Anarchy Comics #2
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IT'S TIME FOR
ANARCHY
COMICS

NUMBER TWO
$1.25

INTERNATIONAL COMIX!
CARTOONISTS FROM U.S.A.,
HOLLAND, GERMANY,
ENGLAND & FRANCE.
Controduction
by Ropobopert Sopilboper
Chairman, Central Committee of Progressive Bizarro Party

It obvious: Comics am people's medium -- even stubborn non-party-member-types can read comic and learn! It am good propaganda -- it am good agitation -- plus it got plenty funny pictures! Just look at stuff in here...

(Steve Stills) number one fun-boy (he do Hyper Comics) draw true story of IWM (Wobulun) and Army Intelligence!

(people, you know, Zap and Subvert stuff) contribute tale of Durruti! --big Spanish anarchist of '30s. (Gestur Guggie, she do solo France Sifu book) draw great art based on words of Emma Goldman, anarchist. And there more! (Cliff Hartman) who am English cartoonist, illustrate song by keput German Bertolt Brecht from "Three Penny Opera"...

Birgisdóttir & Thúrbjörg (they French) do historic story of Yippies at NY Stock Exchange in '68. Continental-looking tips! Hup!

PETER PONTIAC devil-may-care Dutch cartoonist (of Hente Lenny, Guernt) do important, controversial pages on "Spontanity!"

Sharon Rudahl (Hollywood artist of Smart, Wet Satin, give us page on strange institutions in past.

Ruby Ray (photographer of late Jeanou & Destroy Punk) do cover of me and model: Inez & Mark (George.)

Gerhard Seyfried (German cartoonist of Berlin, do cartoon on page below. I have more by him!)

Finally, Jay Kinney and Paul Marride (mysterious thought criminals) draw weird Picto-story with "Anarchists" inside like whipped cream in Twinkie! Ha ha! You like!

Yes, comrades, inspiration abound in this issue just like on back-cover with ultra beautiful painting of Chairman Mao (he dead now) by Marride.

Bizarre unite! Tackle the oppressors! Do not feed the beast!

X Ropobopert Sopilboper

Quotes...

"TO SEE MEN AND WOMEN AS QUALITATIVELY DIFFERENT KINDS OF PEOPLE, RATHER THAN SEEING GENDER AS PROCESSUAL, REFLEXIVE, AND CONSTRUCTED, IS TO REIFY AND DENY RELATIONS OF GENDER. TO SEE GENDER DIFFERENCES AS PERMANENT RATHER THAN CREATED AND SITUATED." -Nancy Chodorow, "Feminism and Difference" Socialist Review, No. 46

"REVOLUTIONARY THEORY IS NOW THE ENEMY OF ALL REVOLUTIONARY IDEOLOGY AND KNOWS IT." -Guy Debord Society of the Spectacle

"IT IS THE ENERGY PRESENTLY TIED-UP IN GUILT, IN SELF-POLICING, IN SELF-REPRESSION—CHARACTER ARMOR—WHICH, ONCE FREED, CAN BUILD THE NEW WORLD. "PEOPLE SEEKING, IN GOOD CONSCIENCE AND WITHOUT GUILT, MORE PLEASURE FROM THEIR EVERYDAY LIVES, CONTAIN THE WHOLE OF THE REVOLUTION..." "THE MOMENT YOU SIT BY PASSIVELY WHILE NOT GETTING WHAT YOU WANT, YOU ARE PREPARING THE GROUND FOR YOUR OWN DESTRUCTION..." -For Ourselves The Right to Be Greedy

You get a bang out of Anarchy Comics!

WUHM!

Plans are in the works for a third issue. But we need feedback from you on what you like, dislike, and/or think about this issue. Please send letters to Anarchy Comics to address below.
LOTS OF CHANGES SINCE THE CIVIL WAR! MILLIONS OF WORKING PEOPLE WERE BEING
COBBLED UP BY THE LUMBER TRUST, THE MINING INDUSTRY AND THE FINANCE
COMPANY. UNIONS WERE FOUGHT AND SOME WERE SMASHED! ONE WAS REALLY
HATED! IT WAS CALLED "THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD"! OR, THE...

WOBBLIES!

FEBRUARY
1967...

HEX, STEPHEN!
HEX, SPECIALIST
STILES!

- HOLD ON
THERE!

A TRUE STORY BY
Steve Stiles

HOLD ON
FOR A MINUTE,
fella!

HELLO SPECIALIST!
I'M JIM MCALEPHER-
MILITARY INTELLIGENCE,
WE'D LIKE TO TALK TO
YOU ABOUT THE IWW!

NOTHING SERIOUS!
JUST ROUTINE QUESTIONS!
WE'LL GO OVER TO THE
OFFICE -- IT'S A
SHORT DRIVE!
CHRIST, THE WOBBLIES! THIS IS ABSURD, BULLSHIT! A SOCIAL CLUB FOR AGING RADICALS! AND HERE THESE GUYS ARE STILL WORRIED? WHY?

BACK IN THE EARLY 1900S THE WOBBLIES WERE IN THEIR ELEMENT — WORKERS WERE BEING PICKED! LONG HOURS, POOR PAY, POOR HOUSING & EATS, NO SECURITY!

THE WOBBLIES TRIED TO EDUCATE AND ORGANIZE WITH THE "FREE SPEECH FIGHT" — AND THE CITY FATHERS WERE ALARMED!

THE FREE SPEECH MOVEMENT BECAME A NATIONAL EPIDEMIC! THE ESTABLISHMENT GOT SCARED!

... AND CLAMPED DOWN HARD!

... THE EMPLOYING CLASS AND THE WORKING CLASS HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON.

*PREAMBULE TO THE IWW CONSTITUTION

WHEN AN ORGANIZER GOT BUSTED FOR "VAGRANCY" WOBBLIES FROM ALL OVER WOULD RUSH TO THAT TOWN...

... FLOODING THE STREETS AND CROWDING THE CITY JAILS...

... AND EVENTUALLY BREAKING THAT CITY'S TREASURY!

ARE YOUR CLOTHES ALL PATCHED AND TATTOOED? ARE YOU LIVIN' IN A SMACK? WOULD YOU HAVE YOUR TROUBLES BATTERED? THEN DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK!
"I see! Secondly, I have to tell you that, should it be necessary, you're entitled to a military or civilian council!"

Okay, now, according to your papers, you wrote several letters (1911-12) to a known official of the "International Workers of the World."

"Industrially? Yeah, he was Membership Secretary of the Fantasy Amateur Pass Association."

The fantasy...? Fantasy? Uh, by the way, are you willing to take a lie detector test?

No!

Worries were doing more than talking! They fought in strikes and were met with firehoses, scabs, and billy clubs!

They fought, organized and grew! In the oilfields and timberlands! On the docks and down in the mines!

Still, the capitalists fought back! Joe Hill, Wobbly folk-poet—tried and executed on circumstantial evidence in the conservative state of Utah, November 19, 1915.

No?!

Oh boy, I've got a live one.

No, you see, I just read last month's Reader's Digest, they say lie detectors are inaccurate—see, I'm nervous now, and, like, if you asked me...

..."When did you take the axe to your wife?" Even if I hadn't, the very nature of that kind of question would produce a reaction...

...But specialist! I don't understand! I'm not going to ask you anything about axes.

(Jesus! I think I'm in trouble.)
THE WOBBLIES WERE FLEXING MUSCLES, GROWING STRONGER! IN EUROPE ANOTHER KIND OF FIGHT HAD STARTED.

SOON THE U.S.A. WAS AT WAR AND PATRIOTIC FEELINGS RAN HIGH—SOMETIMES MEAN! FRANK LITTLE IWW LEADER AND ANTIWAR SPOKESMAN WAS SNATCHED FROM HIS HOTEL BED AND STRUNG UP!

VIGILANTE JUSTICE PEAKED ON ARMISTICE DAY, 1918, WHEN A MOB OF ENGAGED AMERICAN LEGIONARIES STORMED THE IWW MEETING HALL IN CENTRALIA, WASHINGTON. INSIDE WAS WESLEY EVEREST, HIMSELF A VETERAN OF THE ACTION OVERSEAS!

I Fought for democracy in France and I'm going to fight for it here! The first man that comes into this hall is going to get it!

EVEREST EMPTIED HIS RIFLE INTO THE ARMED VIGILANTES AND SPLIT FOR THE RIVER! BUT THE MOB WAS ON HIM IN A FLASH! WITH HIS LAST BULLET EVEREST SHOT THE NEPHEW OF THE LUMBER TRUST BOSS WHO PLANNED THE RAID!

HE WAS RIGHT! THAT NIGHT THE MOB SMASHED DOWN THE JAILHOUSE DOOR!

TELL THE BOYS I DIED FOR MY CLASS!

SPECIALIST, WOULD YOU BE IN FRANCE AND I'M GOING TO FIGHT FOR IT HERE! THE FIRST MAN THAT COMES INTO THIS HALL IS GOING TO GET IT!

SURE!*

YOU JUST CAN'T TRUST THOSE FUCKING CANADIANS!!

"IMPERIAL WILHELM'S WARRIORS" WERE ON TRIAL! ON APRIL 1, 1919, 101 LEADERS OF THE IWW WERE CHARGED WITH SABOTAGE AND CONSPIRACY TO OBSTRUCT THE WAR!

BILL HAYWOOD AND HIS FRIENDS HAD WAGED WAR AGAINST THE EMPLOYERS, CORRUPTING HONEST WORKERS WITH THESE PERNICIOUS RED DOCTRINES...

AFTER THE LONGEST TRIAL IN AMERICAN LEGAL HISTORY (UP UNTIL THEN), ALL 101 DEFENDANTS WERE FOUND GUILTY, WITH SENTENCES OF UP TO TWENTY YEARS! THE TOTAL FINES AMOUNTED TO $2,500,000!

JUDGE LANDIS HAS BEEN USING BAD ENGLISH TODAY—HIS SENTENCES ARE TOO LONG!*

*BEN FLETCHER, PHILADELPHIA WATERFRONT LEADER
ALL RIGHT, SPECIALIST... NOW I'D LIKE YOU TO SIGN THESE STATEMENTS OF YOURS...

...IN TRIPlicate, NATurally...

RED SCARE REPLACED WAR SCARE. AND THE TRIALS WENT ON! WITH ITS TRASURY BUSTED AND ALMOST ALL ITS LEADERS JAILED, IWW RANK AND FILE WERE PROSECUTED EVERYWHERE!

THERE WAS TOO MUCH PARANOIA! THE DEPORTATION ACT OF 1918 WAS PASSED! IN TWO YEARS TIME OVER 10,000 WERE ARRESTED—AND 250 DEPORTED!

THE IWW HAD HAD IT! IN OCTOBER 1920, BIG BILL HAYWOOD, A FOUNDING FATHER, JUMPED BAIL AND FLED TO THE USSR—COSTING THE UNION $80,000! AFTER TRYING TO FOUND A WORKERS COLONY IN THE KURNETSK BASIN, HAYWOOD TOOK TO DRINK AND DIED IN A MOSCOW HOTEL, A DOCTOR AND LONELY OLD MAN...

...JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME, ISN'T IT KIND OF BIZARRE TO WORRY ABOUT AN OUTFIT THAT RAN OUT OF STEAM OVER FORTY YEARS AGO?

LISTEN, STEPHEN. IT'S NOT FOR US TO QUESTION THESE THINGS! THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO KNOW MORE ABOUT THESE MATTERS THAN YOU OR ME!

...KNOW MORE THAN YOU OR ME?!! NOW THAT'S SUBVERSIVE! I'M GOING TO BORE ALL MY FRIENDS TO TEARS TALKING ABOUT THIS FOR YEARS, AND THEN I'M GOING TO SELL THE STORY TO A RADICAL COMIC IN 1974!

IF THE WORKERS TOOK A NOTION THEY COULD STOP ALL SPEEDING TRAINS; EVERY SHIP UPON THE OCEAN THEY CAN TIE WITH MIGHTY CHAINS; EVERY WHEEL IN THE CREATION, EVERY MINE AND EVERY MILL; FleETS AND ARMIES OF THE NATION, WILL AT THEIR COMMAND STAND STILL.

—JOE HILL
BELIEVE IT!

DURING THE GREEK CITY STATE PERIOD, HIGH POLITICAL OFFICE WAS ASSIGNED BY LOTTERY, FOR A LIMITED PERIOD ONLY.

RATS! JUST WHEN I WAS PLANNING TO GO FISHING!

THE CENTRAL AUSTRALIANS (Matriarchal Like The Celts, Minoins, and Other Ancient Peoples) Give Credit For Fatherhood To Supernatural Beings.

FUNNY HE LOOKS JUST LIKE THAT CUTE HUNTER.

THE IMPERIAL CHINESE HELD LITERARY EXAMINATIONS FOR PLACES IN THE BUREAUCRACY.

"THE NEW MOON UPON THE LOTUS PETALS..."

THE POTLATCH INDIANS OF THE NORTH PACIFIC COMPETED FOR PRESTIGE BY DESTROYING PILES OF THEIR MOST VALUABLE BELONGINGS.

TWO CANOES, THREE BEARSKIN SHIRTS AND FIVE RUGS, EH? I'LL SEE YOU AND RAISE YOU FOUR BEARSKINS!!

THE CENTRAL AUSTRALIANS (Matriarchal Like The Celts, Minoins, and Other Ancient Peoples) Give Credit For Fatherhood To Supernatural Beings.

ACCORDING TO THE MAYAN CASTE SYSTEM, THE BIG SHOTS WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GENERAL WELFARE AND SUBJECT TO SEVERE PENALTIES FOR FAILURE TO DELIVER.

MAKE THIS ONE GOVERNOR OF SHENSHI PROVINCE.

THIS SLAVE WAS CAUGHT STEALING GRAIN, HAH? WE'LL EXECUTE THE MASTER WHO LET HIM GO HUNGRY!!

BUTTONS!

All buttons are $1 each (add 25¢ for postage per order.)

ANARCHY (Multi-colored) - 1½”
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LAST GASP BOX 212 BERKELEY, CA 94701
Our story begins in Dullsville, home of the attractive Picto Family…

But enough of facts… Let’s get on with the raw human drama…

The Pictos, of course, don’t believe in abortions, so lil’ sis must bear her burden stoically!

Mom, I’m pregnant!

Good God! You’re only 7 years old!

I feel nawshus, mom!

That’s a good girl!

Jr. amuses himself by playing with animals.

Wow! This is sure-fire fun for me!

When suddenly...
THE BIZARDOS, EH?
I'VE HEARD OF THEM . . .

ECONOMIC REDUCTIONIST!
ME JUST A NEO-PLATONIC PRO-DEVELOPMENT CITY BUILDER.

ONE HOUR LATER

YOU'RE SICK!
YOU'RE SICK SICK SICK!

BUT . . .
BUT . . .
"THE WORLD BANK... SPLIT BLUB."

4 HOURS LATER

SURELY YOU MUST SEE THE HEGELIAN ABSURDITY OF YOUR LEADER'S PHILOSOPHICAL UNDERPINNINGS!

NO NO! ME HUMANIST LIKE BEETHOVEN!!

12 HOURS LATER

YOU'RE LIVING IN A FANTASY WORLD OF PARANOIA AND INTRIGUE!

ME DO NOT HEAR YOU!

DAYS LATER

YOU AN UNWITTING DUPE OF ANGLO-AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE NETWORKS IN ANTI-BIZARRO ASSASSINATION DEPLOYMENT.

. . . ERR

I FEEL FUNNY

MANY DAYS LATER

US SEE YOUR POINT.

BUT WAIT! WHAT ABOUT PICTO JR.? LEFT LOCKED-IN, BACK AT HOME, HE SURVIVES ON STORED TINS OF SMOKED OYSTERS & COCKTAIL ONIONS . . .

YUM!

TO PASS THE TIME HE WATCHES TV, AND READS HIS MANY COMICS.

SAY, I'VE READ THIS ONE ONLY 200 TIMES! IT'S MY FAVORITE!

COME ON, ANARCHIE! YOU DON'T NEED A WEATHERBEE TO TELL WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS . . .

AW, STUFF IT, BLONDIE! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE AND GO GET SOME CAFFEINE!

AND DON'T COME BACK OR I CALL THE POLICE!
BOY, ANARCHIE! HOW COME YOU HAVE ALL THE LUCK? I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET EXPelled FROM SCHOOL YEARS!

AW LUDEHEAD, ALL THOSE SOAPERS YOU TAKE MAKE YOU TOO LAYED BACK TO PISSE OFF WEATHERBEE! AT YOUR RATE, YOU'LL PROBABLY GRADUATE MAGNA CUM LAUDE!

ANY BANDS PLAYING T'NIGHT, MORONICA?

NO, AS USUAL!

SAY! DADDYKINS IS THROWING A POBy BALL TONIGHT TO CELEBRATE HIS CORPORATION FORECLOSING ON SOME LITTLE COUNTRY!

LET'S CRASH IT!

WE MIGHT AS WELL GO. WE HAVEN'T BUGGED MORONICA'S OLD MAN TO AT LEAST A COUPLE OF WEEKS!

LIM'S OPEN 24 HOURS

SOUNDS LIKE DULLSVILLE IF YOU ASK M-- UH OH!

HEY PUNKS! YOU LOOK THIRSTY!

YOW! SHIT!

PEACE! LOVE! HA HA!

PREHISTORIC RELICS... EY... OW!

REAL DEAD HEADS.

SEE YOU ON THE OTHER SIDE.

I'M GOING HOME TO CHANGE. STOP BY AND GET ME ON THE WAY TO THE STODGES LATER...

PLAYING TO THE TIDE

BONK

SPASH

ZOOM
SAY, ANARCHIE, DID YOU RECYCLE THE NEWSPAPERS LIKE YOUR MOTHER ASKED?

OH NO!

NO, I DIDN'T FRED. WHERE'S MOM ANYWAY?

OUT IN THE HOT TUB WITH HER JOGGING CLUB!

RELAX, SON. HAVE A TOKE!

FUCK.

I DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT YOUR DOPE! ZOMBIE SLUG. YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU'RE DEAD -- YOU JUST KEEP WALKING AROUND!

ANARCHIE. MEANINGFUL DIALOGUE IN THIS RELATIONSHIP IS IMPOSSIBLE. SPLIT!

Hey Anarchie! Let's go over t—ulp!

G! f$** @**!&

AND DON'T COME BACK 'TIL YOU MELLOW OUT!

GEE! HOW COME YOU HAVE ALL THE LUCK? -- I'VE BEEN TRYING TO...

AW SHUT UP...

ANARCHIE AND LUDEHEAD.

AS OF NOON, WE HAD ALL THE TRADE UNION LEADERS ROUNDED UP AND SHOT, MR. STODGE...

EXCELLENT, GENERAL! I...URK -- EXCUSE ME A MOMENT....
Meanwhile, the newly-converted Bizarros plan some strategy...

There's a big wild-cat strike and locking in at asbestos factory! It's our duty to go there!

Yes indeed! This is a good opportunity to raise political issues among workers!

IT AM UP TO US — VANGUARD TO SHOW WAY TO PEOPLE'S ASBESTOS, THE PROGRESSIVE BIZARRO PARTY TO LEAD!

No! It's up to us — the workers to lead!

Inside the factory, the workers take control...

I hate this job. Anyway, it's killing us and it's no fun. Let's convert the plant and make zoot suits!

Sounds OK to me! Me, too!

Let's seize control of our graphic style, as well!

Hmm, what's going on out there?

Inside the factory, the workers take control...

We interrupt dialing for dollars for the following live news bulletin... from the spreading riot at the asbestos factory!

That's it! I have to escape now and get on down there!

Hey wow! That sounds like fun!
ARRIVING AT THE SCENE, PICTO JR. GETS RIGHT INTO THE SPIRIT OF THINGS!

WHOOEE!

FOOMP!

AM NOT THAT, JR.?

YEE HA!

DISCO

IT ARE!

JR! IT AM US! PARENTS! NOW YOU CAN HELP PASS OUT THESE LEAFLETS!

YAAHH!

HEY, PICTOS! HOW MANY PAGES DOES IT TAKE FOR YOU TO CATCH ON? C’MON—TAKE SOME ADVICE FROM AN EX-ASBESTOS WORKER!!

UM... DULL...

DON’T CONVERT VITAL THEORETICAL PRAXIS INTO REIFIED IDEOLOGY! DROP YOUR PICTO CHARACTER-ARMOR AND GO FOR THE GUSTO!

LATER WELL THAT’S THE LAST BUREAUCRAT HUNG WITH THE GUTS OF THE LAST PRIEST!

HEY, MACK! BREAK OUT THE MARSHMALLOWS!

LET’S ALL SING!

LITTLE RED CABOOSE, CHUG CHUG CHUG, LITTLE RED CABOOSE, CHUG CHUG CHUG, LITTLE RED CABOOSE BEHIND THE TRAIN, TRAIN, TRAIN!!...
You gentlemen can gawk, while I'm scrubbing the floors and scrubbing the floors, why are you gawking?

And maybe once you tipped me, and it made you feel swell.

In this ratty water pub in this ratty hotel.

And you'll never know to whom you're talking.

You'll never guess to whom you're talking.

Suddenly one night there's a scream in the night.

And you yell what the hell is that din?

And you see me kinda grinning while I'm scrubbing.

And you say what she got to grin?


SAILS INTO THE BAY.
Then you gentlemen can say, hey girl scrub the floor
Make the beds, clean down the stair, earn your keep here

And you pass out of the house
And you look out at the ships
And I'm counting the heads and I'm making them stick

Cos tonight none of you will sleep here
Tonight none of you will sleep here

Then on that night there's a bang in the night
And you yell what the hell is that row?

And you'll see me kinda staring out the window
And you'll say what's she gotta stare at now?

AND THE SHIP, THE BLACK FREIGHTER
WITH THE 51 CANNONS

OPENS FIRE ON THE TOWN
Then you gentlemen can wipe all the grins off your faces
There'll be burning in the town, there's a flap on

The whole stinking place will be down to the ground
Only this cheap hotel will be standing safe and sound

And you'll say why did they spare that one?
You'll say why did they spare that one?

Then all night through all you can do
You'll wonder who's the famous person there

And you'll see me stepping out into the morning
Looking nice, with a ribbon in my hair

THEN THE SHIP, THE BLACK FREIGHTER
RUNS A FLAG UP THE MASTHEAD

AND CHEERING IS HEARD
Then just before noon, there'll be hundreds of men
Pouring out of that dirty black freighter

And they're moving in the shadows, where no one can see
And they're chaining up the people
and they're bringing them to me

Asking me—kill them now or later?
Asking me—kill them now or later?

Noon on the clock, it's so still on the dock
You could hear from miles away

In the quiet of death I'll say—kill them now
And they'll pile up the bodies and I'll say: Hoopla!

AND THE SHIP, THE BLACK FREIGHTER
SAILS AWAY OUT TO SEA

AND ON IT IS ME.
In all its history of bitter conflict, the Spanish working class has, in Buenaventura Durruti, no better example of its fighting spirit.

Nov 1936: The casket passed through a sea of clenched fists. Durruti had returned to Barcelona and its people came to pay their final respects. The band got lost in a shower of roses. The largest crowd the city had seen dressed in on the honor guard which soon was also lost in the swirling confusion.
THE EARLY PART OF THE CENTURY SAW LABOR UNREST IN SPAIN AS IN OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD.

THE PROPERTIED CLASSES RESPONDED BY HIRING "PISTOLEROS" TO CONDUCT A WAVE OF TERROR...

CULMINATING IN THE ASSASSINATION OF POPULAR UNION LEADER SALVADOR SEGUI.

THE PRIMARY SOURCE OF FUNDS FOR THIS WAS THE ARCHBISHOP OF SARAGOSA.

ON THE LAST DAY OF HIS LIFE, THE ARCHBISHOP SOLDEVILA OF SARAGOSA, ALONG WITH HIS SISTER BOARDED HIS LIMOUSINE.

DURRUTI'S GANG WAS HELD TO BE RESPONSIBLE.
DURRUTI FLEED TO CUBA WITH A FEW FRIENDS

FEARING POPULAR OPPOSITION TO THE WAR IN MOROCCO
THE KING INSTALLED DICTATOR PRIMO DE RIVERA. ANARCHIST RESISTANCE IN
THE PYRENEES WAS CUT DOWN IN A HEROIC BUT Futile. LAST STAND

AT A PLANTATION WHERE THEY FOUND WORK WAGES WERE CUT. THERE WERE
PROTESTS

THREE MEN WERE SEIZED, TORTURED, AND THROWN BEFORE THE WORKERS WHO WERE TOLD TO GET BACK TO THE FIELD

DURRUTI AND HIS FRIENDS DECIDED TO ACT...

LATER, THE PLANTATION OWNER'S BODY WAS FOUND IN HIS OFFICE. A NOTE IDENTIFIED THE DEED AS "THE JUSTICE OF THE WANDERERS"

THEY THEN WENT TO SOUTH AMERICA WHERE THEY CARRIED OUT A SERIES OF BANK EXPROPRIATIONS TO FINANCE ANARCHIST PROJECTS
His return to Europe saw years of forced wandering and legal battles to avoid extradition.

It has been said against our system in the Ukraine that it was able to last because it was based only on peasant formations. It isn't true. Our communities were mixed agricultural-industrial. Some of them were only agricultural. We were all of us fighters and workers.

During this time, he met with the great Ukrainian anarchist, Nestor Makhno (see Anarchy Comics #1).

Class war continued. The C.N.T., an anarchist union tried several revolts but each was crushed by the government.

Alphonso XIII was forced to abdicate in 1930. At his departure from the country, a longshoreman gave him a fitting send-off.

July 17, 1936: The military staged a coup throughout Spain. In Barcelona the uprising was crushed by armed workers militias. The bloody Spanish Civil War had begun.

As the situation worsened, the people struck back at the historic symbol of their oppression: the Catholic church.
DURRUTI HELD HIS MEN TOGETHER IN THEIR ADVANCE TOWARD SARAGOSA, AS THEY ENCOUNTERED AIR ATTACKS FOR THE FIRST TIME.

THE NEWLY FORMED COMMUNES OF ARAGON WERE SAFE FOR THE MOMENT BUT DANGER THREATENED IN THE SOUTH.

THE DURRUTI COLUMN MARCHED TO BELEAGUERED MADRID AND THERE PLAYED A DECISIVE ROLE IN HURLING BACK THE FASCIST INVADERS.

AT HIS DEATH, HIS SOLE POSSESSIONS WERE AN EMPTY SUITCASE WITH A LEDGER GIVING A FULL ACCOUNT OF HIS FINANCES TO THE C.N.T.

NOVEMBER 17, 1936: WHILE DIRECTING HIS TROOPS AT THE FRONT, DURRUTI WAS FATALY SHOT THRU THE CHEST.

USING HOMEMADE ARMORED CARS, THE MILITIAS STOPPED FRANCO'S CRACK MOROCCAN TROOPS IN BITTER FIGHTING.
APRIL 22ND 1979 - JAY KINNEY IS WAITING FOR 2 PAGES.
ON ANARCHY...
I'M LIVING OUT OF A SUITCASE RIGHT NOW -
BELONGINGS IN ITALY - TRAVELING THROUGH
THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND, ME AND MY
BABY... STONED AND BRUISED...
IT'S 12O'CLOCK - THE DUTCH NATIONAL
ANTHEM ENDS THE DAILY RADIO-PROGRAM
AND I'M TRYING TO FIGURE OUT
MEANS...

SULLY SALVA
SUPREME SISTER
FROM THE SYNDICATE...

WHAT ANARCHY?

SUDDENLY I FIND MYSELF DRAWING SALLY SALVA
AND I REALIZE THAT A HARDCORE POLITICO
WOULD ACCUSE ME OF ROMANTICISM!

REV. IRRATIONAL
FUCK 'EM!
THEY ARE ANTI-
SPONTANITY!

JOSEPH K.?

STAND UP FOR
RADICAL
SPONTANITY!

..AS BAD AS THE MASSIVE ARMY
OF BUREAUCRATS & OFFICIALS...!
Sympathy for emotional "sense-less" terrorism is generally considered to be immature, dangerous and just plain wrong.

Conversations one is supposed to refrain from introducing subjects like death, the darker mysteries of life, anti-Darwinism and such heresies...

Pretty much everyone thinks pornography laws are out-dated, but faced with confessions of perverted fantasies (or facts) many turn into boring.

Everything un consequential, irrational, unlogical, intuitive, impulsive is disrespected, if not condemned to confinement...

Remember: Love appeals never moved the rabble. Sweet Patti Smith quotes: "Rule on love: that is true punk! If Keith Richard leaves the stones they won't tell that good anymore. I'm too horny for this planet. I'm so tired of bumping into all your rules and regulations. Hipocriets. Fuck anarchy, hedonism.

And I wanna draw what, how, when and as sloppy as I want? The great, AM, poet, William ley wrote: "I'm a creative nihilist, trying to force the end."

Ciaó. Love. Peter Pontia

Amsterdam 79.
Good morning! Today's question for our panel is: "How conscious is the working class of its historical mission?"

Sid?

I'm not so sure I agree. In fact, I'm unclear as to whether this so-called mission is historically determined or a quasi-metaphysical construct!

Hmm! Good point! Nora?

I'm afraid that both my colleagues have failed to address the key point here!

Namely, isn't there a social contradiction at work which is deeper than class?

Obviously the difference between people with blue eyes and those with brown! Now, I've always felt like people with blue eyes were shallow—like I could see right thru their heads!

You know, I think Nora has a point there...

Now just a goddam minute, Bob...

Let me finish, please!

And that is?...

Next week: "Adorno on Astrology"—Whim or Paradigm?
The Yippies at the Exchange

Aug. 24, 1968

A dozen members of the Yippie movement, Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman at their head, try to get into the N.Y. Stock Exchange.

New York Stock Exchange

You can't visit the stock exchange!

Why not?

Because you're hippies and you've come here to stage a demonstration!

Us, hippies? We're Jews and we want to visit the stock exchange!

The New York Times

N.Y. Stock Exchange barred to Jews

OK, go on in.

From L'Echo des Savanes, No. 30. © by Epistoler & Trublin 1977. Translation by Louis Michaelson
THIS IS WHAT COUNTS!
MONEY!
REAL DOLLARS! RIGHT
NOW THE BIAFRANS
ARE CROAKING-
FROM STARVATION!

MINE! MINE!

...HOU! HOU!

...HOU! HOU!

STOCK EXCH.
RING AROUND THE ROSEY.

NO! NOT THAT! NO!

THEY'RE CRAZY!

NO! NO!

TOO LATE!

THREE WEEKS LATER...

LAST NIGHT THE STOCK EXCHANGE INSTALLED BULLETPROOF GLASS AND METAL GRILLES AROUND THE VISITOR'S GALLERY. A SPOKESMAN FOR THE EXCHANGE EXPLAINED THAT THIS WAS DONE FOR "SECURITY REASONS."

THE NEW YORK TIMES

OoOoh!

SOURCE: DO IT! MR. LARRY RUBIN
Nowhere is woman treated according to the merit of her work, but rather as a sex. It is therefore almost inevitable that she should pay for the right to exist, to keep a position in whatever line, with sex favors. Thus it is merely a question of degree whether she sells herself to one man, in or out of marriage, or to many men.

A man's home is his castle.

What if sis 'n' me was both to be doctors when we grew up?

You're not built for that. Dads' brains are geared for the task of child-rearing, not the professions.

The institution of marriage makes a parasite of woman, an absolute dependent. It incapacitates her social consciousness, paralyzes her imagination and then imposes its gracious protection, which is in reality a snare, a travesty in human character.
REAL WEALTH CONSISTS IN THINGS OF UTILITY AND BEAUTY.

IN THINGS THAT HELP TO CREATE.

STRONG BEAUTIFUL BODIES AND SURROUNDINGS INSPIRING TO LIVE IN, BUT IF MAN IS DOOMED TO WIND COTTON AROUND A SPOOL, OR DIG COAL, OR BUILD ROADS FOR THIRTY YEARS OF HIS LIFE THERE CAN BE NO TALK OF WEALTH. WHAT HE GIVES TO THE WORLD IS ONLY GRAY AND HIDEOUS THINGS REFLECTING A DULL AND HIDEOUS EXISTENCE, TOO WEAK TO LIVE, TOO COWARDLY TO DIE. STRANGE TO SAY, THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO EXTOL THIS DEADENING METHOD OF CENTRALIZED PRODUCTION AS THE PROUDEST ACHIEVEMENT OF OUR AGE. THEY FAIL UTTERLY TO REALIZE THAT IF WE ARE TO CONTINUE IN MACHINE SUBSERVENCY OUR SLAVERY IS MORE COMPLETE THAN WAS OUR BONDAGE TO THE KING.
Painted in oil on black velvet, this splendid example of true Proletarian Art combines stirring aesthetic skill with a sympathetic rendering of the late Chairman Mao’s wise, yet poignant face. Surely all revolutionaries who are concerned that Art should “serve the people” will draw inspiration from this wonderful masterpiece and work hard to emulate its militance in every cultural area. All hail People’s Art and roundly condemn the elitist mugwumps who inhabit the swamp of Imperialist, post-modernist, so-called “Art”!!