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POPULAR REALITY

A VITAL ORGAN OF THE SHIMO UNDERGROUND

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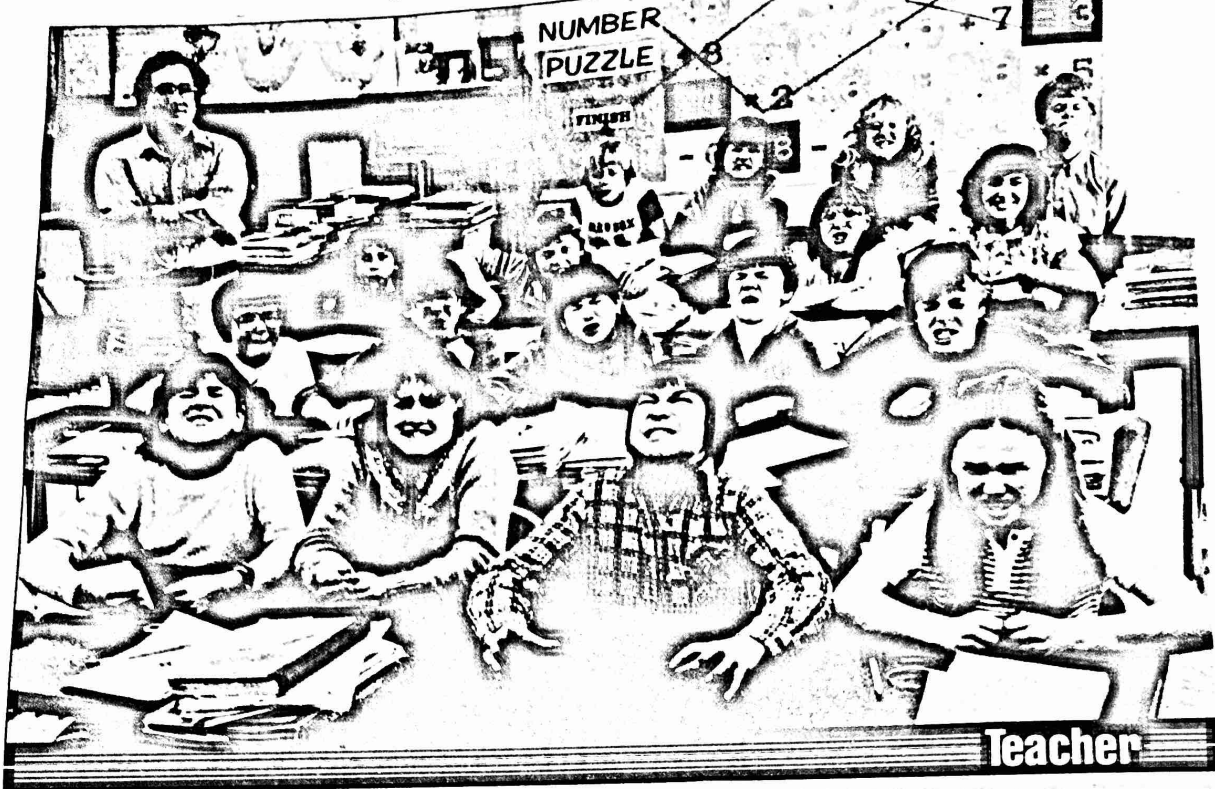
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POPULAR REALITY

A VITAL ORGAN OF THE SHINO UNDERGROUND



THE UNBELIEVERS AND A METHOD FOR MYSTERY INSULTS

Jake Berry
(of the Demonic Multitude)

An end to the romantic lusts of our torturers! Billions of dollars serving no purpose but to be counted and recounted in heaps of defiled power - numbers that don't exist. Poets garrulous heresies with common sense language. The reticence of their spirits leaving them no choice but to improvise out of the unimaginative stale vagina of sleeping intelligence. What use is it to make a proclamation among these hypocrites, weavers of glittering mendacity. Political structure has invaded poetry to the point that there is no longer any separation between them. It is no longer a reflection of the nausea order of society but has become a mirascom of it. There is precious little treasure to be found in the heap of animal shit most people refer to as poetry.

There is the drivel of the old school (what a joke) still trying in vain to force rigid rules on every line, still looking for the hidden meaning of every metaphor, not willing to let a being breathe for itself. And how indicative of the general order of things. And there is a much more recent pack of helpless idiots that say exactly what they mean but don't have the vision to see any thing to say except for a few sad treatises on boring events.

Meanwhile the search continues, bleak as the abyss before us for something that will startle us into living again. We have all acquired such impenetrable shields that nothing comes through without automatic censorship and division into categories of right and wrong. Never is there the attempt to simply perceive something as it rushes at us. Instead of selfishly translating everything into what use it might have in our success obsessed lives. There is not one truly original thought in one of us. Individualism has been lost for the sake of group goals insured of achievement due to the protective shell of group trance. How did we get so locked into this need for acceptance? If no one challenges life it will crumble. The only choices taken are the choices displayed on the social roster of possible experience. This universal lack of original ideas begins to dig a grave for our species. What a vault we've locked ourselves into! All in the name of survival. But this kind of survival is only a temporary fix and tomorrow we'll be out of smuck and life will withdraw. When it gets to that point what the hell difference does it make if our bodies are still breathing, our souls will have escaped from us and we're reduced to pure animal again, only now our instincts will be motivated by the superficial sustenance of money!

Every form of rot and erosion has set in, and its symbol in disease has been established. We are in the final throes of a death grip. Our blindness is almost complete, our sleep almost fatally deep. A soft dreamless sleep on satin cushions that smother us as we submerge constantly deeper into the inescapable tomb of greed and obsession. Needless to say after all of the above some attempt must be made to begin to eradicate the dilemma. For my own part I've been out doing my best to bring an end to christianity. Counting the drops of sperm in my ejaculation. Raising the preacher's wife in the dead of night behind the church building. Conjuring by means of necromancy, every possible abominable phantom, sending them out to carve away and eat the cunt hole of every christian nether using their husbands dicks after having them stuffed as fountain pens. Scattering slaughtered

babies on the church lawn and leaving the bloody ax in a deacon's closet. By charms and spells forcing the preacher to utter blasphemies in the middle of his orations. Burning homes of christians in such outrageous numbers that no one can take care of all the resulting refugees and they are left to starve. I have taken it as my sacred duty to put an end to this religious plague that has constrained humanity for 2 millenium. These selfish bastards will eventually be nothing more than a footnote in theological encyclopedias - a dead race, obscured from memory.

It is left to the reader to take the above as literally or symbolically as his guts will let him.

Also, as an artist, I want to pass along a few words for all of you out there who have some interest in extremist methods.

Diabolical schemes are not enough. It is time that art began to dig into the alchemy of the raw insult deeper than ever before. Not enough can be said about the salacious merits of just such devices. This ship weighed by an anchor of stupidity has set at harbor too long for us to be tongue ties, afraid to comment - not to mention the beauties of slandering someone for no other reason than they are walking around in various degenerative states inside the belly of the ancient degma beast - which looks incredibly like a rabid dog but with its face turned inside out, this being due to the fact that complacency can never resemble anything testifying to its true form.


So back to the insult - basically, it gets down to the truth that you are still a pure chaste virgin until you've slung your dick out into the wind created by the thousands of voices from people reclining in their impossible wealth in myriad forms of rot and disintegration -- Try counting your cunt hairs in the local mall on a busy Saturday- see how far you get - You either insult someone or you masturbate, either way the result is the same, you have accomplished an inverted union with something-outside of yourself, but remember to pray in private is now antiquated with the new dawn so simple onanism will not serve the purpose.

Of course, not everyone will actually perform sexual perversions in public, in fact very few, but sex has precious little to do with the process. The idea is to perform through video, writing, painting, live demonstration, etc. any act that is insultingly perverted. There should be no need to find a purpose for such avenues of behavior. Needless to say the act is liberating to the individual and life altering to anyone who falls victim of just this kind of elegant insult that will make hearts and souls fall from their broken boxes. At least for a second their cells will ignite with the blinding luminescence of a cathode ray tube and commercial free broadcasting will sparkle from every vent and pore. They will be forced into transmutation (if only for an instant) or they'll throw up a test pattern and block out the bits of their own life and feel guilty about that particular emotion for the remainder of their calculated lives. The gospel must be preached! If they have ears that will not hear of genitals that will not fuck then let them waste their time in droning mediocre hallways in the paradise of a jealous deluded demon.

But remember, all testimonies without some type of physical verification such as photographs, audio tapes, video, rumors, etc. will only be forgotten. So, take note of your obscenities and bleed your life into another.

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REPORT TO THE PEOPLE

WARNING: YOUR LEADERS MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH!

SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE...

Working For A Better America

ELEMENTARY WATSONIANISM

by Arson Wells

For me the burning issue (if you'll pardon the expression) is: "What is Watsonian Anarchism?" In the course of my work I came across this 1954 California case, a masterpiece of jurisprudence, which holds that an anarchist who sets up a literature table outside Sproul Hall in Berkeley creates a public nuisance. That is exactly how it looks to me, 30 years later, contemplating Strahl, Keating and company doing the same thing in the same spot. But the question remains, what is a "Watsonian anarchist"? I'll bet not even David Jacobs knows (but Donna will ask him). Is he a follower of the Watson who invented misbehaviorism, like B.F. Skinner? Or of the Dr. Watson who came under the influence of his good friend Morlock Holmes?

I wish to announce that I am the world's only Watsonian anarchist -ince Reuel S. Amdur has lapsed into the obscurity from which the police briefly raised him. A Watsonian anarchist spurns all the other hyphenated anarchists, mutualist-, -syndicalist, etc. A Watsonian anarchist is her own man. He is, above all, outside of and arrayed against the anarchist milieu in any form. He thinks that punk anarchists are, to paraphrase Celine, "much better firewood than a violin." Genetically she has the signature Z chromosome. He is a pathological truth-teller and, accordingly, he is regarded with suspicion and hatred by anti-authoritarians. He declines whatever role the Invisible Government assigns him in the ideological division of labor, such as the production of "biting flyers" for the entertainment of the jades at the Fifth Estate. A Watsonian anarchist is almost as anathema to the authorities as she is to the anti-authoritarians: only Watsonians are ever nominated for inclusion on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list although not accused of any Federal offense. (Or does PW, unbeknownst to us, have an FBI agent on the payroll? Endangering a Federal agent is a very serious matter.) A Watsonian is a loose cannon. Anarchists who (with a straight face) call for the abolition of work and a return to the Stone Age do not hesitate to diagnose Watsonians as "over the edge."

The small-minded might quibble that Watsonianism is nothing but an error in transcription. They might argue: Amdur really said -- "I am a Jeffersonian anarchist, and . . ." echoing Tucker's definition of an anarchist as an unterrified Jeffersonian democrat. (Watsonians are the only remaining unterrified anarchists; cf. "Anarchism & Other Impediments to Anarchy," Popular Reality.) Recounting the incident in court, the arresting officer might have quoted his rejoinder as follows: "A what-sonian anarchist?" Unfortunately the court opinion is devoid of Amdur's testimony, if any, but I firmly believe that so majestic and evocative an expression must have an objective referent with which I am proud to be associated. A Watsonian doesn't have to be a leftist, a feminist, a modernist, a humanist or anything else but himself. She stands by her friends -- another contrast with all the other anarchists -- and is unique in supposing that his ideas have practical implications. He treats everyone equally, hence egalitarians denounce his elitism. Because he is always consistent, nobody ever knows what he'll do next. She's not a quitter, but he knows when to quit. He is a Watsonian anarchist.

THE FOOL, WITH NOTES ON ITS INTERPRETATION
IN THE ESOTERIC TAROT BY THE NOTED EXPERT
DR AL ACKERMAN

Of all things occult, the Tarot is perhaps the most mysterious, although admittedly a b.w. on the morning after you've had two quarts of sweet wine often runs a close second. There is no question in my mind that if profound insights into this ancient and mysterious set of playing cards are what you are looking for, you have come to the right expert (me). And yet my voluminous knowledge of the Tarot's complex and beautiful designs is an enigma that has never been completely resolved. I mean, everybody else in my family plays bridge and votes Republican. I can remember my mother's reaction when I showed my first early affinity for the Tarot. "It's because you have the blood of gypsies in your veins, Albert, God help you." Poor Mother. To the end of her life she remained convinced that she had had infants switched on her at the maternity hospital and been given the wrong baby (me), and she frequently pointed to the mastery of the cards as proof of this tragic mix-up, as well as pointing to my talent for remaining unemployed and bringing chickens home under my shirt. I can still hear her: "I know that somewhere out there tonight why their dishonest gypsy family sits bewildered and heartbroken, wondering why their son has blue eyes and blonde hair and has become a lawyer or a dentist and insists on behaving like a fine, clean, upstanding pillar of the community." What an unhappy woman. Let's face it: not even the great predictions I was able to make using the Nine Card Spread could console her. Using this method I was once able to predict that her older brother, my Uncle Paul, who at that time was living over four hundred miles away in Cleveland, would soon be arrested for drinking the blood of a man named Epps. The cards were not clear on the exact quantity of blood Uncle Paul would consume before the Page of Swords and pulled him off Mr Epp's body, but the position of the card (reversed), the Nine of Cups, in conjunction with the card for Temperance (reversed), did indicate it would probably contain more calories than a bottle of Diet Tab. Sure enough, one week later, news of Uncle Paul's arrest appeared in all the leading papers, confirming the accuracy of my divination beyond question. Was my mother pleased by my success? Not so you'd notice. All she could say was: "I hope you don't intend to lounge around and read those cards in your undershirt if any reporters come by the house." But it is not of my own personal problems or disappointments that I wish to speak—but of the wider implications associated with the symbolism of the so-called "Esoteric" Tarot. More specifically, I have been asked to comment on the card which, among the Major Arcana, is traditionally unnumbered or, in some decks, is numbered zero, or both, or neither. I am speaking of course of The Fool. What follows then is but a sampling of the rich lore connected with this card.

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Not so, however, with the Esoteric Tarot. Here things are bolder, richer, more incisive. Take, for example, the Esoteric Felcher deck, which was used by Marie Felcher (1936-1978), who is said to have predicted the marriage of Napoleon I to Josephine Baker, and who later got into trouble over some government checks when certain tiny flaws, apparent only to the trained eye, indicated she had printed the checks herself, using Magic Marker and the cardboard from several Cheerios packages. In the Felcher deck there is no equivocation: The Fool is depicted as a real out-and-out schmuck. (See Fig 2.) This is apparent not only from his vacant, drooling expression but from the way the dog has managed to get all his clothes away from him and has dressed up in them. Another tip-off is how The Fool is wearing cold cuts on his head. I don't know about you, but a chapeau of cold cuts is the kind of thing I always associate with serious mental disorder. (I used to associate it with heavy, binge-type drinking as well, because of the way my friend Gerald Simonsen always insisted on wearing a slice or two of smoked turkey when he was on one of his benders, though eventually I learned from his family that he wore the turkey even when he was sober. His mother explained it by saying, "I think he just wants to look pretty." Which goes to show how little any of us really know about our friends, particularly when we have never seen them sober.) Therefore we can understand what Marie Felcher meant when she said, apropos of her decks: "The Fool represents the chaos before reason, and when I see it turn up in a reading I immediately think of the innocent spirit about to embark on physical incarnation and how Mom would always warn us girls not to ever dare sit on Grandpa's lap when he came over to the house at Christmas and would crouch behind the big tree in the living room, in his raincoat. It also makes me think of this crazy sailor boy named Steve I met on the bus to Denver one time, who said he was into Pink Floyd and nitrous oxide as a way of life. Like the Fool, his mood was joyous and carefree, yet hinted at pitfalls and trials just ahead. He was going to show me how he could climb up in the luggage rack and hold his breath, but before he got a chance to do that, the bus driver threw him off for screaming. Laughingly, he left the bus and walked away into the darkness, shaking his hips and going, "Book-book, book-book, book-book," just like a chicken. Real rubber room stuff. And this shows how the heady joy of the moment was his only concern, don'tcha think?" If you think this is clear, we should lose no time in moving on to our next example.

II. The Steiner Change Cards

The Steiner Change deck is generally attributed to either Antoine Court de Gabelin (1725-84) or Rick Soloway (who still lives at 199 Geary Street, in San

Francisco, as far as I know). Among its many unusual features are a number of Major Arcana that are exclusive to it alone and appear in no other deck I have ever run across or encountered—such cards as "Coping," "The Panther Lizard," "Futile Scrabbling," and "Baldness." As one might expect, given the outrageous nature of this deck, the card for The Fool is really something to behold, and most likely because of—
(Much Later)
Excuse me. My phone's ringing.

You are missing something, dear reader, not seeing me this morning. What a head I've got. If you can picture Caligula in need of a shave and trying not to spill coffee and tomato juice, and then cross this with a were-badger, you will just about have the picture. Four days ago in the middle of this article I stopped to answer the phone, and talk about your synchronicity! who should it be but my old pal Gerald Simonsen! (Remember? The guy who wears the turkey slices?) He was calling from the airport to say he had just flown in from Dallas on his way to Florida, and would be stopping over with us here at the house for a few days, "to kick back and know no pain, old buddy," as he likes to put it. Fine. Heh. But naturally there went my work schedule and good intentions to finish this piece. This morning, after involving me in a four day bender that wouldn't quit, Gerald finally took off for Florida. He left not only wearing two slices of turkey on his head heartening, because, after all, how many men in their early thirties do you know who have wrecked themselves with booze and yet still have the capacity to keep growing and reaching out for new experiences, like adding strips of ham and mayonnaise? Damn few, damn few. Well, Gerald's a boon companion, no doubt about it. (In fact, I would have to say the only source of disagreement between us is his contention that the best way to enjoy seafood is through a straw.)
Anyway—where was I in this article? Let me check my notes. Hm, that's odd, I can't seem to find them. Oh, well...an expert can always extemporize. To continue—

III. TONY

The little fellow's eyes, just open, were a pale milky blue. Even with his coat not yet dry, he still managed to totter up and stand there in the stall, wobbling on his four spindly legs and nuzzling close to his mother for milk. Cute as the very dickens, and his—
(EDITOR'S NOTE: Wait a minute, Ackerman. What are you doing? You're describing a foal. This article is supposed to be about The Fool. Remember?)
Oh—right. Ha, ha, ha. Well, I'll tell you, obviously I'm still not quite right in my mind after these last four days. To be perfectly honest, I just drank a glass of water and started rushing again, so I guess I will leave this article "as is" and go lie down. In case you need something extra to fill in with and are looking for a good esoteric-type spiritual discipline, here's a little piece of action I have found that never fails to deliver. In my book, it beats fooling around with a greasy old pack of cards any day.

First, take a jar of peanut butter and go over to your office or job site. Slip in the bathroom there and take off all your clothes. Then smear the peanut butter on the commode seat. Really smear it on thick. Then crouch down next to the commode and wait and when the boss comes in, you scoop a big fingerful of peanut butter up off the seat and lick it. Then you go (bright voice): "Hey! It's peanut butter, sir!"



Fig 1.



Fig 2.

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butter

Francisco, as far as I know). Among its many unusual features are a number of Major Arcana that are exclusive to it alone and appear in no other deck I have ever run across or encountered—such cards as "Coping," "The Panther Lizard," "Futile Scrabbling," and "Baldness." As one might expect, given the outre nature of this deck, the card for The Fool is really something to behold, and most likely because of—

Excuse me. My phone's ringing.

(Much Later)

You are missing something, dear reader, not seeing me this morning. What a head I've got. If you can picture Caligula in need of a shave and trying not to spill coffee and tamato juice, and then cross this with a were-badger, you will just about have the picture. Four days ago in the middle of this article I stopped to answer the phone, and talk about your synchronicity! who should it be but my old pal Gerald Simonsen! (Remember? The guy who wears the turkey slices?) He was calling from the airport to say he had just flown in from Dallas on his way to Florida, and would be stopping over with us here at the house for a few days, "to kick back and know no pain, old buddy," as he likes to put it. Fine. Heh. But naturally there went my work schedule and good intentions to finish this piece. This morning, after involving me in a four day bender that wouldn't quit, Gerald finally took off for Florida. He left not only wearing two slices of turkey on his head but also several strips of ham and some mayonnaise—something I find pretty darn heartening, because, after all, how many men in their early thirties do you know who have wrecked themselves with booze and yet still have the capacity to keep growing and reaching out for new experiences, like adding strips of ham and mayonnaise? Damn few, damn few. Well, Gerald's a boon companion, no doubt about it. (In fact, I would have to say the only source of disagreement between us is his contention that the best way to enjoy seafood is through a straw.)

Anyway—where was I in this article? Let me check my notes. Hm, that's odd, I can't seem to find them. Oh, well...an expert can always extemporize. To continue—

III. Tony

The little fellow's eyes, just open, were a pale milky blue. Even with his coat not yet dry, he still managed to totter up and stand there in the stall, wobbling on his four spindly legs and nuzzling close to his mother for milk. Cute as the very dickens, and his—

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Wait a minute, Ackerman. What are you doing? You're describing a foal. This article is supposed to be about The Fool. Remember?)

Oh—right. Ha, ha, ha. Well, I'll tell you, obviously I'm still not quite right in my mind after these last four days. To be perfectly honest, I just drank a glass of water and started rushing again, so I guess I will leave this article "as is" and go lie down. In case you need something extra to fill in with and are looking for a good esoteric-type spiritual discipline, here's a little piece of action I have found that never fails to deliver. In my book, it beats fooling around with a greasy old pack of cards any day:

First, take a jar of peanut butter and go over to your office or job site. Slip in the bathroom there and take off all your clothes. Then smear the peanut butter on the commode seat. Really smear it on thick. Then crouch down next to the commode and wait and when the boss comes in, you scoop a big fingerful of peanut butter up off the seat and lick it. Then you go (bright voice): "Hey! It's peanut butter, sir!"



THE FOOL

Fig 1.



THE FOOL

Fig 2.

Wild Magick Bulletin

ECOLOGY - EARTH RELIGION - TAO
official publication of E.L.F.
P.O. Box 1082, Bloomington, IN
47402 - \$5/4 issues - includes
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From NILCH



DESTRUCTION NOTICE

WHY — To prevent the enemy from using or salvaging this equipment for his benefit.

WHEN — When ordered by your commander.

HOW — 1. Smash — Use sledges, axes, handaxes, pickaxes, hammers, crowbars, heavy tools.

2. Cut — Use axes, handaxes, machetes.

3. Burn — Use gasoline, kerosene, oil, flame throwers, incendiary grenades.

4. Explosives — Use firearms, grenades, TNT.

5. Disposal — Bury in slit trenches, fox holes, other holes. Throw in streams. Scatter.

USE ANYTHING IMMEDIATELY AVAILABLE FOR DESTRUCTION OF THIS EQUIPMENT.

WHAT — 1. Smash — Front panels of sets, tubes, capacitors, meters, carrying cases, etc., castings and spark plugs of power supply.

2. Cut — All cords, cables, wiring, etc.

3. Burn — All smashed parts as well as all books and papers concerning the equipment.

4. Bend — Mast sections, dipole elements, etc.

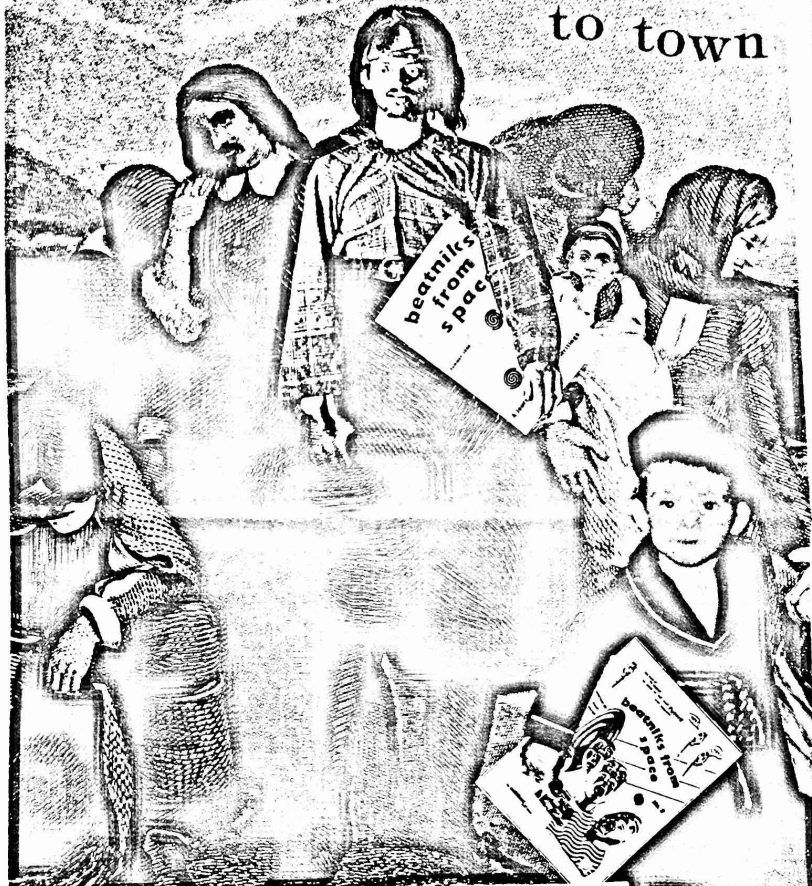
5. Bury or scatter — Any or all of the above pieces after breaking or burning.

DESTROY EVERYTHING

"Every man must shout: there is great destructive, negative work to be done. To sweep, to clean. The cleanliness of the individual materializes after we're gone through folly, the aggressive, complete folly of a world left in the hands of bandits that have demolished and destroyed the centuries. With neither aim nor plan, without organization: uncontrollable folly, decomposition."
- Tristan Tzara

ATTENTION! Cosmopolitan bourgeoisie wankers!

Duke D'Realo comes to town



"Aw, shucks. Just gonna plant some corn

and raise some little pigs..." he says.



CAT

FARM

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NEW ALBUM OUT SOON!
WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

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HAYMARKET 86 Chicago April 28-May 4

Shi'imo Moslems, an Islamic Shi'imo sect, have announced plans to disrupt Chicago along with a wide range of anarchist & revolutionary groups during the 100th anniversary of the Haymarket Riots. Also commemorated with die-ins, disruptions, demonstrations and sabotage will be the 16th anniversary of the Kent State Massacre and the 1st anniversary of No Business As Usual Day. Write the Chicago Shi'imo office, P.O. Box 4900, Chi. IL. 60680 for info & updates.

rock island arsenal targeted again

We are pleased to announce in NOTES once again, that the Chicago organization Disarm Now Action Group, as well as several other organizations, are calling for an action at the Rock Island Arsenal in the Quad Cities (Davenport and Bettendorf, IA and Rock Island and Moline, IL). The action will take place October 21st.

MARK YOUR CALENDERS!!!! OCTOBER 21st!!!!

For those unfamiliar with the previous action on June 4th, 1984, contact SHIMO (Chgo) for the glorious details (or DNA). We have reprinted a small portion of the call for the upcoming action and we are also reprinting their "Action Guidelines". We believe these guidelines are a major breakthrough and should be studied by those contemplating direct action/civil disobedience with large coalition-type groups. They are indispensable for the action to have the most powerful effect and also prevent most of the divisive shit that can come down between groups after an action. These guidelines are among the best we have seen in a long time... they allow for a diverse and creative action(s) to take place.

DNA encourages all those wishing to be part of the action to contact them before the action.

EXCERPT FROM THE CALL TO ACTION

Rock Island Arsenal is central to everything that is wrong in the U.S. and in the world: the mass-production of instruments of death while millions starve, escalating armed intervention against popular revolutions in the Third World, and rapid moves toward a nuclear World War III. The Midwest has the resources to feed itself and much of the world and to manufacture the machinery to grow that food. Instead, these resources lie idle.

Hundreds blockaded the Arsenal on June 4th, 1984, shaking its complacency and demonstrating the strengthening opposition to the Arsenal and what it represents. Project Disarm again calls for mass action to Shut Down the Arsenal on October 21, 1985, to confront and stop this military nerve center in the Midwest...

The Shut down is a challenge to the determination and creativity of all its participants. Within a set of nonviolent guidelines we will use creative blockade tactics to stop Arsenal workers from reaching Arsenal Island to plan and produce for U.S. wars.

As one local news article said after June 4th: "I drove over Government Bridge, and floodlights were glinting off the long strands of concertina wire. That was the same kind of razor-edged wire that stretched around Vietnam base camps like Lai Kha. I fear that Arsenal Island will never be the same. No longer will it be that big, green, friendly place... Maybe we've had it good for too long..."

Project Disarm intends that complacency and inaction will not return to the Quad Cities. We're coming back October 21st. Join us, and build the resistance.

(Ed. note: the concertina wire was placed after plans were announced for the June 4th, 1984 action.)

From NOTES FOR A NEW UNDERGROUND

ACTION GUIDELINES FOR "SHUT DOWN THE ARSENAL" OCTOBER 21st, 1985

Guidelines set the basic parameters of action in order to have a common understanding among participants, to allay fears, and to allow for a broad range of options and creativity for effectiveness.

The following guidelines will apply to all those participating in the October 21st Shut Down action at Rock Island Arsenal and in any smaller actions leading up to October 21st.

1.) We will behave in a nonviolent manner toward all individuals we encounter. We will not use physical violence: that is, we will not act with the intent to hurt or injure others nor do things that are likely to result in harm or injury to others.

Nonviolent body contact and nonviolent bodily force (that which does not hurt or injure others) may be used by action-participants in order to: a) defend ourselves or others against attack by police or counter-demonstrators, b) escape or help others to escape from arrest or attack situations, and c) more effectively disrupt/stop the ongoing violence which is the Arsenal's work.

2.) We will try to deescalate and defuse violent and potentially violent situations where doing so does not compromise our effectiveness or political position.

3.) We may choose to engage in creative and mobile tactics to prolong our actions and make them most effective. We will be careful not to recklessly endanger others; e.g., we will not run from the police into a crowd of supporters or observers where that would substantially increase the risk of their being arrested or attacked by the police.

4.) We will not bring drugs or alcohol... except for medical purposes.

5.) We will not carry weapons.

6.) We will not pre-arrange or negotiate with the police or other agents of the government. Negotiations that might take place after arrest (around jail conditions, treatment of prisoners or plea bargaining) are an exception, but even these should be approached with caution as the government is likely to use them as opportunities to diminish the impact of our actions.

We recognize that our nonviolent actions --- even our very opposition to U.S. militarism and our presence at Rock Island --- may "provoke" violence against us by security forces. As we become or try to become more effective, we will be met with increasing levels of violence.

The government's use of violence to keep the Arsenal working is an important factor for us to consider and prepare for, but it should not --- it will not --- stop or diminish our resistance. Our first priority must be to shut down the Arsenal and thus stop the violence it inflicts on millions the world over.

PROJECT DISARM (1985)

For more information on this action contact Project Disarm, c/o Disarm Now Action Group, 407 S. Dearborn #370, Chicago, IL 60605-1141 (312) 427-2533. We'll have reports from the action in the next NOTES FOR A NEW UNDERGROUND.

Nicaraguan Rebels Capture U.S. Peace Delegation



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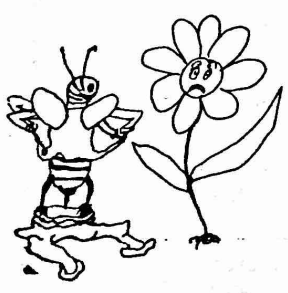
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TROUBLED TIMES??



The Hetero Feminist, Archivist, Journalist, Music and Book Reviewer... all this and more can be found in the latest issue of **TROUBLED TIMES**.
 Troubled Times is a tabloid of ideas and essays relevant to the troubled times we live in. Troubled Times is available by mail for 60¢ (postage included) or \$4.00 for six issues. Issues one, two, three, and four are still available. Our address: **TROUBLED TIMES P.O. BOX 1539 SANTA CRUZ, CA. 95061-1539**.
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How time some it is to hear that "life is all about change and growing" when what's really meant is that "you must cut this horseing around out" and acquiesce to a clockwork world of servile con for m'ism - we are too smart for such ruses!

do not tell us we must "grow up" and "mature!" what you call maturity we call returning to the womb. We have no intention of trading in our free and autonomous lives for an ordered insular life where one is surrounded, trapped, and swallowed by "responsibilities" where one has to accept the status quo "because" that's the way it is!

Indeed: "growing up" is really a social pathology

"+reads" will also not fool us as these do not rip the social fabric but eventually are woven into it. We need a full all-encompassing break. You won't tell us to sleep with the passive 9-5 world of mortgages, marriages, and unending mediocrity of orange hair, long hair or no hair. Away with all infantile distractions! For ours shall be lives of 1000 summer smiles!! - but yes! believe we've agreed: it's time to be assertive. what game shall we play: firebug? or demolition expert? The unnatural world has so many targets...

we enjoy and are enjoyed because we are ageless

© mayhem komix - bob mcclynn (Agent) - please reproduce by the hundreds of billions

Imitation is the sincerest form of mockery.
 -The Righteous Dervish

A new kind of OBEY

My life is wasted day after day at work, and like so many others I just go through the motions, unwillingly. Maybe that's why I can almost see the compulsion to consume as a real form of terrorism. But what else could make up for a life without freedom or meaning if not my purchases.

Of course, we all try to pull away from the buying and selling—who isn't more jaded and weary than committed to it all? No one takes seriously anymore the old ideologies of authority, such as patriotism and the work ethic. And the authority of consumption allows cynical conformity, one without illusions. Wherever images of refusal, such as punk, appear for me to identify with, I know that my disgust for this society has been taken for granted again. But this war...

Handing of life treads on thinner and thinner as alienation deepens. Forced to invoke current rebelliousness, the show never quite manages to assuage those desires of a rebellious current that transcend the limits of spectacular-commodity society. I try to reconcile myself to these daily humiliations through militancy over pressing issues, but that seems like just another diversion from the emptiness of it all. And what if it's really me that's at stake?

DIRECT ACTION COMIX!

MULTI-DEATH CORP.

Would you Sign This Petition?

Oh, No

WHY?

BECAUSE IT DOESN'T SOLVE ANYTHING!

MULTI-DEATH CORP.

SURE IT DOES, IF 1,000,000 PEOPLE SIGN IT WE CAN SEND IT TO A CONGRESSMAN, + 1,000 MEETINGS LATER SOMETHING MAY HAPPEN.

SHIT

MULTI-DEATH CORP.

IF YOU WANT TO CLOSE THIS PLACE DOWN, TRY THIS!

CLICK

I'M GOING TO LOSE PROFITS IF I DON'T GET OUT RIGHT NOW!!

WHAT ABOUT MY PETITION!

BYE

THE SHIMO UNDERGROUND ANTHOLOGY

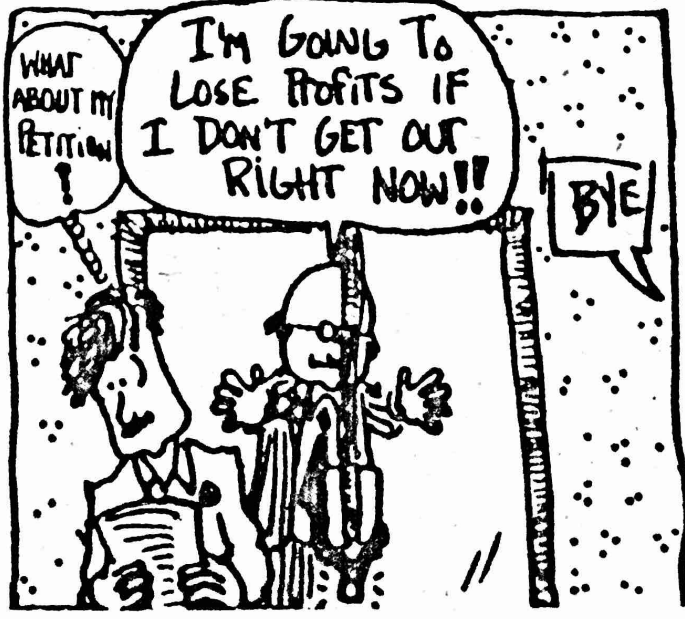
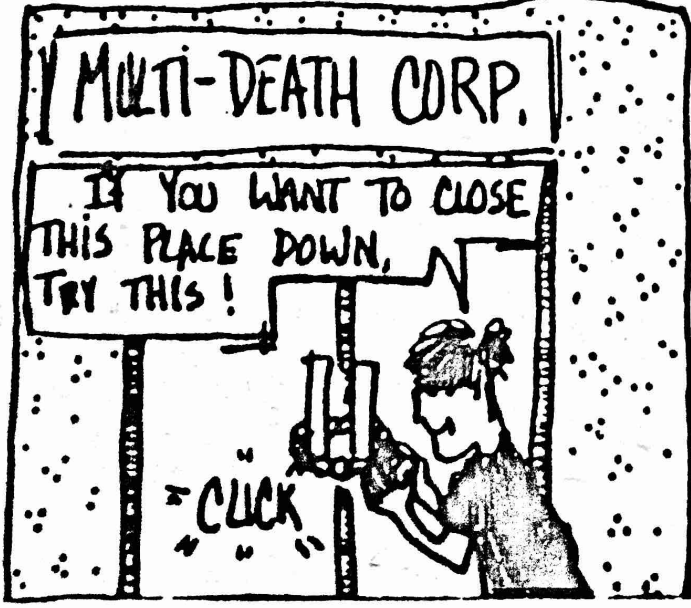
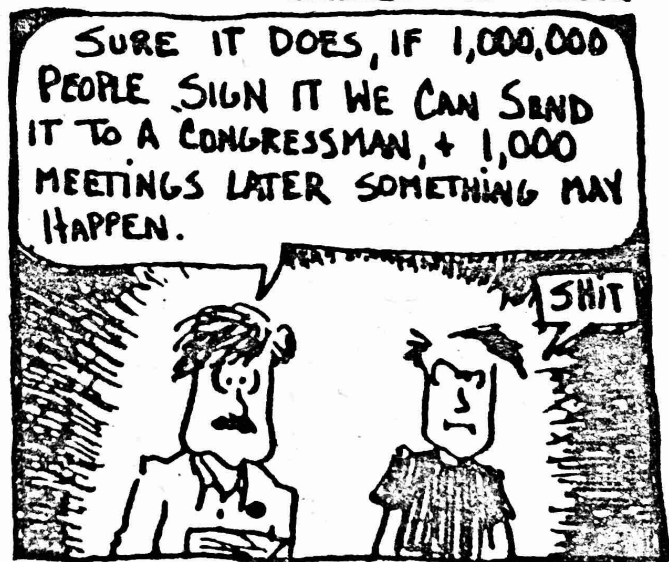
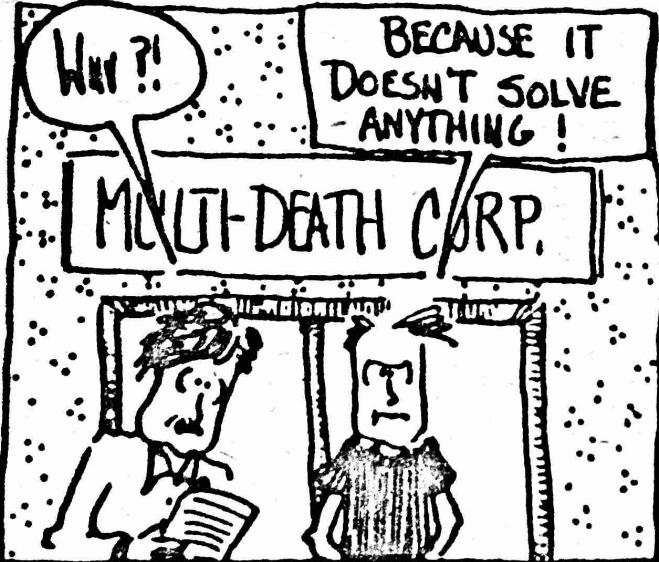
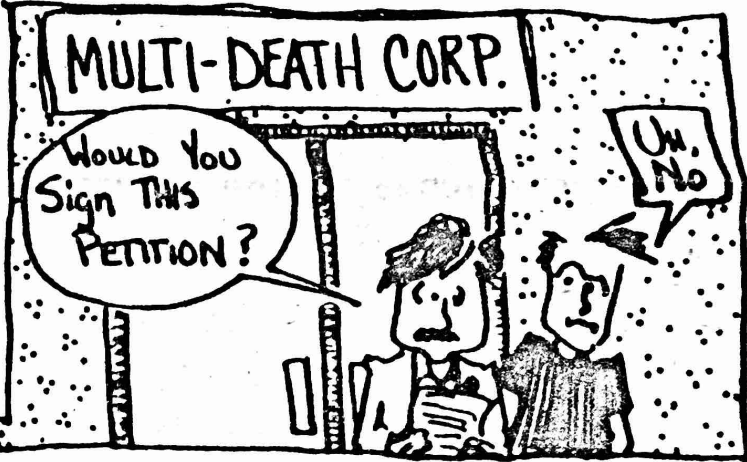
-A project expected to be published next year at an undisclosed date, is soliciting preferably unpublished works by ShiMo affiliates (however a ShiMo affiliate is determined- you decide) for inclusion. - Especially looking for federal, state, & local political surveillance files, Autonomens adventures, tales of sabotage, and confrontations with the Nazis & Klan. Send materials to Tentatively A Convenience, P.O. Box 382, Baltimore, MD. 21203.

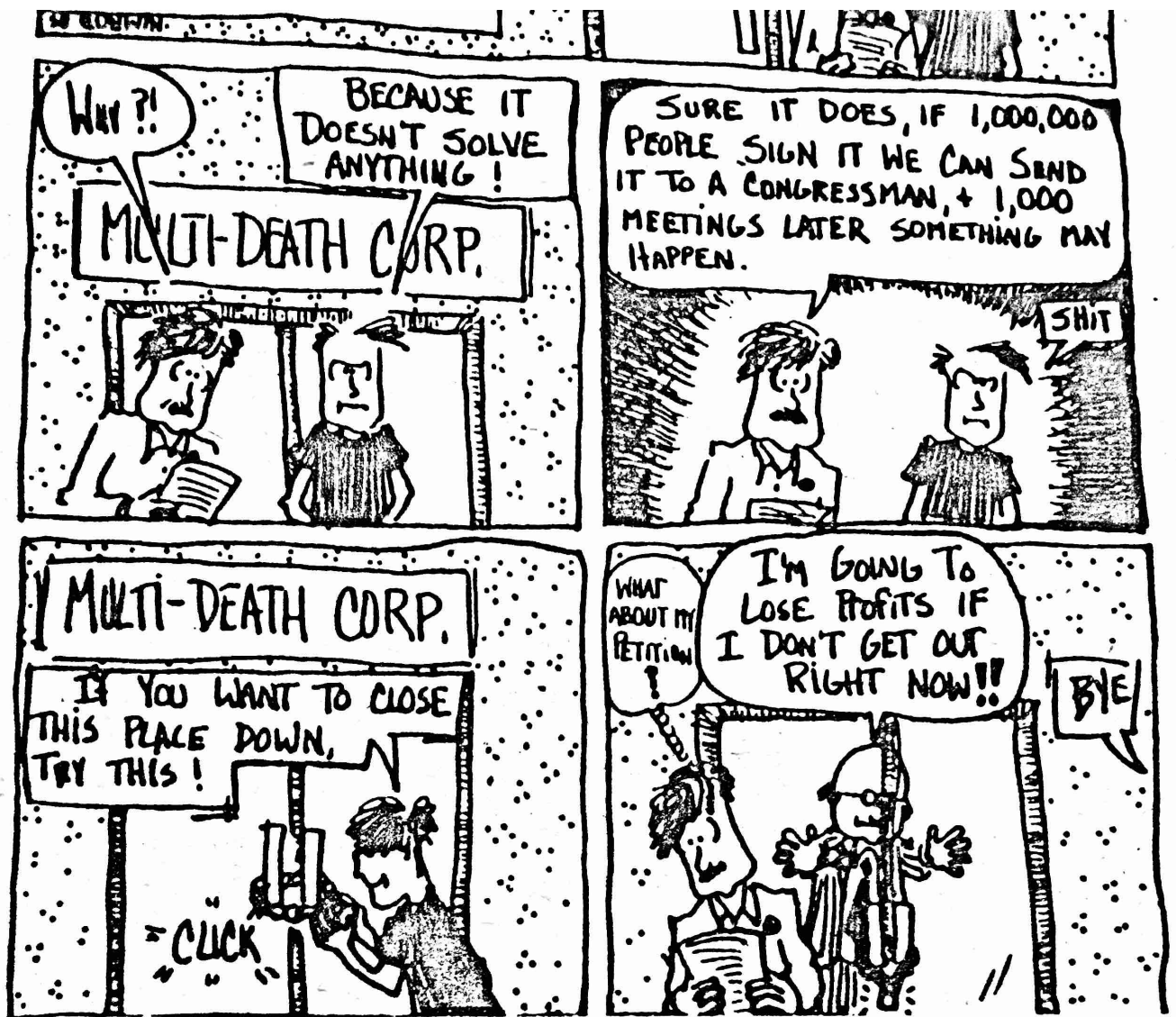
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shall we play; firebug; or demolition expert? The natural world has so many targets...

DIRECT ACTION COMIX!

NUMBER 1





THE SHIMO UNDERGROUND ANTHOLOGY

-A project expected to be published next year at an undisclosed date, is soliciting preferably unpublished works by ShiMo affiliates (however a ShiMo affiliate is determined- you decide) for inclusion. - Especially looking for federal, state, & local political surveillance files, Autonomen adventures, tales of sabotage, and confrontations with the Nazis & Klan. Send materials to Tentatively A Convenience, P.O. Box 382, Baltimore, MD. 21203.

Empathy for the Just
By R.A. Knight

...Excerpt from a smalltown cable system talk show...

Host: Money has a way of finding itself in the hands of people who know how to use it--sometimes. And today we have one of those sometimes with us. Charles Entlon was announced last week as the winner of the states lottery. Mr. Entlon will receive, over the next ten years, a total of 4.5 million dollars. Mr. Entlon will be with us after this message.

(Megaburger commercial)

Host: Welcome back. My first guest is Mr. Charles Entlon, winner of the four and-a-half million state lottery. (applause) Mr. Entlon...

Chas: Chas.

Host: Chas, I introduced you as a person who knows what to do with his money. What plans do you have?

Chas: I intend to start a campaign to help starve the over-fed peoples of the world.

Host: How?

Chas: Massive media blitzes!

Host: Such as?

Chas: Giant, sloppy, oozing, drippy pizzas superimposed over pictures of decaying babies with a soundtrack of the amplified eating sounds of maggots played backwards at a subliminal level.

Host: Sounds disgusting.

Chas: Yes!

Host: What else?

Chas: Immense billboards with a picture of a pitiful starving family next to a photo of a fat guy with giant lettering that reads: 'This Man's Lunch Could Have Saved Their Lives.'

Host: Very interesting, but now we must pause.

(Double Megaburger promotional advertisement)

Host: Back again with my guest Mr. Charles...

Chas: Chas.

Host: Chas Entlon, winner of the states 4.5 million dollar lottery and founder of the campaign to help starve the over-fed peoples of the world. Chas, you've described a few of the ideas for your campaign, do you really think these tactics will convince the people to not eat?

Chas: No.

Host: Then what is your goal?

Chas: I want to make the people nauseaus.

Host: Sick?

Chas: Vomiting. It won't be the advertisement itself--taken at face value--the message will be in the subliminals; pressure sales to the subconscious. They'll get the message but they won't know why they get the dry heaves whenever they eat, see or even think about certain foods.

Host: Incredible! And what are you're long range plans?
Chas: I don't have any.
Host: Oh--so you've invested all of the 4.5 million in this project?
Chas: Well, not quite all of it. I invested some in a restaurant chain.
Host: A restaurant chain?
Chas: Tax shelter.
Host: O-kay. Well that's all the time we have for today. I want to thank my guest, Chas Entlon, founder of the campaign to Help Starve the Overfed Peoples of the World. See you next week. (applause)

(Double cheese Megaburger commercial with a soundtrack of the amplified eating sounds of maggots played backwards at a subliminal level)



WORKERS OF THE WORLD: QUIT!

If You Do, The Boss Will Too.



Fill in and clip out the coupon below. Send it to anyone with a workerist fetish.

YES, WORK IS NOT ON MY AGENDA. I QUIT! WHY NOT JOIN ME? *

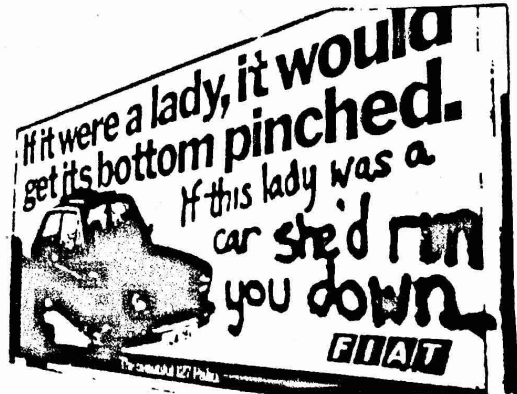
(name) _____ (Local Union) _____

(address) _____

* LET US TURN LIFE INTO A SERIES OF PLAYFUL PAST TIMES AND REALLY ENJOY WHAT THERE IS OF IT.

SIGNED:

From NILCH



"In 1985 affluent America, poverty is the greatest child killer," said a report released by the Children's Defense Fund. "More American children die each year from poverty than from traffic fatalities and suicide combined. Twice as many children die from poverty than from cancer and heart disease combined."

The congressional report said more than 2.5 million of the 13.8 million children below the poverty line live in families where at least one person has a full-time job. "This belies the widespread view," the congressional report said, "that a full-time job throughout the year is near-insurance against poverty."

A Unique 1980 Commemorative

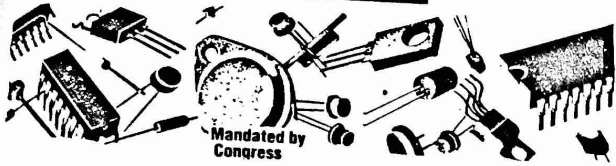
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actual size



Mandated by Congress

Celebrating the 20th

Anniversary of John F. Kennedy's Election to the Presidency

Think how proud you'll be to own this

12 WAYS TO MAKE A VALID CONTRIBUTION TO SOCIETY

1. Liquid steel all the locks to your local butcher shop, porn store, police car, school or factory. (Liquid steel is a stronger and more permanent form of super glue.)
2. Order cabs, pizzas and everything that delivers, to one address, in a crowded intersection, during rush hour, at the same time.
3. Make false dinner, airport and hotel reservations.
4. Steal goods from your boss and give them to your friends.
5. Put "OUT OF ORDER" signs on pay phones, video games, change machines, automatic bank tellers, stamp machines, newspaper boxes, etc. etc..
6. Pay for a paper in a newspaper box and take them all out.
7. Put potatoes in the exhaust pipes of expensive automobiles and police cars. After the car has run for a few minutes, it will send a potatoe flying through the air.
8. Pour sugar in the gas tanks of expensive automobiles and police cars. It will completely and permanently clog up the gears of the engine.
9. Pour Coca-Cola on offensive automobiles, it will melt the paint.
10. Tie a wet sponge in the smallest ball possible with a thin string, let it dry in the sun, and then remove the string. Now, go to the large corporation that you hate the most, and flush it down their toilet. The sponge will expand in the water and clog up the pipes.
11. Order the most bizzare pizza conceivable (not for delivery) and don't pick it up. Soon, an employee of the store will bring it out to the dumpster because it has not been paid for. Wait for them to leave. Once they have left, go to the dumpster and pull out your free meal. (It is best to do this near closing time.)
12. Fill an empty yogurt container with paint, put the top back on, and throw it against a billboard. Upon contact the top will fly off and paint will splatter everywhere.

BOGUSOLOGY

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Hilarious!

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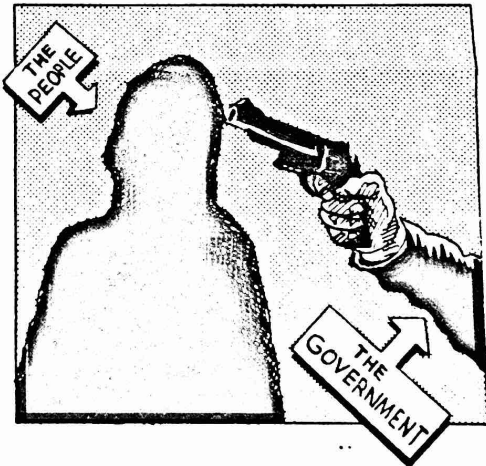
Bogarat - a real joker! Send question(s), \$10 each; receive diagram of real Tarot-card spread used to get answer, cassette-taped, hilarious analysis!

Great gifts - tickle your friends! Send relatives packing! Drive enemies bananas!

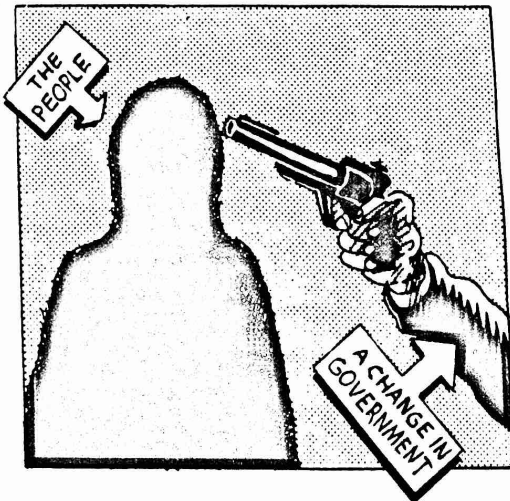
Write: Yael Dragwyla, Box 1548, Goleta, CA 93116

or call (805) 963-2847

It's a wonder we could remember dreaming up this silliness when we sobered up the next morning!



Democracy



LIBERATION

- bloated with
- chips & salsa
- Kool smokes &
- Nawico red port wine
- i arrest a million roses
- wear the brown badge in my shorts
- oop then drop 20 tabs of Tums
- speed home
- take a short snooze
- then rise & release
- all the inmates

Ronald Edward Kittell

DAVE LESTER 1980

We're Looking for Those "Special Few"

To Bill Brown

Dear Grad Student,

Somebody who thinks "insults" are "violence" has been in school way too long. Having read the complete Brown/Todd/Black file, including the parts you left out because they make you look stupid, I'd say they were wise to stop dealing with you, simply because you are a liar and a faker.

Black and Todd took your hang-up over the word "dominatrix" more seriously than it, or you, deserved. Todd, as he patiently explained in one of the passages you suppressed, is obviously well aware of the S & M connotations of the word, that's why he used it, chump. You claim to have read Sade and don't know there's a power dimension to sex and a sexual dimension to power? That's not the most important aspect of the Processed World case, whose substance you withhold from your readers, or the Eugene anti-nuclear milieu, but you're only interested in words, not the world. (By the way, Black didn't know you were a student -- he's one too -- but you model every student mannerism the S.I. lambasted. He shot from the hip but you present so big a target, he couldn't miss.)

You learned nothing from the sits but their bad manners. They, though, would not tolerate falsifiers like you (cf. their treatment of the academic Maitron as described in the Knabb anthology). One incident is enough. You edit out (on p. 29) your letter to Black, the one following the second "friendly tone" letter but before the one full of "righteous indignation and insults," implying that Black gratuitously commenced the insulting. In fact, you did, throughout the correspondence, and particularly in the first sentence of your omitted letter, which went something like, "Gee, Bob, for a nice guy you sure do say some stupid things," etc. When Todd much later sent Black his correspondence with you, there was more of the same. Then he "cut Bill Brown a new asshole," as somebody said.

One last thing: you are misogynist, regardless of the merits (none) of your complaints -- I wouldn't dignify them as "criticisms" -- of Black and Todd on this score. (Naturally when they found they had a live one they escalated their "macho bellowing" to get a rise out of you.) You know, but prefer not to speak of PW's psychotic persecution of its predominantly female ex-staffers, which actually preceded the Black/PW clash. With his fuck-off letter to you Black sent a flyer by one of these women, Sally Frye, the one the PW's threatened to call the police on last year. A woman's place is in the book, not practicing political criticism (and distributing it on the street), so you say that what Black sent you was "his flyers": Except as icons, women are invisible to you. They're okay as abstract victims whom you chivalrously defend, but their autonomous actions don't gibe with your feminism so, like PW, you expropriate their practice and attribute it to the Macho Man, Black. Liar, censor, humorless asshole -- and now, sexist too.

Rapmaster

Dear Whomever,
Okay, you've got my curiosity, and now my money too. Please give me a 6-issue subscription to Popular Reality. I hope it's anywhere near as interesting as you make it sound.

Punk & Disorderly,
D. Nihilson
Fort Kent, ME.

Dear Conspiracy:
I just read your issue #8 & left a lot so I want more. Enclosed, therefore, is a check for \$2 to cover cost of next 6 issues.
B. Crumman
Port Charlotte, FL.

Dear Crowder,
I agree with B. Brown's observation that PopReal "often stands in direct contradiction with ideas being expressed in the...texts". For example, AAA's subversion of commodities and property and your policy to run commercial advertisements. It takes me back to 1972 to an Ann Arbor Sun staff meeting above the Blind Pig when we discussed our feelings of running cigarette & car ads. There was an ethical hierarchy in which we stuck different products; no one considered how they were equally the result of capitalist exchange, the exchange of our labor (wage). And somehow we considered ourselves revolutionaries!
Anyways, your project shows potential.
All the best,
G. Brown
Orlando, FL.

Dear Rev.,
Do you still have any PopReal issues that have the "Caution Is Needed In Terrorism" cover? I'd really like to get one. The police stole my copy and used it as evidence (why?) at my trial for subversive activity. Life is never dull here at Ground Zero...
Regards
C.C.
Springwater, NY.

Dear PopReal:
Slam my face in the door! You got some threatening stuff here. Politics have never been so perfectly mangled. Here's my two bucks. Scare me!
in assassination,
J. Berry
Florence, AL.

GIMIE!

Thank you.
A. Holloway
Austin, TX.

Hey People,
Well, I saw your ad in Maximum Rock 'n' Roll and I'm ready for a zine that "fucks with my mind 'til I'll come to my senses". So could you please send me 6 issues for \$2. My \$2 are enclosed. Thanks a bunch!
Love, Peace, and Anarchy,
Candy
Jacksonville, FL.

I'm gonna fuck the shit out of Mobil.
That's MY reality...
Send sample issue...
Westport, CT.

Dear David,
The Women's Issues issue is your most ambitious- and successful- to date... You put together a coherent- and certainly crazed- edition. _____'s favorite thing is the female brag... Congratulations on a superb issue...

Love,
J
Eugene, OR.

Hello-
It just ain't my nature to "submit" or "subscribe" (consider the meanings!) but I like to make myself handy around the planet, so I am known to support & contribute...
Now I must confess- Popular Reality is a title that strikes my fancy like Quasimodo beatin' off his favorite bell. If there's any real danger to Life On Earth, it's in standardization...
I think my guitar was born in Kalamazoo around the turn of the century. Does that make us neighbors?
Yours in version
R
Winnipeg, Man. Canada

Popular Reality,
I made it halfway through Bob Black's article "Feminism As Fascism" before discarding the paper into the garbage. Please remove my name from your mailing list.
Doug
Agassiz, EC. Canada

Dear Folks,
Just saw a copy of your June-July 1985 issue of Popular Reality, and your centerfold has prompted me to write this letter. You guys seem pretty anti-authoritarian to me (if not downright, gasp, anarchistic) so it started me to see a two page spread on "No Business As Usual", with most of the pictures and text pulled from the Revolutionary Worker, mouth organ of the Revolutionary Communist Party, notoriously Stalinist-Maoist group.

Before you think I'm one of these ultra-critical armchair anarchist types, let me present my credentials. I work in the collective, Bound Together Bookstore, have done & designed flyers, posters, and T-shirts endlessly, know the people at AAA in Eugene, OR., etc., etc.. I even worked on a Rapid Project (Rapid 4 30) for anarchist NBAU day, 4/30. However, a lot of people don't know the RCP connection with NBAU, AND the RCP is using it as a recruiting tool.
Anyway, here is a collection of articles & leaflets that I know have sprung up about NBAU. The first, "A Call To Hang Up On" was written by a friend of mine in response to "A Call To Act". "A Hang Up To Fall On" is the RCP response, interesting in that they took "A Call To Hang Up On" seriously enough to merit a reply. Next, a letter written by San Francisco anarchists involved with the NBAU clearinghouse here airing their difficulties. Also, I include a statement by Seattle anarchists who purged the RCP from their actions.

NBAU was supposed to be a one time action- a popular front brought together by a common need to act. The RCP is turning it into a recruiting tool, as much the RCP as the RCYB (Revolutionary Communist Youth Brigade) is. I include flyers showing the RCP's intention to continue NBAU on Aug. 6-9, the 40th anniversary of Hiroshima/Nagasaki. It's important to let the people know the truth of NBAU; despite the militancy, the RCP are leading innocents and ignorants, like lambs to the slaughter, to confrontations (needless & stupid) with the police. I ignore what they wrote in the RW- NBAU here in SF was a farce. About 100- 150 people following orders of the RCP- even the die-ins were orchestrated. (We overheard the leaders telling people, "Time to get up now, we've made our point.")
Anyway, hope you aren't offended by this letter. (It's meant to be informative, not critical). I would also like to know if anyone else sends in critical info on the RCP/NBAU connection. I'm trying to keep track of it.

Salud!
F. Beer
San Francisco, CA.

Dear Popular Reality,
Greetings from the Berkeley of the midwest (I've only been here a week, but apparently this is one characterization of Lawrence-- and it does seem a pretty hip place)... Please keep up the good work--I think your paper is very funky and a valuable contribution to the struggle against the boredom (including the "left wing" variety) that is boring most of us to death.

Stay cool,
G. Maritain
Lawrence, KS.

Dear Crowder,
I just read that article in Not Bored and it certainly was interesting. It is amazing what people will fight about. Don't you just hate it when people write in and cut down your zine? I know it is helpful but it still bugs the shit out of me. I liked the tin foil name thing for Not Bored #8. It's a cool zine, but he sounds a little too gung-ho against sexism (Criticism of the Madonna thing in the Free Beer article is ridiculous). The zine was also so fucking intellectual...
By someone's way, what does ShiMo Underground mean anyway? Is it some bizarre ground mean anyway? I work in the Jesus cult we'll be reading about in the Weekly World News? (This week's top story is about a gay terrorist group who use AIDS instead of bombs. Is that homophobia or what?) Well thanks for PopReal #8 and the ad deal!

Art Decco
Raleigh, NC.

David-
I was very interested in your correspondence with Bill Brown of Not Bored. Personally, the guy seems like an overinflated twit trying to out-bullshit everyone. I don't really get into the finer points of the revolutionary theories because it tends to become an elitist extravaganza. Bill can't possibly think he's really accomplishing much along the lines of getting through to people when 99% of the people can't understand what the hell he's saying. Maybe if I work hard for the next 10 years, I can be a post-grad student too!
But so much for getting real negative. I think PopReal does a good job of keeping at least a minimum of material that is understandable by the ground level person. I'm looking forward to the ShiMo FBI surveillance files. I've been working on my goal of getting a file before I'm 19, and with three years to go I could have a real masterpiece...
Sincerely,
S. Sandra
Ann Arbor, MI.

Reprint anything. Reject all possessiveness of thoughts.
Captain Zero
Newbury, OH.

Dear Popular Reality,
Popular Reality is a great play on words. The images it conjures up make me laugh. I'm really interested in a subscription... "Underground" newspapers always put me in touch with reality. Please send me subscription information.

Love,
C. Potter
Washington, D.C.

Thank you for putting out such a funny & lucid publication. (Although I could do without the SubGenius stuff).
C. Morse
Poughkeepsie, NY.

Dear Popular Reality-
...You seem like honest folks.
A. Milner
Ypsilanti, MI.

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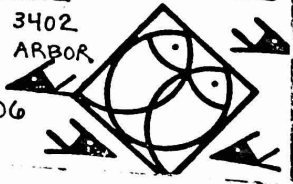
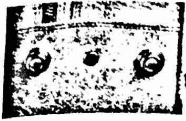
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From MAGGOT SANDWICH



Hey you people there at Popular Reality. It's me Joe ShiMo himself telling you to keep it up and keep it going. I am here at home watching reruns of Laverne & Shirley eating a hearty meal of a frozen Mexican dinner and a diet grape soda. Your magazine makes me want to puke purple refried beans all over my Tom and Jerry comix. What a surprise to read about my old friend Captain Hard-On and his three day old sperm buddies. Those rascals have more fun than a roving band of black debutants during a rehearsal of Gone With The Welfare Check. And what's this slanderous rot I read about my old friend and x-roomate Bob Black? It makes me want to choke my chicken every time I see that kind of trash in print. Speaking of trash in print, where do I send my own original drawings and writings to possibly be printed in Popular Reality? Will my postman know, will my minister or Rabbi know? Will you tell my mother? Does she care? Does she know but won't tell me? Kan I buy it at the local swap-meet?

I work at the most fucked-up place imaginable. A law library. All kinds of human garbage to deal with, mostly the kind who call themselves lawyers. They make up the biggest pile of human refuse I have ever worked with. Popular Reality is a refreshing change to the norm around here, where Ronald Reagan is the patron saint for most men and women are not only cheap, they are the ones who are three feet tall with pistol-grip ears and flat heads and don't want to hear any excuses about not having anyplace to put your beer. Popular Reality has made it easier to live and work in this steaming metropolis.

Fucking asshole lawyers!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
Sin Sear Lee
D. Rosales
San Bernardino, CA.

Dear David,
I just heard that in order to try to prevent the spread of AIDS, the Reagan administration's going to try to get an amendment to the Constitution passed outlawing sex. But all this will do is bring into existence such things as bathtub sex, fuck-running, and bootleg marriage manuals, and meanwhile AIDS will die a natural but grisly death at the molecular bonds of the DDT, plutonium, and other goodies with which our bodies are now permanently chock-full, unable to compete...

Until Shangri-La,
Ricky
Santa Barbara, CA.

Hey Crowbar:
Thought I'd drop you a line to inform you that there is no longer a ShiMo affiliate in Phoenix, (at least not me). I'm hidin' out here in the suburbs of Ann Arbor, so maybe we can get together and swap lies, recipes, etc...)

J. O'Connell
Pinckney, MI.

Dear Dave
One comment about last issue- I hope you're not going to do any special Women, Gay, Black, Men, Children or any other single issue paper, they never seem to please any of the people, anytime, at least for me. But keep up the good work. PRs are hot shit around here.

Let me know what's going on in Ann Arbor. Things are slow here, so I would die to hear what's going on up there.

That's about it. Keep in touch.
Chuck
Gainesville, FL.

Dear David-Crowbar
Enjoyed Feminism As Fascism and for that matter all else I've read by Bob Black. He cuts through a lot of the either-or bullshit that has paralyzed a lot of the possibilities for truly "revolutionary" thought for the last 15-20 years or so. I have no ShiMo concept and am basically unaware who's who just as well, but I subscribe to the 100th Monkey geebagg and as long as something's happening/someone's alive and either extraordinarily excited or obnoxiously pissed about it we got a pulse left... Hope you stay in touch. Like the mag & all that.

Until later
T. House
Nashville, TN.

And finally, more from my good chum Bill Brown of Not Bored zine:
You have GOT to be kidding. Like I'm supposed to be SO happy that you were "very pleased" with my PopReal thing that I don't notice that you handled the letters to the editor thing about Todd/Black and I REALLY POORLY and with such obvious protect-your-friend-ism. Don't mean to get too self-righteous with you, David, but I really think PopReal 8 was RATHER unimpressive from many points of view.

#1. How COULD you forget? The whole subject of my original criticisms of both Todd and Black concerned ISSUES of SEXISM. Don't you think it looks REALLY BAD when you've kept everything out of your presentation of my relationship with Todd/Black that pertains to SEXISM, to the original issue*. The only way a person could know just what the fuck is going on would be to write for yet ANOTHER text, ANOTHER set of texts, for the complete collections of letters. Why the evasion on YOUR part? Why not put a brief summary of the issue at the top of the letters you excerpt and print? Are you trying to protect your friends? Why don't we ever read about what THEY think????

#2. But you DO quote all the insulting things I wrote to Todd/Black. Why don't you quote ANY of the insulting things (need I remind you?) they wrote TO ME**. Why the evasion on your part? Are you trying to protect your friends?

#3. When s/he reads my sentence: "Situating the Pro-Situs"... "sums up the entire...affair from my perspective," and the one that goes: "Situating the Pro-Situs' is already an implied critique of PopReal," the ATTENTIVE reader of the letters to the editor section will no doubt smell a rat (name-ly you). Why didn't you print the Pro-Situ thing ALONG WITH the letters to the editor? Why the evasion on your part?

#4. Why didn't you print MY response to your "Jeez Bill you don't quit do ya" letter? Did YOU have to have the last word? Why are YOU the center of attention now? YOURREADERSAWAITYOURANSWERS,NOYME.

Quite sincerely
Bill Brown
Buffalo, NY.

*Isn't that why an editor would print those particular letters and texts in ANY "Women's Issues Issue"? No doubt you are aware one can distinguish GOOD editors (political leanings are irrelevant here) from BAD editors...(?)

**More tell-tale traces: you even say in YOUR OWN (second) letter to me that you will be "reprinting most of them in the next PopReal", meaning PopReal #8, the thing in hand. Dontcha think people gonna wonder what ya did with 'em?

Hi Bill. Sorry ya didn't like my handling of our correspondence. I'll admit that I wish I could've done a better job with it, but everybody that I've heard from so far who's read yer exchange with Black & Todd & Situating the Pro-Situs think that I've been more than fair with you.

The reason that I didn't end up reprinting the whole thing was because I couldn't give up the three pages needed for it, it dragged on too much and was boring in it's entirety, you and Black preferred that I didn't anyway, and I thought the issues of sexism were relatively lame. I didn't publish Situating the Pro-Situs because you already did and, as I said before, it was quite distorted. You committed all of the crimes therein that you've accused me of, only in spades.

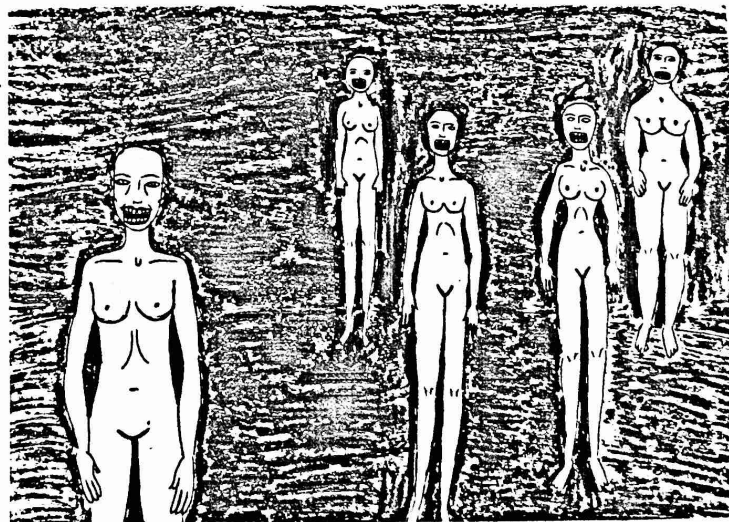
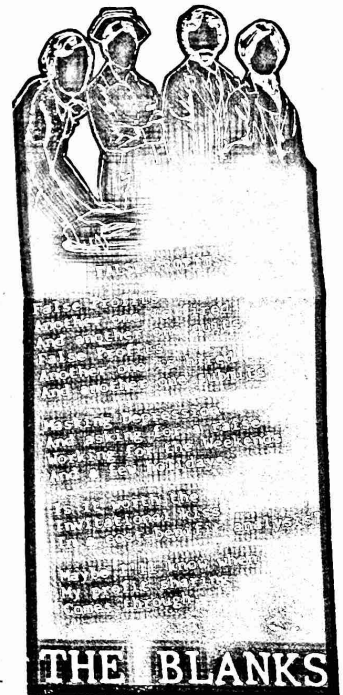
I offered the complete texts to anybody interested at well below my cost of copying & mailing them, which is more than you did. Nobody need be "attentive" to see that what was printed was incomplete. I'll let you know if anybody wants to see the whole spiel.

The reason I inserted some of your insults was for the benefit of readers of Not Bored. In Situating the Pro-Situs you made a big deal about Black & Todd's insults and somehow forgot to mention yours at all, and you started it- with both barrels blazing-, so give me a break. You can quit thinking that everybody's ganging up on ya, too. It's just when ya treat people like shit they're naturally gonna respond in kind. I really can't imagine any reason for me to "protect" anybody or how I've "evaded" anything.

I probably will continue reprinting our correspondence in the Letters. I don't have a copy of my last one to you, so I'd have to try to summarize it if you don't send me a copy. I liked yer last letter, altho I can never find a counteractive ideal in your missives to the "hatred" you've previously warned others against. When yer mad your writing is shorter and crisper. All the underlined words make it look more dynamic and you never quote or even mention the Situationist International.

-As to why I should be the center of attention- 'cause I LOVE IT, ya boob. Apparently you do too, so lighten up. And save yer rude insults and overbearing demands for somebody more gullible.

Love & Kisses
Crowbar



Warning To U.S. Teen-Agers

WATCH OUT, KIDS!

From MAGGOT SANDWICH

I've spent many years, my whole career, dealing with the seamier side of life—robbery, kidnaping, gangsterism and murder. It is possible that the nation's youngsters think of me, when they think of me at all, as a pretty stern sort of person.

Perhaps that's just as well, for I want to give the young people of America some friendly, fatherly advice, and I would like them to take it very seriously.

The advice has to do with the sex-crime headlines in the newspapers today. These headlines worry everyone with any decency—they worry your parents and they worry you. And they certainly worry me.

So I've worked up a list of ten "Teen-Age Tips" that I feel will help young people to steer clear of danger. When you look them over you may say that some of them are only common sense. But remember that the common-sense rule is often the one we're apt to forget.

You'll also note that some of the "tips" apply only to girls. But remember again, every boy has a sister or a girl friend who needs his protection and advice, so he should study the whole list too.

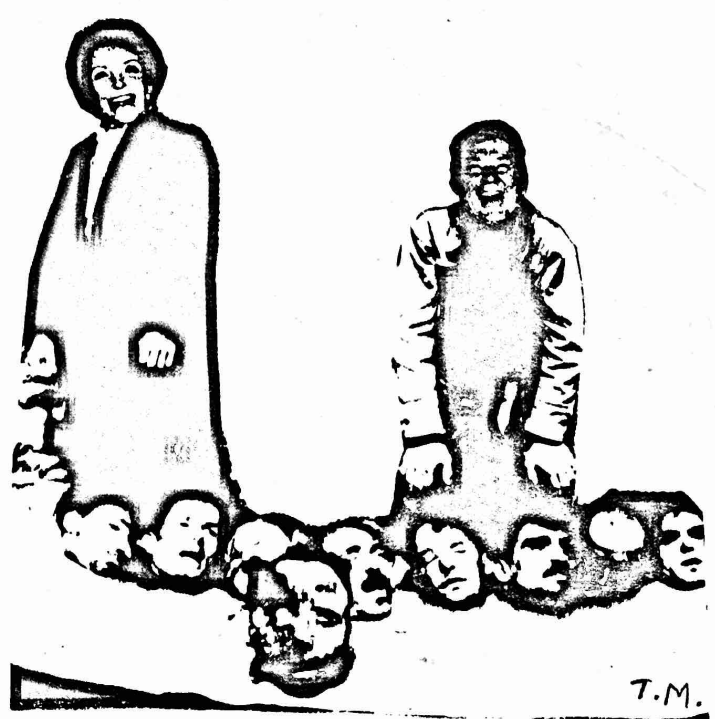
In any case, these are the ten rules that, in my judgment and experience, are the most important.

1. If any stranger—even a slight acquaintance—makes improper advances, tell your parents immediately.
Young people are too often kind-hearted about such things—they dislike the idea of getting an offender into "trouble." Just remember that if you don't report him, he'll probably get into worse trouble later on—to say nothing of the harm he may cause.
2. If you know of any pornographic pictures or literature being passed around, notify your parents immediately.
Obscene reading matter is a favorite habit of the degenerate. If the authorities can run down the source and trace the material, they may be able to rid the community of danger before it starts.
3. Know your date! Don't go out on "blind dates" unless another couple is along—and even then be cautious.
If someone phones and says he's a friend of Jack Jones, tell him you'd be glad to have Jack Jones introduce him.



By J. EDGAR HOOVER
Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation

4. Stay out of "Lovers' Lanes."
It's natural to want to be alone with your date, but experience shows that "Lovers' Lanes" are favorite haunts of sex criminals.
5. Don't wander away alone from the crowd at picnics and outings. Stay within calling distance.
Sex criminals are easily attracted to any group of young people, and given an opportunity they can strike with frightening speed.
6. Don't ask for trouble—dress sensibly.
Provocative clothing may attract the attention of a potential sex criminal.
7. Be civil to strangers who ask directions, but never go part way with them.
The "directions" trick is a favorite among sex criminals. They count on the natural helpfulness of young people.
8. Be very careful about accepting work from a stranger.
This is another insidious dodge. Always make sure that the person is a respectable businessman.
9. Don't go about the house half-dressed.
This may seem harmless, but it's an invitation to "Peeping Toms"—who may later become something more dangerous.
10. Never, never hitchhike!
And never, never pick a hitchhiker up!



T.M.

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GOSH... THANKS, MR. HOOVER!



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