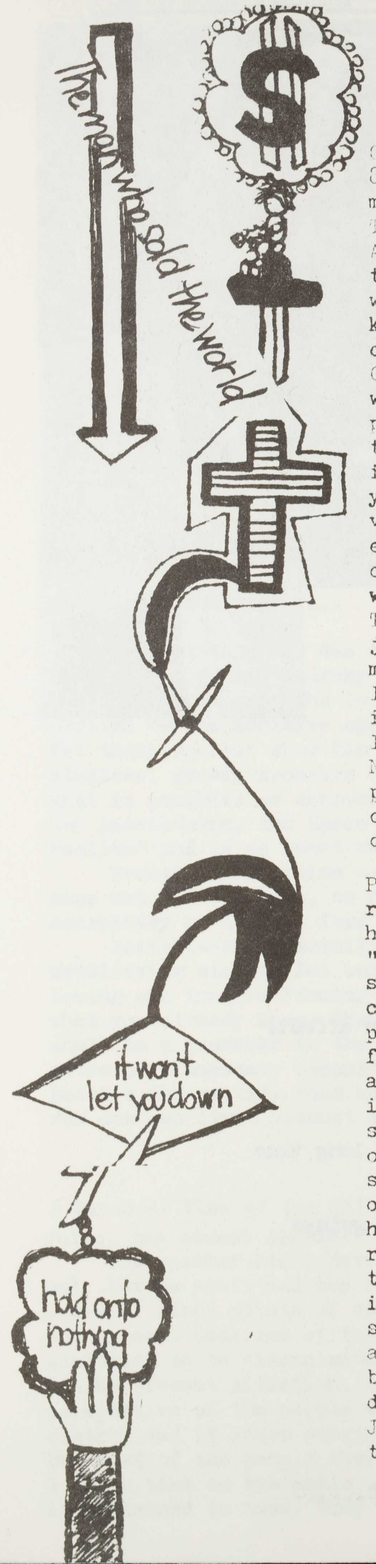


BEYOND ANARCHY

alias Washington Babylon.

Good morning Capt. Kangaroo. I had to stay up all night to greet 8 am in the face. By this time, I am having delusions of grandeur my dear, for I am Joan of Arc, seeking errant pawns.
This has to be the stupidest show I have ever seen. Okay relax. And assume the position. Go into doggie submission. Where does this guy get off? For a children's show I would like to know where the children are. For an educational show I would like to know what I was learning. I almost started picking lint. I mean come on. Get out of here I love it. Hey, by the by, where was Grandfather clock? Someone better wake the guy up. It opened with the Captain doing some silly skit with Mr. Moose. Ye old ping-pong trick complete with inane knock knock joke. Doesn't the Captain get pissed when all those ping pong balls keep falling on his head and all because he hasn't learned in all these years not to say "Who's there?" Intercut between the skits were videotaped sequences of butterflies, kids climbing rocks and eating bushes, with no-name singers singing the late great tunes of Walter Sleazak - kulture korner: Who is Walter Sleazak and why?
This show makes no sense. Neither does the fact that Mr. Greenjeans is Frank Zappa's father. No shit. Put that on your next midterm. This assignment has shattered my childhood ideals. If I hadn't had to stay up to watch it, I would have lived on thinking that the Captain was still trying to wake up Grandfather. Instead, I find out that he still falls for the ping-pong gag. Next, you'll tell me that the rabbit still rips off carrots by pretending he's mute. He doesn't fool me. I saw his lips move once. I think he's a ventriloquist. And the captain is the dummy...

Peak rockabilly, heartache, wine, and bad boys. Real bop, outrageous blue suede shoes, and loveable horny men. Worth writing home about. Send the news to the anarchists at the front... "We've rediscovered home cooking in the Tastee diners of Bethesda and in the instant foods prepared with love. We've rediscovered the country and its native inhabitant, the American Hippie, living in Takoma Park off the red line, Maryland. The fathered son, sonless himself, is still living with parents in a suburb ranch house. He's 35 now with a silver van and a rocket in his pocket. Companionship is a new fad. Tick Tock's graveyard shift happy hour 9am to 11 am, 2 screwdrivers for the price of one. America defends itself stoutly. Nikons are everywhere scratching and snarling and looking so fine. They have the cool old Texan down on the stage and his beer belly droops, hitting him like an anchor — he can't handle success. Hell's Angels recognize the beauty of it all and murmer 'you sure are perty' to the holes in their t-shirt. The naive young man with glitter in his hair says 'Don't ever let me do that again.' Everyone looks sharp wearing sunglasses after dark. They're custom styled wraparounds. You send. We do the bop. Ubangi rock. Buffalo herds have been replaced by sniff sniff rats who, nonetheless noble, throw down their crutches and sing Gloria. Though we hardly knew ye Jesus, it was a good time, it was a great time. If we don't peak too soon boys, it'll be a Happening."

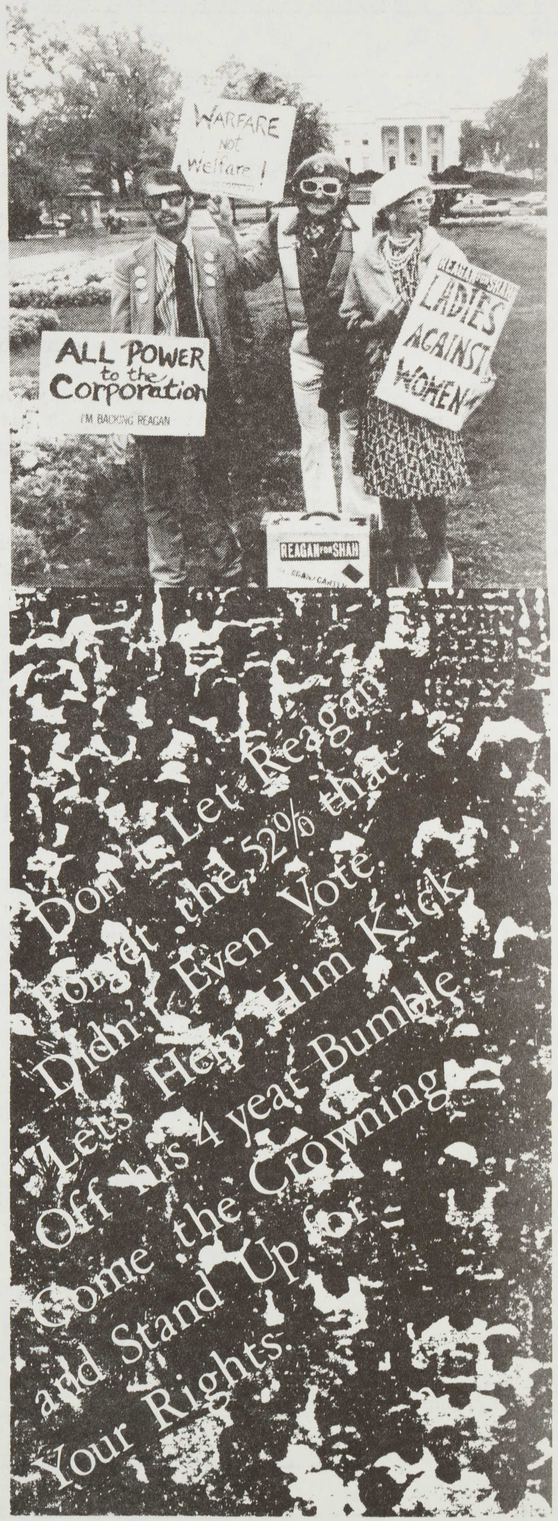
Wiley G Snidley.

ABBIE HOFFMAN PRESUMED DEAD

Abbie Hoffman, on of the founders of the YIPPIES, is still missing and presumed dead. Hoffman, a Chicago 8 defendant, went underground in 1973 after being busted for large amounts of cocaine. Abbie was set up by the Fascist Bureau of Investigation to mediate a deal between two narcs. The author of such books as Revolution for the Hell of it, Fuck the System, and Woodstock Nation, he was among the first to synthesize the "New Left" and the "Counter Culture."

I saw Barry Freed, an imposter claiming to Abbie Hoffman, at American University on October 27. Freed posing as Hoffman uttered such ridiculus statements as "I was never a hippie or yippie even" yet Abbie in Revolution for the Hell of it turns to Ron Carver, a friend, and says "yeah I'm a flower child now". Barry Freed contended Abbie grew his hair long and put on those clothes only to be an effective community organizer on the lower East Side during the sixties. Freed maintained that Abbie had always been only an organizer and rejected the idea of cultural politics. Abbie, however, clearly stated in Woodstock Nation that he considers himself a cultural revolutionary "not a cultural nationalist for that would embrace a concept of hip capitalism which I reject- and not a political revolutionary" the cultural view creates outlaws, politics breeds organizers.

Whereas Abbie Hoffman said "what we are for quite simply is total revolution. We are for a soceity in which the people directly decide and control the decisions that affect their lives; Barry Freed believed that the Citizens Party and Barry Commoner should control our lives. No talk of total revolution and life theater in the streets from Freed only talk of nationalizing the oil companies.

Abbie Hoffman is then presumed dead until we hear otherwise (perhaps after the trail?) Freed, the imposter (perhaps an agent of some sorts) seems bent on destroying the memory of Abbie Hoffman a dedicated revolutionary and defender of Woodstock/Rainbow Nation. Whoever Barry Freed is, he should be considered dangerous and armed with left liberal reformism and talk of electoral politics.

RLS.