**Anarchy Comics #3**
Published July 1981 (1st edition)
Last Gasp Eco Funnies
$2.00
52 pages
Print run of 10,000 copies
7" x 10"

**Stories:**
- 3 - No Exit
- 11 - The Revolt Of The Rustauds
- 15 - Wildcat
- 16 - The Act Of Creation
- 18 - What Is Government?
- 22 - Radical Reflections
- 23 - Roman Spring
- 29 - Naked Avenger
- 30 - Walkie-Talkie
- 32 - Purox
- 34 - Benjamin Peret, Poet as Revolutionary
- 37 - The Treasure of Cabo Santiago
- 41 - Who’s In Charge Here?
- 45 - Men March On
- 47 - Pest Control

**Artists:**
- Jay Kinney (editor) 2?, 3-10+, 22, 23-28+, 46, 51
- Peter Pontiak 1
- Guy Colwell 1(c)
- Paul Mavrides 3-10+
- Epistoller 11-14(s)
- M. Trublin 11-14(a)
- Adam Cornford 11-14(translation), 23-28(s+), 34-36(s?)
- Room 15
- Albo Helm 16, 17
- Clifford Peter Harper 18-21(a)
- Pierre Joseph Prouden 18-21(s)
- Spain Rodriguez 23-28(a)
- Steve Lafler 29
- Gerhard Seyfried 30,31
- Gary Panter 32, 33
18 Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man, and his number is Six hundred threescore and six.
Salutations,

Perhaps you're wondering: "What's with this so-called Anarchistic funnybook — this going on about no government, running your own life, and chasing the 'Power Elite' with the deadly Frying Pan of Freedom?" Funny that you should ask.

Let's face it: We've got 17 cartoonists from the Western Hemisphere jammed in here (Rooum and Harper from the U.K., Epistoler & Trublin from France, Seyfried from West Germany, Pontiak and Helm from Holland, Lester and Lydbrooke from Canada, Moreno from Spain, and Feazell, Rudahl, Panter, Irons, Spain, Gebbie, Mavrides and Kinney from the U.S.) and I'll bet not one of them agrees exactly with any other one! In fact, I'll bet you can't even put two of them in the same room together, not even for five minutes. There's humor here, and history and poetry and melodrama and a title which conjures up dread in the minds of most zombie robots. But is it POLITICALLY CORRECT? Have we hit all the "right" targets? Have we "left" anyone out? Unintentionally slighted any downtrodden comrades? Yes, no, and maybe!! I don't know, you don't know, and what's more you probably don't care.

Still confused? Just look at this diagram, here. Let's say that Decaying Meat stands for Capitalism. If the system is "covered" by an air-tight web of surveillance and high-tech armaments, it may be preserved. However, if left to survive on its own merits, pretty soon it gets maggots, flies, the whole nature thing! Wow! But look! Maggots and flies are *good*! They're ecological... biodegradable! It's all part of Mother Nature's food chain, and you like to eat, right? Well, you couldn't eat the Decaying Meat in the first place, so why not let it rot and get it over with? Huh?

Well, so much for Theory. You've got a handful of comics here, so read them already...

Dr. Adam Weishaupt
Professor of Religious Law
University of Ingolstadt,
Bavaria

ANARCHY COMICS No. 3 © 1981 by KINNEY, MAVRIDES, and individual artists as noted on each work. All rights reserved. Published by LAST GASPI, P.O. BOX 212, BERKELEY, CA. 94701. Discounts available on multiple orders. Direct inquiries about reprinting any contents to the Editor. Anarchy Comics is edited by Jay Kinney. Associate Editors: Paul Mavrides and Adam Cornford. Special thanks to Dixie and "Bob". Front Cover © 1981 by Peter Pontiak, color by Guy Colwell. PRINTED IN U.S.A. ISBN 0-96719-132-5
YEAH, WE KNOW... PUNK IS DEAD! BUT YOU TELL THAT TO THIS GUY. YOU SEE
HE LIVES IN THE DEEP SOUTH—SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. THAT IS, AND THE NEWS
HE HASN'T REACHED HIM YET. HIS BAND'S CALLED BRACK FRAK. HIS NAME? JEAN-PAUL
SARTRE, JR.! LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON—WHATEVER HE DOES, THERE'S...

NO EXIT

YOU CALL YOURSELVES A BUNCH OF ANARCHISTS?
YOU MAKE ME SICK!

BASICALY, J-P JR.'S A WELL-ROUNDED KID...

©1981
PAUL MAVRIDES
JAY KINNEY
He's got a girl...

A gun...

Costa-Mesa Holy Cross Pistol Range

A glue...

This is your ABC newsbrief... Space shuttle crashes into Disneyworld. Nuclear war with France... and a new look at cancer... details at six!!!

Wimp!

Pow pow crack pow pow

Bam!

Ha ha

And of course, a car...

And yet it's not all fun & games! These guys are serious!

Yes, it's a cozy scene there in Orange County...

We'd like to dedicate this next song to all the oppressed people of the world!!

Blang!

Blong!

So what!

Give up!

Kiss my ass!

Crackle zzz
"IT'S CALLED "LOVE GENERATION"!
1-2-3-4!

KILL YOUR MA AND
KILL YOUR PA!
KILL THE RENT-A-COP
RIGHT NOW!

GGRRRRRR
STAB
JAB
SLASH

KLANG
KLANG
KLANG
SCREEEIE

STICK

KILL THE RICH AND
KILL THE POOR!
KILL THE VIRGIN GIRL
NEXT-DOOR!

GGROWWLL
RIP
CRUSH
SNAP
CRACK

KILL THE QUEEN AND
KILL THE POPE!
KILL ALL HIPPIES
WHO SMOKE DOPE!

NO BLANG

WHAT THE BLANG

KILL THE LAND AND
KILL THE SEA!
KILL YOURSELVES OR
KILL ME!!

RRROAAARR
SNUFF
BLAH BLAH BLAH

RRARGH
ACK!

SLICE
HACK

DICE
CHOP
GUT

PUREE
WHAT'S THIS?  OH NO...  NOT ANOTHER 'PUNK ROCKER'.

NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR HIM, BUT FREEZE HIM!

YECHE, WHAT A MESS!!

L.A. GENERAL HOSPITAL

EMERGENCY

KAK!

3000 YEARS LATER

AH! HE'S EMBODYING THE SHELL.

PRAISE BAKUNIN!

WELCOME TO THE FUTURE, BROTHER!

UNHH... RETCH.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN "THE FUTURE"?

ACTUALLY, IT'S YOUR DISTANT PRESENT IN THE ETERNAL "NOW"... BUT WE'LL GET INTO THAT LATER.

YOU SEE, OUR HUMANISTIC TECHNOLOGY IS CAPABLE OF BRINGING THE FROZEN DEAD BACK TO LIFE... SO WE DID!

WHAT'S WITH ALL THE A'S?

IT STILL STANDS FOR ANARCHISM, BROTHER!

ME? DEAD?

GREAT!
WE'RE YOUR ADJUSTMENT TEAM, J-P! C'MON... JUMP IN!

WE'RE GOING TO FIND A COLONY THAT'S RIGHT FOR YOU!

COMMUNE? I DON'T WANNA LIVE IN NO COMMUNE!

BUT... BUT EVERYONE LIVES IN A COMMUNE! LET'S NOT BE ANTI-SOCIAL!

WHY NOT?

PERHAPS YOU'LL LIKE THE FREE AUTONOMOUS BAKERS' COLLECTIVE...

HERE! ENJOY SOME 9-GRAIN BREAD BAKED BY UNEXPLOITED LABOR! M-M-M!!

WHY, EVERY PIECE IS A COMPLETE PROTEIN!

GAK! BLEAH!
OOP! TIME FOR THE CYBERNETIC WORLD TOWN-HALL!

HERE, J-P, PLUG IN THESE AND SHARE IN THE EXPERIENCE!

SOON, ONCE YOU GET YOUR BEARINGS YOU'LL BE A FULL PARTICIPANT YOURSELF!

EVERY OTHER HOUR DURING THE DAY EVERYONE ALL OVER THE EARTH TUNES IN TO DECIDE ON IMPORTANT MATTERS!

COMPUTER-INHANCED NEURO-IMAGE

THIS SEGMENT'S QUESTION IS WHETHER THE 7TH ANGLE OF THE DIATOMIC FLANGE GRIDS SHOULD BE AMENDED; BLUE OR AMBER?

YOU'VE GOT 3 MINUTES TO KEY-IN!

WHAT TH— POP!

THAT'S 65 BILLION FOLKS MAKING DIRECT-DEMOCRACY WORK!!

TODAY'S RANDOM CHAIRPERSON
DWARTE RAMIREZ OF SAO PAULO, BRAZIL

BLUE! NO, AMBER!

HEY! WAIT! COME BACK!

REALLY J-P! THERE'S NO NEED FOR THIS ALIENATED BEHAVIOR!! SINCE ALL PROPERTY BELONGS TO EVERYONE, YOU'RE ONLY HURTING YOURSELF!!

YEAH? WELL, IF IT'S ALL MINE TOO, I CAN WRECK IT IF I WANT TO RIGHT?!
REPTILIAN LOGIC? BUT ONLY A MASOCHIST WOULD WANT TO—AND SUCH PERSONALITY DISORDERS ARE A THING OF THE PAST!

OH YEAH?!!

WORMS?

HERE—you seem like you'd be good with animals... how'd you like to live here on the WORM FARM CO-OP?

WHY YES!

HERE IN THE FUTURE ALL OUR CLOTHES ARE MADE FROM WORMS!

IN FACT, EVERYTHING'S MADE FROM WORMS!!

SAY! DIDN'T YOUR RECORDS NOTE YOU WERE A MUSICIAN IN YOUR FORMER TIME? WELL, THE WORMERS HERE HAVE ONE OF THE TOP CHOIRS IN THE BIO-REGION!!

PERHAPS THEY'LL SING US A SONG!

I HATE MUSIC.

I'M GETTING A TELEPATHIC MESSAGE FROM THE DOLPHINS UP ON THEIR L5 SPACE COLONY!

GAHH!

KICK

SLURP!
Our education pills always said the 20th century was the height of pre-history barbarism! *sigh*

Yes, this poor unsocialized fool can't tell the difference between license and liberty!

Kill! Destroy!

I think we've tried to introduce him to our classless utopia too quickly! He's obviously disoriented... permanently so, I'm afraid!

Hmmm... he leaves us no choice but to override our normal ban on time-travel!

J-P! We're sending you back to your prior existence for your own good!

Surely he'll be much happier back among his loved ones and peers...

I just hope we get his space/time vector correct. We never did manage to get all the gremlins out of this process!

And sure enough, in 1967...

Placid delicatese

Pop!

Spare change?

Oh wow! Beautiful!

HA HA!
ANARCHY IN THE ALSACE

THE REVOLT OF THE RUSTAUDS

Here's what's good!

In the 16th century Germany was fragmented into fiefs, city-states, and independent bishoprics. Alsace (now part of France) was one of these. But wretched conditions for the peasants—multiple rents & levies, war taxes, an all-powerful clergy—gave them kinship and solidarity that spanned the frontiers...

Rallying cry of the Rustauds

Slavery had been abolished—but only on paper.

The revolt began in the Zorn Valley in April, 1525

From Citron Hallucinogène No. 12, 1979 ©1981 Epis tolier & Trubin Translation: Adam Cornford
The Rustauds in Alsace are supported by a general insurrection of the German peasants.

Soon the whole plain between the Sundgau and the Wissembourg is theirs.

The Abbey of Altötting falls to the peasants, then the cities of Saverne and Ribauville... the monasteries are sacked.

In the towns, workers, artisans, and companions join them, as well as several mayors. Sultz, Guebwiller and Cernay surrender.

Here's what's good!

In Lower Alsace, an elected committee, responsible to the peasant assembly, directs operations, under the command of a tanner, Erasmus Gerber.
THEY ORGANIZE THEMSELVES IN 4 GROUPS: EVERY MAN DONATES 4 DAYS OF SERVICE.

LOOTING DOES NOT FURNISH ENOUGH PROVISIONS, SO THE REBELS SELL THE GOODS CONFISCATED FROM LORDS AND PRIESTS, DELEGATING A TREASURER.

THEIR PROGRAM, BY CONTRAST, IS VERY MODERATE:

LESS TAXATION, CHURCHES, BUT NO MORE PRIESTS. THE LORD CAN REMAIN LORD IF HE FOLLOWS THE GOSPEL.

SOME LORDS GO ALONG, BUT THE PEASANTS REJECT THE BOURGEOIS OF STRASBOURG AS MEDIATORS.

THE LORDS APPEAL TO THE DUKE OF LORRAINE FOR HELP. HE SETS OUT WITH 30,000 MERCENARIES.
THE GERMAN PEASANTS APPEAL TO MARTIN LUTHER, BUT WITH UNFORTUNATE RESULTS:

I CONDEMN THESE THIEVING, MURDERING PEASANT GANGS. THE LORDS RECEIVE THEIR AUTHORITY FROM GOD, AND ALL MUST SUBMIT TO IT. THE LORDS MUST RE-ESTABLISH THEIR AUTHORITY!

TO KILL A MAD DOG IS JUST—IF YOU DO NOT STRIKE HIM DOWN HE WILL BITE YOU!

ON MAY 20TH, 7000 RUSTAUDS ARE MASSACRED BY CANNON-FIRE AT SCHERWILLER. THE WOUNDED ARE KILLED OFF. THE LAST HOLD-OUTS ARE DEFEATED NEAR BELFORT. BESIDES THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS KILLED, THE PEASANTS MUST NOW SUFFER CONDITIONS EVEN WORSE THAN BEFORE.

—UNTIL THE NEXT INSURRECTION.
WILDCAT

Where do you keep your bombs, then?? Har! Har! Har! Har!!

Anarchists don't keep bombs, friend. Governments keep bombs — enough between 'em to melt down the world forty times over. Anarchists oppose all bombs and all governments.

But in the absence of government, Har! Har! we'd be ruled by thugs and gangsters.

That would be government by thugs and gangsters — not absence of government.

Anarchists strive for a society in which nobody rules anybody...

THUGS OUT!!
CAPITALISM OUT!!
LAW COURTS OUT!!
MILITARISM OUT!!
POLITICS OUT!!
RELIGION OUT!!
ANARCHY!!

where coercion is impossible, where each individual has absolute sovereignty.

You'll never get what you're after.

Not in my lifetime, I agree. But that isn't the point.

By striving towards a totally free society, we make where we are a little bit freer than it might have been.

How?? By throwing a bomb?? Har! Har! Har! Har!!

No, friend. As I explained to time bomb consultant, nobody listens to your explanations, comrade. Help me up, I'll attract some attention for you.

You daft moggy!! That didn't get anyone to listen to explanations.!!

TRUE. But it attracted some attention, didn't it??

BRRRINGGG.. Tinkle! Tinkle!

WILDCAT APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF FREEDOM, LONDON
THE ACT OF CREATION
ACCORDING TO BAKUNIN
ALBO '77

IN THE BEGINNING, THERE WAS THE
DIVINE GHOST...

I'M BORED

HOW CAN I BE MASTER OF IT
ALL WHEN THERE IS NO ONE
TO SERVE ME?

I THINK IT'S TIME
FOR SOME CREATIVITY
AGAIN?

GOOD IDEA

AND SO, AFTER A WHILE, IN THE COSMIC
HOBBY ROOM

LET'S DO THAT OLD
TRICK WITH THE TREE

IT IS DONE,
BEHOLD THE MAN!

HAIL TO

INSANE, IF I MAY
SAY SO MYSELF

ALL OF THIS IS FOR YOU TO USE, EXCEPT
FOR THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE OF COURSE,
BECAUSE THAT'S POISONOUS!

YES MASTER

SO MAN BEGAN HIS FIRST DAYS
IN OBEDIENCE AND IGNORANCE...

AND EVERYTHING WOULD HAVE
REMAINED THAT WAY...

IF A CERTAIN PERSON WOULDN'T HAVE APPEARED

IT'S GONNA FRY!

FAME TO THE PEOPLE
SMASH THE STATE

HMAN

EDEN

©ALBO HELM 1981
Well well, look at that pathetical scene.

This screams for some action.

Good day, fools, really biting the dust 'Evan,' aren't you?

I bring news telling how God smites Mankind.

Have you ever wondered why you crawl around on all fours for that ancient cult, which plants and animals don't do it?

Uh?

Right.

Do it isn't poison after all, huh?

Don't hand off.

Private.

Not bad, I'm slowly beginning to see the light with out slaves, no masters... knowledge is power.

Yeah, we've been kept ignorant on purpose!

Down with authority!

From now on, it's war between us, downpresso man!

G—Dammit, now they're just like me.

And God, whose foreknowledge should have warned him, got into a terrible and ridiculous rage!

They're cursed, and so are their children and children's children, ad infinitum! My holy revenues shall be hellish!

I'll teach them to obey, I'll send them governments!

Good morning, world!
WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?

1. WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?
WHOEVER LAYS THEIR HAND ON ME

2. WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?
IS A USURPER AND A TYRANT;

3. WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?
I DECLARE THEM TO BE MY ENEMY . . .

4. WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?
GOVERNMENT IS SLAVERY.

5. WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?
ITS LAWS ARE COBWEBS FOR THE RICH

6. WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?
AND CHAINS OF STEEL FOR THE POOR.

COPYRIGHT 1981.
WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?

1. WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?
   To be governed is to be watched, inspected, spied on,

2. WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?
   Regulated, indoctrinated, preached at, controlled, ruled,

3. WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?
   Censored by persons who have neither wisdom nor virtue.

4. WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?
   It is in every action and transaction

5. WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?
   To be registered, stamped,

6. WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?
   Taxed, patented, licensed, assessed,

COPYRIGHT 1981
WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?

13/14 WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?

MEASURED, REPRIMANDED, CORRECTED, FRUSTRATED.

UNDER PRETEXT OF THE PUBLIC GOOD IT IS TO BE EXPLOITED,

15/16 WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?

MONOPOLISED, EMBEZZLED, ROBBED, AND THEN,

AT THE LEAST PROTEST OR WORD OF COMplaint,

17/18 WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?

TO BE FINED, HARASSED, VILIFIED,

BEATEN UP, BLUDGEONED, DISARMED,

COPYRIGHT 1981
WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?

1) WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?
JUDGED, CONDEMNED, IMPRISONED,

2) WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?
SHOT, GARROTED,

3) WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?
DEPORTED, SOLD, BETRAYED,

4) WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?
SWINDLED, DECEIVED,

5) WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?
OUTRAGED, DISHONOURED,

6) WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?
THAT'S GOVERNMENT, THAT'S ITS
JUSTICE, THAT'S ITS MORALITY!
GOOD MORNING! TODAY WE'LL BE DISCUSSING THE IMPORTANT QUESTION: "JUST HOW USEFUL IS GUILT AS A DEVICE FOR SOCIAL CHANGE?" WHO WANTS TO BEGIN? JOHN?

WELL, IN LIGHT OF THE FACT THAT WHITE MALES DO HAVE CERTAIN ADVANTAGES IN THIS CULTURE, I THINK IT'D BE MORE APPROPRIATE TO QUERY ONE OF THE WOMEN PRESENT FIRST...

IT'S MORE FAIR...

HA! A PRIME EXAMPLE OF CHAUVINIST CHIVALRY DISGUIsing ITSELF AS LIBERAL COURTESY! I REFUSE TO SPEAK UNTIL "JOHN" COMMITS HIMSELF TO A PUBLIC POSITION ON THE QUESTION AT HAND! LET'S GET THE CARDS ON THE TABLE...

UMM...THAT IS...UH, WELL, SPEAKING AS A PSYCHOLOGIST, I FIND GUILT TO BE COUNTERPRODUCTIVE IN TERMS OF A PERSON'S "EMOTIONAL ECONOMY"...YET—IN TERMS OF SOCIETY, GUILT DOES REFLECT CONSENSUS AROUND TABOOS—AND, UH, IF "PROGRESSIVE" TABOOS ARE GENERATED, SAY: "SEXISM"... THEN IT CAN INTERNALLY DEFLECT UNDESIRABLE BEHAVIOR!

IN OTHER WORDS, YOU SEE IT AS A TWO-EDGED SWORD?

YES, CAN SOMEONE ELSE SPEAK NOW?

JUDITH?

THERE'S NO QUESTION IN MY MIND THAT ANY AND ALL SOCIAL GAINS OF OPRESSED MINORITIES OF THE LAST 15 YEARS WERE ONLY MADE POSSIBLE THRU WHITE LIBERAL GUILT, THAT'S THE BOTTOM LINE: NO GUILT, NO GAINS!

MM... ANY FINAL THOUGHTS ANYONE?

I JUST WANTED TO SAY THAT IF ANY VIEWERS HAVE BEEN OFFENDED BY ANYTHING I'VE SAID ON THE SHOW TODAY, TO JUST DROP ME A LINE %6 THIS STATION AND I'LL WRITE OUT AN APPROPRIATE-SIZED CHECK TO YOUR FAVORITE CHARITY IMMEDIATELY!

PRETTY GOOD FOR A TOKEN GESTURE!!

GOODBYE ALL! YOU KNOW... ONLY THE GUILTY FEEL GUILT!

NEXT WEEK: E.P. THOMPSON VS. ALTHUSSEUR'S GHOST...

©1981 JAY WINNEY
ROME, FEB. 1977; ITALY'S UNIVERSITIES, ALREADY NOTORIOUS AS "HOLDING TANKS" FOR UNEMPLOYED YOUTH, ARE OCCUPIED BY THEIR STUDENTS TO PROTEST TIGHTENED ADMISSIONS AND BUDGET CUTS. GUN-TOTING FASCISTS INVADE THE CAMPUS. TWO STUDENTS ARE WOUNDED, ONE SERIOUSLY.

**FACOLTA OCCUPATA**

**STORY:** ADAM CORNFORD & JAY KINNEY

**SALVADOR AVOLIO A METALWORKER VISITS HIS DAUGHTER SILVIA FOR SUNDAY DINNER**

WHAT A PLACE YOU HAVE HERE, HEY! WHAT'S THIS FANCY MACHINE?

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, PAPA, THREE MONTHS IS TOO LONG!

OH THAT'S MY NEW TAPE RECORDER FOR "RADIO FUTURA CITY" THESE DAYS...

**SILVIA, YOU LOOK MORE LIKE YOUR MOTHER EVERY TIME I SEE YOU!**

*RADIO CITTA FUTURA; ONE OF ITALY'S MANY PIRATE RADIO STATIONS*
But how could a poor student like you afford to buy such a thing?

I didn't! Me, and my friends did some "proletarian shopping."

Look... we're all working class, we make the goods, why not take some of them back?

Well, I still call it stealing, things like that just fuel the fascists.

Ah, you kids are so crazy today! When the head of my union comes to your university tomorrow, he'll talk some sense into your heads.

Luciano Lama? That old fart? We've got a thing or two to tell him.

Oh, is that what made them come on campus yesterday and shoot two of my friends.

The next day the University of Rome is again invaded; this time by Luciano Lama and three hundred Communist Party "heavies."
WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR PROMISES. TAKE YOUR LURID GORILLAS AND GO HOME.

ECONOMY... SACRIFICES
WE DON'T WORSHIP THE ECONOMY. DON'T SACRIFICE US TO IT.

HEY! LET HIM SPEAK.

I SAID SHUT UP!
THAT'S RIGHT DOG, DEFEND YOUR MASTER.

FATHER PLEASE! ARTURO IS MY FRIEND.

YOU DEFEND THESE BARBARIANS? YOU'RE NO DAUGHTER OF MINE!

THAT'S FINE WITH ME! NOW LEAVE US ALONE.
ON THE NEXT FEW MONTHS THE STRUGGLE INTENSIFIES.

MARCH 11, BOLOGNA; AN UNARMED STUDENT IS SHOT DEAD BY POLICE

MARCH AND MAY, ALL OVER ITALY; THE MOVEMENT GOES ON THE OFFENSIVE, SHOOTING AND LOOTING

LATE 1977; AS THE MOVEMENT FALTERS THE RED BRIGADES STEP UP ATTACKS ON POLITICIANS AND MANAGERS

SIX MONTHS LATER, SALVATOR RUNS INTO THE PCI SECTION HEAD FOR HIS FACTORY

I'M O.K. I SUPPOSE, BUT SILVIA IS MIXED UP WITH THOSE AUTONOMIST CRAZIES, HER FRIENDS HAD TO GET HER OUT OF JAIL AGAIN LAST WEEK

JUST THE MAN I WANTED TO SEE! HOW ARE YOU? HOW'S SILVIA?

FUNNY THAT'S JUST WHAT I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT... YOU KNOW WE'VE GOT THE SAME BRAND OF TROUBLE MAKERS WORKING RIGHT HERE!

THAT'S THEM, THE PARTY WANTS US TO GET THEIR NAMES SO WE CAN GET THEM FIRED AND OUT OF OUR HAIR

YEAH I SAW THEIR PAMPHLET CALLING FOR SABOTAGE AGAINST THE SPEED UP
FEB. 1978 DURING THE TRIAL OF RED BRIGADE LEADERS IN ROME
AUTONOMISTS ASSEMBLE IN DEFIANCE OF A BAN ON DEMONSTRATIONS

NO TO THE STATE NO TO RED BRIGADE!

THE COPS!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE PAPA? I QUIT THE PARTY. THEY TRIED TO GET ME TO RAT ON OTHER WORKERS AT MY FACTORY.

SILVIA, THE COPS ARE SENDING IN REINFORCEMENTS LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

MY PLACE IS NEAR HERE WHY DON'T YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS COME ON OVER.

THOSE @*!! RED BRIGADES. THEY'RE SCREWING EVERYTHING UP!

HEH! HOLD ON! THEY'RE STILL PART OF THE MOVEMENT.

HEY, SALVATOR THAT FISH LOOKS GREAT!

IS THAT SO? THEN WHY DO THEY RUN THEIR GROUP JUST LIKE THE STATE - TOP DOWN DO AS YOU'RE TOLD.

RADICAL THUGS ATTACKED POLICE TODAY IN AN ILLEGAL DEMONSTRATION IN SUPPORT OF THE RED BRIGADES.

GODDAMN THE NEWS! AS USUAL THEY GOT IT ALL BACKWARDS.

OF COURSE THAT'S THE CHOICE THEY WANT TO OFFER US!

WE MAY HAVE TO GO UNDERGROUND ANY WAY.

NO WE GOT TO KEEP THE ROAD OPEN.

THE END
THE NAKED AVENGER WAS READING THE PAPER ONE DAY...

Those lousy oil companies are getting rich while the rest of the world goes down the tubes!

Before long, Nancy is raiding Exxon corporate headquarters! Corporate swine! You'll bleed the masses no longer!

But... but recession has hit us too!

Prove it, sucker!

Well, for one thing, we've had to resort to buying cheap polyester suits at Sears!

See how easily it rips?

Ahhh! That's gross!

And all I can afford for lunch these days is bologna on wonder bread!

Listen guys, I'm sorry I hassled you! I had no idea...

That's okay! We're prepared to tighten our belts with the rest of America.

After the Naked Avenger leaves, the real corporate heads emerge from behind a two-way mirror!

Boy! Our new public relations androids work great! Sure do! $600.00 suit!
10
O-1-4 ARE YOU RECEIVING ME?

11
PEEP!

12
FETZ!

HEY, SHULTZ BUDDY, YOU IN TROUBLE OUT THERE?

13
STAMPE!

14
SAY! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR WALKIE-TALKIE?
ANARCHISTS.
A WAKE, PUROX, AWAKE! THE HOUR OF RECKONING IS AT HAND!

P. WHAT? TIME? 12:00.

2. They walk the streets.


4. A h!! and what shall we demolish today?

Dear Purox?

5. The circus is in town! Can we blowing up the monkeys.

6. Let me see that.

7. This paper is 20 years old! Breathe Brain.

8. Hey, may be we could blow you up.


10. Go ahead, ask me anything.

11. Okay, just a minute.

12. O.K., Mr. Pericles. And what? What were the casualty estimates at the end of September 1918? 2

13. Ahem... let's see... Great Britain: 4,347,774 dead, France: 1,375,064, dead, Russia: 2,266,464, dead, Japan: 43,260, dead, Spain: 74,984, dead. Romania: 182,000. Total... 9,816,696. That is the entire population of the Central Powers.

14. So-ci-e-t+y!!

15. You see that building, Purox? That's the one we want to hit today.

© 1981 L. PANTER.
YUM! Here's your scrambled eggs.

You guys got a jeep parked out front??

Never mind.

BOOM!

Sunny day...full belly makes me want to blow something up.

Now let's get over to the commuter mall and make some small parts?

I can't go through with it Clorox.

DID you see the look on that bus driver's face as his panic plunged off the collapsing bridge carrying all aboard to certain death??

HER, WHERE'S your shoes??

Oh, you're still alive.

BLAM...

Ajax Co.
BENJAMIN PERET
POET AS REVOLUTIONARY

The real poet must oppose the world with total non-conformism. The poet of today has no other choice than to be a revolutionist or not to be a poet. So he must constantly hurl himself into the unknown. Peret spied on the confines of religion - he fought for Anarchists in Spain... and after imprisonment by Nazis in France, he bribed a guard and escaped.

Here's a loogie for the Church! Burrellists Eluard Breton, Aragon, Peret sign Au Grand Jour

Peret as Anarchist Fighter - Spain

Peret hallucinates then off to Mexico!
I HAVE YOUR BREASTS SO MUCH IN MY CHEST THAT TWO SMOKING CRATERS FORM THERE LIKE A REINDEER IN A CAVE TO RECEIVE YOU AS ARMOR RECEIVES THE NUDE WOMAN AWAITED FROM DEEP IN ITS RUST LIQUEFYING LIKE THE PANES OF A BURNING HOUSE LIKE A CASTLE IN A GREAT FIREPLACE

IF LOVE IS BORN OF THE THRUSTING OF A Currant Into The BEAK OF A SWAN I'M IN LOVE FOR MY BLOODS SWALL HAS EATEN ALL THE CURRANTS IN THE WORLD

Sometimes a woman with curved glance and the currants of the world is nothing but currants

For the world burst from its eyes like salt from trees and like water from sonorous hands

and like carcasses from snowflies her beseeching disheveled hair

So as to detect the sound of little mice swimming the evening straight as a greasy pole that I'll reach the top of sugar

so you'll look upon me not as a kilo of sugar but as a night you have ripped apart
My plane in flames my castle flooded with Rhine wine
My black iris ghetto my crystal ear
My rock sliding down the cliff to crush the gamekeeper
My opal snail my air mosquito
My bird of paradise eiderdown my black foam hair
My exploded grave my Rain of Red Grass hoppers
My flying island my turquoise grapes my wild flower bed
My tulip bulb in the brain
My gazelle lost in a Midtown movie house
My hidden pond laugh
My flood of black currant
My mushroom my sun-nut my volcano fruit
My blue waterfall like a lead blade that makes the spring
My coral revolver whose mouth attracts me like the eye
Of a shiny well
Frozen like the mirror where you watch the flight of the birchles
Lost in an exhibition of white framed in mummies
I love you

all quotes Benjamin Peret 1899-1959

je sublime 1936
Would you believe, ten years ago Cabo Santiago was still a sleepy fishing village? My own father never wore shoes—but his ambition led my brother Julio and me to the grandest dining rooms of London, Paris, and Washington!

Our imported wine list, Sir...

So sweet of you, Mr. Sanchez, to bring us over from Mazatlan in your private jet!

There, where the hydrofoil docks, around the inlet from the oil refinery, was my parent’s palm hut...

Oh, yeh, the native guide showed us the ruins of the old church—guess he was trying to make the most of the trip from the airport to your new condominiums!

Let’s leave early and check out that new disco... "Interview" says it’s the latest rage!

The Treasure of Cabo Santiago

Papa and his brothers weighted their fishing nets with carved stones that were ancient when the Spanish came... the water flowed sweet and slow, and back from the hills the women grew corn and tended chickens & mango trees.

I hear the fishing’s way off with all that waste from the oil refinery...

Wars and revolutions came and went without changing life in our ancestral village...

A second healthy son to share your work and do you honor, Manuel!

God is too good to us...

Hush, George! It’s just a positively unspoiled wilderness compared to Longbeach!

Do you think it’s safe to eat the shrimp salad?

Thank you, Isabel...
But then, the first tourists came exploring, looking for something different and unspoiled...

Let's buy one of those cute fishing nets for the rec room wall!

Bet that son-of-a-bitch tries to soak me.

Great atmosphere. But I won't be back till I can get a hot shower. Let's get an architect to put up some decent bungalows!

Tip that boy. He's making me nervous.

The North Americans are not so bad... my girls have gone to work at the new hotel, and look what they bought me!

I myself have bought a radio from the sale of woven baskets.

But it's not good for our children to see their people treated like dirt!

It's not the way it used to be in our village... I cannot trade eggs for cooking oil in the market, but must pay money in the white man's store.

The white man's money buys wonderful things— but what can I do? I'm just a fisherman.

An old couple from Texas is buying up land all around your holding Manuel—they must be building a big estate!

Jesus, these Indians don't know shit about gardening—this land belongs to me. Now boy, I want you to plant it my way.

Ines! What on earth is this garbage you're feeding them? We want a decent steak, or roast, please!

My sons work on the construction—they say the Lelands are looking for a family to keep house for them.

Si, Mr. Leland, but then we must water every day.

We have the foreman tell the truth, Manuel—you know you're the most honest and hard-working people in the village!

He's just too lazy to take a little trip to the well to keep my rose's pretty!

Hon, you'll have to teach her a thing or two! These Indians don't eat nothing but beans and rice.
ONE DAY WHILE PLAYING IN THE JUNGLE, WE BOYS MADE AN EXCITING DISCOVERY.

PAPA! COME QUICK AND SEE!!

A BLACK SPRING COMING UP FROM THE OLD STONES!

WILL IT MAKE US RICH?

PAPA! I DON'T KNOW... PROMISE ME YOU WILL KEEP THIS A SECRET!

BUT MR. LELAND GIVES US CANDY, AND MONEY FOR COMIC BOOKS!

IT IS OIL, THE BLACK GOLDS, I AM CERTAIN...

Someday, we will buy it back for ourselves, my sons. Someday, your people will return to the ways of their fathers and live in honor and dignity again.

WE MUST BOARD IT UP AND TELL NO ONE—I WILL NOT LET THE LELANDS TAKE ANYTHING MORE FROM US.

AS SOON AS WE WERE BIG ENOUGH, PAPA SENT ME & JULIO OFF TO WORK—we slaved in a machine parts factory in Mexico City to send money home to the village.

WHY SHOULDN'T THEY BUY NICE CLOTHES AND GO TO THE MOVIES WITH THEIR MONEY? WHY MUST YOU ALWAYS HIDE IT AWAY?

I AM SAVING TO BUY THEIR FREEDOM, WOMAN!

INES!! THAT GIRL NEVER WILL LEARN... I JUST CAN'T FOLLOW THESE FIGURES FROM OUR ACCOUNTANT, HENRY.

DALLAS IS OUR REAL HOME, HENRY! I DID EXPECT SO MUCH MORE FROM YOU...

COSTS ARE UP AND OUR ASSETS WAY DOWN. HOW OUR STOCKS TOOK A BIG DIVE. I'M NOT SURE WE CAN GO ON OPERATING THIS FANCY SPREAD HERE, AND KEEP UP THE DALLAS HOUSE, TOO.

MANUEL, I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO FORGET ABOUT THAT RAISE I PROMISED YOU...
NO RAISE!
Flour costs
twice as much
at the store
this year!!
And what
about Lucia's
confirmation
dress?

Be patient.
lines.
This is the
chance we've been
waiting for...

Senor Leland,
I've been
asked to
deliver this
anonymous
offer for
your property.

Maybe
one of those
movie stars,
looking for a
hideaway.

All cash
half in dollars,
huh? It comes at
a handy
time for us,
that's for
sure.

Now the village
will be ours again,
and we will return
to our traditions!!

Oh, so that's
how Sanchez
industries
go to start!

But ah thought
you all were in
heavy machinery,
not oil?

Yes, that's the amusing
part of my story.
The old men didn't know
the government keeps
subsoil mineral rights—
they were forced
to sell the land back
at a loss.

We bought up junk
the aerospace companies
never hoped to
unload. But when
the oil boom hit,
Sanchez Bros.
salvage cleaned up!

I apologize
for this souffle—
these country
people don't know
anything but
rice and beans!

It's just impossible
to believe great
gentlemen like
yourself's come
from such a
primitive
background!

Lucky breaks...
and we knew what
we wanted. Today we
supply everything from
copy machines to computers
on the Gulf of California.
A shame Pop didn't live
to see it...

You must be
our guest at the
Mazatlan Country
Club soon—
there we can
dine like
civilized
human beings.
WHAT I'D REALLY LIKE TO KNOW IS WHO'S RUNNING THE SHOW... WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?

ALL LIVE MUD ON BROAD

CHIC CHIC

COCKTAILS

FUN

LET'S ASK THIS GUY. HE LOOKS HIP.

HEY BUD! WHAT THE HELL IS GOIN' ON?

BACK OFF MUTHA RUCK!

EASY THERE FELLA!
Cant blame the guy for overreacting, though... its the bad vibes...

The gene pool is a sump...

Oops... Meow meow...

The atmosphere is buzzing...

Whos version you gonna believe?

Reagan lives!

Extra!

Near doom

Almost end

You too dutch handing out

The whole shit house is going up in chunks. Oh well. Maybe the revolution will finally come...

The new regime, will serve the needs of the people, right? Who cares, just so there's peace and quiet!
LOUD NOISES MAKE GREGOR UPTIGHT. UN-MELLOW. BIG MAGNUM. ARF ARF.

BRAND POLICE! HALT OR WE'LL SHOT!

HE'S FORCED TO PUT HIS FAITH IN HIS PERSONAL ARSENAL AND HIS BAD ATTITUDE...

SOMEHOW HE DOESN'T THINK HE'S GOING TO LIKE THE NEW REICH ANY BETTER THAN THE OLD ONE.

MAYBE IT'S TIME TO HEAD OUT INTO THE WIDE OPEN SPACES...

JUST A CAREFREE LITTLE MONKEY RUNNING WILD THRU THE JUNGLE...

HEY BRO, WE BUMMIN' YOUR TRIP, MAN?

222
Aside from the bomb, cancer, world war three, Ronald Reagan, pollution, radioactivity, oil spills, the ozone layer, and his impending ugly divorce, there's really nothing to worry about.

Certainly not death or taxes... he's just trying to cool it for the duration.

Strickler!

His only real fear is that Jesus will show up to judge the quick & the dead... then he'll be in real trouble!

Uh oh!
Men March On

Hey, you want to join our Men's group Eric?
I don't want to join some nambi-pambi group for men!

Look it's not like that. Feminists are always telling us to go form a group. In other words we go and talk behind their backs.

Yah, I see it sort of legal doesn't it. Great idea Tony!

BROTHER be strong. Yah Brother, you too but get away from me.

The Amazing Colossal Men

Eric can I talk to you about a personal problem?

Why sure, everything that's personal is a bloody problem these days.

You see Jenny thinks I should be doing more childcare work at events.

More of that stuff again. Tell her Bakunin never did childcare.

I did and she said that's a good enough reason to do it.

Her problem is she's more of a feminist then an anarchist.

I don't agree but thanks for the advice anyway.

OK. But just quit touching me.

The March Of Men

Eric I don't believe it, you're doing childcare.

Sure anybody can handle one of these brats plus it keeps the feminists off my back.

Are you sure that's how you hold a child?

It must be the kids nose has stopped running.

I can't get over how you've changed about men doing childcare.

I haven't changed I'm just thinking more strategically.

Waawhh!
**New Age Politics**

You can discover the whole problem of the revolutionary movements in a nutshell, if only you submit their symbolic colors to an "aura" analysis!

Is that anything like a urine analysis?

**Jay Kinney**

No no no... I'm talking about the psychological impact of these colors. For instance, take red. Now it's a fact that red mirrors anger, hate, all those volatile emotions. No wonder the left never gets it together. It is always fighting, its own color programs it to.

And black?

Black! The anarchists, right? Whether they like it or not, black stands for the unknown, the subconscious, the repressed, the negative -- all of which the average person is deadly afraid of.

Yeah? So what colors would you suggest instead?

Oh, maybe a nice soothing baby blue, or how about chartreuse?
One day while spraying the yard with insecticide, Edgar stops to reflect.

Funny thing about this stuff...

It kills bugs but leaves their offspring stronger than ever!

I use more every year and even so these ants are big enough to pay rent!

Edgar! Come quick!

They’re at it again!

Ban the bug bomb...

And the cockroaches...
STAND BACK, MADGE! THESE MUTATE COCKROACHES HAVE NO RESPECT FOR PRIVATE PROPERTY!

I'M TIRED OF BEING PUSHED AROUND BY INFERIOR LIFE FORMS. IT'S TIME TO GET TOUGH!

THE NEXT DAY, EDGAR CHANGES TACTICS. WE DECIDE TO LET ALL YOU ANTS LIVE TOGETHER IN THIS LUXURY HIVE.

THOSE WHO COOPERATE WILL GET SECURE HOUSING AND A BALANCED DIET.

THOSE WHO DON'T WILL BE EXTERMINATED!

WITH THE INSTITUTION OF A SYSTEM OF WORK CREDITS AND INCENTIVES, EDGAR GETS THE ANTS TO DO MOST OF HIS YARD WORK.

I'M SO PROUD OF YOU, EDGAR!

WE OWE IT ALL TO MODERN SCIENCE, MADGE!

UNDER SIMILAR PRESSURE, THE COCKROACHES RESPOND WITH A LIST OF THEIR OWN DEMANDS.

WORK OR DIE!

PEOPLE GO HOME!

LIGHTS OFF!

TRASH PICK-UP TUESDAY!
EDGAR DOES HIS BEST...
This calls for strict negative reinforcement!

BUT HE ONLY MAKES THINGS WORSE...
Ha ha! How do ya like that ya little... Bloop!

OKAY NO MORE MISTER NICE GUY!
I'm forced to take drastic action!

BUT FIRST I NEED SOME RECRUITS.

DAYS PASS.
EDGAR! The roaches are holding the cat hostage! Can't you do something?

ALL RIGHT, MEN, THIS IS IT...
A minute, Madge?

OVER THE RUG!

EEEEEK!

EDGAR! Have you flipped? You're wrecking the house!

HA HAA! Lookit 'em scatter?

BANG! POOF!

REGRETTABLE COUNTER-MEASURES, MADGE. I'll have order restored in time for dinner.

BANG! POOF!
By dinnertime the roaches are surrounded in their stronghold.

All right you guys get in there and fight! Don't worry about casualties, there's plenty more where you came from!

I'm leaving you, Edgar.

Madge! Come back! Who's gonna fix supper?

Probably the bats in your belfry!

With Edgar's back turned, the cockroaches set up deprogramming seminars and negotiate a settlement.

Hey, why so quiet in there? Let's have a little gunfire below! Yipes!

Zip!

Boing!

Wait up, Madge! We're eating out tonight!

Weeks pass. Madge and Edgar adjust well to their new life. After dinner, let's go pick berries. Then we can milk the goat.

The ants teach the cockroaches cooperation. The cockroaches teach the ants to think for themselves. The neighbors can only hope the system doesn't spread.

The end.
Bulletin Board

Anarchist Media etc.
- Soil of Liberty (Anarchist journal) $4/yr.
  P.O. Box 7056, Powderhorn Sta.
  Minneapolis, MN 55407
- Win Magazine (Radical-Nonviolent) $20/yr.
  326 Livingston St., Brooklyn, NY 11217
- On the Line (Anarchist Syndicalist) $1.50/issue
  P.O. Box 692, Old Chelsea Sta., NY 10013
- Front Line (Anarchist Tabloid) $6/yr.
  Box 21071, Washington, D.C. 20009
- Work & Pay (Anarchist Haight Sheet) free
  c/o Haight Ashbury Switchboard
  1338 Haight St., San Francisco, CA 94117
- Social Anarchism (New Journal) $3.50/yr.
  Atlantic Center for Research and Education
  2743 Maryland Ave., Baltimore, MD 21218
- See Anarch.comics #1-2 for more listings...

New Source Obscure & Significant Information
- RE/Search (Post New Wave Print Barrage)
  20 Romolo B, San Francisco, CA 94133
  Sub: $10/6 issues, $2 single copies
- Critique (Conspiracies & More)
  2364 Valley West Dr., Santa Rosa, CA 95401
  Sub: $9/yr, $2.50 single copies
- Spiral News Network
  (Cosmic Engages—Beyond Paranoia)
  P.O. Box 2799, Hendersonville, N.C.
  28793 Sub: $18/yr, $2 info packet.
- Slugge (Multi-Multicolor Mind-Fuck)
  P.O. Box 482, San Francisco, CA 94110
  Sub: $7.50/yr, $2.50 single copies

Support Cultural Mutation!!

Comix For Sale
- Anarchy #1, #2 Back Issues: 1.25
- Zippy #3: Bill Griffith: 2.25
- Commies from Mars #3: 1.50
- Dr. Atomic #6: Larry Todd: 1.50
- Weirdo #1, #2: New Crumb: 2.25
- Class War #1: Cliff Harper: 1.25
- Fresca Zizis: Melinda Gebre: 1.25
- Tits & Clits #6: All-Women: 1.50
- Slow Death #10: Cancer Issue: 1.50
- Young Lust #6: All-New: 2.25

We want your comments.
Letters, magazines, comix, weird communiques,
praise, critiques, and other junk are always appreciated.
We read 'em all and even answer some.*

Send them to:
Jay Kinney, Editor
Anarchist Comics
Box Last Gasp
P.O. Box 212,
Berkeley, CA 94705

Last Gasp
P.O. Box 212,
Berkeley, CA 94705
FAST-ACTING RELIEF FROM ANNOYING PESTS!

NEW! IMPROVED! ANARCHY

Satisfaction guaranteed or your oppression back.
Caution: Combustible mixture. Continued use may provoke authoritarian wrath.