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"ANARCHY COMICS: AN INFANTILE DISORDER"


"THANK YOU, THANK YOU, LADIES & GENTS! IT'S A PLEASURE TO ADDRESS YOU TODAY, IF ONLY TO GET OUT OF THAT GLASS CAGE THEY HAVEN'T LET ME LIVE IN BACK IN MOSCOW. I KNOW THERE'S STILL A HOUSING SHORTAGE, BUT THAT PLACE IS RIDICULOUS! IT'S SO CRAMPED, YOU'D THINK IT WAS A TOMB! (HONK!) BUT SERIOUSLY, GUYS, I'M HERE TO TALK TODAY ABOUT THIS LITTLE PIECE OF SENSATIONALISM CALLED ANARCHY COMICS.

HEY! THAT REMINDS ME—DO YOU HEAR WHY THE LENINIST CROSSED THE ROAD? BECAUSE THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE TOLD HIM TO! (HA-HA!) AND DO YOU KNOW WHY THE ANARCHIST CROSSED THE ROAD? BECAUSE THEY TOLD HIM NOT TO! (BANG!)

BUT BACK TO BASICS...LET'S TALK ABOUT "THE STATE" FOR A SECOND. I MEAN, I MERELY WANT TO TAKE IT OVER! THESE ANARCHISTS WANT TO ABOLISH IT! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? I'VE NEVER HEARD OF ANYTHING SO ABSURD IN MY LIFE! I MEAN, TAKE OUR GOVERNMENT... PLEASE! (WHOOP! WHOOP!) HEY!

C'MON, LET'S LOOK AT THIS COMIC. WHAT DO THEY GET ANYWAY? THEY GET SOME HUMOR, SOME HISTORY, SOME SARCASM, SOME SINCERITY. THEY GET SOME GERMAN GUY NAMED SEYFRIED, AN ENGLISH ANARCHIST NAMED HARPER,... AND EVEN A COUPLE OF FRENCH GUYS: EPISOTLIER & VOLNY. THEY GOT WOMEN, THEY GOT A MARXIST, THEY GOT DOPERS. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THEY DON'T HAVE?? SEX!!

AND IF THERE IS ONE THING THAT THE AFL-CIO IS ALL ABOUT IT'S SEX! I MEAN, LET'S GET DOWN! LET'S PARTY! (HONK!) I MEAN...."

(End of Excerpt.) ★

AND NOW FOR A FEW WORDS FROM THE EDITOR: THIS COMIC BEGAN AS A WHIMSICAL IDEA A YEAR AGO—BUT AS THE IDEA CAUGHT FIRE IT HAS COME TOGETHER AMAZINGLY FAST. ALL OF THE WORK IN THIS ISSUE HAS BEEN INSPIRED BY—OR BASED ON—ANARCHIST IDEAS AND HISTORY. AS IT BECOMES INCREASING CLEAR THAT THE REAL TERRORISTS ARE NOT A FEW ISOLATED LEFTISTS BUT ARE THE GOVERNMENTS AND CORPORATIONS OF THIS WORLD WHO HOLD US HOSTAGE WITH THEIR ARMAMENTS, MILITARIES & INTELLIGENCE ACTIVITIES, ANARCHISM BECOMES MORE AND MORE RELEVANT!

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POPULAR MISCONCEPTION OF TYPICAL ANARCHIST

ACTUAL ANARCHISTS IN REAL-LIFE.
Just for the hell of it, let's start at the beginning (sort of).

Here's Normal Joe and his wife Jane five years ago. Ah, so full of life. The world was their oyster.

Joe ~ Let's make some babies!

Joe's dad pulled some strings and got him a good job. Things were looking up for sure!!

Congratulations on joining the team here at Flexco, Joe! Keep your nose clean, work hard and you'll soon be rewarded with a juicy management slot where you can really rake it in.

Thanks, Mr. Smith.

Now Joe is bored...

This job sucks. But what can I do? I'm trapped. Yeow!!
Joe, I've noticed you've been suffering from some form of disenchantment lately. Care to get it off your chest?

Well, see Mr. Smith. Sometimes I wonder, "Why bother?"

Joe discusses his "morale problem" at length with his boss. Mr. Smith seems understanding, and after a short pep talk gives Joe a small raise.

Wow, maybe we can afford that new TV now. Smith is an 'OK' guy!

Now 4+4=7, 7x2 is 15 and...

But relief is merely temporary. Jesus fuck! This headache is a skull-buster and I still have to drive for an hour in rush hour freeway traffic!!

On the freeway...

Damn it! What's the problem now? What's that noise? Why isn't the car moving? Argh...!

Klik! Klik! Klik! Ttt!

Honk! Honk! Honk!

I'll be frank with you, Joe. See this little part? That's what's fucking up. By itself it costs $5.

But to replace it, I have to buy a $150 "component kit"! They don't sell the part separately. Sorry—but that's Detroit these days...

Back home. Joe is very depressed. He contemplates suicide...

I hate my job. My car is a piece of shit. I'm up to my neck in debt and my son is a drug fiend.

C'mon Dad! Where did you hide my quaaludes??

Please Tim, not now. Can't you see your father is depressed?

Get lost!

And so Joe starts his exciting new adventure...

Maybe he's right! It's high time I investigated some "other options"!!

Suddenly, Joe dear, look! It says here in the paper that inflation has doubled in the last 24 hours.

Oh no, it's the crash!

Joe & Jane consult an expert.

You're depressed? Hah! Wait'll you get a load of the economy!!! What we need is a whole new ball-game!!
SAY! GOOD IDEA JOE! WELL, THINGS WOULD SURE BE DIFFERENT IF YOU WERE A POUND OF GROUND BEEF!

WHAT IN TARNATION?? THIS IS DISGUSTING!!

DISGUSTING IS RIGHT! AND YET SOMEHOW APT! FOR AFTER ALL AREN'T WE ALL JUST A BUNCH OF BURGERS IN THIS SOCIETY?

I'M NOT SO SURE, MEL! THAT'S WHAT "THEM" WOULD LIKE US TO THINK OF COURSE... BUT JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME, I SMELL A WIENER!

AH, BUT WIENERS ARE PEOPLE TOO! HOWEVER WHAT ARE WE TO MAKE OF THIS CHARACTER?

BURGERS? WIENERS? HOW MUNDANE, THEY'RE NOT IN MY CLASS AT ALL. GET THEM OUT OF MY SIGHT!

YES, CONFUSION REIGNS IN MEATVILLE.

WHOA... IT'S SPECIAL GUEST STAR, UNCLE SAM WITH SOME RELEVANT WORDS OF WISDOM!

NOW I KNOW MANY OF YOU ARE WONDERING: "BUT WHAT ABOUT COMMUNISM? IS IT PRACTICAL AND WILL IT TAKE AWAY MY POWER MOWER?"

LET'S LOOK AT THE FACTS!
1. RUSSIA AND CHINA ARE NOT COMMUNIST.
2. EXTREMISM IN THE DEFENSE OF LIBERTY IS NO VICE.
3. THIS COUNTRY IS BEING RUN BY CROOKS AND CONMEN.
4. WHAT WAS FORD TRYING TO PULL WITH THAT SWINE FLU BUSINESS BACK IN '76 ANYWAY?

'NUFF SAID!!

AND WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT, DID YOU GET TO VOTE ON WHETHER YOU WANTED THESE DIABOLICAL LITTLE "UNIVERSAL PRICE CODES" STUCK ON EVERYTHING??

MEANWHILE BACK IN THE REAL WORLD, JOE'S BOSS HAS CALLED HIM INTO THE OFFICE

JOE, SALES ARE OFF AND WE SEEM TO BE EXPERIENCING A FALLING RATE OF PROFIT, SO WE'RE HAVING TO TAKE SOME REGRETTABLE MEASURES.

NOW JOE IS REALLY DEPRESSED. IN A MAD ACT OF DESPERATION HE STARTS DISMANTLING HIS "REC ROOM."

GEE, I SURE HOPE I CAN MAKE A FEW BUCKS BY SELLING OFF THE WOOD PANELING.

NO, OF COURSE YOU DIDN'T. THAT'S BECAUSE WE LIVE IN A FREE COUNTRY, BUB, AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT... OR REMEMBER IT... OR SOMETHING...
MEANWHILE, UNAWARE OF THE BAD NEWS, JANE IS AT HER HAIRDRESSES.

JANE: I DO HOPE YOU'LL BE THERE ON SUNDAY IN THE 'GAY FREEDOM MARCH.' WHAT RIGHT DOES THAT ANITA BRYANT HAVE TO TELL YOU OR ME WHAT TO DO?

YOU KNOW MIDGE, HENRI? HAS A POINT THERE! I THINK I'LL BRING THE WHOLE FAMILY TO THAT MARCH!

YES, I'LL BE THERE IN THE ANARCHO-FEMINIST CONTINGENT!

BACK HOME, JOE STRIPS THE T.V. FOR PARTS...

I KNOW I CAN GET $2.00 FOR THESE DO-HICKIES AT THE FLEA-MARKET, AND THESE KNOBS WILL MAKE DANDY ROACH-CLIPS!

THAT NIGHT, JOE CASUALLY BREAKS THE NEWS OVER A FAMILY GAME OF BILLIARDS.

WELL DEAR, WE WON'T HAVE TO SET THE ALARM CLOCK TOMORROW.

TEN BALL IN THE CORNER POCKET... HUH???

I'VE BEEN LET GO! YOU KNOW, FIRED! MY JOB IS KAPUT!

HERE... WHY DON'T YOU KIDS TAKE THESE ORANGES AND GO OUT AND PLAY IN TRAFFIC?!

HOWEVER, AS MONEY RUNS OUT...

JANE IS ABLE TO SHIELD THE CHILDREN FROM THE HARSH TRUTH FOR AWHILE BY DISTRACTING THEM WITH CITRUS FRUITS.

THINGS GET A BIT HAIRY ON THE OLD HOMESTEAD...

TONIGHT WE'RE HAVING WATER FOR DIN-DIN!

WITH HER BACK TO THE WALL, JANE SUCEDLY BEGINS TO HALLUCINATE WILDLY!

I AM ELEANOR ROOSEVELT WITH A MESSAGE FROM THE VATICAN! INTRODUCE MAXIMUM AUTONOMY INTO DAILY LIFE. STOP, QUESTION AUTHORITY. STOP. BUY FOOD IN BULK. STOP. THIS IS A RECORDING. THANK YOU.
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!

SPECIAL ON 1/2 TONS OF RHUBARB TODAY WITH PROFITS GOING TO ANARCHISTS IN SPAIN!

SOCIAL UPHEAVAL CAN PROCEED RAPIDLY; THE NEXT MORNING JOE OPENS HIS PAPER TO FIND...

Duckburg News-Herald

GOV’T RESIGNS IN DISGRACE

BUREAUCRATS VOW: “WE GIVE UP”

WORKERS COUNCILS ELECTED

LOCALITIES TAKE THE REINS

IT’S A NEW WORLD FOR JOE & JANE. IT’S NOT ALWAYS EASY...BUT IT ISN’T BORING ANYMORE.

STILL SUSPICIOUS? JUST REMEMBER THESE THREE IMPORTANT RULES...

1. DON’T SWALLOW IDEOLOGIES WHOLE! CHEW ALL THEORIES 100 TIMES BEFORE SWALLOWING.

2. BEWARE OF SUBLIMINAL MESSAGES IN ADVERTISING! DEFACE BILLBOARDS AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY.

3. GIVE YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS A BREAK! MAKE ROOM FOR A WELL-INTEGRATED SUBJECTIVITY IN YOUR SOCIAL STRUGGLES.

CALL IT SOCIALISM, COMMUNISM, ANARCHISM OR WHAT HAVE YOU... THE FUTURE IS FLEXIBLE. ALL I KNOW IS THAT THIS PRESENT SET-UP IS ABOUT TO COLLAPSE AND HISTORY CAN’T GO BACKWARDS!!

WHATEVER THE OUTCOME, AN EXCITING FUTURE IS IN STORE FOR ALL! RELAX! ENJOY THE RIDE! JUST BE SURE THAT WHEN HISTORY MAKES THAT “DIACETICAL JUMP” — YOU’RE IN THE DRIVER’S SEAT!

The End
The October Revolution of 1917 gave expression to forces, long pent up in Russia other than the Bolsheviks. In that part of the Ukraine.

Ceded by the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, the Narat Confederation declared its self-determination and divided the landed estates among the peasants.

Assembling a guerrilla army, Nestor Makhno harassed German-backed landowners, often using enemy disguises to first obtain their hospitality.

Finally a German division sent to subdue him went down to defeat. He then swept north replacing Bolshevik commissars with libertarian communes.
Soon afterward, utilizing military innovations like transporting infantry in light peasant carts, he stopped the invading white armies of Denikin.

While in theory organized democratically, the army was run with a tight-fisted discipline by himself and his inner command.

His unorthodox tactics succeeded in defeating Denikin but Trotsky ordered the imprisonment of anarchist elements. Makhno held out for nine months until the invasion of Wrangel. On the Soviet promise to free anarchist prisoners he joined them to smash the last white invasion.

After victory, Makhnoist leaders were invited to a conference in Crimea where all, except an escaping cavalry unit, were arrested or shot. Makhno and his men fought on for a few months. At first they scored victories, but finally he fled to Paris, where in 1935, he died of chronic alcoholism.
Jay Kinney's Smarmy Comics

Fascism: The Power of Finance Capital Itself

The primary task of revolutionary struggle is to solve this principal contradiction on the side of the people of the world. It is the oppressed peoples of the world who have created the wealth of this empire.

And it is to them that it belongs: the goal of revolutionary struggle must be the control and use of this wealth in the interests of the oppressed peoples of the world.

It is in this context that we must examine the revolutionary struggles in the United States we are within. The heart and soul of a world-wide monster.

A country so rich from its world-wide plunder that even the crumbs doled out to the bastard masses within its borders provide for material existence very much above the conditions of the masses of the world.

GOD! What a flash!

This political crap has got to go! What a nowhere game...

The tuxes in power maybe crazy... but the Marx freaks are on a real mummy trip...

DEATH... any way you look at it! No question?

Hi folks! I'm the artist...

... 6 months later!

I've been thru a lot since I started this strip... and I'd like to tell you a little story...

Well, we'll never know what that story was, because that was nine years ago! So let's get this strip wrapped up without further delay!

You know, since 1969 I've come to the conclusion that the only thing that will get us out of the mess we're in now is a willingness to undertake a social revolution...

That may mean reclaiming politics from the politicians and redefining it altogether. Marx must be superceded, but his work is still a good starting point...

But as the old saying goes: you gotta break an omelet to make an egg!

Does this mean I've changed my mind since this strip originally began? You bet!

I eat my own words all the time! They're tasty!

We've been separated from the intelligence of women. Our magic by male fear—kind has at last been brought. Separated from our wish to bear on such oppressive the earth by politics. Find new male inventions as the terms to deal with traditional church and the legal situations.

We must now be brought to revalue the ultimate stronghold: male domination. We must now be brought to revolutionaries, cooperating down with all bosses! We have refused to allow ourselves to be directed. Spoken for and eventually cooled off.

Class: What was the point of Ovid's tale about Meleager?

Why should I continue to teach status quo classics? I'm sick of stale male pride!

Hey class! Artur Pedest er school can intercourse itself pound your jazz-clogged classics into your own pea-brains!
THE LEATHER HEART GALLERY

Jobless and blue, Estelle enters a women's art gallery in search of creative validation.

INTERESTING PIECES

Thank, they're just bomb plans. I dropped outta physics too much male competition.

I was going to work for the Zionist effort... but... couldn't be a secretary—my butts too fat. So conceptual war toys. Maybe I'll get married n' drop a few bombs of my own.

SIGH

HOW ABOUT GOING FOR A DRINK?

GIVE ME BACK MY DOG, YOU BASTARD!

Uh, hi. Could you two use a cup of coffee or something?

We'll get him, Zoe!

TRY A DRINK AND ANOTHER GERMAN SHEPHERD

SHIT—FUCK!

DAMN!

SO HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HOOKING?

Since I was eleven, in Alabama.

JUKEBOX

... That's when I shot him; after he'd hung me out the window once too much. The coat hanger scars got in to healing; I got in to stripping.

GLASSES 'N' ASHES 'N' BOTTLES 'N' CANS LATER
WELL, HERE WE BE, BABE. FOUR FULL OF FURY AND NOWHERE TO SPEND IT!

HOW' BOUT A SINGING DELIVERY SERVICE?

YEAH, LET'S BUILD US A MALE ORDER BIZNIZ.

EXPLODING CAKES! WHAT A WAY TO FINISH OFF A CONVENTION, HUH?

THE GROUP ENJOYS CAPITALISM

COVER FOR US ZOE: NO SOLICITING

ZOOM

HERE IT IS, BOYS! QUEEN-SIZE DESSERT!

YAY! WHOOP

THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY SEVEN DIE IN KNIGHTS OF GALILEO CAKE BLAST

GOOD CAKE, TOO

BUT, I GOTTA SOLICIT! MY DOG CAN'T LIVE ON ERASERHEADS!

HEY! WHAT ABOUT A VISIT TO OUR SISTERS IN THE CAGE?
We're a women's poetry cooperative. We call ourselves the Quilting Bee. We're giving a reading today.

Yeah yeah. C'mon in.

Dressed as little old ladies, they enter the women's penitentiary.

Girls! Look sharp! Entertainment. Some real culture.

Ladies better talk fast.

Our poem is short and sweet—boquet and coffee cake. Duck, girls!

The walls are down! Run for it!

Hell—why should I? My ol' man'll jus' beat me up when I get home!

Yeah! Screw it! I eat better where I am. No lice. No sellin' ass.

Watsa matter with you bitches? Doncha wanna be free? Doncha wanna live? You want this system to keep on pimping yer asses?

C'mon teach! In her home or in a jail, you can't help a dame who thinks like Tail!

Melinda Selvan
SEPT. 1936, THE ARAGON FRONT NORTH EASTERN SPAIN. WE WERE ESCORTING A GROUP OF BOMBERS RETURNING FROM A RAID OVER SANJURJO. ONE MAN, LT. TALVEREZ, WAS SHOT DOWN WHEN WE RAN INTO A BUNCH OF FIATS.

BELOW US, UNTRAINED ANARCHIST MILITIA, FIGHTING FOR THE REPUBLIC, RETREATED IN GROUPS.

MAKING THEMSELVES EASY TARGETS FOR FASCIST MACHINE GUNS.
I was a flyer looking for a war and Spain had a war looking for flyers. So when civil war broke out I hired on with the Republic, a loose coalition of liberals, communists, and anarchists trying to beat back a fascist insurrection supported by monarchists and the Catholic Church...

I had no interest in politics but the Spaniards discussed it continuously, especially Pablo and Joaquin. Mussolini's intervention will force Britain to help us because they can't let Italy dominate the Mediterranean.

If you don't have the support of the Spanish working class there can be no victory.

Next morning a Dragon Rapide with rebel markings flew over the aerodrome.

Lt. Talverez was dropped on the field. They had badly mutilated his body... this was not a gentlemen's war.

Soon, the most advanced aircraft in the world, the 1-16 Mosca, arrived from Russia. Some of our crew came in on their belly when they forgot to crank down their retractable landing gear.

The Republican Airforce was green. Still it pushed the fascists, with their Italian and German allies back into enemy territory.
In the Aragon sector, the militias succeeded in stabilizing the front.

But back at the base even, Paco the mechanic had something to say.

You will see, the International Brigades are just the beginning, Joaquin.

Will that make up for the resentment your party has caused by suppressing worker and farmers collective?

Bah! The communists bring the Polocos and the Fascists bring the negros.

Paco regarded all other Europeans as “Polocos” and Generalísimo Franco’s MORCAN troops, who were frantically attacking the capital city of Madrid were, to him, “negros.”

It was there that we were sent to help its desperate defenders. Also from the Aragon front came Buenaventura Durruti, the famous libertarian leader. He was to meet his death yet he and his men gave hope to the city in its darkest hours.

¡No Pasaran! El fascismo quiere conquistar Madrid.

Madrid será la tumba del fascismo.

*Volunteers from around the world who came to defend Republican Spain, largely recruited by Communist parties.*
WE Fought back against the first attempt to terrorize a population from the air...

MAY 3, 1937, FIGHTING BROKE OUT IN BARCELONA BETWEEN THE GOVERNMENT AND ANARCHISTS CULMINATING IN AN ATTACK ON THE ANARCHIST CONTROLLED TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

THESE EVENTS SPARKED BITTER ARGUMENTS BETWEEN THE TWO FRIENDS

THE BARCELONA UPRISING WAS A COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY STAB IN THE BACK

MEANWHILE, THE ENEMY'S NEW AIRCRAFT AND IMPROVED TACTICS WERE ERODING OUR CONTROL OF THE AIR

THE COMMUNIST PARTY IS OUT FOR THE MIDDLE CLASSES JUST LIKE THE FASCISTS
STILL WE HELD ON

ONE UNFORTUNATE FASCIST PILOT MANAGED TO PARACHUTE FROM HIS DAMAGED PLANE

ONLY TO BE CAPTURED BY ANARCHIST MILITIAMS. THE CROSS HE WAS WEARING WAS CRAMMED DOWN HIS THROAT

IN AN ATTEMPT TO SAVE OUR DETERIORATING SITUATION JOAQUIN PROPOSED SOME NEW IDEAS THE ENEMY HAS CHANGED HIS METHODS THEREFORE WE MUST USE MORE FLEXIBLE FORMATIONS TO MEET HIM

THIS HAS ALL BEEN DISCUSSED AT CENTRAL COMMAND AND FOUND INAPPROPRIATE

ANY BODY SEE JOAQUIN AROUND?

SHORTLY AFTERWARD I CAME HOME WITH A LITTLE BETTER INSIGHT INTO WORLD POLITICS. STALIN GAMBOLED ON MAKING A DEAL WITH THE WEST EVEN TO THE POINT OF SMOTHERING A REVOLUTION IN SPAIN. BUT WESTERN LEADERS HATE COMMUNISM SO BAD THAT THEY'LL SELL OUT ANY DEMOCRACY TO FASCISM. LOOKS LIKE A BIG WAR IS ON THE WAY

THE NEXT DAY JOAQUIN DISAPPEARED. THERE WERE RUMORS HE HAD BEEN PICKED UP BY THE SECRET POLICE
TO HELP ALLEVIATE THE OVERCROWDED CONDITION OF OUR NATION'S HIGHWAYS, I SUGGEST WE CREATE A SYSTEM OF ALTERNATE ROUTES, KNOWN AS "FREE ZONES," IN WHICH ALL LAWS ARE SUSPENDED!!

THE ADVENTUROUS FEW WHO ARE WILLING TO TAKE THE CHANCE WOULD BE ABLE TO TRAVEL AS FAST AS THEY WANTED AND PERFORM ANY MANEUVER THEY DESIRED, AS WELL AS ADMINISTERING PUNISHMENT TO ANY CAR THAT GOT IN THEIR WAY.

FREE ZONE
ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK
NO LAW ENFORCEMENT

ASTONISHING AVERAGE SPEEDS WOULD BE ATTAINED ACROSS THE VAST EMPTY REACHES OF THE GREAT SOUTHWESTERN U.S., ALTHOUGH QUITE A FEW Autos MIGHT BE LOST TO BANDITS.

GOOD LORD! (GASP!)

A CHAIN ACROSS THE ROAD!

NEEDLESS TO SAY, SERVICES WILL BE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN IN THE FREE ZONES, SO DON'T FORGET TO TAKE ALONG PLENTY OF EVERYTHING.

POPSICLES $15,000
2 for 29.99c
LIBERTY THROUGH THE AGES

BY ÉPISLOLIER & VOLNY

8th CON
MUNIST PAI
 Of RUSSIA

EVERYTHING IS ALRIGHT... THE EARTH IS FOR US, BUT THE BREAD IS FOR YOU. THE WATER IS FOR EVERYONE, BUT THE FISHES ARE FOR YOU. THE FOREST IS FOR US, BUT THE WOOD IS FOR YOU...

THE SOVIETS (COUNCILS OF WORKERS, SOLDIERS, PEASANTS & CITIZENS), THE IRON LANCE OF THE REVOLUTION, HAVE BEEN DISMANTLED. THE BUREAUCRACY, THE TCHeka, AND THE RED ARMY REPLACE THEM. RUSSIA IS MARCHING IN CADENCE.

1921. THE YOUNG BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION IS GETTING OUT OF BREATH. THE ECONOMY IS LOW. COLD AND HUNGER FAN THE FLAMES OF DISCONTENT.

THE SOVIET LEADERS ARE ARRESTED IN THE CALM. AT THE START THEY AFFIRM THE NECESSITY OF REORGANIZING SOCIAL LIFE. HOWEVER, THE PARTY ANSWERS: THEY ARE THE WHITES!

A TEMPORARY COMMITTEE OF WORKERS, SAILORS, AND RED SOLDIERS IS ORGANIZED ON THE SHIP PETROPAVLovSK. IN THE SUCCEEDING DAYS, OTHER SOVIETS ARE BORN ALL OVER THE U.S.S.R.

THE LOCAL LEADERS ARE ARRESTED IN THE CALM. AT THE START THEY AFFIRM THE NECESSITY OF REORGANIZING SOCIAL LIFE. HOWEVER, THE PARTY ANSWERS: THEY ARE THE WHITES!

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DURING THE ENTIRE INSURRECTION, THIS COLUMN WILL CONTINUE. IT PLACES CSARIST GENERAL KORLOVSKY AT THE HEAD OF THE REBELS. ACTUALLY, THE REVOLUTIONARY COMMITTEE'S PRESIDENT IS THE SHIP'S CLERK, A SAILOR NAMED PETLICHNO.

WE HAVE ONLY ONE GENERAL HERE, THE COMMISAR OF THE SHIP, AND HE'S IN THE BRIG!

THE REVOLT SPREADS TO PETROGRAD AND ORANIEBAM, ZINOVIEV IS DISPATCHED TO THE SPOT. KRONSTADT IS ISOLATED. THE TCHeka AND RED ARMY CADETS ENTER INTO ACTION.

FROM L'ÉCHO DES SAVANES, No. 29. © BY ÉPISLOLIER & VOLNY 1977. TRANSLATION BY BERANSCÈRE LOMONT.
THE MASS ARRESTS BEGIN. EVERY SUSPECT IS STopped along with his whole family. AT KRONSTADT, IN CONTRAST, THE FAMILIES OF THE ARRESTED COMMUNISTS ARE NOT WORRIED.

PLANES DROP TRACTS ABOVE THE TOWN, ASKING THE REBELS TO SURRENDER.

THE GARRISON OF KRONSTADT HASN'T SURRENDERED TO THE CZARIST GENERALS. DO YOU THINK IT WILL SURRENDER TO BOLSHEVIK GENERALS?

IN PETROGRAD...

RESIGNATIONS FROM THE PARTY POUR IN.

THE PARTY'S POLICIES HAVE BROUGHT THE COUNTRY TO A DEAD-END. THE PARTY HAS BECOME BUREAUCRATIC, AND DOESN'T WANT TO HEAR OF THE POPULAR ASPIRATIONS. HOW CAN IT HEAR THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE WHEN IT JUST LOOKS TO IMPOSE ITS OWN WILL?

THE REBELS ADDRESS THE WHOLE COUNTRY.

OUR CAUSE IS JUST. FACING THE PARTY, WE DEFEND THE POWER OF THE SOVIETS. WE WANT THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PEOPLE TO BE FREELY ELECTED. THE PERSECUTED SOVIETS, CONFISCATED BY THE C.P., HAVE ALWAYS BEEN DEAR TO OUR REQUESTS. FOR ANSWERS WE RECEIVE SHOTS.

TROTSKY, HEAD OF THE RED ARMY, HELMED BY KAMENEV, LEADS THE REPRESSION.

DON'T ECONOMIZE ON BULLETS!

THE PARTY NEWSPAPER CUTS LOOSE: IF THEY WANT TO TORPEDO THE RUSSIAN-AMERICAN AGREEMENT (ALREADY!), TO HELP THE TURKS GIVE IN TO THE ENTENTE (OCCIDENT), THEY HAVE SOLD OUT TO THE FINS, THE FRENCH, THE CZAR, ETC.

ALL THIS IS NOT JUST TO HALT THE MUTINY, BUT TO WIPE OUT THE LIBERTARIAN GANGRENE AT LARGE AS WELL.

CZARIST GENERAL
TROTSKY ORDERS SHOOTINGS EN MASSE OF WORKERS, SOLDIERS, SAILORS, ENTIRE FAMILIES.

ON MARCH 7TH, KRONSTADT IS ATTACKED.

DEATH TO THE WHITES!

CHARGE!

TO SQUELCH THE REVOLT IN THE COUNTRY, SOME MONETARY CONCESSIONS ON FOOD ARE MADE (10 MILLION RUBLES OF FOOD ARE BOUGHT FROM ABROAD). THE PARTY, PARTICULARLY ZINOVIEV, BEHAVES LIKE A CAPITALIST CLASS.

THE CALM RETURNED, THESE CONCESSIONS WILL COST DEARLY. AT KRONSTADT, WHERE EVERYBODY DIVIDES EVERYTHING, THE GARRISON DELIVERS ITS SUPPLIES TO THE CIVIL POPULATION.

WE'LL PUT NON-PARTY WORKERS IN THE MOST IMPORTANT POSTS NOW.

IN PETROGRAD, HELD BY THE PARTY, A STATE OF SIEGE IS DECLARED. BUT NOT YET AT KRONSTADT.

WHO COULD WE FEAR? NOT OUR OWN RED SOLDIERS, NOR OUR SAILORS, OUR WORKERS, OUR INTELLECTUALS...

ON THE CONTRARY, IN PETROGRAD WE CAN UNDERSTAND THIS. THE OPPRESSORS FEAR THOSE WHO THEY OPPRESS.

WHILE IN THE REST OF RUSSIA, THUGS ARE DRAFTED BY THE ARMY, THE RED FLAG FLOATS OVER KRONSTADT.

LENIN HAS SAID: 'COMMUNISM IS THE GOVERNMENT OF THE SOVIETS PLUS ELECTRICITY,' AND THE PEOPLE HAVE REALIZED THAT COMMUNISM IS BUREAUCRACY PLUS BULLETS.
While the Izvestia of Kronstadt publishes all that comes from Moscow, none of Kronstadt's calls and communiques get published elsewhere in Russia.

No secrets for the people.

Petrichenko distributes Pravda and the Red Gazette, which contradict themselves in their assaults of hate and venom. "Czarist reinforcement" is estimated at 100 and 200 respectively the same day.

The "Czarist generals, White Officers and Priests" are in reality: machinists, medical aides, telegraphers, sailors, carpenters, electricians, workers... supported by a population which is, in fact, common people.

Weak in 1917, the party has become swollen after its victory. Opportunists and hustlers are carving places for themselves unscrupulously. What it gains in quantity, the party loses in quality.

The corruption of the Party (Drawing: P. Malykovsky).

On the 23rd, in his turn, Lenin condemns "the white generals, and the anarchist petit-bourgeois elements."

Until now the revolutionaries were easy on him, refusing to believe that he was like the others.

Xème Congrès du Parti Communiste Russe.

On the 13th, the anniversary of the Paris Commune, Trotsky and Zinoviev castigate the memory of Thiers and Gallifet, killers of the communards.

On March 16th, the survivers, prisoners, and hostages are shot wholesale.

As in any capitalist country, lying has become the tool of the state. The Russian revolution has lasted. In his corner, a certain Joseph Dugachvili chuckles softly.
EVER FEEL COMPULSIVE TO CHANGE A WORLD POISONED BY SOME OF OUR OWN SPECIES, WHO PRODUCE Nuke HEAPS THAT RUIN OUR GENETIC CHAINS. IF ONLY MORE OF THEM COULD SEE....

LET'S ALL JUST MARCH TO THE PENTAGON AND RIP IT ONTO ITS SIDE!

I WON'T SAY WHAT COULD PUT THEM OUT OF THEIR BLOODY POWER, MY FRIENDS.

WITH MORE THAN 33 MILLION FAMILIES STRUGGLING, WE MUST SELL BACK YOUR FAMILIES WITH OUR GUNS! SERFING = DOOR! RIVER.

BUT ALL OF YOU WHO STILL HAVE WEAPONS, BEWARE!
OWD NANCY'S PETTICOAT

My earliest remembrances of taking part in Radicalism are the invitations I used to receive to be at 'Owd Nancy Clayton's' in Charlestown, on the 16th of August to denounce the Peterloo massacre and drink in solemn silence to the immortal memory of Henry Hunt.

She wore on that memorable day a black petticoat, which she afterwards transformed into a black flag which on the 16th of August used to be hung out and a green cap of liberty attached thereto.

In the year 1838 a new cap of liberty was made, and hung out with the black flag on the anniversary of the Peterloo massacre.

These terrible and terrifying emblems of sedition alarmed the then powers that existed and our then chief constable—no lover of democracy—was ordered by a magistrate to march a host of special constables and all the civil power he could command and to forcibly seize and take possession of these vile emblems of Anarchy and base Revolution. Off they marched...

...but the women of that part of the borough heard of the contemplated raid that was likely to befall their cherished emblems.
and the women drew them in from the window and hid them.

Up this gallant and brave band of men went to the front door of poor old Nancy Clayton, and placed themselves in daring military array while the chief constable with a subordinate marched upstairs.

and amongst the women there he found my old friend ‘Riah Witty, who told the writer what follows.

Imperiously and haughtily, as became the chief of so noble a band and in so righteous a cause, he demanded the Black Flag and the cap of Liberty.

My old friend ‘Riah said,

“What hast thou to do wi’ cap o’ liberty? Thou never supported liberty, nor aught but belongs thee?”

However, the chamber was searched and the poor black flag was found under the bed and taken prisoner... the house was searched from top to bottom for the cap of liberty, but neither the genius of the chief nor his subordinate could find the missing emblems of Revolution. Off this gallant band of men marched with poor old Nancy’s petticoat—the black flag never more to grace a radical banquet of potato pies and home-brewed ale.

The Saturday after this grand demonstration ‘Riah Witty met the chief constable, and she exclaimed,

“Now, thou didn’t find that cap o’ liberty, did th’?”

“No”, he said, “I didn’t ‘Riah, where wurr it?”

She said, “I knew thou couldn’t find it; it were where thou duratna go for it”...

From the recollections of William Aitken, weaver and life-long radical. Published in the Ashton Reporter, 30th January, 1869.
SAFEHOUSE by Dohrn

WE'RE ALL LIVING UNDERGROUND.

BUT ARE YOU DOING ANYTHING ILLEGAL?

NO! WE'RE JUST PARANOID!

ON CONTRADICTION by M. Tsetung

TELL ME TEDDY, DO MY CONTOURS AROUSE YOUR ARDOR?

UM OH. "YES" ANSWER MEANS OBJECTIFICATION AND "NO" ANSWER SIGNIFIES REJECTION!

IT'S A FEMINIST DOUBLE-BIND!

YES DEAR, BUT I MUCH PREFER THE VIGOR OF YOUR STRUGGLE FOR AUTONOMY!

A CORRECT ANSWER

WHew!

TODAY'S RHETORIC by 'Spud' Silber

I'M SICK AND TIRED OF YOUR "WORKERIST" "ECONOMISM" WHICH FAILS TO COMPREHEND THE ROLE OF IDEOLOGY IN PROLETARIAN STRATEGY!

YOUR THEORETICAL INCOHERENCE IS ABSOLUTELY INTOLERABLE, DO YOU HEAR ME?

Huh?

SAY, DID YOU READ DOONESBURY TODAY? IT'S PRETTY FUNNY...

EH?

Advertisement

Out of Nostril Hairs? Here, Floyd. Try my brand!

Hey now!

Say! These work great! What kind are they?

They're ARISTOTELIAN Brand Nostril Hairs, Floyd!

ARISTOTELIAN "The Logical Choice"
WHAT'S YOUR PREFERENCE: APOCALYPIC BABYLON OR PLANETARY DISNEYLAND? PICK YOUR POISON QUICK BECAUSE... HERE WE GO!!

TARGET CITY: ROTARY CLUB LUNCHEON GUEST SPEAKERS: 

SPARKY BILL REEJ ON THE EXQUISITE CORPSE BY PROXY

CONTINUED EXILE AS A VIABLE LIFE FORM? IT'S ONLY THIS SPARKY LITTLE GUY IN THE SUIT WHO HAS EVER EXPRESSED THE LAWS OF GRAVITY! (HA-HA-DOOM!) WITHOUT FURTHER NOTICE... UH...

SPARKY: 'THE TORCH'
CLAP CLAP

UH...

KUREE UP BY

YOU AND YOUR KIND HAVE BEEN SOLD OUT FOR A PLATE OF BEANS!

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR THIS SORRY MESS TO HAPPEN, EITHER.

TIRED OF ALL THESE BOTHER-SOME AUTHORITY FIGURES CLUTTERING UP THE LANDSCAPE?

"SOH OF GOD," INDEED! "ARRRUMP!!" "BOOY!!"

BUT WHAT DID YOU EXPECT? FILL FAST... SUCKER
CONSIDER THE
HUMAN PSYCHOLOGY----

YOU GET ALONG
FINE ... RIGHT?
THAT CAN'T BE ME

SUPER EGO

HONK, HONK!

WANT IT?

WANT IT!

YOUR MIND
DOESN'T NEED
A GOVERNMENT...
DOES IT? ...

BUT WHAT IF THERE WERE
NO TRAFFIC LAWS?

TURN AROUND
AND TRY AGAIN--
HE'S STILL
MOVING! HEHE

LOOKING OUT FOR
NUMBER ONE

THAT'S OUT OF THE
QUESTION, PERHAPS--

IT DOES SEEM LIKE MODERN
LIFE MEANS NOTHING BUT
ANXIETY!
SOME IGNORE IT...

MAYBE IF
THE KITCHEN
CURTAIN WERE
YELLOW...

WHILE OTHERS DISCUSS IT AT LENGTH...

BUT THESE DAYS THE
RIGHT TO PEACEABLY
ASSEMBLE MEANS
QUIET FACTORIES.

WHILE EVEN THE
PREDICTABLE MR. PINKO
SHEDS TEARS FOR
ALDO MORO,

AS FOR THE "SELF-STIMULATED" ELECTORAL
PROCESS....

IF VOTING
COULD CHANGE THE SYSTEM,
IT WOULD BE
ILLEGAL.

HE WAS A TRUE
HUMAN-CHOKE.
NOW WE NEED
MORE POLICE.

CARTER WINS
CARTER FORD
WHAT CAN I DO? you ask. TRY THESE TIPS ON FOR SIZE!

PRIVATE PROPERTY IS A DRAG!
BURN ALL YOUR MONEY!

BUGGED BY STUPID MORAL CODES?
BURN YOUR CLOTHES!!

Bored by burn comic book!!!

MEDIOCRE INPUT?

But, that’s ridiculous! Merely playing with matches... social order is needed else KULTE END AND PROFITS HALT!

Nothing’s free — and the sooner you pay, the better. All must sacrifice and compromise for the good things!

Modern society doesn’t want war, we’re just concerned with improving our lives... regardless of the cost!

You get what you pay for, I guess. Anyway, there’s always the moon. HaHaHaHa

Quit thinking like a TV set! You control the horizontal! You control the vertical! ‘Crackle’... electron bombardment has gone on... I better turn this damn thing off. Zit.

Oh dear... it’s the secret police!

No, please... we’re happy here. No, please. Really, no...

This burg’s been liberated, sister! You might as well accept it...

We could use a little dignity around here — and it is kind of cute...

Remember, sabotage begins at home!
LEAVE HIM ALONE YOU CRUMB

NOW HOLD ON! STAY BACK - HOW ABOUT SOME TIME TWIST? A REST MAY NOT YOUR FREEDOM WILL GO OFF! NO! NO!

THAT WAS EASY!

FUN, TOO!

LOOK!
LOOK HERE!
RIGHT OUTSIDE THIS PANEL!

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!
WE QUIT!!

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!

HEH!

HEY!
NOW WAIT JUST A DARN MINUTE!
TEARING DOWN CIVILIZATION IS TERRIFIC - BUT WHAT WILL REPLACE IT?

WHY, WE'LL BUILD A NEW CO-OPERATIVE ONE WITH THESE!

AND SO... DON'T SETTLE FOR LIFE AS A HAMBURGER HELPER! WE'RE MAKING A NEW WORLD - AND LOVING IT! YOU CAN TOO!

C'MON JOIN THE FOLKS WHO HAVE NO CLASS!

DING! DING!

GO AHEAD... YANK THAT PLUG TODAY!
AND THAT'S NOT ALL!

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