

ECSTATIC INCISIONS

The Collages of Freddie Baer

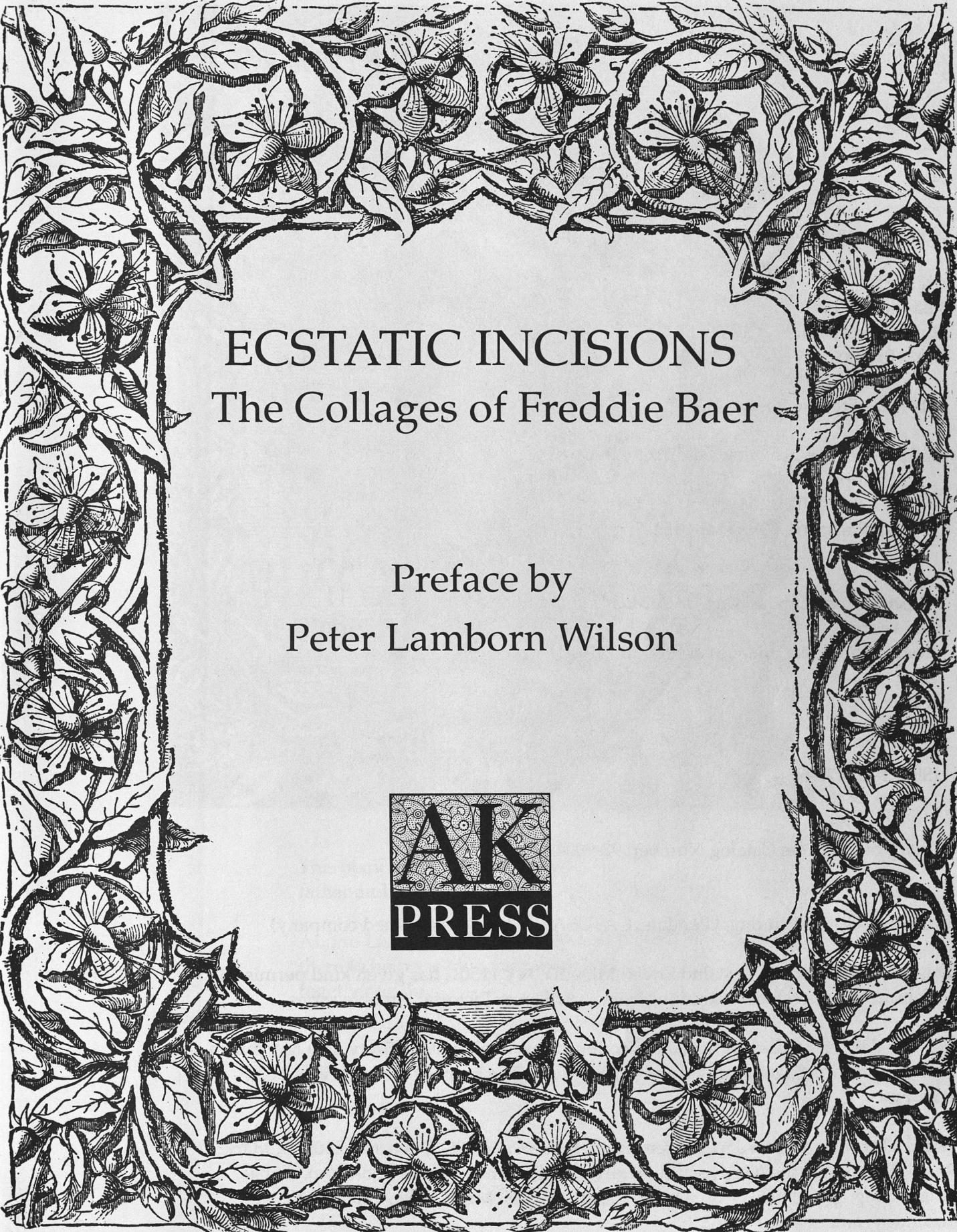


preface by Peter Lamborn Wilson

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This book is lovingly dedicated to my
father and late mother, Jack and Elsie Baer.

And to Lisa Burrell who has always been
there to help me glue my pieces back
together again.



Preface

Peter Lamborn Wilson

One of the pleasures to be gleaned from the anarchist press — I almost said “one of the *few* pleasures” because let’s face it, how much sheer fun can you expect from a genre devoted to frothing rage? — especially when the rage seems justified and even inadequate in this day of stupid malignancy? — one of the few consolations, let’s say, is to be found in the art of Freddie Baer.

One day, art historians will comb through crumbling yellowing stacks of *Fifth Estate* and *Anarchy: A Journal of Desire Armed* hunting for Baers, the way they’re currently prospecting old Hearstian newsprint heaps for Windsor McKay or George Herriman. Forget the Spanish-American War! Give us more Krazy Kat! Forget Peoples’ Park, Thompsons Square, the Death of Communism — we want Baer!

Collage as an art-tactic belongs to the Tradition of Revolution — Cubism, Berlin dada, Surrealism, Situationist détournement, punkzines, the “Margin”; — the aesthetic of these movements demands the violence of cut-up, the speed of scissors and glue. But why does collage *continue* to play the role of radical “fine art” even in the 1990s? Why hasn’t it been coopted or recuperated to serve

the purposes of 57th Street, advertising, industrial design, rock video? Why, after nearly a century, does collage still feel so freshly dissonant and dissident and dirty?

Two reasons: First, collage consists of the violent appropriation of bourgeois aesthetics and its recontextualization as critique. It is always an *intellectual* art-form. Walter Benjamin said that a photograph could serve revolutionary purposes if it were *captioned* correctly: — the pleasure of form must be subverted (or “alienated” in the Brechtian sense) toward critique. In these terms collage can be said to imply its own “caption” in its very form. The message always consists — to some degree — of the physiognomic facts of appropriation, mutilation, and mockery. From the 57th Street p.o.v., the collagist is always a grinning slasher, next-of-kin to Lazlo Toth, Vandal at the holy gates of “pure” aesthetics.

Second, the fine-art mentality (which is merely an aggravated case of the mentality of advertising or rock-video design) cannot believe in the *craft* of collage. Braque and Picasso, yes: — their proto-collage technique, which still involved canvas and paint, can safely be subsumed (despite its anarchist content) into the

world of finely-made things, i.e., expensive commodities (and ultimately vodka ads). Starting with Max Ernst, however, and especially John Heartfield (and Berlin dada), collage divorces itself from the *crafted object*; the "original" becomes merely a template for mass reproduction, like the original pen-and-ink work of newspaper comics (also undervalued or ignored in "Fine Art" economics). Moreover, demands the outraged gallery owner, where is the *skill* in all this slicing and dicing? Where is the difficulty and rarity in these xerox print-runs? The whole thing stinks of *democracy*!

Graffiti art represented an attempt by New York's submerged genius to beautify the subterranean world into which Capital had banished it. Unfortunately the middle class also rides the subways, and the middle class *felt* graffiti art as an assault on the economy of *Control* in which all their psychic affect was invested. Thus, when a few over-eager Downtown gallery-owners tried to co-opt and commodify graffiti art, they failed miserably. And something similar will occur at every attempt to "buy up" collage as well. Graffiti only succeeds aesthetically as an assault on Control — while collage succeeds only as an art which "anyone can do", provided they're willing to risk copyright violation law.

Of course the joke is that everybody *can't* do it. For every thousand idiots-with-scissors in the Marginal "zine scene" there's only one Winston Smith, James Koehnline, or Freddie Baer. They don't have the same skills as a Picasso (thank Allah!) but they have real skills — zen-ink-brush spontaneous genius, cranky painstaking craft of jewellers or old-time engravers — and above all, persistence.

And if you don't think perseverance is a *skill* in this age of one-liner/sound-byte/fast-foodism, then you haven't yet grown-up and joined the post-post-modern world. Even *breathing* — without prosthesis — is a triumph in the Suffocation Decades of Reagan and Bush — much less being an *artist*, for crying out loud.

And Freddie Baer *breathes*.

(Note: Peter Lamborn Wilson is an editor of *Semiotext(e)/Autonomedia*, a producer for WBAI radio, a teacher at the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics at Naropa, author/translator of many works on sufism and islamic heresy, and a desultory anarchist activist.)

20 Questions for Freddie Baer

Thomas Murray Saté

1. When/where were you born?

Fredrika Elizabeth Baer first made her appearance in Chicago, Illinois at 5 A.M., September 10, 1952.

2. Where did you grow up?

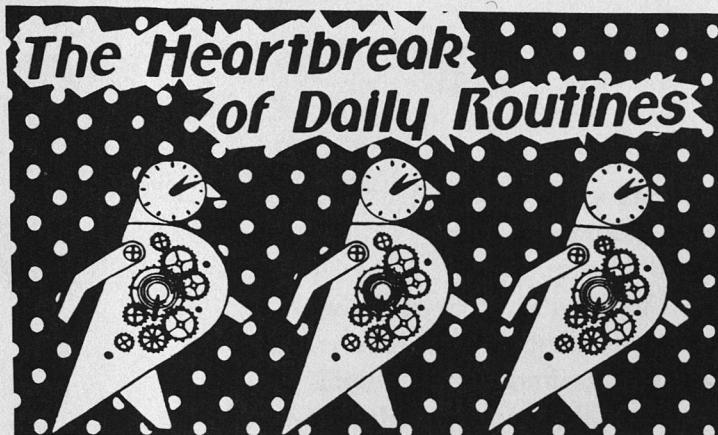
In a working-class neighborhood on the near northwest side of Chicago.

3. When/how did you first get involved with collage/art/politics?

I didn't start doing collage until I was almost 30; I didn't think I was very artistic. My involvement with politics came long before I started doing art; in fact you might say I came to do collage through my politics. On the other hand, I became political at an early age. I was a teenager during the late sixties: Viet Nam, the 1968 Democratic convention in Chicago, the Civil Rights movement. The combination of politics and culture of that time and my parents' sense of justice radicalized me. Though politically naive, my truckdriver dad was a rugged individualist and encouraged me to think for myself. When I was sixteen, I used to go to anti-war protests and also decided that I was an atheist.

In 1971, while a student at the University of Illinois, Circle Campus, I first heard of anarchism from Neil Rest, anarchist bon vivant and science fiction rogue. Through him, I met and joined the Nameless Anarchist Horde. In the years following my anti-authoritarian baptism, I worked with the IWW, Solidarity Bookstore, Newspace, and Black and Red while still in Chicago.

For a while, I did spontaneous guerrilla theater. My most infamous stunt was in 1972 when the student paper at the University of Illinois ran a "satirical" column by Bill Chester that said how much women must enjoy being raped, how much fun it was, and boy, oh boy, he'd really like to be raped. In response, I sent him a note that read something to the effect of how I had heard he wanted to get his rocks off and that if he really wanted a good time, he'd show up at the women's liberation office. This was 1972 — the women's lib office was the size of two phone booths. The word had gotten out, and the place was packed with women. Chester showed up but wouldn't enter the office so my two accomplices and I escorted him down the hallway. There, behind the elevators, we removed his pants and held him down, while talking to him about the realities of rape,



"Heartbreak . . .," March 1984

and gee, wasn't this a lot of fun. After about ten minutes of this, campus security found us and broke up the scene. Chester pressed charges; I was arrested, charged with assault, and eventually got off on a technicality. The case was in the newspapers from coast to coast. But, you know, it really was worth all the time and hassle; Chester said on the radio that now he knew what it was like to be raped and assaulted, that it was horrible, and that he would wish that on no one.

Despite dabbling with silk screen and offset printing as means of production, my initiation into collage and illustration didn't happen until 1981 at an art show reception for the collages of Incite! (a San Francisco-based collage group). I realized that anyone could do collage — it was just a matter of putting the right pieces together. That night I went home and began my first collage, "Bosses: the Real Time Bandits." I've been glueing paper down ever since.

4. How did you end up living in San Francisco?

My lover was originally from San Francisco and wanted to return to the Bay Area after living in Chicago for five years. I didn't want to move but was convinced to try a six-week vacation in San Francisco. Once there in June of 1978, the combination of the city's tolerance of

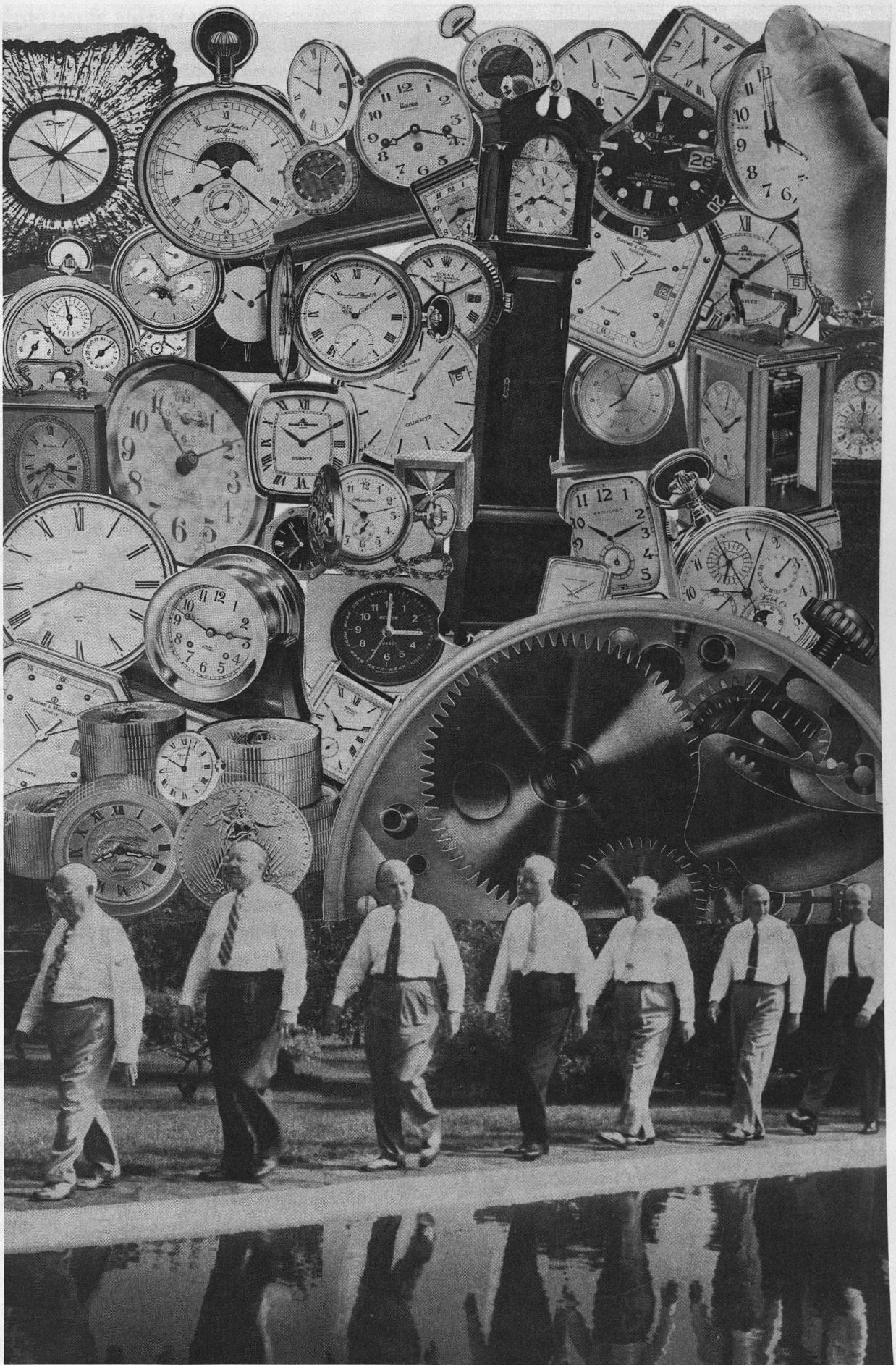
racial, sexual, and political differences (while not perfect, a hell of a lot better than Chicago) and its temperate weather (especially its cooling fog —I can not deal with hot weather) convinced me that San Francisco was the place that I wanted to be. We moved out here four months later in November, 1978.

5. Can you say how you got involved with typesetting and design?

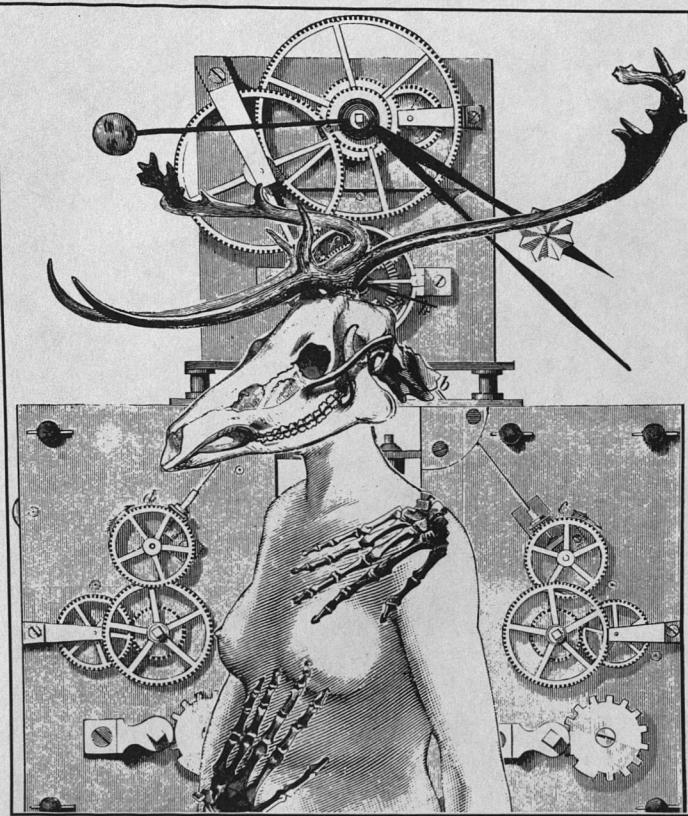
Through Solidarity Bookstore and then Newspace: the folks at Solidarity actively worked with Fredy and Lorraine Perlman at Black and Red to produce books. When Solidarity metamorphosed into Newspace, we obtained a few printing presses and cameras and began to teach ourselves how to run them; that's when I first dipped my hands in ink. In 1977, I took an intensive printing class that taught the basics of printing, camera work, and lay out. I also first experimented with silk screening at Newspace, printing t-shirts with other folks' designs.

I worked with *Processed World* from late 1981 to early 1983; I learned typesetting and some design basics while working with them. I had just begun to do collage work; my illustrations are in some of their early issues.

In 1985, I got my first "real" job as an administrative assistant (I had been a bookkeeper for a living before then). The man who hired me was my Macintosh mentor. He knew I typed fast and had a little computer experience; he left me alone to learn the Macintosh computer on my own. He encouraged me to stay late to work on my own projects, knowing that the computer skills I learned doing my own problem-solving would be applied to the job. The more proficient I became using desktop publishing, the more I realized that my design skills weren't as strong as I'd like them to be. In 1989, I began taking design classes at



*"Bosses: the
Real Time
Bandits,"
1981*



"Mutant," May 1984

night at the University of California Extension Center. I plan to continue taking classes; with design and illustration there is always more to be learned.

6. Can you list a few of the people you've done typesetting/design/illustration for?

In the past five years: *Anarchy: A Journal of Desire Armed*, *Fifth Estate*, *Factsheet Five*, *Ready Made Exotic World* and *Live from the Stagger Cafe*, *Science Fiction Eye*, *Semiotext(e): SF*, Komotion International, Times Change Press, AK Press, peter plate, Sperry . . . I forget all the work I've done. When you have graphic production skills, people approach you all the time for help producing their work.

7. Can you say anything about any political groups you've been involved with?

After arriving in San Francisco, I was involved with *Processed World* (a self-described magazine "for and by dissident office workers") from late 1981 to early 1983 and Bound Together Anarchist Bookstore from 1984 to 1986. From 1983 to 1987 I was also associated with several study groups discussing political theory.

Processed World was a fiasco that has been written about innumerable times; the best account of what happened during my participation is *Bizarro Processed World* by Stephanie Klein (available from Stephanie at P.O. Box 7353, Menlo Park, CA 94025). I don't feel that I can add anything else to that critical discussion, especially since those events happened almost 10 years ago.

I don't consider myself a member of any group right now, though I do work for the *Fifth Estate*, *Anarchy*, AK Press, Times Change Press, and Komotion International. After my experience with *Processed World*, it's important for me to work with individuals who have ideals and viewpoints with which I mostly agree.

8. Can you say something about how you first met many of the people you've worked with, i.e., peter plate, Political Asylum, Peter Lamborn Wilson, science fiction people, & c?

I originally came into contact with many of these folks through the various aspects of the marginal scene — the anti-authoritarian, science fiction, and cultural circles that sometimes overlap. I haven't always met the folks I've worked with (or work with them before meeting them). I have a number of long-time friends and colleagues that I've never met; we correspond through the mail; *Factsheet Five* has provided a network of like-

minded people. If I run across a project that I like through the pages of *Factsheet Five*, I volunteer my services. I need to have some agreement with the aims of a project before I participate.

9. Can you say something about the work you're doing with the science fiction journals and Semiotext(e): SF ?

It's very exciting; I find science fiction liberatory. To imagine a future or other world/history — whether utopian or dystopian — that takes vision and a thinking-out of why things are the way they are and how they could be different. I've been reading science fiction since I was six; it's been a way of experiencing an alternate reality while living in this time and place. I think a lot of my work are illustrations for stories that haven't been written yet. I feel the collage work I do for *Science Fiction Eye* allows me to participate in the science fiction world as more than just a fan.

10. Can you say something about how your design/collage relates to your political beliefs?

One reason I started doing collage was because I was sick of seeing the same illustrations reprinted over and over again in the anarchist press. I also started doing graphic design for the anti-authoritarian scene because important and well-written essays were rendered unreadable because of poor design.

I don't charge for the work I do — I think this is important when you're trying to separate yourself from a commodity-based economy. It's hard for folks to accept the idea of craft as gift. However, I am currently faced with the issue of payment when doing illustration work for mainstream magazines or small businesses — I haven't got an answer for that contradiction yet.

I have problems with calling myself an artist; that's an elitist term. As I said before, anyone can do collage — and the more you do it, the better you get.

11. How do you set about doing a piece of collage either for yourself or to order for someone else?

It depends whether it is an assignment or not. If I'm to illustrate a story or essay, then I usually read the piece several times to find an "angle" from which to approach it. Sometimes a very specific image will suggest itself from the words, and other times I'll capture a mood. I've learned not to take a work too literally but instead let the visual images flow.

I have two ways of doing collage for myself. I will either have a very definite idea of what I would like the piece to look like, and it's a matter of finding the graphics to illustrate that idea. On the other hand,



T-shirt for Bound Together, 1985

I'll have no idea what I want to do, and I flip through my resources to see if a collage piece suggests itself. With collage I can't always follow my original vision — I have to go where the pieces lead. There's a lot of me wrapped up in my work for myself; I try to illustrate my emotions in such a way that provokes others to feel that same emotion in themselves.

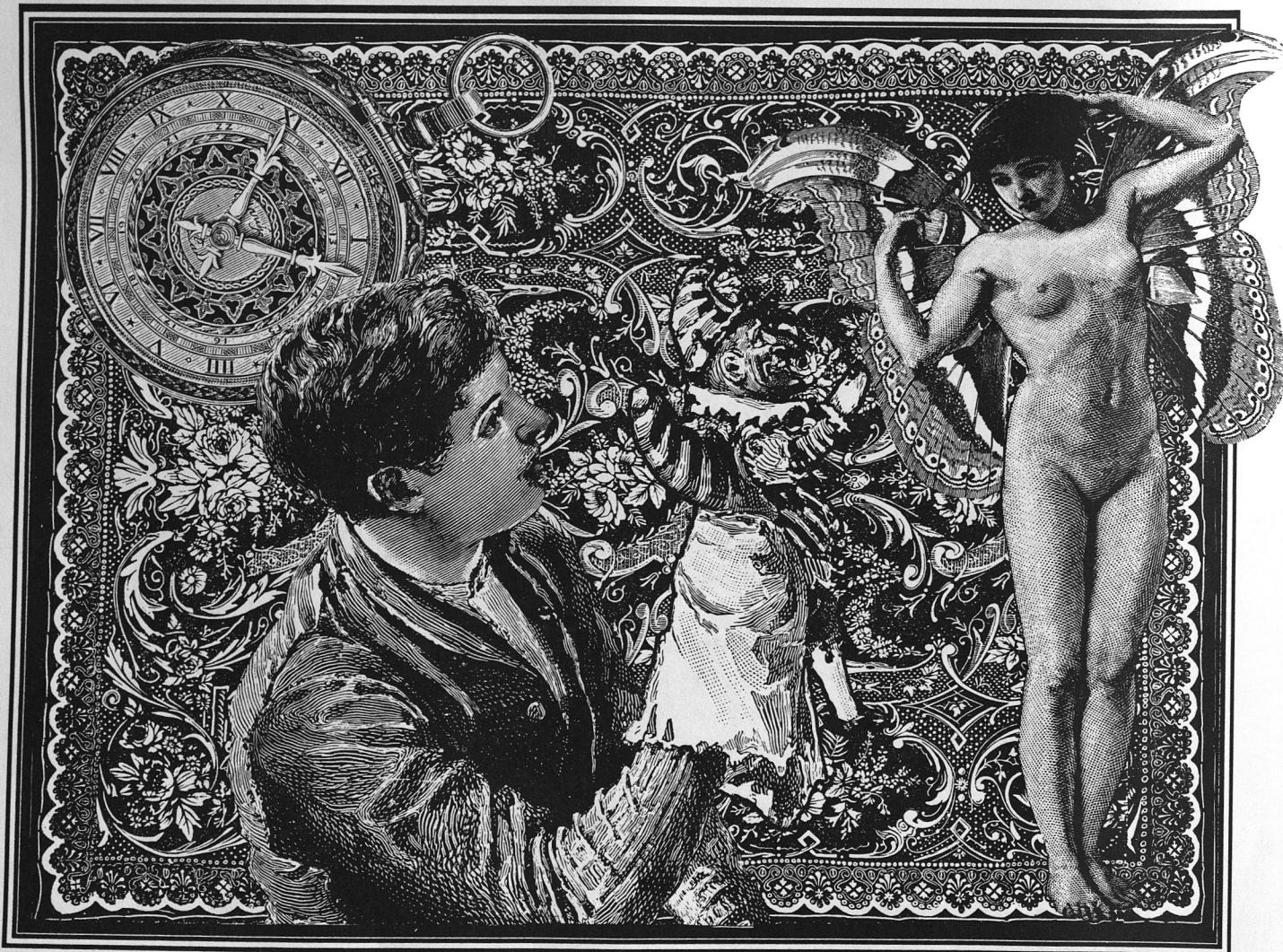
12. Do you see your collage work taking off in a new direction in the future, or do you think you've arrived at a form which you find aesthetically satisfying and will stick with?

My graphic work is constantly mutating; right now I have about four different styles in which I create collages, and I'm

experimenting with other methods, including incorporating more computer-generated bits and hand-inked drawings into my collages. I've also begun to play with textures and patterns. I'd love to do more color collage work, but no one can afford to reproduce it.

13. Can you say something about the t-shirt of the month club?

Once a month since January 1989, I design a t-shirt with a new design and send it to approximately 50 subscribers. I don't repeat designs, and the t-shirts are available exclusively to subscribers. I started doing the t-shirt of the club to experiment with different forms of collage. To come up with a different



"Goiley on a Doiley," September 1989 t-shirt of the month

image every month forces me to be creative and try techniques that I normally wouldn't use. I like the idea that t-shirts are both functional and ephemeral — they're not considered art.

When I print t-shirts, two assistants help me in exchange for a copy of the shirt and a burrito. Two of my most faithful assistants, Phil Lollar and Johann Humyn Being, are incredible collage artists themselves.

14. The most obvious comparison I can think of for your collage work is with surrealist artists such as Max Ernst. What do you think of this type of comparison and does it annoy you?

It's a legitimate comparison — Ernst has been an influence for me — but I get irritated when it's made to dismiss or trivialize my work as second-hand Ernst. While Ernst and I both use 19th century wood engravings, we have two very distinct styles; my detractors seem unable to look beyond the method and see my message. To say that I should avoid using engravings because Ernst already used that medium is to say that no one should paint with oils because Rembrandt used them. I find it interesting as I begin to play with shapes and patterns that some of my recent work has been confused with M.C. Escher's.

I'm also influenced by John Heartfield and Hannah Hoch, dadaists, Terry Gilliam and Jan Svankmajer, animators, and illustrators such as Kay Nielsen, J.J. Grandville, Sidney Sime, Hannes Bok, and Virgil Finlay.

15. What is Mystopia?

Mystopia was the name I gave my p.o. box and own project. It's word play: we don't know what the future will hold, whether it will be a dystopia or utopia. It's a mystery to us — hence, a mystopia.



"Horse," January 1989 t-shirt of the month

Then again, it could also be a big mistake — mistopia.

16. Politically, where do you think we're at right now? What direction do you think the anarchist scene should take in response to the present situation?

The world is changing so fast: the collapse of communism in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe and the corresponding rise of nationalism on one hand, the replacement of governance by the rise of Capital on the other; total and complete eco-disaster that looms on the horizon; the dehumanization of the individual; the turn to the right by the United States and Great Britain. Things can't go on the way they have been.

You can't apply a 19th century philosophy as a bandaid to the world's ills. Marx doesn't have the answer, Bakunin and



Cover graphic for Komotion: Live & Kicking #1

Malatesta don't have the answer, Debord doesn't have the answer. However, you can read what these people had to say and take what is applicable to the current situation. A more coherent theory needs to be developed that takes into account past history and current events, a theory that won't become stagnant and dogma but can grow and incorporate the changes taking in place in our world and respond to current events. This theory needs to be self-critical and self-examining. Anarchists should also examine their own motives, need to change. Dysfunctional by living in this society, by which methods can individuals heal themselves, becoming more whole and complete beings? How can we change the world and ourselves simultaneously?

17. How do your own activities relate to your answer to the last question?

I read, I talk, I discuss, I participate, I criticize and self-criticize, I learn. I contribute my skills. I heal myself through my art. I try to know who I am and how I fit into the scheme of things.

18. What do you find depressing and what do you find inspiring about the anarchist scene at the moment?

The anarchist/anti-authoritarian community is a false community; the only thing that holds anarchists together is the tenuous glue of shared politics: opposing the state. The anarchist community has become an insular and self-perpetuating ghetto that does not question its own ideology and action and further fragments into different forms of opposition, various types of rigid anarcho-isms. Anarchists still react in the same old knee jerk way without questioning why.

I find it encouraging that more people, not necessarily self-identified anarchists, are reading and questioning, exploring other, non-traditional avenues of rebellion, both internal and external. Also, I'm inspired by the theoretical growth taking place within parts of the anarchist/anti-authoritarian community, especially in the pages of the *Fifth Estate* and *Anarchy: A Journal of Desire Armed*.



Cover graphic for Komotion: Live & Kicking #3

19. You've been involved with the anarchist scene for a long time; a lot of people pass through it as young adults. Why do you think you're still involved when a large number of activists seem to give up politics before the age of 30?

People come into movements not only with a desire for social change but with many of their own needs of which they themselves aren't even aware. When they

don't get those personal needs met through the various scenes, they become cynical and drop out rather than examine why they were there in the first place. People also get caught up in survival, working for a living and all the activities, social and otherwise, that can fill a life, or they have the luxury of an upper class life they can return to after experimenting with alternative lifestyles.

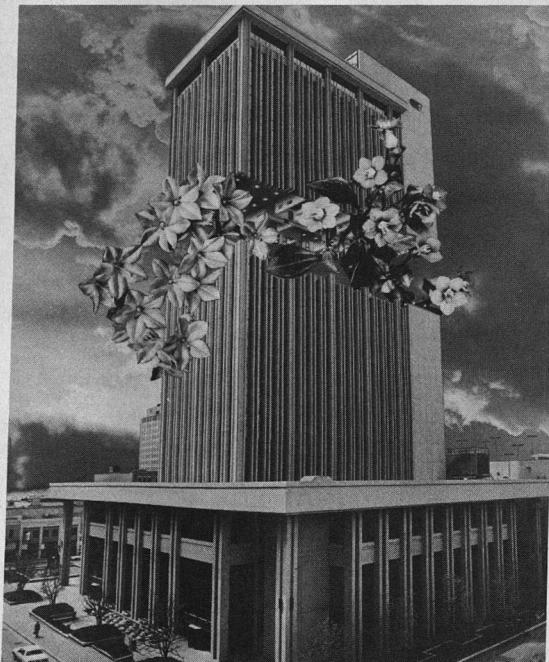


photo by Jill Schutts

I'm still involved because I've found ways to make my life, politically and otherwise, emotionally satisfying. It's been hard, though; I've had some bad times with political groups and individuals over the years, but with every negative experience I've gained some self-knowledge and know what I need to avoid. Most of all, I'm optimistic about the future: the world can change. And when there is hope, there can still be dreams.

20. Can you sum up your activities since the early seventies, say whether you're satisfied with them and give a brief outline of how you see the future for yourself as an individual activist/cultural worker rather than for the anarchist scene as a whole?

Well, technically I've become proficient at my craft. I've learned every aspect of the graphic arts on one level or another; that was a goal I set for myself in the mid-1970s. However, I feel that I have a lot more to learn about doing illustration work, creating "art." I'm halfway through my life, and there's still so much technical knowledge for me to absorb.



Graphic for How Deep Is Deep Ecology?



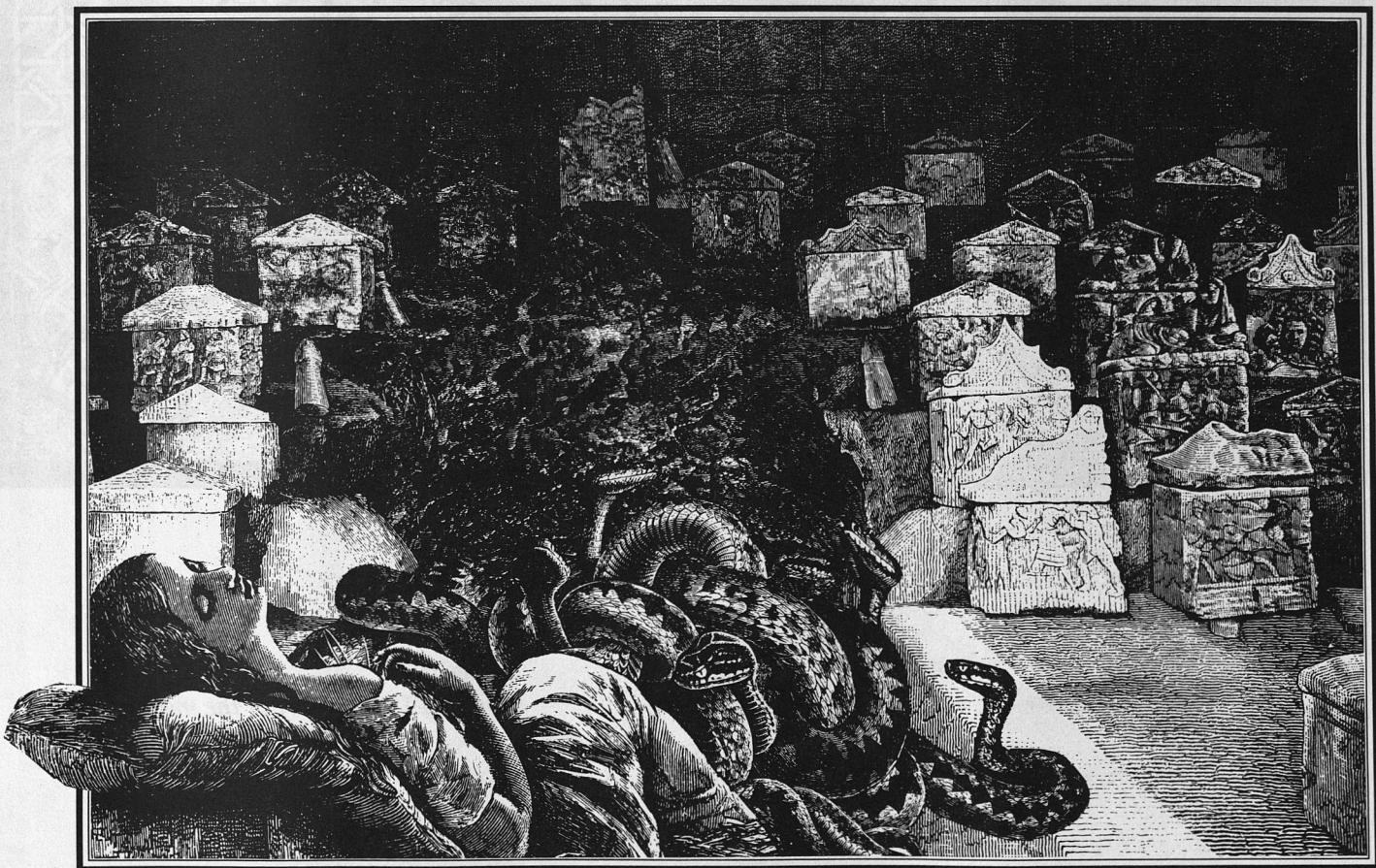
Graphic for "Dead End Game of Corporate Feminism"

Over the years I've been influenced artistically by the dadaists and surrealists and politically by left-anarchists, the situationists, feminist theorists, anti-authoritarian Marxists, and anti-technology theorists, especially Fredy Perlman and George Bradford. But I don't want to be pigeon-holed, defined by my past activities or confined by labels.

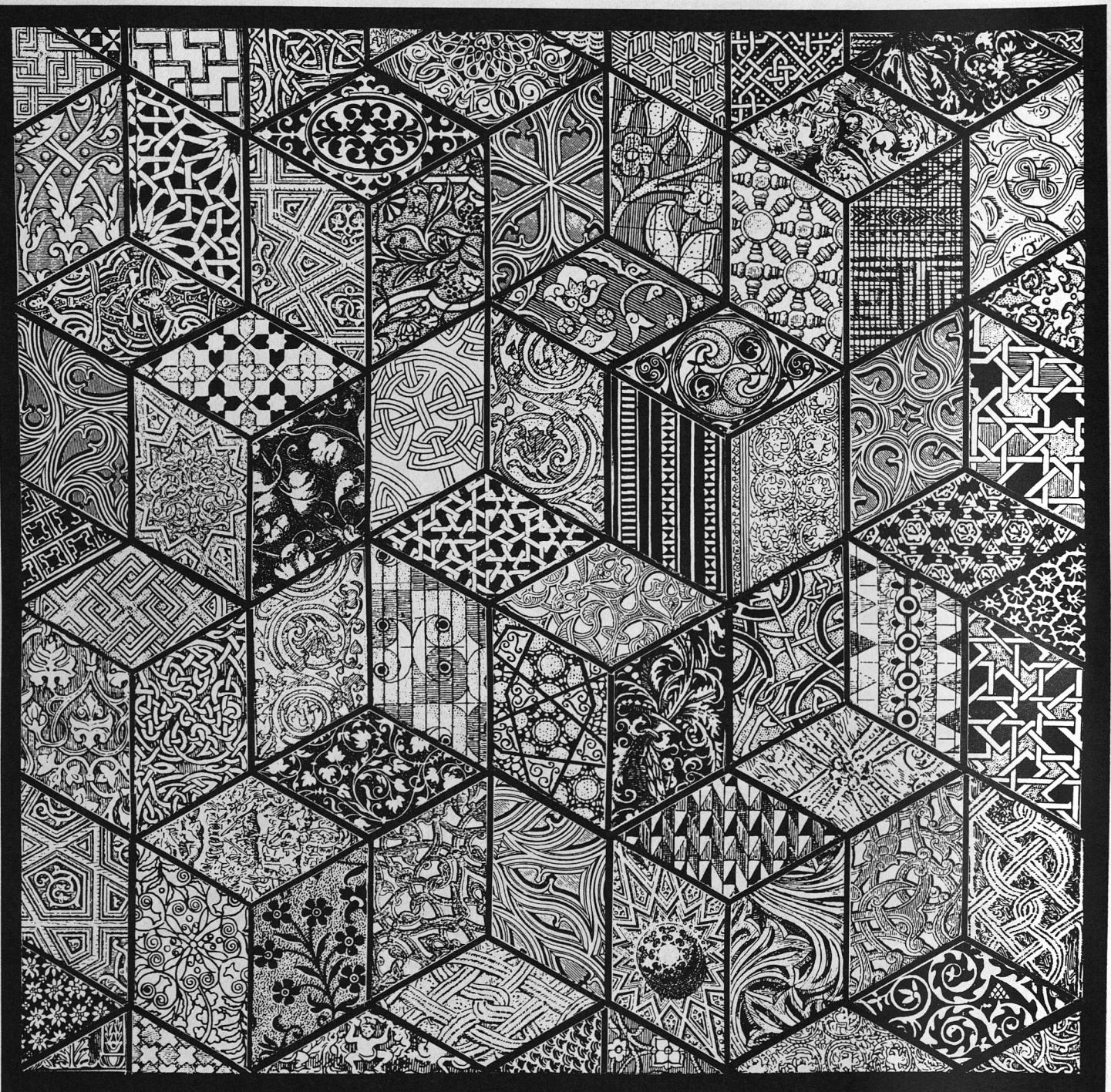
I've gained a self-awareness through my past experiences, an ability to be able to analyze situations. I try to be critical (and self-critical) without becoming paralyzed and isolated. I'd like to work on becoming more coherent about my beliefs; I miss being in a study group. I like the discipline of regularly meeting with others to discuss ideas and theories; it gets your mind working and sharpens your tongue, keeps your mind from getting intellectually lazy.

To summarize what I've said earlier, I will continue in the future to contribute my graphic knowledge and skills to projects that challenge the destructive prevailing system and with whom I have basic agreements. I plan to evolve politically, artistically, and spiritually and to grow critically. My visions will sustain me through the difficult times ahead, and through my collage I will share those visions with others.

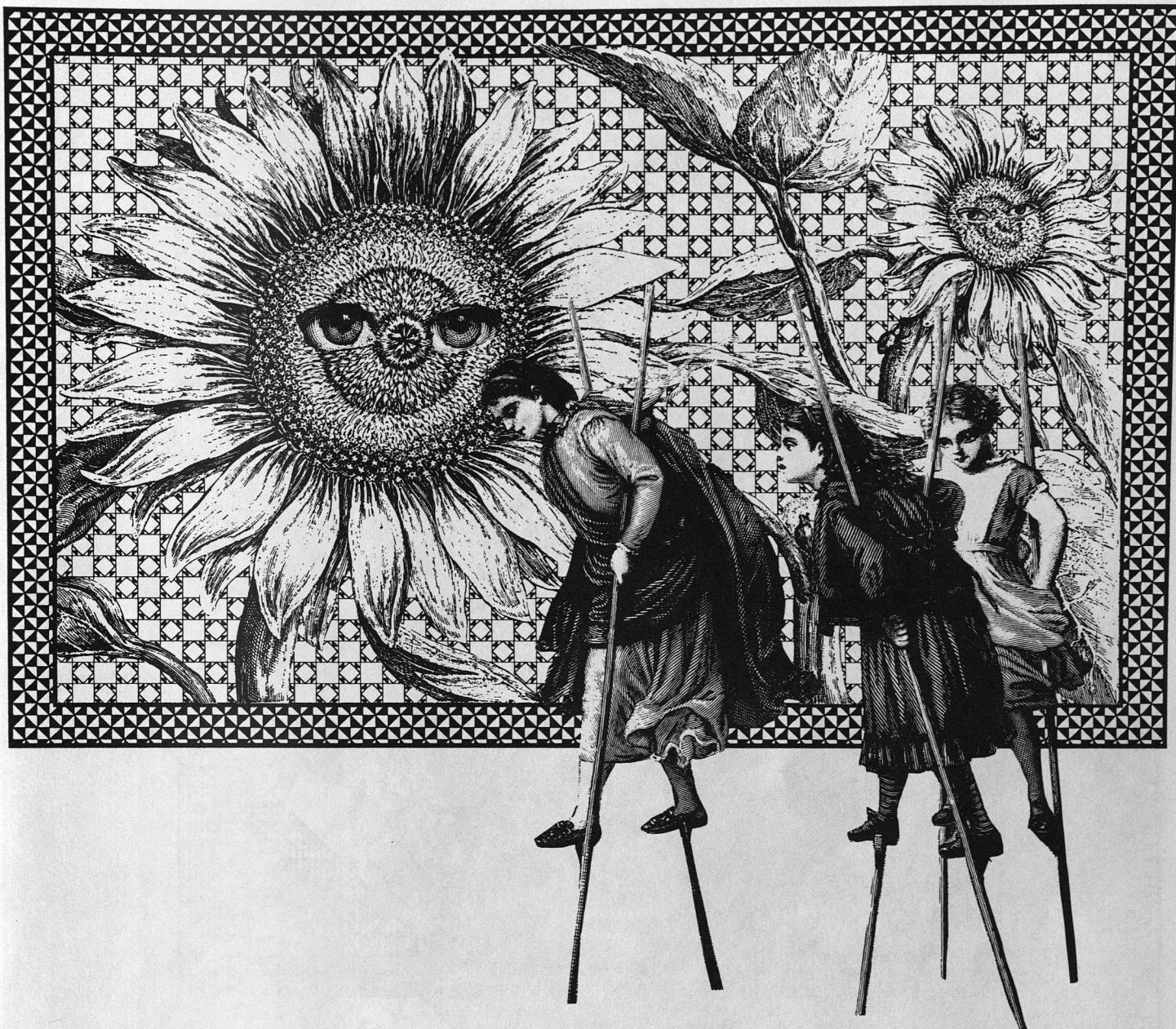
The Collages



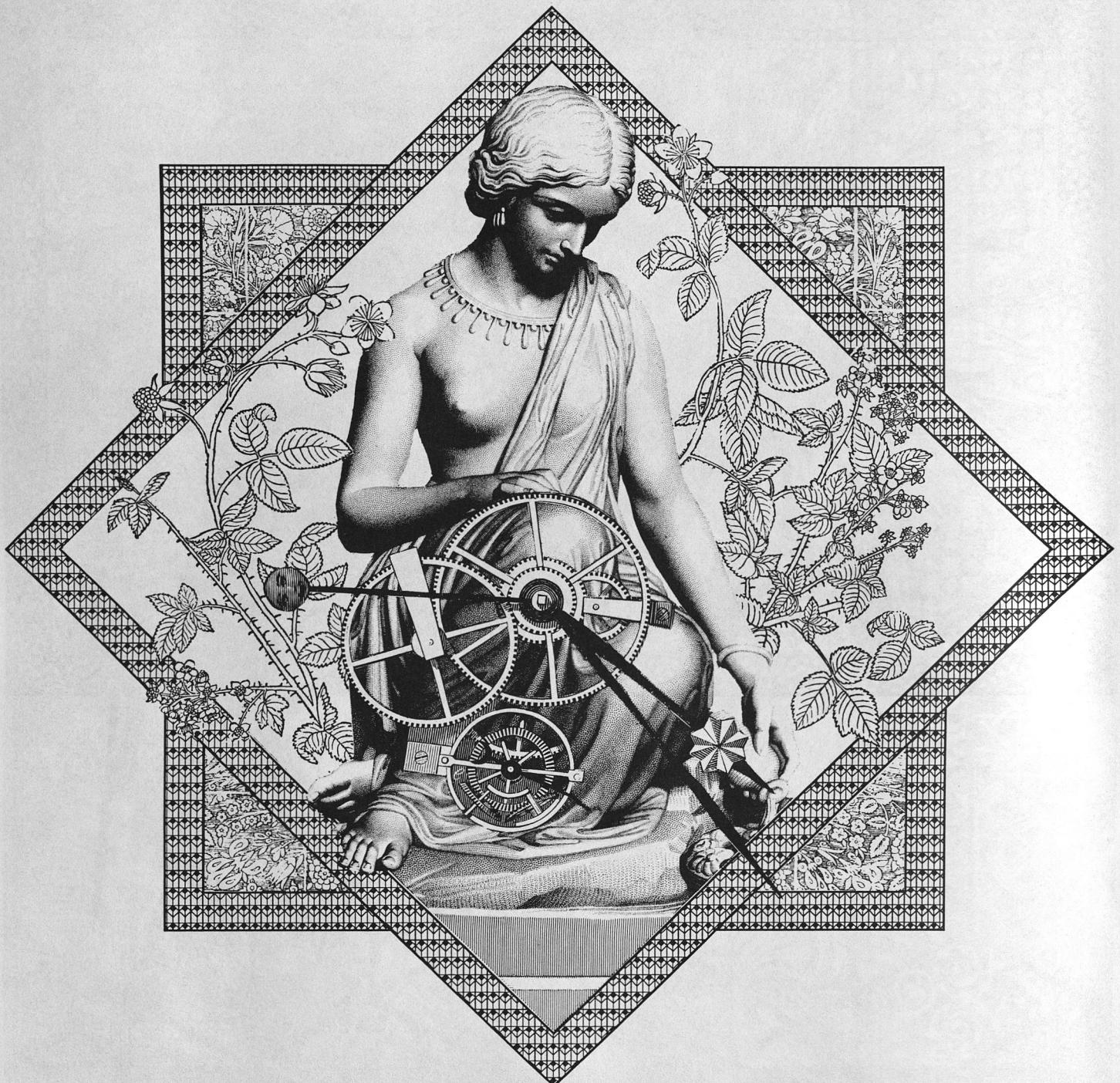
"Snake Dreams"



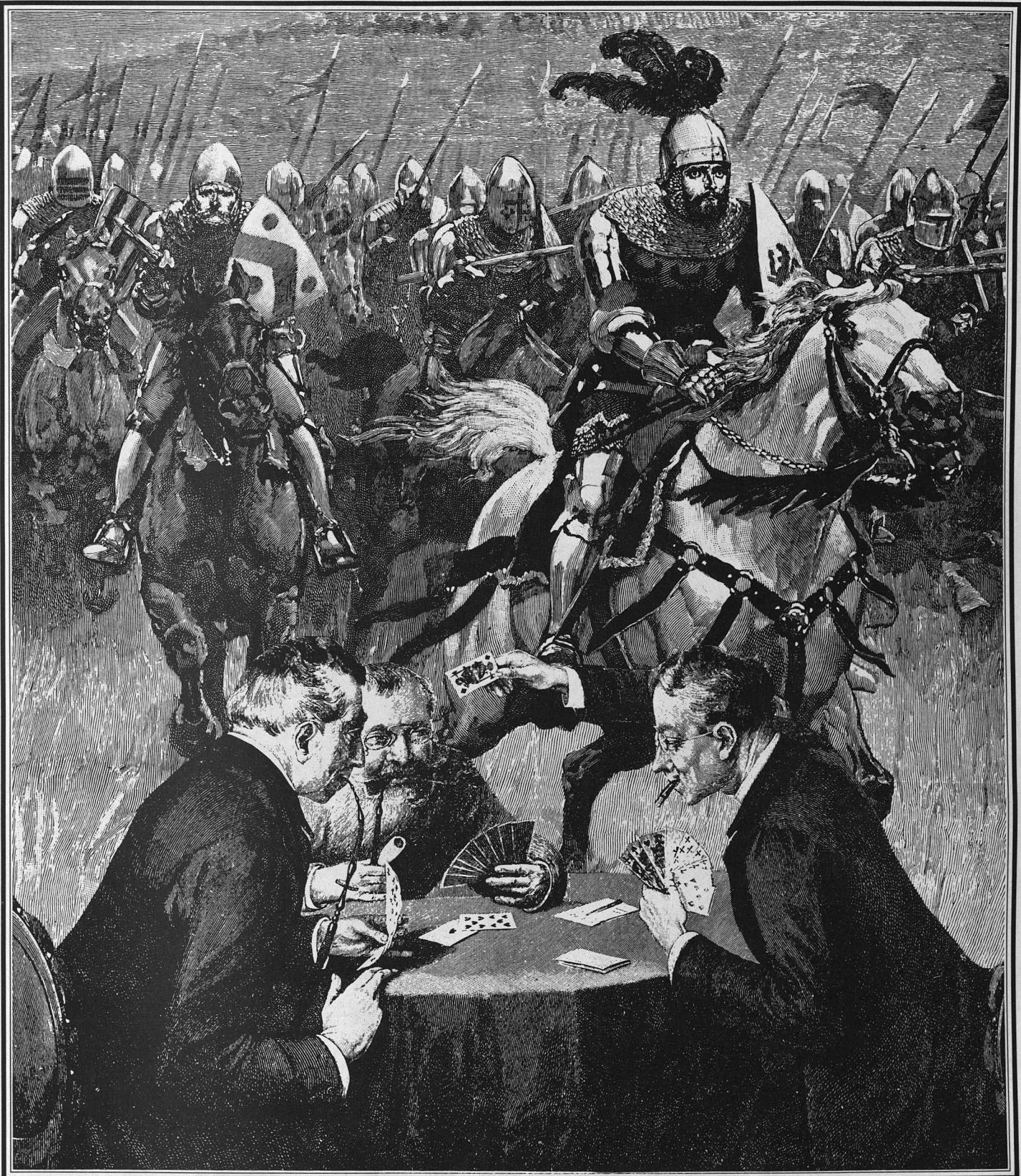
"Boxes II"
February 1992 t-shirt of the month



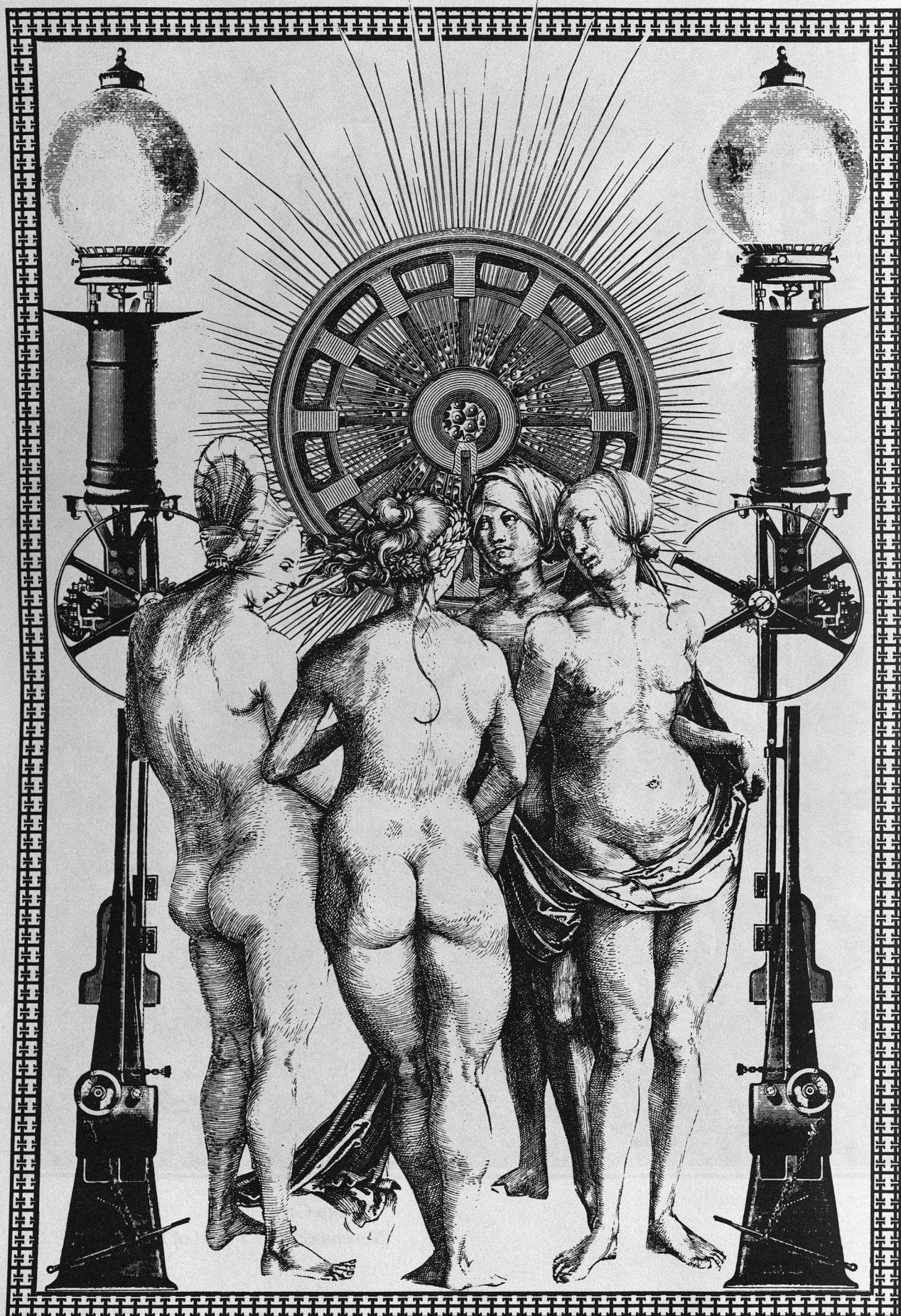
"Sad Eyes"
January 1992 t-shirt of the month



"Time on Her Hands"
December 1991 t-shirt of the month



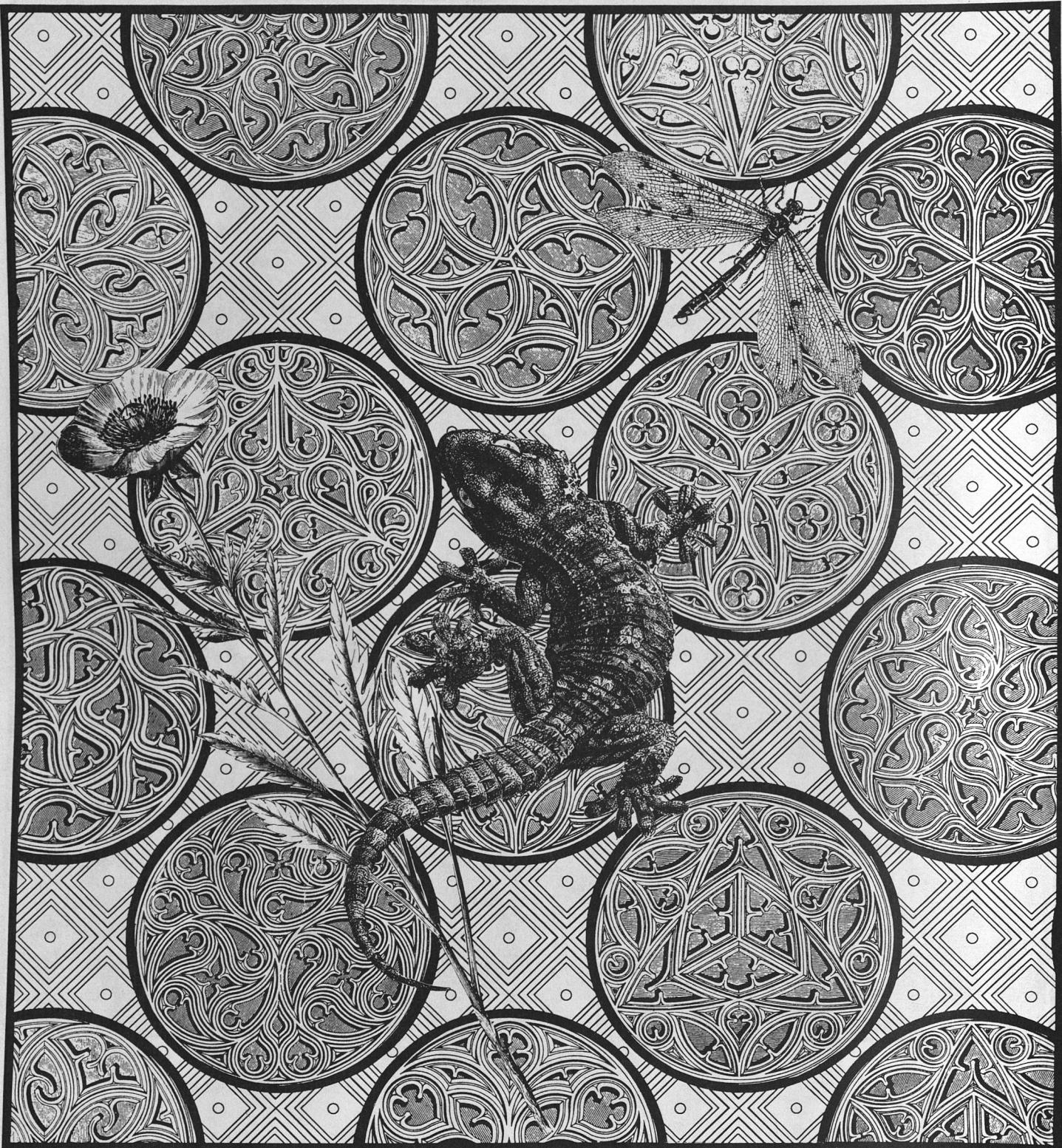
"Trump Card"
November 1991 t-shirt of the month





"Burned Again"
June 1991 t-shirt of the month

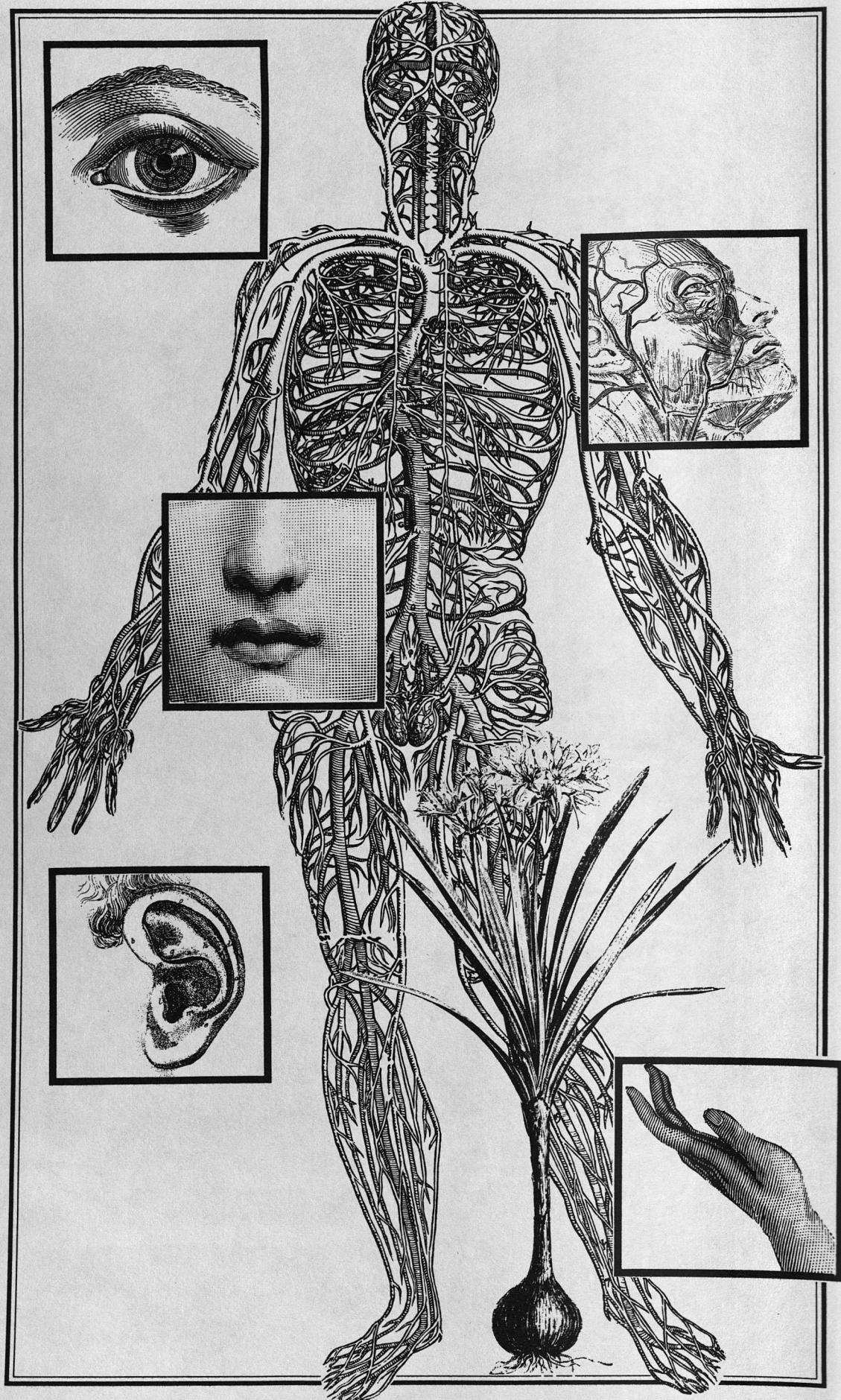
(opposite page)
"Enlightenment"
September 1991 t-shirt of the month



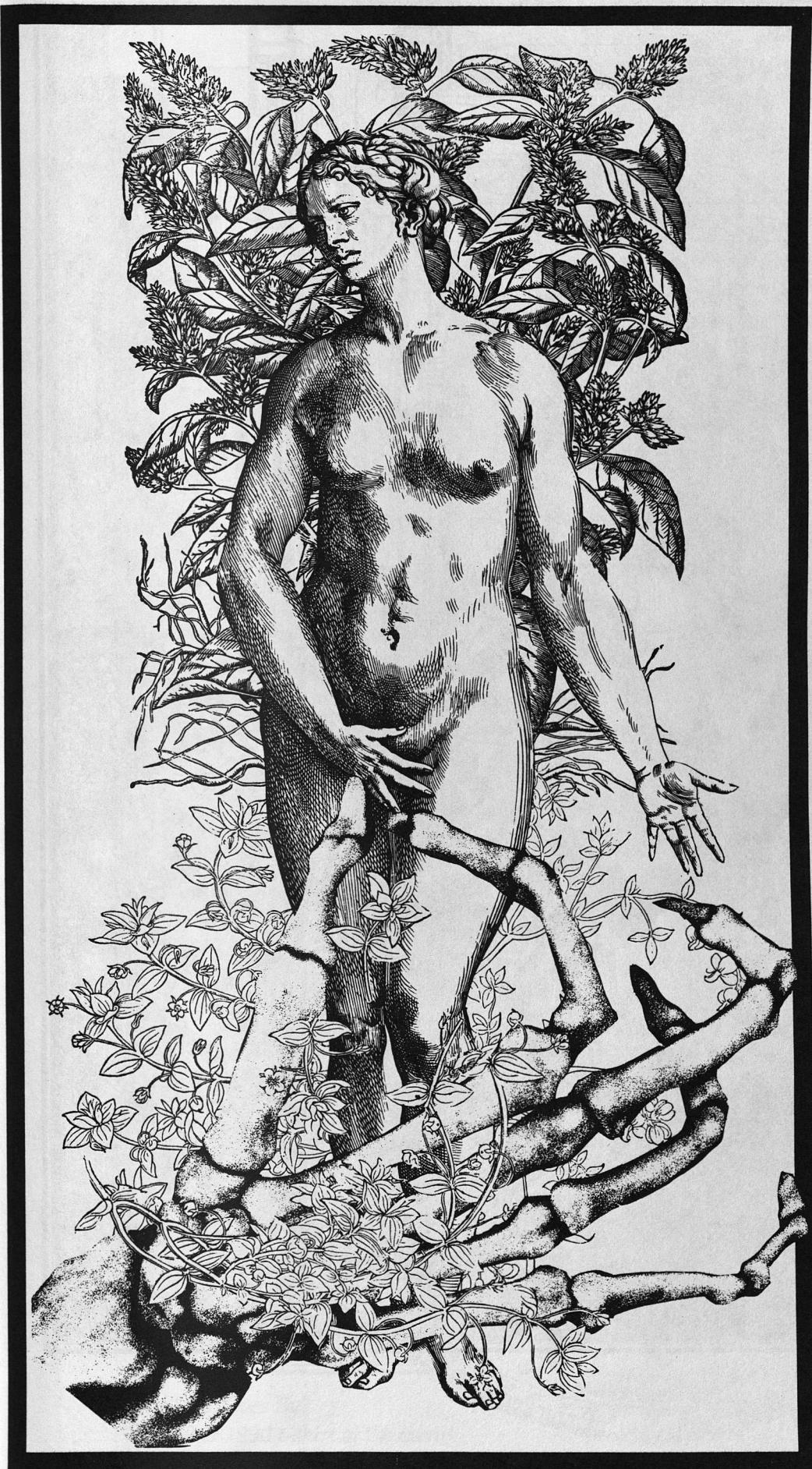
*"Anti-Gecko"
July 1991 t-shirt of the month*

*(opposite page)
"Distractions"
May 1991 t-shirt of the month*





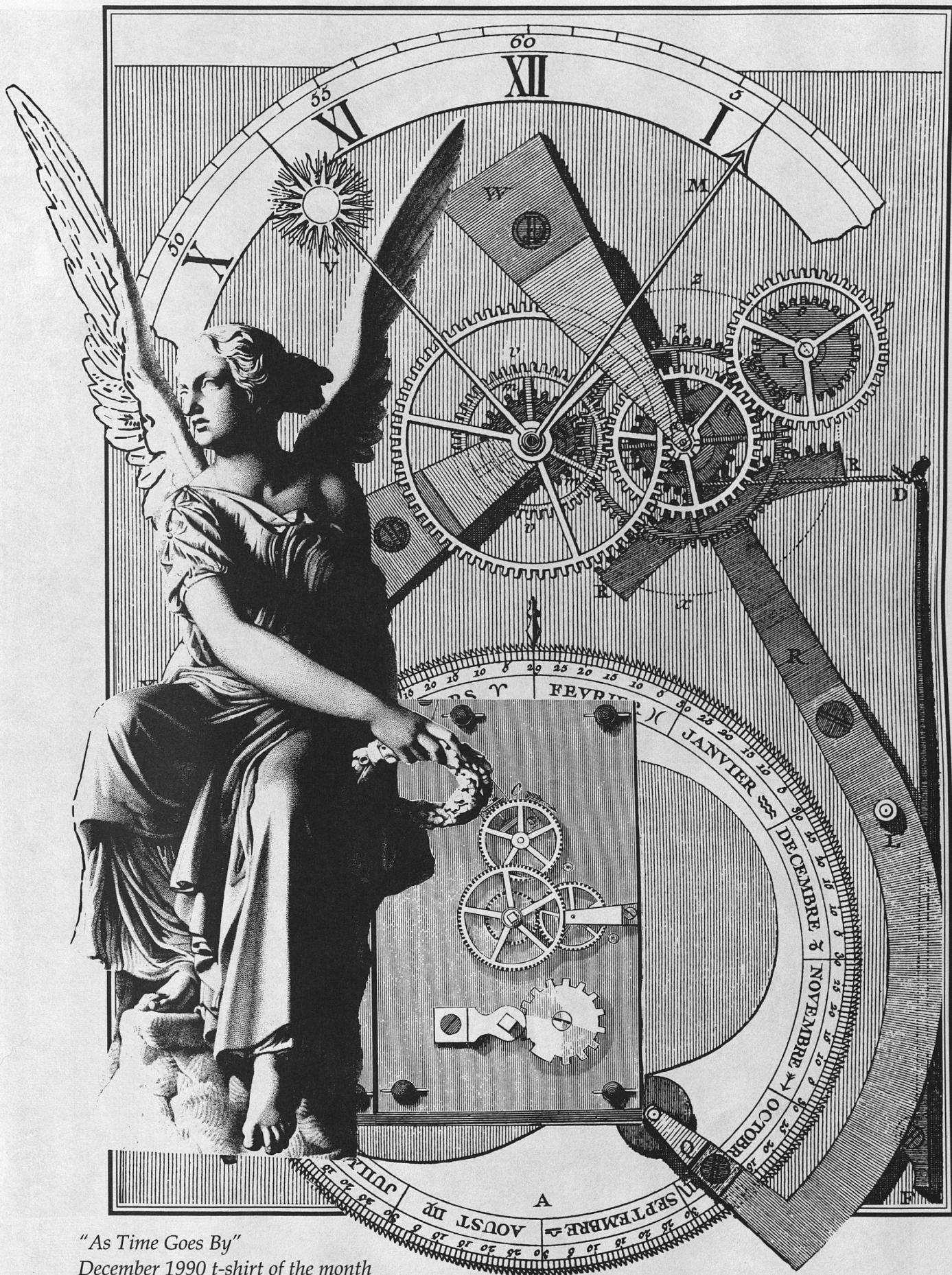
"To Will and Rob"
April 1991
t-shirt of the month



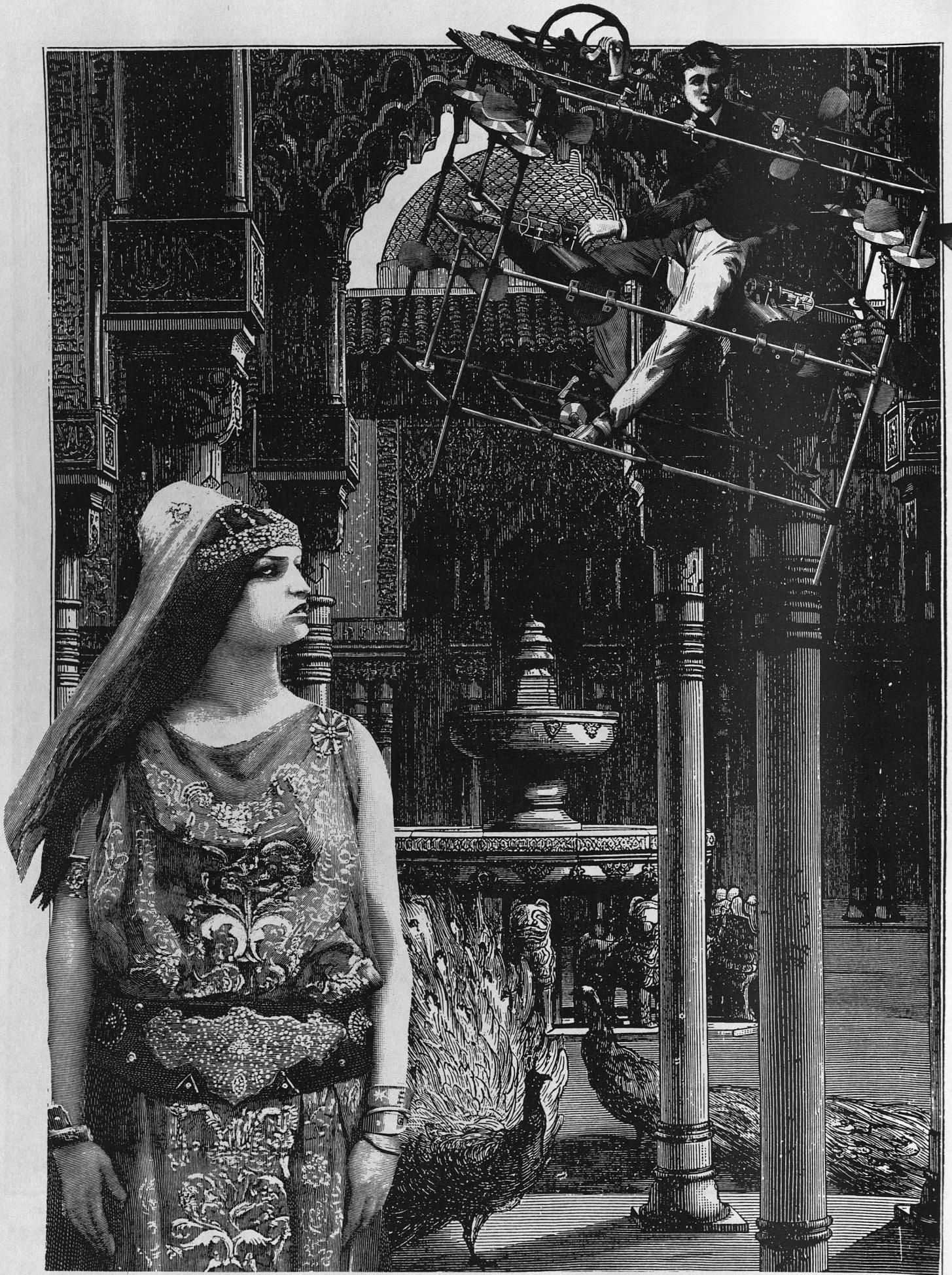
*"Miss Death and Sexuality
of 1989"
June 1989
t-shirt of the month*

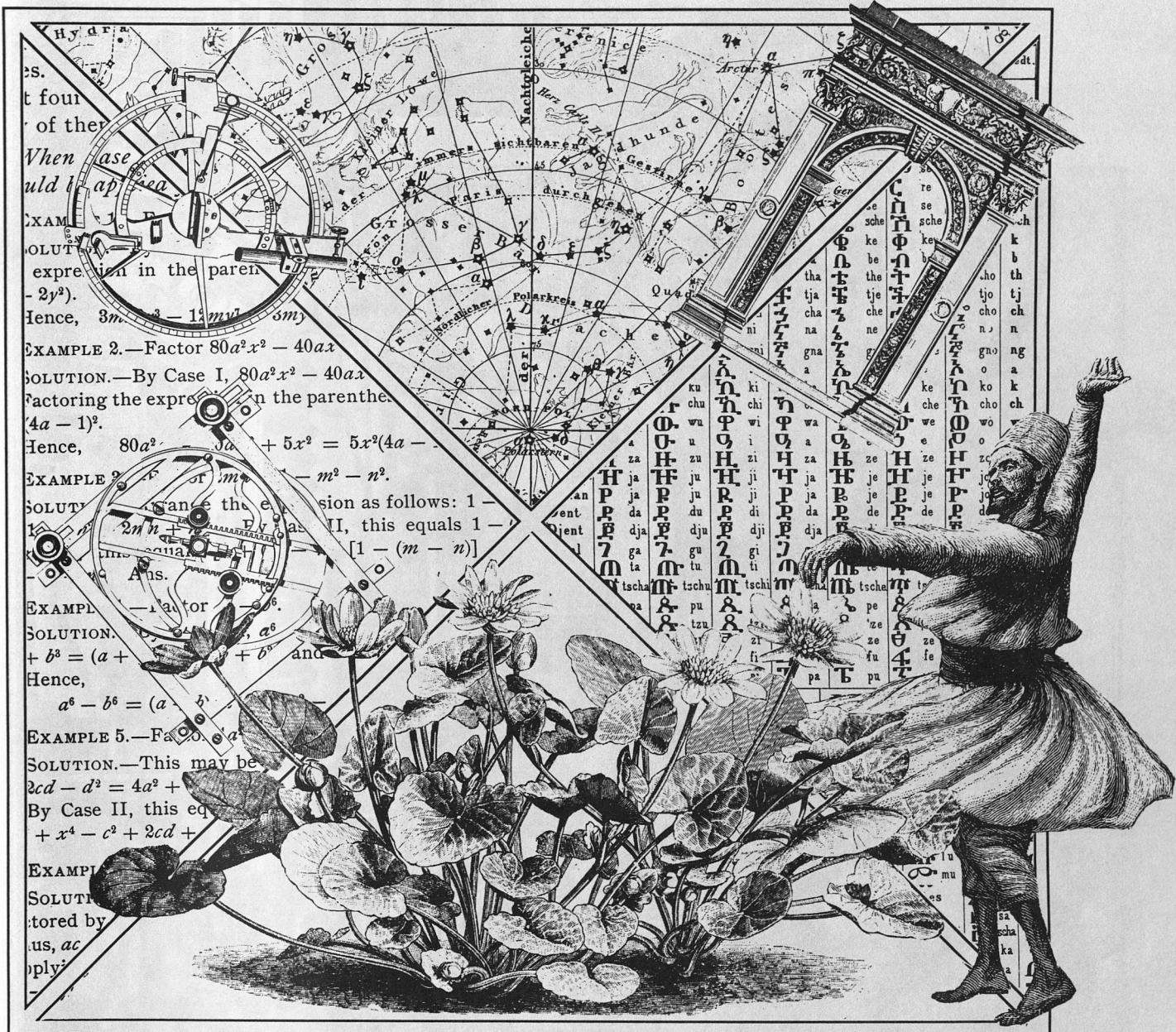


"Our Lady of the Flayed Stallion"
February 1991 t-shirt of the month



"As Time Goes By"
December 1990 t-shirt of the month





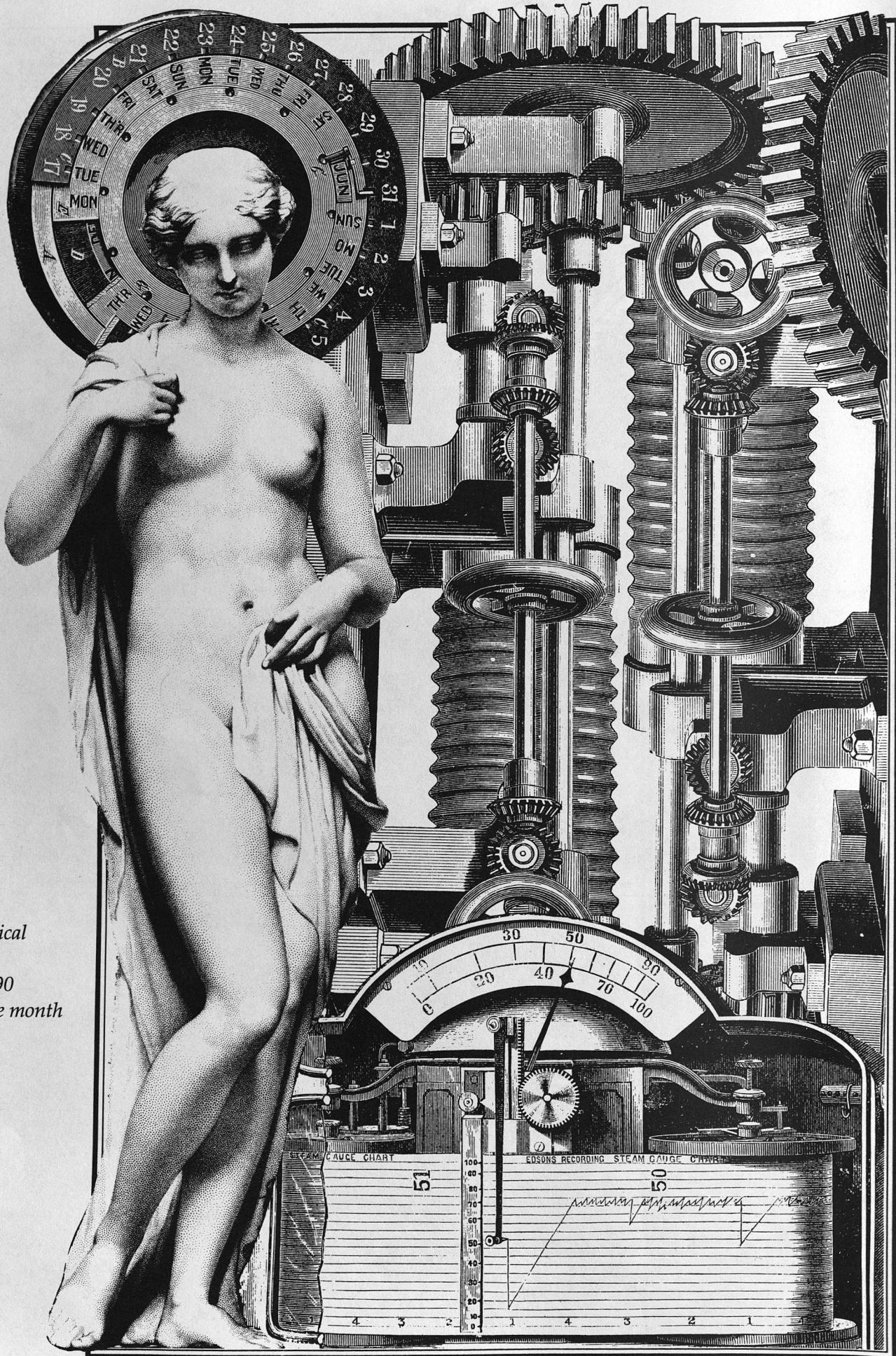
"Jason's Travels II"
January 1991 t-shirt of the month

(opposite page)

"Jason's Travels I"

March 1990 t-shirt of the month

*"Technological
Madonna"
October 1990
t-shirt of the month*





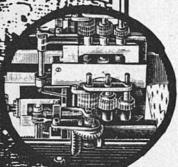
"Escapee"
September 1990 t-shirt of the month



*"Gang of Four"
July 1990 t-shirt of the month*

*(opposite page)
"Music Has Charms . . ."
August 1990 t-shirt of the month*



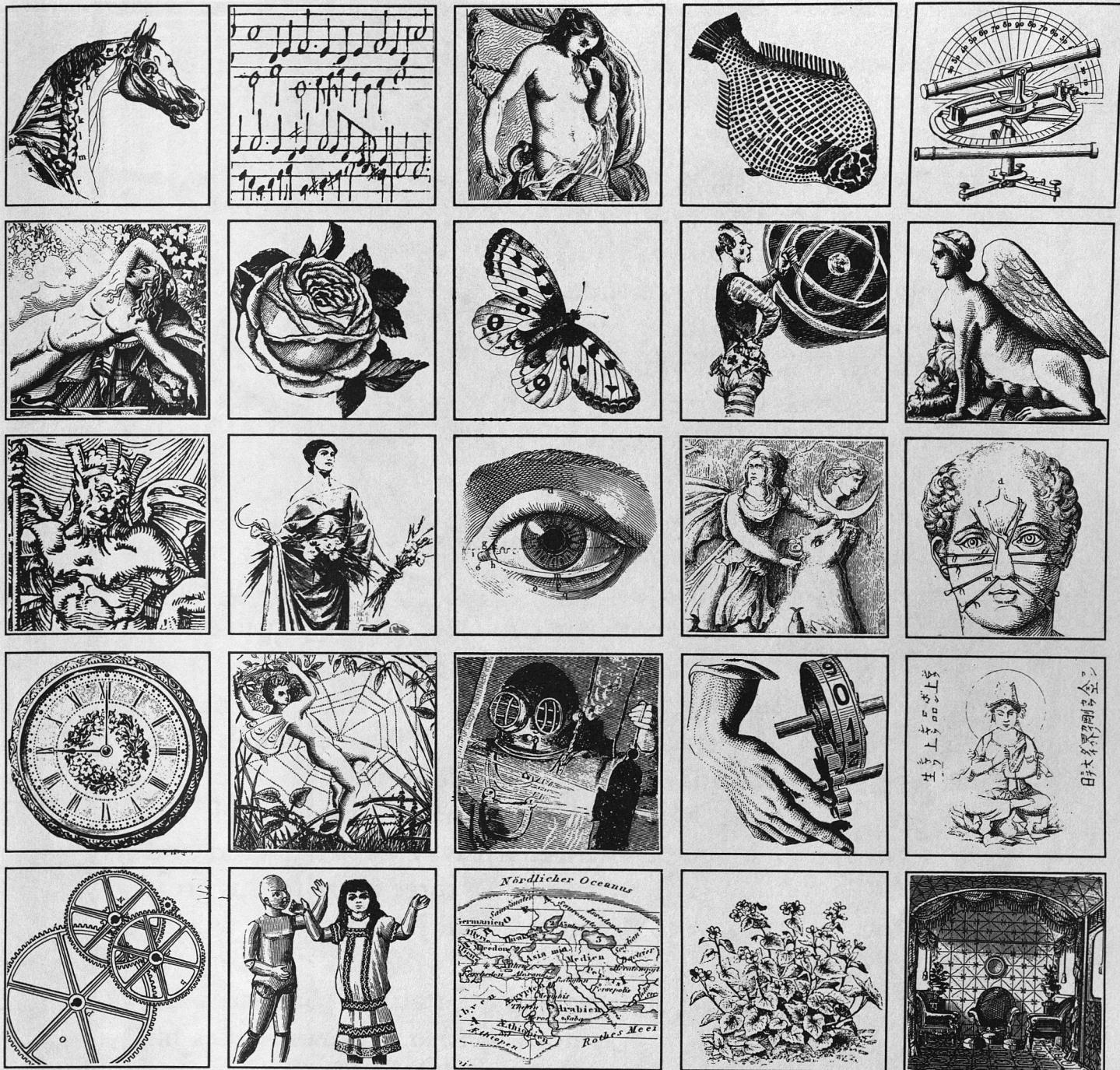




"Don't Fuck with Mother Nature"
November 1989 t-shirt of the month

(opposite page)
"Bubbles"
October 1989 t-shirt of the month





"Boxes"
March 1989 t-shirt of the month

(opposite page)
"Dream Machine"
July 1989 t-shirt of the month

they will see. They will hear. Of course, they will see. Even the four of them; even Hamza is brought back to life. The prophet is taken, and his followers quake.

He stands, bows, sighs, comes to me, all of you,' he says, putting one hand on the shoulder of the other around his uncle's. 'Listen.'

Unembraced Khalid interrupts. The others look horrified. Hamza, the water-carrier. 'Wasn't it you, Khalid?' he asks. 'You were here just now because you wrongly assumed the Messenger a man, I was really calling you a woman! What? Is it my turn to challenge you?'

Mahound begs for peace. 'If you try to start a discussion, I'll kill you,' he says. 'It is not suggested that Allah accept your offering. Not even Lazarus. They be given some, y, lesser statue.'

'No, no, no!' Bilal bursts out. 'Not the Persians, the Persians get it. Like archangels. The Grandees. The never man.'

'A lot of devils,' Mahound says. 'Shaitan and Gibreel. We exist, halfway between God and the angels. We admit just three more to this great assembly. He indicates, all Jahilia's souls will be

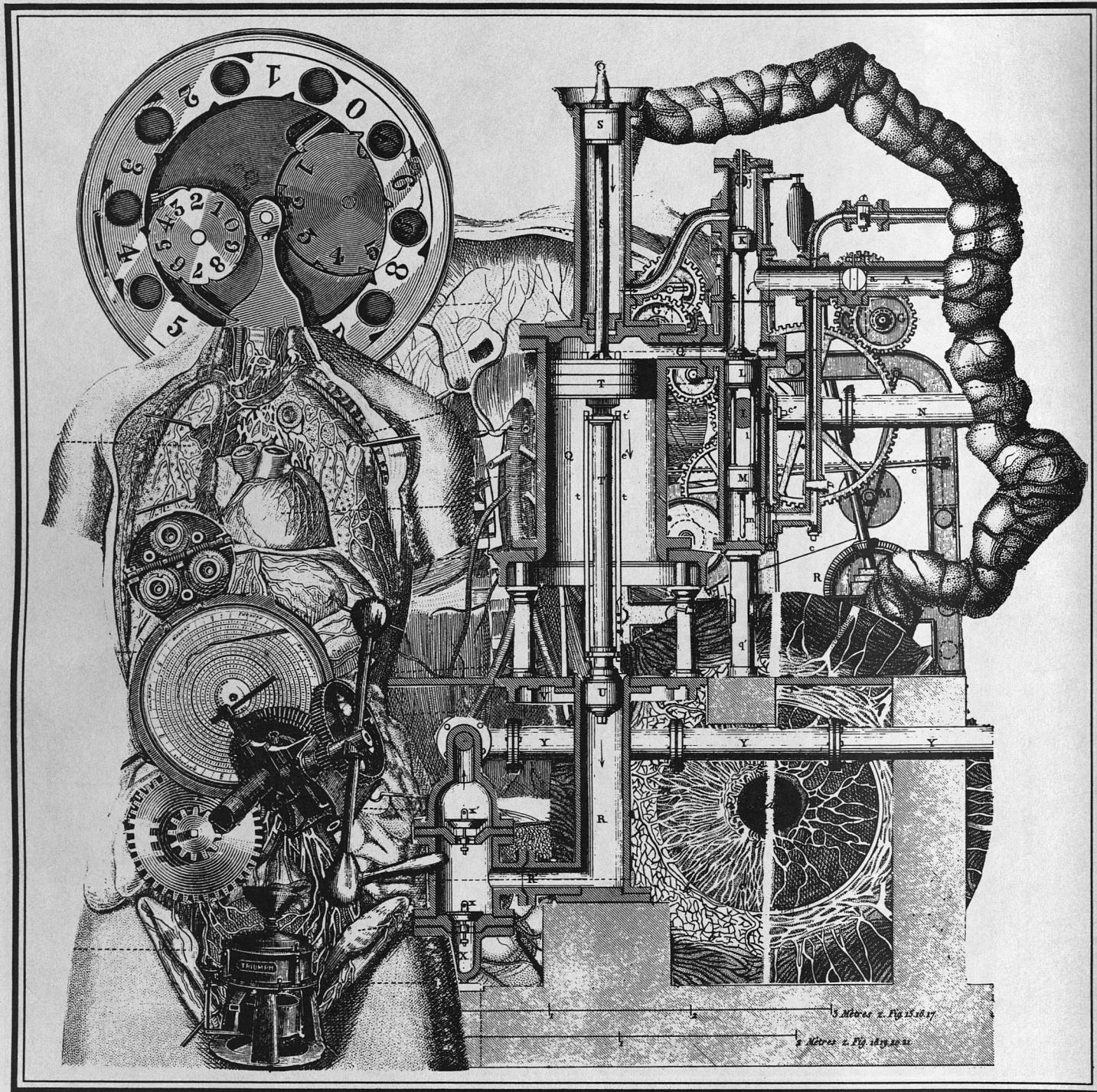
cleansed of statues?' Salman asks. 'It was not specified. Salman shakes his head. 'God will destroy you.' And Bilal adds: 'God will destroy you.' Salman, close to tears: 'Messenger, what are these? Uzza - they're all females! For pity's sake, we're all goddesses now? Those old cranes, herons,

etched deeply into the Prophet's face. A soldier on a battlefield comforting a woman between his hands. 'We can't sort this out,' he says. 'Climb the mountain. Go ask Gib-



"Two for T-Shirt"
August 1989 t-shirt of the month

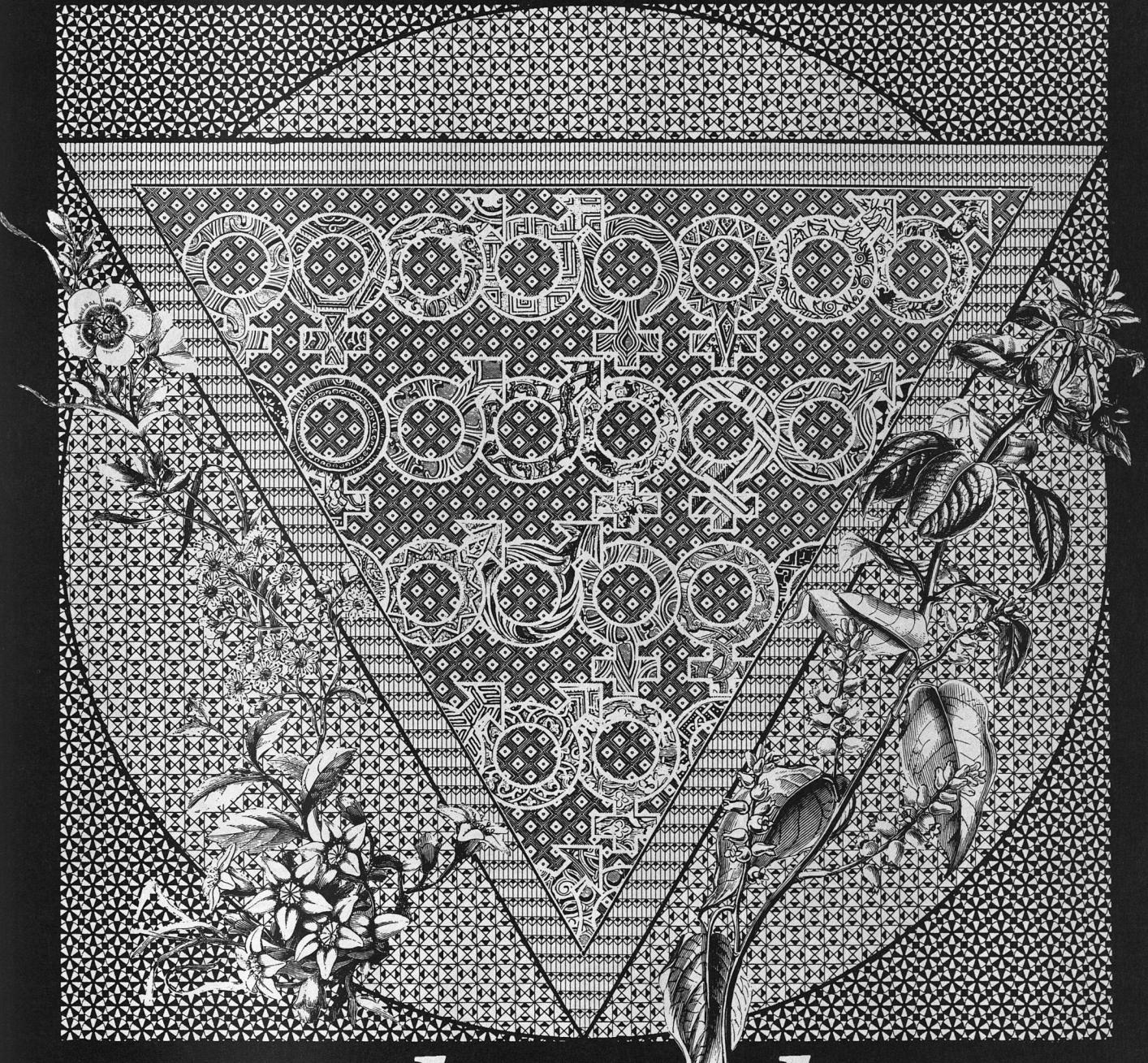
(opposite page)
"Satanic T-Shirt"
May 1989 t-shirt of the month



"Spare Parts"
February 1989 t-shirt of the month

(opposite page)
"Bisexuality"
t-shirt, December 1991

bisexuality

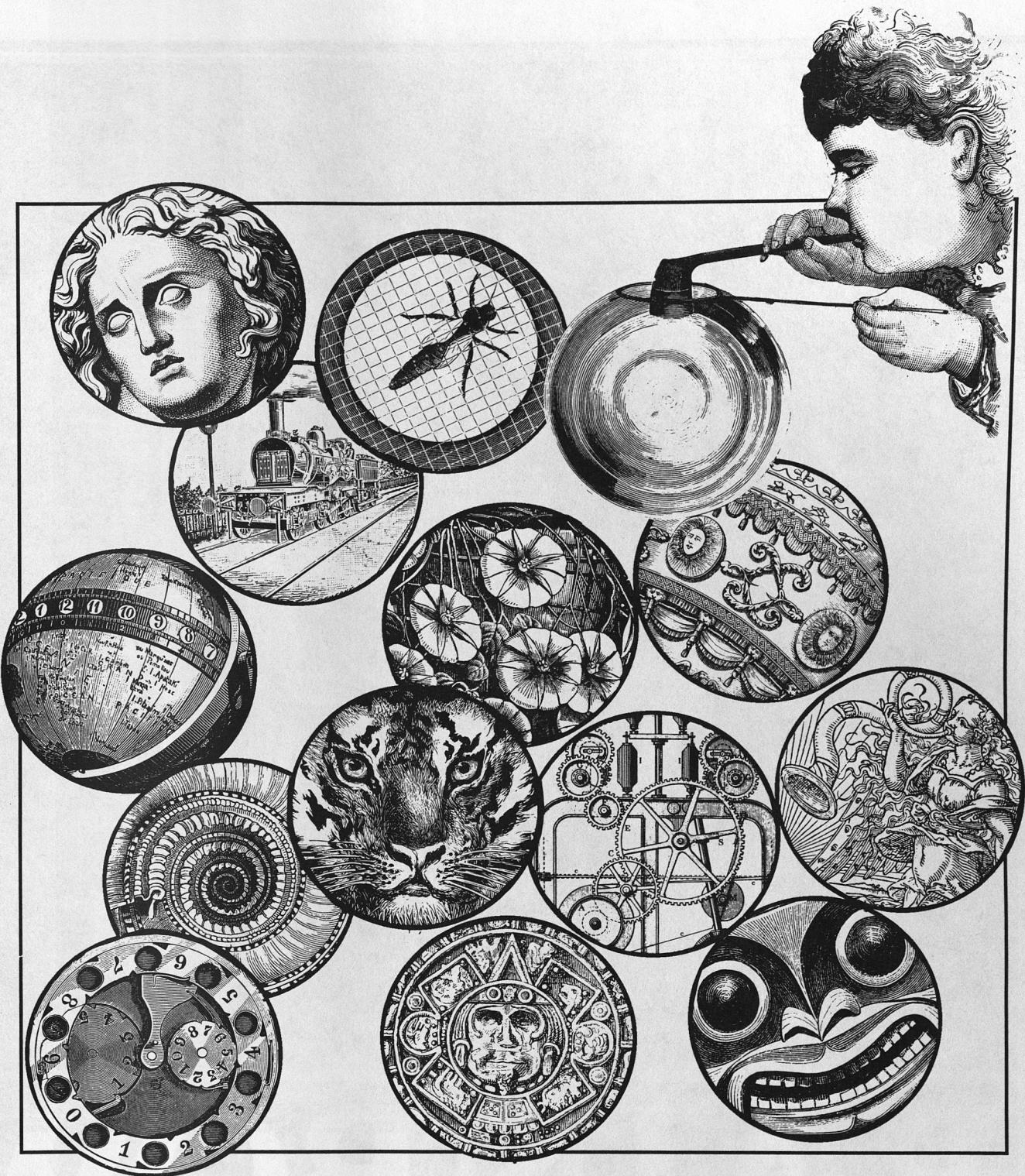


another choice



"Dragon Fly Lady"
Cover for Ready Made Exotic World
1988

(opposite page)
t-shirt for Factsheet Five
1989



FACTSHEET

FIVE



RAINBOW

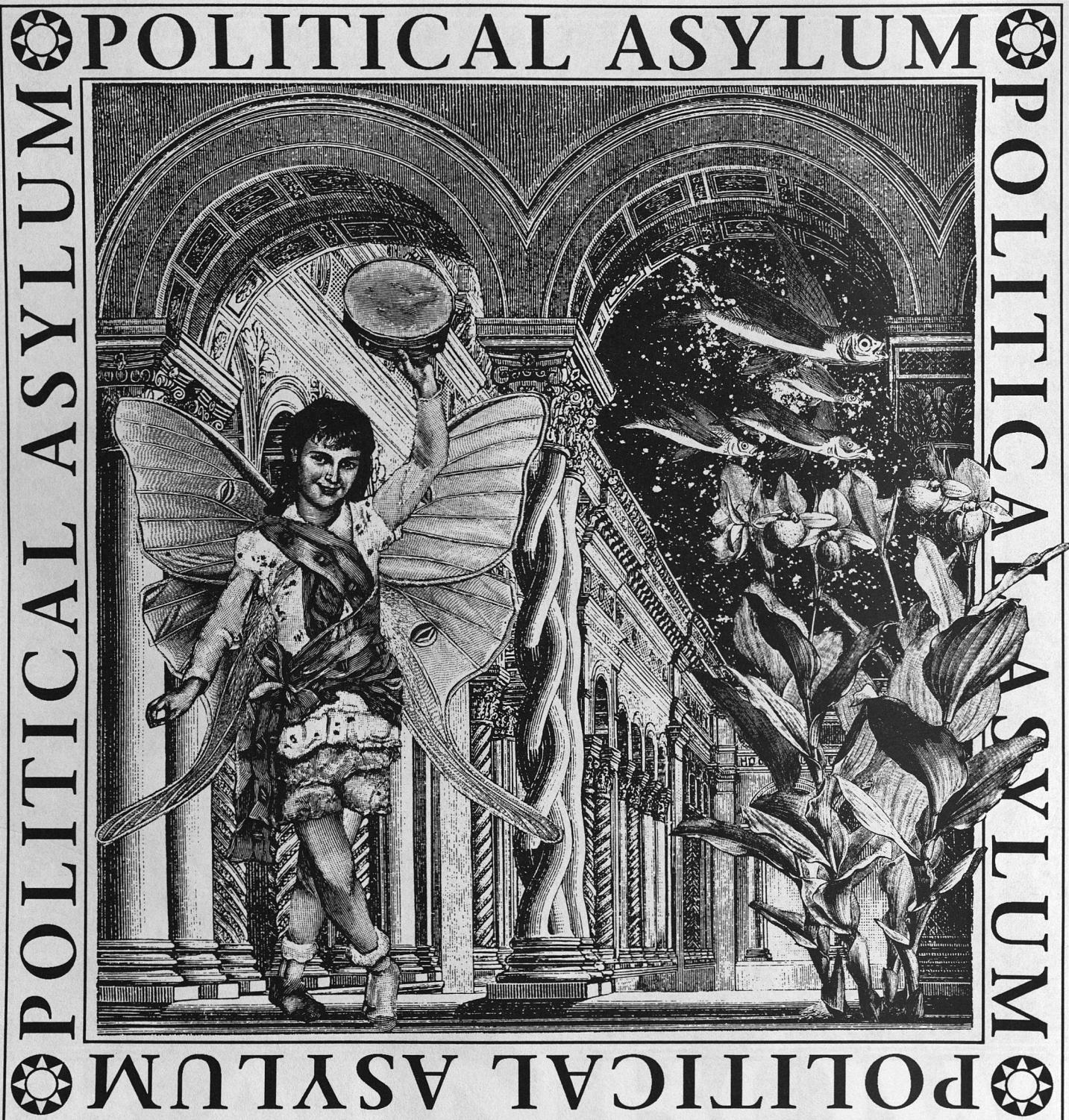
GROCERY & GENERAL STORE

A WORKERS' COLLECTIVE



*t-shirt for Janecon
February 1991*

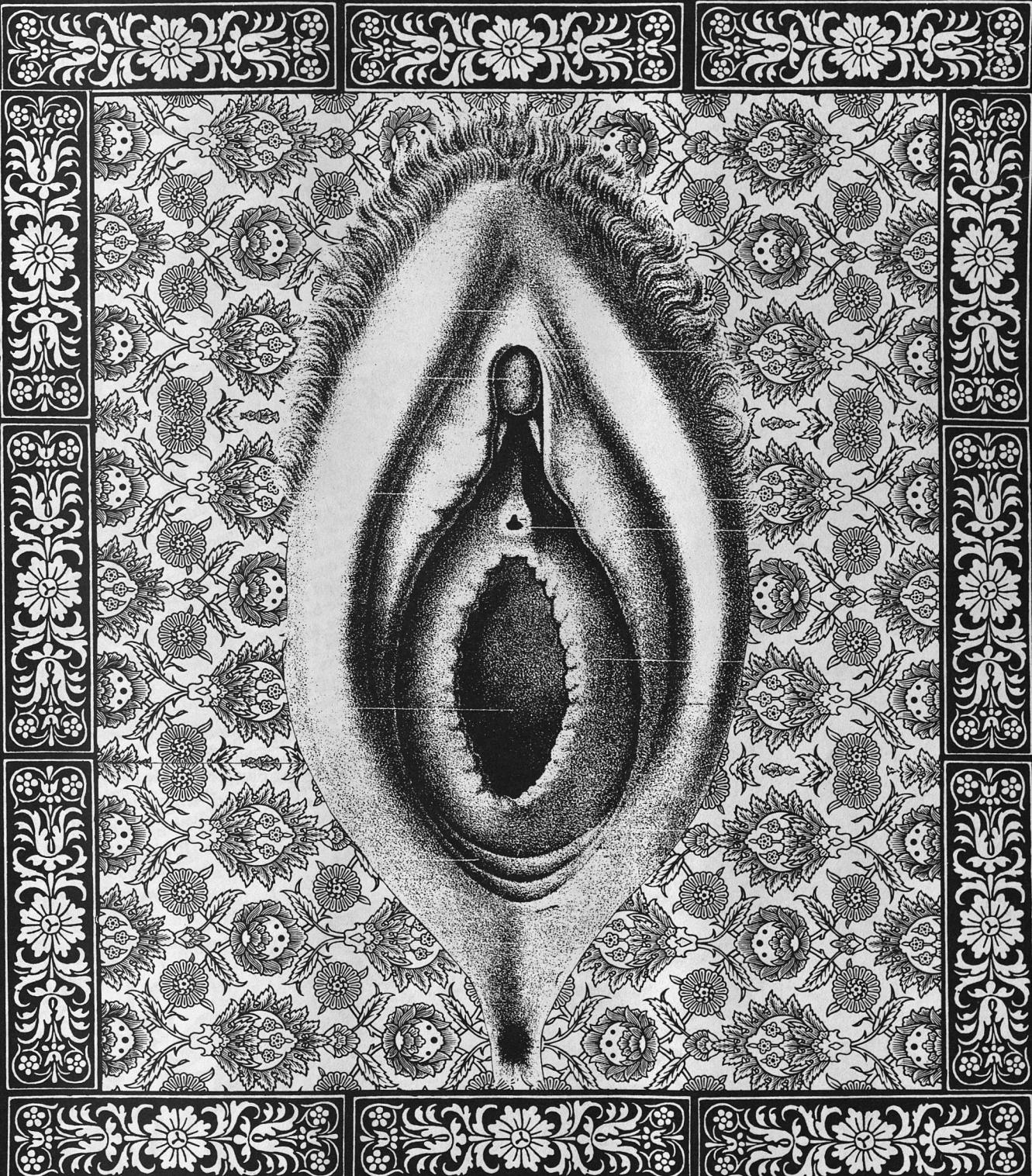
*(opposite page)
t-shirt for Rainbow Grocery/General Store
Spring 1991*



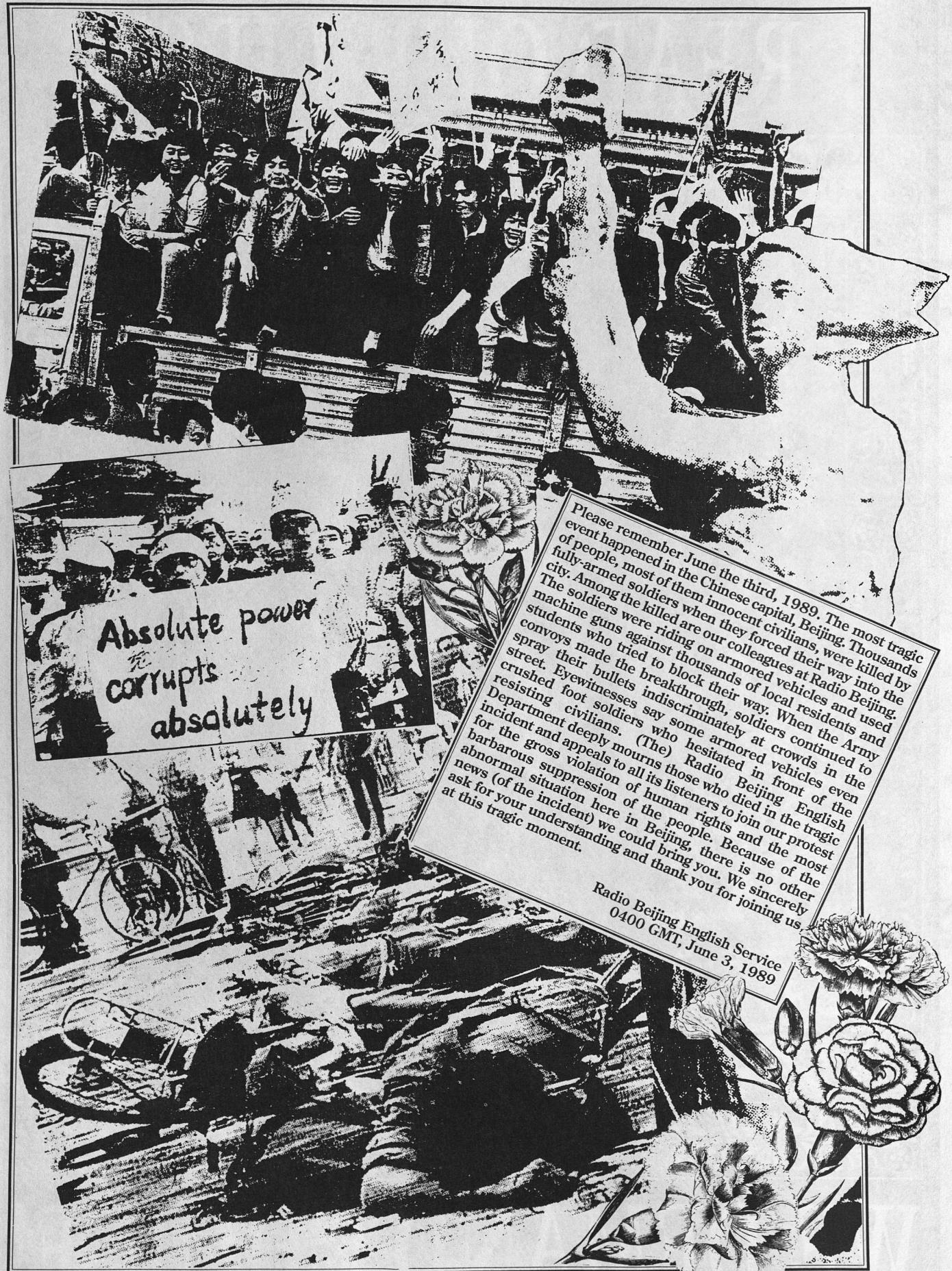
*t-shirt for Political Asylum
1990*

*(opposite page)
"Read Our Lips"
t-shirt
Fall 1990*

READ OUR LIPS!



WE DEMAND CHOICE!



Please remember June the third, 1989. The most tragic event happened in the Chinese capital, Beijing. Thousands of people, most of them innocent civilians, were killed by fully-armed soldiers when they forced their way into the city. Among the killed are our colleagues at Radio Beijing. The soldiers were riding on armored vehicles and used machine guns against thousands of way. When the Army convos made the breakthrough, soldiers continued to spray their bullets indiscriminately at crowds in even streets. Eyewitnesses say some armored in front of the crushed foot soldiers who hesitated in the tragic street. Radio Beijing English Department deeply mourns those who died in the tragic incident and appeals to all its listeners to join our protest for the gross violation of human rights. Because of the barbarous suppression of the people, there is no other abnormal situation here in Beijing, there is no other news (of the incident) we could bring you. We sincerely ask for your understanding and thank you for joining us at this tragic moment.

Radio Beijing English Service
0400 GMT, June 3, 1989



We want no condescending saviors,
To rule us from a judgment hall;
We workers ask not for their favors;
Let us consult for all.
To make the thief disgorge his booty,
To free the spirit from its cell,
We must ourselves decide our duty,
We must decide and do it well.

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,
For justice thunders condemnation,
A better world's in birth.
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,
Arise, ye slaves! no more in thrall!
The earth shall rise on new foundations,
We have been naught, we shall be all.



'Tis the final conflict,
Let each stand in his place,
The Internationale
Shall be the human race.



Behold them seated in their glory,
The kings of mine and rail and soil!
What have you read in all their story,
But how they plundered toil?
Fruits of the workers' toll are buried
In the strong coffers of a few;
In working for their restitution
The men will only ask their due.



Toilers from shops and fields united,
The internationale of all who work;
The earth belongs to us, the workers,
No room here for the shirk.
How many on our flesh have fattened;
But if the noisome birds of prey
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,
The blessed sunlight still will stay.

The Internationale

(opposite page)
"China I"
t-shirt, June 1989

"China II: The Internationale"
t-shirt, August 1989 (with Brian Kane)



*t-shirt for
Adobe Bookshop*

ADOBE

BOOKSHOP



Illustration for Science Fiction Eye #8

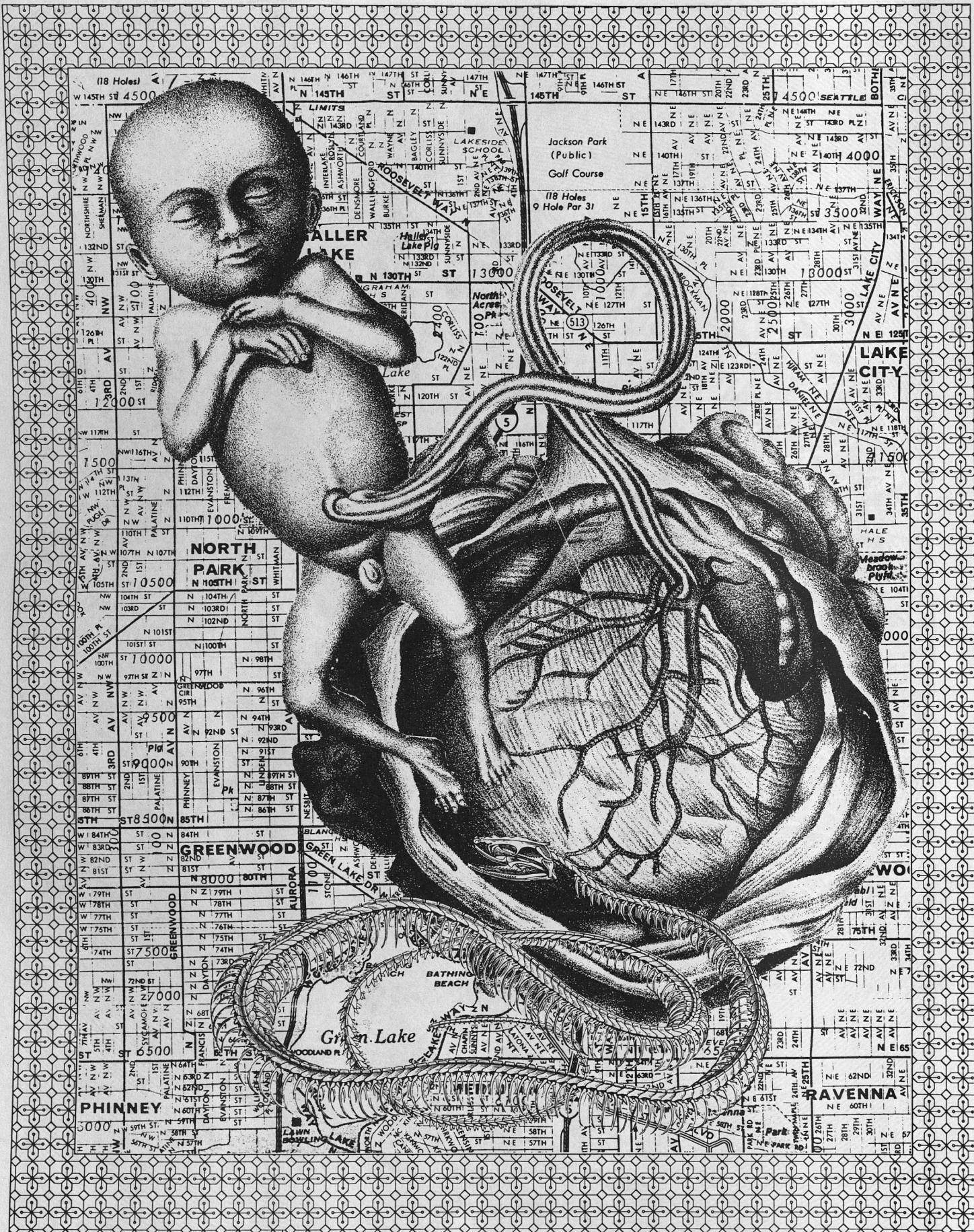


Illustration for Science Fiction Eye #9

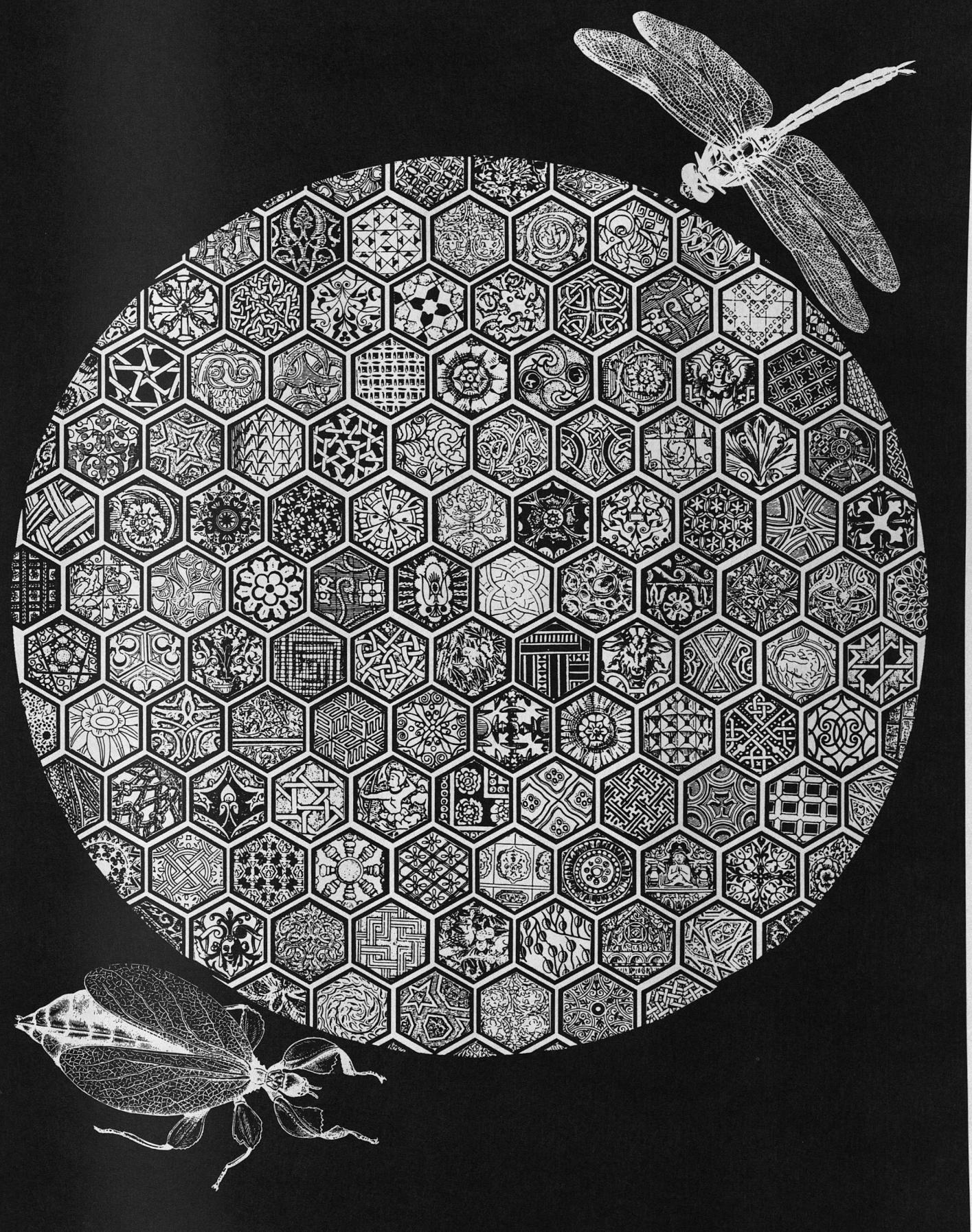
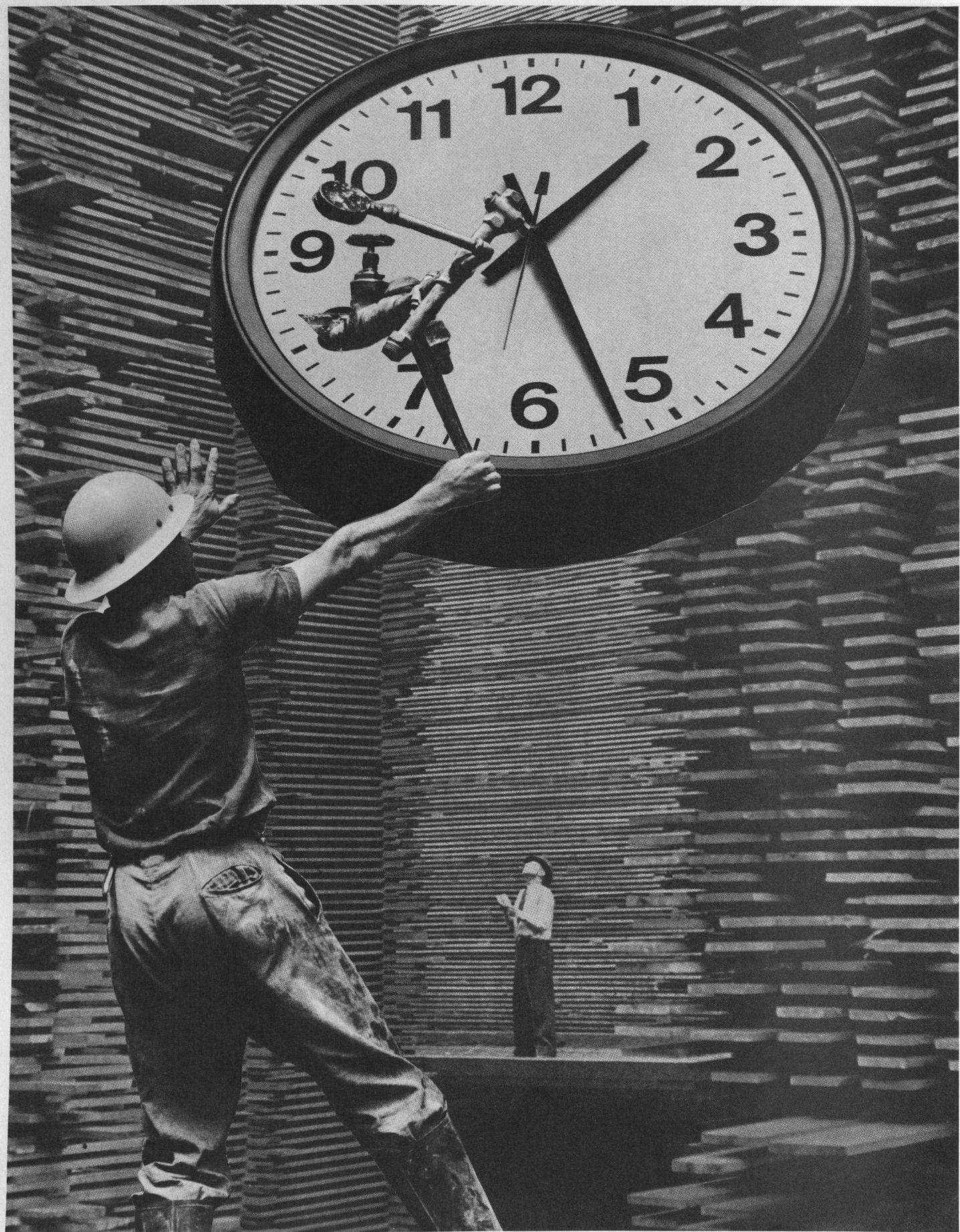


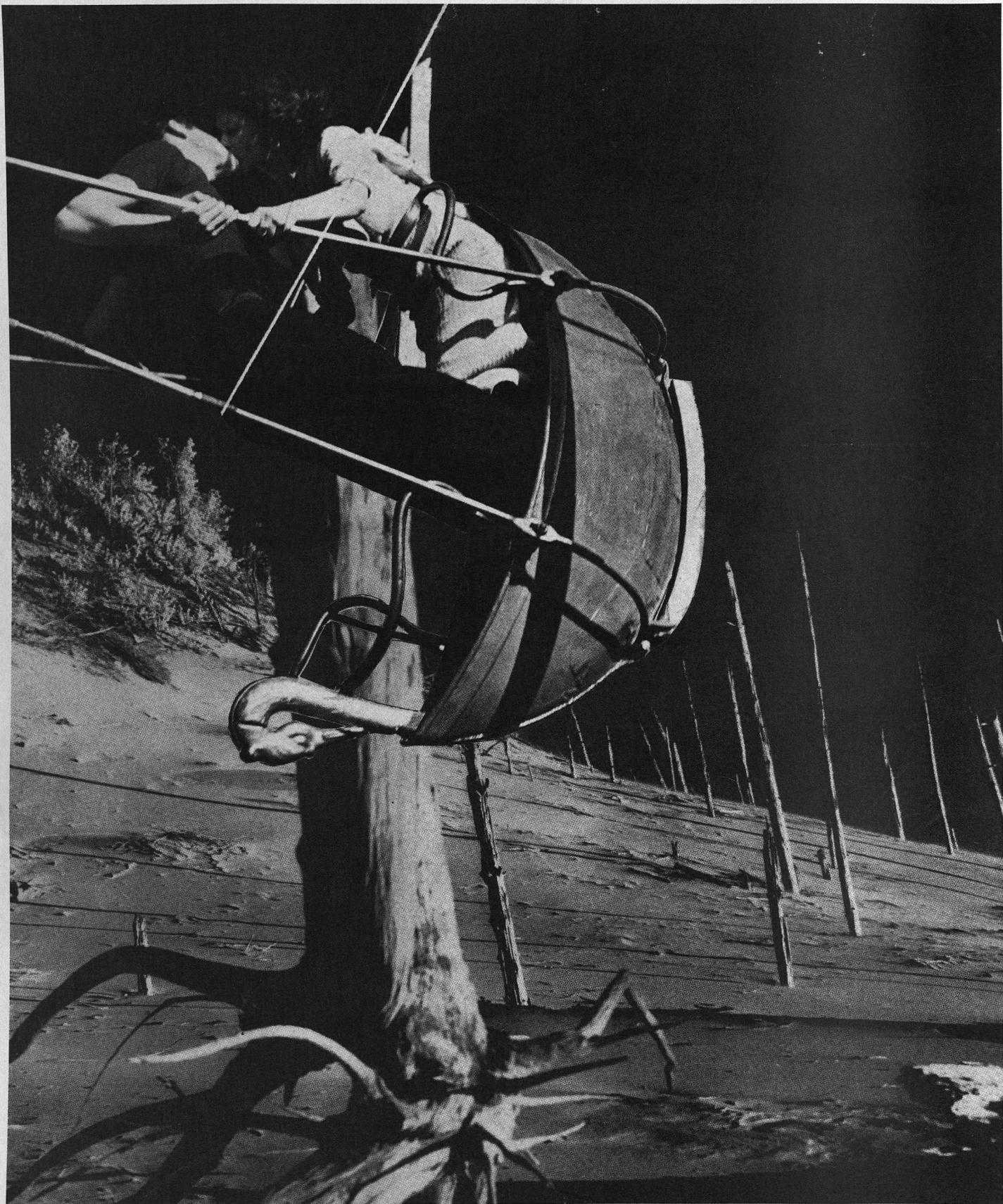
Illustration for Science Fiction Eye #9



*Illustration
for
Anarchy
#27, Winter
1990-1991*



*(opposite
page)
Cover
for
Anarchy
#29,
Summer
1991*



*Cover for Anarchy #20/21,
August thru October, 1989*

The Collaborations



*Cover for Anarchy #17,
Fall/Winter, 1988-1989*



DREAMVISION



A few of us, lost, wandering amid the arctic wastes; between, a dazzling light; our bodies begin to unwind, uncurl, uncoil; tendrils sprout from out of our skins, vines leap across the spaces that divide us, lianas trailing flaming flowers erupt from our lips and limbs and eyes and ears and intertwine, exploding into cascades of verdant light, our kisses, whispers and intermingled bodies a webwork tangle of echo-dreams lush heat of abandon our hearts radiate and harmonize through the unfurling-meshing of our breathing weaving skeins of skin in primaeval thickets rampant wild love — we return to the rainforests the hybrid mutant jangle of their jungle songs melts our defenses everglades of life within us we are as seeds of a new unfolding, we become flowerbeds for a new form of life that thrives on the dissolution of moats and morals, towers, turrets, and corrals, sowing higher deeper ever wider more multiform and richer orders of vegetative chaos blossoms up towards the sunlight down to the deepest wells of pain waiting to be released and unfrozen, to flow free once more towards a new beginning and all the convulsive beauty to be.

words by Jason Keehn (1991)

Moon Piece: The Monologues

Hakim Bey

The Moon tugs at liquid, at the sea of certain minds & bodies — & we're not talking just about menstruation — the Moon-obsessed types are well known: the 17th melancholic, the witch, those who are fixated on childhood, insomniac desert mystics who feel moonlight like water, the most elegant of lycanthropes & inverters.

Like all major symbols, the Moon can be made to mean anything at all — for example, frustration: as if the limbs ache with yearning for buoyancy but cannot lift up from this gravity well of the dense August City, heavy, suffocating under a Moon that taunts us like untouched flesh, all the bodies we never know, the eyes which might have cooled our eyes.

Or sterility. All we have learned of the Moon has turned it grey & claustrophobic, littered with tin flags & plastic bags of astronaut shit. Even the ancients knew the wellworn trope of our satellite's sterility — but the science of our Empire has transmuted lunar silver to the porous lead of an old black-&-white TV on the blink, tuned into the late-nite void.

Every day we fail to create or love would be torment without the drug of solitude to etherize the sensorium. Our Moon will go with its empty sensual promises — the vulgar dawn will come & threaten us with premonitions of an unlivable life.

In this sense the Moon is our companion: weighted down with smothered desires, no longer the wild unknown utopia hinted at by moons painted on children's ceilings or in storybooks, moons seen in Persia or from the roofs of perverse hotels in Luzon, Penan or Suryakarta, or from Siamese beaches — the moons of tropicalismo, of palm trees & strange delicate sex

the Moon which signals the end of fasting, of frustration.



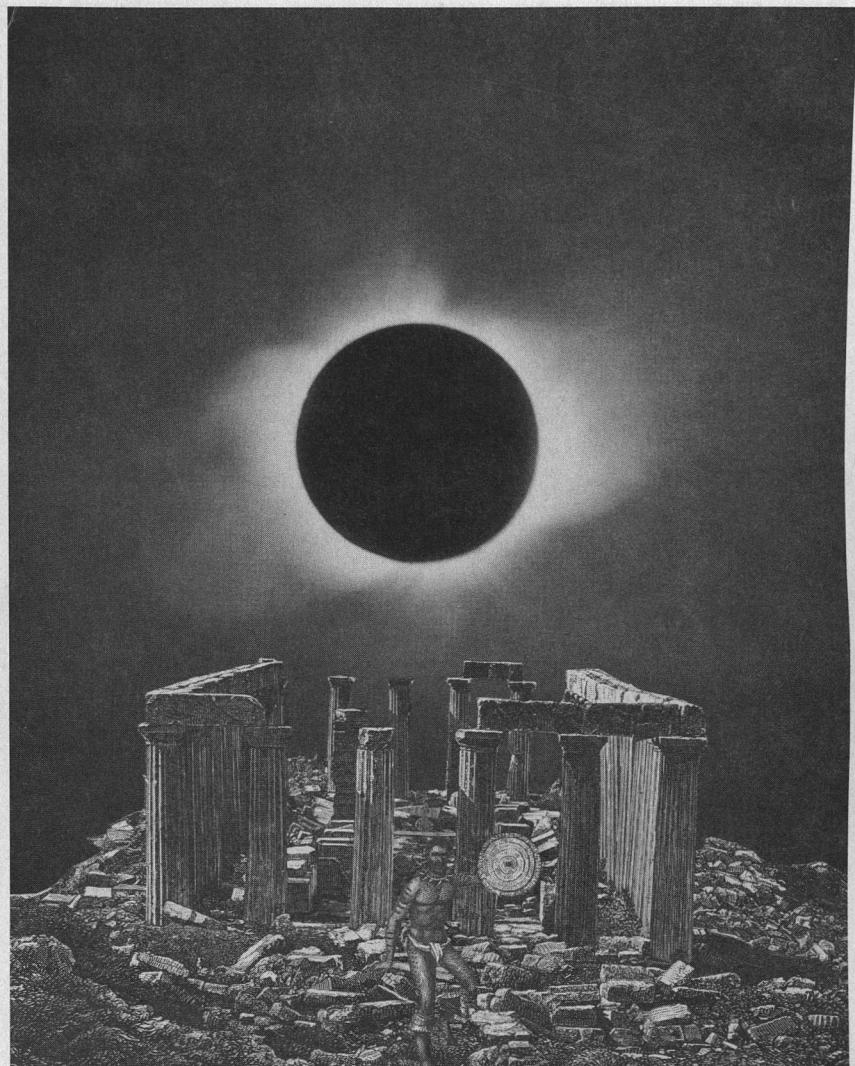
Children walking seem to express an upwardly curved motion, a kinetic calculus or trajectory like this (gesture), a leaping or upthrusting, as if pulled with each step by invisible force, perhaps the tides of the Moon: antic, capricious, insouciant, spring-heeled.

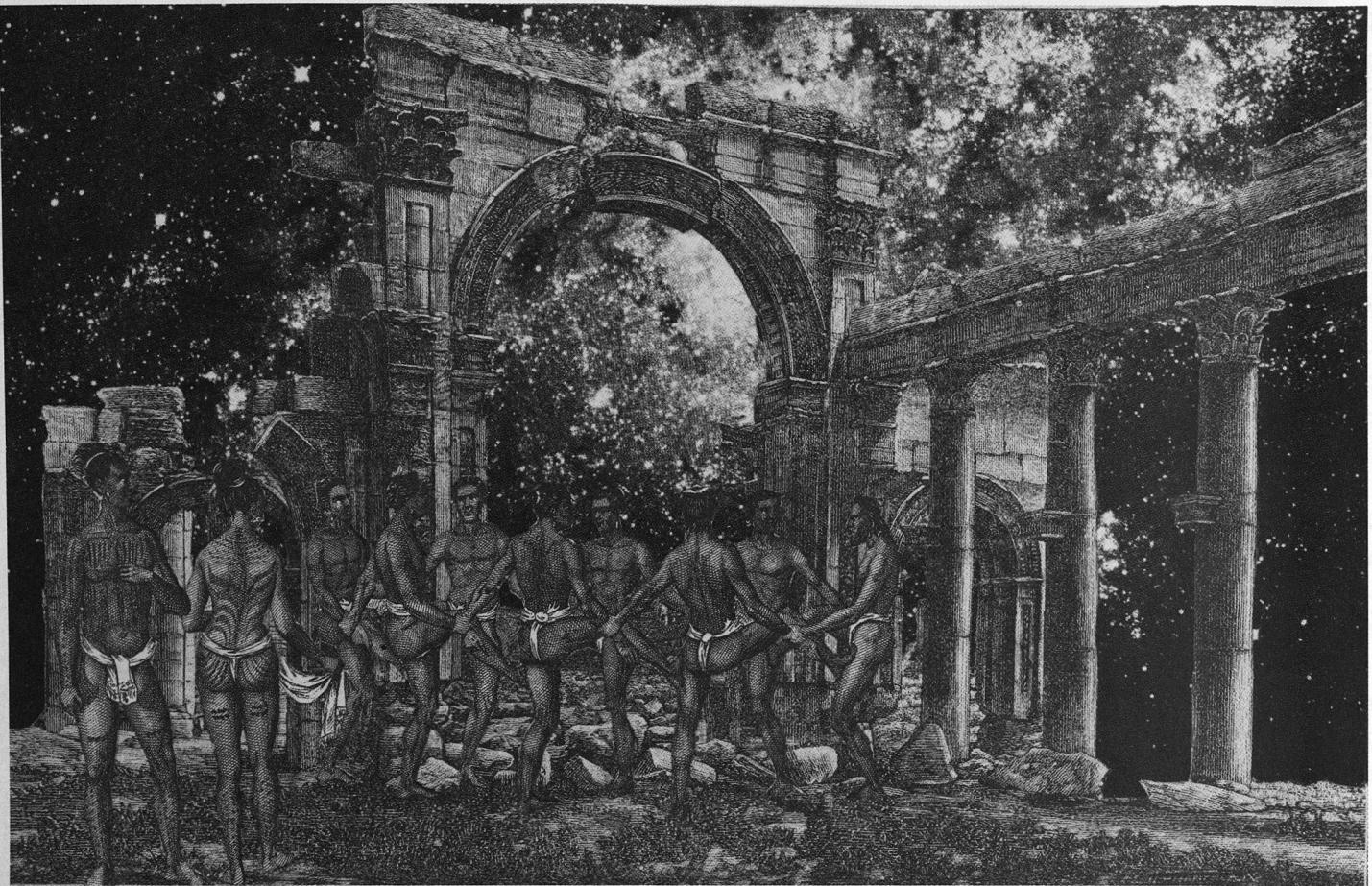
meanwhile breaking the linear script of theoretical walking with an actuality of pure dance, a 3-D alphabet without fixed references — except in the Imagination of movement, the poetics of walking

walking alone at their own speed — a seemingly random choreography unfolds — the first Flower, the genius of all these breakdancers from the Moon

so that our initial theorem, our first archetypal gesture (repeat) must be expanded, perhaps to an n-dimensional somatopsychic spiral moving up & out from a central consciousness embodied or manifested in growth or "negative entropy"

the dancer whose play cannot be mapped, whose boundlessness culminates in the aimless saunter, the inevitability of grace, the assurance of astonishment.





When Brazilians, Cubans & New Yorkers
emigrated to the Moon they took Afro-polytheism
along with them — the *orishas* of the Yoruba, cigar-
chomping gods in orbit, jungle deities for the Space
Age. Most important for the Lunar colonists,
YEMAYA, goddess of the sea & the Moon, patroness
(among other things) of queers — in cheap
lithographs depicted as a beautiful Spanish woman
in a white dress, hovering several meters over the
pocked opal ash-dust surface of the Moon,
background of phosphorescent mountains & craters
against a cobalt starglitter sky — in her long black
hair white roses form & precipitate like
condensation & drip to the ground — from her
hands (in a *mudra* of generosity) blue roses pour

constantly as waterfalls. In trance we seek her
blessing on our work. "I am a free prince," said the
buccaneer Samuel Bellamy — & each worshipper Of
Yemaya is a free priest or priestess of Yemaya. No
one stands between us & our divine selves.
Moonstone, tarnished silver, grey velvet, sperm,
fluorescence & neon, opal, jellyfish, scented white
lotion spattered on pale skin, silvery fish leaping in
zero gravity — aura of orgone glowing & crackling
blue around her head, blue gestures, blue voice —
animal-hide drums studded with cowrie shells. She
stands for the Creative Imagination, which has made
our Moon a pirate utopia, an autonomous zone
where the spirit flows like water, a place of risk &
compassion.

In certain cultures the Moon like a crystal bowl holds the souls of the dead, who disturb us because they are real yet imaginal — & so we find them on this threshold-planet, this liminal or in-between world separating Earth from the planetary & zodiacal heavens, neither here nor there.

Necromancy for us is no more than a kind of intuitive historiography, an artistis relation with the past neither real nor unreal, like conversation with a ghost (drawn to the bowl of blood). The Moon for example has been mapped with the names of dead Natural Philosophers — the entire Library of Alexandria survives invisibly on its face: Eratosthenes, Rhaeticus, Dionysius, Apollonius, Isidore, Theophilus . . . each of these craters now covered with a dome, supplied with artificial gravity & synthetic weather — and somehow these Cities become Alexandrias of the Imagination.

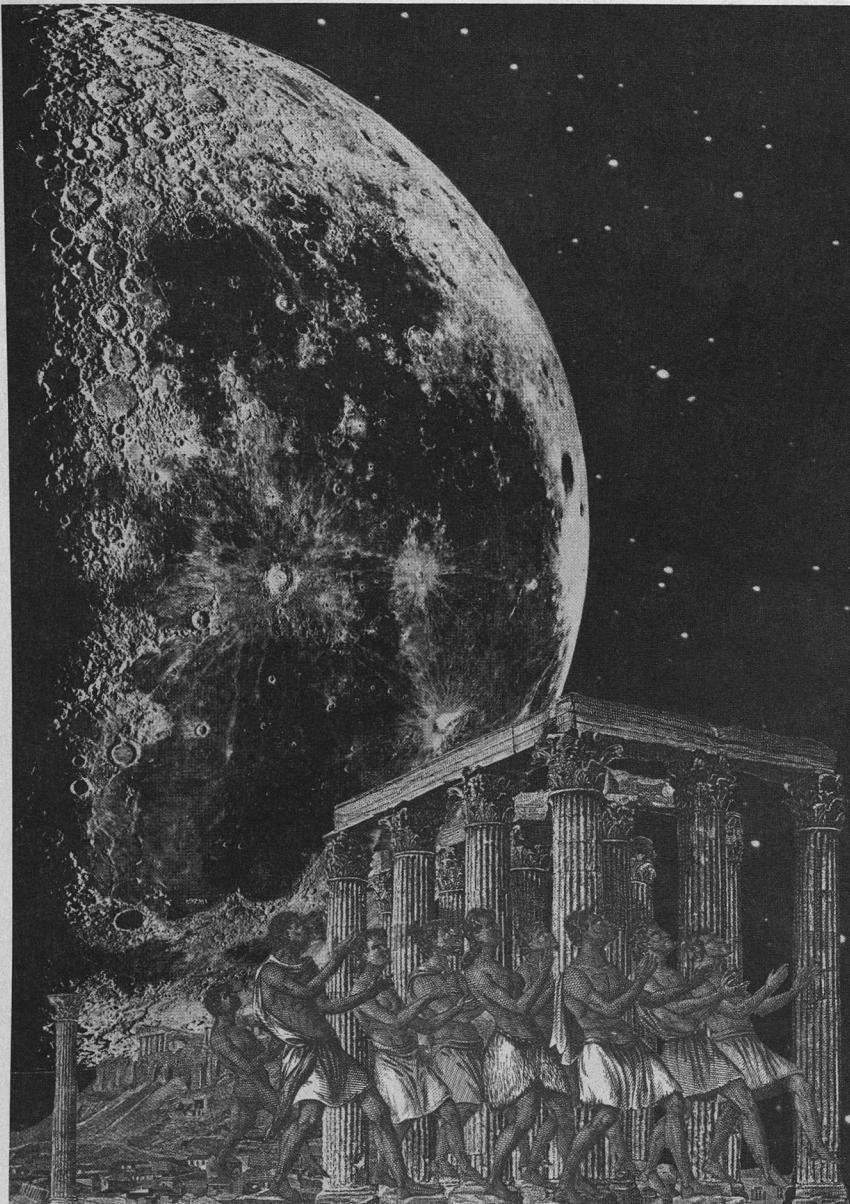
Old architectural styles also end up on the Moon after their death on Earth. Here everything is built *trompe l'oeil*, orientalismo, colonial Baroque, plastic Art Deco, Hollywood Baghdad — theme parks, necropolises, lunar Egypts come to life from the designs of old cigarette packets — miniature pyramids, houses in the shape of sphinxes, pre-fab minarets, pleasure canals, ziggurats

a never-never Alexandria made of necromantic chunks of lost history & dubious fantasy, part 1991, part 1st century B.C. — the poet Cavafy cruising the wharf cafés, dreaming of neoplatonic athletes, Ptolomeic aesthetes, tragic Hellenistic dandies — moonface fat King Farouk languidly puffing a turkish oval, his fez tipped rakishly eyes puffy, lips too red & soft



the anarchist cigarette-workers union on strike, inflammatory pamphlets printed in some half-Greek, half-Arabic patois — syrupy inky coffee flavored with amber & hashish — the child brothels . . . the Library in flames, the lighthouse at Pharos half-crumbled into the sea

laminated templates or palimpsestic images of time piled up in archaeological strata — & our Moon captures & cuts through them all, our Moon bustles with elegant & learned spectres, revanants & phantoms.



On the Darkside of the Moon, north of the Sea of Fires, between the craters of Cyrano & Paracelsus, lies the hidden City of New Alamut. In 2157, during the major period of Lunar settlement, a group of Ismailies broke away from the Aga Khan & swore to revive the pure doctrine of the medieval Assassins — the Great Resurrection at Alamut, when Hassan II, Old Man of the Mountain, proclaimed, “The Chains of the Law have been broken!” — the esoteric Millennium, each soul already perfect & incapable of sin — pure antinomianism or radical monism of the most heretical flavor.

The new sect migrated *en masse* to the Moon — their Imman's fabulous wealth secured the remote & secret site of New Alamut — & during the First

Wars of Dissolution (2201), the sectarians quietly settled into the underground City, seceded from United Luna, cut themselves off from the Web, & began clandestine propaganda for a fullscale autonomist uprising.

The synthesis of food from basic elements, self-replicating robotics & cybernetically-controlled environments have made the Lunar Cities potential Edens — & yet the Colonial Régime conspired to maintain economic & psychic oppression, an artificial network of stingy welfare & Gnostic moralism — (everyone knows the Administration is packed with Dualist Christians, the so-called “Neo-Alexandrians” with their cult of self-denial & hysterical salvationism).

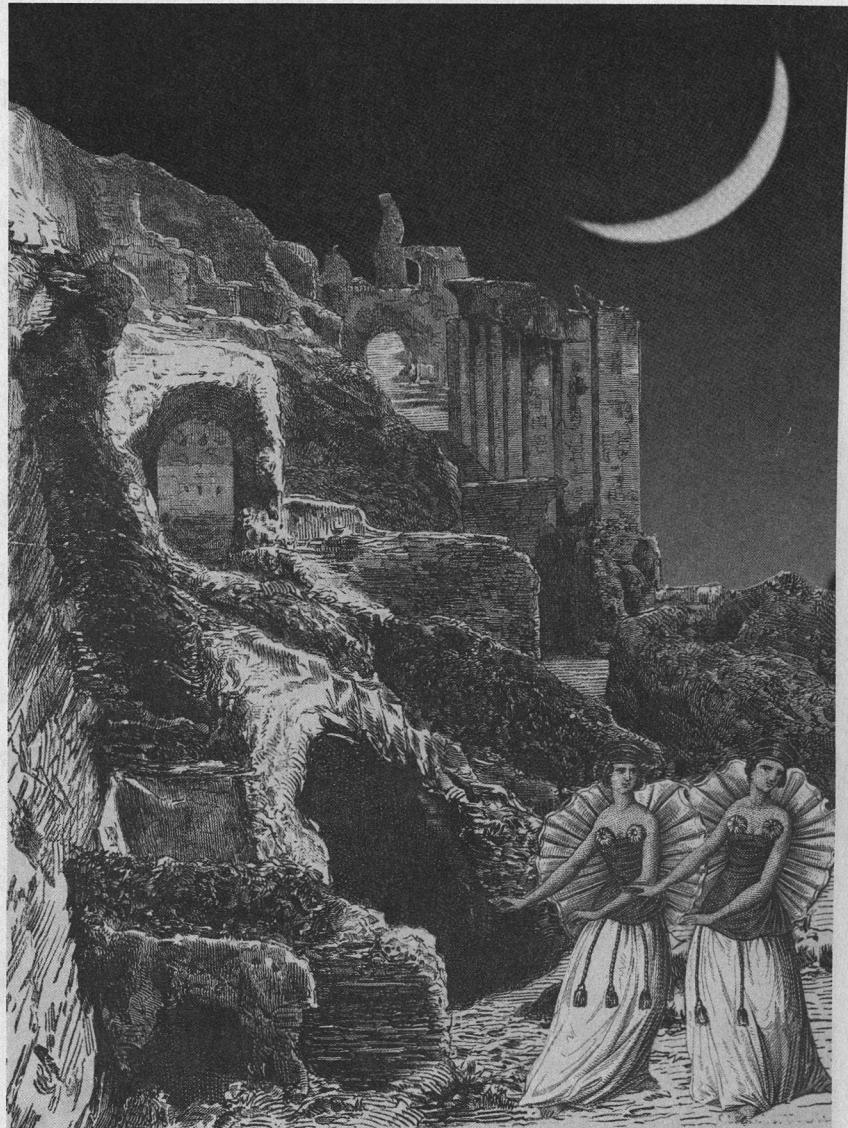
So the Assassin propaganda found sympathetic listeners among the immigrant hordes (Javanese, Irish, Sephardim, Han Chinese, Filipinos, American Indians, etc.) in backwater Cities like Geber & Nasroddin where the Dissolution Wars first broke out & continued to flare up throughout the century.

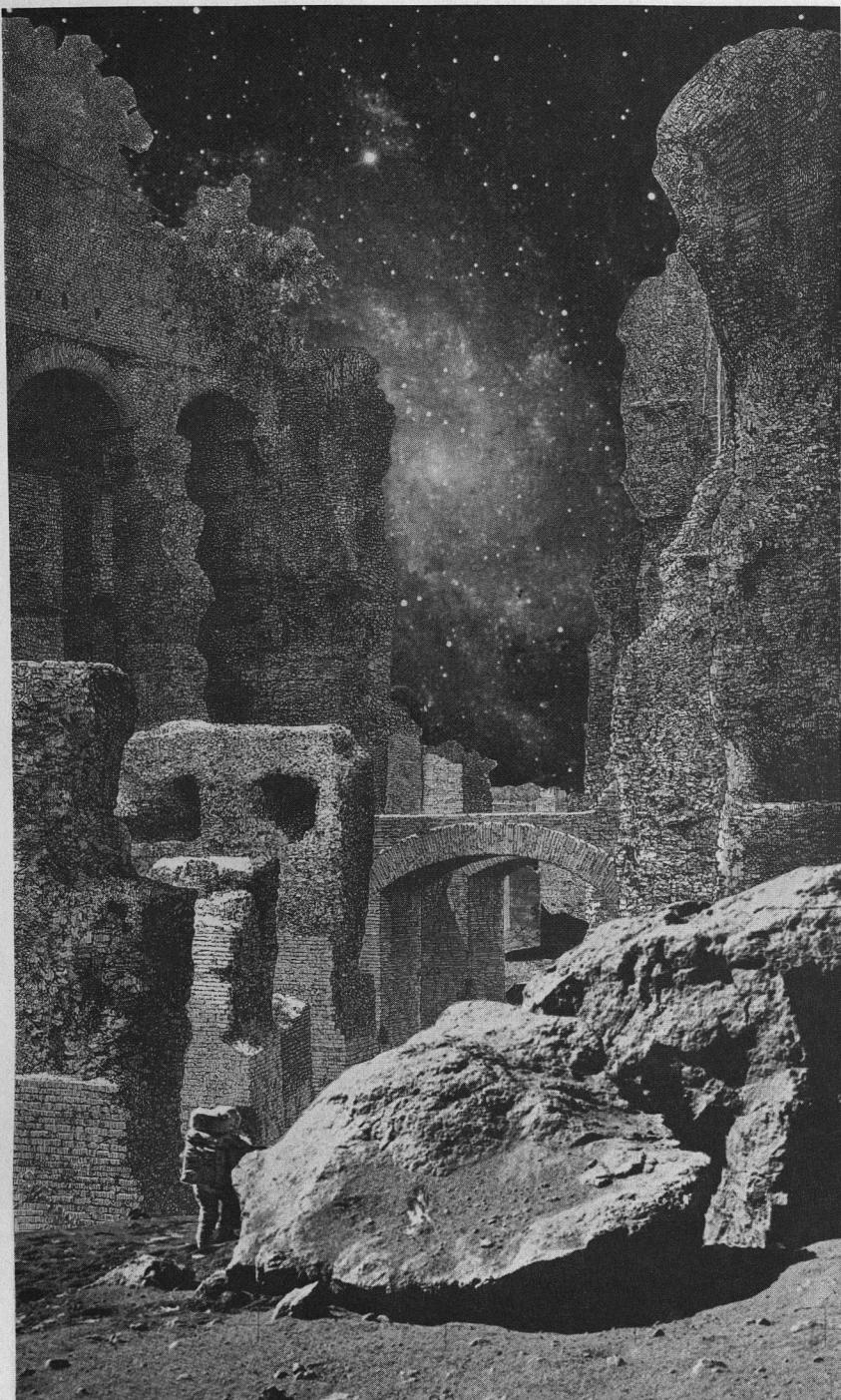
A number of anarcho-mystical cults mushroomed in this period, based on bizarre syncretisms of Santería & Candomblé, neo-paganism, sufism, the works of Bakunin & Stirner, the science of Tesla & Reich, Chaos Theory, Black Islam & extremist Shiism — especially the revolutionary metaphysic of New Alamut.

At present, several Cities have managed to secure *de facto* independence from the Régime in Copernicus, have declared themselves autonomous zones without any form of government, & have instituted various utopian schemes ranging from Occultist Syndicalism to pure dada madness . . .

(excerpted from Johun de Sacrobosco, *The Lunar Entropy Wars*; Copernicus, 2298, pp. iv-vii.)

Runaway children on the Moon. They get there in chariots lofted by swans. They get there as stowaways on the seedy tramp liners of the Luna Line, oldest commercial freight company in the solar system. Tying little bottles & phials of dew to their clothing & limbs, they wait till the moonlight draws the liquid back to itself (for dew originally falls from the Moon) by its Magical tides, & they float into the air elevated by the force of the Moon's attraction. Once safely arrived, they join bands of wild children who live in the abandoned quarters of Geber, Abenezra, Nasroddin & Heraclitus, south of the Sea of Nectar. They play in underground pools perpetually lit by dim blue globes, they swim in dark canals cut through black selenite, they sleep in hanging gardens overgrown with unexpected mutant flowers — well-hidden from the prowling Gnostic Police, the Orphanage in Copernicus, the borstals of the Colonial Régime. The Government is half eaten away by Chaos, wide cracks have opened in its sterile abstractions. The children act as agents of the Darkside Domes, the autonomous zones, the unmapped settlements — but aside from their espionage & sabotage, the very pattern of their childlife has become an emblem of insurrection: the tribal imagery of their bodies spooks the sweat-dreams of flat bureaucrats & atrophied moralists. Some call the children sorcerers & claim they send these dreams — or demon-selves — to taunt & seduce, broadcast by a kind of psychic radio across the cold & airless Sea of Clouds & Bay of Storms.





Children when they sleep pyjamas cut from sorcerers' robes, cobalt-blue with a pattern of white stars, comets, ringed planets, crescent moons

pirate dreams, childhood as a pirate utopia — inspired not by violence & theft so much as the mysterious lasciviousness of freedom, the unnameable eroticism of the island, white sand & palm trees, the chest of gold, the half-naked men in barbarous jewels

the child's bedroom painted like a planetarium, with a zodiac of silver & gold spangles on walls & ceiling the color of sky at 9 PM in June, a gold-blue ranging into the indigo-black of sleep

the white sheets, the white bed like a ship, spaceship, emblem of pleasure, white shadowed by the blue of darkness & sleep

the Moon outside the window: nightbreeze, dark as lavender, undulates the billowing white curtains like glowworms made into fluttering gauzy cloth

Moon, masturbation, fireflies, languorous stretching of hypnagogic limbs under linen sheets in slanted moonlight, slow moonlove of pirate sleep

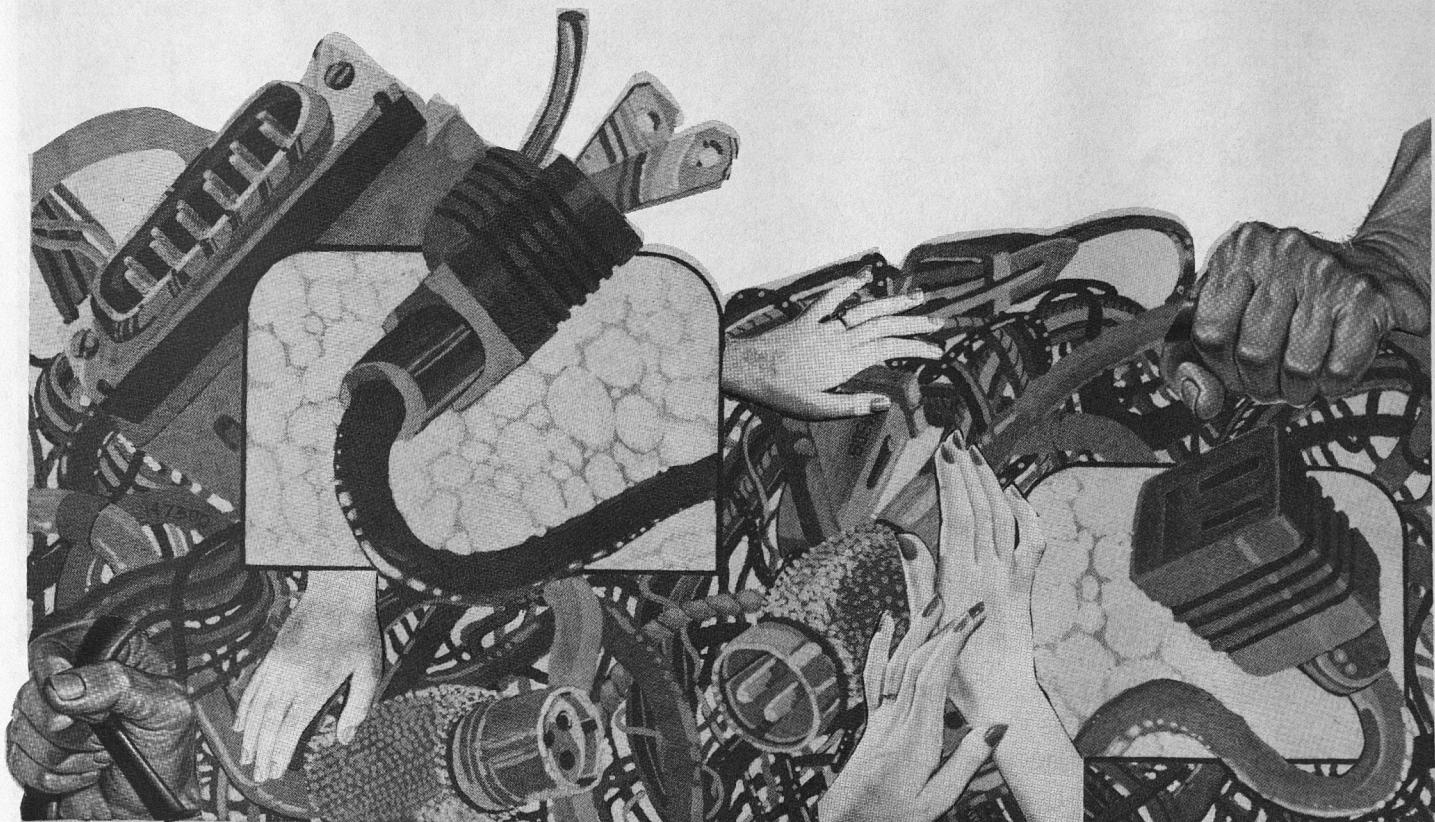
children without parents or guardians, living alone, spontaneous, languidly asleep, revealing their true faces, before they were born, the tao of sleep, the sex of sleep

voyage to the Moon, the island of wild children, the silvery rocket & gold falling sparks of sleep, the erection, the chafing of starchy sheets, the silvery pool of moonlight.

This version of Moon Piece: The Monologue originally appeared in the fifth issue of Live from the Stagger Cafe, Summer 1987.

Video images fill the brain with xeroxes of life glued with coffee ground zero lurch out window into subway tube to workshop window shatter with dreams (bricks) of finally wandering past the barbed wire where explosions are barely perceptible into meadows unmolested by pre-fabricated desires sold everywhere (as) drug soothes the dull throb of headaches, pollution creeps into refrigerators contaminating cockroaches who inhabit highrises of dog-eat-dog culture shock absorbed by alternative, non-toxic organizations alternating between legs wet dreams out slogans, ideologies—newspeak—assimilated into products resold as lifestyles at a nice profit fit for fragmenting the market into every sector where it blooms into carnivorous flowers pollinating alienated voids who hang their brainwashed heads out to dry on every occasion only to find them burned out by the routines they insist are practical and responsible

DESTROY THAT WHICH BORES YOU!



words by Jim Gilman (1982)



Tales of the War

David Watson

Prelude

It's the late 20th Century and it feels like Babylon

Even the stock market falters as the gigasaur lurches toward its next war.

Maybe the Jehovah's Witnesses are right, after all. It's perfect: everything will just steadily go crazy, entropy will ride his chrome and plastic surfboard through the century's end on a wave of blood and toxic waste.

No one, not even the man behind the curtain, can turn off the machines.

We're riding them down a chute into a House of Horrors constructed directly below this one.

The Jehovahs said it was all over by 1914, the year the troops marched cheerfully into no-man's lands.

Then came the mustard gas. The termite squa[or of the trenches. Rachitic empires fell.

Revolutions hacked down before they flowered.

Science condensed slaughters like milk, sped up the machine, the rotating blades shredding the generations, the plume of smoke over a city, pulverized farms, crematoria and barbed wire, a roasted forest.

Wheezing children play in the smoke.

The screens assures them that all is well.

The soldiers are cheerful and confident.

The plume rises gayly over the enemy city. I think we hit Babylon, Commander.

The Jehovahs had a plan. Gather in a high place, at the edge of a city on a hill, and await the sign, the howling of the rest of the world sliding into hell.

A ray of light illuminates the chosen, a light not provided by the local power plant.

In the city, legions of police have just charged a horde of looters. Christian militants firebomb a picnic of lions. Pre-fab multitudes demonstrate, begging to be incinerated. They think it'll be a barbecue. They hope to see themselves on TV. Anything is better than going home.

The Jehovahs have left the Kingdom Halls all locked.

A fireball churns black over the city at their backs. They've stuffed the satchels that once held their magazines with the sheets they'll wear in heaven. They're going to the next world where they can fornicate, finally, in heaps without remorse.

They wait patiently, singing hymns, for the spaceships to arrive.

Part I

Persecution and Death of the Minions

A passing train blows an empty dissonance, carrying the bodies to the shadows.

In the descent, a bored recruit harasses a scorpion trapped in a box. The scorpion, dazed and exhausted, strikes feebly at a bayonet. Its matador, filling with loathing, crushes the animal under a boot.

Their boots were blown off when they took the direct hit. They were praying at that moment.

The military radios crackle and spit. A voice, obscured, whispers an order that no one hears. The batteries are failing.

The jet exploded when flames hit the fuel. The sand had to be cleaned from their burns.

The armored column lost in a dust storm picking up its own trail on the radar, your tanks are all the congealed, hardened pain from the beatings you received as a child. A tank sits stalled half-way up a desert dune. Sand in the gears. The cannon aimed into a sky warped by heat.

They want to fight. That's why they are there. They are better than their enemies. The weapons fascinate them. Finally, they want to fight out of boredom, they are tired of waiting. They've stopped imagining how it might be. A strange lassitude overcomes them.

They were killed by friendly fire. They died in the confusion. They had lost their way. They were firing at anything that moved. Communication was cut off. They were shooting to drown out the sound of the wind. Shooting was preferable to waiting. They had lost their way. They were trying to drown out the wind.



Part II

8 February 1991

"The Baghdad Radio said 150 persons had been killed, including 35 children, in air attacks on the southern city of Nasiriya, near the ancient site of Ur on the Euphrates River . . ." *New York Times*, 2/7/91

By the third week of the bombing campaign
love poetry was banned due to the new austerity measures
though by that time there was hardly any need
there was nothing left to do but take cover
wait out the air raids hope to find some water
dig the wounded out of the rubble

Lying by you in the dark house
a moon flickers on a window pane
Iraq far away Salvador far away
some other sky studded with missiles
and planes
streets of bones
the chill air in tatters
a sky torn like bedding into rags
the night scorched by
lightning fabricated in mills that now
work overtime
some other sky after all flickering chan-
delier in an earthquake
fear taped to the windowpanes but they shatter
anyway
all the old gods and goddesses wobbling and falling
from their shelves
the ruins rearranged into somber brittle palaces.

Lying against your warmth in the old broken bed
the cold room only a chamber of a colder night
a night dense and still and a city laid low by rumi-
nating clouds
clouds anchored to naked trees awaiting a clean
wind
lying like spoons in a drawer my arms around you
you are sleeping your breathing even like the migra-
tions of the flocks
the tree outside the window wears the night in
feeble hair
while some other night is burning bitter
some other night after all far from here



love poetry has been requisitioned
serves in trenches
transmits signals to command posts
catalogues the wreckage
by the third week of the campaign
the penalties for love poetry were severe
but by then there was hardly any need

Lying against you in the crumbling darkness
far from Basra far from Baghdad
my mouth full of blood
listening as love poetry, shivering, coughs

Part III

13 February 1991: Khafji

a sooty haze lingers over you
metals from the burning machines
have formed grey pools in the sand
and along the empty thoroughfares

you were once a place before maps were drawn
and what
became of you was named
you were once inhabited by winds off the blue
waters and perhaps
there was a cool drink to be found
where a snake was sleeping and sky-migrants
reposed before moving on
nomads drank sweet tea in the shade of
trees planted by some anonymous prophet

or by no hands at all
you were once a place before the road came,
dragging its rattling clan of trucks and machines
to dig up your blood and crisscross you
in asphalt script, streetlights illuminating
the void they made of you

the sweet smell of you
made the nomads drunk
before the storage tanks were built
and the benzene heat, now slit-eyed and deranged
turned morose and murderous
swollen with the sluggish blood
you were chained and plundered for a time
and then abandoned as the missiles, ravenous,
came to tear you
from your feeble breast

now wretched, crushed
beneath an iron map
you curse the steps of those
crossing over you, army
falling
upon army
and you hibernate, awaiting
the next age



David Watson lives in Detroit and is a member of the editorial collective of the Fifth Estate. The poems are from a series of poetry/journal entries written during the Gulf War.

The Annunciation of the Papal Visit to Detroit

*T. Fulano, February 1987, on the announcement
of the papal visit to Detroit for September 1987*

All the city mourns, and the crumpled masses
languish at the gates, and the cry of all the
freeways has gone up.

The politicians have sent their runners to the waters,
but they come with all their vessels empty.

The limousines fester in long lines like links of meat
waiting to be roasted in the devil's barbecue.

The ground is broken and darkly stained with blood,
and an ashen rain falls down along the straits
where two gasping lakes lie exhausted.

And the proletarians cover their heads, throwing
their useless tools to an oil-spattered concrete.

And the animals stand in the high places, snuffing
up the wind like anguished dragons, their eyes
failing, fleeing the wheeled incense and the
pirouetting saturday night specials of a
hardening rain.

And the daughters of the city are on the threshing
floors, harvested by gangrened nightshade
warriors on gloomy motorcycles.

And the children are devoured by the palsied
sorrow in executive suites, the telephones gnaw
their parchment bones in the looted
supermarkets.

And the heavens and the earth are receding, like the
skin of prisoners handcuffed to radiators in the
dank basements of justice.

And weary are the sowers and reapers, their seeds
scattered in the cornucopic sewage, their crops
flattened under a blistered light.

And all the plate glass windows are shattered in a
winded frenzy, a final rage rising from the
strange flesh drifting down the river.

And the factories give off a strange and giddy hue
against the coughing sky.

And the jetset pope, crowned eunuch of the honeyed
imposture who blessed the shrapnel as it
shredded the children of campesinos.

The contra pope, gowned golem chastising the
Nicaraguan mothers for their anger while
secretly pawning the relics to pay for poisoned
bullets,

The C.I.A. pope, who would not suffer a witch to
live and who had the zen lunatics thrown down
spiked pits,

The corporate pope, who cut a secret deal with the
banks to subdivide and develop Nirvana as a
judeo-christian theme park,

The mafia pope, who arsons the tenements to flush
out atheists and to collect the insurance when
bingo revenues are down,

The nuclear pope, who exhorts a holy indifference to
crush the peasantry with a cosmic boot to punish
their low productivity,

The petrochemical pope, who drinks the blood of
gypsy children while drawing up plans for a
polystyrene cathedral to be melted over the
pagan shrines,

The laboratorical pope, who genetically engineers
mathematicians to compute the number of
angels dancing at the end of the hypodermic
needles he uses to inject choirboys with deadly,
experimental viruses,

The fast food pope, coming to Detroit to christen the
first of a chain of thousands of franchises selling

the blood and flesh of Jesus to hungry schoolchildren,

The incinerator pope, who finances the clearcutting of the Amazon to obliterate the Garden of Eden once and for all,

The high tech pope, whose special computer program goes into every Star Wars satellite so that the apocalypse can be videotaped and carried with missionaries into outer space,

The industrial pope, who operates clandestine factories in Asia where vivisection is performed on heretics,

The pharmaceutical pope, who has replaced the opium of the people with phenomenological methadone,

The death squad pope, who burns the rebels with electromagnetic cigarettes in tumescent chapels,

That pious contamination, sweeping down on riveted vampire wings, descends on Detroit!

The word of this Lord, foul oozing disease creeping from the newsprint generations, abandoning the desolate fields long sown with salt, brought notice of his coming to a Jeremiah sleeping by a steam grate downtown as he gnawed a stale slice of bread in a dream.

And the polyester angel, descending from a cadillac, said unto him: Behold, the Lord shall send the truncheon of his strength out of the holy headquarters,

The Lord maketh the workers and the workless his footstools and his chamberpots, and verily, he shall defecate the beauties of his holiness upon them.

The sacred conspirators shall judge among the heathen and fill the many places with the dead bodies, spilling the blood of the nations.

The robed representative shall defend the boardroom door, stifling the riotous, driving back the Jordan of revolt and making the barren women to keep house and to mother man's many children.

The jeweled judge shall travel the glass-strewn streets and motorcade the murmurers deeper into the dunghill, and reward his loyal servants with stocks and bonds, and wealth and riches shall shall be in his house, for his investments endureth forever.

And he shall sit with princes over businessmen's lunches and martini blueprints for robotic seminaries.

And he shall raise his cup of salvation before the disobedient, cursing the festivals of the oppressed, for precious in the eyes of the Lord is their slaughter.

And he shall bless the terminals as they chatter out the interest rates, as the spreading nets gather in the frightened birds.

And he shall bless the cameras as they send his spirit out from the Silverdome to deceive the nations which are in the four corners of the earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them together to battle.

And he who heard this angel's tiding raised himself, trembling fearfully in his broken down boots, remembering when he dreamed of this, and said he unto the angel:

You hypocrites, who have come to the frozen nakedness of a stricken city, with famine sore in the land,

You who have driven the corn maiden and the coyote and the wolf and the beaver from these lands,

You who have contracted the cement companies to bury our Mother in this rock upon which you found your church,

You who turned a place of godless pleasures into ashes to make of it an example unto those who would dare live for pleasure,

You who razed the sacred groves to manufacture toothpicks for the magnates after they feasted on the wretched,

You who teach a bloodless love, that true carnal love wither and die on the vine,

You who teach the lamb to lie down with the lions to be torn apart, who teach the free to live on their knees:

Only pleasure, only liberty, only irreverence, only animal energy can keep your servitude and mortification away,

Only a wilder festival than all that came before will make your master hesitate and turn back beneath his robes.

Now is the time for the barricades, the orgies, the laughter, the bonfires, the time for the circle dance around the maypole and the Golden Calf,

Now the time for the Commune, for the corn ceremonies, for the beavers and coyotes.

Let your everlasting chains be rent asunder, let the cities give themselves over to fornication, let them exalt the flesh, despise the dominion and speak evil of the dignitaries.

Raising a fist, said he unto the angel: To he that cometh, let them hurl a white stone against his windshield,

Let them eat of the hidden manna, opening the storehouses and flinging the goods therein down among the poor,

Let them drive all pharaohs and their guardians away, sowing the land with a mad and defiant herb,

Let them plunge deeper into their bodies to find their souls, let them mock his prayerful supplications with an impenitent hymn,

Let them love the world which is the only world they have, the world and all its creatures, let

them hurt not the grass of the earth nor any green thing, neither any tree, but only those who would bar them from the gates of Eden,

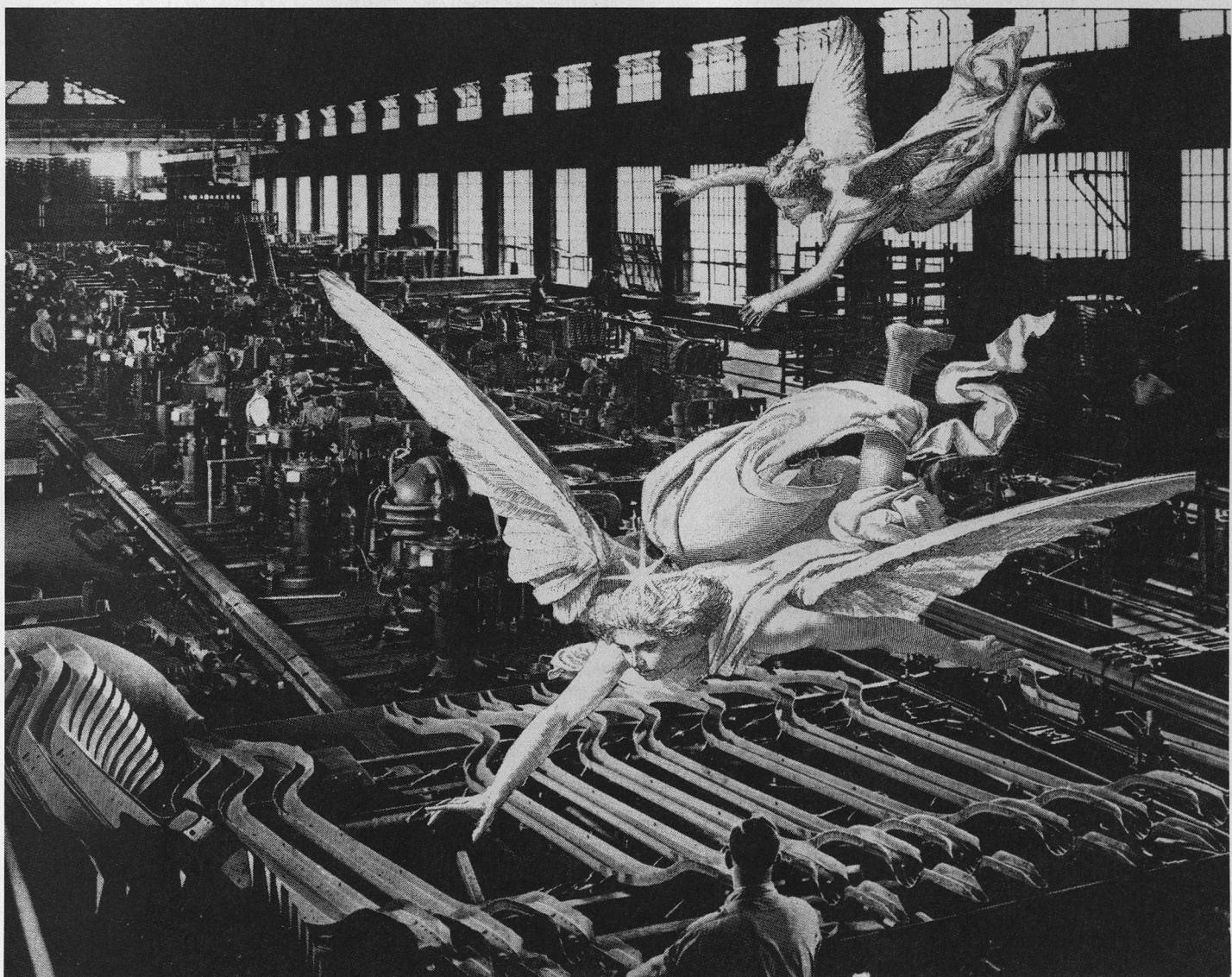
And let them flee into the wilderness, drawing it out of themselves as the child from the mother's womb,

Let them smash the tabernacles of the iron patriarch, driving the black robes and the pinstriped three-pieces and the uniforms away,

Let Heaven on Earth commence!

And awoke he, Jeremiah, in the cold of a February morn, and he went among the tumult of the rush hour and the harried workers to panhandle dreams.

T. Fulano is a long-time staff member of the Fifth Estate. This poem originally appeared in the Summer 1987 Fifth Estate.



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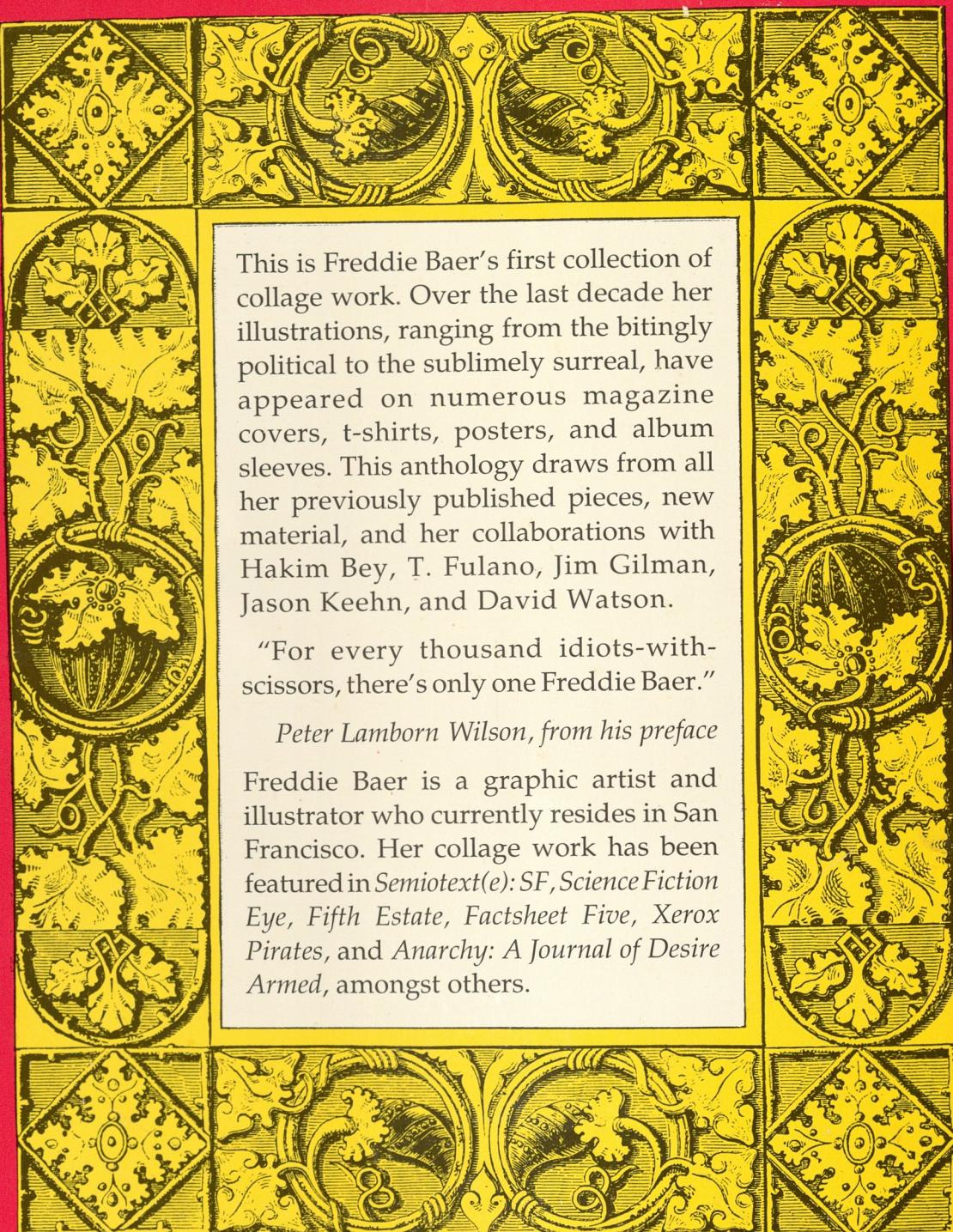
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