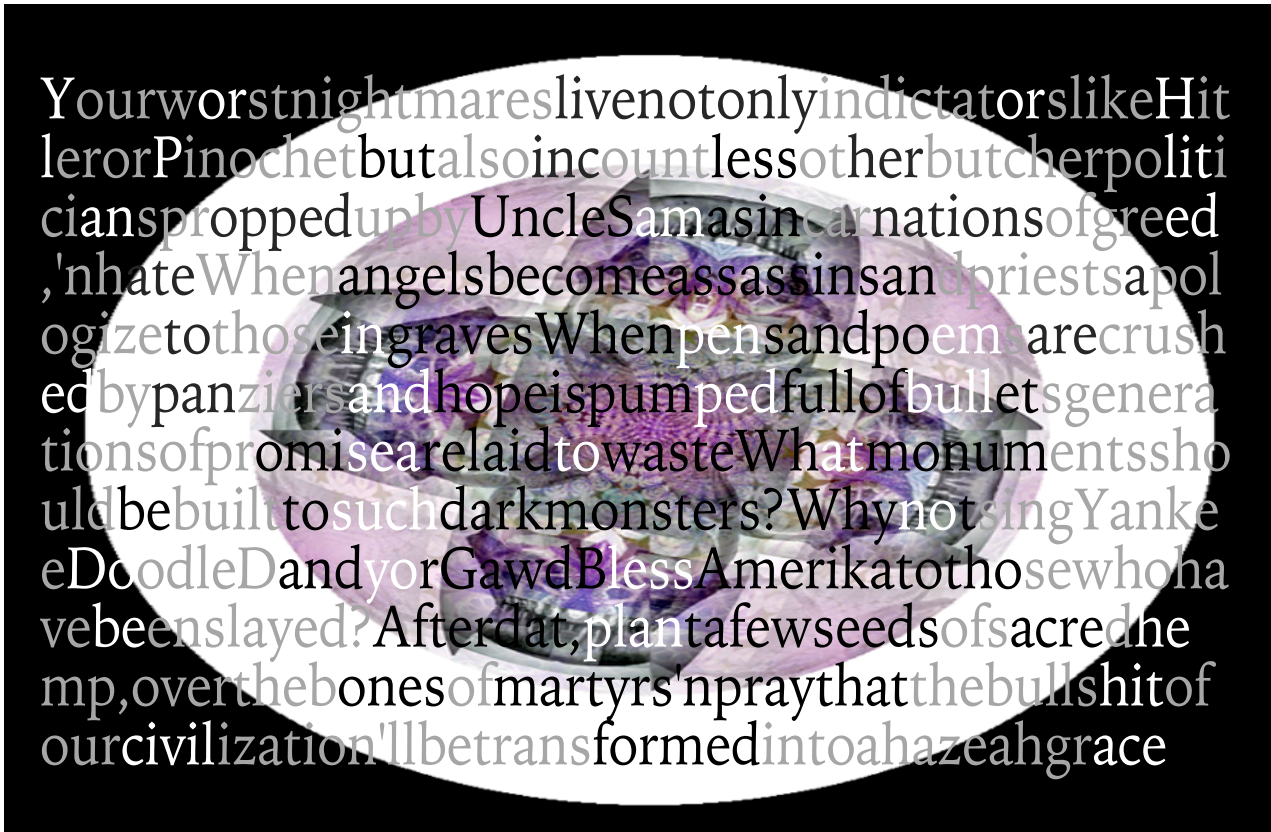


FASCIST DREAMS:

A Mutant Anti-Imperialist Rant



Your worst nightmares live not only in dictators like Hitler or Pinochet but also in countless other butcher politicians propped up by Uncle Sam as incarnations of greed, 'n hate. When angels become assassins and priests apologize to those in graves. When pens and poems are crushed by panziers and hope is pumped full of bullets. Generations of promise are laid to waste. What monuments should be built to such dark monsters? Why not sing Yankee Doodle Dandy or Gawd Bless Amerika to those who have been slayed? After dat, plant a few seeds of sacred hemp, over the bones of martyrs 'n pray that the bullshit of our civilization 'll be transformed into a haze ah grace.

Sam: (scratching his forehead) The message seems blunted by the image.

Kris: Perhaps the message *is* the image?

Tim: (yawning) Perhaps none of it actually matters . . .

- T Newfields

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