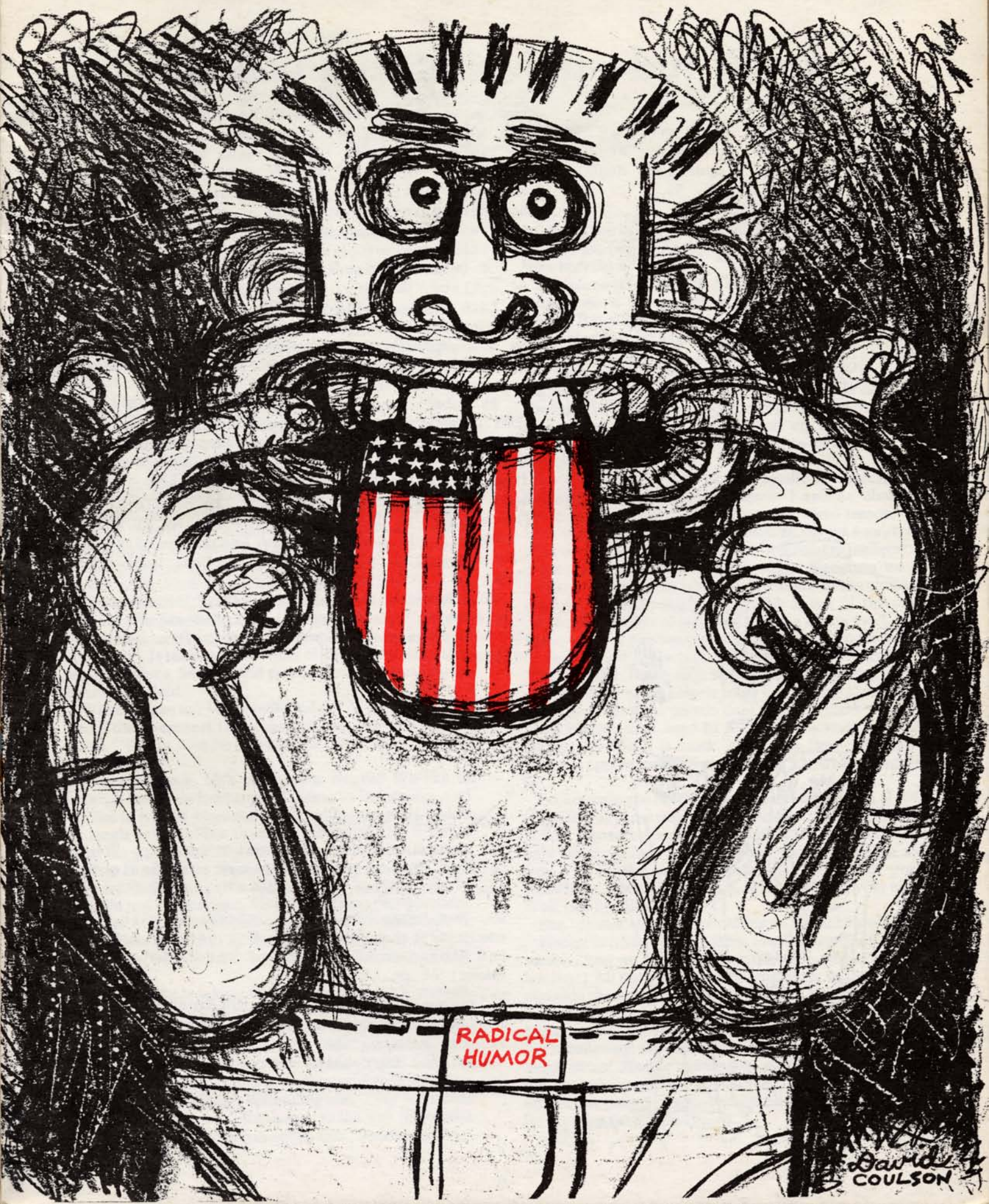




INTRODUCTION

RADICAL HUMOR CALENDAR

Saturday Night April 24, 9pm on...
Dancin' and drinkin' fun-raiser at
CASH performance/film space, 10 East
18th Street, 3rd Fl. Adm. \$5

Sunday Night, April 25, 10:30 pm
The Radical Humor Festival helps
Paul Krassner celebrate his 50th
Birthday at The Village Gate.

Saturday Night May 1, 8:30 pm
The Glines presents an hilarious
evening with Robin Tyler, America's
most outrageous comic. 2 West 64th
Street, off Central Pk West. \$7 in
advance, \$9 at door. Res. 869-3981

This issue is #1 in the new series of Cultural Correspondence. An abbreviated edition for distribution at The Radical Humor Festival and wherever The Radical Humor Art Show travels next year.

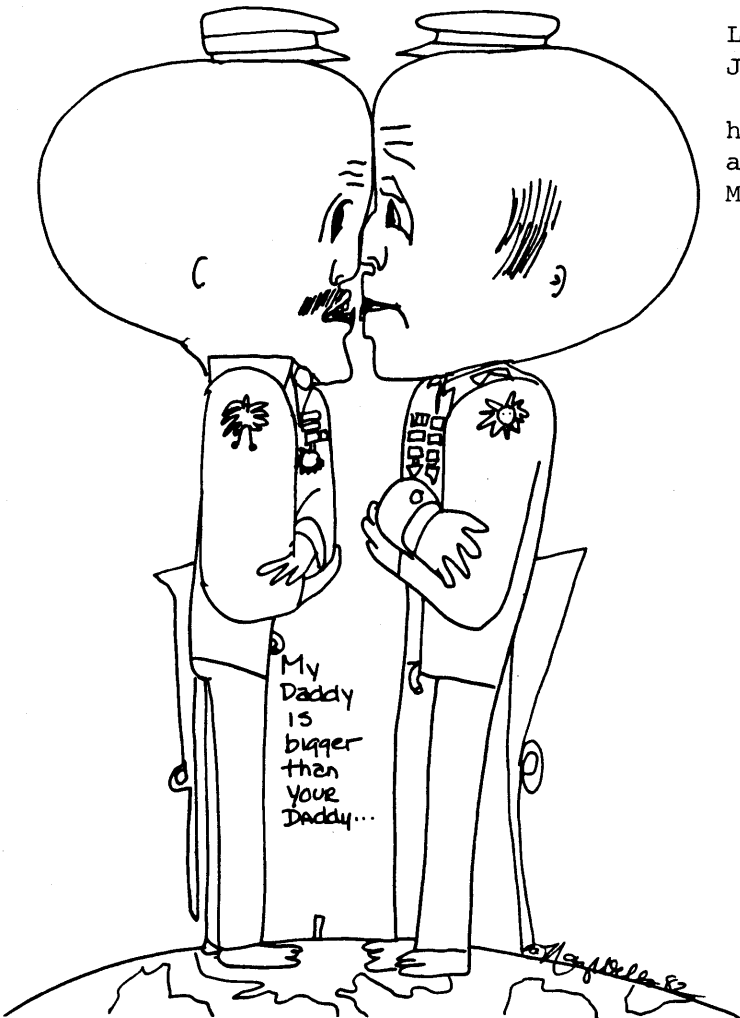
The next regular (80 pp) issue will document and assess the festival. Please send letters, articles, art work, reviews, poetry, stories, etc. CC does not define radical or humor in any one particular way, and we're sure the festival will multiply the possibilities.

CC is working against the traditional isolation of artists, writers, performers, and intellectuals. In late 1982 we will publish a special issue on current political art in the Americas. That issue is being planned by a few dozen cultural activist groups from around the country. We invite your participation in that project also.

To subscribe to Cultural Correspondence, send your name and address and ten dollars (check, cash, or money order) and we'll send you three issues worth \$3.50 each, plus oCCasional newsletters. (The new CC comes out three times a year.) Or just send your name and address for the newsletters. The address is 505 West End Avenue, NY NY 10024.

The editor is Jim Murray. Associate Editors are Lucy Lippard, Irving Wexler, and Paul Buhle. C.L.R. James is a Contributing Editor.

Paul Buhle did an extraordinary job, even for him, editing the artwork in this issue. Editorial and design associates were Nancy Barton and Ed McIlvane.



BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:

#8, Feminist Humor, by Naomi Weisstein; The Decline of Jewish Stage Humor; and American comic strips, by P. Buhle. 70 pp, \$2.00

#9, Sex Roles and Humor: interviews with women comix artists, feminist humor essays, Art Young and Oscar Ameringer Humor Archive. Lots of cartoons! 86 pp, \$2.00

#12: Founding of the Humor International, with Manifesto and documents from Italy, Spain, Poland, France, Mexico, USA, Also comix and essay by R. Crumb. And Surrealist Symposium. 120 pp, \$2.50

Available from 505 West End Avenue, NY NY 10024

Laughing Is Believing—but Why?

by Bill Livant

Why do we tend to feel that what we laugh about is true? I was first persuaded that this question required an answer when I read in draft Bertell Ollman's *True Confessions of a Marxist Businessman*:

...this is something I still don't understand well—people seem to attribute an exaggerated truth value to whatever makes them laugh. . . . Political speakers of all persuasions have made use of this bias in favor of the humorous version, but no one to my mind has adequately explained it.

By the way, many of Ollman's "confessions" are quite funny, which disposes me to feel that they are true. I am therefore an object of my own question.

And I'm not the only one. Two months ago, the PTA of P.S. 59 (Manhattan) met to figure out what to do about the ethnic jokes circulating in school. The panel moderator said: "The danger is that humor is perceived as truth. We laugh and say, boy, is that true! What sinks in with ethnic jokes is an oppressive description of another group" (*New York Times*, 26 February 1982).

The conviction that the joke carries—boy, is that true! —is very hard to shake; in fact, one teacher at P.S. 59 was herself shaken: "I froze inside; I simply did not know how to respond. It took me two weeks of discussion with other staff members, friends, and parents to figure out how to handle the child."

What did she do? What *could* she do? Mark Twain once wrote that, "against the assault of laughter nothing can stand." Where does its power come from? Why is laughing believing?

One might ask, isn't the answer simple? We like to laugh; it makes us feel happy, it makes us feel strong. And we like to believe what makes us feel happy, what makes us laugh, is true. This answer is too simple, for it leaves open the question of why we laugh, what makes us laugh. And so it separates the question of why we laugh from why we find truth in the source of our laughter. Charlie Chaplin had a better idea. He took on these two questions together when he explained how he made people laugh: "I make them *conscious of life*. You think this is it, don't you. I say, well, it isn't, but *this* is, see? And then they laugh."

Here Chaplin is taking his audience through a process. To find out the nature of this process is to find out both why we laugh and why we give truth value to what makes us laugh. People, he says, come to "see" something. But they see it in a particular way. It hasn't just come to them, they have had to find it. And in order to find it, they have had to see through something else. They have seen through the way something *seems*, to the way they feel it *really is*. Max Eastman has called this "sudden reality."

In short, we believe that what we laugh about is true because we feel we have had to see through something false in order to find it.

Sometime this finding is a discovery of something new. Sometimes it is a recovery of something "I knew all along." But when it causes us to laugh, we have recovered it in a new way, by a new path. It is like the impression of belief in a scientific fact found by two different methods. The more different the methods, the more we believe in the reality of the fact. Our belief in our humor is similar to our belief in our insights. Both may in fact go wrong. But both seem real. And both depend on the point that Chaplin made—the difference between appearance and reality.

I am not talking just about "intellectual humor" or indeed any special kind of humor. Eastman observed about this "sudden reality" that, "For some reason, this kind of joke has acquired no special name, yet everybody knows it to exist." It doesn't have a special name because it isn't a special kind of humor. It is a process we go through whenever we laugh. It is present in the simplest laughter. Even in tickling. Tickling is one of the most elementary causes of laughter and one of the most mysterious. But it has been suggested that tickling is a kind of mock attack, an attack that seems so but really isn't. Tickle a baby. If you do it too strongly or too long, or if a stranger tries it, the baby is more likely to cry than laugh. But when the right person does it in the right way, the baby giggles from head to toe. At some level the baby knows the attack is mock. He or she feels the tension between appearance and reality: that's what the laughter *is*.

So, according to Studs Terkel, did Miss America of 1973 laugh in this same way. She is a feminist: "I won the Miss U.S.A. pageant. I started to laugh. They tell me I'm the only beauty queen in history that didn't cry when she won. . . . In the press releases, they call it the great American Dream. There she is, Miss, America, your ideal. Well, not my ideal, kid."

She too saw through something to something else.

Humor is fallible. So is seeing, hearing, touching, all the senses. (And we do call our capacity to laugh, a "sense of humor.") All the senses can be mistaken, but we do not abandon them just because of this. We say, seeing is believing. We know we can see wrong, but also that we can come to see better. Very well—it appears also that laughing is believing. We can laugh wrong, but we can come to laugh better. Humor continually renews our sense of the difference between how things seem and how they really are. In this power, despite its misuse, lies its potential and its promise for the people.

Lenny Bruce Meets John Belushi

by Paul Krassner

...and if you live, your time will come.

—Mose Allison

The reason I once decided to eat a hash brownie before going on the Mike Douglas show was that a train took two hours to get from New York to Philadelphia, and that was exactly how long it would take for the brownie to come on. So I know an omen when I ingest it.

Now I'm fairly high on the mellow meter to begin with, and the hashish merely served to intensify the serenity of my demeanor, yet I allowed something offensive said by another guest on the show to break through the haze and press my self-righteousness button. I lost my counter-cultural cool.

Character actor Jesse White is best known for his starring role in the Maytag commercials. He plays the part of a lonely man who's supposed to repair washing machines for a living, only his brand is so superbly manufactured that no one ever calls him. He's a veritable folk hero among video housewives, and I had to insult him publicly. I don't even remember what he said that triggered my response. I just recall blurting out, "You're a Jesse White racist!"

How could I have indulged in such nerd-like aggression? And on network television! I brooded in private purgatory.

Months later, while looking for a job on the writing staff of the original *Saturday Night Live*, I was sitting in Michael O'Donoghue's office. John Belushi charged through the doorway like a satyr in a head shop. He rushed toward me, shook hands vigorously and said, "I never read your book, but I saw you on TV and I liked the way you called that guy a racist...."

This was equivalent to being granted absolution for a sin by the Pope himself.

After returning to San Francisco, I mailed Belushi a few choice copies of *The Realist*. He sent back a note thanking me and saying that he didn't read them—"too many words"—but that he knew it was good stuff because Michael O'Donoghue told him so.

However, when I rereviewed *The Blues Brothers* in *High Times* as though I were the film critic for *Car and Driver* magazine—featuring the Dodge Monaco as true protagonist—I heard from Belushi again: "Hey, I finally read something you wrote...."

Although *Saturday Night Live* producer Lorne Michaels had told me in his office that he'd call, he never got around to it. Several years and a couple of producers later, I was finally invited to submit material.

I had been head writer for a Home Box Office special taking off on the 1980 presidential election campaign, with Steve Allen as anchor-host. HBO is owned by *Time-Life*, and although they said they wanted hard-hitting satire, what they really wanted was refried cotton candy. The frustration of that experience drove me back to performing as a standup comic, where it's just you and the audience, direct and unfiltered.

So now I sent *Saturday Night Live* a dozen pages of controversial humor—dealing with abortion rights and Guatemalan rebels, with drug paraphernalia and arms sales to both Egypt and Israel—figuring that I would not hear from them again. Which was okay; I didn't want to be hired on false premises.

But head writer Bob Tischler did call, saying that he liked the *content* but that producer Dick Ebersol wanted to see a couple of sketches so they could be sure I knew how to work with the *form*. "But don't change your point of view," he emphasized. I was elated.

Next day came the news of John Belushi's death. I tried to keep my balance between celebration and mourning, until the two emotions blended into one process. I decided to see his last movie, *Neighbors*. I knew it was not supposed to be a cinematic masterpiece, but I went as a personal pilgrimage.

Belushi had maintained a consistent passion for anarchistic behavior, from the slob in *Animal House* who transformed himself into a human zit, to the reporter in *Continental Divide* who brought romance to a new level by marrying the woman he loved even though they would live apart due to differing lifestyles.

In *Neighbors*, there is a scene where Belushi is being sucked down into quicksand. Dan Aykroyd refuses to help unless he 'admits' that he *willed* a bath towel to fall off Aykroyd's seductive wife. Belushi's desire to survive forces the false admission just before his head goes under; then Aykroyd rescues him.

It reminded me of the time Manson family member Sandra Good told me how she had a fantasy of killing "the grey people"—ordinary citizens (such as the kind Belushi portrays in *Neighbors*)—so that they could experience "the total Now," thanks to her delusions of altruism, at that final moment. And indeed, the Belushi character decides to run away with the unconventional Aykroyd pair because they have given him a rare taste of excitement, sadism notwithstanding.

Back in real life, Belushi and Aykroyd had been scheduled to appear at the Academy Awards to present the Oscar for best visual effects.

If Andy Kaufman is the Son of Sam Comedy, John Belushi will become the James Dean of Comedy, a comparison that might have applied to Lenny Bruce—who died to make the world safe for *Saturday Night Live*—but Lenny remains an abstract reference because there is hardly any *visual* record of his work, just two out-of-context appearances on the old Steve Allen show and a film of his performance at the off-Broadway (now a live porno theater) in San Francisco when his creative energy was somewhat diverted into reading legal documents to the audience.

The perception of Lenny Bruce today is often limited to imagery of Dustin Hoffman sniveling his way through the film *Lenny*. There was even a soundtrack album of Dustin doing Lenny complaining about district attorneys perverting his act in court.

Lenny used to think it was just the competitive egos of cops that got him busted for obscenity and dope in one city after another, but shortly before his death he went to the San Francisco office of the FBI, asking them to investigate a conspiracy against him by police departments around the country. The request was acted upon by placing it in his own FBI file.

For years I believed that Lenny's heroin overdose was murder, but I eventually tracked down his final connection, and it turned out to be his own stepfather, Tony Viscarra, who recently died from shooting up cocaine. Lenny's mother, Sally Marr, comforted Tony in my presence, "Listen, if *you* had wanted the dope, Lenny would've gotten it for *you*."

Such compassion was inherited by her son and became the living underbelly of his every satirical thrust.

Now, somewhere in Comedy Heaven, Lenny Bruce greets John Belushi: "You can't live your whole life on applause," Belushi replies, "Wise up, Lenny!" And the two spirits embrace.

A week after Belushi's death, I was performing at the Kuumbwa Jazz Club in Santa Cruz. Opening for me was Jim Morris, an impressionist who does Ronald Reagan holding a press conference with questions from the audience. Someone called out, "Why did you have the CIA kill John Belushi?" Reagan was at a loss for the appropriate answer.

Belushi's final connection was Kathy Smith, described by *People* magazine as "a 34-year-old rock'n'roll gofer known in L.A. for years as a dealer in heroin and cocaine." She is planning to sue for libel. It would have been more accurate to describe her as a *supplier*. According to friends, she has turned down \$10,000 from the *National Enquirer* for her version of the story.

She had been arrested a year ago in Beverly Hills for drugs in her car, and was on probation when Belushi died. There is speculation that she was being protected by the police because of her informer potential. Cynicism ranges from "Kathy is ruined in this town," to "What a great ad for her." It is simply a matter of fear versus status.

ABC News led their report with Belushi's death—a heart attack was still considered the possible cause—and that same evening *Nightline* devoted itself to covering the tragedy, culminating with a sketch from *Saturday Night Live* in which Belushi, repeating the phrases of a foreign language instructor, collapses from an imitative heart attack.

Choking on food was another possible cause. Would NBC News show Belushi doing his classic Liz Taylor choking to death while gorging on a turkey drumstick?

When the truth came out about his drug overdose, would CBS News feature the sketch where his nose and mouth are covered with white powder? Or the one in a Greek restaurant where Coca-Cola replaces the Pepsi machine and Belushi shouts: "Coke! Coke! Coke! Coke! Coke!..."

On March 9th, a Cable News Network voice-over was saying, "Comedian John Belushi was buried today," actually accompanied by that scene from *Neighbors* where Belushi is sinking into the quicksand.

It was beyond bad taste. It was, in fact, a moment of transcendental irreverence. For that is precisely the legacy of John Belushi.

A 12-year-old boy was watching the funeral on the news and couldn't quite separate Belushi's dead body from just another *Saturday Night Live* sketch about to unfold.

"Samurai corpse," he announced.

Then he turned to his slightly dismayed mother and added, "I'll bet John Belushi would've liked that."

Not Humanism—Humorism! Serious Words on Funny Pictures

by Paul Buhle

"Humor is laughing at what you haven't got when you ought to have it... what you wish in your secret heart were not funny, but it is, and you must laugh." The great black comic writer and revolutionary poet Langston Hughes said it right. Humor permits us truths we could not bear any other way. And it actually encourages our revenge against a ridiculous and degrading so-called civilization.

One of the chief forms in the graphics on the following pages is what G.W.F. Hegel called "objective humor." Father of modern philosophy, Marxism's mentor, the great dialectician observed that the accident of life places us amidst flagrant incongruities. Nobody plans the joke. Suddenly we find ourselves dressed for winter in an overheated building when a strange man asks what year it is... we go outside, toward a subway stop, where the sign seems to be written in a mysterious code (express weekends/except 8:00 to 5:00/ Wednesdays only)... and the color of the graffiti on a poster movie star's nose reminds us vaguely of something, but what—sex, death, Newark? Why not laugh at society's claims to rationality; perhaps through the objective joke a submerged, deeper reality of the real human potential fitfully asserts itself. The laughter, the instinctive poet inside us all, seems to understand.

Another kind of humor is more narrow but also more intense. Andre Breton called it "black humor," the romantic choice of evil over what society defines as good. This reversal may be as old as gnosticism, but we have a peculiar taste for it in our dark days of modern pessimism. Black humor does not mean kicking wheelchairs out from under the handicapped; it does mean painting Hitler mustaches on Koch posters, throwing pies at Milton Friedman, spitting on the grave of John Wayne, staging a radio contest for gags about Nancy's little gun and Ron's little gun shooting blanks at each other under the blankets. "Comrades, Be Cruel!" ended one 1930s manifesto directed against the fascists' expropriation of our glad impulse to punish hypocrisy. Be cruel! And you will be kind to the real interests of us all.

But also be forewarned. These humor variants are subversive not to capitalists alone but to the straight-faced champions of "scientific socialism" in and out of power. Even to liberals who can laugh at themselves. Why? Because the jokes refuse every form of institutional and personal repression. The cartoonist can't be convinced that peace, liberation, and renewal of the planet are proceeding at all due speed with governments poised over the annihilation button. The claims of civilization carry no weight whatsoever. At one time the socialist/communist humorist apothosized the muscle-bound worker and

fiercely satirized bourgeois propriety. We are now several stages farther down the line. The point of humor is to open our eyes, to make us individually and collectively freer. Humor prepares us, in ways Marx could hardly have guessed, to leap out of History, to be the New Society within the Old.

Most of the pictures on the following pages come from the 1960s-80s because the rise of the New Left, diffuse alternative press, and cultural revolt initiated a fresh phase of radical graphics. Feminist humor by itself opened up a whole new dimension of insight and jocular attack. Collage, cartoon, and painting skills merged, fulfilling a promise of European Dadaism and Surrealism from decades earlier. Although too few Americans recognized the development, a grand international circulation of styles took place. Now we are ready for something still better.

Humorism: each of these radical artists has a personal definition, but they fit together like the jigsaw puzzle of transformation. The strategy may be a new religion, like the Sub-Genius Church with its sainted salesman, "Bob" Dobbs. It may be a mutated psycho-terrorism against the Moral Majority. It may be feminism/anarchism/socialism/communism reduced to the single principle of the erotic guffaw. It may be all these together and more. One thing is sure, as the rulers tilt toward destruction, it will arise! Toward a Humor International! Our revolution will not succeed until freedom has the last laugh.



Pork Roasts (\$3.70 postpaid) from Pink Primate Projects, 603 Powell St., Vancouver, B.C. V6A 1H2 CANADA, is an 80-page anthology of feminist cartoons. Nanny Goat Productions, P.O. Box 845, Laguna Beach, CA 92652, publishes women's comix, send for catalogue. *ANARCHY Comics* nos. 1-3, about \$1.50 each, can be had from Last Gasp, P.O. Box 212, Berkeley, CA 94705. Surrealist stuff from *ARSENAL*, 1726 W. Jarvis, Chicago, IL 60626. And Church of the Sub-Genius, P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214. And watch for *FREE SPIRITS*, City Lights Books.



Guliano Rossetti (Italy)

CATALOGUE

For the International Humor Movement



Der Kapitalist und der unorganisierte Arbeiter.



Der organisierte Arbeiter und der Kapitalist.



Posada (Mexico)



With the Puddin' Heads

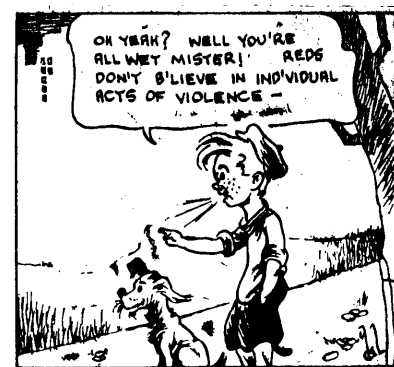
Art Young Good Morning (USA)



Daily Worker (USA)



Little Lefty



ROOTS

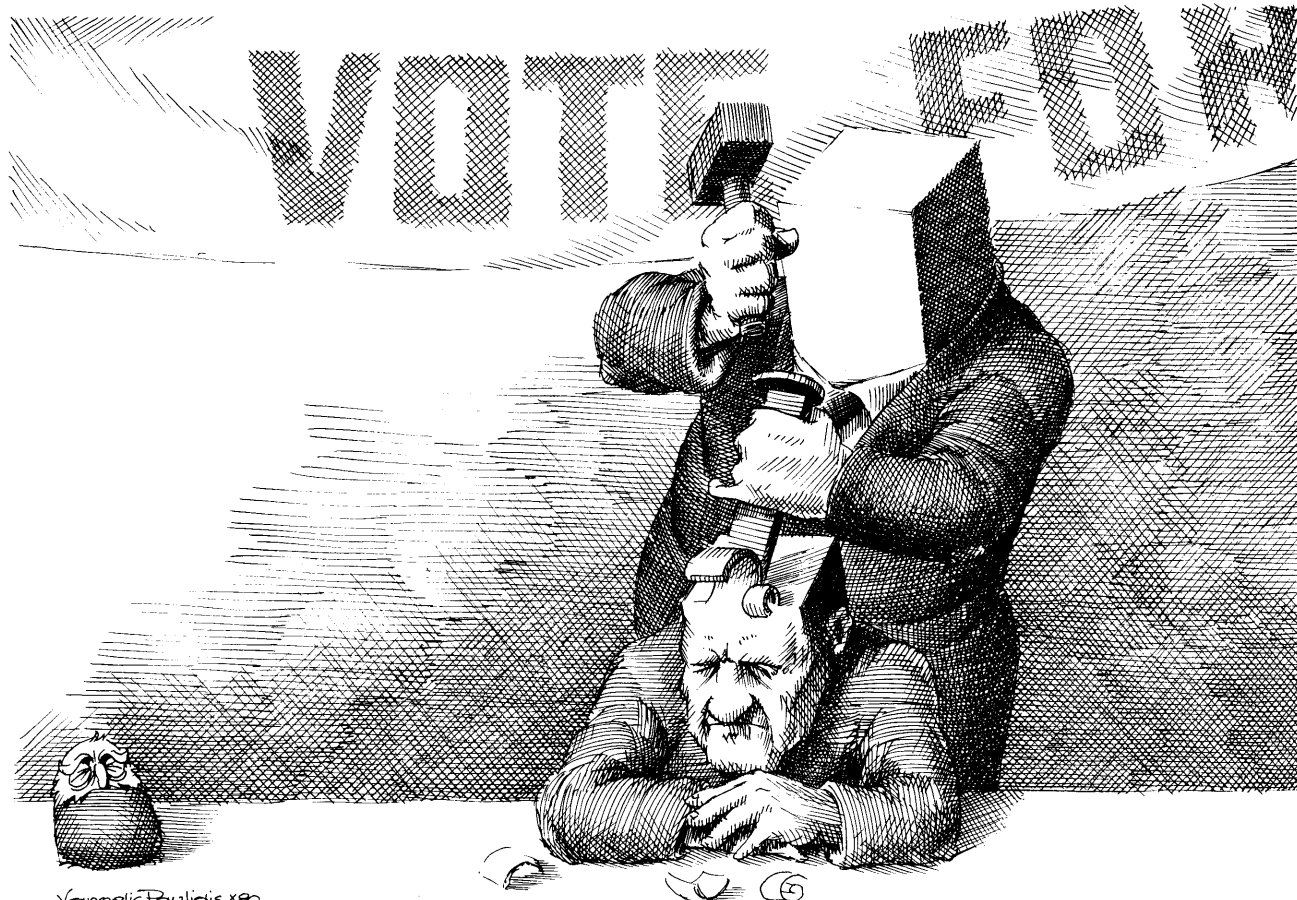
הוא איך פגשנו נאמן.



(Israel)



Ted Richards *The Forty Year Old Hippie* (USA)



Vangelis Pavlidis x80

Vangelis Pavlidis
(Greece)

NO NUKES!



R. Crumb (USA)

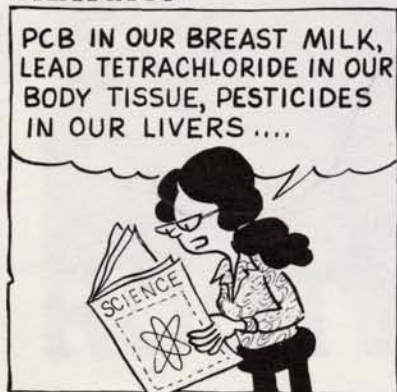
Peter Kennard (England)

Britain reduced to a skeleton



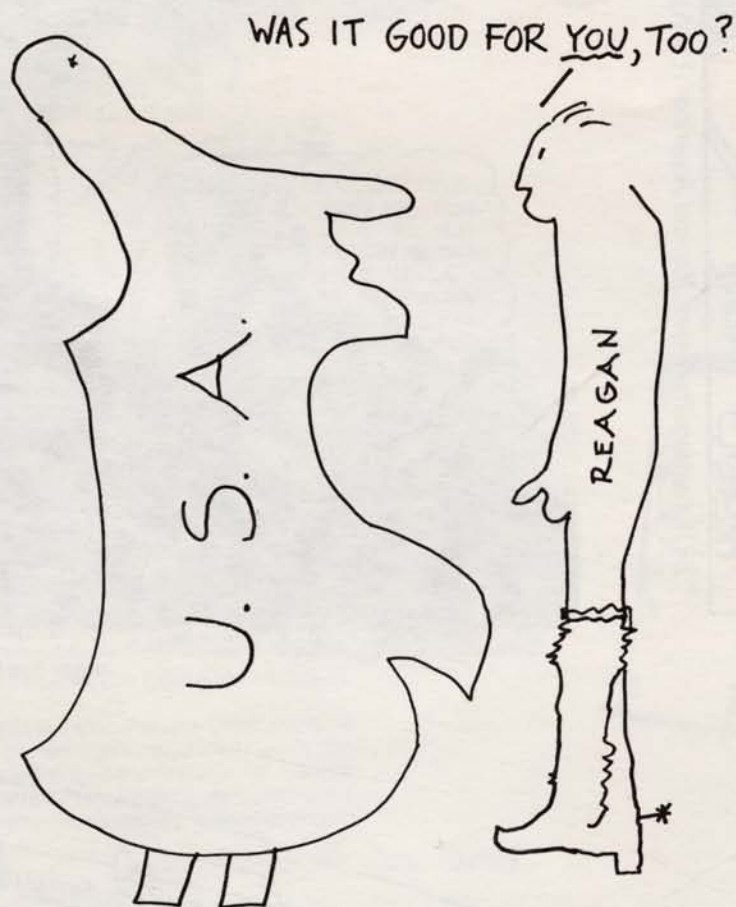
J. Fargas (Spain)

HERdles »



bülbül © 82

SEX POLITICS



Tuli Kupferberg (USA)

At The Restaurant...



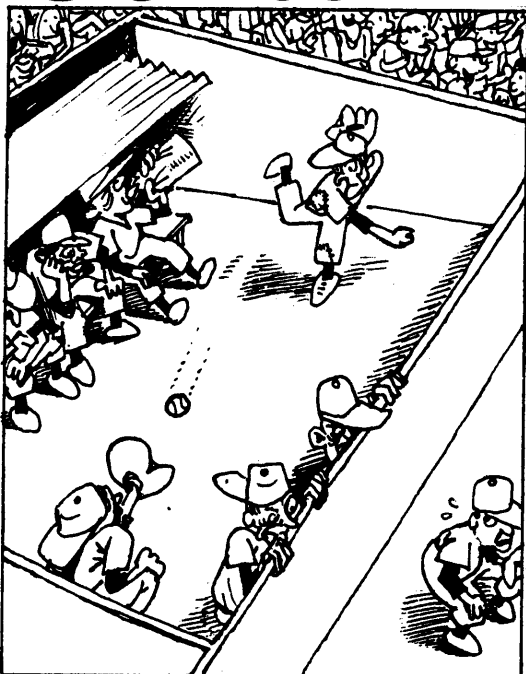
Dave Lester Rumbles (Canada)



Mira Falardeau Festival International '78 (Quebec, Canada)

Culture

RESERVE ARMY OF THE UNEMPLOYED

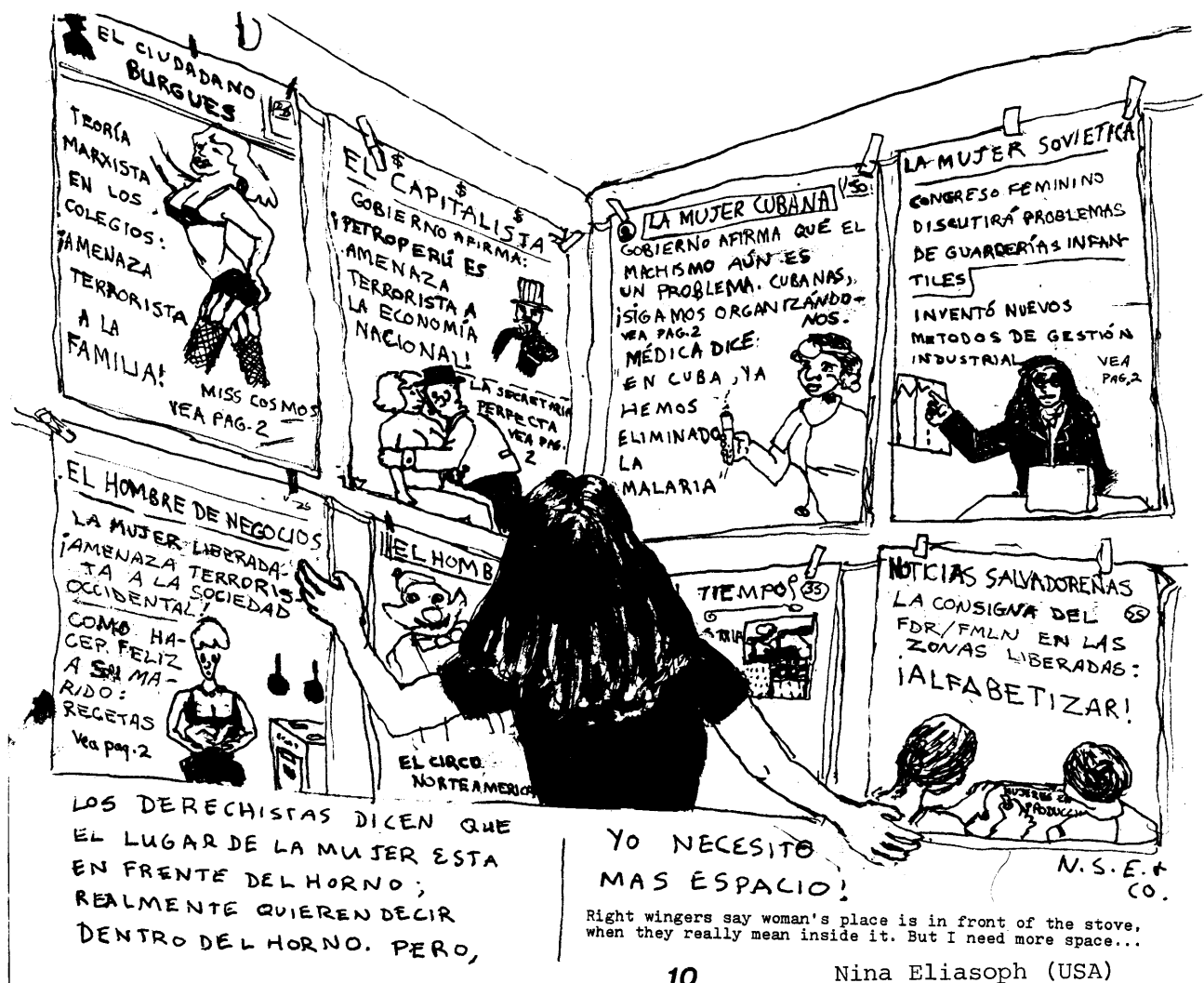


Jim O'Brien/Nick ThorKleson Radical America (USA)

BASEBALL: A Marxist Analysis



Jordan Pop-Ilev (Yugoslavia)

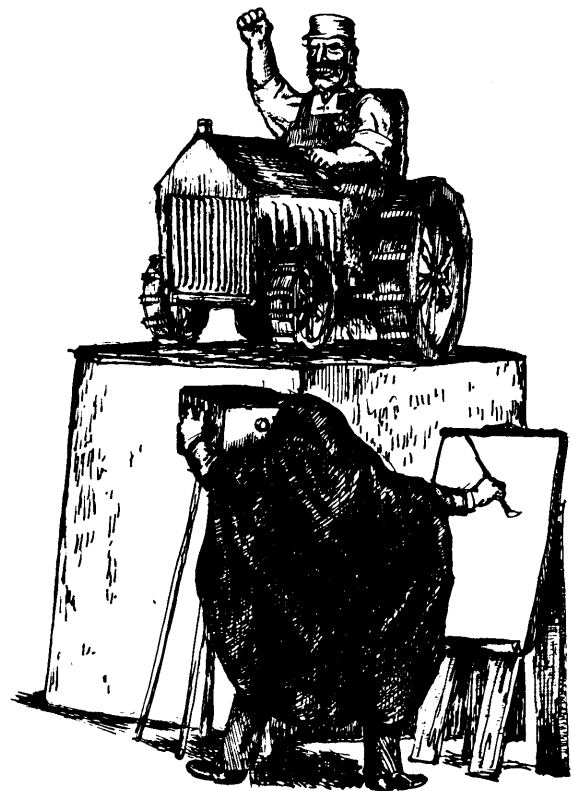


Can the Left Laugh At Itself?



"Screw it comrades, this fucking mess fucks me off."
 "he says that the objective differentiations in the Left-wing context should not banally recast into abstract phenomenomic morphology but instead, dialectically be referred to the organic unity at the level of theory-praxis which englobes them with an end to"

Lido Contemori *Cultura* (Italy)



Socialist Realism

Tom McLaughlin (Canada)



Janis Goodman *Sour Cream* (England)

SURREALISM

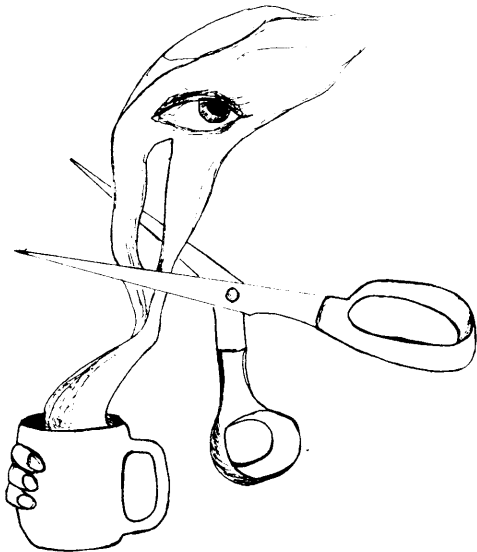


Abdul Kader El JANABY:
The Riddle of Insomnia
(collage, 1978)

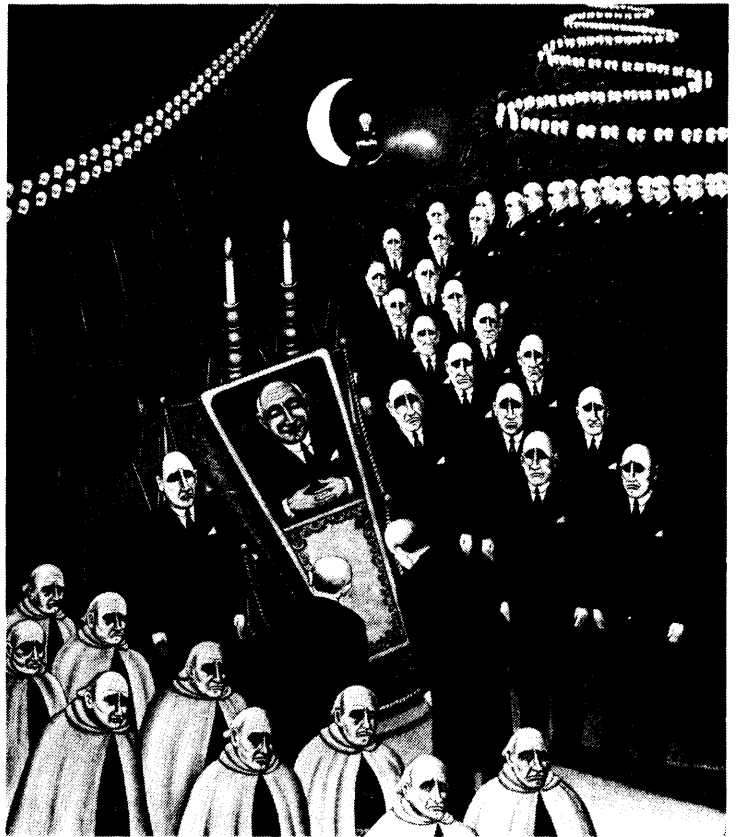
Abdu! Kader El Janaby (France—Exile)



Hal Rammel. Aero into the Aether (USA)



Nancy Joyce Peters (USA)

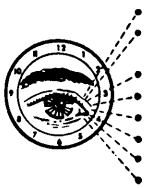


Maurice Kish: "The Funeral of An Undertaker"

Maurice Kish (USA)



Hiroshi NAKAMURA: Schoolgirl



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 If you think we're entering a new Dark Ages—
 If you see the universe as one vast morbid sense of humor—
 If you are looking for an *inherently bogus* religion that will condone superior degeneracy and tell you that you are "above" everyone else—
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J.R. "Bob" Dobbs



"You'd PAY to know what you REALLY think."

— Dobbs 1961

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13



• Llegó la hora del fin

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The Goal: **SLACK**

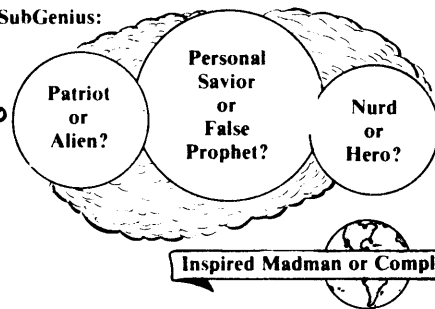
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The Weapon: **Time Control**

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ANARCHY!

JOE AND JANE "GET THE WORD" AND OPEN A COLLECTIVE FOOD STORE WITH SOME CLOSE FRIENDS.

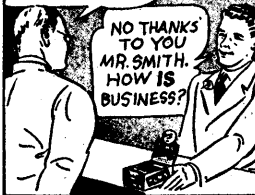
SPECIAL ON ½ TONS OF RHUBARB TODAY WITH PROFITS GOING TO ANARCHISTS IN SPAIN!



FROM
"TOO REAL"
BY JAY KINNEY
ANARCHY #1
©1978 KINNEY

ONE DAY WHILE AT THE FOOD STORE, JOE GETS A VISIT FROM HIS OLD BOSS....

SO, JOE, I SEE YOU'VE FOUND A WAY TO MAKE A LIVING WITHOUT FLEXCO...

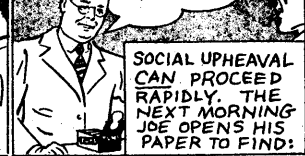


NO THANKS TO YOU MR. SMITH. HOW IS BUSINESS?

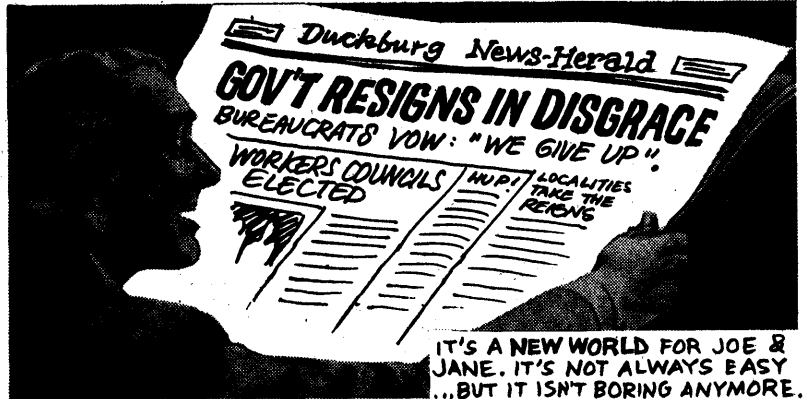
WELL, WE WENT BANKRUPT A MONTH AGO. I'VE BEEN REDUCED TO ACTING IN PORN FILMS FOR A LIVING.



BUT YOU KNOW, I'M GETTING OVER SOME OF MY OLD SEXUAL HANGUPS AND I'VE MADE MANY WONDERFUL NEW FRIENDS!



SOCIAL UPEHAVAL CAN PROCEED RAPIDLY. THE NEXT MORNING JOE OPENS HIS PAPER TO FIND:



FROM "QUOTES FROM 1910-REDEMMA" BY MELINDA GEBBIE. ANARCHY COMICS #2, ©1979 M. GEBBIE



Woman can give suffrage of the ballot no new quality, nor can she receive anything show it that will enhance her own quality her development, her freedom, her independence must come from and through herself. First, by asserting herself as a personality and not as a sex commodity. Second, by refusing the right to anyone else her body; by refusing to bear children unless she wants them; by refusing to be a reward to GOD, the STATE, SOCIETY, the husband, the family, etc.; by making her life simpler, but DEEPER and RICHER. That is, by trying to learn the meaning and substance of LIFE in all its complexities, by freeing herself from the FEAR of PUBLIC OPINION and PUBLIC condemnation. Only THAT (and not the ballot) will set woman free. Will make her a force for REAL LOVE, for PEACE, for HARMONY; a force of DIVINE FIRE, of LIFE GIVING; A CREATOR OF FREE MEN AND WOMEN.

EMMA GOLDMAN excerpts — "THE TRAFFIC IN WOMEN" 1910 page one, also "MARRIAGE AND LOVE" 1910; "ANARCHY" 1910 page two; "WOMAN SUFFRAGE" 1910 page three. ©1979 GEBBIE

FOLLOW DIRECTIONS

Two signs of the time I lived in New Jersey
I stole from the Turnpike to store in my home.
The first is dayglow turquoise
dull-green-by-night metal
two feet or so tall
with stenciled white letters unrelentingly
stating at thousands of signposts
no stopping dear reader

NO
STOPPING

EXCEPT FOR
REPAIRS

This instruction insures that millions know better
than packing their baskets with corkscrews and napkins
their wallets with rubbers and backseats with sweaters
so all can take part in that ultimate outing
The Turnpike Median Picnic.
This sign lies deep beneath a junkpile now
predicting long postponed disposal
poetic value hereby deplete.
Not so its priceless partner:
a pretty red one, wooden, new,
a minibillboard prominent in my apartment.
Its Turnpike mount was high atop a scaffold
tough to climb when the wind was up!
It carried me
a white and giant highway robber dressed in blue
across six lanes of late night doped-up truckers
(all potential C.B. snitchers
with a lesser risk of cruising troopers)
plus *get this!* the fucker barely fit
into the getaway vehicle
protected by a tarpaulin
from the toll collector's distorted loyalty.
This minibillboard is bordered by two hundred luminous discs
separately whirling reversing or resting
whilst the white and giant bike reflector letters
likewise take the slightest distant light
the moon at noon the sun at night
a headlight beam my eyeball bright
and reverberate it into rainbows within rainbows
then multiply it and send it back
until all of its illuminated beauty
tells the people what to do:
Human Beings, Form Your Own Needs!
Brothers, Sisters,

.....
: RESUME :
: NORMAL :
: SPEED :
.....

