

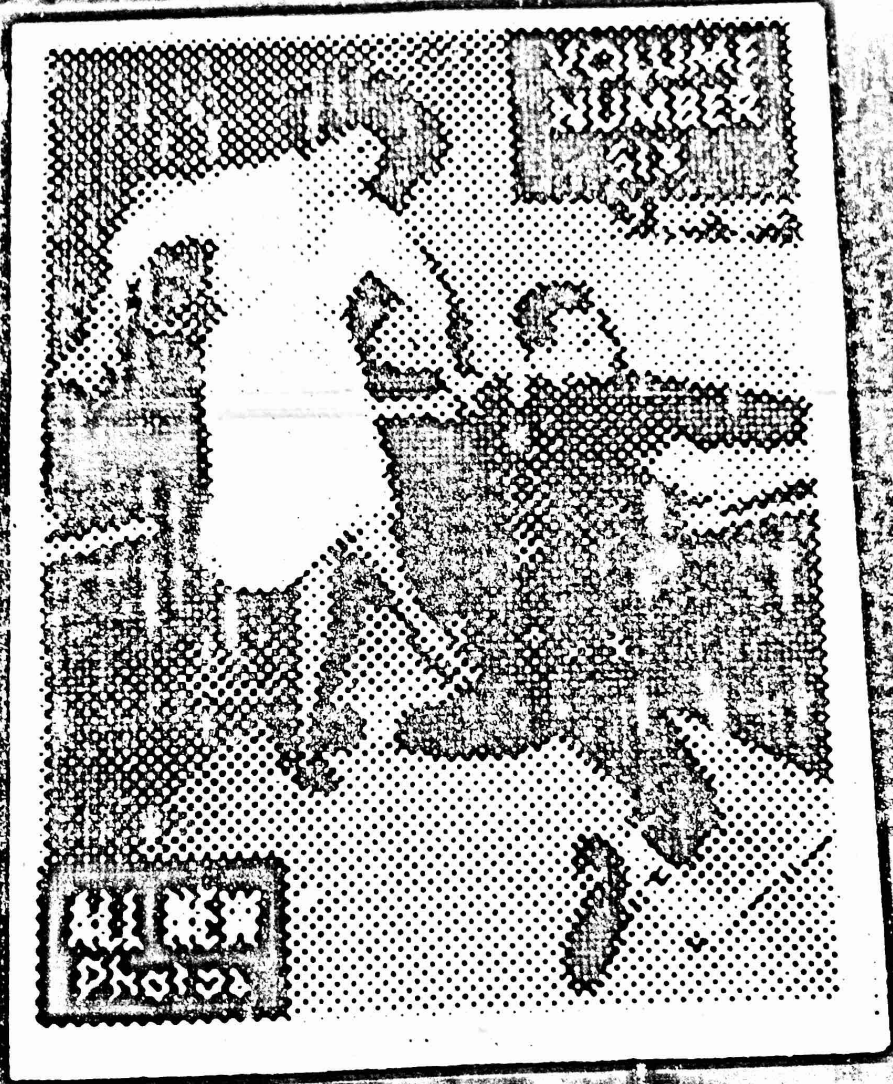
# POPULAR REALITY

A VITAL ORGAN OF THE SHIMO UNDERGROUND

25¢

Number 8 August-September 1985

## TALES OF FEMALE DOMINATION OVER MAN



PUBLISHED BY NUNNY CO.

ALL NEW  
PHOTOS

ILLUSTRATED WITH  
315 ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS

WOMEN'S ISSUES ISSUE!

*feminism without humor is like a fish jogging without a headset.*

# POPULAR REALITY

A VITAL ORGAN OF THE SHINO UNDERGROUND

# Feminism As Fascism

by Bob Black

As the title of a childhood classic points out, *Pigs is Pigs* — and this regardless of the shape of their genitals. I've Koch was a Nazi, not a "sister." Love is not hate, war is not peace, freedom is not slavery, and book-burning is not liberatory. Anti-authoritarians who would be revolutionaries confront many difficult questions. First, though, they should answer the easy ones correctly.

All hyperbole and metaphor aside, what passes for "radical feminism" is fascism. It promotes chauvinism, censorship, maternalism, pseudo-anthropology, scapegoating, mystical identification with nature, tricked-up pseudo-pagan religiosity, enforced uniformity of thought and even appearance (in some quarters, Hera help the ectomorphic or "feminine" feminist!). Here is all of the theory and too much of the practice we should all be able to recognize by now. An ominous tactical continuity with classical fascism, also, is the complementarity between private-vigilantist and statist methods of repression. Thus *Open Road*, the *Rolling Stone* of anarchism, applauded some anti-porn actions in Vancouver (not as direct action, hence understandable even if misdirected, but rather) because they encouraged lethargic prosecutors to persecute. In post-World War I Italy (the suppression of the IWW in America followed a similar pattern), fascist gangs attacked socialist and trade-union organizations with the tacit approval of the police, who never intervened except against the left. As I once wonderingly asked: "How come these women won't get in bed with any man except the DA?"

Not that I could care less about the porn-for-profit industry, for its "rights" of free speech or property.

That is beside the point, which is: why single out this species of business? To target porn bespeaks planning and priorities, not elemental anti-capitalist spontaneity. Those who carry out a calculated policy can't complain if their reasons are asked for, and questioned.

Fascist ideology always inconspicuously asserts to its audience, its chosen people, that they are at one and the same time *oppressed* and *superior*. The Germans didn't really lose the First World War — how could they? *ex hypothesi* they are superior — therefore, they were stabbed in the back. (But how could a superior race let such a situation arise in the first place?) Men (only), we are told in a feminist/Anti Porn Movement (APM) diatribe in Toronto's



*Kick It Over*, "have created the nature-destroying and woman-hating culture." If so, then either women have contributed absolutely nothing to culture, or there is something more or something else to this culture than destroying nature and hating women.

For their own purposes (some of which are as mundane as sexual rivalry with straight men for the women they both desire), self-styled radical feminists actually reduce women to nothing but helpless, cringing near-vegetables, passive victims of male contempt and coercion. This profoundly insults women in a way which the worst patriarchal ideologies — the Jewish notion of woman as a source of pollution, for instance, or the Christian nightmare of woman as temptress and uncontrollable sexual nature-force — fell short of. They defamed woman as evil but could hardly regard her as powerless. The new woman-as-victim stereotype is not only directly traceable to nineteenth century Victorian patriarchal attitudes reducing (bourgeois) women to inert ornaments, but by denying to women the creative power inherent in everyone, it places women's demands on a par with those advanced for, say, baby seals.

Suppose instead that only the most demented feminists and misogynists deny, that things aren't quite that bad, that women have been subjects as well as objects of history. Then how can women — or any other subordinated group: workers, blacks, indigenous peoples — be *entirely* acquitted of all complicity in the arrangements which condemn them to domination? There are reasons for these accommodations. There is no excuse for denying their existence.

This isn't sour grapes. It has never bothered me that some women dislike men, even to the point of having nothing to do with them. I don't like most men myself, especially the

How come these women won't get in bed with any man except the DA?

archetypal "masculine" ones. I can't help but notice, though, that the vast majority of women feel otherwise. The radical feminists have noticed it too, and it drives them to distraction. I would be the first to agree that vast majorities can be wrong. If they weren't, we would be the fringe loonies, the impotent kooks that almost everyone thinks we (that is, the rest of us) are. But then I criticize majorities, I don't pretend to speak for them. Radical feminists, in contrast, are vanguardists. As such they need to rationalize their animosities, and so they have — making a dick-determinist demonology out of their prejudices. As man-haters they can't help but be woman-haters too.

To equate pornography with rape — beneath the rancorous rhetorical froth, this seems to be the core APM axiom — is presumably intended to make porn seem more serious. And yet, if men call the shots and the system's built-in tendency is (as we're told) to denature oppositional intuities of which the feminists' is the most revolutionary, then the likely result is rather to make rape seem more trivial. It's the old story of the woman who cried wolf. (Similarly, the manipulative media line that "anti-Zionism is anti-Semitism" worked wonders to sanitize Israel until its expansionism-cum-extremism engendered anti-Zionists who just might proceed to take the B'nai B'rith defamations at face value.)

According to feminoid epistemology, men understand nothing of the real nature of women. One might logically suppose that the estrangement of the sexes resulting from disparate roles and discrimination would work both ways, and so most of us attending to our actual experiences reluctantly conclude. But no: men don't understand women, but women (at any rate their radical feminist vanguard) understand men. Women — feminist experts, anyway — understand pornography and its meaning for men much better than the men who write and read it — and lesbian-separatists, who avoid men and decline to have sex with them, appreciate these virtues best of all. The more remote your experience is from the real life of actual men, the better you understand it. Turning this around, isn't the Pope, as he claims, the ultimate authority on

woman and sexuality?

The asserted connection of porn with rape is allegorical, not empirical. As a correlation it compares with the recently revived "reefer madness" marijuana-to-heroin. Rake's (Rapist's?) Progress line in absurdity no less than in suitability for the state's purposes. If feminism didn't exist, conservative politicians would have had to invent it. (Why, pray tell, did all-male legislatures ever criminalize "obscenity" in the first place? And why do all-male courts arbitrarily exclude it from constitutional protection?) APM harpies, should they ever deal with people instead of their own fevered projections, would discover that porn is of no interest to the majority of post-pubescent males — not because they are politically correct, but just because it's obviously gross, sleazy, and above all, inferior to the real thing.

The feminist book-burners are cowardly opportunists. If what they object to is subliminal socialization of women into subservient roles vis-a-vis men (curiously, adopting the same roles vis-a-vis butch lesbians is harmless fun), their primary, near-preemptive preoccupation would have to be *Cosmopolitan*, Barbara Courtland romances, and the vast crypto-pornographic pop literature written for and snapped up by women. After all, the gore and violence are derivative: only victims can be victimized in any way. Fifteen years ago, the original women's liberationists (subsequently switched like changelings with today's priestesses, lawyers and upscale bureaucrettes) at least lashed out at influential enemies like Hugh Hefner and Andy Warhol. Nowadays they terrorize teenage punk anarchists (this anecdote is from *The Match!*) whose collages insinuate that Margaret Thatcher for instance is a ruler, the "mother of a thousand dead," not a "sister." Such is the logic of this bizarre biological determinism: any animal equipped with a vagina is one of Us, any prick-privileged person is one of Them. One can only echo The Firesign Theatre: "Who am us, anyway?"

Male leftists, for instance, are easy and often willing yes-men to feminist aggrandizement. They combine guilt at past improprieties (by and large, those who feel guilty — toward women, blacks, foreigners, whatever — usually do with a present

ambition to get into the leftist-feminists' pants. Thus Berkeley, California to which I am adjacent is crawling with male "feminists" who converted the easier to get laid. Much the same scam seems to be happening in Toronto and, doubtless, many other places. These ulterior ambitions obviously don't, in themselves, discredit the ideologies to which they are appended — one can come to the right conclusion for the worst of reasons. But insofar as the opinions at issue certainly seem to be idiotic to anyone without extraneous interest in embracing them, otherwise inexplicable paroxysms by (male) intellectuals seem to be most plausibly explainable as self-interested insincere rationalizations.

Possibly the ideology I've excoriated is something that people had to work through in order to free themselves to the extent necessary to venture upon a project of collective liberation. Already alumnae of feminism have moved on to the common quest for freedom, and some are the better for what they've been through. We all have our antecedent embarrassments (Marxism, libertarianism, syndicalism, Objectivism, etc.) to put behind us: had we not thought in ideological terms it's hard to believe we'd ever get to the point where we could think for ourselves. To be a Trotskyist or a Jesuit is, in itself, to be a believer, that is to say, a chump. And yet a rigorous romp through any system might show the way out of the master-System itself.

Not likely, however, when women critics are ostracised as renegades while male critics are ignored or defamed as a matter of principle. (A precisely parallel mechanism for maintaining a conspiracy of silence is worked by Zionists: Gentile critics are "anti-Semites," Jewish critics can only be consumed by "Jewish self-hatred.") Separatism may be absurd as a social program and riddled with inconsistencies (scarcely any separatists separate from patriarchal society to anything like the extent that, say, survivalists do — and nobody intervenes more to mind other people's business than separatists). But semi-isolation makes it easier to indoctrinate neophytes and shut out adverse evidence and argument, an insight radical feminists share with Moonies, Hare Krishna, and other cultists. It's fortunate that their doctrines and subculture as initially encountered are so unappetizing. Indeed, I've noticed a graying of radical feminism: as Sixties politics and culture continue to gutter out, less and less women have had the proper pre-soak preparing them for feminist brainwashing. Radical feminists (so called) in their early 20's are rare, and getting scarcer.

Radical feminism (no point disputing title to the phrase with its present owners), then, is a ludicrous, hate-filled, authoritarian, sexist, dogmatic construct which revolutionaries accord an unmerited legitimacy by taking it seriously at all. It is time to stop matronizing these terrorists of the trivial and hold them responsible for preaching genocidal

and practicing every evil (even, if the truth be told, rape!) they insist has been inflicted on them (or rather, as it usually turns out, on some other supposititious "sister": the typical radical feminist has it pretty good). How to thwart femino-fascism? That's easy: just take feminists at face value and treat them as equals... then hear them how! The Empress has no clothes... and *that's* what I call obscene. ★

**Sidelines**

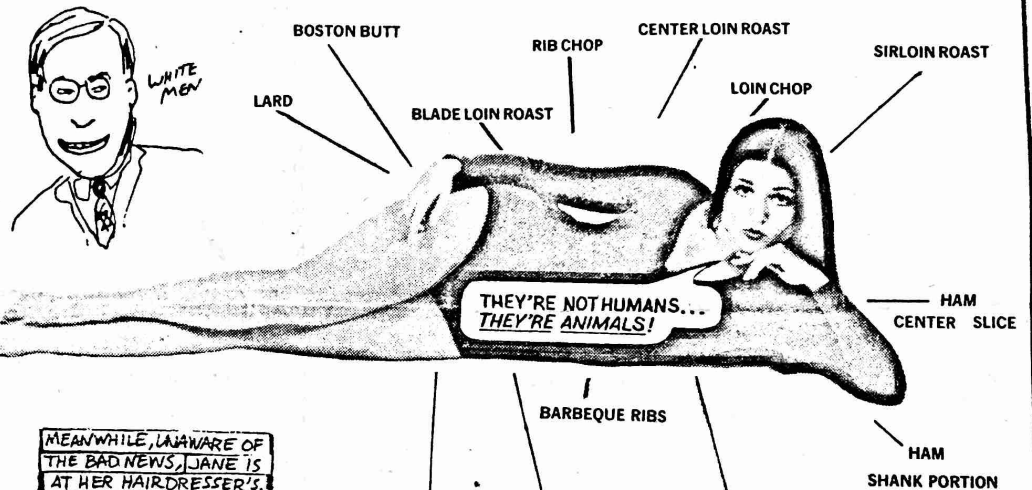
- unusual cards
- t-shirts
- sunglasses, etc.

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- Rio, Joelle, & The Little Ninja, west coast at large.



MEANWHILE, UNAWARE OF THE BAD NEWS, JANE IS AT HER HAIRDRESSER'S.

JANE I DO HOPE YOU'LL BE THERE ON SUNDAY IN THE 'GAY FREEDOM MARCH'. WHAT RIGHT DOES THAT ANITA BRYANT HAVE TO TELL YOU OR ME WHAT TO DO?

YOU KNOW MIDGE, 'HENRI' HAS A POINT THERE! I THINK I'LL BRING THE WHOLE FAMILY TO THAT MARCH!

YES, I'LL BE THERE IN THE ANARCHO-FEMINIST CONTINGENT!

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Excerpts from the incompable ten-page

### BRAG OF THE FEMALE SUBGENIUS

by The Ruth Dragwyla (copyrighted)  
Write P.O. Box 1548, Colton, CA. 93116 for  
full text and other great stories!

(In a sexy contralto, with interjected  
purrs, moans, sighs, and so on as  
appropriate)

I'm so good that I make the L.A. woman look  
like Miss Kansas City of 1910! I'm tighter  
than a constipated Scotsman in a pay toilet!  
I make the Virgin Mary look like the Grand  
Canyon! You can run DEEP, but with me you  
CAN'T run silent! I'll make you howl so  
loud they'll be green-eyed on the MOON!

I stroked ALEISTER CROWLEY! I make Linda  
Loveless look like a store-window dummy with  
the lockjaw!

Come on and give me AIDS, baby- I'll recom-  
bine it with my own E. Coli plastics and  
turn it into venereal Mescaline! I sweat  
nectar and menstruate amebria! I pee milk  
and honey and shit Cakes of Light! When I  
take off my clothes, fist-fights break out  
all over Olympus over me!

I'm BITCHY! I'm shrill and NASTY! I'm a  
REAL shrew! Mad Raplets run screaming for  
help to the Rape Crisis Center when they see  
ME coming!

You BET I'm a whore, sweetheart- I never  
took one damn DIME for it, I do it for FUN!  
You mess with ME, baby, I'll take you for  
your LAST DOLLAR and MAKE YOU LIKE IT! I  
never pay taxes- the government pays ME not  
to wear out the WORK-FORCE! I don't charge  
MONEY for it, honey- I charge SLACK! When  
anyone calls ME a bitch, I just BARK RIGHT  
BACK at 'em!

MY snatch glows in BROAD DAYLIGHT! I took  
on the Flaming Sword of the Archangel  
Michael- and PUT IT OUT! The Fightin' Jesus  
gave up fighting to have more time with me!

You heard that the X-ists are coming? Well,  
I'M the REASON, darlin'! I'm so hot, I make  
Three Mile Island look like a rest home for  
PENGUINS! I fart ambergris and piss  
champagne!

I made an HONEST MAN out of RICHARD NIXON!  
And who do you THINK pulls Howdy Doody's  
STRINGS, hmmm?

I got it ALL, baby. I'M so brilliant, I  
make ALBERT EINSTEIN look like MORTIMORE  
SNERD! Kate Millet looks like Phyllis  
Schafley's DOUBLEMINT TWIN compared to me!  
I MAKE COLDA MEIER LOOK LIKE A WIMP!

I blow the tops out of thermometers! I make  
taxi-meters run backwards! You've heard of  
Black Holes? Well, come up and see ME some-  
time, sweetheart, and I'll show you a NAKED  
SINGULARITY! I put the "collapse" into the  
collapsars! The term "gun nut" took on took  
on a WHOLE NEW DIMENSION OF MEANING when  
they turned ME loose- the NRA just declared  
me Woman of the MILLENNIUM and asked me to  
inspect all their weapons!

So STEP ASIDE, all you slab-sided, prune-  
faced, whey-fleshed, dishrag-cunned, andro-  
phobic, GYNophobic, SACROphobic, BIOphobic,  
paint-covered, latex-armored, beehive-  
haired, pinch-browed, antiseptic,  
chemical-stanchey, tilt-heeled, pucker-  
butted gunnysacks of weasel-jerky! I can  
out-think, out-wit, out-joke and out-fuck  
any FIFTY men...and any 500 pinkies! I fold,  
staple, spindle and mutilate WHOLE  
BUREAUCRACIES! I don't just HOLLER and  
YELL, I break windows and shatter chandeliers  
TWENTY COUNTIES UPWIND when I start  
feeling good! I make a fool of myself with  
STYLE!

They created a brand-new subdivision of  
Hades, just for me! I INVENTED sin, honey-  
where do you think the Snake bought that  
apple he gave to Eve, anyway? I'M the rea-  
son that being BAD feels sooooo goood...  
When the Incredible Hulk butt-fucked me, I  
farted him into the next COUNTY! When I  
clear my throat, the Philadelphia Philhar-  
monic start tuning their instruments...  
including the bonaphones and the skin-  
flutes!

REAL MEN PAY to catch VENEREAL DISEASE! 'rom  
ME! I don't get zits! I break out in BON-  
BONS and ECLAIRS! I leak Elixir Vitae by  
the gallon!

Bend all the spoons you want, honey! I  
straightened Yuri Geller's tool with my  
UNAIDED ESP, and stroke off the Dalí Lama  
with an idle thought! You may be insured  
against acts of God and Satan, darlin', but  
not even LLOYD'S will insure you against ME!  
When I bat my eyelashes, monks spew away  
their last chances at heaven! Nuns and  
junksies all give up their habits for me! I  
drove the WHORE OF BABYLON out of business!

Astarte invented aphrodisiacs just to keep  
up with me! I am a mink in heat, I am a  
Tyrannosaurus Regine on the make, I make  
Jaws look like a Small-Mouthed Bass, a Black  
Hole is CONVEX compared to me, and once you  
try ME you'll think the Big Bang is nothing  
but a WET FIRECRACKER!

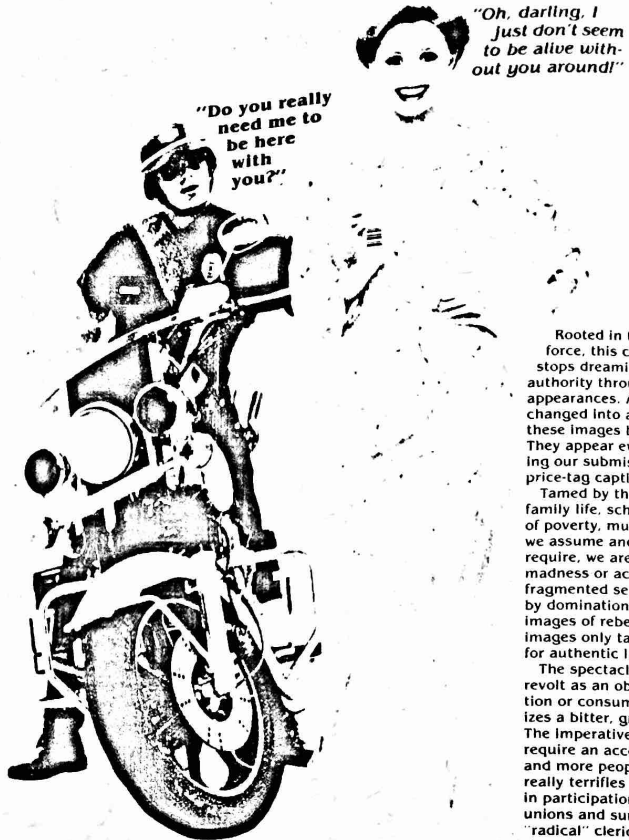
I'm a walking, talking, strutting, belling  
VOLCANO! The Venus de Milo looks like a  
hippopotamus with peoriads compared to me!  
Aphrodite hires me as a consultant!

The Tree of Life is watered with my nectar!  
I eat of the fruit of the Tree of the Know-  
ledge of Good and Evil for a between-meals  
snack! They had to invent a whole new sign  
of the Zodiac just for me: Clittis, the  
Pornogram! You wouldn't BELIEVE the aspects  
to MY nodes, darlin'- my chert's got ALL the  
Angles!

I'M the one who fucks 'em when they can't  
take a joke- and makes 'em smile again! I'm  
so wierd, the Discordians joined the Repub-  
lican Party in sheer self-defense! I put  
the "libertine" into "Libertarian"! I make  
ERIS look DULL! I'M the reason the Second  
Coming is taking SO LONG-

I'm the Queen of Heaven, the Dark Lady of  
Space, the Lovely Black Str of the Sea.  
I'm on cave walls, in the Temple of Karnak,  
on the walls of Pompeii and the Cathedral of  
Notre Dame! I'M in the Pre-Scriptures!  
Jehovah-1 burns incense to ME! I'm-

[END]



Rooted in the appearance of  
force, this civilization never  
stops dreaming of imposing  
authority through the force of  
appearances. As the real world is  
changed into a stream of images,  
these images become real forces.  
They appear everywhere, seduc-  
ing our submission to paycheck/  
price-tag captivity.

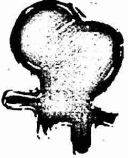
Tamed by the discipline of  
family life, school, work, and fear  
of poverty, mutilated by the roles  
we assume and routines they  
require, we are pushed towards  
madness or acquiescence. Our  
fragmented selves-pulled apart  
by domination-are beguiled by  
images of rebellion, though these  
images only tantalize our desires  
for authentic life.

The spectacle of opposition-  
revolt as an object of contempla-  
tion or consumption-only trivial-  
izes a bitter, growing negation.  
The Imperatives of technology  
require an accommodation more  
and more people refuse. What  
really terrifies all the specialists  
in participation, from parties,  
unions and sundry organizers to  
"radical" clerics and artists, is  
the refusal to be represented by  
anyone at all in the enjoyment of  
subversion.

After all, what pleasures can  
match insistence on life as a  
marvelous game of abolishing  
alienation?


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

Woman  
to  
Woman  
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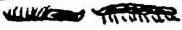


A FEW HANDS GRASP AT THE COLUMN OF ROCK.  
MOST OF THESE HANDS HAVE BEEN MUTILATED.  
SOME HAVE ONLY 2 OR 3 WHOLE FINGERS LEFT.  
SOME HAVE NONE. WHAT'S ON TOP OF THE COLUMN  
OF ROCK? THE SUBTERRANEAN SPRING RELEASES:



THOSE ROWDY FEMALE  
NOISEMONGERS-  
FRIGHTWIG




THE PRIMITIVE  
VOODOO BEATNIK  
LONGSHOREMEN

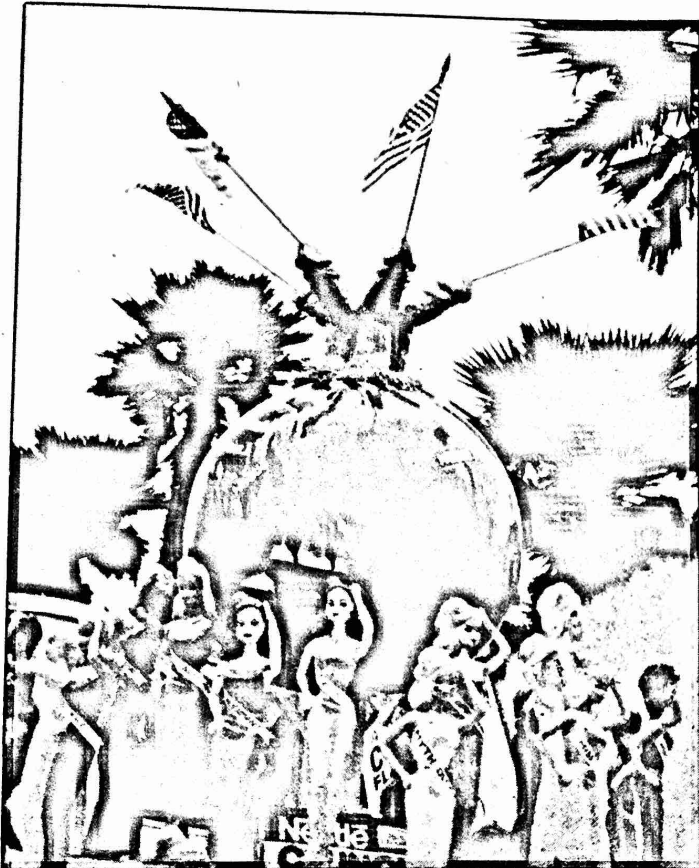






CAT FARM  
FABOO

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE:  
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**MYTH CALIFORNIA PAGEANT. "No more molds for Women" float by Nikki Craft. "Over the float, a bouquet of phalli, mounted on a bleeding world globe, ejaculates U.S. flags, while it rotates above 120 primping, molded ceramic Barbie-doll entrants.**

## Tips for Enhancing an Offensive Billboard

ANONYMOUS

These suggestions are compiled from sister partners in crime, the Madison Billboard Brigade, and an anonymous artist.

- Use water base paint (the evidence cleans up easier). Put in paper cups and cover. The paint will splatter when thrown against a billboard. Do not use paint filled balloons, as they are messy and break easily.
- For writing slogans, use a paintbrush and a cup of paint. Spraypaint works, but takes too much time.
- Always work in a team, with one or two to watch for cops, one to drive the car, and a couple to redecorate.
- Avoiding the boys in blue: Try to work during

times when cops are changing shifts or they are on break. If you do not accomplish what you had hoped, do not go back. Never run, or act out of the ordinary. Even if caught red handed, do not admit to anything.

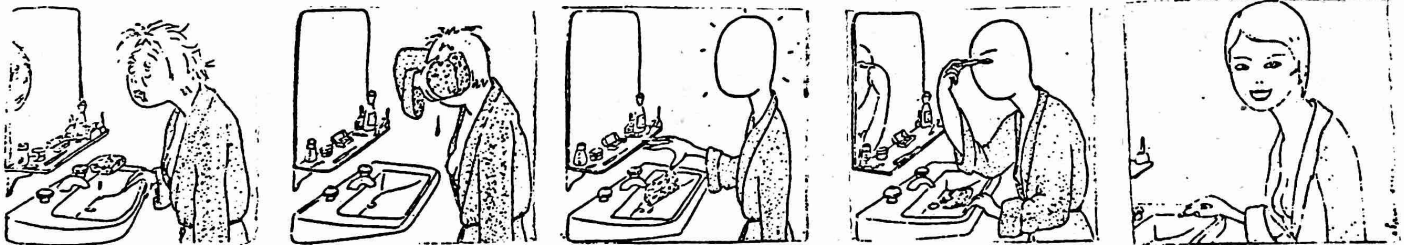
- Some ideas from environmentalists: Spray the billboard with a lye and water solution. At the first rain, it is purported to turn muddy gray. In rural areas, take a chainsaw to the poles.

- Remember that men are profiting from our bodies as they use us to sell an incredible number of unrelated products. They rarely respond to anything but economic pressure, it is up to us to cut into their profits—only then will they change.



This billboard in East Palo Alto was "renewed" twice by a group of anarchy feminists before the company finally stopped putting it up (summer '80). Photograph by Anonymous.

**JUST US**  
is a dating magazine exclusively for women wanting to meet women. First Ad FREE, FREE Details, \$2.00 for Sample Copy.  
JU  
PO Box 80521  
Chamblee, GA 30341



## Witness For The Defense

Tell me this your honour:  
What do we tell the children?

Now you've bludgeoned them with rules,  
With hostile rectitude, contemptuous office.

What's in you is irrelevant,  
Ideals immaterial, passion contemptible, outrage outrageous.  
Carry them out!  
Now, where were the bodies?  
Over the fence. Very well.

..... tried, convicted, sentenced in absentia,  
Trembling with rage and grief behind a locked door.

Where would you have them place their trust, your worship?  
- In a generation schooled to take death with their dinner before a glowing screen.

Where is their hope?  
- In a world where millions starve, while greasy merchants feed the sleek machineries of death and drown in poisoned fat.  
And what would you have them do?

- Crouch mute like lemmings, listening to the ancient reptiles scream in the growing dark.

Remember this: not only you can judge.  
These are the future—ours as well as theirs.  
They see with the awful clarity of youth  
Our obscene heritage,  
And in those eyes we all stand in the dock.

We are grown calloused,  
Immunized to terror.  
We've grown thick hides and dimmed our eyes,  
Learned to keep despair at bay  
With our small triumphs,  
Learned to live with pleasure  
In the shadow of horrors,  
Learned to be blind.

And now what can we say  
To those whose lives are threatened by our failures,  
Twisted by our successes?

- Three hundred dollars or thirty days.  
Officer, clear this court.

- Marilyn Johnson

# FRIGHTWIG

## HUMANS MAKING NOISE

From MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL

MRR Interview with FRIGHTWIG  
JAN '85

Cecilia: Drums, vocals  
Susan: Guitar, vocals  
Deanna: Bass, vocals  
Mia: Guitar, vocals

C: We have more in common with the ROLLING STONES.

MRR: Let's start the interview from there. What do you have in common with the ROLLING STONES?

C: We are more interested in music and not in how cute we are, although it might look like we're very interested in what we wear. But we are very interested in partying and music and opening our mouths and making lots of noise. What I mean to say is, I feel more like a ROLLING STONE than a GO-GO.

MRR: Musically, aesthetically, is what you're doing now - is this it?  
S: I think we all have different approaches to what we are doing now. For me, this is it. I've been in a lot of bands and I like this band a lot. I think there's a lot of room for myself as a musician to progress and do the things I like to do. It's an opportunity. D: We don't try to limit ourselves to any vein of music. We like all types of music.

MRR: For instance?

D: Western music, blues, rock and roll, funk...

C: I like 101 STRINGS.

S: We like electricity and we like acoustic. MRR: Let's talk about musical backgrounds.

D: I studied violin for 8 years when I was a kid. I studied classical music. In bands, I was in a band called DESOXYN for a year and I was in a band called the GHOULS a little over a year. Both of those bands were not liked at all. We were not well received. So I learned a lot from that, from being shut down all the time. In FRIGHTWIG, that's turned around pretty fast. FRIGHTWIG is the best, musically, that I've been in. We have full creativity. In other bands, it was more like I just did my part and the creative freedom wasn't there. In this band, there is.

S: I started out in a band called RUBY ZEBRA. Then I started a band called the TANKS in SF, which lasted a couple of years. Then I was in a band called WILD WOMEN OF BORNEO, which lasted a notorious 5 or 6 gigs. Then I moved to NY and I was in a band called PSYCHO SEX, which was sort of an extension of WILD WOMEN...and that went on to pure schism. And then I ended up joining BAD POSTURE for a bout a year and making a record with them. Then Bruce from FLIPPER moved out to NY and we started a band called ALTERED STATES OF AMERICA, which was really great. Then I played around with some jazz people in a band called SPIRITUAL FIRE. Then FRIGHTWIG showed up and I joined them and I ended up back here in SF and here I sit.

Mia: A couple of years ago I sang in a band called G.O.D., an all-female band in SF. Then I started playing guitar. Deanna and I started playing together and started FRIGHTWIG.

C: I started out on piano and then I got into guitar and then I sang in this horrible cover band in Houston. Then I sang in the streets in Chinatown playing acoustic guitar. One day I decided to play drums and I played in a country & western band. We played for bike gangs and motorcycle clubs. And then I got into FRIGHTWIG.

MRR: You all feel like you have opportunities for musical creativity in FRIGHTWIG. How does that actually evolve?

S: We all can write songs and lyrics. We come together and we can accept the fact that nobody plays a specific role. In other words, we don't have a lead singer, a lead anything, a lead writer that chiefly does lyrics, or someone who does just this or that. It's very cooperative in the sense that we are all able to sing our own songs

or have one of the other members sing one of our songs. There's no big ego battle or fight over all of that for some reason. It's really unusual.

D: Like, Cecilia is great at writing out the individual charts for bass, guitar and drums and the lyrics of songs she brings in. She'll have it all planned out but it there's something that doesn't sound right, we can put in our creative parts.

MRR: Since you have been in bands where it wasn't all women before, what's the comparison in terms of freedom within the band to be creative? Is it really different because you are all women?

D: I don't think it's different because we're all women. I think it's different because we formed this band with the understanding and on the basis that there is creative freedom; that there is not any one person instructing everybody else on how to play and what to play.

S: And also I think the reason that is, is because women don't really have this long history of role models to follow as far as bands go. You can't sit down and name 10 or 20 female guitar players or female drummers or singers or bands. Therefore, we don't have anything in our minds to base what we're doing on.

MRR: Is there a male attitude that is--I don't know if 'intimidating' is the right word--that you don't have to deal with in this context?

S: It tends to free us because we don't have to compete...we don't have to compete because we aren't trying to be guys. MRR: What is it that is distinct about guys in this particular case that you don't have to be like?

D: The male ego...that's how some men are raised. They start out, they're 7 years old and they're playing baseball and trying to win or be better. In my family, my brothers were totally raised competitively in sports and Indian Guides and getting all of their patches for learning how to braid mohair, or whatever. It's competitive for women, too. I think...but we love men.

MRR: I'm just trying to put my finger on what the difference is, and is there a female attitude of cooperation as opposed to competition.

D: I think it's totally cooperative.

C: Myself, I'm so screwed up about men, that when I was in a band with men, when they would say, 'OK, play it this way,' I'd say OK and do that whether or not I thought it sounded good. But with FRIGHTWIG they'll say play it this way and I'll know it's still open to argue about it or change it around. With men, I'm so screwed up, I'll say OK and not challenge them. But with women, they're one of me. I'm one of them.

S: Men do tend to try and intimidate a lot of times, especially musically, because it's so unusual to find a girl who's actually a musician. And for the most part, they are technically better than us, because they've been playing a lot longer than us. So that kind of situation does exist when we play with men.

MRR: Let me ask you about technical expertise. Many people describe FRIGHTWIG as, 'Oh yeah, the female FLIPPER; they don't know how to play...'  
S: Yeah, but we think FLIPPER has technical expertise. And we all admire Ted Falconi's guitar playing and Bruce and Will's writing.

D: And Ted's electronic wizardry...

S: So that's sort of a relative question. A lot of people might call them a noise band; we find them very musical.

MRR: And do you find yourselves very musical?

D: Oh definitely.

D: We have developed. Our sound has changed a lot. I think in the beginning we did sound more like FLIPPER. I think now we have developed further in a rock and roll mode. With Susan, she has a blues influence. And I think our songs are much more defined; not so much dredge-grunge

music. Like, Cecilia came in with a real rock and roll influence.

MRR: Is there a trash aesthetic in your music?

D: I think to our appearance there is a trash aesthetic. (Laughing)

S: Therefore it does reflect, yes, in our music.

MRR: But it's something you do relate to...

D: But what is trash?

MRR: Well, some people would say trash is a lack of expertise. Some people would say that trash is something to be strived for.

S: We do have expertise in being trashy.

D: We're striving to play as best as possible. What I think we're playing now is raw rock and roll. But we play rock music as best as we can. It's not very refined so as we can. But all we can do is play as good as we can. And if you want to call it trash, then alright for you... (Laughter)

C: Like the words to a new song of ours called "The Call"...

D: It's great. It sounds like JETHRO TULL...

C: Sssshhhhh!!!!

D: ...or LED ZEPPELIN. It's great.

C: It might come out sounding like how--for but we are singing stuff about how--

D: I wrote this about drugs, wanting to have a baby, wanting to be a secretary. That was calling me. We were in the middle of NY and I was thinking 'I hate this. I want to go home.' So I was thinking of how all these things call me away from what I should be doing.

S: So now we have this trash element all around us but in the middle, in the heart, is all these things that mean a lot to us. So maybe it's a trashy filter that we are looking through at life. This song could be for anyone, but for me it was just being in NY and

MRR: So what do you think, off the subject, of working at that place?

D: Disgusting. What we do, we're credit operators. We take their credit card numbers. They give us their date of birth, social security number, home phone number, to talk to a girl for \$40. There was this one guy who wanted to talk to a woman who would dominate him and he had just fucked her young son in the ass. And I got her on the phone, this black woman, Eunice, and she does have kids and I told her to 'kick this guy's ass because he wants to fuck your young son. Susan and I listened in on the conversation and she was going, 'You motherfucking son of a bitch. You're disgusting. You're vile. You're vermin.' 'Yes mistress, yes mistress.' And it just gives you this view of America just being real sick.

MRR: Don't you feel something personally about being a part of that?

D: I feel like it's a sad world that we have to do this so we can get green paper so we can live. So we can have a roof over our heads. What I think is sadder than that is when I was riding on the bus at midnight to work the graveyard shift last week, I saw this young girl who looked around 12 or 13, dressed up in heels and all this make-up and this big coat. She was obviously hooking and she was just this little kid on the corner and she was looking around. That made me sick. I think a lot of it has to do with being Americans, the way we have been raised.

MRR: How do you know it isn't that way elsewhere?

S: We don't. We're going to find out. I hear it's worse in Europe. It's more macho. And the definitions and distinctions with sexism is worse in a lot of other countries. Can you imagine what we would

Photo by Bobby Castro



watching soap operas and all the commercials for soap operas have babies in them and women doing dishes. And I'm thinking 'That looks so great to me right now; why does that look so great to me?' You know. We've talked about all this before. I'm always working on this shit.

S: Well, you do give up a little bit when you want to be in a band.

D: You give up everything. You have to. S: We don't have boyfriends and babies and live in the suburbs, that's for sure. Your home is your band.

MRR: Let's talk about some of your lyrics. D: Susan and I came up with this perfect video for us last night for MTV. Mia has a song called "A Man's Gotta Do What A Man's Gotta Do" and we thought it would be really great to have some beautiful cars and some beautiful men and the shot goes to his crotch and it's bulging and then they turn and flex their muscles and then turn around and bend over and that's what a man's gotta do. We'll get even with those fuckers. That's going to be our first video... (Laughing)

MRR: You're contradicting yourself--before it was 'we're not against men...'

D: No, no, no, no, it's MTV. You know how those fucking videos are. Women's tits, women's asses.

S: So that's what we want to do. An MTV D: We should have the men in these macho cars, not those 'femme' cars.

C: Like a '67 Mustang.

S: Yeah, and like, you could have one on each arm...

C: Yeah, and they're all shorter than me. (Laughing)

MRR: No problem. (Cecilia is 6' tall) D: Susan hit it on the head. We (Deanna and Susan) work at a phone fuck place. They all want to be dominated.

be treated like in some Arab countries? We would be dead. I mean, they'd offer 10 camels for us and we'd be gone.

C: That's it, my talents wasted... S: I don't think we would get a recording contract in Libya.

D: We want to play in countries like Poland and Czechoslovakia where a lot of bands don't go. Working in NY at this Polish restaurant, I met a lot of young Polish people. They told me 'You guys should go play there. They're starving. Nobody plays for them. We like music too.' And that's a great idea. S: It's one way to travel the world.

D: A few years ago, I said in my mind that I wanted to travel and I realized that I'm not the kind of person who can work at a job and save a piddly little amount of money and go on a little vacation. I don't like--this isn't really too relevant--I don't like to just be a tourist. Playing in a band would give me the freedom to travel and would enable me to travel.

C: My mother was giving me shit about being in a band. 'When are you going to get married?' This was recently while we were in NY. I said, 'Listen Mom, my band took me to NY. No man ever took me to NY. Why would I get married?' My women took me!! (laughter) By force, but they took me!!!

S: Music is just such a wonderful way to communicate. It's so great to be able to have a voice louder than one small voice in a suburban house and one small vote. Instead, you can influence and talk to thousands and thousands of people through your music and that's the rush I get out of being in a band.

MRR: Do you have any examples of how you have been able to affect anybody?

D: Oh, Denver was a very good example. S: I think everytime we play people are affected.

M: Either they hate it or love it. We inspire them to be verbal.

S: There were these girls in Denver saying on man, I love it. I'm going to get my band moving and I was telling them yeah, go do it. You can't just sit there, you've got to go out and do it. No you can't wait for a band to come and get you. You've got to take and make you a lead singer because you've got tits or something. You've got to go out and work for it and make your band. Make your music. I'm not impressed by people sitting around and saying I play rhythm guitar, I can sing. I want to see work out of these people, particularly in the smaller towns, getting up and doing something they would not normally do. And you don't have to be a postman—you don't have to have a message.

S: The fact that four girls got on the road and actually carried through without having to have guys doing everything for us, and moving our own equipment, getting to the gigs, getting paid—inspired some girls who thought that was predominantly a man's field.

D: And also doing it on no money. A lot of people believe you can't do it unless you have all this money behind you. You can't let anything stand in your way if you want to play in a band and tour and make that your career. You can't let money, relationships, drugs, none of that can be as important to you as your band. MRR: How about influencing men. Have you seen any impact?

D: Sometimes they take off their D: Sometimes we had 5 different shows in NY clothes...we had to come up on stage and where we got men to come up on stage and strip for us. Either through them saying 'Show us your tits' or 'Play faster', I say 'Get up on stage and strip for us, we'll play faster.'

S: We told them we'd play anything they wanted to hear. Of course, we couldn't, but you know...

C: Too late after that...

D: One thing I learned. In NY it was total freedom. You're dealing with people who are used to seeing anything and hearing anything so they're not insulted. Their brains can handle it and I'd go 'Come up and strip for us' and they'd say 'OK!' or 'No' but laugh. But that's why I got hit in the face in Denver. Because they were saying 'Show us your tits, play faster' and I told them to get up and strip but that snowballed into 'You all have small penises' (Laughter) They were taking their dicks out, these so-called punk rock skinheads in their brand new shiny leather and spikes and their fashion skinhead dye jobs. It was a very rich kid audience. And we were trying to make enough money to eat breakfast the next morning and it just taught me that they're red necks. Between NY and California, I will not say 'strip for us' or 'you have small penises'. I'll just tone it down so they can handle it.

C: When it comes to anarchy, they can't handle it. Women on stage freaked them out.

D: They just couldn't handle it. So it's OK, you don't want the real thing, you'll get a toned-down show, we'll be a little more polite, and just collect our money and you can pay for everything. Fine.

MRR: How about have you had—well, you might consider that positive—any positive impact on guys?

M: Yes, some guys really love the show.

D: Yeah, this group of skinheads have been coming to our shows. Wednesday night they were saying 'Aren't we being good?' I told them 'Yes, you're being very nice tonight. Believe in peace. That's what will get you through life.'

S: They were slam dancing making peace signs. They had the dance floor cleared.

D: There are some skinheads who really like us a lot and come to all our shows. I was bitching at one of them Wednesday night and saying 'What the fuck are doing here? You just want to fight.' And he said 'I come to all your shows. You saw me Friday night and you saw me at the Stone.' And I said 'Yeah, well, why???'

C: I guess they really like the music.

M: Some guys really like 4 women who have really big mouths.

C: And some guys don't.

M: Yeah...and some guys don't.

D: At various shows, I've seen really straight clean-cut guys in these down jackets who liked us and I've seen these heavy metal guys from Berkeley with really curly long hair and they really liked us. And the hippies... S: It's not just one little segment of people. D: I like that because we don't like to be labelled in one category. I think what we play is rock and roll.

S: We could be called punk rock. We could be called rock and roll, we could be called heavy metal.

C: Rock and roll is a very broad label. I think we include punk, funk and whatever. We'll mess up any kind of music.

S: It depends on anyone's interpretation. C: There are moments when I feel we are punk band. But I don't agree with calling us a minutes of a day. That's like only several of the show. You know, we're other things too. S: We're a little freak show. C: Yeah, a real freak show. MRR: (pause) So...now, let's see... C: Have I lost weight since the last time you saw me? D: Do you like my hair crimped? (Laughter) MRR: Is there at all a political aspect other than your being women...is there a D: Of course there is. We have brains, we have minds. We're living in this society so as defining it, it's fucked. MRR: But is there a collective outlook? S: I think everyone has their individual politics and motivations for being in this band. We have definite different opinions but we are all pretty political and aware of the way the world is and we do try to rebel against that by being in this band. This is the way for us to do what we want. We're making a valuable contribution to society. They pay people a few hundred dollars a month to learn how to make beds and shoot guns and they call that the Army. So there's no reason why we can't be just as valid and be paid—not thousands and billions of dollars—but at least enough to survive on and call it a band.

M: So we don't have to work these stupid jobs. C: I think the one statement we do make, though, is about peace and we're against violence. But as far as politics, we're all...pretty...weird. D: We don't approve of Reagan and we don't approve of nuclear power plants but we don't capitalize off of that. MRR: Does that come across in songs or is that what you individually... C: In one song, "Something's Gotta Change", it makes sort of a blanket statement about big brother's preaching the joys of sin, blah, blah, blah... D: Our lyrics are pretty desperate about the world. C: But we're not MDC... D: No, we're not MDC at all. We don't try and capitalize on politics at all. S: I think we speak more as individuals than as a collective when it comes to politics. MRR: Anything else? D: Our album, "Cat Farm Faboo", is coming out in March on Subterranean Records and we are really excited about it. MRR: A long time in the making... C: It took us hours to make!!!!



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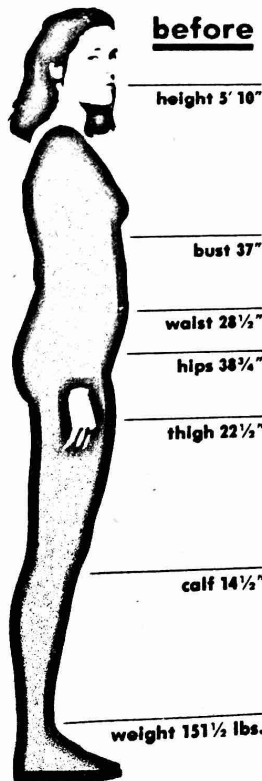
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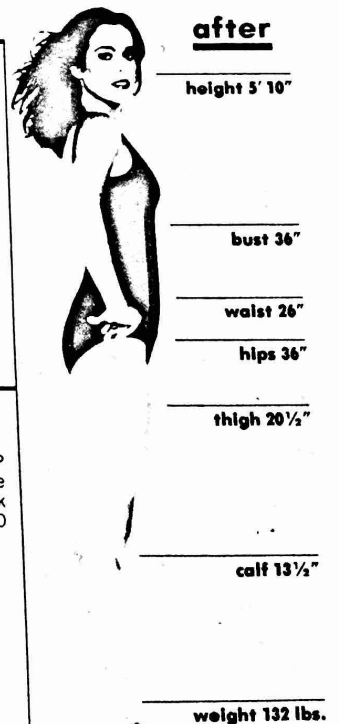
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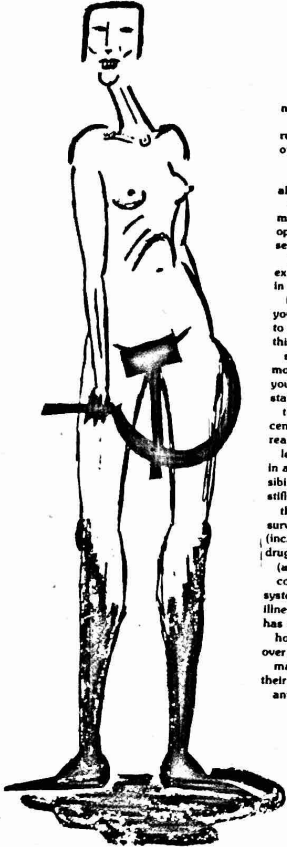
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I work in what is considered a "progressive" medical center. I got a job there because I needed money, and naively I hoped it might be a "people oriented" job. As it turns out, it's more like a factory job on a body assembly/disassembly line. People are running machines that run the people who operate them and in this process patients become other machines needing to be "fixed."

Obviously, I no longer think of it as a "healing place." The "health" business—like every other business—is alienating and depressing. It doesn't allow a human flow of nurturing and healing, to say the least.

A patient may have to deal with as many as 20 to 30 different people in one hospital stay, most of whom will remain strangers. Assorted mechanical devices will be used on them operated by people whose attention is mostly commanded by their machines. If lucky, they'll see their doctor for maybe 5 minutes a day.

No wonder people are "afraid" of hospitals! They go through a threatening (if not terrifying) experience in isolation. It's a marvelous tribute to human vitality that people do recover at all in hospitals.

I don't blame the majority of people who work here. It's a singularly demanding situation if you're a caring person. On the one hand you have people with real needs who you would like to comfort and help in any way you can. On the other hand, if you spend your time doing this—you'll get fired.

So you're always torn and rushed. You work on a tight schedule of productivity (a time and motion study of how much you're expected to get done in a shift has been graphed out for you). Testing has to be done, medications given, beds changed, food served, charts written up, stats and orders documented, etc., etc.

The longer I worked my ass off running from one end to the other of this huge medical center, the angrier I felt at being used up like a machine—and a slave to one in the bargain. I realized the patients and myself were only interchangeable cogs in a giant corporate machine.

Left to ourselves, I have no doubt that medical workers could care for injuries and illnesses in a way that satisfied our nurturing instincts and curiosity toward the body, sharing responsibilities equally. This won't happen, however, with the health care hierarchy intact—it's stifling and absurd.

This hierarchy has developed right along with workplace hazards we endure in order to survive; with the systematic, pervasive poisoning of the Earth and atmosphere by industry (including the high-tech branches supposed to be "clean"); with the emotional ravages—and drug dependence—of everyday life in a drab, unfree society.

(and wouldn't blowing off this oppressive "reality" cure just about everyone's depression?)

Corporate health care provides a grotesque picture of the real value of human life in this system. I've heard people more upset about the bill they were running up than about whatever illness brought them to the hospital. I have no doubt that many an astronomical hospital bill has set off another round of sickness and death.

How many people put up with shitty jobs to get insurance so they won't have a heart attack over potential medical bills? Doesn't this amount to terrorism?

Maybe that's why it makes me feel better to tell anxious patients not to worry about paying their bill. I don't pay mine. Who needs this shit?

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It makes no difference whether you type letters for the Bank of America, make pizza dough for Blondies, cashier for Safeway, pump gas for Chevron, or somehow sell your labor in a thousand different ways in a thousand different places, you're still a front line soldier for the corporate state. You may have been drafted, you may have volunteered, but you have taken your place in the strategies of capital.

Survey the battleground: the workplace is strewn with psychic corpses, their backbones yanked out and their souls bled out of them. Squads of mercenary automatons patrol, issuing senseless orders. Under continual bombardment from above, you hold your position, constantly on the offensive.

You can find moments of camaraderie in the trenches, as a human esprit de corps infiltrates through enemy lines, but the captains of industry fire away, and the monotonous siege resumes.

Finally, you serve your time for the day. Shellshocked from another skirmish of labor, you shuffle off to leisure time where the battle begins again. This is a more insidious battle than work because you may think you're gone AWOL from the corporate army. In reality, you've just been transferred to another front.

You double time it to the stores where your senses are assaulted by platoons of useless consumer goods. You are convinced that your uniform is hopelessly outdated, that you can only survive another day dressed in brand new fatigues, which will, of course, become outdated the next day. You give your pay to the soldier still on duty behind the cash register, unable to see the treadmill you are marching on.

On to the next theater of operations: there remains popular culture to be consumed. You have fun getting brainwashed that you're having fun, and the M.P.'s are there to make sure that you don't have too much fun.

Finally, suffering battle fatigue, you collapse into bed, confined to barracks yet another night. The War against your humanity continues.

This War must end, and its ending begins with you. You need to become a conscientious objector and reject the militarization of your life. You must learn to say no and to realize why you say no and how you say no.

Desert the foxhole of your isolated alienation and reach out in quiet, honest words to your fellow draftees, touching in them chords of resistance. Form an underground of sensuousness, discover new tactile tactics, strategies in being human. There is pleasure to be found in small acts of defiance. Sabotage can be subtle and continuous, short and sweet.

Because if you don't resist the advance of corporate capital, if you surrender your sanity and self to the marching minions of madness, we will all end up prisoners of war in a runaway cattle car hurtling to the concentration camp of their bleak future.

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this hierarchy has developed right along with workplace hazards we endure in order to survive; with the systematic, pervasive poisoning of the Earth and atmosphere by industry (including the high-tech branches supposed to be "clean"); with the emotional ravages—and drug dependence—of everyday life in a drab, unfree society.

(and wouldn't blowing off this oppressive "reality" cure just about everyone's depression?) corporate health care provides a grotesque picture of the real value of human life in this system. I've heard people more upset about the bill they were running up than about whatever illness brought them to the hospital. I have no doubt that many an astronomical hospital bill has set off another round of sickness and death.—

how many people put up with shitty jobs to get insurance so they won't have a heart attack over potential medical bills? doesn't this amount to terrorism?

maybe that's why it makes me feel better to tell anxious patients not to worry about paying their bill. I don't pay mine. who needs this shit?

anti-authoritarians anonymous, po box 11331, eugene, or 97440

FEMME MARXIANNE

The War begins, early in the morning. Your body stiffens to attention as it's wrenched from slumber. You goosestep as you sleepwalk through your routines, awake but not aware. Preparing for the daily battle, you arm yourself psychologically: you layer on your character armour and sharpen your wits so you can claw your way to the top.

You join the forced march to work, blending into the battalion of the battered. Your eyes look neither left nor right, but stare straight ahead unseeing as you match the cadence of the crowd. The hostilities have begun.

It makes no difference whether you type letters for the Bank of America, make pizza dough for Blondies, cashier for Safeway, pump gas for Chevron, or somehow sell your labor in a thousand different ways in a thousand different places, you're still a front line soldier for the corporate state. You may have been drafted, you may have volunteered, but you have taken your place in the strategies of capital.

Survey the battleground: the workplace is strewn with psychic corpses, their backbones yanked out and their souls bled out of them. Squads of mercenary automatons patrol, issuing senseless orders. Under continual bombardment from above, you hold your position, constantly on the offensive.

You can find moments of camaraderie in the trenches, as a human esprit de corps infiltrates through enemy lines, but the captains of industry fire away, and the monotonous siege resumes.

Finally, you serve your time for the day. Shellshocked from another skirmish of labor, you shuffle off to leisure time where the battle begins again. This is a more insidious battle than work because you may think you're gone AWOL from the corporate army. In reality, you've just been transferred to another front.

You double time it to the stores where your senses are assaulted by platoons of useless consumer goods. You are convinced that your uniform is hopelessly outdated, that you can only survive another day dressed in brand new fatigues, which will, of course, become outdated the next day. You give your pay to the soldier still on duty behind the cash register, unable to see the treadmill you are marching on.

On to the next theater of operations: there remains popular culture to be consumed. You have fun getting brainwashed that you're having fun, and the M.P.'s are there to make sure that you don't have too much fun.

Finally, suffering battle fatigue, you collapse into bed, confined to barracks yet another night. The War against your humanity continues.

This War must end, and its ending begins with you. You need to become a conscientious objector and reject the militarization of your life. You must learn to say no and to realize why you say no and how you say no.

Desert the foxhole of your isolated alienation and reach out in quiet, honest words to your fellow draftees, touching in them chords of resistance. Form an underground of sensuousness, discover new tactile tactics, strategies in being human. There is pleasure to be found in small acts of defiance. Sabotage can be subtle and continuous, short and sweet.

Because if you don't resist the advance of corporate capital, if you surrender your sanity and self to the marching minions of madness, we will all end up prisoners of war in a runaway cattle car hurtling to the concentration camp of their bleak future.

*Freddie Bauer*



# Beach law

When's the last time a California beach boy ever got arrested for surfing topless? For women in Santa Cruz, the battle to doff the shirt is no trivial issue.

Members of the Cross Your Heart Support Network - an offshoot of the Preying Mantis Women's Brigade - have been arrested for going topless on public beaches in their attempts to challenge the sexual discrimination in California's nudity law.

According to the Support Network, gender discrimination in the law serves the interests of the State and male sexual fantasies. The right to go topless, they say, would disrupt these male fantasies. It would hurt money-making photo scams for photographers. With women walking around topless as a common sight, advertising agencies couldn't capitalize on bare breast exposure.

As one member of the Network put it: 'The fact that men can legally profit from utilizing women's breasts as a titillating commodity, while women are being handcuffed and imprisoned for baring their own breasts for personal comfort is an example of extreme legal bias.'

During the '20's, women were still

battling courts over the requirement that they wear stockings on the beach. The State hired beach censors to police the beaches and sew on material to correct any prohibited display of shoulders or legs.

Cross Your Heart Supporters argue that women's breasts are common as a business commodity, topless entertainment and photos for purchase.

They maintain that the discriminatory California law means, for example, that the breasts of women and girls are obscene, while those of men are not. 'Judges have ruled that men's breasts are the norm and because women's are different, they must be concealed.'

'Women's freedom, comfort and pleasure have long been denied. Women need a heightened sense of self-esteem so that we can combat sexism. If we can redefine our body image as we see fit, we can overcome the negative self-image we see presented everywhere. One way to do this, is to become aware of the wide variety of breasts—not just the siliconed, perfectly rounded, Barbie-doll version of a tit.'

More info on the bare breast fight from Cross Your Heart Support Network, PO Box 1729, Santa Cruz, CA, 95061, USA.



BROTHER WRETCHED, THE MENDICANT DERVISH

# STRETCHMARKS

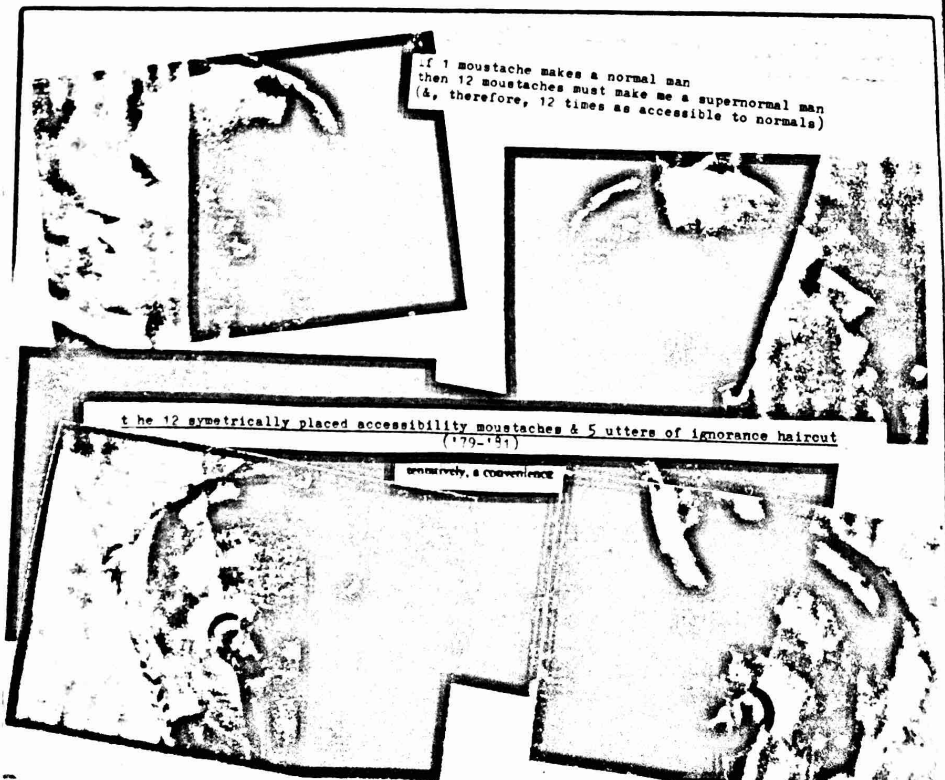


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# We're Looking for Those "Special Few"

dear crowbar,  
 many tink thanx 4 t he info re SHIMO - consider me affiliated.. in fact, having just  
 aquired 2 mimeograph machines 4 a measly \$20, i'd consider publishing a SHIMO  
 UNDERGROUND ANT(HOLY)G comprised of quasi-documentary-residue/whatever from all  
 those t ha t lump(en) themselves 2get her under this particular solidarte..  
 - i m particularly interested in ur otherwise unpublished material  
 (in fact, i usually prefer 2 only publish previously unpublished material  
 - but it doesn't always work out t ha t way..) - especially ur FBI & CIA files & those of  
 other SHIMOs (when procuring them won't ndanger) as well as contact lists  
 (w/ t he same security provision as in t he pre ceeding parenthetical) & other  
 revolutionarily (?) humorous & practical.. - having recently had my apt bldg torched  
 (possibly, but doubtfully, d liberately by enemies intent upon forcing me, me Black Spike  
 roomie, & t he old pre-euro-invasion-ancestry ("native-american") 1st fl occupant; Hawkeye  
 out of t he never friendly realm of look-alikes) & having then had a film 6/or audio show  
 cancelled by t he MD inst of "art" (ho-hum) out of paranoia as 2 who i'd attract as an  
 audience & what i'd due (duely disguised by bureaucratic rigamarole) & having been  
 slashed by a mohawk-sporting punk after i kicked him (?) 4 having insulted me 4  
 "looking stupid" (i e: 2 authentically individualistic) & having recvd a fortune  
 cookie w/ no fortune (all as icing 2 t he usual threats & harassment t ha t any  
 non-look-alike receives in look-alike/think-alike societies) i m especially interested  
 in reports on ur own anti-nazi st fighting & t ha t of t he Autonomon (altho i m still  
 holding out 4 survival thru wits against t he witless thru confusion & humor  
 nlightenment tactics).. anyway, since i m not even sure these mimeos work & since  
 i m currently 2 publishing burnt-out & back-logged 2 make this SHIMO info object 4  
 at least a yr: donut anyl hurry 2 send me materials 4 it (but pleez all of u participate)  
 (notice how i've gone from addressing u, crowbar, 2 addressing u, readers of PopReal)..

(TENT a CON)

بلور آزمايش، راجتی

Crowbar:

Thanks for fillin me in on the SHIMO Under-  
 ground. I seem to fit your 2nd "classification"  
 of a SHIMO, rabble rouser, etc., and  
 seem to fit in with a typical SHIMO's  
 past. So I guess you've got a chapter in  
 Phoenix whether you or I like it or not,  
 right? You might as well send me a SHIMO  
 button and if you could send me a few dif-  
 ferent copies of NOTES FOR A NEW UNDER-  
 GROUND. That should pretty well use up the  
 dough I sent you for back issues of PopReal.  
 As for action in Phoenix I think I'll pass  
 on your suggestion of spray-painting the  
 town red. I'm not really very artistic,  
 also having worked in the "health care pro-  
 fession" (or is it careless health?) I've  
 learned the importance of "low-key" (but  
 hardly ever practice it!). Thanks for the  
 suggestion anyway.  
 If there's anything I can do for y'all give  
 me a holler and if you're ever in town give  
 me a call and we can maybe use up all the  
 spray bombs I got layin' around the garage.

Hasta Luego!  
J. O'Connell  
Phoenix, AZ.

Nice little newspaper you have, but aren't  
 you stooping to the same bullshit by re-  
 printing the same mindless tirade of Bob  
 Black against Processed World? Not only is  
 the affair self-righteous, but you really  
 wonder what's wrong with people who use  
 their energy to attack other anti-capital-  
 ists instead of the system. Secondly, since  
 we don't have the other side of the con-  
 flict, BB's trashing seems worthless.

S.W.  
Gainesville, FL.

We have PW's side of the story, we don't  
 believe they're necessarily anti-capitalist  
 (which isn't the point; their lying, author-  
 itarianism and police collaboration is), and  
 of course many besides Black have criticized  
 them (like the AAA in PopReal #6). Black  
 has simply been influential enough that PW  
 has unsuccessfully tried to ruin his life. -  
 Crowbar

Dear David Crowbar:

I've read your magazine thru (At work. I  
 work at Baskin Robbins) and I think it's  
 pretty impressive. And of course I'm very  
 happy that you are publishing my drawing.  
 I'm sending you 4 others that I have availa-  
 ble right now...  
 I'd like to subscribe to Popular Reality.  
 It is really an amazing magazine and besides  
 I like the way ice cream customers look at  
 me when I read it at work. I am an anarcho-  
 syndicalist with neo-surreal leanings. And  
 I'm the CONSERVATIVE one in my family.  
 Popular Reality will fit in just perfectly.

Aftee, yrs,  
W.D. Johnson  
Barstow, CA.

Dear people at Popular Reality,

My name is Art and I'd like to distribute  
 your fine newspaper when I move to North  
 Carolina in August. Please send me 100  
 copies of #7 as soon as possible. Enclosed  
 is the \$600 dollars you funds require, but  
 I have a question. If I sell the 400 packs  
 of seeds you people will be sending me will  
 I earn a new 10 speed Huffly bicycle or is  
 that just a come-on so you can exploit child  
 labor?

Buy Buy (the theme of suburban consumers)  
Art Deco  
Bowling Green, OH.

Crowbar,  
 Reality may not be popular, but besides the  
 infinite realms of imagination, what the  
 hell else do we have?

B. Clark  
El Cajon, CA.

The following is an exchange between David  
 Crowbar and Bill Brown of NOT BORED zone  
 concerning a series of letters between Brown  
 and two regular contributors to PopReal  
 which were considered for publication. The  
 full exchange is available to those who care  
 for \$1 from PopReal. It must be added, in  
 view of Brown's claims of rudeness by Bob  
 Black and Dan Todd, that Brown initiated  
 these "friendly" exchanges by exposing their  
 political incorrectness with endearments  
 such as "Now that you can spell Derrida,  
 why don't you go read him?" "...it doesn't  
 seem that you're entirely worthless,"  
 "...you sure can say some stupid things..."  
 "...you still show a prodigious tendency to  
 say stupid things." "You take yourself pret-  
 ty goddam seriously." "Wake up, Bob," and  
 "Why can't you try, just a little bit  
 harder?"

Hi Bill. Haven't heard much from ya until I  
 got a series of great rants from Todd &  
 Black with one of yours (May 4) included.  
 There must be more before that, but when I  
 saw Black's response to you I roared. I  
 haven't read anything so amusing in a  
 loooong time, and I get a ton of it.

I like your stuff, although I've found it  
 sometimes reactionary, and more often self-  
 serving, you've got great potential. I hope  
 Black helped to unseat you from your high  
 horse and to realize that some of us have  
 been in the revolution/sit shit for a couple  
 decades instead of just a couple years. If  
 I were you I'd thank him for the construc-  
 tive criticism.

So I actually have three things to ask of  
 you: Which address should I send stuff to  
 you? Would you do a short-to-medium criti-  
 que of PopReal? Will you care if I print  
 your May 4 letter with the others next ish?

Keep in touch.  
David Crowbar

Dear David:

Thanks for your letter. I'm pleased that 1)  
 you're interested in maintaining correspon-  
 dence with me and 2) you believe I've got  
 "potential." You've distinguished yourself  
 from Dan Todd and Bob Black in this regard,  
 and this is to your credit. The word "po-  
 tential" doesn't appear to be a part of  
 either Todd's or Black's vocabularies. It  
 would seem they only recognize and respect  
 FULLY CONSTITUTED REVOLUTIONARIES, people  
 who have already realized their potential.  
 If one isn't already a fully constituted  
 revolutionary (I never wrote that I was),  
 one is NOTHING and not worth anything but  
 insults, threats, and total rejection. If  
 one isn't fully constituted as a revolution-  
 ary and DARES to question EVEN ONE ASPECT  
 of the ideas of those that claim that they are  
 (as I dared to do with Todd's and Black's  
 ideas), one is subject to being ganged up  
 upon by every "true" revolutionary those  
 questioned can call upon. Todd's and  
 Black's thoroughly hostile reactions to my  
 questionings of them are REPRESSIVE to the  
 extent that they ignore the fact that there  
 is no such person as the fully constituted  
 revolutionary. The situationists were aware  
 of this when they wrote, "The task of being  
 more extreme than the SI falls upon the SI  
 itself."

You haven't heard much from me lately be-  
 cause I've been working on the latest issue  
 of NOT BORED (which will arrive at your post  
 office box under separate cover). As you  
 can or will shortly see, it contains an  
 article entitled "Situating the ProSitus",  
 which sums up the entire Todd/Black affair  
 from my perspective. Since I do not recall  
 what I said to whom in the 4 May letter you  
 referred to, I must ask you that you not  
 print it in PopReal along with the others  
 you've received and that if you print any-  
 thing by me on this subject that it'd be  
 "Situating the ProSitus".

I'd be happy to write a short-to-medium  
 critique of PopReal. I'll put it in the  
 mail by the end of this week. (You might  
 notice, incidentally, that "Situating the  
 ProSitus" is already an implied critique of  
 PopReal.)

You mention that Black's bellowing at me  
 should've helped me "to realize that some of  
 us have been in the revolution/sit shit for  
 a couple decades instead of just a couple  
 years." Presumably Black, Todd and you  
 ("us") are the ones that've been in the shit  
 for a couple decades and I'm the one that's  
 been in it for just a couple years. I  
 question the value of this comparison.  
 Raoul Vaneigem, after all, has been in the  
 revolution/sit shit for longer than anybody  
 just mentioned, and his BOOK OF PLEASURES  
 is nothing short of BORING. Paraphrasing Maria  
 Muldaure, we can say "it's not how LONG it  
 is, but what you DO WITH IT."

Best,  
Bill Brown

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Jeez Bill, you don't quit, do ya? "Situ-  
 ating the ProSitus" is quite a swipe. I do  
 disagree with a few things in it and your  
 last letter to me, but you're right about my  
 self-satisfied attitude expressed in treat-  
 ing you like some greenhorn. I'm not saying  
 it ain't so, but that doesn't mean I oughta  
 be snotty.

I don't think Black, Todd or the other Anti-  
 Authoritarians Anon. folks only respect  
 fully constituted revolutionaries. You're  
 right, there is no such thing. I've only  
 known these people a couple years, but I  
 relate to them as human, not intellectual  
 sparring rivals. I don't think I've ever  
 had a political discussion with Black, but  
 I've had a mini-debate or two with AAA  
 folks. We love each other though, we're not  
 out to impress one another, get it?  
 I don't think these folks are ProSitus, as  
 I describe the animal. Part of my reason-  
 ing is due to the mid-70s critiques of the  
 SI published by AAA personnel. I think you  
 are a ProSitu, and a gullible one - going so  
 far as to entitle NOT BORED an 'anti-Situ  
 journal' because Kotyani said that's what's  
 cool. Where's Bill Brown? Where's the  
 originality? Why must you ineffectually invoke  
 the name of the SI as some sort of self-  
 approval of everything you say?

I don't think you got the last laugh on  
 anybody in your debates, as you reiterated  
 in your article. I think you missed most of  
 the points they were making and they were  
 valid. I don't believe anybody's forming a  
 'ProSitu International' (you make it sound  
 like a club you weren't invited to join).  
 Black and some of the AAA have known each  
 other for many years. Sometimes they, as  
 well as others, do things together and some-  
 times they don't. Sometimes they don't get  
 along and argue. Just like reality.

I think that 'Situating the ProSitus' was  
 quite distorted, and now that I'm in posses-  
 sion of over a dozen letters from the cor-  
 respondents you reported on I think it only  
 fair to give a more objective account than  
 yours by reprinting most of them in the next  
 PopReal. I'm hoping this doesn't piss you  
 off. Previously I didn't ask permission to  
 reprint your letters, I asked if you cared.  
 Now that you did your article about them I  
 reckon it doesn't matter. I'm not trying to  
 be high-handed, just honest. I hope to hear  
 from you soon.

Keep it up.  
David Crowbar





POPREAL AND THE PROLIFERATION OF MARGINS  
by Bill Brown

Integrated multinational capitalism, unlike the monopoly capitalism of the early Twentieth Century, does not aim at or exist by virtue of systematic and generalized repression of the workers, women, youth, minorities. The means of production upon which multinational capitalism rests calls for a flexibility in relationships of production and in social relations, and for a capacity to adapt to the new types and formations of human relationships which are "mutating" everywhere and rapidly (I.E. the exploitation by advertising of the spectacular "discoveries" of the marginal groups). Under these conditions, semi-tolerated, semi-encouraged and recuperated protests are an intrinsic part of the system.

Other forms of protest (the situationists, the Sex Pistols, the Italian autonomists), however, prove too much more dangerous to the extent that they threaten the essential relationships on which this system is based (respect for work, for hierarchy, for State power, for the religion of consumption and for the Oedipalised family). It is impossible to trace clear and definite boundaries between the recuperable marginals and the types of marginalities on the way to truly "molecular revolutions" (Felix Guattari). The real question is whether the proliferation of margins will remain, whatever its scope, at the exterior limits of society, or whether it will pass through to the interior of society and thereby radically put it in question. (What characterizes the "molecular" here is the moment in which "the lines of flight" away from society by subjective individuals "merge with the objective deterritorialisations of the system and create an irreversible aspiration for new spaces of liberty" (Guattari). An example: the Free Radios in Europe. The technological evolution, in particular the miniaturization of transmitters and the possibility of alteration of them by amateurs, meets a collective desire for a new means of expression. Another example: the May 1968 Revolt in France. The ideological evolution, in particular the adoption and dissemination of radical ideas by the dominant order, merges with a collective aspiration to think for oneself).

POPULAR REALITY (or PopReal as it is sometimes known) is perhaps the only radical paper in the United States whose practice is in line with the proliferation of margins. Except for an occasional article by one of the paper's editors, every issue of PopReal contains a crazy-quilt of articles and graphics that have appeared elsewhere. In the pages of the paper, in any given issue, one can find texts by recuperable marginals as well as by marginals on the way to a "molecular" breakthrough. Not surprisingly, the various texts contradict each other and a single body of theory cannot be derived from either a given issue of the paper or the eight-odd issues that have published to date. An irony of this situation is that it often stands in direct contradiction with the ideas being expressed in the various texts. Orthodox situationist thought, for example, is bipolar in its orientation rather than multi-centered: "The Situationist International intends to confront (the socioeconomic structure) in its entirety, on every front, to the point of imposing an autonomous situationist control and instrumentation against those held by existing cultural authorities, that is, to the point of a state of dual power in culture" (pg. 61 of the ANTHOLOGY). To the extent, then, that PopReal is influenced by the situationists, the paper's pages are animated by a tension between the necessity of feeling part of a tradition and the necessity of disrupting that tradition in order to further and enrich it.

It is one thing to publish a lively and interesting paper and quite another to initiate a revolution. The distance between the two can be measured by the creation or failure to create a new "social segmentation" that manages to connect the various micro-revolutions without imposing hierarchy and segregation. It is not possible as of yet to evaluate PopReal in these terms because the various individuals and groups whose texts have appeared in its pages have not attempted to take charge of local problems, not to mention taking charge of larger economic configurations. In the meantime, the construction of and concept behind PopReal should serve as an acceptable model for organizing social formations. That is to say, it is a good model for the destruction of models.



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POPREAL AND THE PROLIFERATION OF MARGINS

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# ADVENTURES IN SUBVERSION



Adapted from "Subversion" by Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1981. 1985. 16 pp. \$2. (D) B. 11331. Future: 03R 97440 154



Black Velvet billboard on South Main after it was splattered with paint for a second time this year.

## What's wrong with Black Velvet?

After working four years with all women audiences as the M.C. and comic for a male dance (strip) show, let me say, I am against sexual discrimination of any kind. But I've had it up to here with these feminists (seems an inappropriate term for someone who wants to deny her femininity).

Acts such as vandalizing the Black Velvet billboard and condemning Madison Avenue for using beautiful models, (they use both men and women) are the actions of sick and perverted minds.

I'm sure the Black Velvet model was very pleased and proud of her work. I know I found her very pleasing to look at, and I don't even drink Black Velvet. She didn't inspire me to go out and commit rape, or even cause

me to hate women. It's a fact that men and women are equal and should have equal rights. No rational mind could argue that, but they are different. Men and women were designed to compliment each other, not compete. To attract not to repel.

Why does Michele Kramer of Women R I S E (Letters, May 7) object to The Ann Arbor News picturing a woman in high heels, or hairless legs and a shapely figure? That's just the way I like women, hairless legs and a shapely figure. Most men do, and most women (thank God) know this too.

A hundred years or so ago when we were an agricultural-based society, out of necessity men's bodies in women were different. Strong, broad shouldered, masculine women were desirable. It was a matter of survival. Women had to be able to bear lots of children. Bigger families

meant more workers to do the chores. She needed to be strong enough to pull the plow in case the mule died. Women also needed a strong male. Wimps were definitely out!

Times change, but I think if I had lived back then I would still have chosen a shapely woman with hairless legs. I would just get an extra mule and adopt any orphans who came along.

If Kramer and women like her want to wear baggie clothes and have hairy legs, that's OK with me, but please quit harassing clear-headed free thinking women who want to appear beautiful, whether to please themselves, or to please and/or attract the opposite sex.

Please let them be beautiful, let them be women. For my sake, and the sake of all men who love and appreciate women as I do.

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