

Sir Real's

**UNDERGROUND
COMIX CLASSIX**

Anarchy Comics #4

Published 1987

(1st edition)

Last Gasp

\$2.50

44 pages

Printrun 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

1 **THE CONSPIRACY DISTRICT COURT**
2 **STAR-CHAMBER: NORTHERN DISTRICT OF ECO-TOPIA**

3 **THE CONSPIRACY,**
4 **Plaintiff,**

5 **v.**

6 **THE ANARCHY COMICS COLLECTIVE,**
7 **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

8 **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.

13 **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.

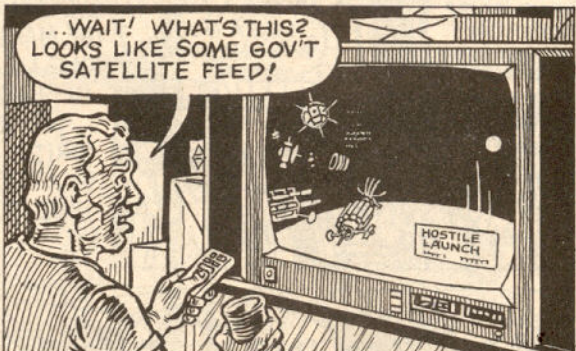
8. **BYRON WERNER**, defendant herein, did make a snide, uncalled for comment on our ability to handle the advanced technology that our new allies from Regulus 8 will trade us, in return for our help in the Third Arm Galactic Conflict with the evil Andromedan Socialist Empire.

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.

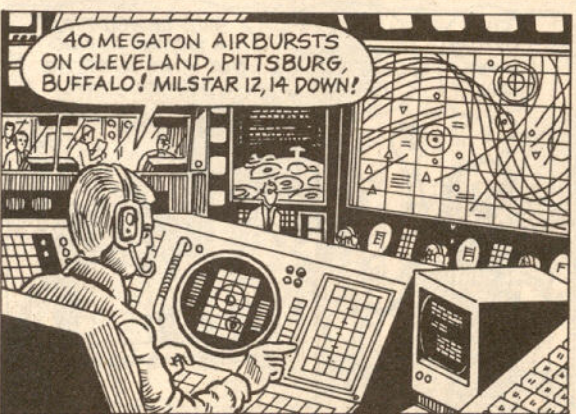
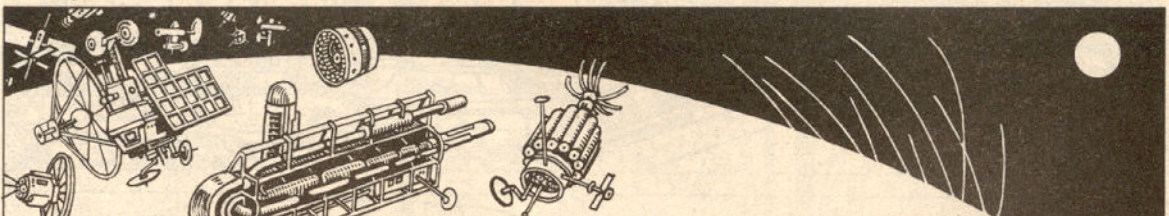
Winston P. Smith

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 OUTTHERE!



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

SHEESH! THIS STUFF COULDN'T KNOCK DOWN A FLY!

— AH, WHO CARES, ANYWAY? HAVE A GOOD WEEKEND, DRITZ!

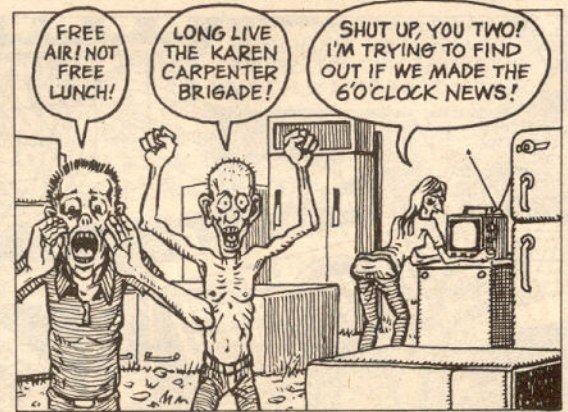
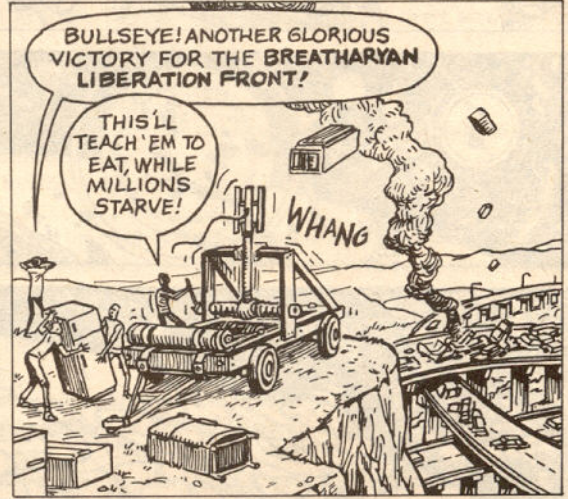
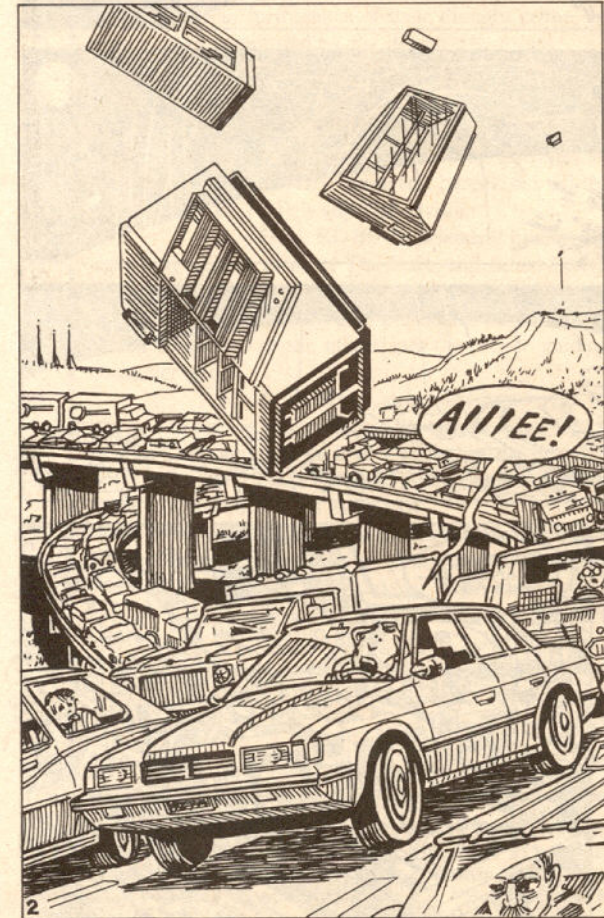
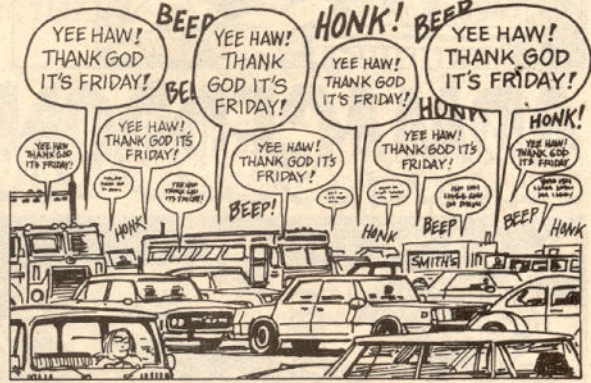
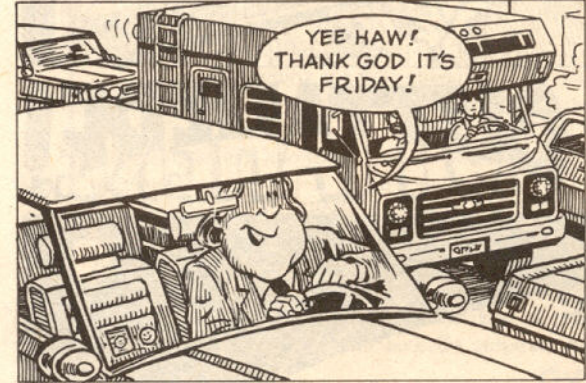


DRITZ BODKIN HAS A GOOD JOB TESTING THE SPACE CASE DEFENSE SYSTEM DOWN AT THE MARTIN LUTHER KING U.S. MISSILE RESEARCH LAB.

DRITZ LIVES NEXT DOOR TO BUD TUTTLE

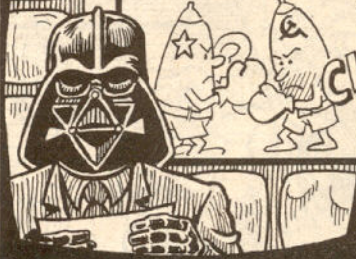
...

YOU'D THINK IT WOULD WORK AT LEAST ONCE IN AWHILE! WE MIGHT AS WELL USE SQUIRTGUNS!



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!!



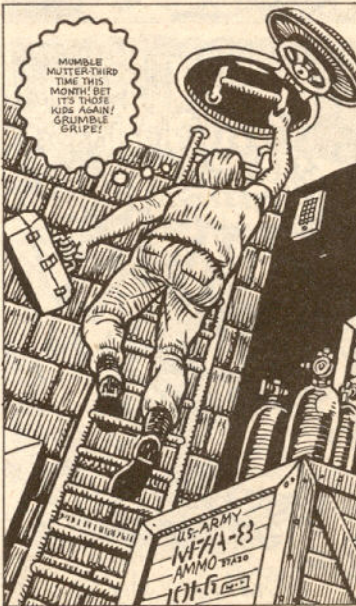
WELL, ELAINE, AIR-BREATHING TERRORISTS SET OFF A RUSH-HOUR RIOT TONIGHT ON THE EAST FREEWAY WHEN THEY LAUNCHED A FLOCK OF REFR! ~~~~~



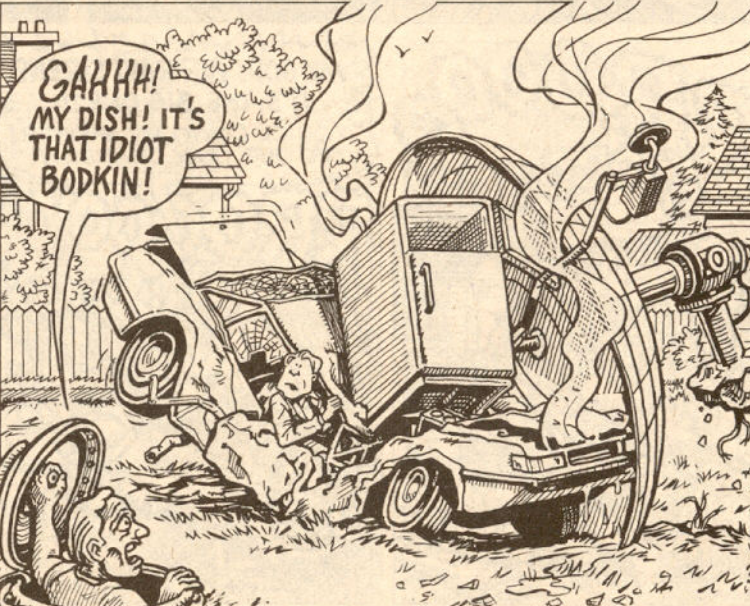
0*G#2!!!! WHAT THE HELL? MY TV!!



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



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





**YOU MORON!
LOOK AT THIS
MESS!!**

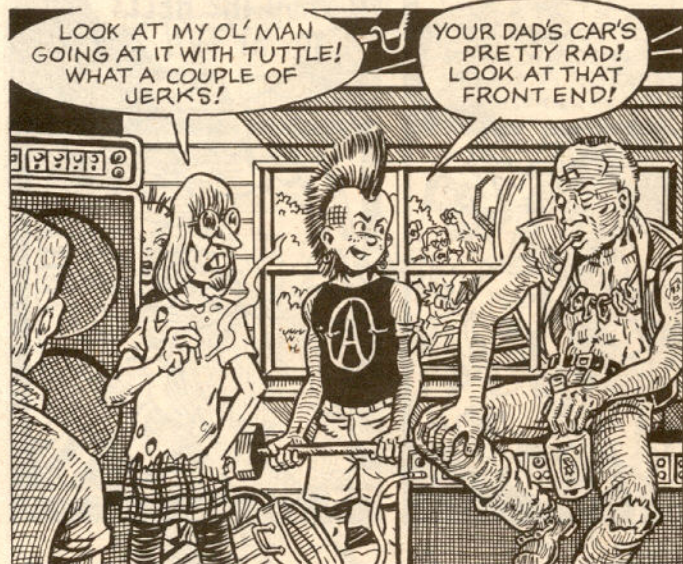
IT'S THIS
FRIDGE ON MY
HOOD! I
COULDN'T FIND
THE DRIVEWAY!



THOSE DAMN
ANTI-FOOD NUTS
BOMBED THE
FREEWAY
WITH THEM!

I DON'T CARE IF IT WAS
THE--THE MEN IN THE MOON.
YOU'RE GONNA COUGH
UP A NEW SATELLITE
DISH OR I SWEAR I'LL
STRANGLE YOU!

HEY!
GET A
LOAD OF
THIS



LOOK AT MY OL' MAN
GOING AT IT WITH TUTTLE!
WHAT A COUPLE OF
JERKS!

YOUR DAD'S CAR'S
PRETTY RAD!
LOOK AT THAT
FRONT END!



C'MON, BODKIN!
LET'S PLAY ALREADY!
WE'LL NEVER MAKE
MTV AT THIS RATE!

OK...OK!
"FREE FIRE
ZONE"
--
FROM THE
TOP!
1-2-3

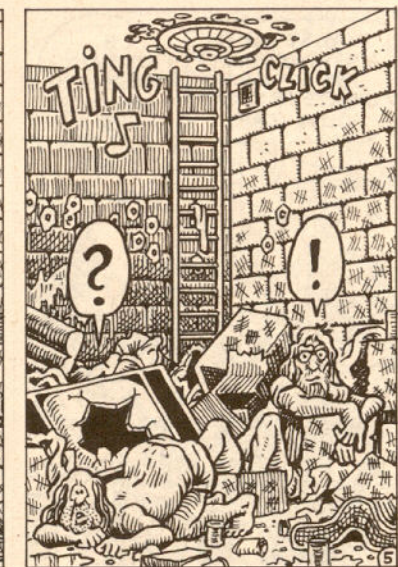
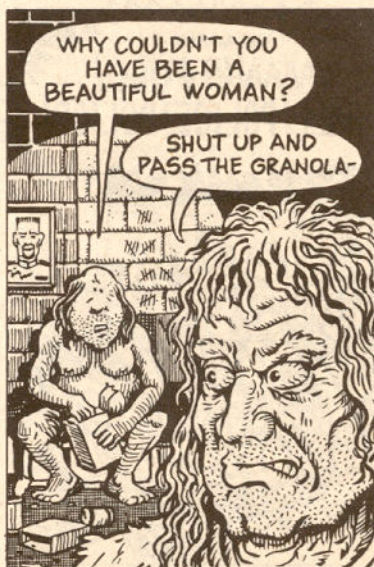
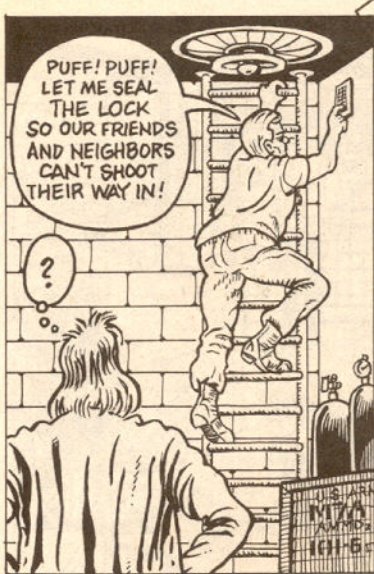


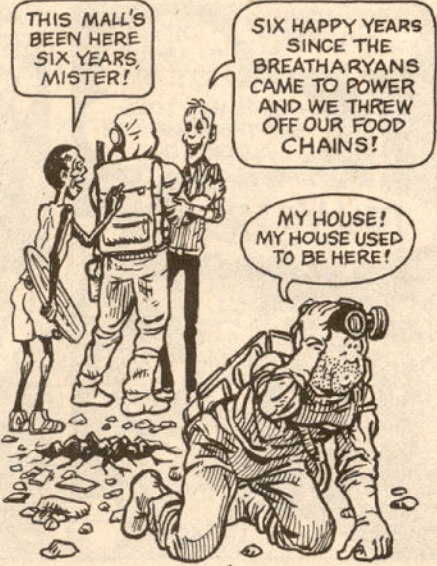
MY GOD! AIR RAID SIRENS!
IT'S THE BIG ONE!!
QUICK! INTO MY SHELTER!
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!!

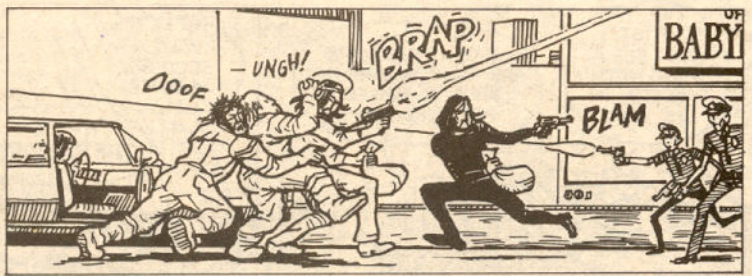


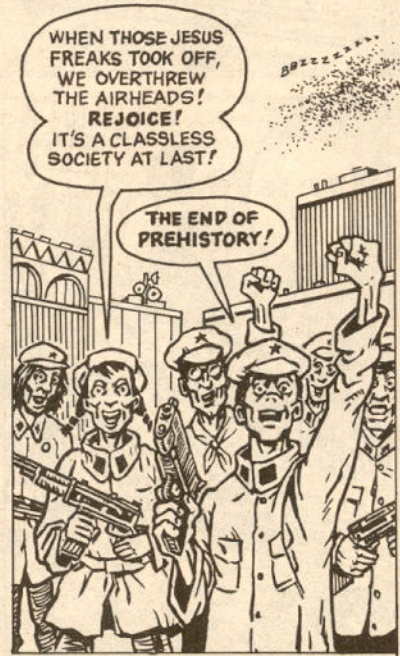
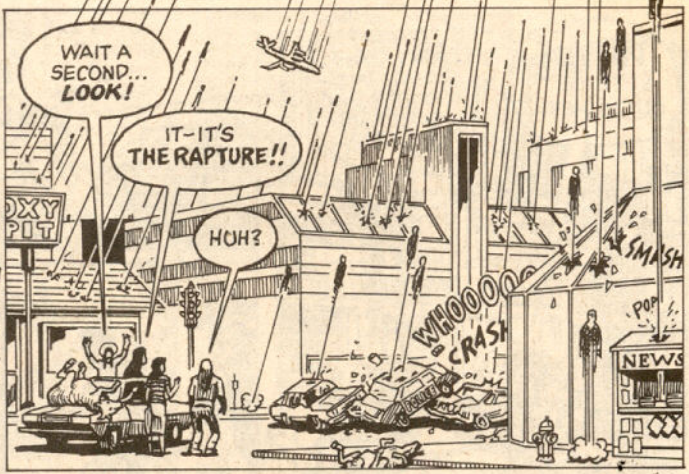
THUD THUD
BZZZZZZZ
BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZRT

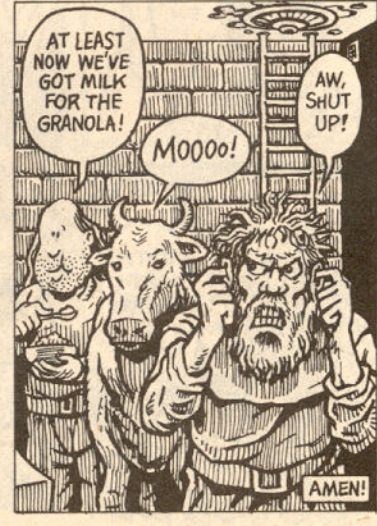
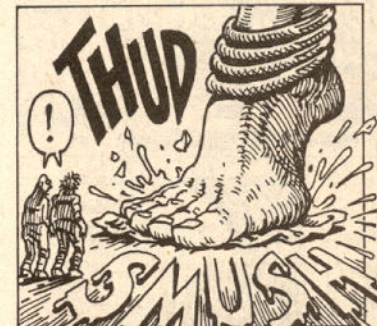
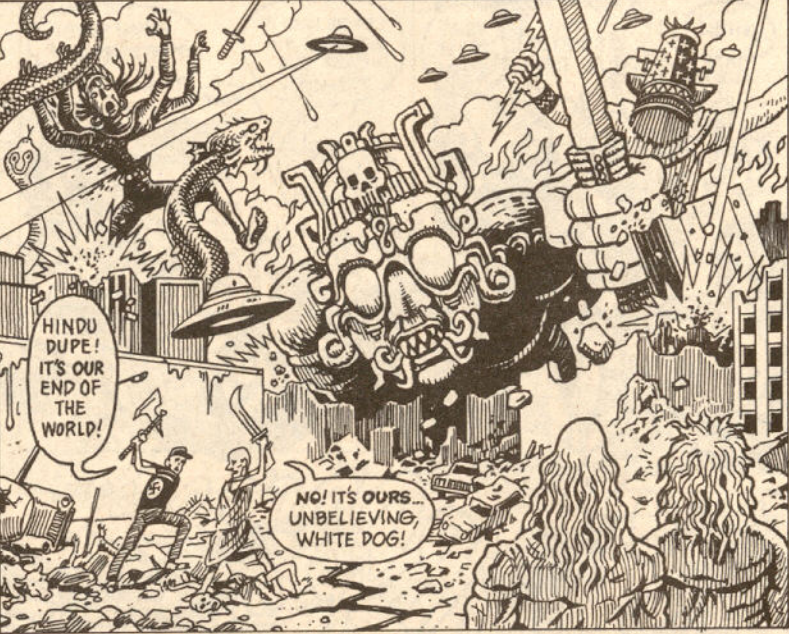
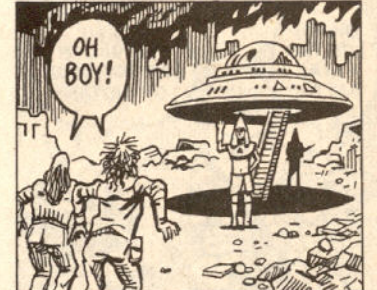
**CLANK
SLAM
CLICK.**





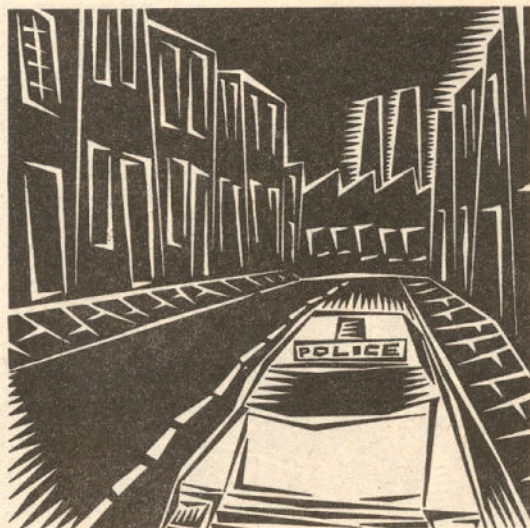


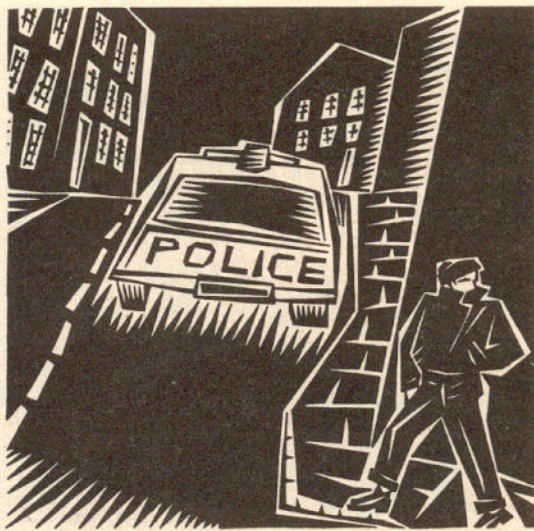


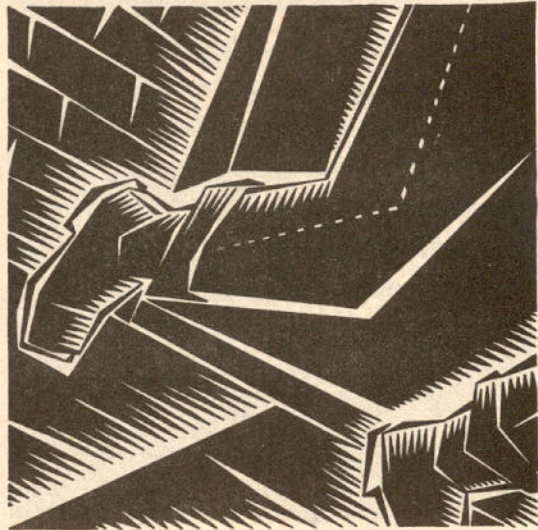
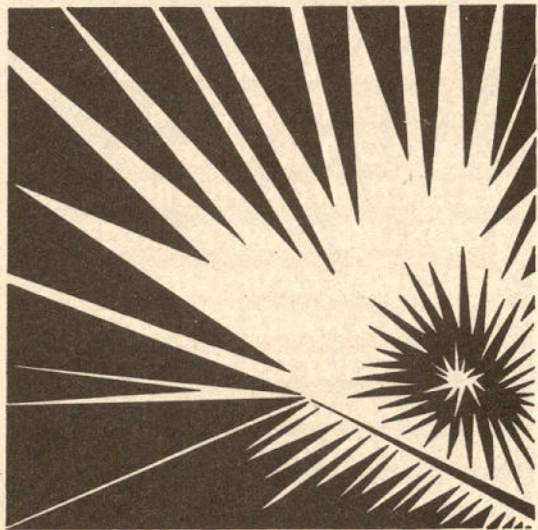


ON THE NIGHT OF MARCH 3 1982 TEENAGER JIMMY HEATHER-HAYES HURLED TWO PETROL BOMBS INTO THE LOCAL POLICE STATION IN THE WEST LONDON SUBURB OF TEDDINGTON. THE BLAST AND FLAMES CAUSED MINIMAL DAMAGE AND INJURED NO ONE.

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 LONDONS 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!

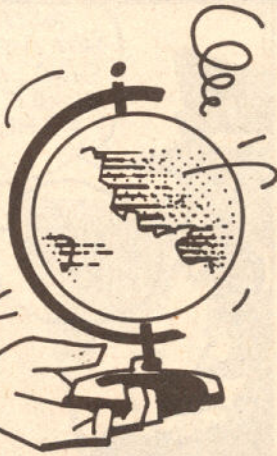
YOU RULE THE WORLD!

©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!

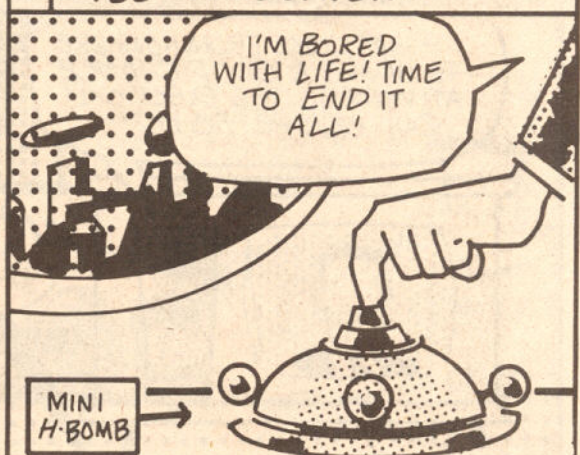
THAT'S
IT! I'LL JOIN
THE MILITARY...
THEN TAKE
OVER THE
GOVERNMENT!



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...

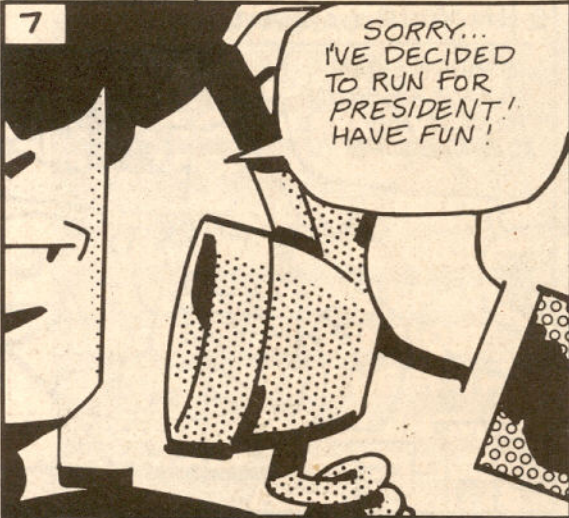
WANT TO
JOIN ME ON A
TWO-WEEK,
ALL-EXPENSES-
PAID VACATION
IN EUROPE?



IF YES, PANEL 10 - NO, PANEL 7

7

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

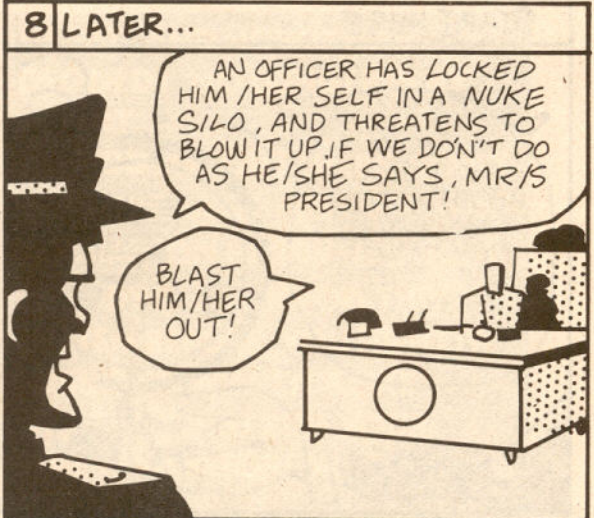


GO TO PANEL 9.

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!

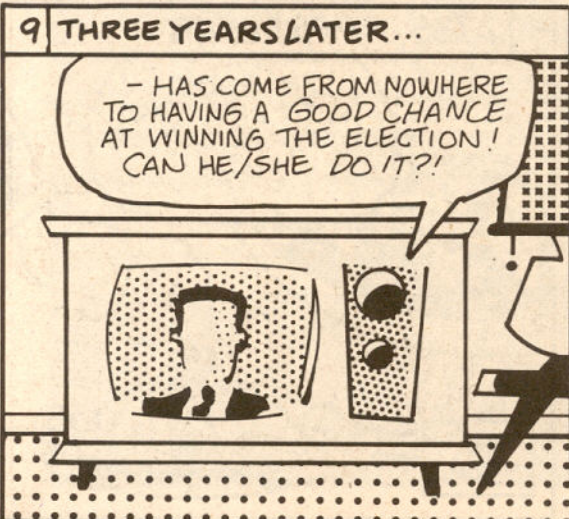
BLAST
HIM/HER
OUT!



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.

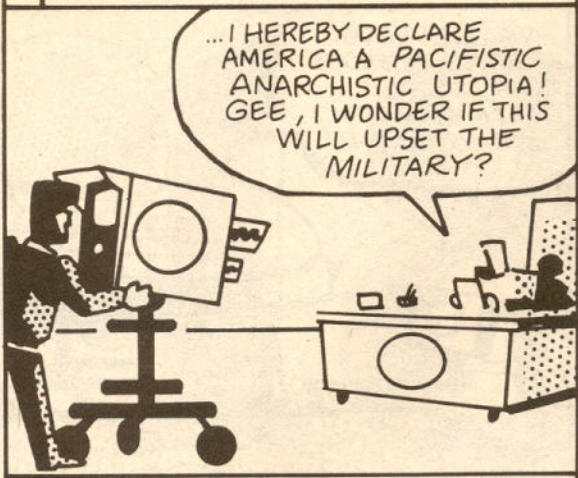
10 AT THE AIRPORT, YOUR FRIEND SAYS

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



GO TO PANEL 21.

11 AFTER THE ELECTION...



IF YES, PANEL 8, IF NO, 12.

12 IN FACT, HOWEVER...



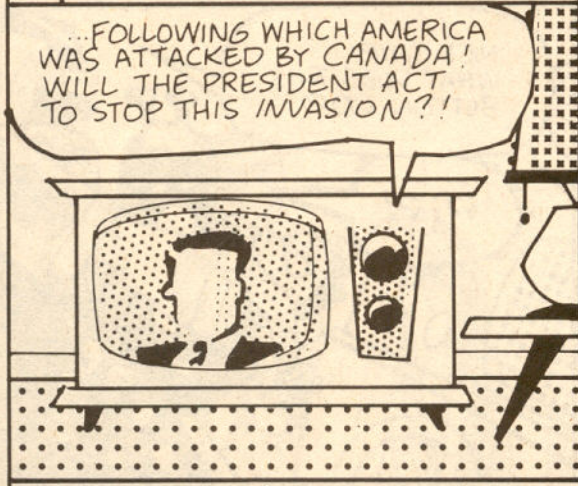
GO TO PANEL 14.

13 AFTER THE ELECTION...



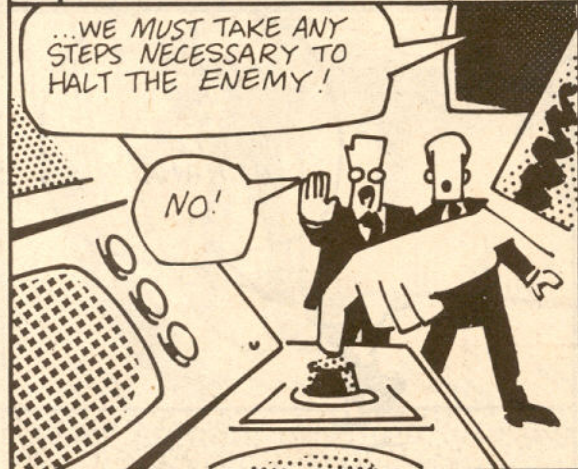
GO TO PANEL 16.

14 THREE DAYS LATER ...



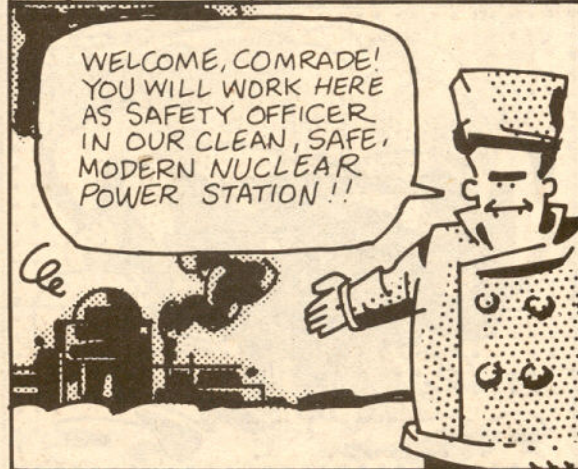
IF YES, PANEL 15 ... IF NO, 17.

15 YOU DECIDE...



GO TO PANEL 21.

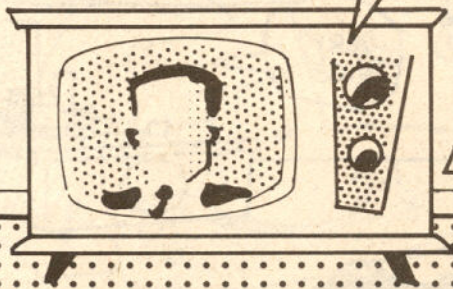
16 LATER, IN RUSSIA ...



GO TO PANEL 21.

17. SUDDENLY...

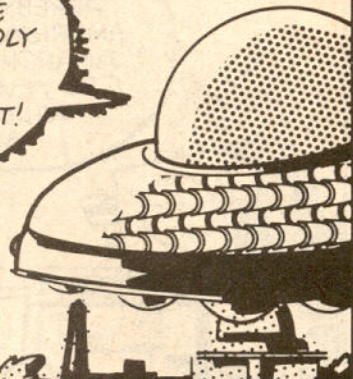
BUT WAIT! ALL FIGHTING HAS CEASED, WITH THE SIGHTING OF ALIEN UFO'S AT THE NATION'S CAPITAL!



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?

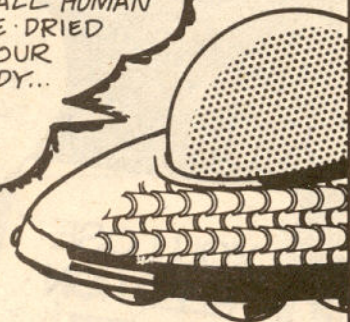
ひ:や!



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...

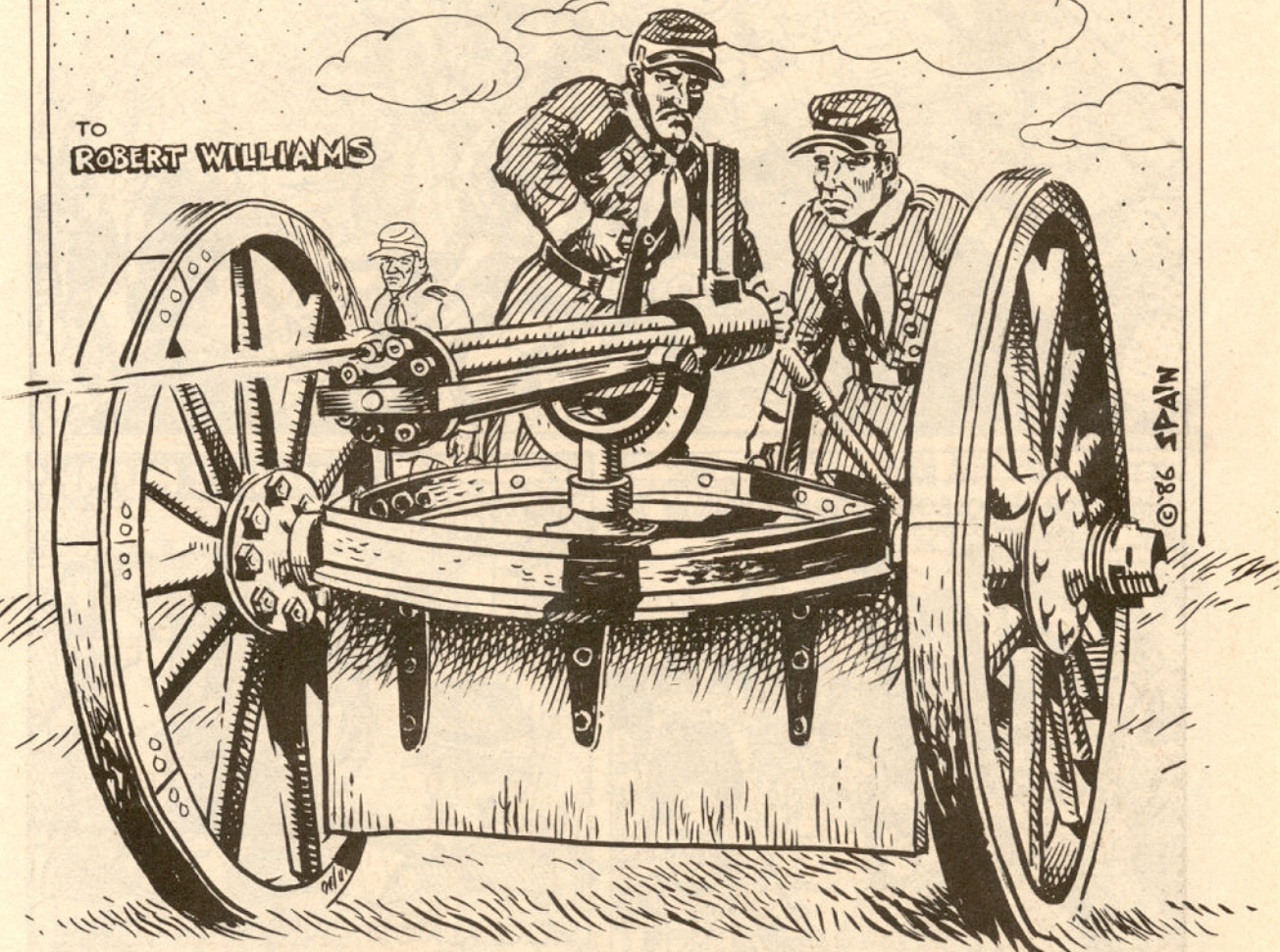
AT LAST I RULE THE WORLD! HA HA HA!



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

THUNK THUNK THUNK

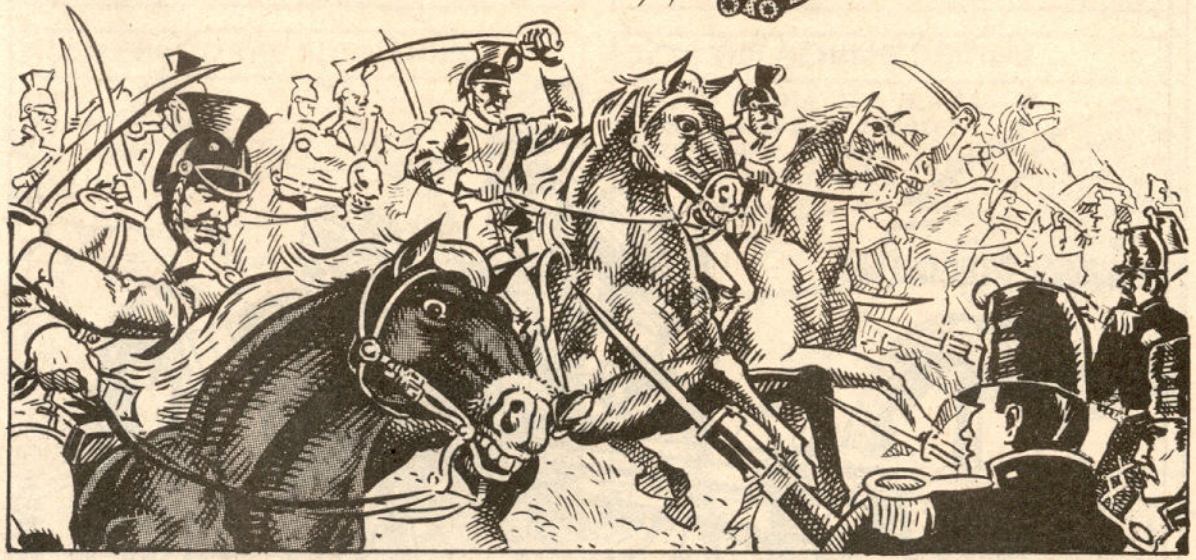
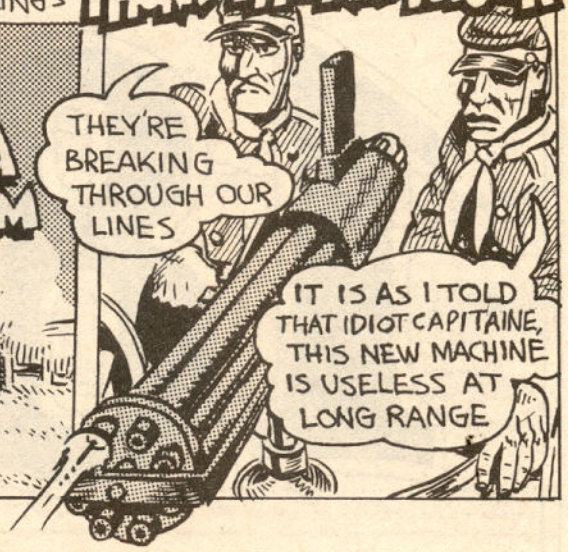
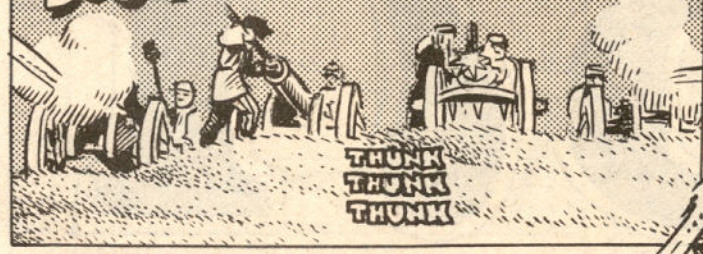
PLA BOOM

PLA BLAM

THEY'RE BREAKING THROUGH OUR LINES

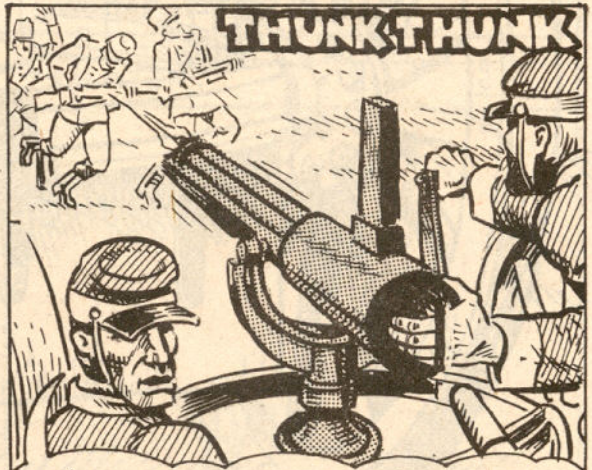
IT IS AS I TOLD THAT IDIOT CAPITAINE, THIS NEW MACHINE IS USELESS AT LONG RANGE

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

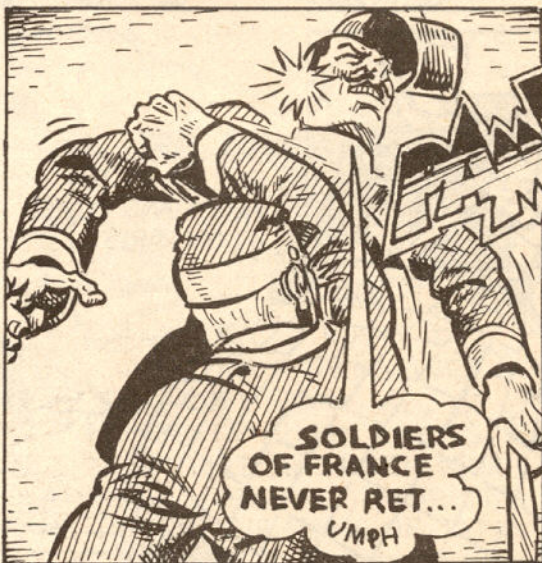
**COWARDS! YOU ARE
ABANDONING YOUR
POST**



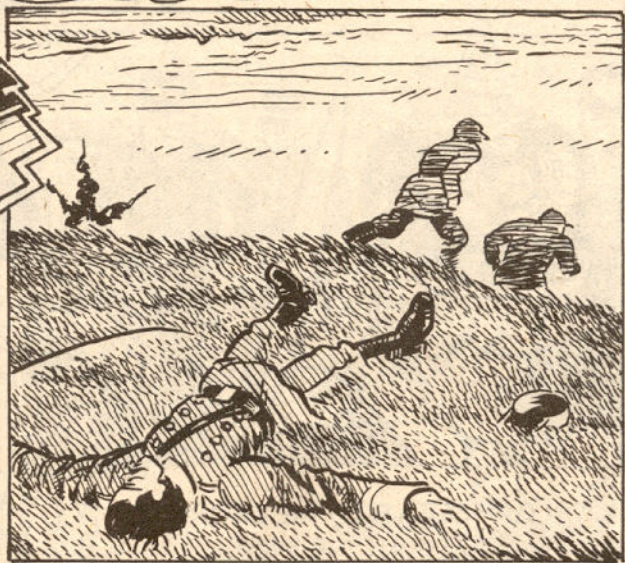
**BUT MON CAPITAINE ALL OF
THE OTHERS HAVE ALREADY
FLED AND...**



**I DID NOT ASK FOR
YOUR COMMENTS**

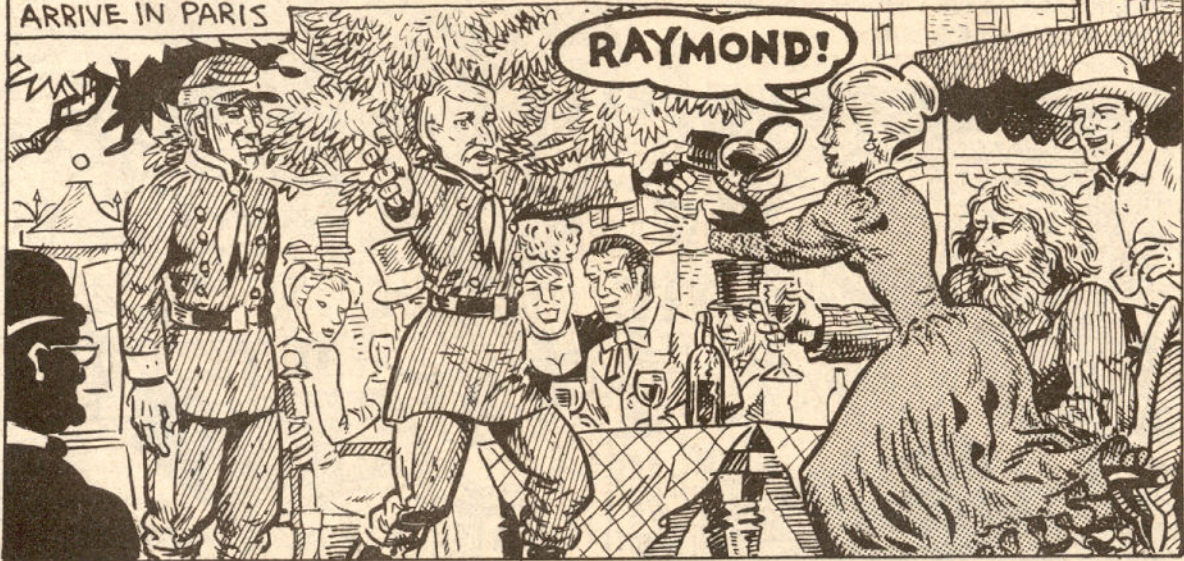


**SOLDIERS
OF FRANCE
NEVER RET...**
UMPH



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

RAYMOND!

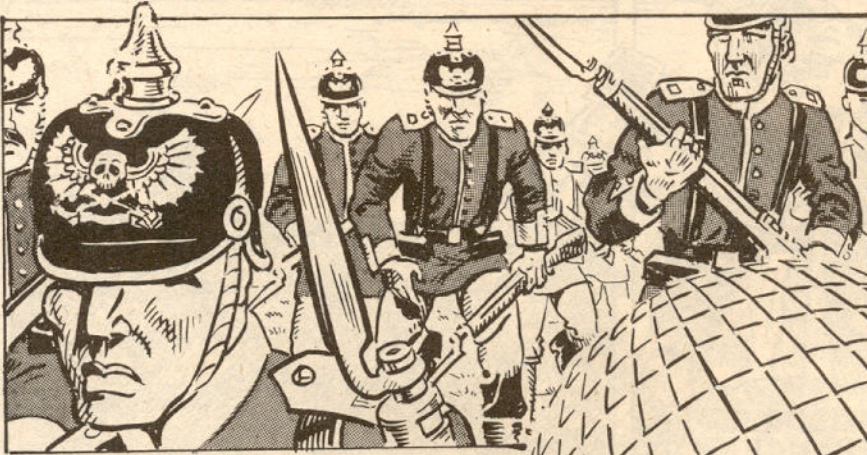


JACQUES WAS INTRODUCED TO
RAYMOND'S BOHEMIAN CIRCLE



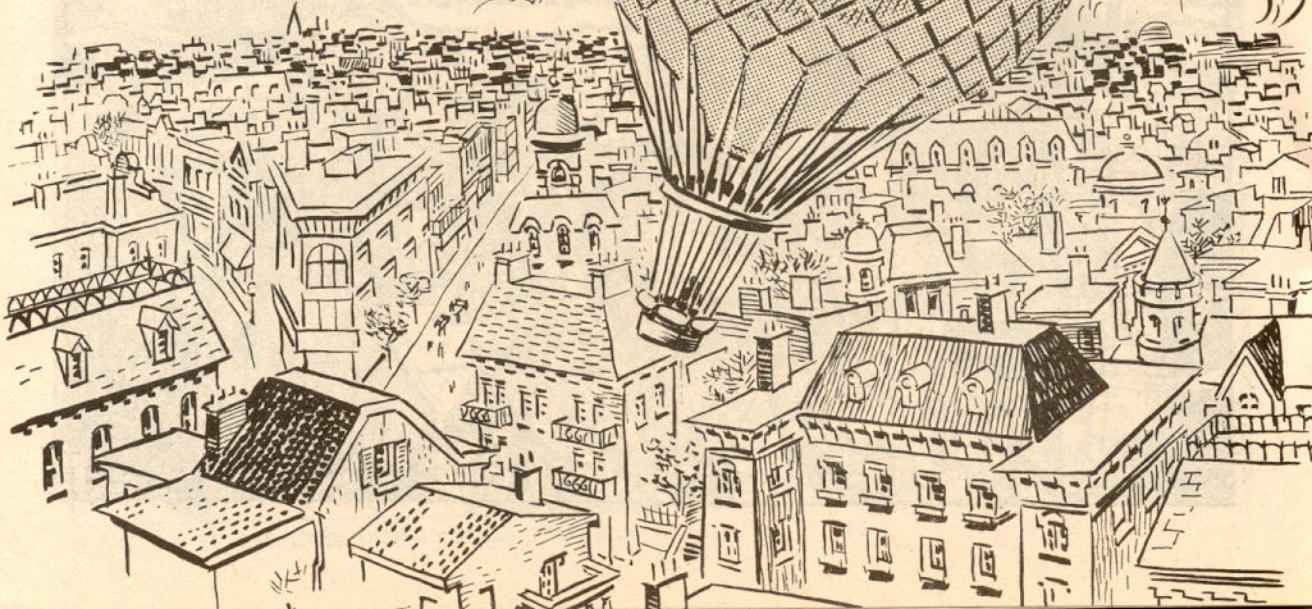
... AND THEN CAPITAINE
LA FLEUR SAYS, "I DID NOT
ASK FOR YOUR COMMENTS" ...

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
PRUSSIANS 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



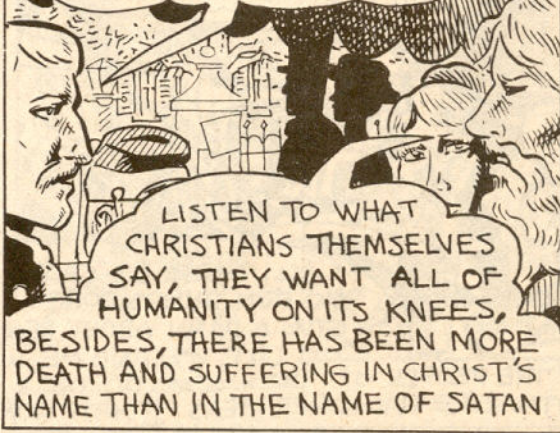
EVERY KNEE SHALL
BEND TO HIM AND
EVERY TONGUE
SHALL PRAISE
HIS NAME



GO GROVEL
BEFORE CHRIST'S
CADAVER,
CLERIC!

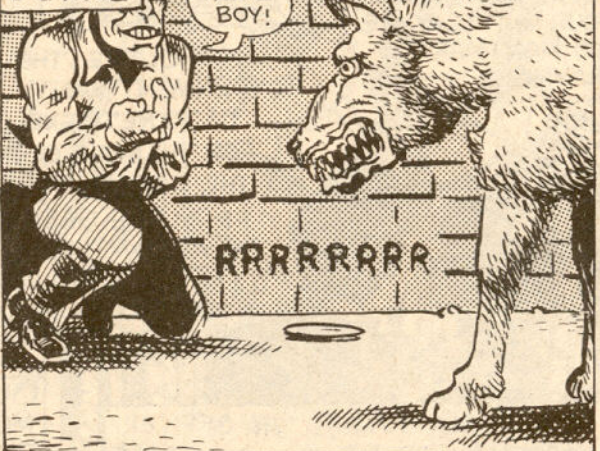


BUT EVEN IF CHRIST IS A MYTH, HE
WAS A MAN OF HUMBLE ORIGINS AND
A GOD OF COMPASSION



LISTEN TO WHAT
CHRISTIANS THEMSELVES
SAY, THEY WANT ALL OF
HUMANITY ON ITS KNEES,
BESIDES, THERE HAS BEEN MORE
DEATH AND SUFFERING IN CHRIST'S
NAME THAN IN THE NAME OF SATAN

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



HERE
BOY!

THIS WAS REFLECTED IN
THE MARKET PLACE



BUT THIS MEAT COSTS
SEVEN TIMES AS MUCH
AS LAST
WEEK!

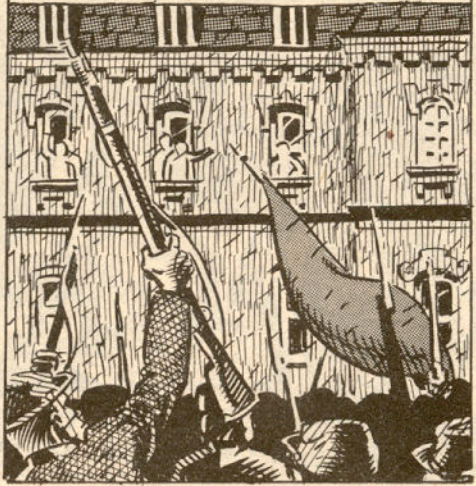
YES THINGS ARE
DIFFICULT FOR EVERYONE

BUT I HAVE BEEN
COMING TO YOUR SHOP
FOR MANY YEARS



PLEASE STAND ASIDE
... AH MONSIEUR HOW
CAN I HELP YOU!

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

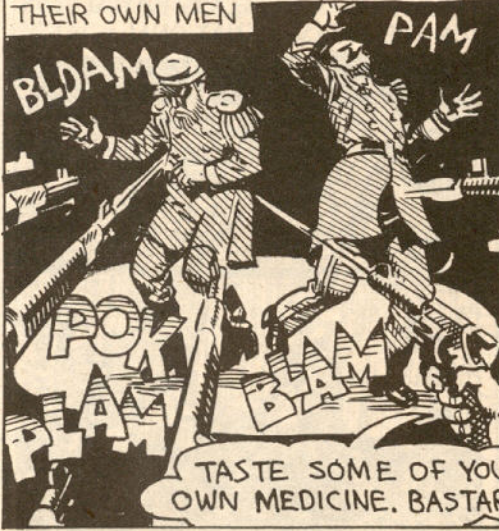
WHY ARE YOU TAKING OUR CANNONS?

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

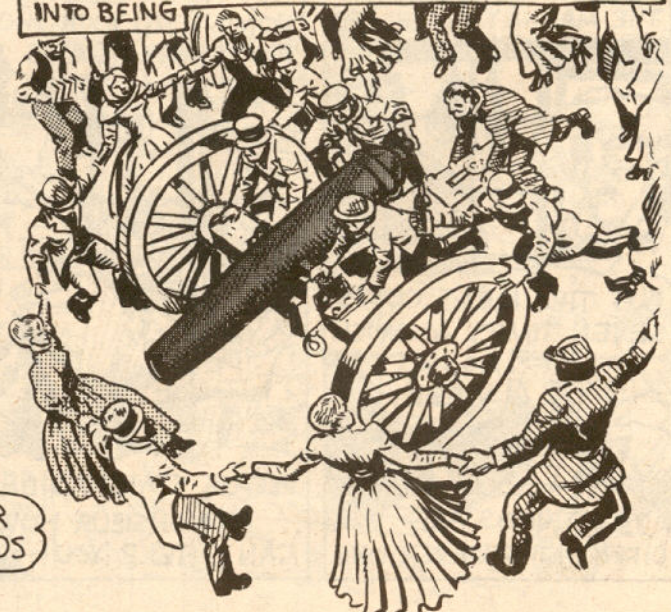
BUT THE PEOPLE OF MONTMARTRE HAD OTHER IDEAS

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

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



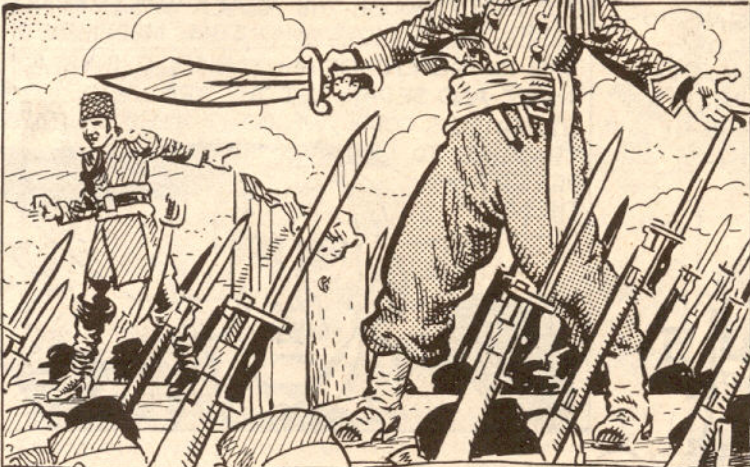
TASTE SOME OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE. BASTARDS



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?

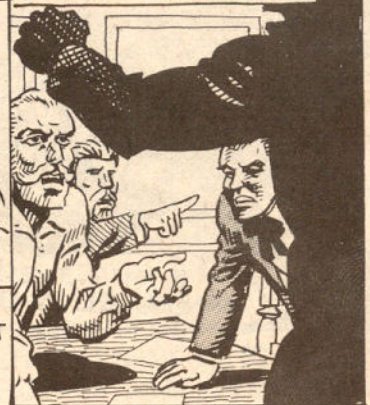
GOD!

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

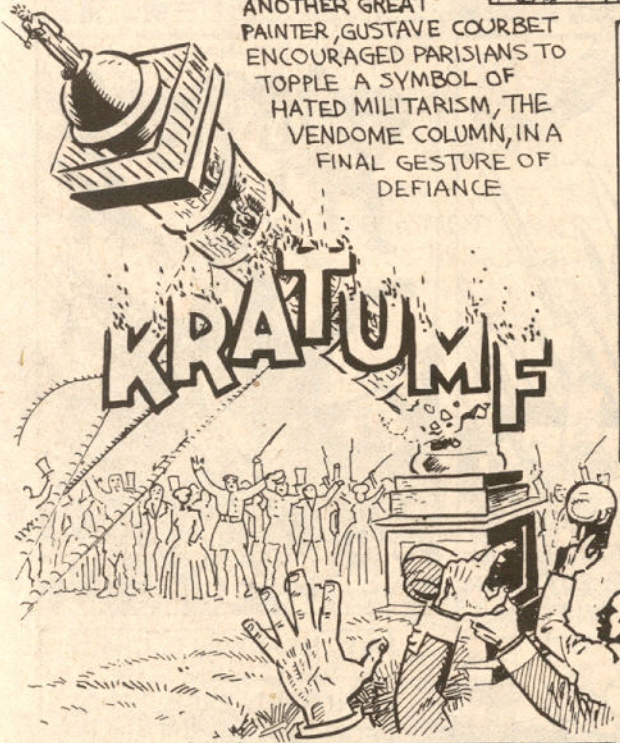
THE LAST OF THE OUTER FORTS FELL ON MAY 13



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

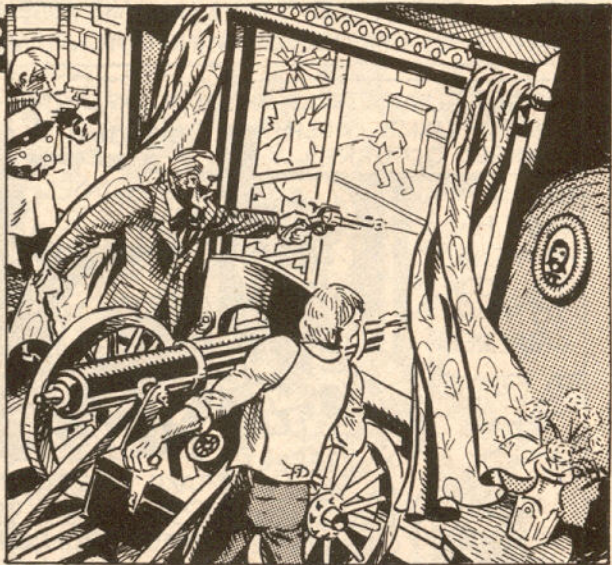
BUT EVEN THOUGH THE ATTACK WAS IMMINENT THERE WERE THOSE WHO STILL MAINTAINED...

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

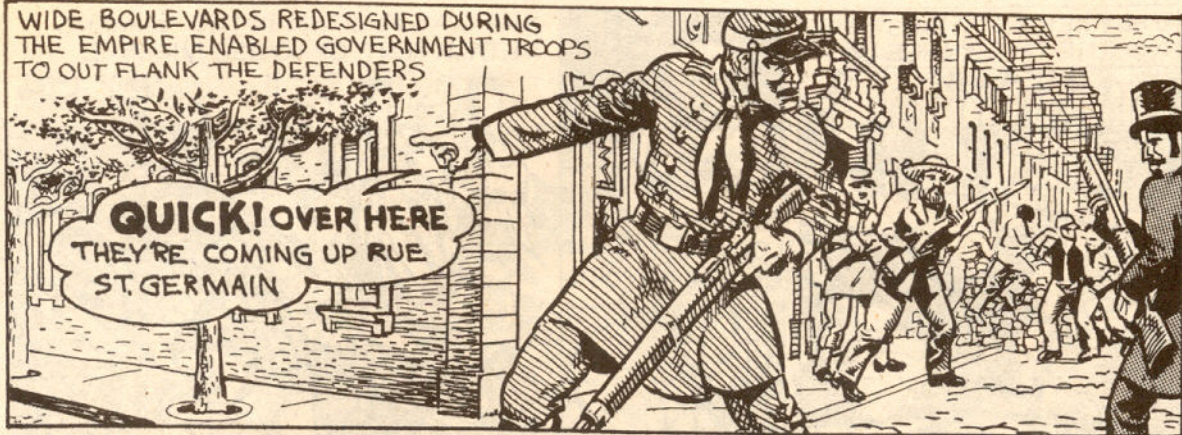


PARIS FOUGHT BACK. GROUPS LIKE "THE LOST CHILDREN" BATTLED MORE FOR THEIR OWN NEIGHBORHOODS THAN THE COMMUNE ITSELF

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

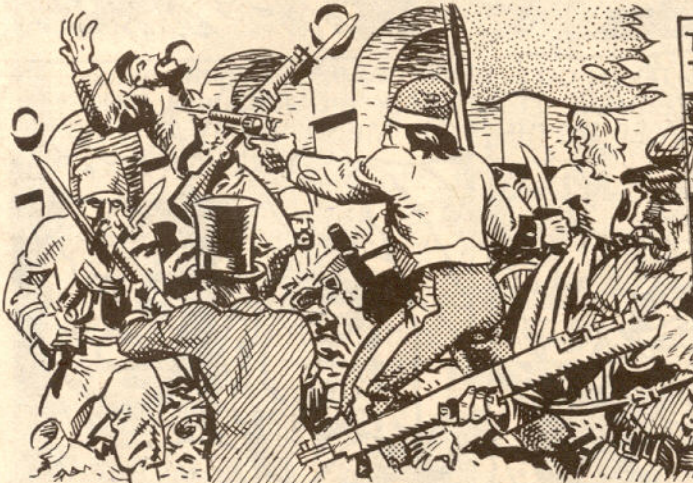


WIDE BOULEVARDS REDESIGNED DURING THE EMPIRE ENABLED GOVERNMENT TROOPS TO OUT FLANK THE DEFENDERS



**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

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

RAOUL DIED A REBEL'S DEATH...

VIVE LA COMMUNE

UNH!

NOT QUITE YET MY FRIEND

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



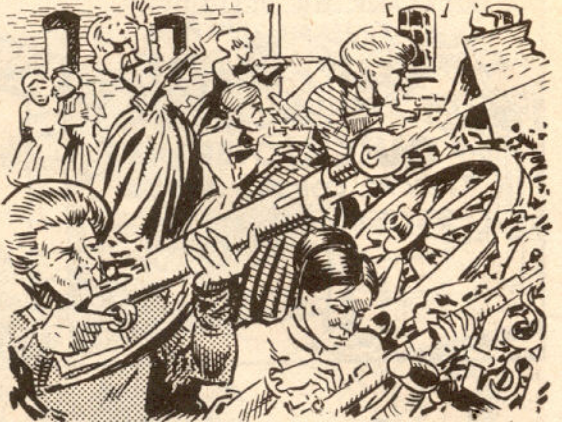
THEY RETURN TO PARIS TO FIND A SCENE OF CARNAGE



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



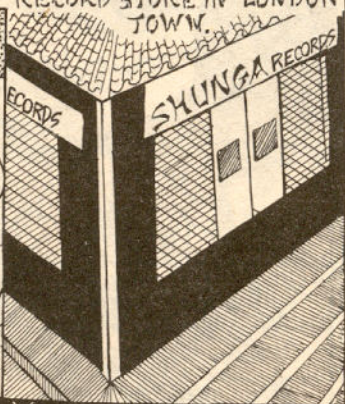
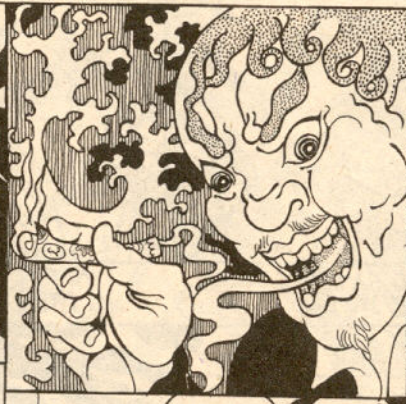
THERE WAS A LITTLE JUDGE

WHO HAD A LITTLE SON

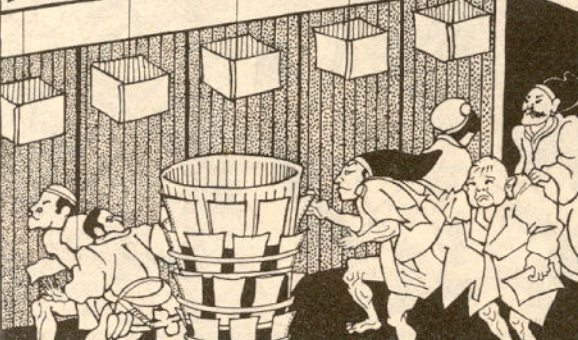
WHO OPENED UP A RECORD STORE IN LONDON TOWN.



HE CARRIED COMIC BOOKS ON A LITTLE WOODEN RACK



SHUNGA TOP 30

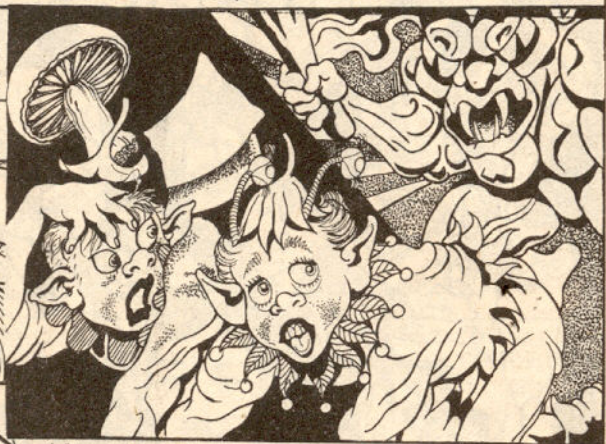
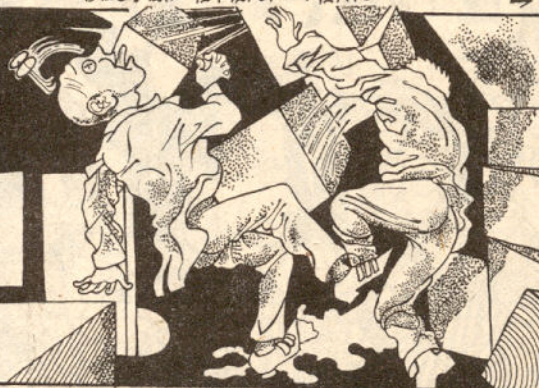


AND THE VICE SQUAD BOOY THE COMPANY WHO TOOK A PROFIT BACK

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

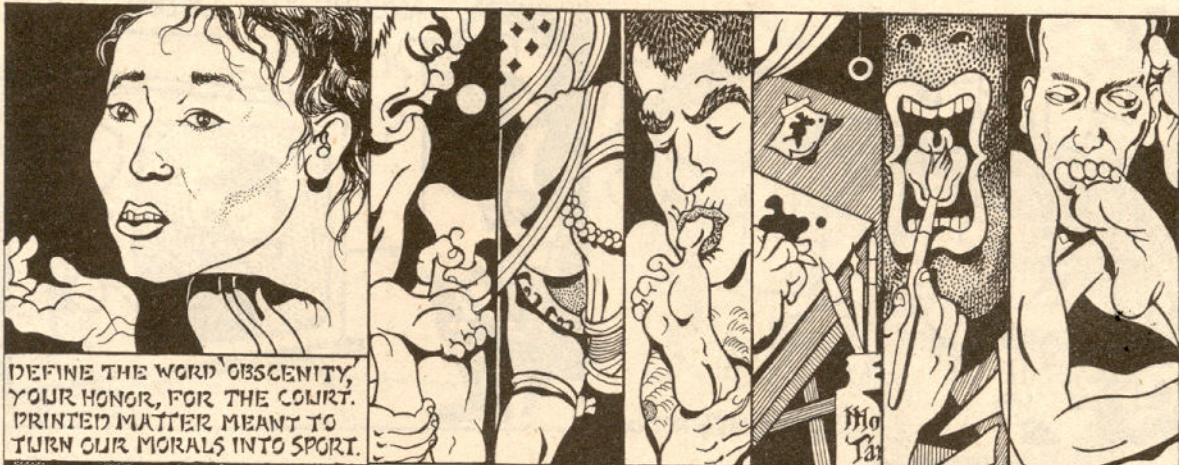
HE READ HER COMIC FRONT TO BACK BEHIND A COURTLY SCREEN



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

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





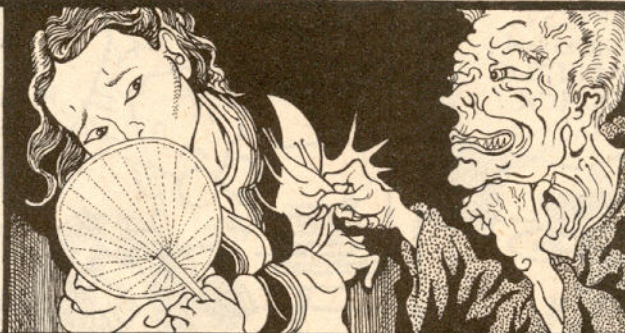
DEFINE THE WORD 'OBSCENITY', YOUR HONOR, FOR THE COURT. PRINTED MATTER MEANT TO TURN OUR MORALS INTO SPORT.

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 OBSCURE 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- HE'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.

HEARFU!

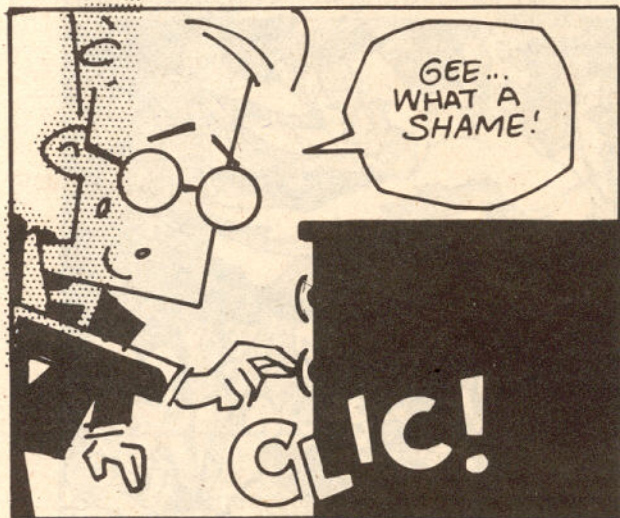


HI!...

©1986 N. DOG

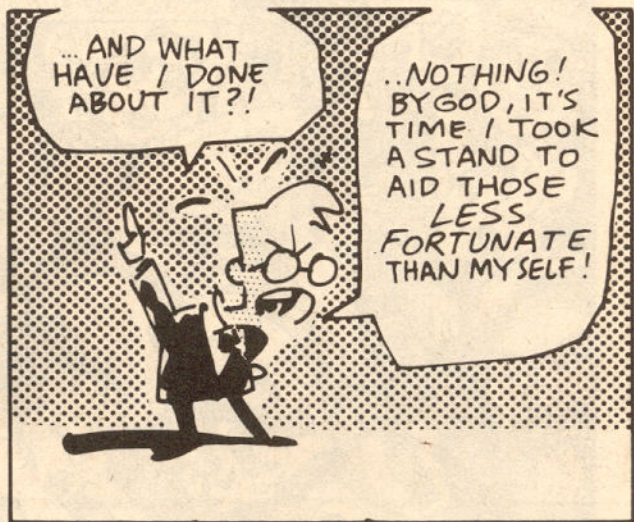


...MEANWHILE, MILLIONS STILL STARVE ALL AROUND THE GLOBE!



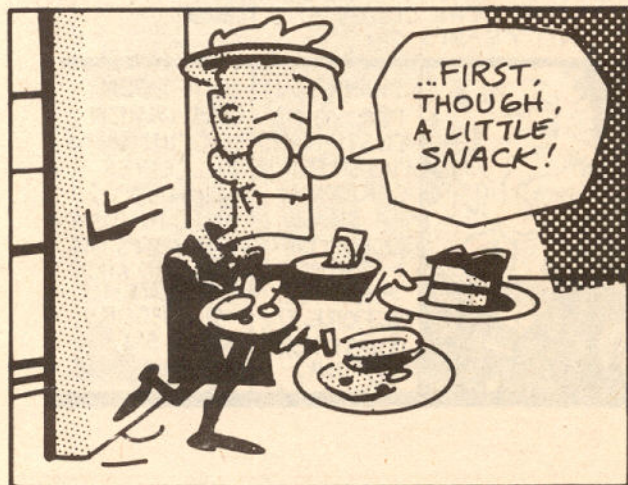
GEE...
WHAT A
SHAME!

CLIC!

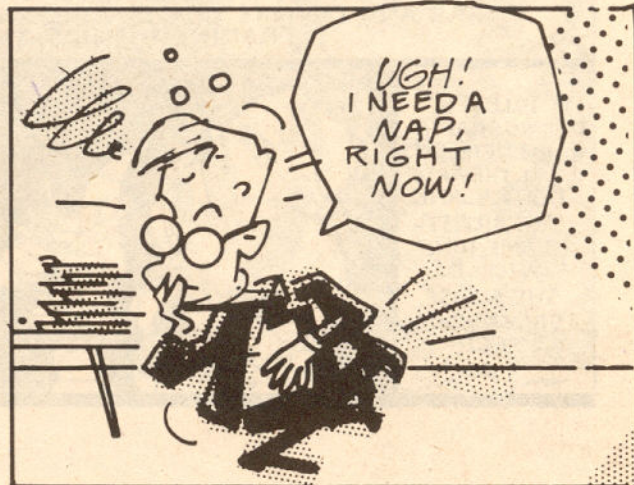


...AND WHAT
HAVE I
DONE
ABOUT IT?!

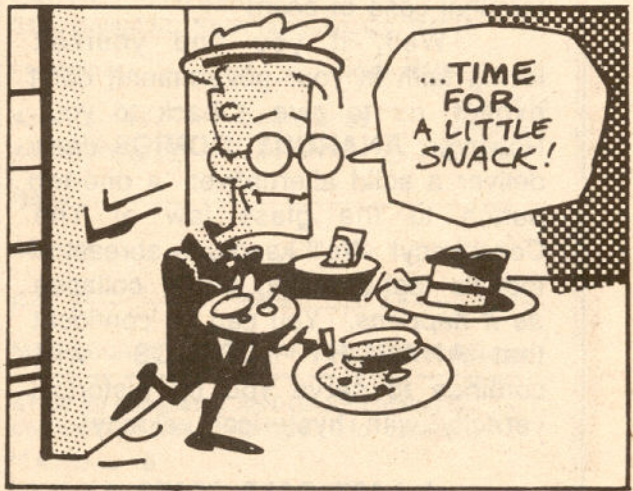
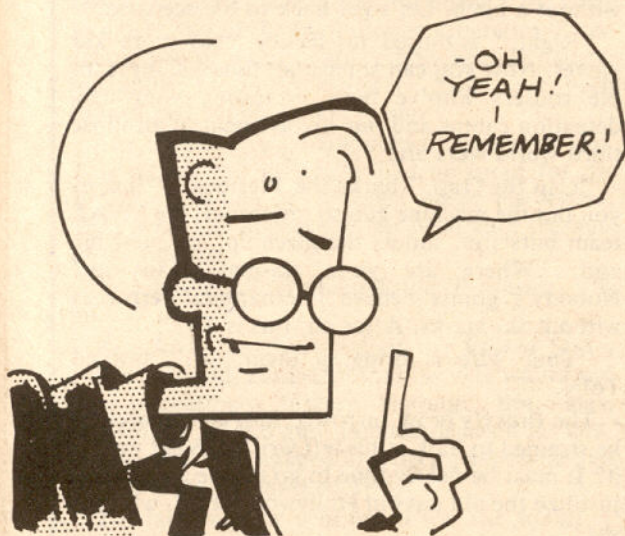
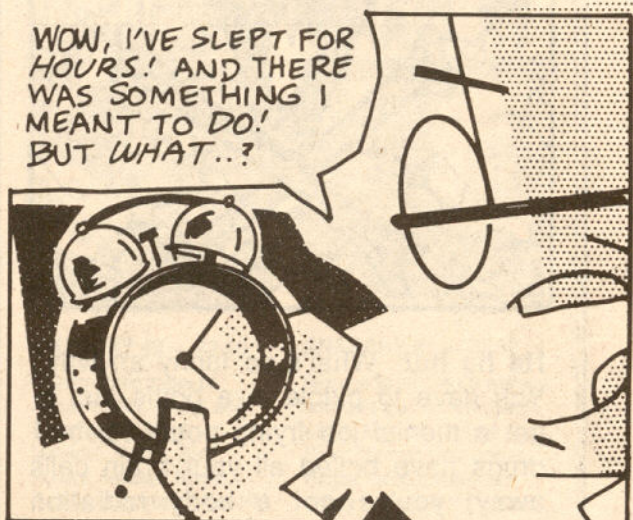
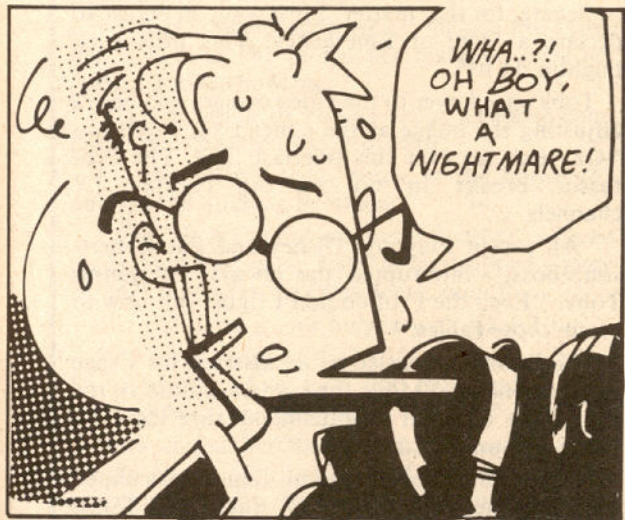
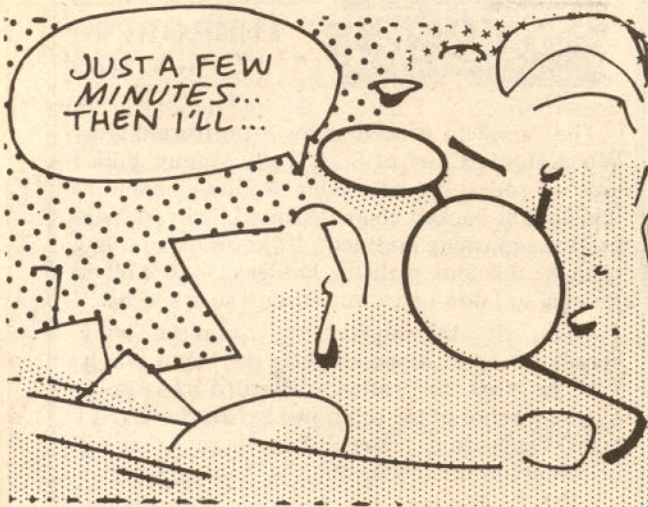
...NOTHING!
BY GOD, IT'S
TIME I TOOK
A STAND TO
AID THOSE
LESS
FORTUNATE
THAN MYSELF!



...FIRST,
THOUGH,
A LITTLE
SNACK!



UGH!
I NEED A
NAP,
RIGHT
NOW!



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 communique," 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. . ."

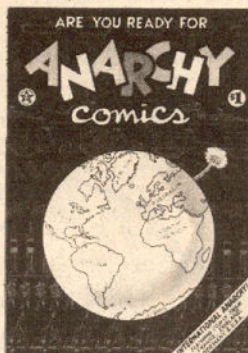
Instantly, all across America, TV screens flashed the image of three masked terrorists holding machine pistols to the missing President's head. A digitally distorted voice-over, that of the Professor, could be heard. "Mr. President," the voice intoned, "we of the Evolutionist Liberation Front accuse 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.



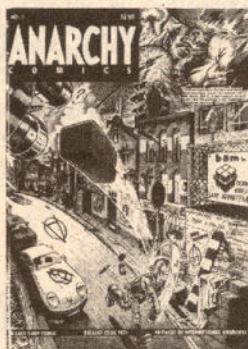
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International comic anarchy from England, France, Germany and the U.S.—Top Notch! Kinney, Spain, Harper, Mavrides, more!



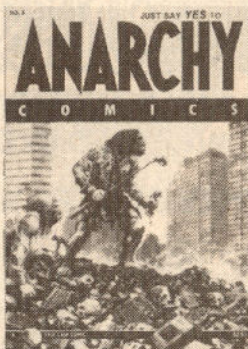
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LAST GASP COMICS

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ANARCHY #3

Include \$1.50 for postage with order.

ANARCHY #2

ANARCHY #4

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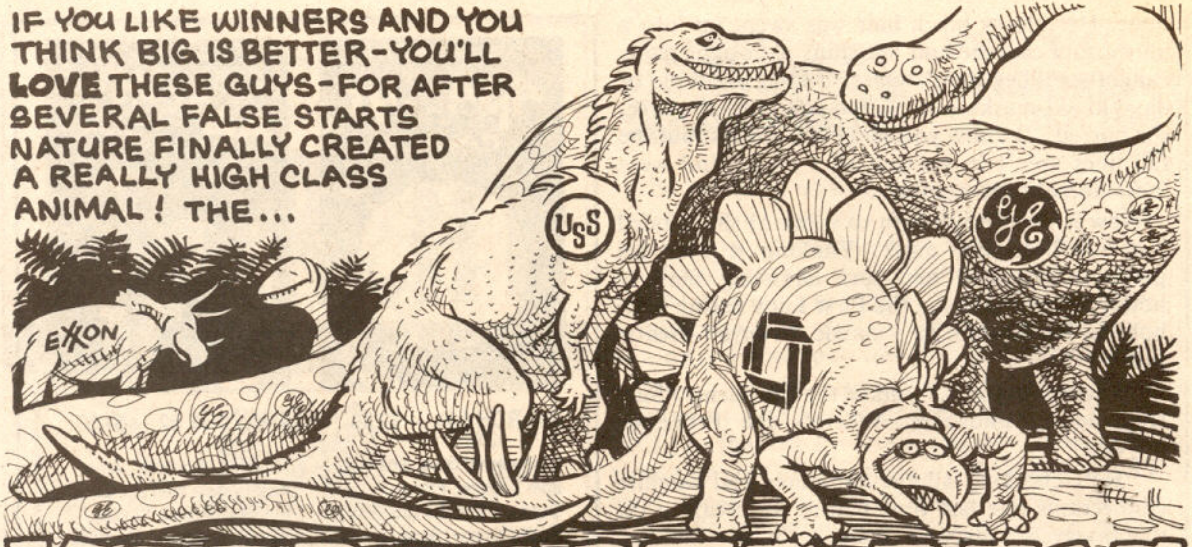
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\$1.00 for complete LAST GASP catalog of commodity items. (Must be 18 for catalog.)

"I am over 18 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!

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

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

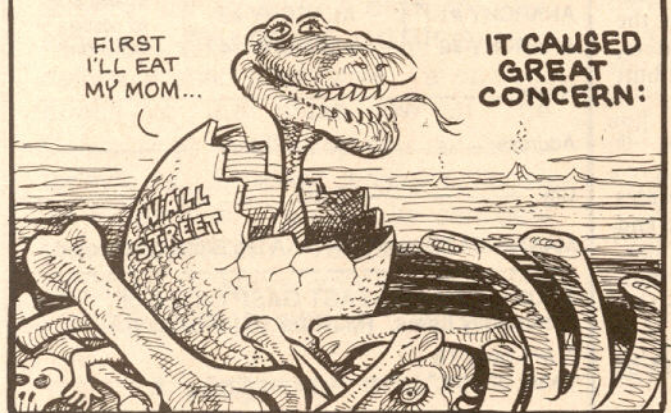
DARN! RIGHT! GREED IS THE FIRST LAW OF THE UNIVERSE.



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

FIRST I'LL EAT MY MOM...

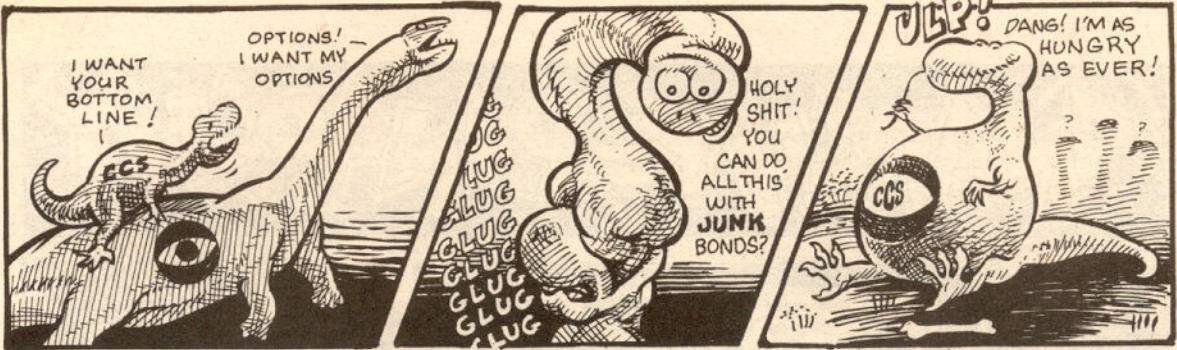
IT CAUSED GREAT CONCERN:



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

GASP! AND ONLY WE ARE!





I WANT YOUR BOTTOM LINE!

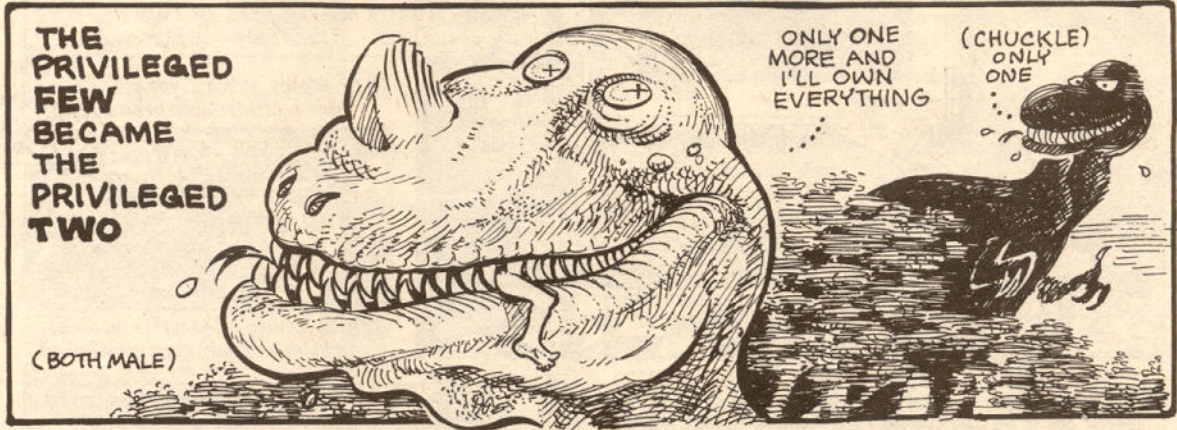
OPTIONS!
I WANT MY OPTIONS

GLUG
GLUG
GLUG
GLUG
GLUG
GLUG

HOLY SHIT!
YOU CAN DO ALL THIS WITH JUNK BONDS?

JEP!
DANG! I'M AS HUNGRY AS EVER!

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

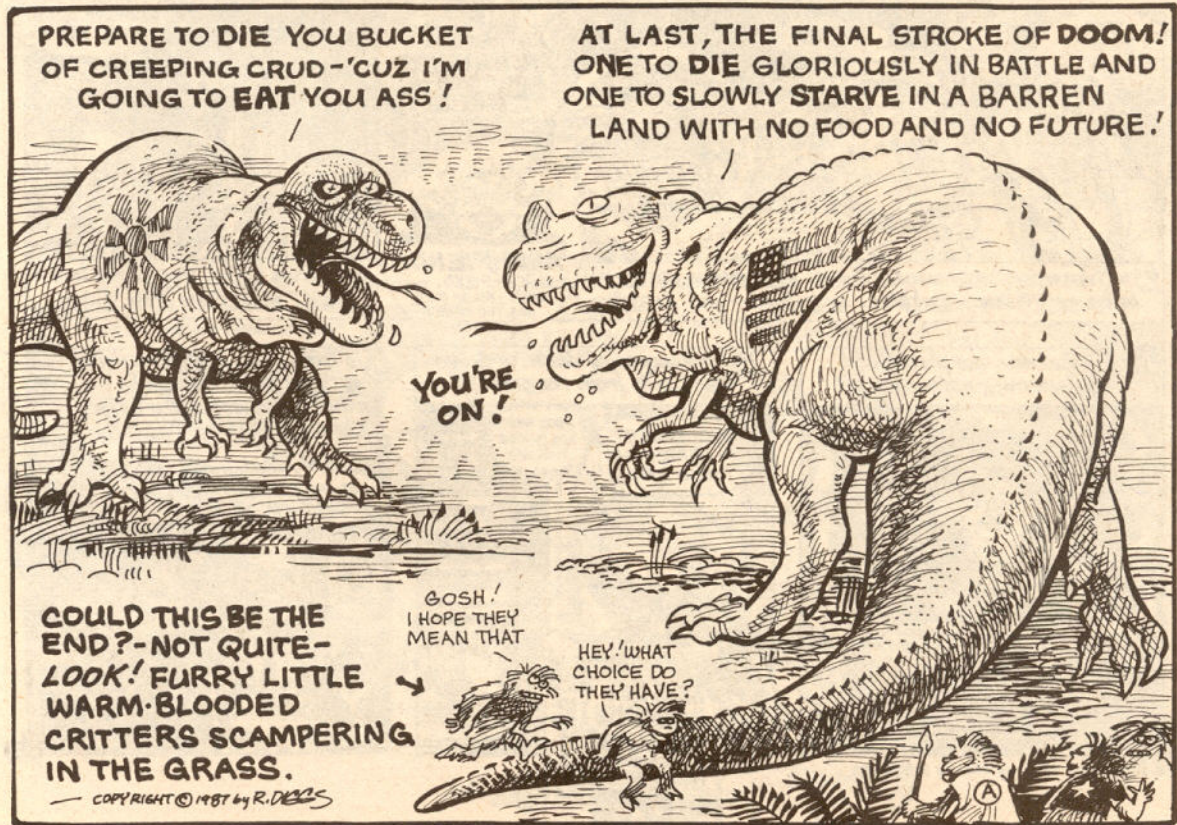


THE PRIVILEGED FEW BECAME THE PRIVILEGED TWO

(BOTH MALE)

ONLY ONE MORE AND I'LL OWN EVERYTHING

(CHUCKLE)
ONLY ONE



PREPARE TO DIE YOU BUCKET OF CREEPING CRUD - 'CUZ I'M GOING TO EAT YOU ASS!

AT LAST, THE FINAL STROKE OF DOOM!
ONE TO DIE GLORIOUSLY IN BATTLE AND ONE TO SLOWLY STARVE IN A BARREN LAND WITH NO FOOD AND NO FUTURE!

YOU'RE ON!

COULD THIS BE THE END? - NOT QUITE - LOOK! FURRY LITTLE WARM-BLOODED CRITTERS SCAMPERING IN THE GRASS.

GOSH! I HOPE THEY MEAN THAT

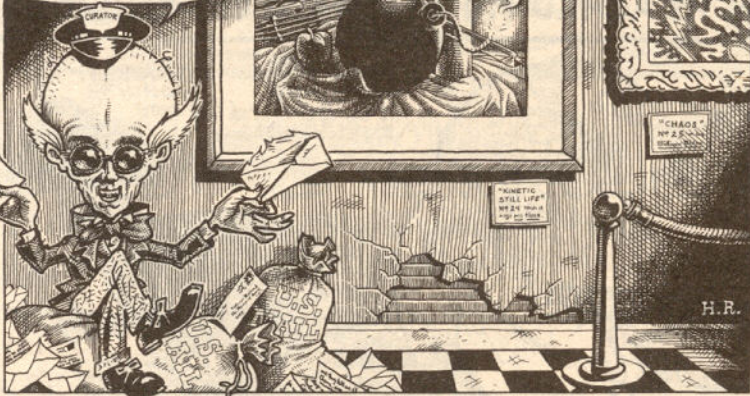
HEY! WHAT CHOICE DO THEY HAVE?

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 might



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

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



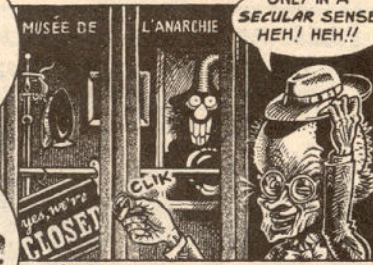
Which young folks write on walls, and (let us hope) they understand.

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.

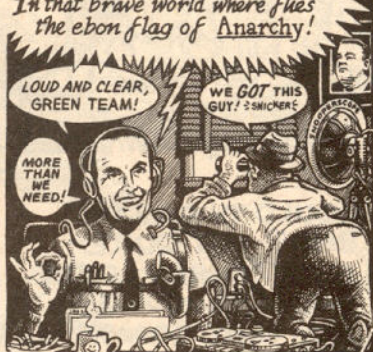
No bureaucrats, no plutocrats, no warring nation-state!



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



No taxes, jails, or prison camps, no spies or spooks can be



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!"



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.



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!



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

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

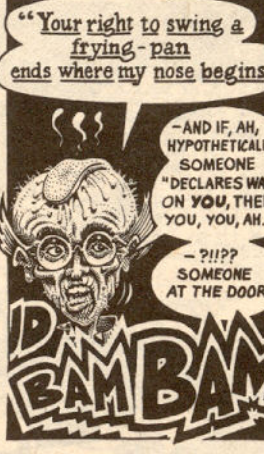


My President, my Parliament,
my judge and court of law!

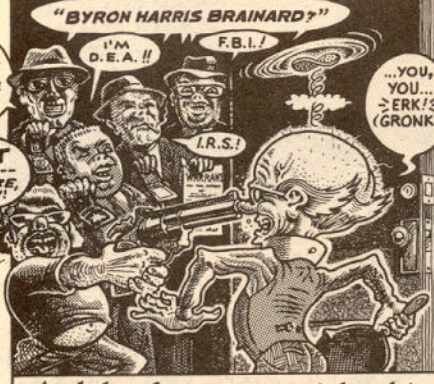
The only "border" I respect is someone else's skin,



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



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



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

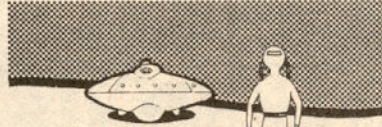
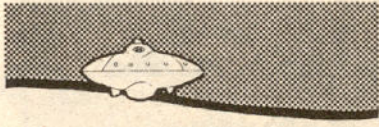
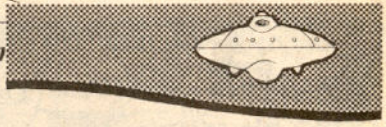
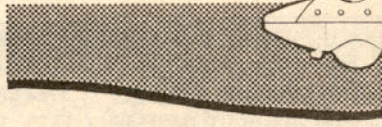
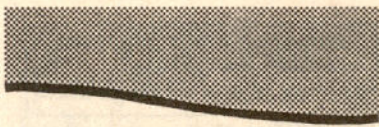
The struggle must be carried on. And let all those take care



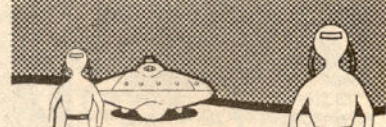
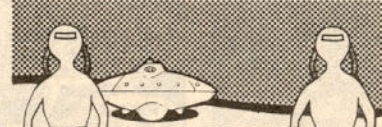
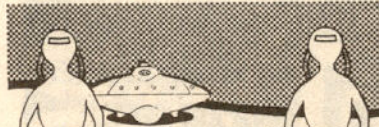
Who would abridge my freedom. -- Despts, tyrants-- all beware!

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





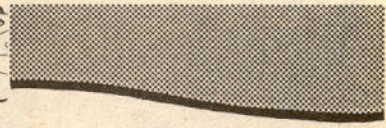
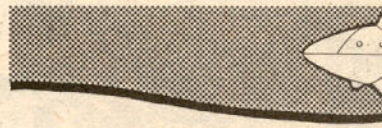
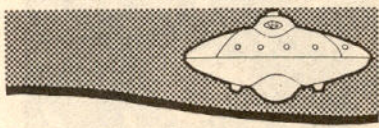
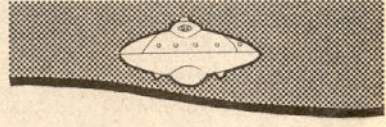
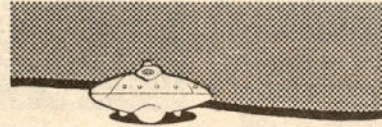
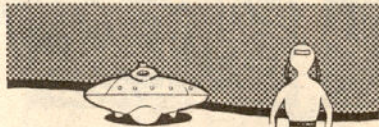
The Federation of Planets extends greetings to Planet Earth and its people.



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

The civilization of this planet 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!

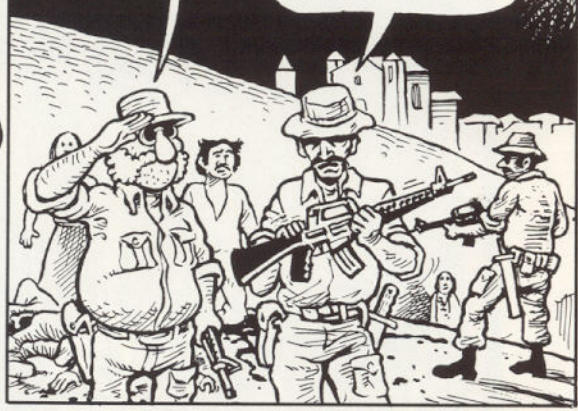
AW... COLONEL! DO I HAVE TO?

CLIC CLIC



WOULD FRENCH GIATS DO?

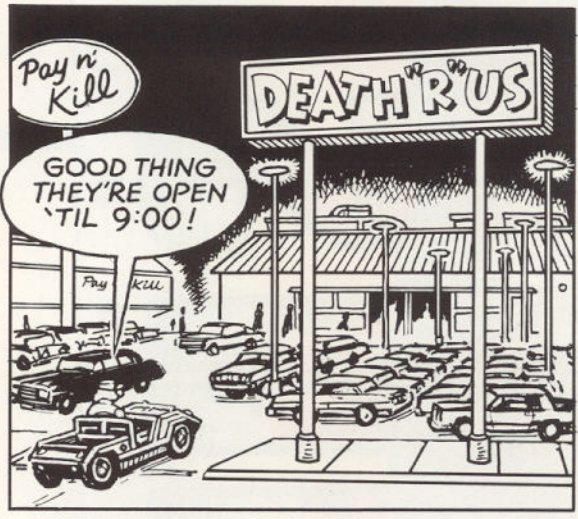
NO, NO! TRY PAKISTANI 63A3'S OR MAYBE ISRAELI 5.56's.



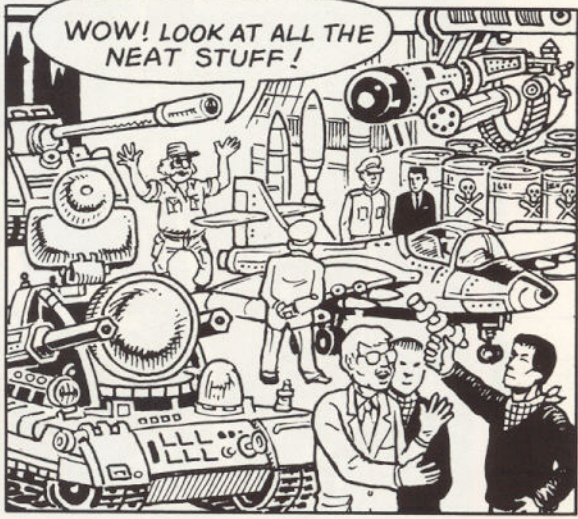
Pay n' Kill

DEATH'R'US

GOOD THING THEY'RE OPEN 'TIL 9:00!

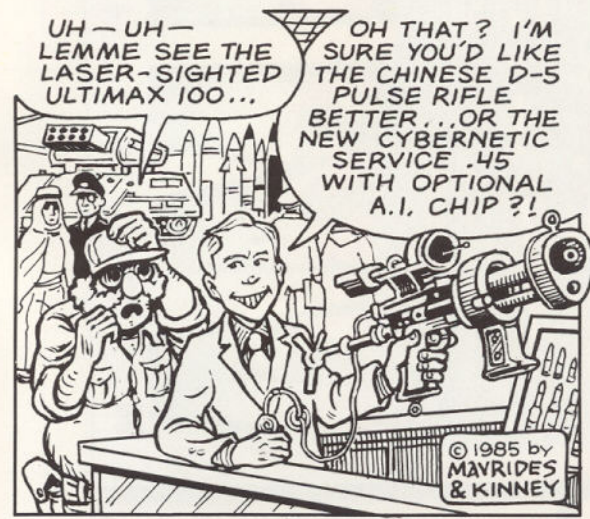


WOW! LOOK AT ALL THE NEAT STUFF!



UH - UH - LEMME SEE THE LASER-SIGHTED ULTIMAX 100...

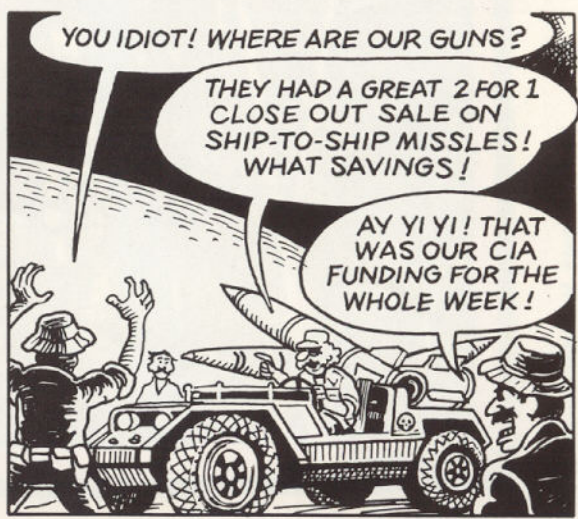
OH THAT? I'M SURE YOU'D LIKE THE CHINESE D-5 PULSE RIFLE BETTER... OR THE NEW CYBERNETIC SERVICE .45 WITH OPTIONAL A.I. CHIP?!



YOU IDIOT! WHERE ARE OUR GUNS?

THEY HAD A GREAT 2 FOR 1 CLOSE OUT SALE ON SHIP-TO-SHIP MISSILES! WHAT SAVINGS!

AY YI YI! THAT WAS OUR CIA FUNDING FOR THE WHOLE WEEK!



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

HIROSHIMA

JAPAN



U.S. Air Force

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