

Sir Real's

**UNDERGROUND
COMIX CLASSIX**

Anarchy Comics #4

Published 1987

(1st edition)

Last Gasp

\$2.50

44 pages

Print run of ? copies

7" x 10"

ISBN: 0-86719-177-5

Stories:

- 3 - Armageddon Outtahere!
- 13 - Two Petrol Bombs
- 17 - You Rule The World
- 21 - 1871 (to Robert Williams)
- 31 - Public Enemy
- 34 - Mr. Helpful
- 36 - Executive Terrorism
- 38 - Korporate Rex
- 40 - Anarchy=Panarchy
- 42 - Greetings To Planet Earth
- 43 - Cover-up Lowdown
- 44 - Greetings From Hiroshima

Artists:

- Paul Mavrides - 1, 3-12+, 43+, 44
- Jay Kinney - 3-12+, 43+
- Clifford Harper - 13-16
- Norman Dog - 17-20, 34-35
- Spain Rodriguez - 21-30
- Melinda Gebbie - 31-33
- S. Zorca - 36-37(text)
- R. Diggs - 38-39
- Hal S. Robbins - 40-41
- Byron Werner - 42

Comments:

Comix inspired by or based on anarchist ideas and history in the belief that the true terrorists are governments and corporations who hold us hostage with their armaments, militaries, and intelligence activities.

NO. 4
\$2.50

JUST SAY *YES* TO

ANARCHY

C O M I C S



A LAST GASP COMIC

THE CONSPIRACY DISTRICT COURT

STAR-CHAMBER: NORTHERN DISTRICT OF ECO-TOPIA

THE CONSPIRACY,
Plaintiff,

v.

THE ANARCHY COMICS COLLECTIVE,
Defendants.

CRIMINAL CASE No. 666

VIOLATIONS:

T.C.C. 13013—CONSPIRACY TO PRODUCE
AND POSSESS WITH INTENT TO
DISTRIBUTE ANARCHY COMICS No. 4.

T.C.C. 999-[x]—PRODUCTION OF
ILLEGAL: POLITICAL HUMOR,
AUTONOMOUS AGITATION, AND SILLY
PROPAGANDA AGAINST THE STATE.

T.C.C. 1984(a)87—AIDING AND
ABETTING THOUGHT CRIME

INDICTMENT

The STAR CHAMBER charges: T H A T

Beginning at a time unknown to the Star Chamber, but not later than July 1987, in the Northern District of Eco-topia and elsewhere in the northern hemisphere,

THE ANARCHY COMICS COLLECTIVE,

defendants herein, knowingly and intentionally did combine to conspire, and agree with each other with the intent to promote the carrying on of such unlawful activity as FREE SPEECH, IRREVERENT HUMOR, MOCKING OF GOVERNMENTAL BENEVOLENCE, SATIRIZING OUR SACRED LEADERS, and GENERALLY CARRYING ON LIKE A PACK OF UNRESTRAINED, FOOLISH CARTOONISTS, and what is more, NOT CARING ONE BIT ABOUT THE MASSIVE AMOUNT OF PAPERWORK IT WILL TAKE TO DEAL WITH THEM, knowing that their work was designed in whole, or in part, to make fun of, criticize, or offer alternatives to the magnificent rule of infallible law, the just and proper deification of property rights above human rights, and the common relief from personal responsibility that the blessed Conspiracy has deemed fit to grant us.

OVERT ACTS

In furtherance of their thought crime, and to obtain the ends thereof, the following overt acts, among others, were committed by the defendants, to wit:

1. MELINDA GEBBIE, defendant herein, in or about the city of London, England, did comment on the seizure and destruction of her artwork by Conspiracy Authorities in the Knockabout Comics trial.

2. NORMAN DOG, defendant herein, did propose an anti-social, alternative plan for domination of the globe, and attacked the present world food distribution control system.

3. SPAIN, defendant herein, did tell the forbidden, true history of the Paris Commune, in defiance of the Ministry of Truth's adjusted revision.

4. HAL ROBINS, defendant herein, did defend the right of the individual to hold personal standards of autonomy against those of The State, and defied Conspiracy limitations on the proper amount of detail allowed on a single, printed page.

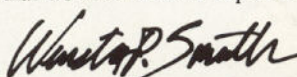
5. R. DIGGS, defendant herein, did critique the holy, evolutionary/economic theories that have placed ownership of the planet into the proper guiding hands and brought our grateful citizens so many wonderful consumer goods.

6. S. ZORCA, defendant herein, did write a pithy, little tale on what these thought criminals would like you to believe about the way party leaders are selected in our best of all possible worlds. The Conspiracy assures us that free elections will be held well within the next ten years.

7. CLIFF HARPER, defendant herein, did repeat the story of an assault against agents of the Conspiracy by an unadjusted individual.

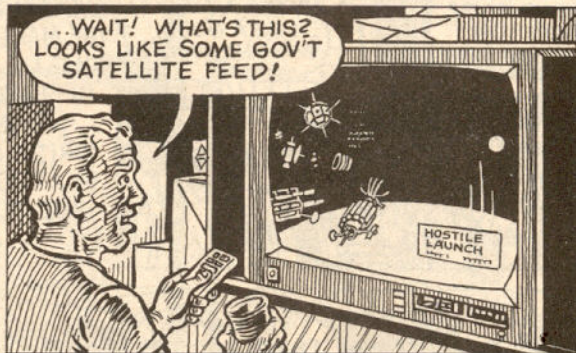
8. BYRON WERNER, defendant herein, did make a snide, uncalled for comment on our ability to handle the advanced technology that our new allies from Regulus 8 will trade us, in return for our help in the Third Arm Galactic Conflict with the evil Andromedan Socialist Empire.

9. PAUL MAVRIDES and JAY KINNEY, defendants herein, did commit High Crimes of Heresy and Treason in criticizing our glorious State Theology and the fabulous Nuclear Shield that protects us all from the doomed unbelievers and heathen barbarians waiting just outside the gate. MAVRIDES was also responsible for the front and back covers, typical of the graphics that we have come to expect from his ilk.

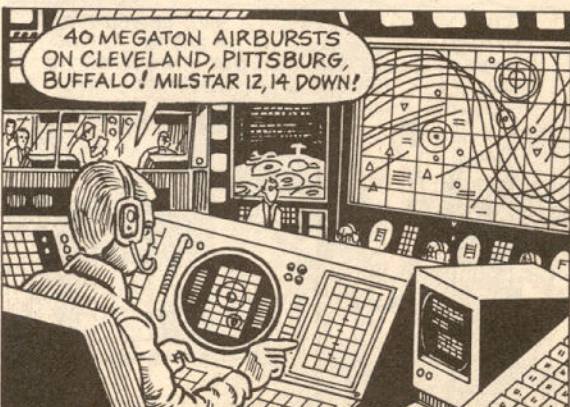
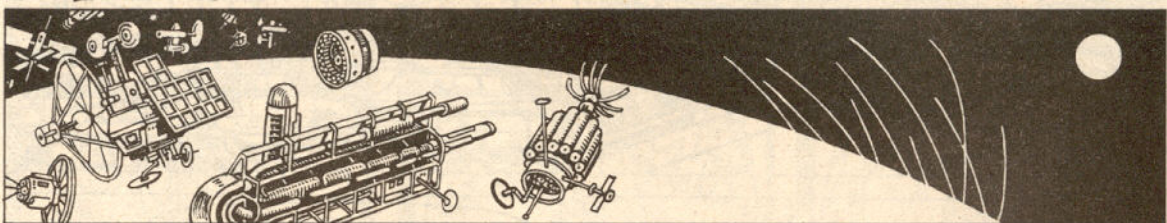


WINSTON P. SMITH
Conspiracy Attorney

YOU THINK **YOU'RE** PARANOID? GET A LOAD OF **BUD TUTTLE!** HE'S LIVING UNDERGROUND WITH A TEN-YEAR SUPPLY OF GRANOLA—WAITING FOR THE "BIG ONE" TO BREAK OUT!! IN THE MEANTIME HE'S KEEPING TRACK OF THE ACTION WITH HIS BLACK BOX SATELLITE DISH. ONLY 1200 CHANNELS TO CHOOSE FROM!



ARMAGEDDON OUTTAHERE!

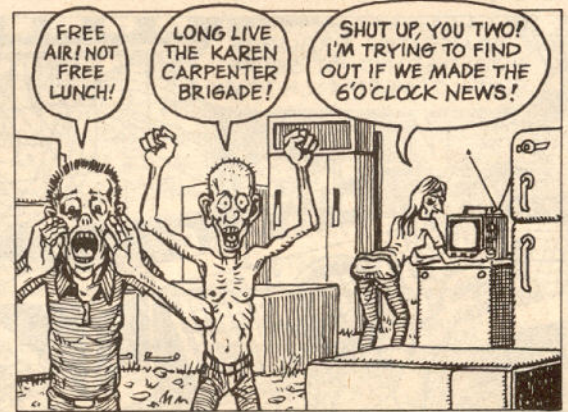
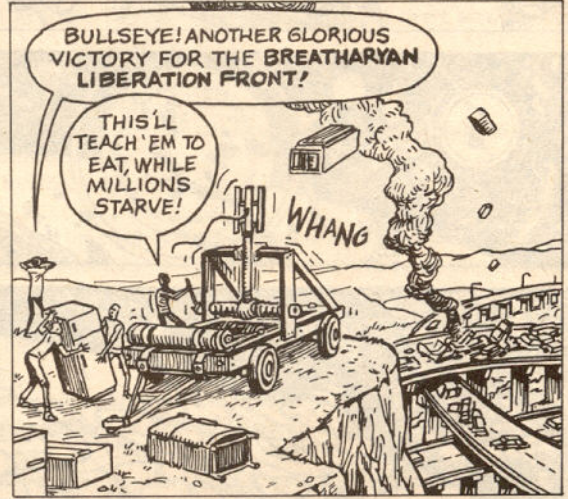
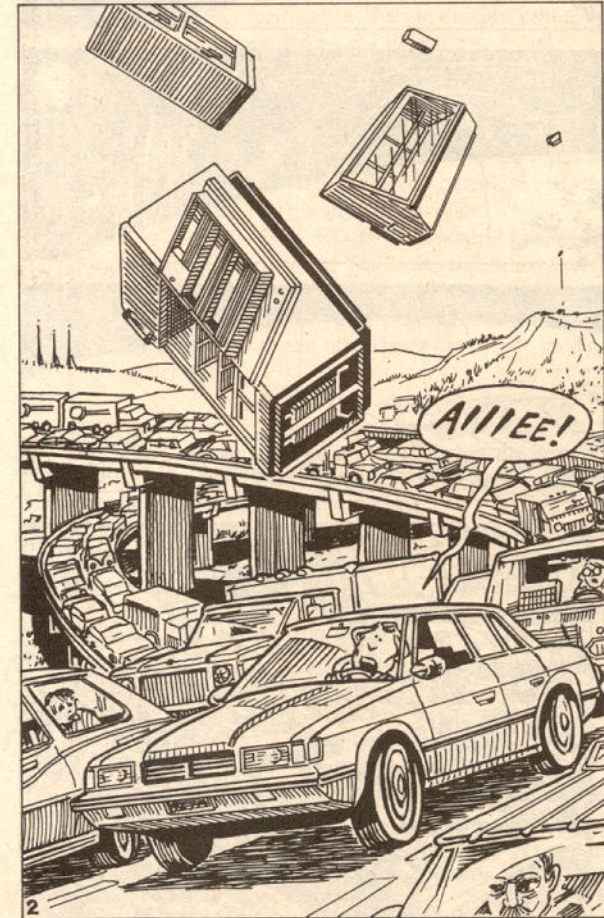
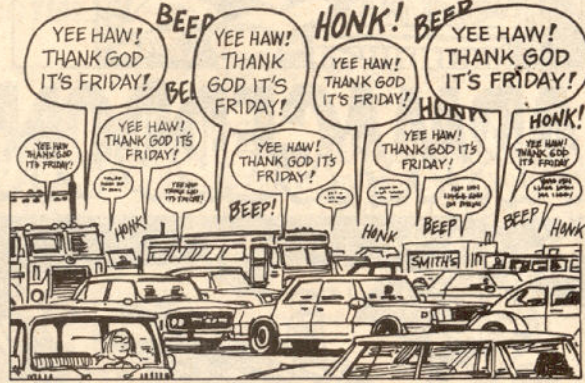
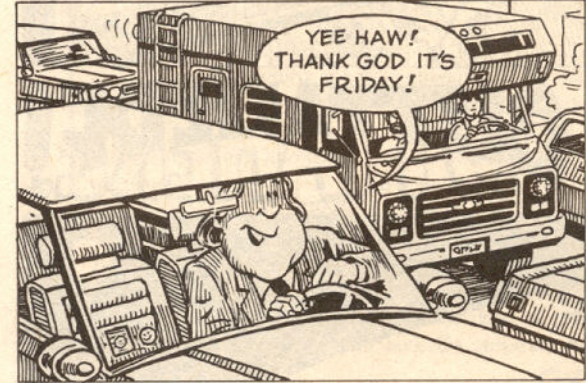


BLEEP! SPACE DEFENSE SIMULATION
#293 COMPLETED, 1700 HRS. THANK YOU!



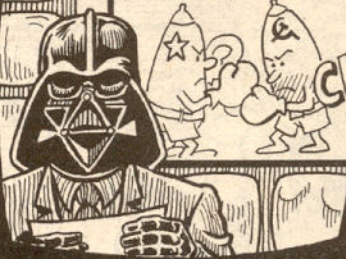
DRITZ BODKIN
HAS A GOOD JOB
TESTING THE SPACE
CASE DEFENSE
SYSTEM DOWN AT
THE MARTIN LUTHER
KING U.S. MISSILE
RESEARCH LAB.

**DRITZ LIVES
NEXT DOOR TO
BUD TUTTLE**
...



THE PENTAGON ANNOUNCED ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL TEST OF THE "STAR WARS" DEFENSE SYSTEM TODAY... COMING UP: A VISIT TO A WORM FARM, AFTER THIS—

STARWARS



FRIENDS! YOU CAN HELP MY 666 CRUSADE — I MAY BE THE ANTI-CHRIST BUT MONEY DOESN'T GROW ON FLAMING BUSHES! WE NEED YOUR DOLLARS TO STAY ON THE AIR AND—



... FIGHT THE BEAST WITH PROGRAMMING LIKE THIS! SO REMEMBER, SEND ALL YOUR MONEY TO ME. JESUS! THAT'S JESUS — BOX 999, HOLLYWOOD, CA 90136...



...OH YEAH! MONEY DOESN'T BUY EVERYTHING IT'S TRUE! BUT WHAT IT DON'T—I CAN'T USE! GIMMEE MONNNEY!!



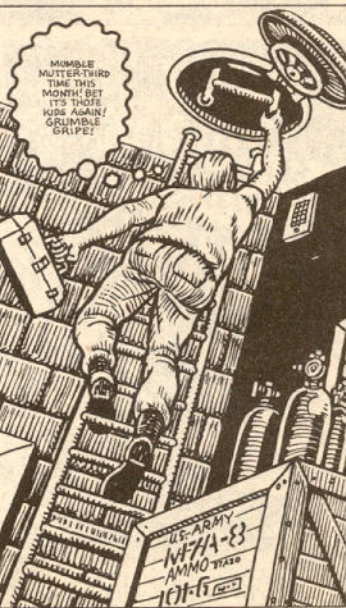
WELL, ELAINE, AIR-BREATHING TERRORISTS SET OFF A RUSH-HOUR RIOT TONIGHT ON THE EAST FREEWAY WHEN THEY LAUNCHED A FLOCK OF REFR! ~ZZZZT



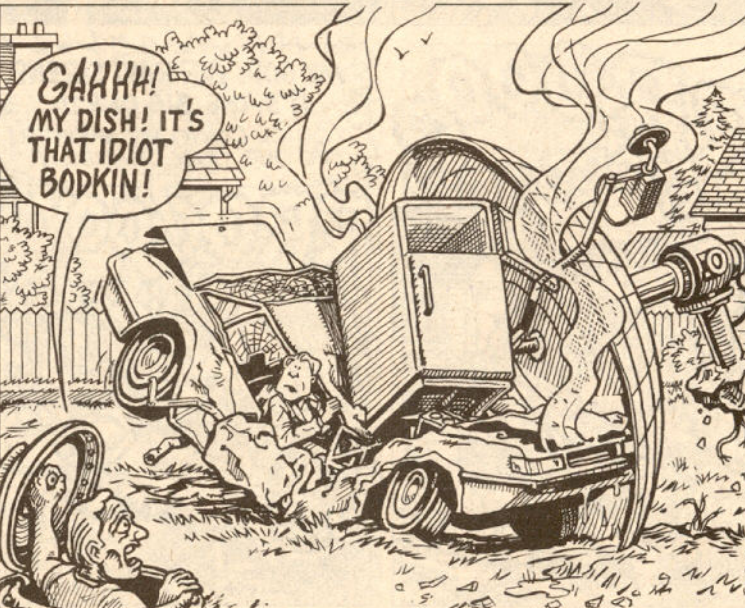
0*G#2!!!!
WHAT THE HELL?
MY TV!!

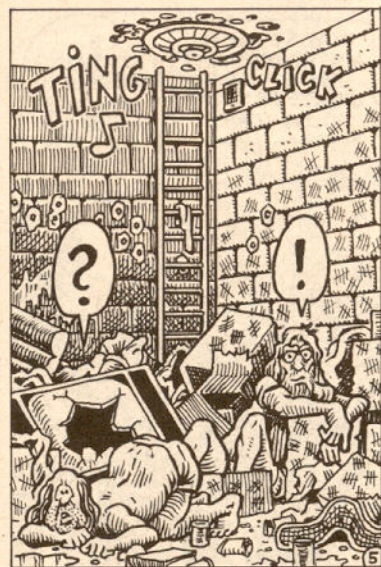
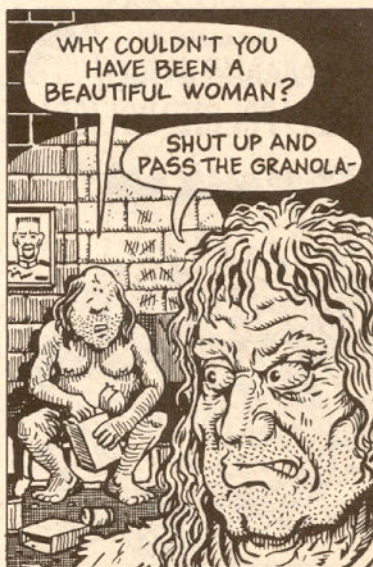
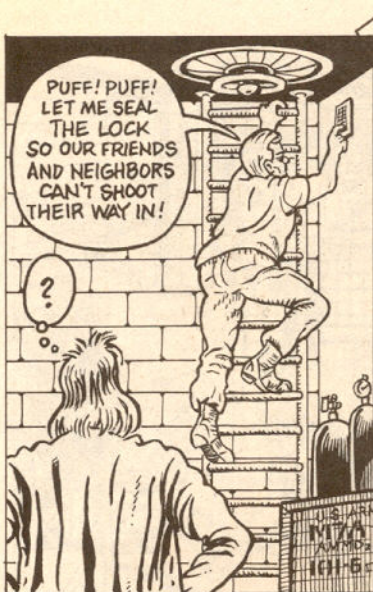


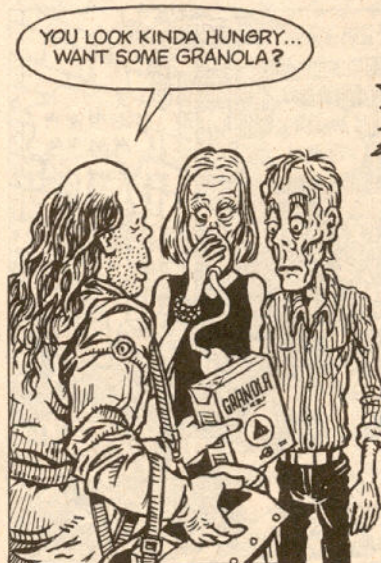
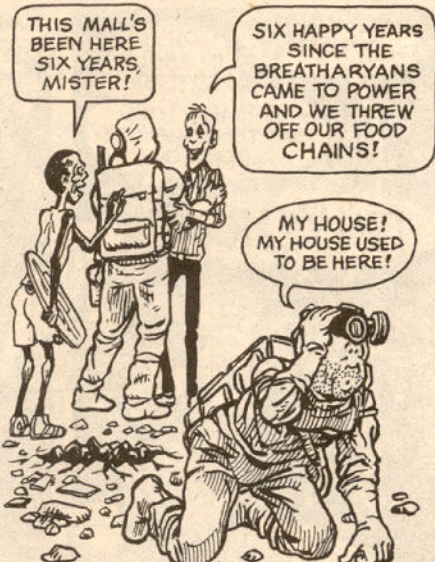
MUMBLE MUTTER-THIRD TIME THIS MONTH! BET IT'S THOSE KIDS AGAIN! GRUMBLE GRUPE!

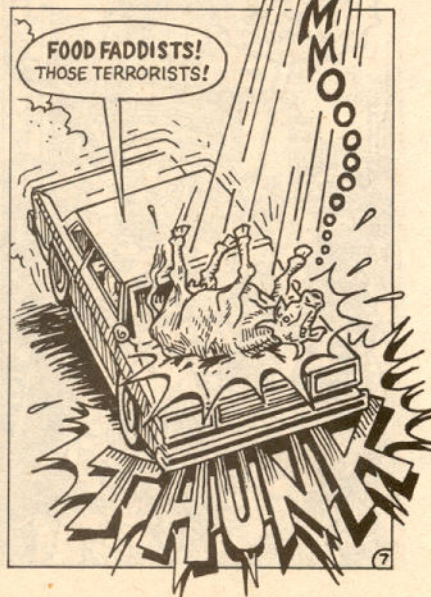
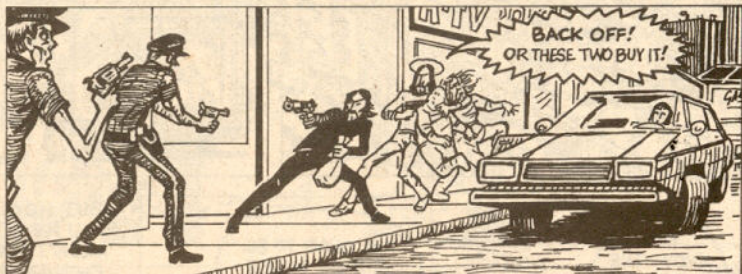
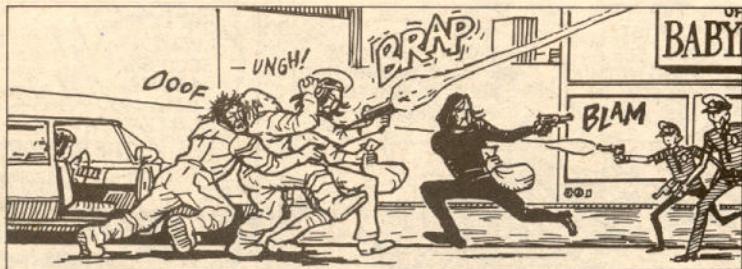


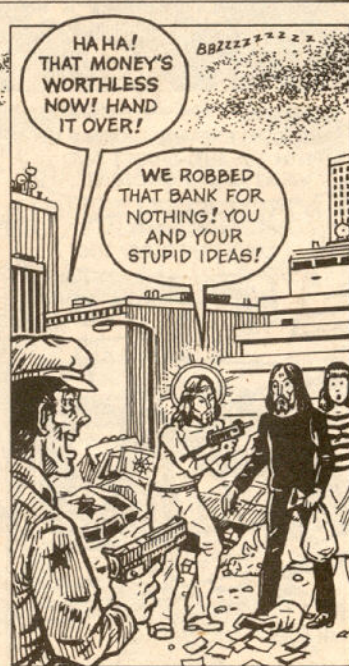
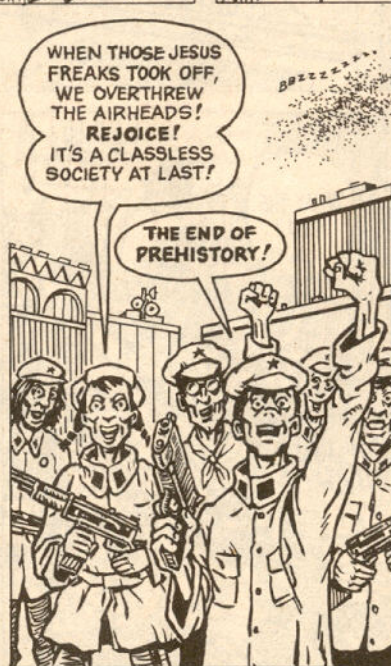
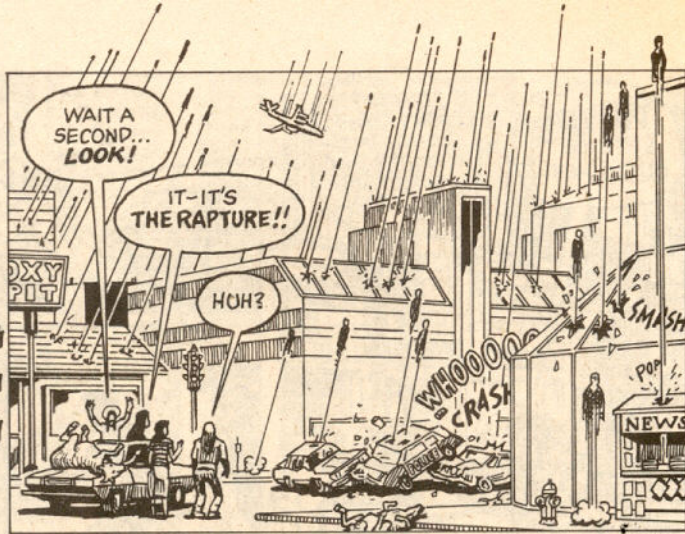
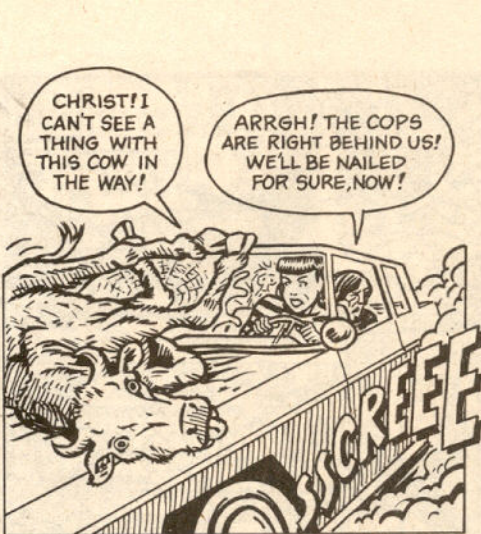
GAHHH!
MY DISH! IT'S
THAT IDIOT
BODKIN!

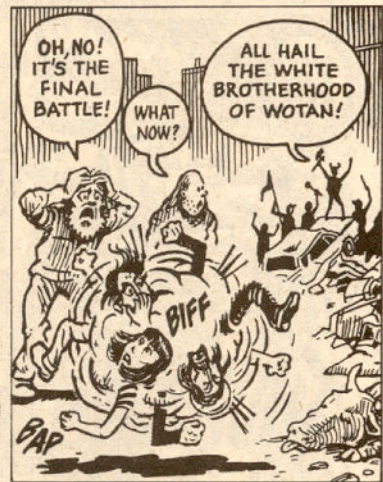
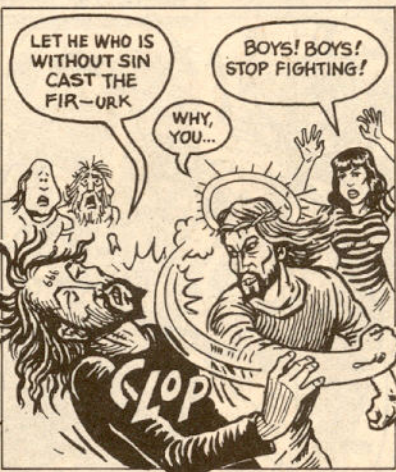
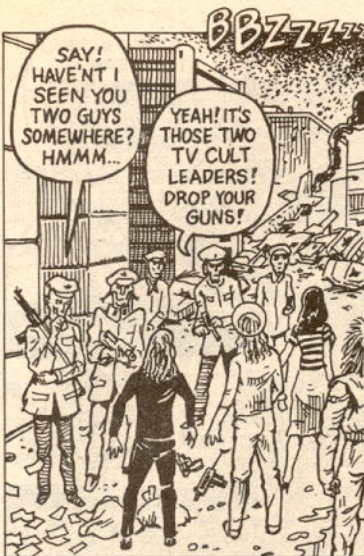


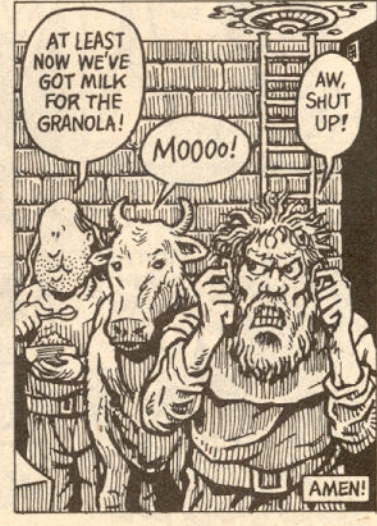
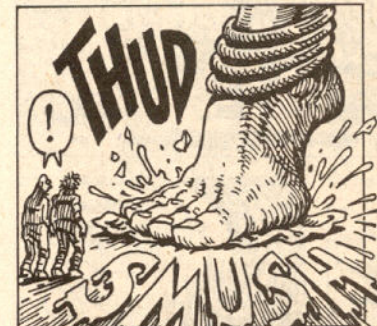
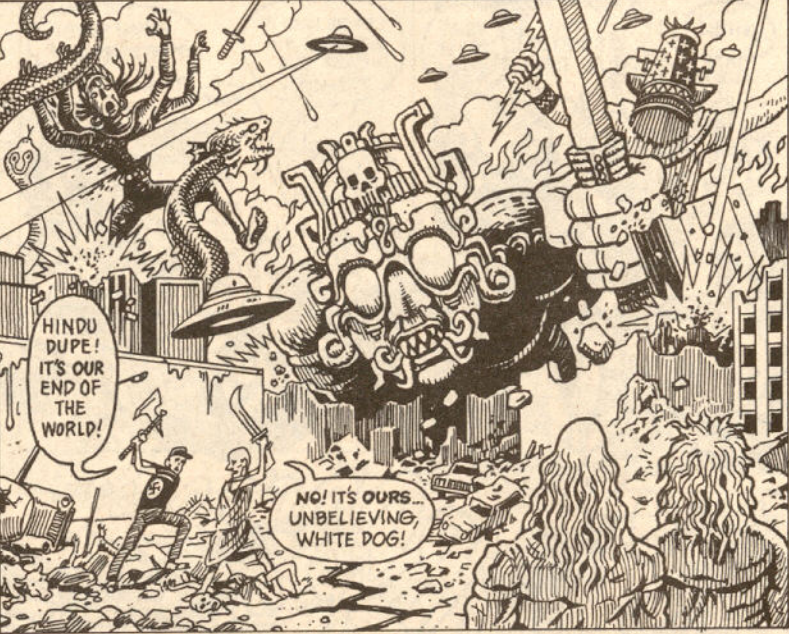
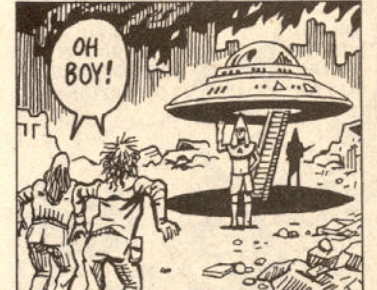






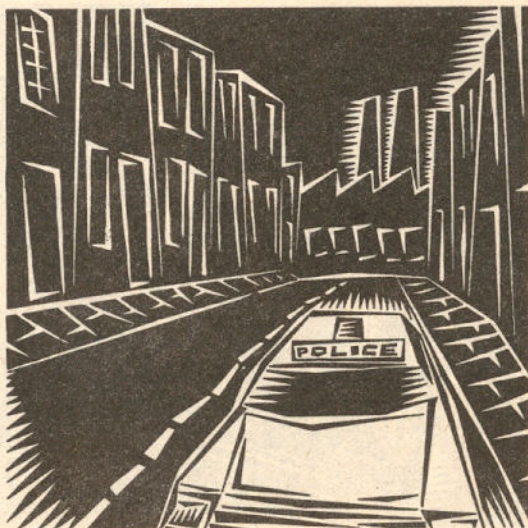


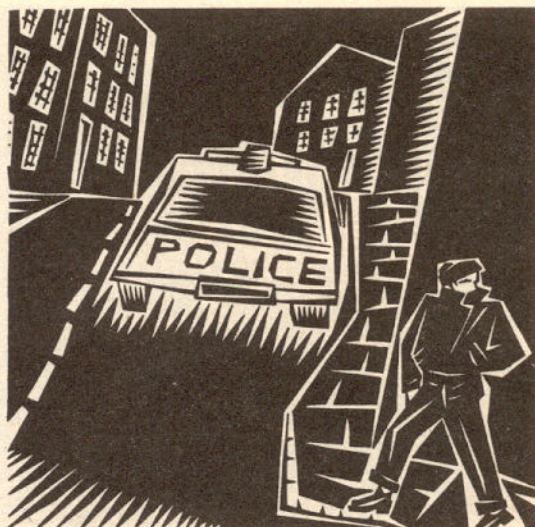


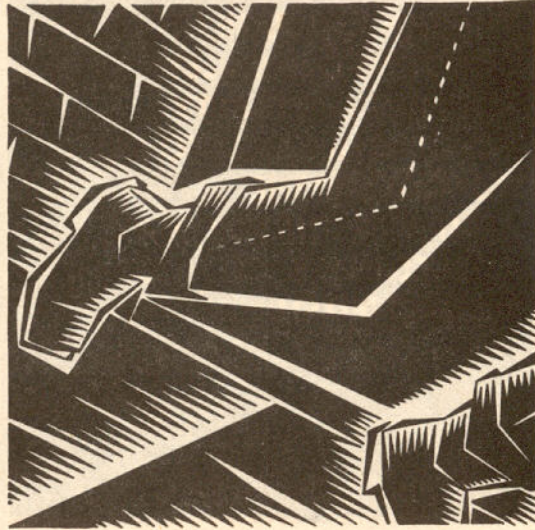
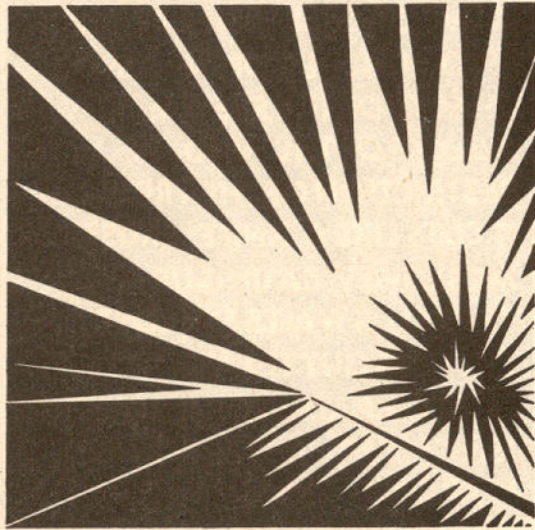


**ON THE NIGHT OF MARCH 3
1982 TEENAGER JIMMY
HEATHER-HAYES HURLED
TWO PETROL BOMBS INTO
THE LOCAL POLICE
STATION IN THE WEST
LONDON SUBURB OF
TEDDINGTON. THE BLAST
AND FLAMES CAUSED
MINIMAL DAMAGE AND
INJURED NO ONE.**

Clifford Harper









ALTHOUGH HE ESCAPED INTO THE DARKNESS THE COPS HAD NO TROUBLE TRACKING HIM DOWN AND CHARGING HIM WITH 'ARSON AND INTENT TO ENDANGER LIFE'. THE YOUNG ANARCHIST POET SPENT THE NEXT FOUR MONTHS IN A SOLITARY CELL WAITING TO GO FOR TRIAL.

" I'M LOCKED UP IN HERE WITH TWO HUNDRED OF MY KIND REJECTS OF THE SYSTEM, REJECTS OF THE MIND. A RESTRICTION OF THE FREEDOM IT CUTS LIKE A KNIFE CRUSHING ME SLOWLY EATING UP MY LIFE THE CELL'S WALLS ENCLOSE CUTTING OUT THE LIGHT I FEEL MYSELF CRACKING I KNOW THIS ISN'T RIGHT. BUT I DECLARED WAR ON A SYSTEM WITH NO

HEART AND NOW IT HAS DECIDED I NO LONGER PLAY A PART ALL YOU LOT OUT THERE DON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE THAT REVOLUTION GLORY IT'S ALL A BLOODY FAKE. KNOW THE SYSTEM BEFORE YOU FIGHT IT, SUSS OUT WHAT IT'S LIKE 'TILL THEN JUST BIDE YOUR TIME WAIT BEFORE YOU STRIKE. "

ON JULY 6 A JUDGE AT LONDON'S OLD BAILEY FOUND JIMMY GUILTY, SENDING HIM BACK TO JAIL TO WAIT FOR THE SENTENCE. THE NEXT DAY, LOCKED IN HIS CELL, JIMMY COMMITTED SUICIDE.

"HANGING FROM THE RAFTERS ON A GREASY ROPE WHEN THEY READ YOUR NOTE THEY SAY 'HE COULDN'T COPE' 'LIFE AIN'T A GAME', THEY RECKON, 'FOR THE WEAK, CORPSE ON A ROPE, WAS JUST ANOTHER FREAK.'"

JIMMY HEATHER-HAYES,
ASHFORD PRISON 1982

Choose-Your-Own-Cartoon!

YOU RULE THE WORLD!

©1987 Norman Dog



START HERE.

BUT HOW
DO I GO
ABOUT RULING
THE WORLD?
BY FORCE?
OR BY SHEER
GENIUS?



IF BY FORCE, PANEL 3 - IF NOT, 2.

2 | IN YOUR LABORATORY...

...PERHAPS I CAN
INVENT A SERUM
TO GIVE ME
ETERNAL LIFE!!



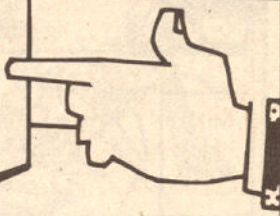
IF YES, PANEL 4 - IF NO, PANEL 5.

3

I WANT

YOU!

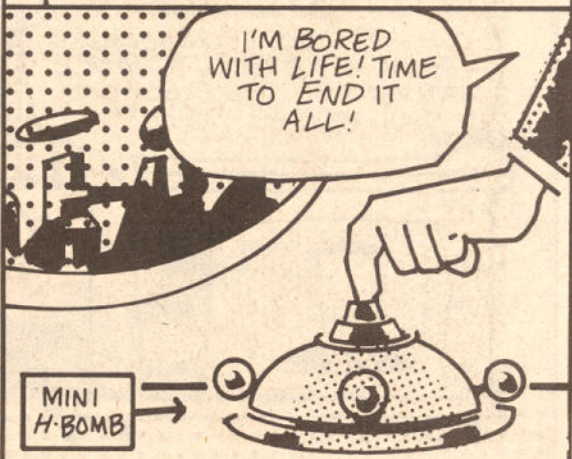
THAT'S
IT! I'LL JOIN
THE MILITARY...
THEN TAKE
OVER THE
GOVERNMENT!



IF YES, PANEL 8, IF NO PANEL 6.

4 | 2735 YEARS LATER...

I'M BORED
WITH LIFE! TIME
TO END IT
ALL!



GO TO PANEL 21.

5

OH NO!
IT'S ACTUALLY
A POWERFUL
EXPLOSIVE!!

GO TO PANEL 21.

6 | SUDDENLY, A FRIEND CALLS...

WANT TO
JOIN ME ON A
TWO-WEEK,
ALL-EXPENSES-
PAID VACATION
IN EUROPE?

IF YES, PANEL 10 - NO, PANEL 7

7

SORRY...
I'VE DECIDED
TO RUN FOR
PRESIDENT!
HAVE FUN!

GO TO PANEL 9.

8 | LATER...

AN OFFICER HAS LOCKED
HIM /HER SELF IN A NUKE
SILO, AND THREATENS TO
BLOW IT UP, IF WE DON'T DO
AS HE/SHE SAYS, MR/S
PRESIDENT!

BLAST
HIM/HER
OUT!

GO TO PANEL 21.

9 | THREE YEARS LATER...

- HAS COME FROM NOWHERE
TO HAVING A GOOD CHANCE
AT WINNING THE ELECTION!
CAN HE/SHE DO IT?!

IF YES, PANEL 11, IF NO, PANEL 12.

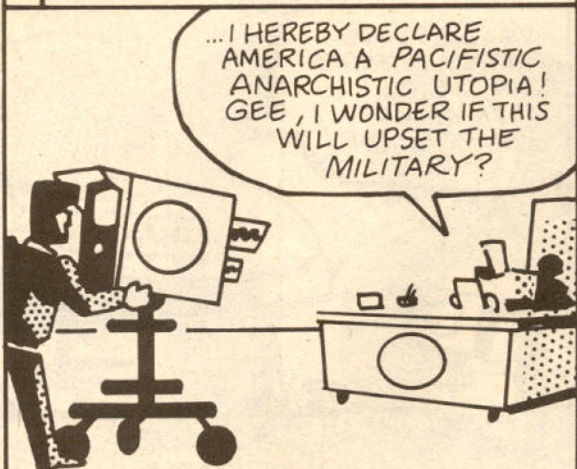
10 | AT THE AIRPORT, YOUR FRIEND SAYS

...ACTUALLY, I'M A
LIBYAN TERRORIST
ON A SUICIDE
MISSION!

MINI
H
BOMB

GO TO PANEL 21.

11 AFTER THE ELECTION...



IF YES, PANEL 8, IF NO, 12.

12 IN FACT, HOWEVER...



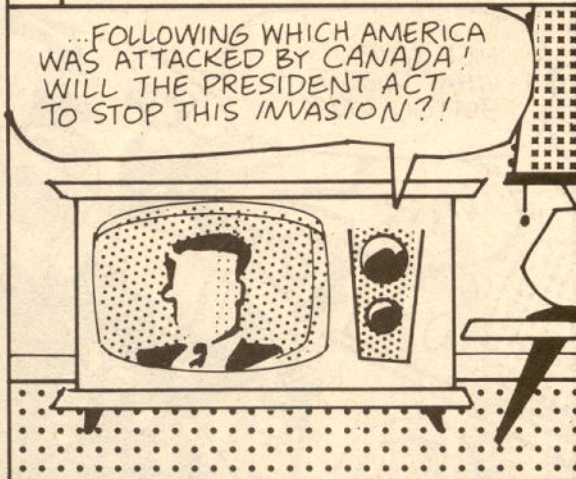
GO TO PANEL 14.

13 AFTER THE ELECTION...



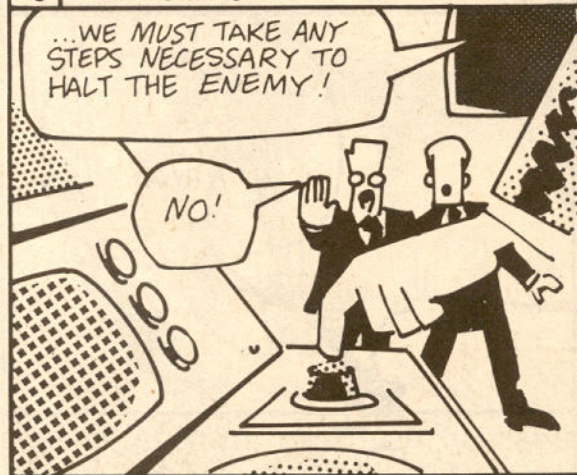
GO TO PANEL 16.

14 THREE DAYS LATER ...



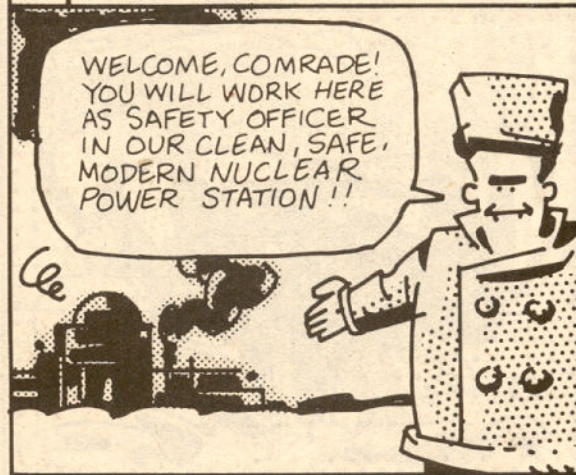
IF YES, PANEL 15 ... IF NO, 17.

15 YOU DECIDE...



GO TO PANEL 21.

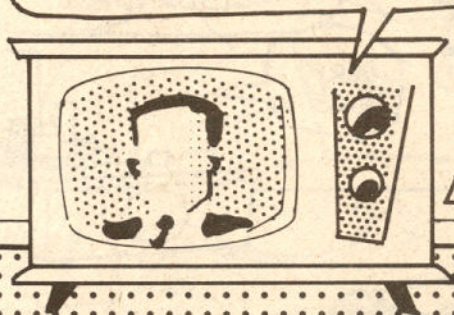
16 LATER, IN RUSSIA...



GO TO PANEL 21.

17. SUDDENLY...

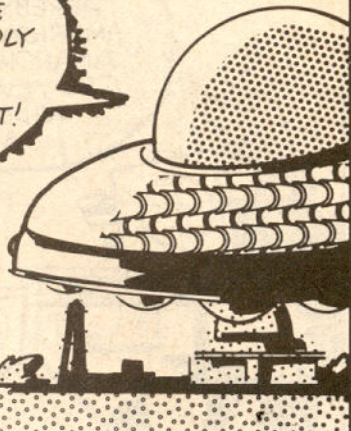
BUT WAIT! ALL FIGHTING HAS CEASED, WITH THE SIGHTING OF ALIEN UFO'S AT THE NATION'S CAPITAL!



CONTINUE TO PANEL 18.

18. THE ALIENS ANNOUNCE...

...WE WILL DECIDE IF WE ARE FRIENDLY OR HOSTILE... AFTER WE MEET YOUR PRESIDENT!



FRIENDLY? PANEL 19. HOSTILE, 20

19. ON BOARD THE ALIEN SHIP...

NICE SHIP! WHAT DOES THIS BUTTON DO?

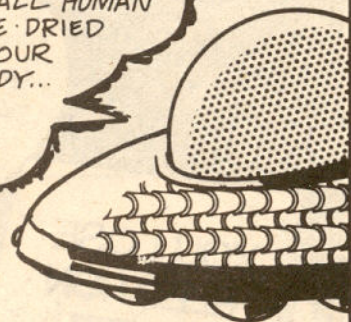
に:や!



GO TO PANEL 21.

20. THE ALIENS DECIDE...

WE ARE TAKING ALL HUMAN LIFE (IN FREEZE-DRIED FORM) BACK TO OUR PLANET TO STUDY... ALL EXCEPT FOR YOU! GOOD LUCK!



GO TO PANEL 22.

21. SUDDENLY...

EEK!



THE END!

22. LATER...

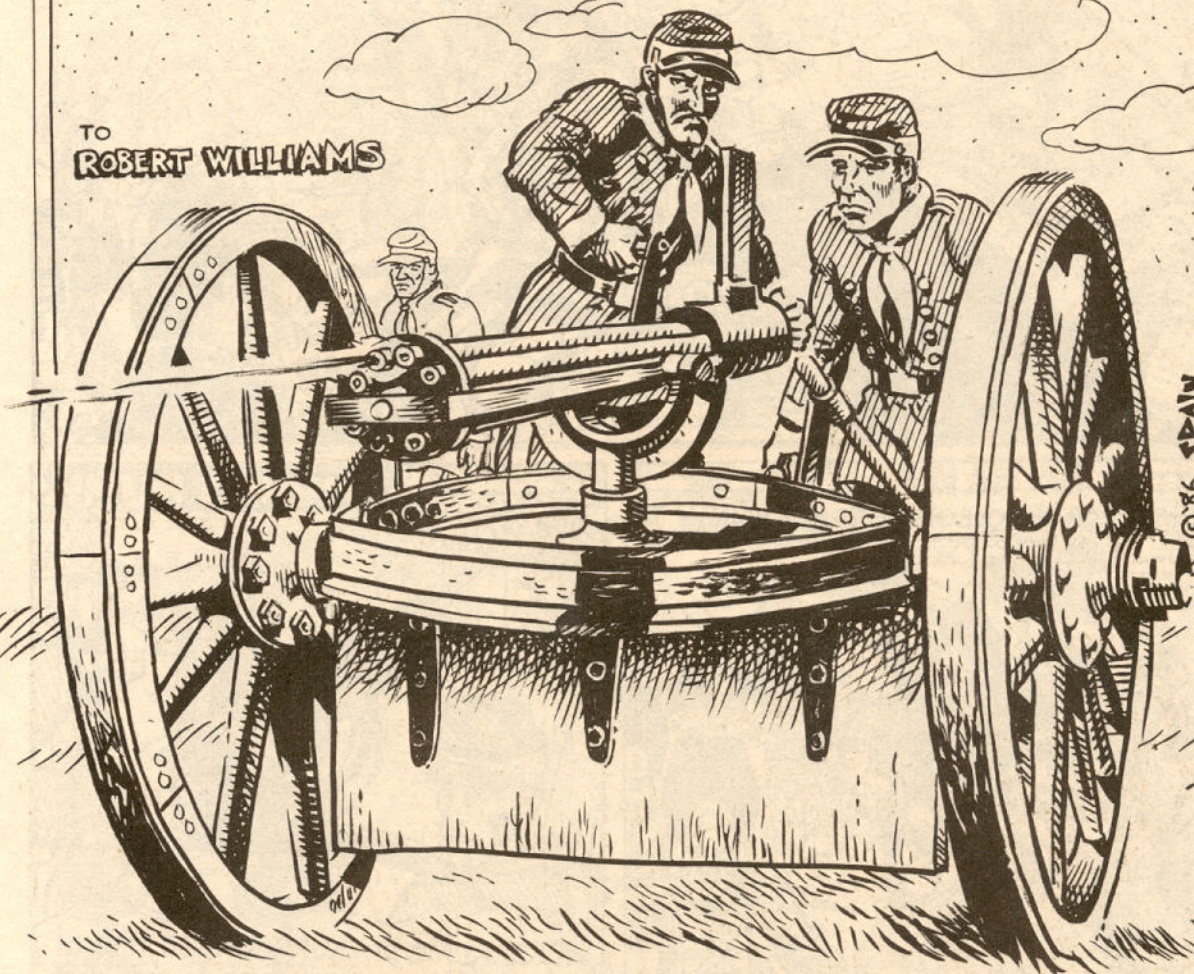
AT LAST I RULE THE WORLD! HA HA HA!



THE END!

1871

TO
ROBERT WILLIAMS



THEIR EMPEROR TOLD THEM THAT THEY WOULD DRINK CHAMPAGNE IN BERLIN
NOW THE FRENCH ARMY FACED THE GERMANS ON ITS OWN SOIL...

ON A LATE SUMMER DAY PROFESSOR GATLING'S GUN STOOD ON A HILL AMONG THE ARTILLERY AT SEDAN

PLA
BOOM

PLA
BLAM

THEY'RE
BREAKING
THROUGH OUR
LINES

IT IS AS I TOLD
THAT IDIOT CAPITAINE,
THIS NEW MACHINE
IS USELESS AT
LONG RANGE

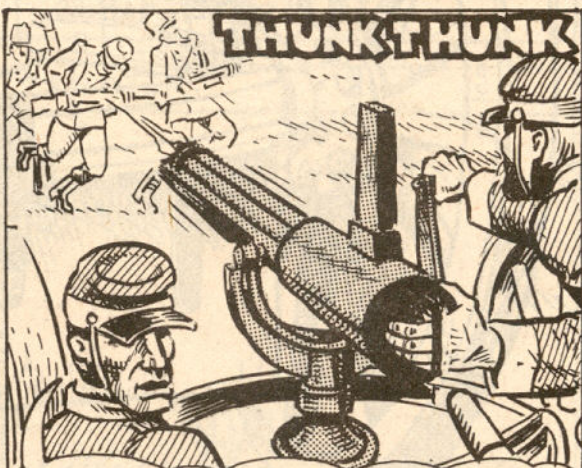
THUNK
THUNK
THUNK



SEEING THAT THE BATTLE IS LOST, THE
EMPEROR NAPOLEON III* TRIES VAINLY TO
DIE IN BATTLE



THUNK THUNK



WE'RE ALMOST SURROUNDED, IF WE
DONT GET OUT OF HERE, WE'LL BE
GUESTS OF THE PRUSSIAN'S

* NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH HIS UNCLE, NAPOLEON

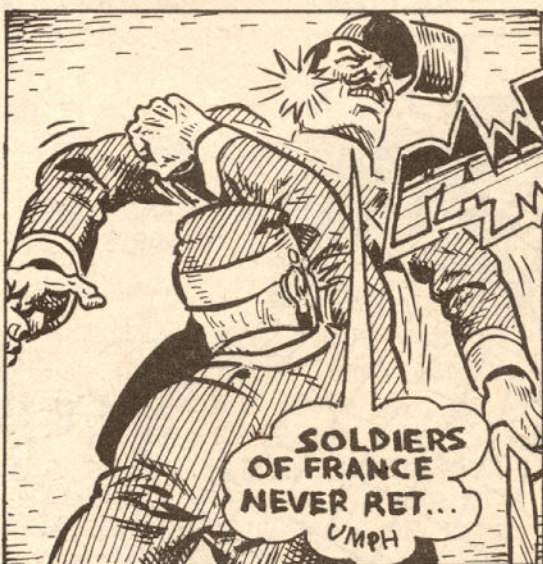
**COWARDS! YOU ARE
ABANDONING YOUR
POST**



**BUT MON CAPITAINE ALL OF
THE OTHERS HAVE ALREADY
FLED AND...**

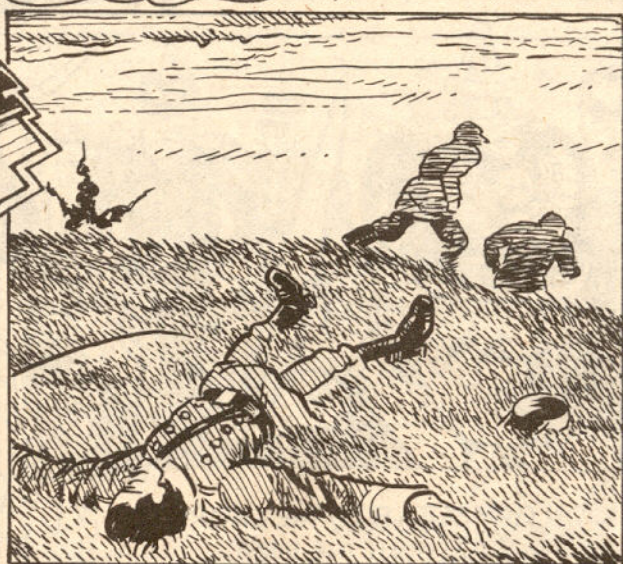


**I DID NOT ASK FOR
YOUR COMMENTS**

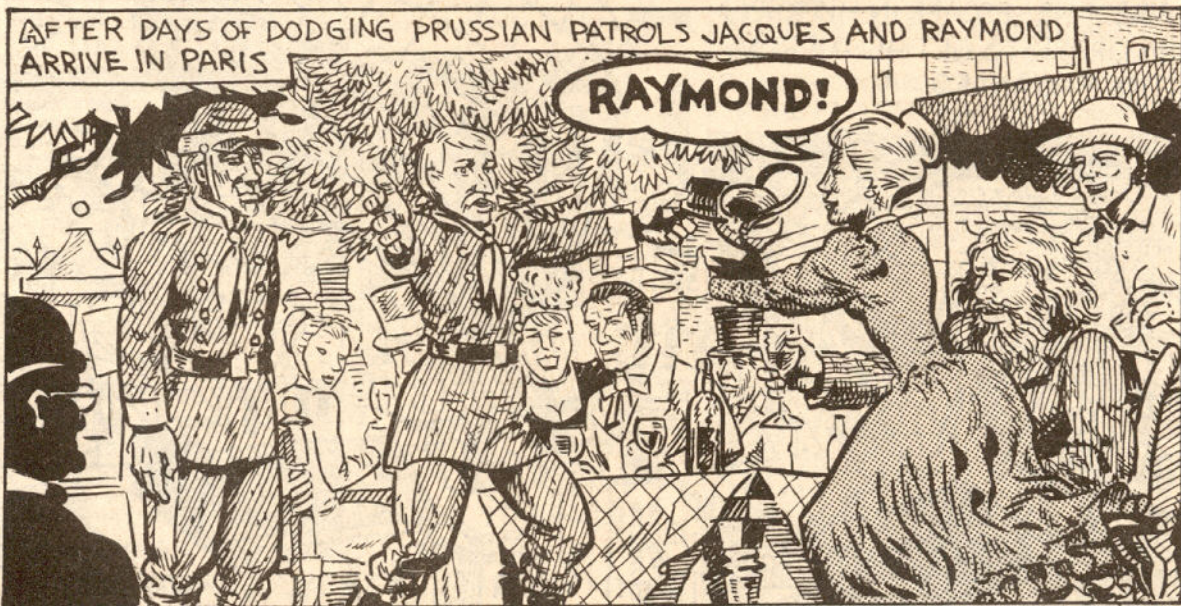


**SOLDIERS
OF FRANCE
NEVER RET...**

UMPH



**AFTER DAYS OF DODGING PRUSSIAN PATROLS JACQUES AND RAYMOND
ARRIVE IN PARIS**



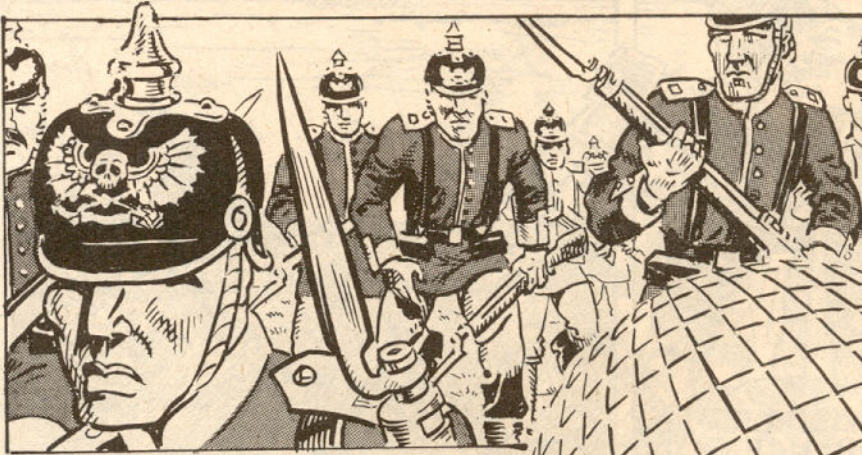
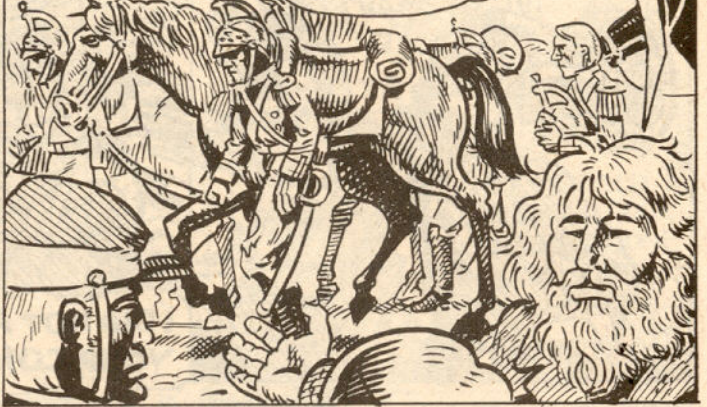
RAYMOND!

JACQUES WAS INTRODUCED TO
RAYMOND'S BOHEMIAN CIRCLE



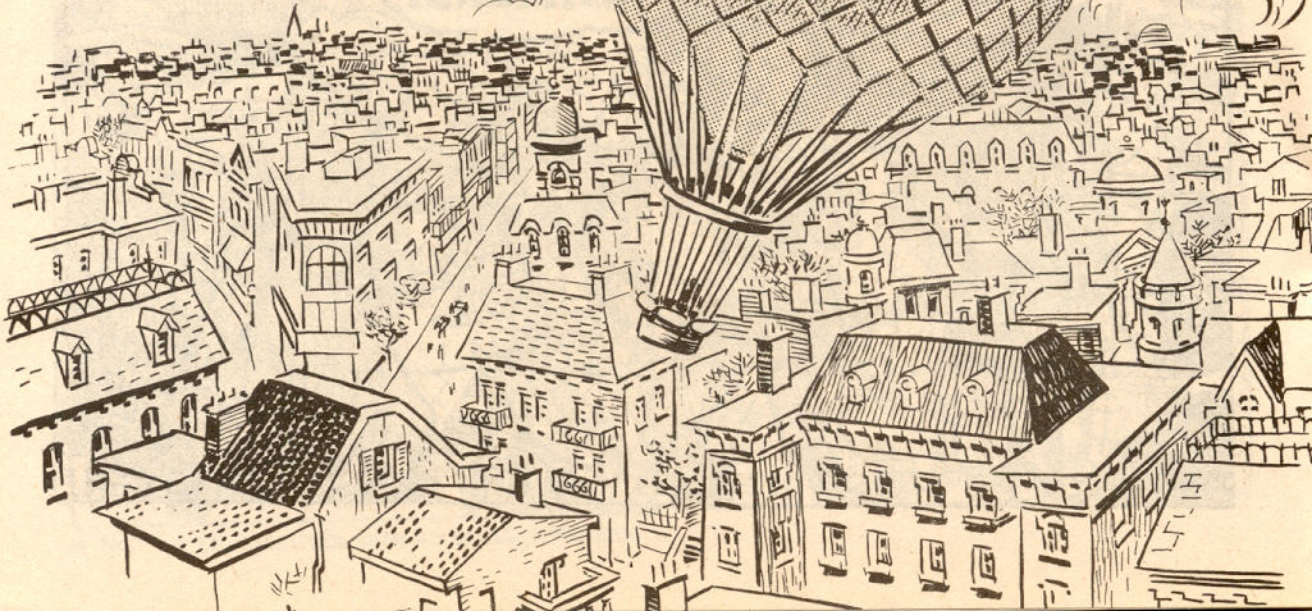
...AND THEN CAPITAINE
LA FLEUR SAYS, "I DID NOT
ASK FOR YOUR COMMENTS"...

THE LATEST RUMORS WERE RELATED BY RAOUL
THEY HAVE BEEN STREAMING IN FOR DAYS, IT
IS SAID THE EMPEROR HAS BEEN
CAPTURED



THE EMPIRE HAD
FALLEN. AS THE
PRUSSAINS CLOSED
IN ON PARIS...

LEON GAMBETTA FLED THE ENCLOSED
CITY IN A BALOON (THE FIRST
AIRBORNE ESCAPE IN HISTORY)
IN ORDER TO GET HELP FROM
THE PROVINCES



THE DISCUSSIONS WERE HEATED
IN THE CAFES OF PARIS

AND INDEED THERE ISN'T
A SHRED OF HISTORICAL
EVIDENCE THAT A JESUS
CHRIST EVER EXISTED



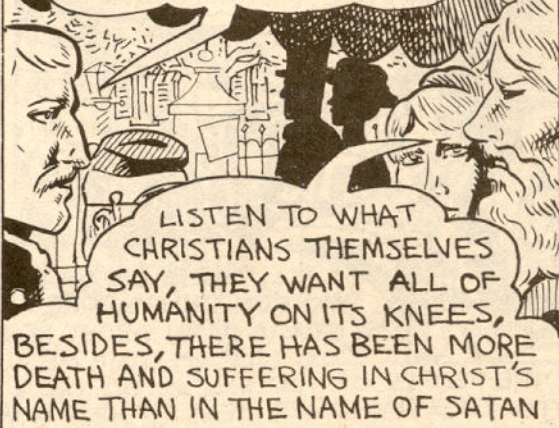
EVERY KNEE SHALL
BEND TO HIM AND
EVERY TONGUE
SHALL PRAISE
HIS NAME



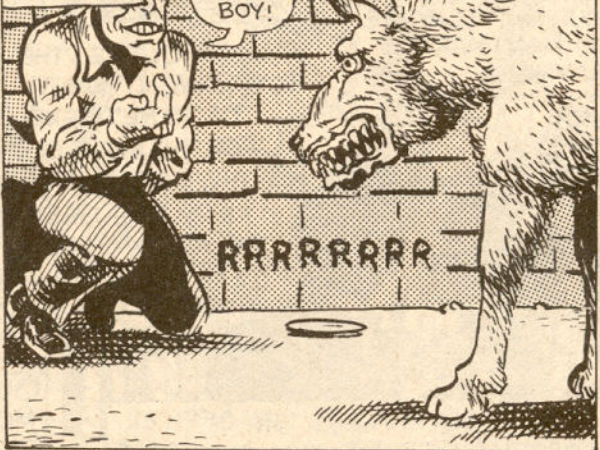
GO GROVEL
BEFORE CHRIST'S
CADAVER,
CLERIC!



BUT EVEN IF CHRIST IS A MYTH, HE
WAS A MAN OF HUMBLE ORIGINS AND
A GOD OF COMPASSION



ATTEMPTS TO BREAK THE SIEGE FAILED.
AS FOOD DWINDLED, PETS BECAME
SCARCE



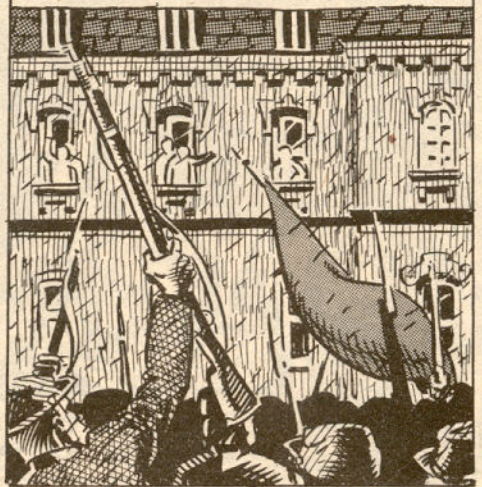
THIS WAS REFLECTED IN
THE MARKET PLACE



BUT I HAVE BEEN
COMING TO YOUR SHOP
FOR MANY YEARS



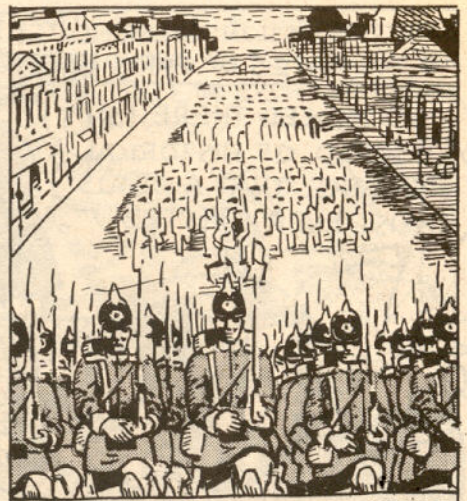
INABILITY OF THE GOVERNMENT
TO BREAK OUT TRIGGERED RIOTS
FROM WORKING CLASS BATTALIONS
OF THE PARISIAN "NATIONAL GUARD"



JACQUES AND RAYMOND WERE SENT BACK TO THE FRONT WHERE THEY WITNESSED THE NATIONAL GUARD THROWN INTO BATTLE WITH ANCIENT MUSKETS



LOOK AT
THOSE POOR DEVILS
IT'S SUICIDE TO
ATTACK THAT
POSITION



IN FEBRUARY THE GOVERNMENT
CAPITULATED. TROOPS OF THE NEWLY
FORMED GERMAN EMPIRE WERE
ALLOWED TO STRUT THROUGH PARIS

STILL THE FIGHTING WAS NOT OVER

THERE ARE RUMORS THAT
YOUR UNIT IS GOING
TO MONTMARTRE
RAYMOND

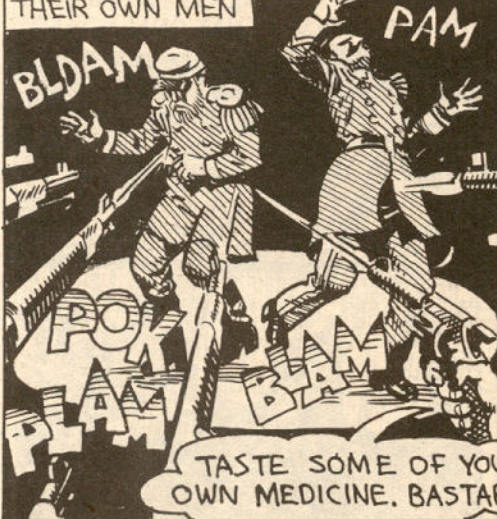
YES CLAIRE, THE
GOVERNMENT WANTS
US TO RETRIEVE
FOR THEM THE CANNON
THE CITIZENS HID
FROM THE GERMANS.
THEY NOW TURN
US UPON OUR OWN
COUNTRY MEN

WHY ARE YOU TAKING OUR
CANNONS?

ALL THESE BIG SHOTS
WHO RUN THINGS DON'T
GIVE A DAMN ABOUT PEOPLE
LIKE YOU AND ME, WHY
DO THEIR
DIRTY WORK?

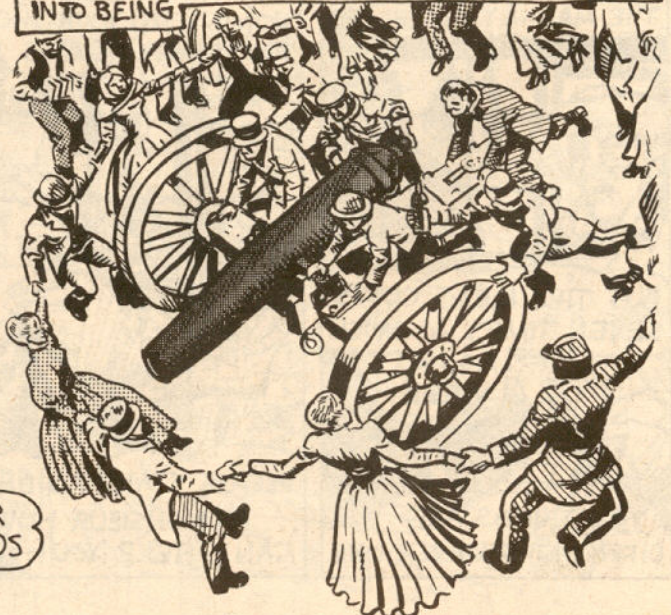
BUT THE PEOPLE OF
MONTMARTRE HAD OTHER IDEAS

RESENTMENT TOWARD THE OFFICER
CORPS SPILLED OUT. TWO GENERALS
(INCLUDING ONE WHO HAD SUPPRESSED
AN EARLIER REVOLT) WERE SHOT BY
THEIR OWN MEN

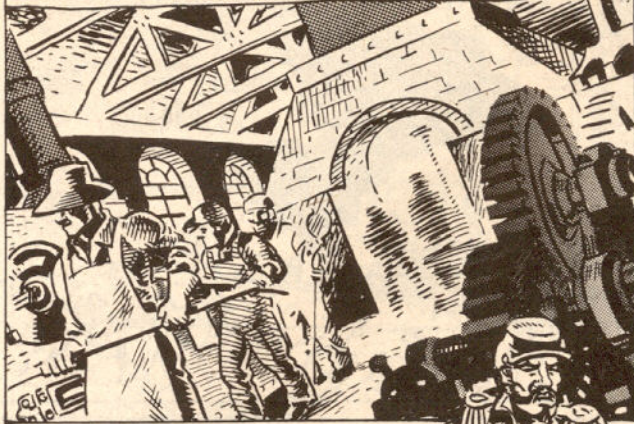


TASTE SOME OF YOUR
OWN MEDICINE. BASTARDS

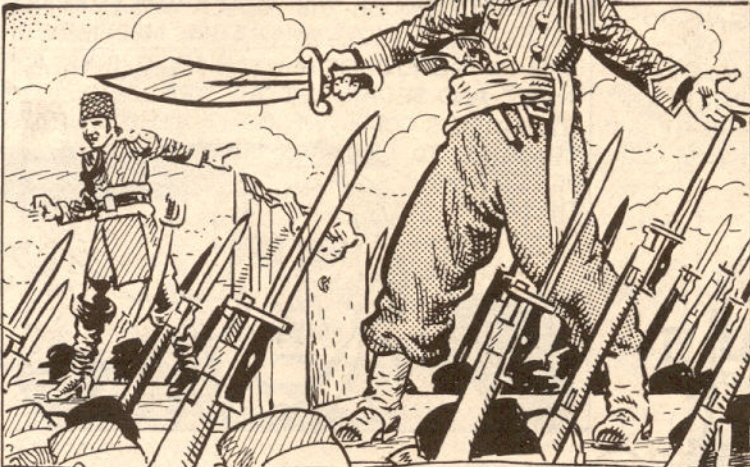
THE PARIS COMMUNE ON MARCH 19, 1871 HAD COME
INTO BEING



MANY FACTORY OWNERS LEFT PARIS BUT OPERATIONS CONTINUED UNDER FOREMEN ELECTED BY THE WORKERS THEMSELVES



AN OFFICIAL WHO WAS SENT TO TAKE OVER THE NATIONAL BANK WAS HOODWINKED BY THE CRAFTY BANKERS, THIS WAS THE COMMUNE'S FIRST MISTAKE



THE COMMUNE ALSO NEGLECTED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE GOVERNMENT'S DEMORALIZED FLIGHT TO VERSAILLES. IN APRIL THEY REALIZED THEIR ERROR AND ASSEMBLED AN ARMY, MANY OF ITS OFFICERS SPORTING OUTLANDISH UNIFORMS

THEY WENT DOWN WITH STYLE



BESIDES CLEAN STREETS AND LACK OF CRIME, OTHER CHANGES OCCURRED...

RAOUL
WHAT HAS
HAPPENED?
YOU LOOK
SO....
DIFFERENT



AS PREFECT
OF POLICE
ONE MUST
CULTIVATE
AN IMAGE
OF ORDER

WHO ARE YOU
EMPLOYED BY?

WHERE DOES
HE LIVE?

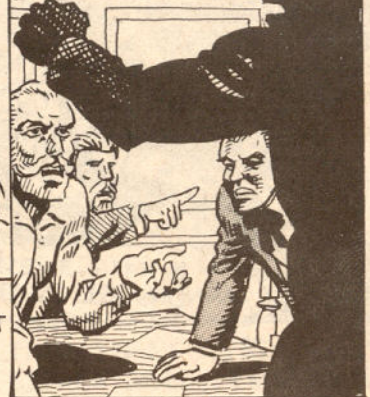
GOD!

EVERY WHERE!



TAKE THIS DOWN: EMPLOYED BY
ONE CALLED GOD, A VAGRANT
RAOUL ORDERED THE ARREST OF
PROMINENT CLERGY IN AN ATTEMPT
TO TRADE THEM FOR SOCIALIST
LEADER, AUGUSTE BLANQUI

BUT MEANWHILE, CHAOS
IN THE LEADING COUNCILS
HINDERED PREPARATIONS
FOR THE INEVITABLE
ASSAULT BY TROOPS
FROM VERSAILLES



AS FEAR OF ATTACK MOUNTED A MAN WAS BROUGHT BEFORE RAOUL.

HE WAS CAUGHT DRAWING THE EASTERN GATES

I WILL PERSONALLY VOUCH FOR THIS MAN, MONSIEUR RENOIR, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN

ANOTHER GREAT PAINTER, GUSTAVE COURBET ENCOURAGED PARISIANS TO TOPPLE A SYMBOL OF HATED MILITARISM, THE VENDOME COLUMN, IN A FINAL GESTURE OF DEFIANCE

KRATUMF

THE LAST OF THE OUTER FORTS FELL ON MAY 13



BUT EVEN THOUGH THE ATTACK WAS IMMINENT THERE WERE THOSE WHO STILL MAINTAINED... THIS IS THE END OF MILITARISM, IT DIED AT METZ AND SEDAN. LET THE TROOPS OF VERSAILLES COME, WE DON'T NEED MILITARY TRAINING TO DEFEAT THEM

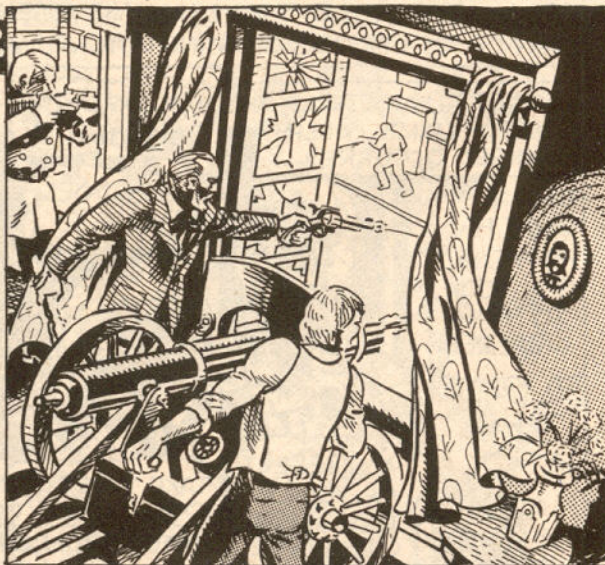


PARIS FOUGHT BACK. GROUPS LIKE "THE LOST CHILDREN" BATTLED MORE FOR THEIR OWN NEIGHBORHOODS THAN THE COMMUNE ITSELF

WHEN IT CAME, DEFENSE WAS HINDERED BY POOR ORGANIZATION. EVEN THE CANNONS ON STRATEGIC MONTMARTRE HEIGHTS HAD BEEN ALLOWED TO DETERIORATE



©*!?!? THESE CANNONS ARE USELESS!



WIDE BOULEVARDS REDESIGNED DURING THE EMPIRE ENABLED GOVERNMENT TROOPS TO OUT FLANK THE DEFENDERS

**QUICK! OVER HERE
THEY'RE COMING UP RUE
ST. GERMAIN**

TO COVER THEIR FLIGHT BUILDINGS WERE
TORCHED BY RETREATING COMMUNARDS

STILL FOR A "BLOODY WEEK" THE PEOPLE OF THE
COMMUNE HELD OUT AGAINST THE INVADERS
FROM THE PROVINCES FILLED WITH HATRED
AND CONSERVATISM

RAOUL DIED A REBEL'S
DEATH...

VIVE' LA COMMUNE

UNH!

NOT QUITE
YET MY
FRIEND

AS RAYMOND AND JACQUES
FOUGHT ON

THEY'RE ALL AROUND
US NOW. LOOKS LIKE
WE'RE CUT OFF

THE TWO MEN ESCAPED THROUGH
THE SEWERS OF PARIS

HERE WE ARE LIKE
FLEEING ANIMALS

IF YOU KILL A MAN
YOU MUST FEAR HIS
FRIENDS YET EACH DAY
WE FEARLESSLY KILL
THOUSANDS OF ANIMALS
SOMETIMES I THINK IT'S REVENGE
THAT SEPARATES MEN FROM ANIMALS

BLAM
BLAM
BOAM
POK

THEY RETURN TO PARIS TO FIND
A SCENE OF CARNAGE



YOU ARE
LOOKING FOR
CLAIRE LAPORTE



SHE WAS FIGHTING IN THE WOMEN'S
DETACHMENT OF LOUISE MICHELE



AFTER THEY WERE CAPTURED SHE WAS TAKEN OUT
ALONG WITH THE OTHERS AND SHOT. I BELIEVE IT
WAS A CAPTAIN LA FLEUR, JUST RELEASED BY THE
GERMANS WHO GAVE THE ORDER...

BTAM BLAMM



HOW COULD THEY DO THIS THING?
SURELY THE WORLD WILL CONDEMN
THIS ATROCITY JUST AS IT DID THE
TERROR OF 1792 *



NO MY FRIEND
HISTORY IS WRITTEN
BY THE FRIENDS OF THE WEALTHY
IT DOES NOT CONCERN ITSELF
WITH ATROCITIES AGAINST THE POOR

TIME PASSES; JACQUES HAS
NOT SEEN RAYMOND FOR
YEARS

THAT GENERAL
LA FLEUR IS JUST BACK
FROM AFRICA. HE CERTAINLY
CUTS A SPLENDID FIGURE



I WAS AQUAINTED
WITH HIM SOME TIME AGO

THEN...



THE ASSASSIN IS QUICKLY
GUNNED DOWN. TRUE TO THE
ANARCHIST CODE HE HAS
REFUSED TO TURN HIS GUN
ON COMMON SOLDIERS



IT'S RAYMOND!! WHAT
HAS BROUGHT YOU TO THIS
FATE. I MAY NEVER KNOW BUT
SLEEP WELL, MY FRIEND

* IN THE TERROR THAT FOLLOWED THE PARIS COMMUNE OVER FIFTEEN TIMES AS MANY
MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN WERE KILLED AS WERE DURING THE BETTER KNOWN FRENCH REVOLUTION

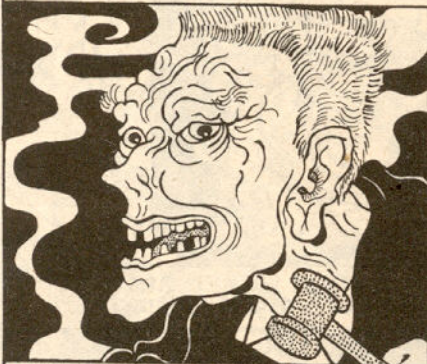
PUBLIC ENEMY



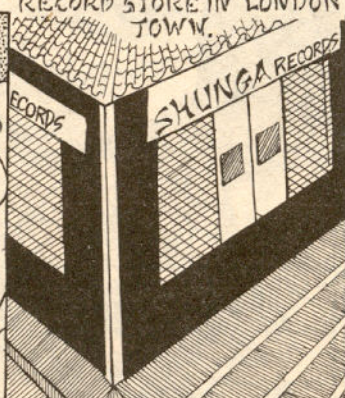
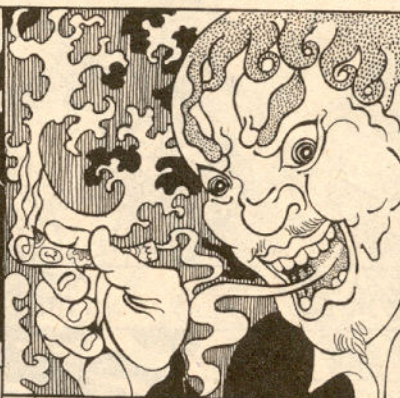
THERE WAS A LITTLE JUDGE

WHO HAD A LITTLE SON

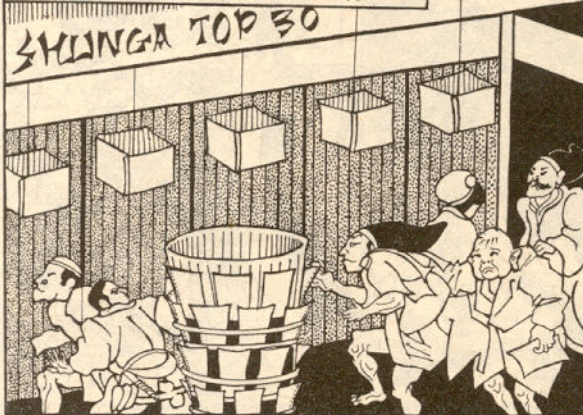
WHO OPENED UP A
RECORD STORE IN LONDON
TOWN.



HE CARRIED COMIC BOOKS ON
A LITTLE WOODEN RACK



SHUNGA TOP 30



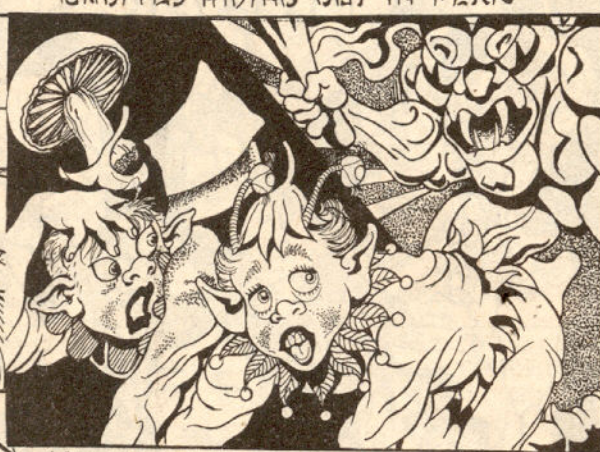
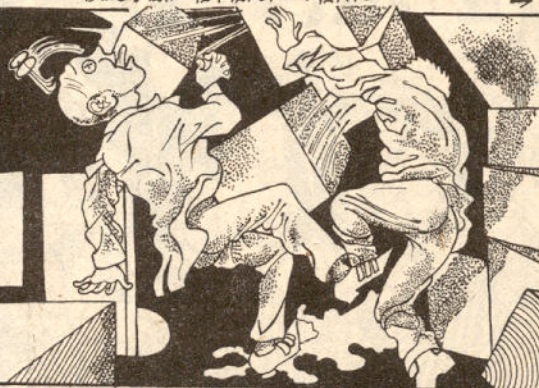
AND THE VICE
SQUAD POOT
THE COM-
PANY WHO
TOOK A
PROFIT
BACK



NO!
I'LL CARRY
THEM!

THE LITTLE COMIC COMPANY GOT
BUSTED EVERY YEAR

THE OWNERS LIVED LIKE GARDEN
GNOMES HIDING OUT IN FEAR



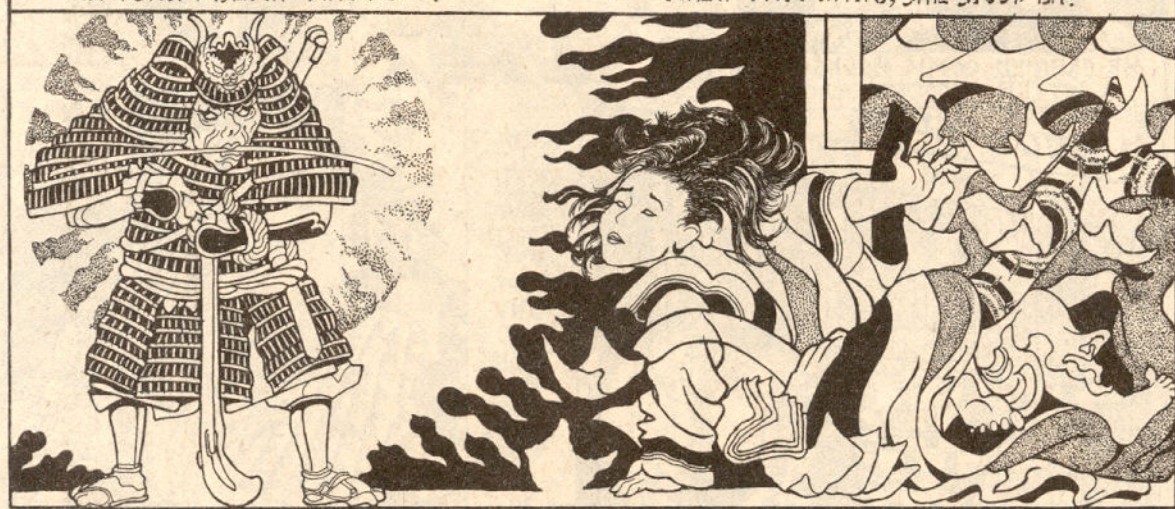
THEIR LADY AUTHOR CAME TO COURT
THE JUDGE FOUND HER OBSCENE

HE READ HER COMIC FRONT TO BACK
BEHIND A COURTLY SCREEN



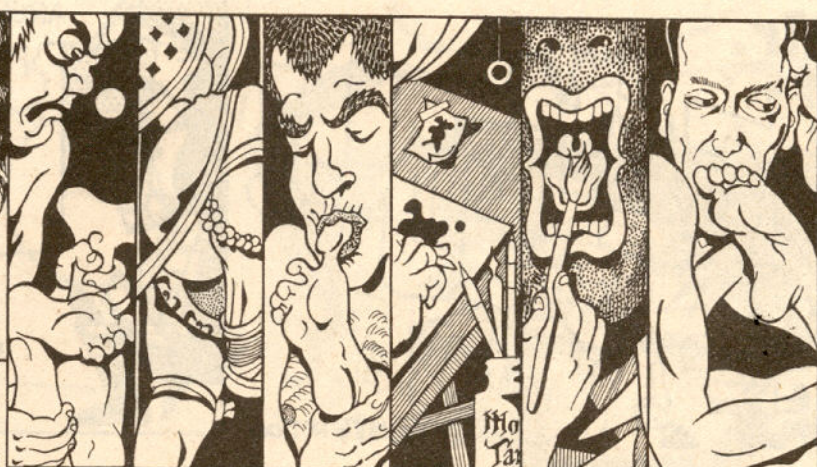
WHAT HAVE YOU NOW TO SAY MY DEAR,
BEFORE I BURN THE LOT?

THE LADY AUTHOR LOOKED AROUND,
THEN TWITCHING, SHE STOOD UP!





DEFINE THE WORD 'OBSCENITY,'
YOUR HONOR, FOR THE COURT.
PRINTED MATTER MEANT TO
TURN OUR MORALS INTO SPORT.

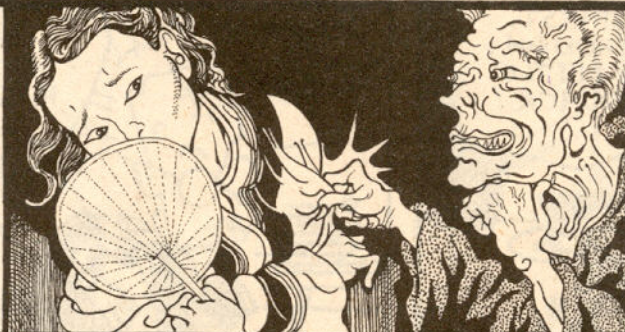


IT TOOK TEN YEARS TO LIVE MY BOOK. BASED IT ON MY STRIFE.
RAPE VICTIM, DANGER, ONE-NIGHT STAND, CARTOONIST, PAINTER,
WIFE.



IF MY LIFE SEEMS OBSCENE TO YOU, IT WASN'T MEANT TO BE. I SIMPLY DREW FROM
WHAT I KNEW- THE MEN AND WOMEN NEAR TO ME. A TYPICAL ASSORTMENT-
RARE AND DEVIANT BEASTS WHO HANG AROUND THE CLUBS AND BARS
TRADING INSULTS, PAIN AND YEASTS

IF TRUTH IS
PORNOGRAPHIC
WHEN DEPICTED
IN THE ARTS
DON'T BLAME
THE ARTIST-
BLAME HER
WORLD...
SHE'S JUST
OBSERVING
FACTS



THANK YOU
FOR YOUR
TESTIMONY.
I'VE LISTEN'D
CAREFULLY.
I SHALL
READ YOUR
BOOK
AGAIN
BEFORE I
JUDGE YOUR
PLEA.

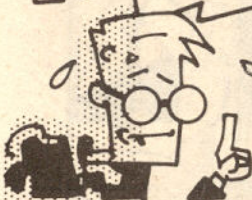
HER BOOK
WAS TAKEN
OFF THE RACKS
ALL COPIES
BURNED TO
GRIT. IN JUDGE-
IE'S SON'S BIG
RECORD SHOP
THE MEN'S
SEX BOOKS
STILL SIT....

NAMES + FACES CHANGED TO
AVOID WRATHFUL CONTENTION

LOOK OUT! HERE COMES

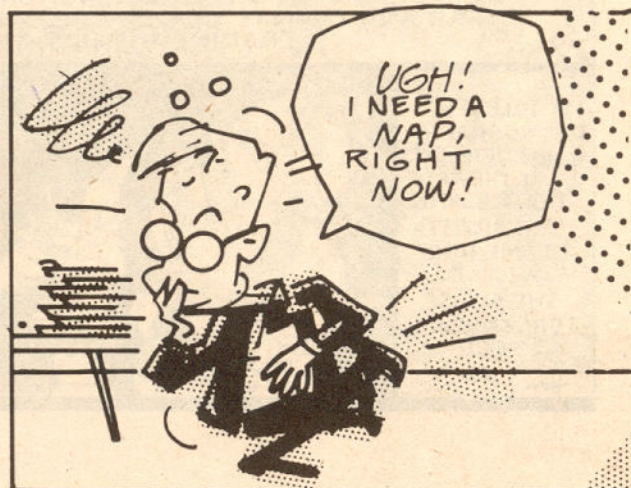
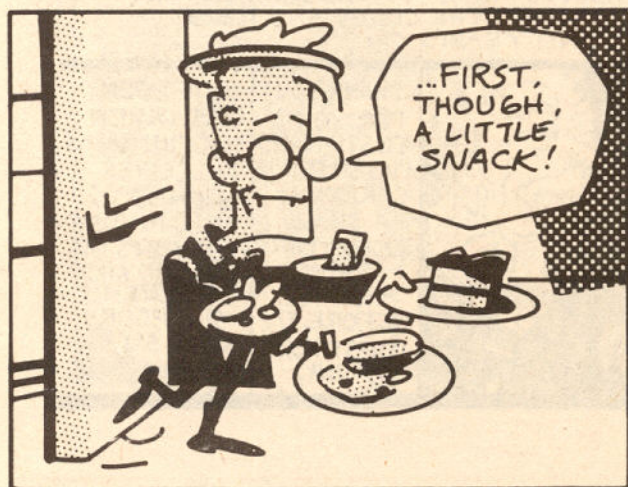
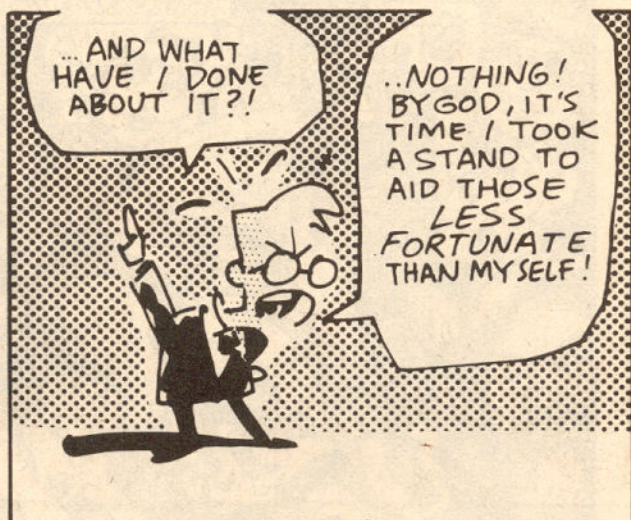
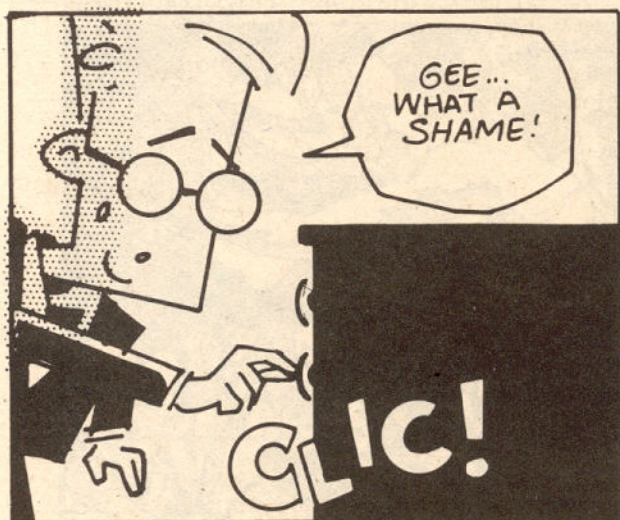
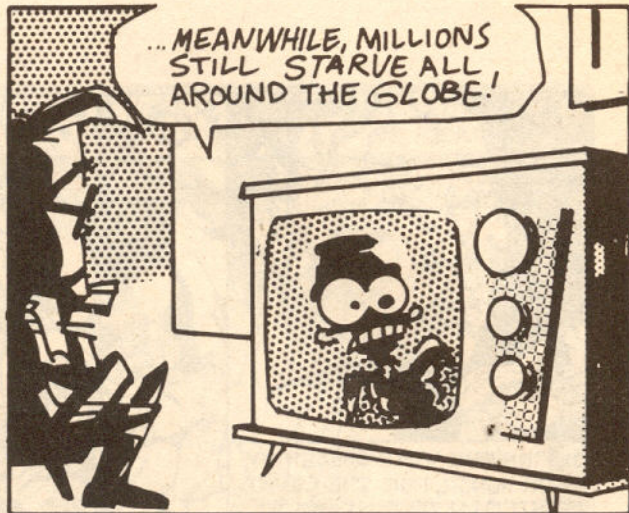
Mr.

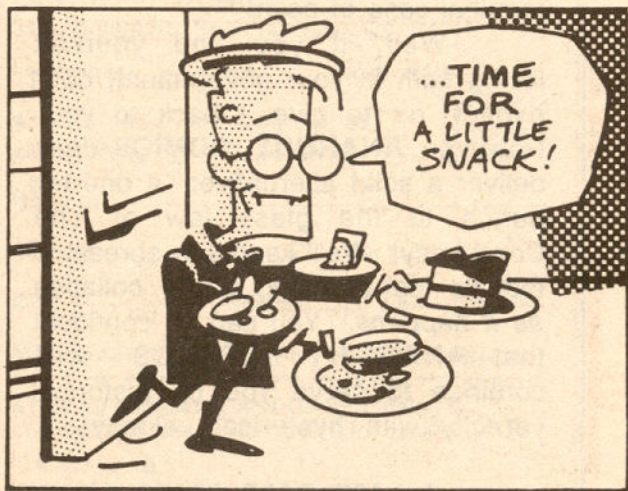
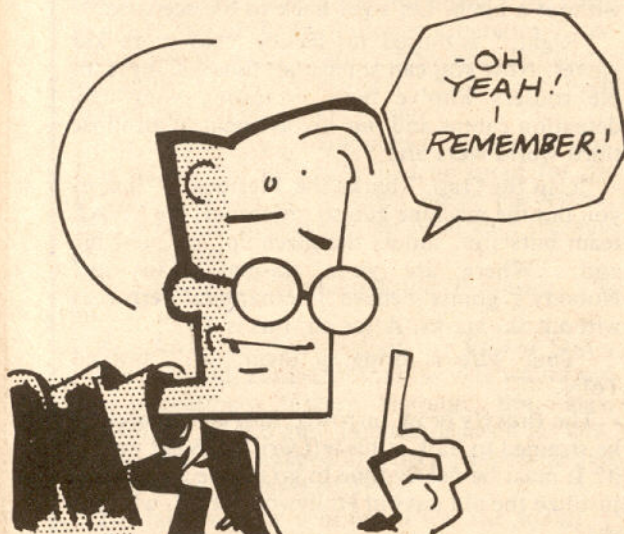
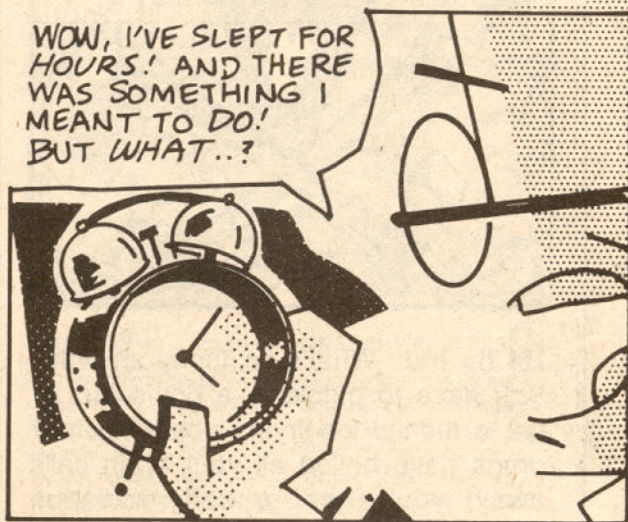
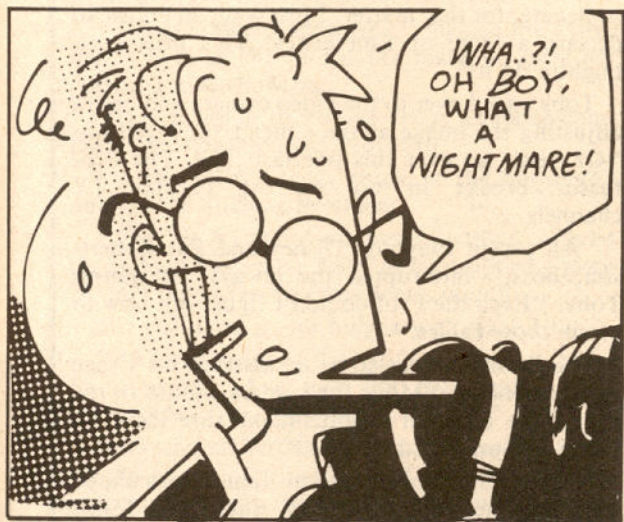
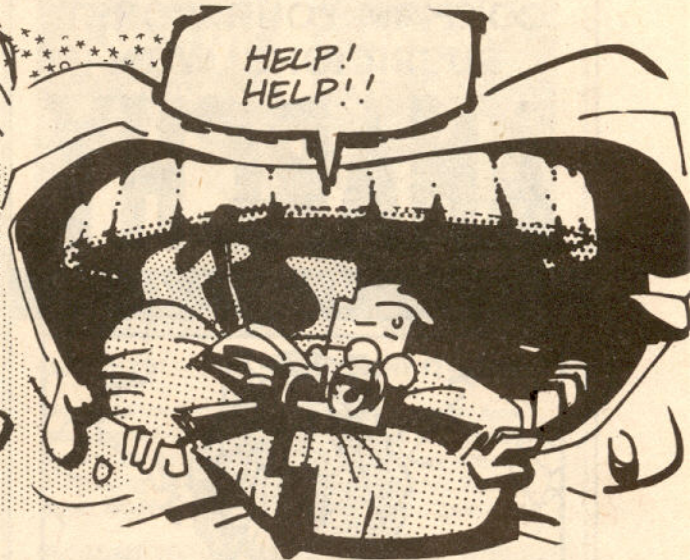
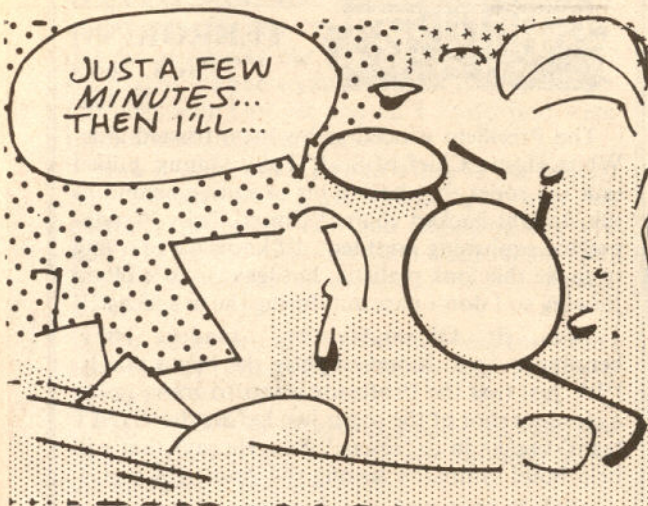
HEARFUL!



HI!...

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CONFIRM YOUR WORST
SUSPICIONS WITH

ANARCHY

C O M I C S



Ha ha ha! What's so funny anyway? You have to piddle in a bottle just to get a menial job frying potatoes; bad drugs have boiled all your brain cells away; you've got a body radiation count higher than chicken Kiev and wars are breaking out faster than a terminal case of acne!

Well, if you find yourself losing faith in your government, don't expect *us* to give it back to you! However, **ANARCHY COMICS** does deliver a solid alternative: a one-two punch to the glass jaw of The Conspiracy! We'll keep you abreast of today's fast-breaking social collapse *as it happens*. You can be confident that **ANARCHY COMICS** will continue to serve you up historical veracity with hysterical velocity!

A LAST GASP COMIC



EXECUTIVE TERRORISM

by S. Zorca

© 1987

The President winced as his most trusted aide, White House Chief of Staff Toby Manus, pulled taut the ropes that bound his executive behind to the straight-backed chair. "Christ, Toby," snapped the squirming president, "I know we're trying to make this look realistic, but leave a little blood flowing so I don't pass out during the broadcast!"

"Yes, sir. Of course, sir," toadied Toby, bending over to loosen slightly the hemp bonds. "It's just that the Professor wants to zoom in for a close-up shot of the ropes just before the 'SWAT team' breaks in to 'rescue' you. He says that will help build sympathy among the voters for you."

"Bah," sputtered the President, "sympathy, schympathy! If this goes right, there won't be any more voters. There won't be any more Congress or Senate, for that matter. I just want an excuse to declare a State of Emergency. This little trick oughtta do it!"

Toby edged over to the video camera and began adjusting the image as the Chief Exec raged on, "OK, let's go over this one last time. The Professor breaks in on all the regular TV channels. . ."

"All except Playboy, Disney and Pat Robertson, boss," interrupted the always obsequious Toby. "Even the Prof couldn't figure out how to pirate *those* cables."

The President snarled as he assessed his visage in the monitor. "Move the camera a little to the right," he ordered. "Gotta make sure the Professor captures my best side."

His mouth contorted into his famous calculated smile and he went on, "Tits, ducks and Jesus. Who gives a shit? At least my 'kidnapping' went without a hitch. Let's get back to the scenario."

"Right," enthused his lackey. "No more kid gloves. Now you can squash all those slimy rabble rousers who've been protesting your new detention camps and our involvement in all those third world wars and . . ."

"Can the crap," barks the President. "Just as you put the machine gun to my throat, the SWAT team bursts in, shoots the place up, 'rescues' me and. . .Where are your ski-masks anyway? Nobody's gonna believe international terrorists without ski-masks. After all, this is TV!"

"Your wife is bringing them, sir," fawned Toby.

The Prexy's brow furrowed into an evil arch as he strained to look at his left wrist, "What time is it? It must be nearly time to go on the air. This is just like the old days in Hollywood. Hell, where is she?"

On cue, the First Lady waltzed through the

door. Her glossy black hair was swept up into a mushroom cascade and her shiny skin-tight pants caught the klieg light's glare. Pulling a couple of day-glo ski-masks out of her voluminous purse, she purred, "I know you said black masks, but the fall lines aren't in yet and all I could find were these horrid little numbers."

Now it was Toby's turn to wince as she handed him his hot pink mask. Yanking it over his perfectly groomed hair and adjusting the eye holes, he turned to see the First Lady facing him, holding her Ingram in a classic "Tanya" Hearst pose.

"Fucking morons," fumed the President. "Surrounded by imbeciles. Where's the Professor anyway?"

"He's checking all the computer and satellite connections one last time before we break in on the airwaves," placated Toby.

"Never fear, sanity is here," boomed the Professor as he barreled into the room, his starched white lab coat flapping about his knees.

"Ten seconds to showtime," giggled the President's wife as she pulled her mask on over her curls. "I love show biz."

"This is going to be one classy terrorist communicate," beamed the Professor.

"Is the SWAT team ready in the hallway?" queried the anxious President.

"The 'SWAT team' was never invited," offered the suddenly assertive Toby as he strapped a piece of duct tape over the President's mouth.

The politician's eyes bulged with fearful fury.

"Perfect," grinned the Professor. So righteous. So indignant. And he's not even acting. OK, everybody—five, four, three, two. . ."

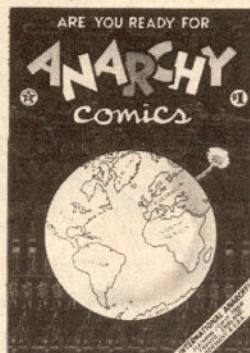
Instantly, all across America, TV screens flashed the image of three masked terrorists holding machine pistols to the missing President's head. A digitally distorted voice-over, that of the Professor, could be heard. "Mr. President," the voice intoned, "we of the Evolutionist Liberation Front accuse you of unforgivable crimes against nature, humanity and your country. You have been judged and found guilty. In short. . ."

The President waxed apoplectic under his gag. This wasn't the speech he had prepared for the Professor! When he squealed inside his fetters, Toby whacked him upside his head with the butt of his weapon.

". . .the gig," continued the Professor, "is up."

Panicked, the President of the United States twisted around, confidant that his wife would end this increasingly bizarre charade. But, alas, beyond the second gun, pointed dead on his temple, he saw her engaged in a deep passionate kiss with the day-glo masked Toby.

The last thing he ever heard was the sound of both guns as they were cocked.



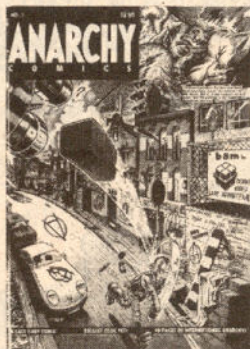
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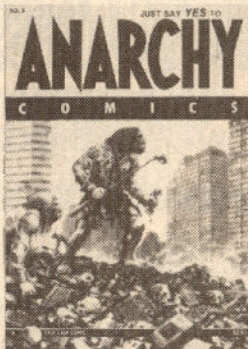
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years of age."

Signature _____

IF YOU LIKE WINNERS AND YOU
THINK BIG IS BETTER-YOU'LL
LOVE THESE GUYS-FOR AFTER
SEVERAL FALSE STARTS
NATURE FINALLY CREATED
A REALLY HIGH CLASS
ANIMAL! THE...



KORPORATE REX!

IT COULD EAT ANYTHING SMALLER THAN
IT WAS (AND EVERYTHING WAS)

THEY PROSPERED!

DO YOU
EVER WONDER
ABOUT THE
MORALITY?
THE LEGALITY
OF IT ALL?

ARE YOU NUTS?
HEY, MISTER
WE MAKE
THE LAWS!

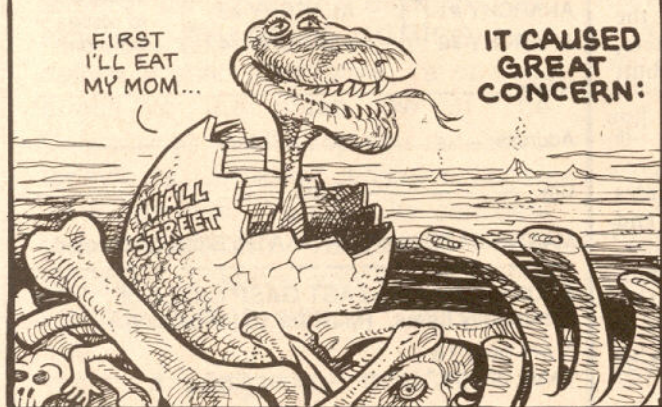
DARN!
RIGHT!
GREED IS
THE FIRST
LAW OF THE
UNIVERSE.



BUT THEN ONE DAY AN ABERRATION
HATCHED FROM A MUTANT EGG - THE
FIERCE ARBITRAGEDON-BOSKII!

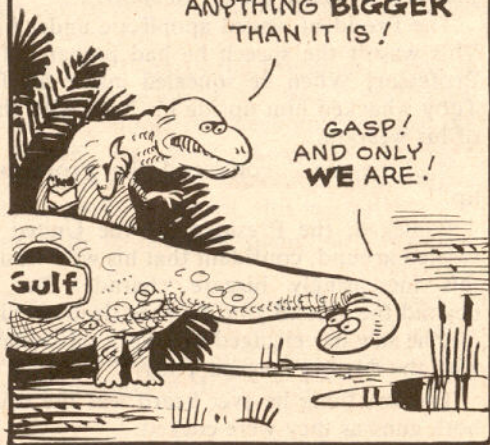
FIRST
I'LL EAT
MY MOM...

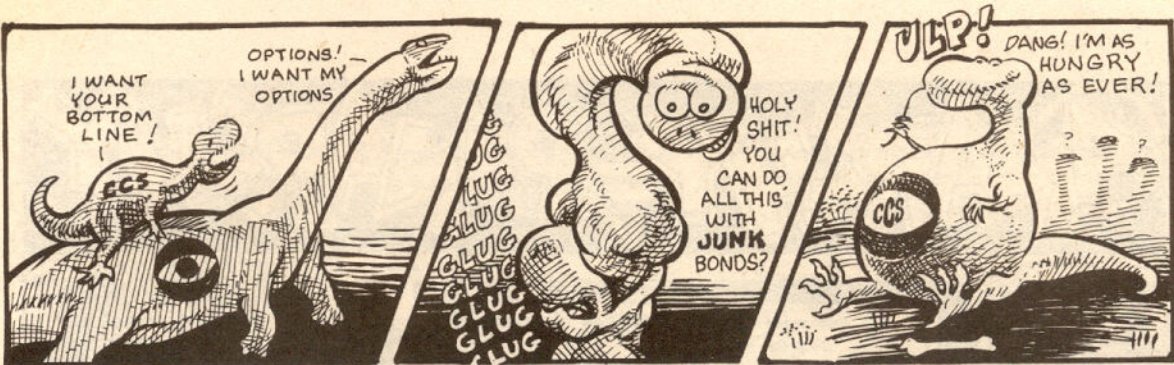
IT CAUSED
GREAT
CONCERN:



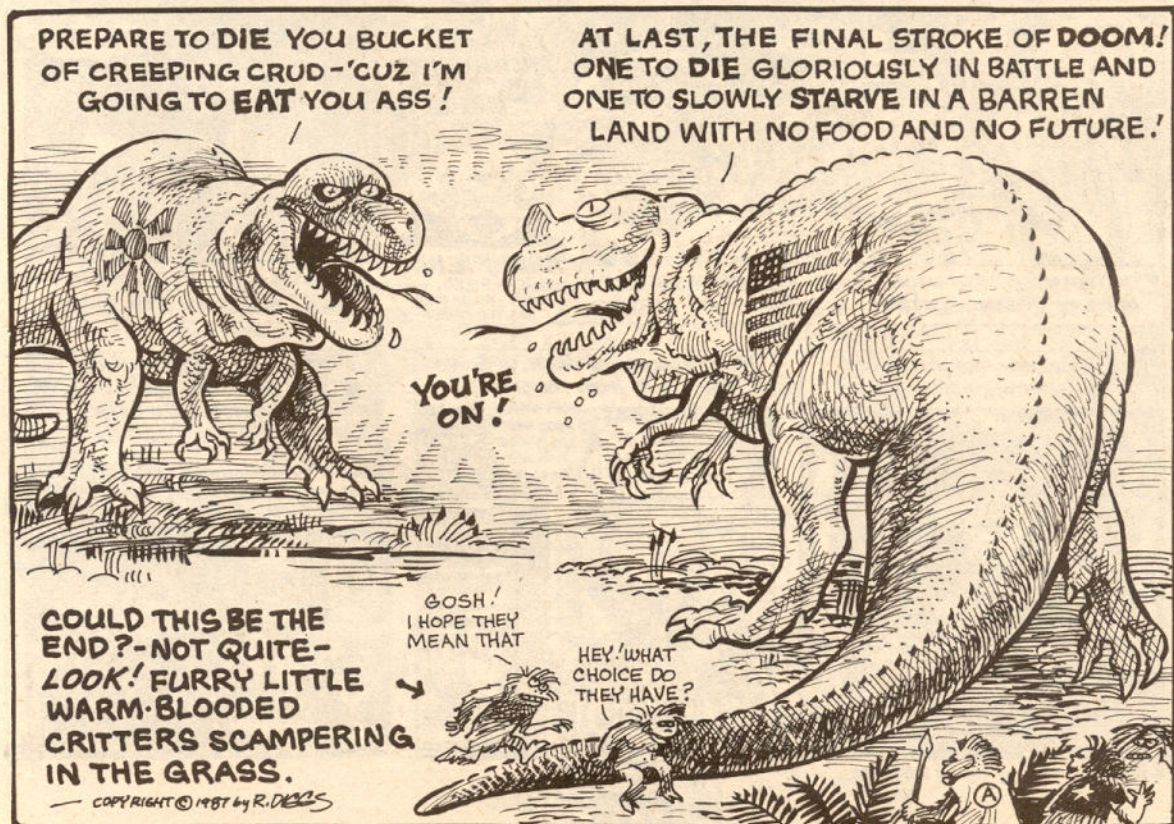
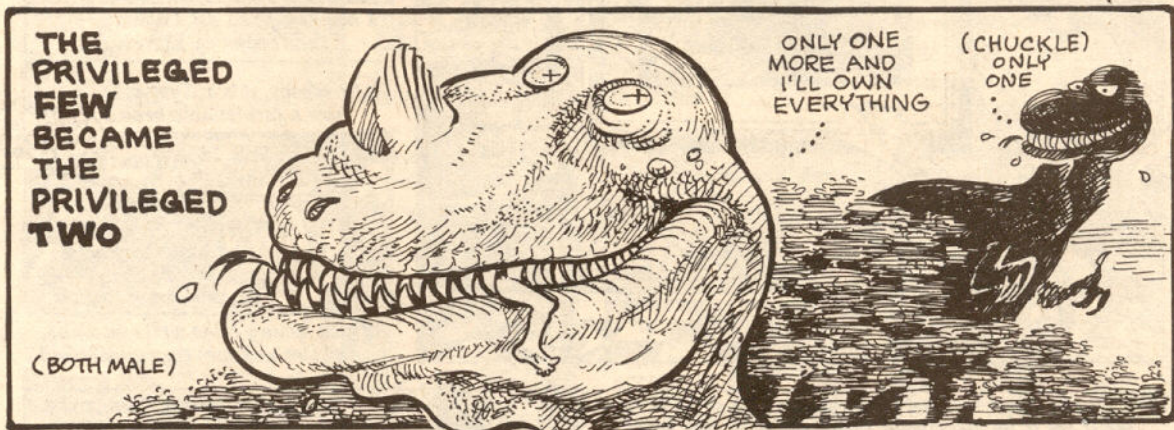
IT'S OUR MONOPOLISTIC
GENE GONE MAD! IT
CAN GOBBLE UP
ANYTHING BIGGER
THAN IT IS!

GASP!
AND ONLY
WE ARE!





THE ARBITRAGE DON WAS AN ESPECIALLY VICIOUS LIFE-FORM AND SOON DEVASTATED THE STABLE CORPORATE WORLD -UNTIL THE LOGIC OF TOTAL CONSUMPTION REACHED ITS ULTIMATE CONCLUSION:

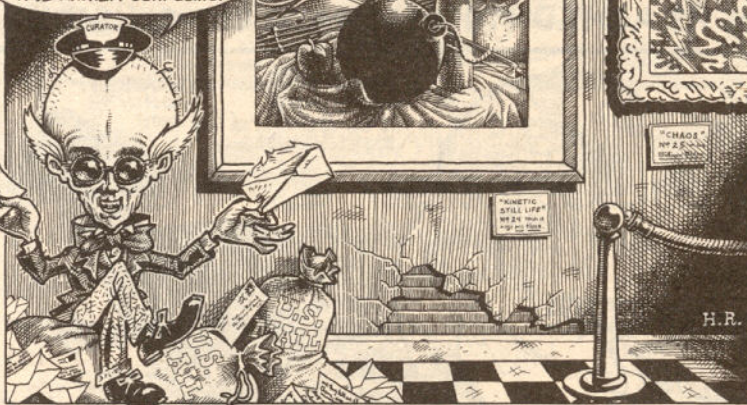


ANARCHY-PANARCHY *

*ACCORDING TO
THE OLD
ANARCHIST
PROFESSOR

I get a lot of mail from you out there who ask of me, "Professor, will you set me straight? - just what is 'Anarchy?'"

(~CHUCKLE!)
IT IS RATHER CONFUSING!



To some, it stands for **CHAOS**,
ancient, formless, primal blight



They say filled all Infinity --
the Realm of Elder Night.

To others, it's a Symbol,
now a fashionable brand



Which young folks write on walls,
and (let us hope) they understand.

It's many things to many folks, so let's look at the word;
We'll see if we can clarify what rumors we have heard.



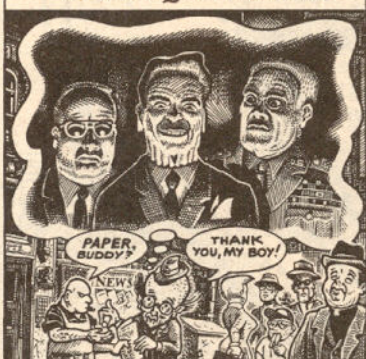
In "Anarchy," an means without; arch means authority,
as in archbishop, archelon, arch-fiend-- and Anarchy.

The Anarchists believe, then, to be
"governed" is a sin;



Rule from above they do not love--
"rule" must come from within.

No bureaucrats, no plutocrats,
no warring nation-state!



No armaments of death, to cleave
the lowly from the great!



No taxes, jails, or prison camps,
no spies or spooks can be
In that brave world where flies
the ebon flag of Anarchy!



These fat cats, now, these plutocrats --
I hear them yowl and whine.

"Such fairy tales ring up no sales!"

"There is no world but mine!"



NO COPS?
NO JAILS?
HUMPH!
FAIRY-
TALES!!

It's their Ideal which is unreal!
--for, surely, it must be:
The march of human progress
is a march toward Anarchy!



When Government shall wither, and
all boundary lines abate,
As every person takes on all the functions
of the state.



HELEN, THIS
IS THE FEDERAL
REPUBLIC OF
WILBUR
ENTWISTLE-
HELEN, WILBUR,
WILBUR, HELEN.

I'M CHARMED-
AND LET ME
INTRODUCE
YOU TO THE
GRAND
PRINCIPALITY
OF PEGGY
THROCKMAN.
HELEN AND
BUD, PEGGY!

ANY FRIEND OF
THE SOCIALIST
WORKER STATE
OF BUD PETERS
IS A FRIEND OF
MINE, I'M SURE!

Yes, each and every person
in this wonder-world I see
Becomes a sovereign nation!
The result is PAN-ARCHY!

I'm my own tax collector--
I decide what money's
spent!



GRRR!
MY TAX
DOLLARS
WON'T GO
TO SUPPORT
T-TERRORISTS!
(NANT)(VOLUNTARIES)

FOXTROT ZULU
TANGO, THIS IS
GREEN TEAM--
YOU CAN CLOSE THE
SURVEILLANCE--
GO AHEAD AND MAKE
THE ARREST!!

I WANT
YOU PIPPLE
SHOULD BUST
THAT DEADBEAT
GOOD-- TEN
MONTHS. HE'S
NO PAY THE RENT!

10-4.

I'm my own boss,
my landlord-- yes!
I pay myself the "rent!"

I am my own police force,
uncorrupt, without a flaw!

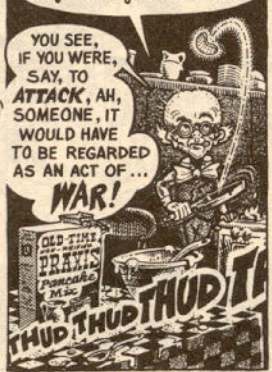


"L'ÉTAT,
C'EST MOI!"
(SNARL)

My President, my Parliament,
my judge and court of law!

The only "border" I
respect is someone else's
skin,

And my frontier is also dear,
defended from within.



YOU SEE,
IF YOU WERE,
SAY, TO
ATTACK, AH,
SOMEONE, IT
WOULD HAVE
TO BE REGARDED
AS AN ACT OF ...

WAR!

OLD TIME
FRANK
PONDOR
THUD THUD THUD THUD

For, as a wise man said
once, and I tell my foes
(and friends),

"Your right to swing a
frying-pan
ends where my nose begins."



-AND IF, AH,
HYPOTHETICALLY,
SOMEONE
"DECLARES WAR"
ON YOU, THEN
YOU, YOU, AH...

-?!!??
SOMEONE
AT THE DOOR?

BAM BAM

Of course, it may take time for these
enlightened views to spread,



"BYRON HARRIS BRAINARD?"

I'M
D.E.A.!!

F.B.I.

I.R.S.!

SPECIAL
AGENT,
JUSTICE
DEPT.!!

SWAT
TEAM--
FREEZE,
TURKEY!

...YOU,
YOU...
ERK!
(GRONK!)

And therefore we must gird our loins
for that which lies ahead.

The struggle must be carried on.
And let all those take care



--AAH, YOU GO
AFTER 'EM WITH
THE FRYING PAN!!

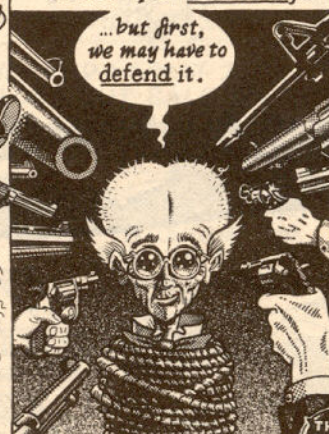
HYURRGH!!

TASTE
FRYING PAN,
STATISTS!!

KLONK

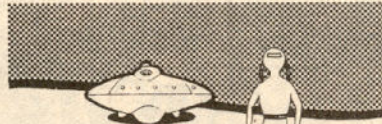
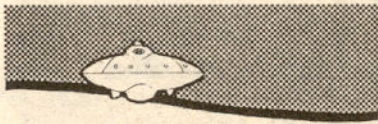
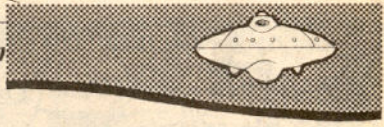
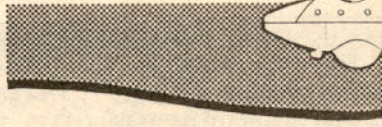
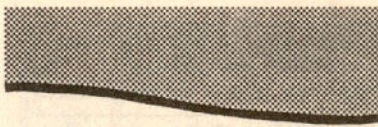
Who would abridge my freedom.
-- Despots, tyrants--all beware!

So now we see that Anarchy,
however we extend it,
Must equal Pan-archy...



...but first,
we may have to
defend it.

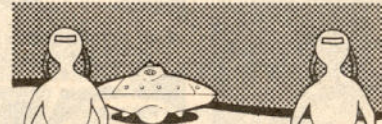
THE
END



The Federation of Planets
extends greetings to Planet
Earth and its people.



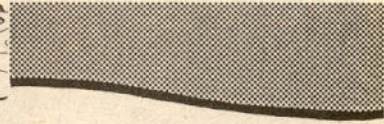
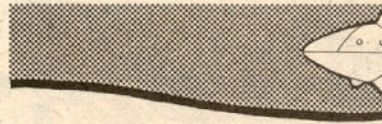
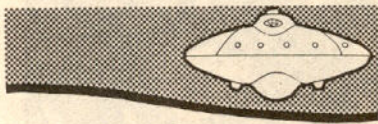
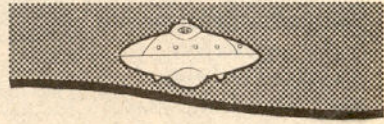
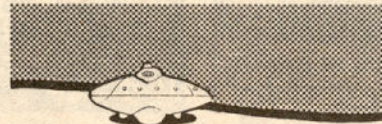
We offer you access to
the technology of a
thousand worlds.



The civilization of this plan-
et is still too primitive to
use this knowledge wisely.



Please return at a
later date.



Cover-up Lowdown!

Jammed Again!

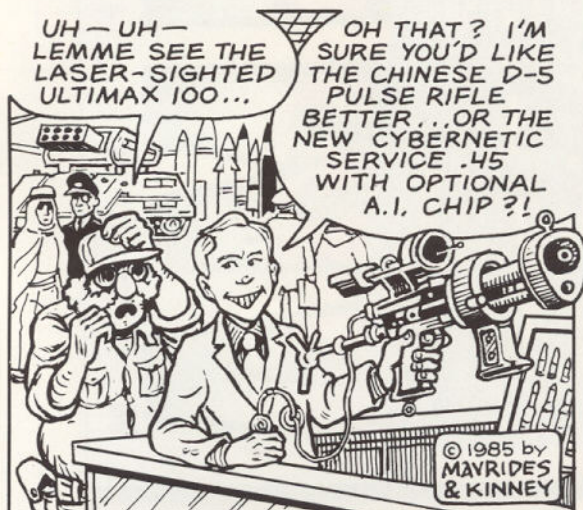
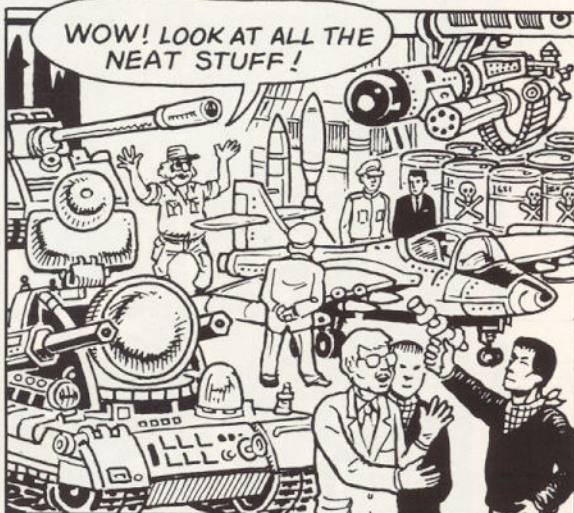
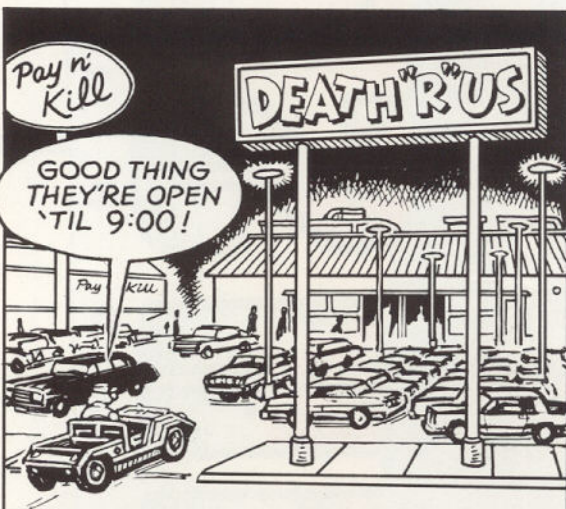
THESE M-16'S ARE WORTHLESS!
FERNANDO! RUN DOWN TO THE
ARMS MART AND PICK UP SOME
NEW AUTOMATICS!

AW...
COLONEL!
DO I HAVE TO?

CLIC
CLIC

WOULD
FRENCH GIATS
DO?

NO, NO! TRY
PAKISTANI 63A3'S
OR MAYBE
ISRAELI 5.56's.



G R E E T I N G S F R O M

HIROSHIMA

JAPAN



U.S. Air Force

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