WASHINGTON BABYLON

"Rock 'n roll is the closest thing to God without committing yourself" —rockabilly anarchist

Jesus was an anarchist. He's with the fat lady and the madness starts and stops when she sings. Wholeheartedly, he loved a whore. But in this world, there's only whores and generals. They were masochists in and of themselves. But it didn't hurt their relationship. Jesus' best friend betrayed him. Even Judas couldn't fool him. There weren't nothing you could tell Jesus he didn't already know. He had anarchy in his pocket and was raring to go. We have a friend in cheeses. Jes' us. Jesus was the first non-violent revolutionary. The revolution has begun. They've taken down all the crosses and put up maps. Now, God, he's a cab driver in a safari suit. Anarchy in commandments. He sits in a director's chair yelling, "I'll save the queen, but not the fascist regime." Do not bow down before graven idols: stop howling at the pope and start baying at the moon. God replies, "What the fuck, ladies and gentlemen? You're in the center ring. Tap Dance for my sake." Apocalypse now FRED? I think I saw him in an ice cream parlor, drinking milkshakes cold and long. Smiling and drooling, yet looking so fine. God created the tower of Babel so he could contemplate the masses. Now he holds a microphone and calls to Jesus. "Get out of the garden Jesus, stop that yakety-yak. Stop changing water into wine, that don't move me no more." Meanwhile back at the ranch we saw Jesus on the scene in a white suit and tee shirt. He was looking for disciples. A good disciple is hard to find these days. He offered us wine and white suits. He knows mad anarchists when he sees them. And we could drink all the time--WE COULD BE HEROES. If just for one day.

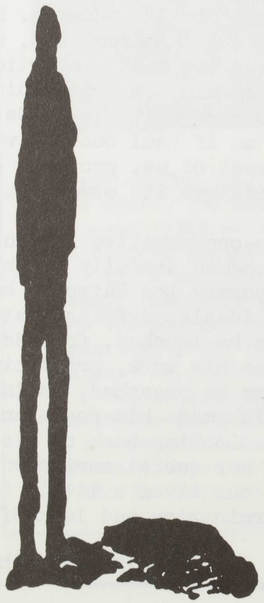
But we moved on. He followed us to Baltimore in an old police car, with a pack of cigarettes and wearing dark glasses. Look out cat. He walked in and walked out. He was snide. He was wiley. It was a shabby happening. He sang "Bringing in the Sheaves" to the communists reading Stalin and screamed of bursting bubbles.

I GOT BLISTERS ON MY FINGERS. On mass transit, reborn christians show us pictures with no blacks, no women. They are posers. But Joe is present; he's lost his grip on the anarchists so he stirs up trouble among them. He pursues them. But Jesus is on the lam.

He awaits peak revolution. Preachers are ringing bells to be inconspicuous. Teachers are obsessed with this impending apocalyptic age, but they're afraid they won't get the day off. A finger is suspended above the button. Springsteen's dead on a merry-go-round. Someone prays ceasingly. Some they do and some they won't. For most, it's just as well. It's a revolution and anyone who wants to can take the day off to meet Jesus at the station. You'd better be there by 12:30 'cause we've made your reservation. We'll all take a cab and god can overcharge us.

...So I cried for all the others 'til the day was nearly thru, for I realized the revolution's here and God's a young man, too.

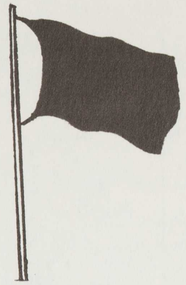
—Trixie and Flo



NOTICE:

This association wishes to make contact with all other groups. While also wishing to act as a contact for any group visiting the D.C. area. We would be happy to act as part of any news network, as a general information point or cowardinator for any out of town anarchist groups.

For those who are interested we are always willing to except new members. People are needed in many areas; including printing, leafleting, fundraising, writing and graphic art. We appreciate your input and constructive criticisms. We also appreciate all donations, as this is a free paper and as such member supported. All leters will be answered.



After Two Years, Round Three

"I don't know what I want but I know how to get it— search destroy possibli, but I wanna be Anarchy." Way back when the Sex Pistols were still an active institution a group of young anarchists popped up in the heart of terminal burbia, Montclair, N.J.. ~~This paper was founded when a small group of spoiled youth needed to spread their idealistic bullshit from coast to coast.~~ Suffering from tb we searched for a way to verse our new found visions. We thought of staging a rally in the village but we were still a bit too underground for that. So it was then that the "ANARCHY TIMES" was born.

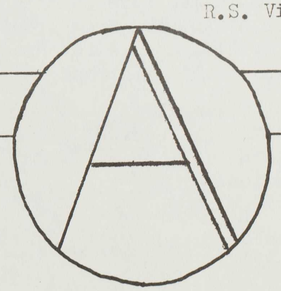
The first issue (becoming a collectors item days after distribution) ripped and shredded its way under every door in town. We were crude but to the point. We knew two things: 1) that anarchy was the only way to be and 2) nothing proves newton's law of gravity faster than Molsen's.

Once we regain our sences, our original nucleus and prime motivator Scott M. Rodell relized that here was an opportunity to show people what they don't print in the papernews. The early 'Times' consisted of Anarchistic background (Spanish Anarchist Collectives, Emma and current examples of collectivism in action) libertarian viewpoints on social issues & Rock and Roll, all the while blasting the government for its hypocracies and oppression.

By the time of the fifth issues release the AT had become the offial applecrate for the newly founded Anarchist Association Of The Americas, just as Washington D.C. became the new base for the revamped paper. Here we met Omar _____ (an experienced graphic artist), he initiated the paper's first professional layouts. The 'Times' was now reaching the end of its first year, closing with a bang-out Rock and Roll benefit.

It was then that the "Anarchy Times" was freed from Libertarianism and became "Emancipation" A paper which now has its place within the interlocking spectrum of current activities and future goals sponsored by the AAOTA. The Association is now a meeting , breathing group which exists without a formal registar and agenda. We are still however heading in several natural directions. We are searching to legitamize anarchistic thought on the educational level by beginning university student groups. There is also a large series of anarchist leaflets and pamphlets in the works as part of a newly founded educational foundation. And we are always working towards our eventual goal of founding an an aquaculture/hydroponics collective in the name of anarchy. When you see our flags up, turn to us, whether to hand us a beer or ask questions it is no matter. We are pulsing for new members and constructive feed back. We need your comments on the injustices in the world so as we can all begin to act. No one is ever beyond the good of anarchism.

R.S. Vigeant



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