

# Sign Here

P.P. Dickey

1970

At this time every year, aliens are required to register with the United States Government, who bring you Chevrolets, racism, Herb Alpert and the Tiajuana Brass and other fine products.

In spite of the fact that the government has kindly erected big, prominent buildings called post offices where aliens can register, each year many people who should notify the authorities of their alienation fail to do so.

Apparently this problem stems from the mistaken belief that only those people born outside the United States have the opportunity to become aliens.

This is not true.

We can all be aliens.

Just stop watching television. Take off your underwear & smoke dope. Be funny.

Get a gun & learn how to use it. Tell your boss, principal, mother, or stiff-ass “spiritual leader” (of the religion of your choice) to fuck-off.

Think about ways to destroy the whole country & build a new one the way we want.

Or anything else you want to do.

You have probably done at least some of these things already. If not: it’s not too late! yet.

But remember—it’s alien registration week!

So go down to the post office nearest you and register. Every applicant accepted on a first-come, first-served basis.

While you are there, register for your friends that can’t make it. Like John & Pun. Don’t forget Che, Eldridge & Huey.

Register whole places, like Jackson Prison.

Register your dog, or the whole rest of the world—BUT REGISTER!!

The future of our nation depends on it.

# fifth Estate

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