME,

SO REMEMBER

IT'S YOURS, TAKE IT, PROPERTY IS THEFT. A FEW TIPS:

- BE A COMPARISON THIEF - DIFFERENT STORES HAVE DIFFERENT SECURITY SET-UPS. CHECK 'EM OUT.
- NETWORK - YOU'LL BE SURPRISED AT HOW MANY OF YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS ARE ALREADY DOING IT.
- ROB YOUR BOSS - WHEN YOUR PALS WANT YOU TO SHOPLIFT, YOU CAN SAY "NO THANKS, I TOOK AT THE OFFICE!"
- DISCRIMINATE - THINK ABOUT WHO YOU ARE STEALING FROM- RIP-OFF THOSE WHO DESERVE IT.

IT'S ESTIMATED THAT \$16 BILLION IN MERCHANDISE IS STOLEN ANNUALLY. IF WE ALL PITCH IN WE CAN DOUBLE THAT. SO BE CAREFUL, AND ENJOY! SEE YA AROUND.

From LANSING POLICE STATE JOURNAL

SECRET WARS

(POLLIED BACK TALK IN DEFENSE OF JACK SAUNDERS,
FREEDOM OF SPEECH & MASS TRANSCENDENCE...)



Jack Saunders is the Grand Master of Pissing and Moaning. People who wish he'd shut up have their reasons. People who say he whines too much may be right, but that's a matter of fine tuning. People who say he is not pure are also right, but what does that have to do with the core of his message? It has a lot to do with it. Part of his message is that nothing is pure. Anyone striving for purity is striving for gloss. Even saints with halos have wet dreams. God meant us to have wet dreams. God meant for our shit to stink. That's how the world is. Deodorant tampons cause cancer. A glossed-over nature is a suppressed nature. A dangerous one. Freedom? How do you gauge freedom? Whether you're behind bars or not? Whether you can travel to other lands or not? Whether you can choose between two candidates chosen by party machines? Our very nature is being buried alive. Abducted. Carried across state lines. Made up like a harlot and pimped on the streets of commerce. Sealed into invisibility by mammoth industry, mammoth government, by Marmon. Creative disintegration, that's what Theodore Roszak says (in an unfortunately emasculated language) is needed. I guess. Nothing is going to be gained by modification. Concession. Compromise. Modification, concession and compromise will only retard the process. Any process. Catch words for rigor mortis. What's wrong in the world is fundamental. What's needed are fundamental changes. And they won't come about by using emasculated language. The precincts of this county sent up a brace of two-fisted resolutions to the County Democratic Party, and the County Democratic Party cut the balls off those resolutions by wording them in the blandest language imaginable in the Party Platform. The people who wrote the resolutions at precinct level sent delegates to the County Convention and in a unanimous voice deleted nearly everything in the Platform and replaced it with the original language, language with hair in its armpits, shit in its bowels and fire in its eyes. Human language. Now this platform will go on to the state convention, and the same thing will happen all over again. Somewhere in there, before things reach the national level, the Party loads up the delegation with hand-picked delegates, lackies, in a last attempt to make things go any way but the way the people want them to go. It's an orderly process, a screening process, a deck loaded in favor of the house. The Party is the house. The Party is the tool of special interest groups, desensitized power. The Communist Party, the Democratic Party, any party. We're all party to the crime. We've got to huff and puff and blow the house down. From within or without. To do it from within, a tremendous mass awareness would have to be achieved, the

million-in-one longshot that miraculously pays off. The casino would be ours according to the rules of the game. Their game. But it's just a game. To dethrone power via the Democratic Process, that's the million-in-one shot. Once it happens, the game is over. Down comes the facade. Up goes the barbed wire and out come the guns. What we have here, fellow Americans, is a clear-cut case of state of emergency. What we have here is martial law. A benevolent military dictatorship until we come to our senses.

What am I saying? What am I advocating? I'm advocating a secret war. 200,000,000 secret wars. Pack your bags in the middle of the night and head for the hills. Suddenly the toilet paper doesn't move from the shelves. The cars sit on the lots. Produce rots in its pesticide in Safeway stores across the nation because there are too many 30-foot garden plots across the land. We don't need less small farmers, we need smaller small farmers. We need to address the issue, and the issue is scale. The issue is, even as Mr. Roszak says, personhood. It's a shit word, personhood, it's a buzz word. I'm talking about the fire inside. The cosmic belly laugh. The man who walks tall and the woman who walks beside him. The family unit. Universal harmony. I'm saying we're in a state of emergency whether we stop nuclear proliferation or not. Nuclear proliferation. It almost sounds clean. Benign. Who comes up with these cream-puff terms for ugliness, devastation, hostility and hate? Nuclear proliferation indeed. Jack Saunders goes in with an ax and a heart full of compassion. Jack Saunders is attacked not so much for his whining and petty desire to be recognized as a major writer, he is hated and attacked because he is a major writer. Because he has the beast by the throat. Because at bottom line he is struggling for his human dignity. That makes him a breed apart from the Madison Avenue lackey who writes for the Establishment, who sings the praises of his executioner and is given his every wish on the eve of his execution. Jack Saunders is not in pursuit of a career so much as he is in pursuit of salvation. He doesn't want a cherry-filled bon-bon at one minute to midnight. He is waging a secret war for everyone to see. And why not, what difference does it make, no one sees anyway. "I'm afraid I'll finally go insane and no one will know the difference," Saunders wrote recently. That pretty much sums it up. Think about it. And think about which side you're on.

EDITORIAL OFFICES AT 1610 N. WATER ST., ELIENBURG, VA. 98926 (509) 925-5634

April 29, 1985, No Business As Usual

around the U.S. on April 29 thousands of anti-apartheid protesters, some dressed in military uniforms, engaged in a day of sit-ins, pickets, rallies and peaceful marches in order to pressure South Africa to end its apartheid policy. In Washington, D.C., thousands of protesters gathered in front of the White House to demand an end to U.S. support of the South African government. In New York, protesters gathered in Times Square and in front of the United Nations Secretariat Building. In Berkeley, Calif., protesters gathered in front of the University of California, Berkeley, and in front of the United Nations Secretariat Building. In San Francisco, protesters gathered in front of the San Francisco City Hall. In Los Angeles, protesters gathered in front of the Los Angeles Convention Center. In Chicago, protesters gathered in front of the Chicago Convention Center. In Atlanta, protesters gathered in front of the Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium. In Dallas, protesters gathered in front of the Dallas Convention Center. In Houston, protesters gathered in front of the Houston Convention Center. In Miami, protesters gathered in front of the Miami Convention Center. In New Orleans, protesters gathered in front of the New Orleans Convention Center. In Phoenix, protesters gathered in front of the Phoenix Convention Center. In San Diego, protesters gathered in front of the San Diego Convention Center. In Seattle, protesters gathered in front of the Seattle Convention Center. In Tampa, protesters gathered in front of the Tampa Convention Center. In Washington, D.C., protesters gathered in front of the White House. In New York, protesters gathered in front of the United Nations Secretariat Building. In Berkeley, Calif., protesters gathered in front of the University of California, Berkeley. In San Francisco, protesters gathered in front of the San Francisco City Hall. In Los Angeles, protesters gathered in front of the Los Angeles Convention Center. In Chicago, protesters gathered in front of the Chicago Convention Center. In Atlanta, protesters gathered in front of the Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium. In Dallas, protesters gathered in front of the Dallas Convention Center. In Houston, protesters gathered in front of the Houston Convention Center. In Miami, protesters gathered in front of the Miami Convention Center. In New Orleans, protesters gathered in front of the New Orleans Convention Center. In Phoenix, protesters gathered in front of the Phoenix Convention Center. In San Diego, protesters gathered in front of the San Diego Convention Center. In Seattle, protesters gathered in front of the Seattle Convention Center. In Tampa, protesters gathered in front of the Tampa Convention Center.

Three banks stormed in Berkeley



These Combie punks should try the crap in Russia and see how far they go," said the operator of a small business near Union Square.



page 6



Demonstration near West Bank Market Street between Business and Market Streets, San Francisco. The crowd was arrested.



For the next 90 minutes, protesters engaged in a rampage, exchanging gunfire and throwing rocks. They set fire to a store, looted a store and threw rocks at small businesses. White vans jumping at them repeatedly in an attempt to clear the street. A car was struck by a van and traffic on Powell Street to bring in the street.



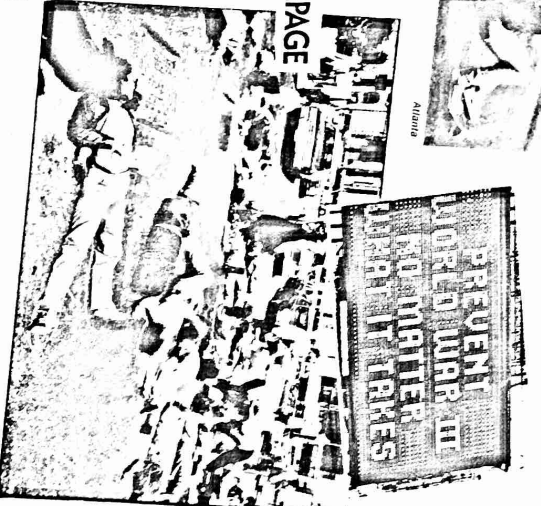
Police made 39 arrests in the Union Square area — including the free inside Saks — and later during up 11 other people they face various charges, including battery and assault on police, peeing on the sidewalk, disturbing the peace, blocking and disturbing the peace, blocking and disturbing the peace.

RAMPAGE

Downtown S.F. Rampage — 41 Protesters Arrested

Police Commander Roy Cutler said the protesters have been seen for the first time in the city since the anti-apartheid movement as "mindless disruption." They did not express purpose of marching up this town.

Mindless Disruption, Police Officer Says



page 7

Chicago

Atlanta

Cleveland

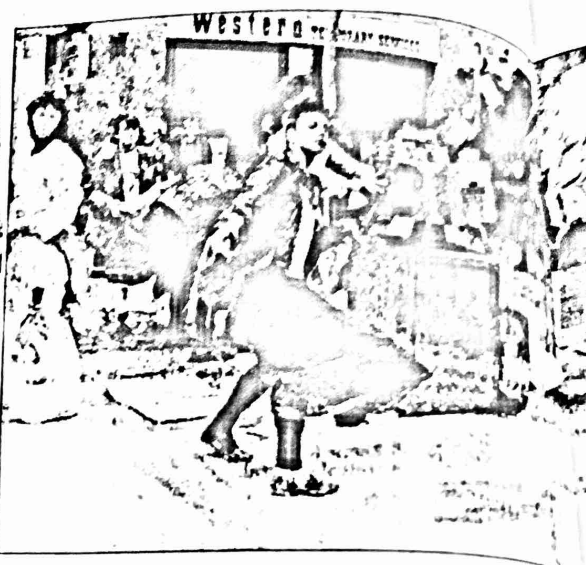
April 29, 1985, No Business As Usual

Around the U.S. on April 29 thousands rallied, died-in, blockaded military recruiters and contractors, disrupted war financiers, spray-painted and trashed streets, and fought police, with hundreds of often brutal arrests, in order to Prevent World War III-No Matter What It Takes! Activities took place at dozens of high schools and colleges, including Oberlin, Kent State, N.Y. Theological Seminary, Cornell, Emory, S.P. State, Antioch, U.C. Berkeley, Brown University, Tufts University, U of Massachusetts, U of Chicago, U of Cincinnati, Kansas State, and Seattle U. At least two dozen cities were assaulted, among them Washington, D.C., Detroit and Ann Arbor, MI, Seattle, WA, Los Angeles, Occidental, San Francisco, and Berkeley, CA, Honolulu, HI, Portland, OR, Boston, MA, Houston, TX, Chapel Hill and Durham, N.C., Dubuque, IO, Chicago, IL, Cleveland, OH, and New York.

Below: Pleading for mass induction



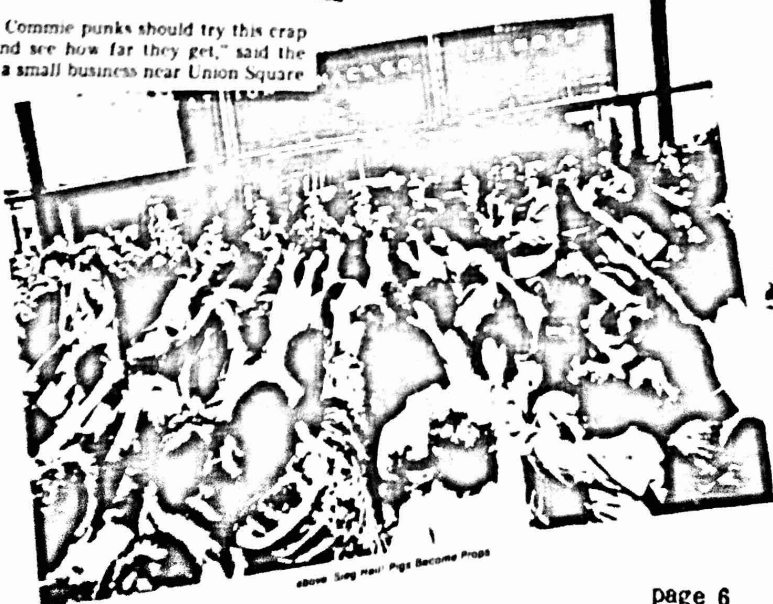
Three banks stormed in Berkeley



Demonstrators throw trash into Market Street between Sansome and Montgomery streets, San Francisco



"These Commie punks should try this crap in Russia and see how far they get," said the operator of a small business near Union Square



above: Sing near Pgt Become Prop



Police Commander Ray Canepa said the protesters "have been doing everything they possibly could to disrupt this city. Their purpose is destruction." Canepa described the protest movement as "mindless disruption. They had the express purpose of messing up this town."

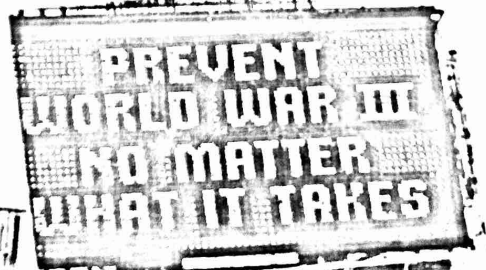
Downtown S.F. Rampage — 41 Protesters Arrested



Police led away some of the people arrested at Powell and Ellis streets in San Francisco during 'No Business as Usual' demonstration. *By Bob Cook*

For the next 20 minutes, protesters continued their rampage. Garbage cans were overturned and trash hurled into the street. Small bands of roving protesters, most of them apparently in their teens, began jumping up and down on cars while jeering at passers-by. Others stopped auto and cable car traffic on Powell Street by lying in the street.

'Mindless Disruption,' Police Officer Says



RAMPAGE



Cleveland

Chicago
Police made 30 arrests in the Union Square area — including the five inside Saks — and had rounded up 11 other people earlier during the daylong protest. They face various charges, including rioting or threatening to riot, battery and assault on policemen, resisting arrest, disturbing the peace, blocking the sidewalk, malicious mischief and conspiracy.

THE YOGHURT AND THE COMMISSAR

PROCESSED WORLD is on the ropes. Its nails are still growing but that doesn't mean it's not already dead. The Slisher who elegantly cored the insides of the copies at Bound Together Bookstore, leaving the covers intact, merely made physically manifest the reality that PW is all cover-up, no content. No longer a novelty item but having long ceased to be anything more, the magazine has fallen victim to its own trendiness. Since PW "has not changed" (Caitlin Manning/Maxine Holz), the bored jades have moved on and there aren't enough leftists to take their place. Here in the future, everyone is famous for 15 minutes, and PW's time is up.

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THE FOUR LITTLE RICH KIDS who own PW (alias Typesetting, Etc.) don't play by the rules they prescribe for others. The hoped-for tragedy of November, when PW hit-men Tom "Peoples' Star Wars" Athanasiou and "Zoe Noe" bungled their attempt to jump Bob Black from behind -- Athanasiou's favorite direction of approach, sexually as militarily -- was replayed as farce but again as a failure in March when PW hit-cow Roni Thoreson/"Helen Highwater" shoved aside Donna Kossy in a supermarket check-out line and tried to deluge Bob Black with a quart of Nancy's Natural Yogurt, without success thanks to Kosay's adroit interposition (for details send a S.A.S.E. to the Out of Control Data Institute, 55 Sutter #487, San Francisco, CA. 94104). Never send a duck to do a rabbit's job!

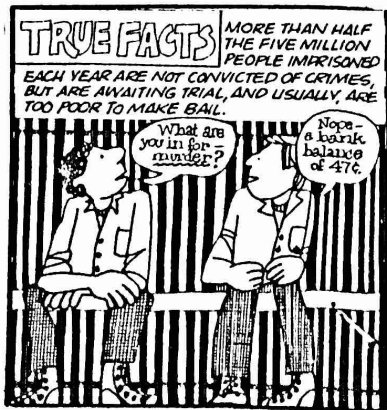
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'AMADEUS,' ANYONE?

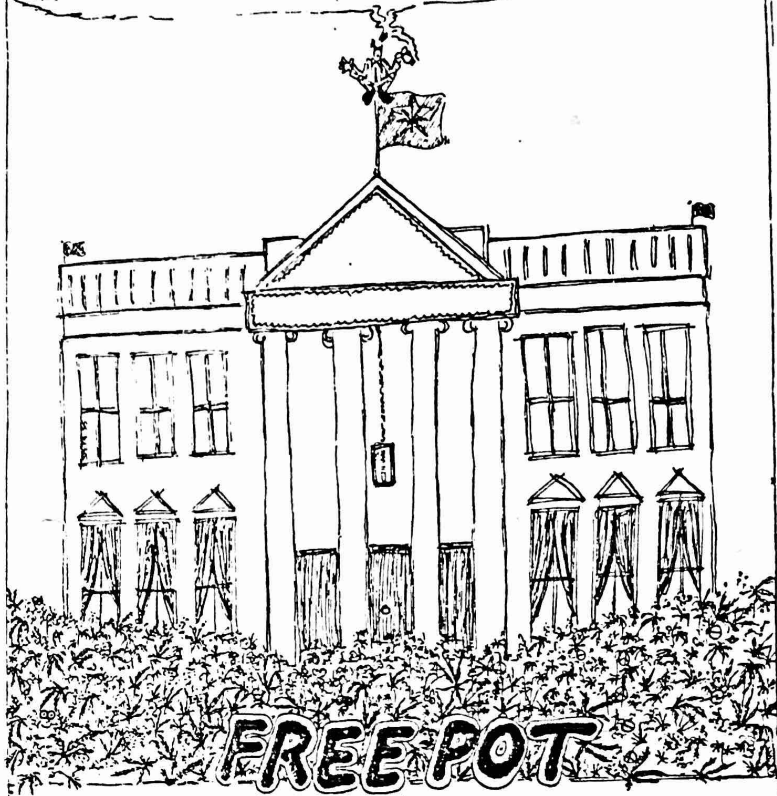
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As the article indicates, each World Beat band in the Loozers and Big City are lefties and (they think) internationalists. They are familiar figures at a wide spectrum of benefit concerts and other political spectacles. But they also have a more definite political line than generic leftism. Members of both bands, as is apparent from the red berets they sport in their photographs, are close to the Revolutionary Communist Party, the avowedly Stalinist sect which seems to usurp the headlines whenever the corporate media deign to acknowledge political demonstrations in San Francisco. The RCP, in tandem with the Marxist quarterly *Processed World*, controls the national office of the April 29 "No Business as Usual" project which is located in San Francisco, an old stomping ground of RCP Chairman Bob Avakian and one of the few places the party has even a modest following.

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— Bob Black

JULY 4TH SMOKE-IN
WASHINGTON D.C.



WHEN?

George Shultz was welcomed at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco on February 22nd by a call to "Denounce and Demonstrate against George Shultz and all the 'peace-talking' war mongers." A rowdy band of NBAUers and other activists showed up. A surprise appearance was made by Reagan himself carrying a cruise missile and riding a large pink paper-mache pig on wheels with Glow Boy patches and Army of God arm bands. Spirited chants, songs, raps and speeches rang from atop Nob Hill exposing the war preparations and Shultz's role in carrying them out. The pig finally became too much for the pigs and was last seen arrested and tied to the back of an S.F.P.D. pickup truck heading for the Hall of Justice, Reagan still on top but a little slumped to the side.

Two NBAUers got into the hotel's Grand Ball Room where the Commonwealth Club had gathered to hear Shultz's lies on "America and the Struggle for Freedom", they attempted a citizen's arrest "on behalf of the people of Nicaragua for failure to appear before the World Court...and for negotiating from a position of military superiority at the Geneva Peace/War Preparations Talks" and stopped his speech before themselves being arrested for "disturbing the peace".

And on the East Coast around 20 people from the N.Y.C. NBAU Committee successfully disrupted two other top U.S. war criminals: Edward Teller and McGeorge Bundy. Their debate on Star Wars was held at N.Y. University on Monday, March 18th. Pandemonium was unleashed disrupting their "business as usual" program for at least 15 minutes. Chest of Edward Teller. The disruptees were thrown out; no arrests were made. Full report to follow (next network packet).

WAR CRIMINALS CONFRONTED!



THE YOGHURT AND THE COMMISSAR

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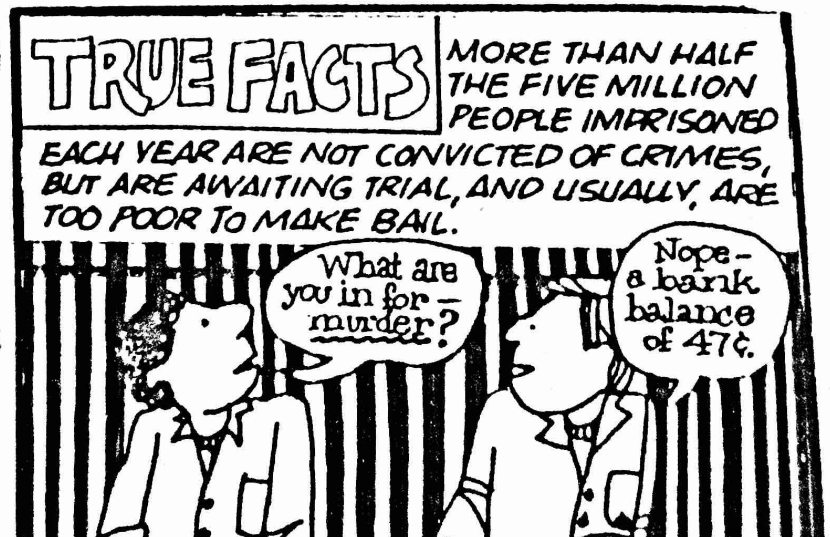
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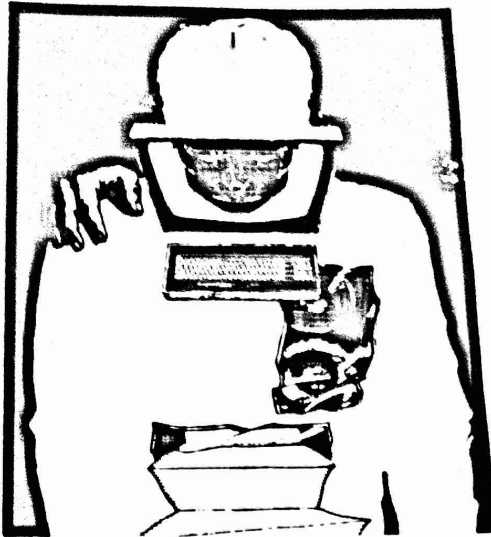
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THE ENCHANTMENT OF NUCLEAR DESTRUCTION



The possibility of total destruction through nuclear war corresponds to a condition of ruin everywhere that makes such destruction attractive. And in the absence of opposition that contests *everything* about the existing social order, only the eruption of nuclear war can be expected to put an end to our present flattened lives.

To work for a freeze on the number of nuclear weapons is ludicrous. Our lives are already frozen in the routines of work or the debasement of having to look for it. Nuclear weapons are merely the most absurd and increasingly costly burden of the obsolescence of national borders. And when the State maintains a condition where entire populations may be destroyed at once, that condition must be abolished by entire populations destroying the State once and for all.

Behind the State, however, stands the force of habit, and behind the habit of work forced by the dead weight of hierarchical society stand the military and police powers of the State. When the social passivity induced by spectacular diversions, religion, culture, specialized knowledge, ideology, isolation and resignation to a life that remains always somewhere else begins to crumble, these powers provide the prisons, psychiatric wards, forced labor camps, massacres, death squads and torture centers necessary to preserve order.

For class society to perpetuate itself through automation, it becomes increasingly necessary to impose austerity and discipline through military force. But the process is different everywhere, and not always savage or direct, as in Chile and Poland. The language of the military is command and obey, and the computer language of the Department of Defense (sic) will probably be the language of most programs within a few years' time, says a Danish computer scientist (*Computer Decisions*).

More important ultimately to the preservation of order is that automation now makes possible a computer terminal at the lowest possible level: every household. Passivity assumes a fixed character and overtakes the mobile isolation represented by the automobile, which has perhaps been the most significant contribution thus far to the perfection of separation accomplished by capitalist society.

As capitalism extends its automation in every direction, our forced participation, as always, is presumed. The terms are changing, but more will be expected of us. As one management consultant put it, "Nowadays, many functions of an effective manager depart radically from the standard philosophy and principles of supervision. For example, decision-making involving the staff has to be participative and representational rather than centralized or unilateral. . . . The new approach requires that employees take greater responsibility and initiative in their work."

Where the apocalypse is always present, the present is always apocalyptic. Now only the adventure of abolishing all that destroys us little by little every day is worthy of the effort. And if work isn't killing us, why are we being paid to do it?

In the sermons, symposiums and well-mannered marches of the peace activists, the word "survival" is heard again and again, but the question of whether survival is worth having is not addressed.

The decision to live is a political act, and so is the use of words. Where people have to work, so do words, and where the machines of society process words, the minimum demand of words is to submit the society of machines to the process of play. Desire, conscious of itself, advances, and the realm of words becomes a liberated zone. The terrain changes constantly—the zone must ground itself everywhere or be reclaimed. The project begins with each person, but dies in isolation.

The end of time is the unlawful inheritance of the time of the end. "All pleasure desires eternity," said Nietzsche, "deep, deep eternity," and until time is forgotten it remains our master: time is indeed money.

What has been represented remains to be realized—for ourselves or for our supervisors. Everything has been said—now it must be created and discovered.

One more effort, Workers, if you want to be Adventurers!

*"Don't mourn for me friends, don't weep for me never,
For I'm going to do nothing forever
and ever"*

English workingwoman's tombstone,
early 19th century

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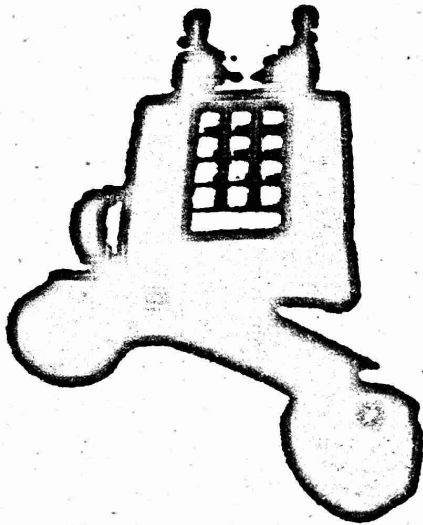
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LOOK FOR '85

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We're Looking for Those "Special Few"

Crowbar:
The mention of ShiMo Underground intrigues me as I have no idea what it is...A ShiMo Underground button might very well fit in with the buttons that I still have from organizations I was involved with in the 60s (White Panthers, Anti-War, Farm Workers, Misc. Cool Hip and otherwise useless "groups"). Nowadays I'm a militant anarchist destructur-alist, but...

- A. I might be a member of the ShiMo Underground and don't know it.
- B. I might be a member of the ShiMo Underground and know it.
- C. I might hate the ShiMo Underground and actively pursue destroying it.
- D. Could care less about the ShiMo Underground.
- E. All of the above.
- F. None of the above.
- G. Some of the above.
- H. Nothing...

Thanks for the time,
J. O'Connell
Phoenix, AZ.

Hmm... seems suspiciously socialist as well The Blaster! Got my vote for anarchist of the day - good outreach. Thank to ye and a few buddies. Liked the #6 ish much more than previous. Do it in the name of Nutt. Hadit.
Popeye Steeze Steele
Yucaipa, CA.

Dear Popular Reality:
We've been enjoying your publication so much that we decided that it would be the perfect place to advertise our new book - Gerry Reith's NEUTRONGUN...
Thank much for your help in this project - and keep up the good work. Popular Reality keeps gettin' more popular and more real with each issue...

D. D'Reelo
Neither/Nor Press
Ann Arbor, MI.

Dear PopReal!
Where did you get that cockamamie list of U.S. interventions in Latin America? It leaves out the whole Mexican War & lists 3 invasions of Panama in the 19th century - Panama did not exist in the 19th century. It omits Pershing's invasion of Mexico in 1916 & the naval invasion of 1914, but includes an imaginary one in 1913. It ignores the incursion into the Dominican Republic in the 1960s.

Que Pasa?

J. Harlies
South Carolina Libertarian Party
Florence, S.C.

Dear PopReal!
Just picked up the April/May PopReal at Border's Bookstore in Ann Arbor. WOW.

Andre
Ann Arbor, MI.

Popular Reality!
You are printing a very subversive paper. I eagerly devour each issue.

D. Reley
Cottage Grove, OR.

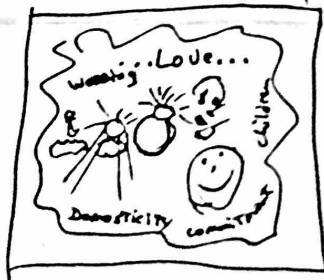
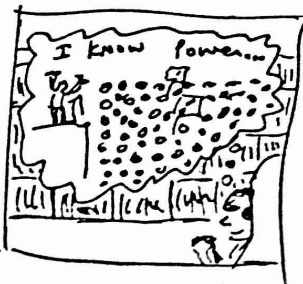
-Hope ya read 'em first. -Crowbar

Dear David:
Particularly liked the article from Free Beer. Since being turned on to Sade I've been interested in the importance of "man-ner", (he devotes a long discussion to this topic in Philosophy in The Bedroom). Liked this writer's attitude a lot - why should we tolerate the "slugs of negativity" any more than the diphthits of positivity? But the old mole of critical negativity digs away...

D. Todd
Eugene, OR.

Dearest Popular Reality!
Being a fan of balanced, well thought out political commentary, I am forced to subscribe to your glossy mag. When I am finished with my copies I'll donate them to Falwell or Karl Marx iffen I kin get their addresses. Here's my two dollars, don't let me down...

F. Holycross
(no relation to the pope, unfortunately)
Benton Harbor, MI.



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There is a support group for the West Virginia teacher who was fired from her teaching position, because of a "rumor" that she was a lesbian. The attorney general had ruled that a rumor and reputation alone is enough to merit a teacher's dismissal. This is being protested. If anyone is interested in more information: Contact Cindy Williams, CIR, POB 1484, Morgantown, WV 26507. (304) 296-3859.

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—Situationist International

page 10

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■ Ever since we started publishing, with the journal *Beatniks From Space*, the Neither/Nor Press has been the bemused recipient of a motherlode of wild and crazy stuff, the fevered high ejaculate of a widespread international network of jackass intellectuals. Gerry Reith, writing from Sheridan, Wyoming, quickly stood apart. He clearly had seen through the shallow depths of decadence, and was kicking at solid ground.

We first began our correspondence with Gerry Reith nearly four years ago, and in short time he had deluged onto us an emphatic series of short fictions, docu-dramas, posters and tracts -- the rich effluence of a mind hard and fast at work, of a man who had found some reasons to think. We were alternately baffled, taunted, detoured and de-constructed by Minitrue, his propaganda projekt, the logical imperative that had followed his exposure to the appeals to treason that issued forth from *The Last International*. Gerry was gathering his rum crew via mail-order ministry, on a mission to unmask the true consequence of liberty.

A political man, Gerry was considered the "wayward young punk" of the Wyoming Libertarian Party....his peculiar path had lead him to gambol about among the fringe elements, the marginals at all the wrong ends of the spectrum. He caterwauled with the Anarchists, rambled around with the xerox saints, and camped out behind the barn with the Situationists. He openly embraced the 24-hour all-night rabid nihilism espoused by *The Church Of The Sub-Genius*.

Impelling by the vigor and breadth of his attack, Gerry Reith was an essential catalyst in this emerging dada-base of unabashed kooks, bludgeon artists and literary jackals, swaggering young intellectuals typing until doomsday their letters of correspondence, nurturing a literature on which governments might fall, and our binds be unbound.

One day, while reviewing our 'Gerry Reith' file, I realized that I was holding in hand an accomplished body of work. And compelled by its gravity of consequence, I suggested to Gerry that he cull from his work a series of short stories from which we might make a book. Gerry made then the decision to temper his voice with the collaboration of others, commissioning some pieces from close associates. The project just jelled in our hands. *Neutron Gun* is modern allegory, political adventure tales designed to slap the reader right in the face, sticking the shiv through the ribcage of academy.

As publisher, I was thrilled with the prospect of putting out a strong book, a page-turner more than polemic, but one that dared to chew on the meat that matters. I was stunned then when notified that Gerry had blown out his brains. I was depending on Gerry, figuring that, after the release of this book, we'd probably have a lot of explaining to do and, more than anyone else, Gerry proved hope that we might yet write our way to freedom.

He came to rest slumped by his typewriter. The papers on his desk were too blood-encrusted to leave clear his final work, but at least he managed to finish the proofreading and corrections on the typescript of this volume before his unfortunate demise. Some people say that Gerry too often got wrapped up in the Big Questions, others say he got strung out over a waitress. We know for sure that the FBI had found reason to launch an investigation just a few days before the end.

There will be people who say that mere "ideas" cannot be dangerous....well, they just never had any ideas like these. *Neutron Gun* doesn't just open Pandora's box, but literally tears it apart. More than just a book, this is a concussion device. Blood, sweat and tears will never taste the same again....■

Denis McBee Publisher

PHILLY RIOTS!



PHILADELPHIA, April 7—Thousands of young, mostly black kids were attacked by riot police here on Easter Sunday, when some of them became too "exuberant" in the words of city officials, after watching "The Last Dragon," a kung fu movie. Chaos erupted in the shadow of City Hall, as kids helped themselves to the contents of athletic and designer eyeglass emporia. A crowd estimated at 5,000 pushing, shoving people was finally cleared from the Chestnut St. movie district by police—but only after waiting 45 minutes to bring in mounted and canine re-enforcements from all over the city.

Mayor defends bombing



An aerial view shows the 60 or more fire-gutted homes near the MOVE house in West Philadelphia.

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