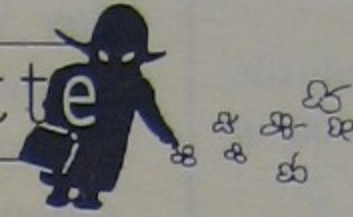


ON THE ROAD

No. 7
Oct - Dec 1996

Anarchist Gazette



Plush Horse Stories

Suckholes

Political Science

Angry Letters!

Personal Affronts!

Life on the Run

.. and lots more

Essays, poetry, short stories and subversion

On the Road

Editor Mark Davis
Design Mark Davis

Mainly written by yours truly (unless someone else's name is on it) drat!

Cover design: Norman J. Olson
St. Paul

Number of Coke cans spent getting this issue out - 57

Number of angry letters - 3 (and one from a psycho parson)

Good luck stories: I thought I was going to have to lay out \$120 for a printer cartridge but I just gave it a shake and it was good as gold.

Published by: *On the Road*
PO Box 1130 Baulkham Hills
NSW 2153
(I'll be living in it soon)

100251.3250@compuserve.com

A special thanks to the customs boys of every country who always get OTR through.

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Contributors do not necessarily share beliefs of this publication.

And if I catch the little shit who keyed my car he'll be eating next Christmas dinner with a straw.

Editorial

I think I've finally worked out what's wrong with the world today. It's full of psychos. It wasn't always this way. It just seems to have crept up on us slowly. Did

you see the kindergarten boy in America who got thrown out of his school for kissing one of the girls? Sexual harassment I think they called it. Heck, when I was eight years old I turned up to school one day with a pocket full of rifle ammunition; the teacher just told me to put it back where I found it when I got home. Imagine what would happen these days? There'd be bomb squads called out, court cases, institutions, incarcerations, orphanages, sexual assaults, and every psycho from here to Timbuktu would have had a field day. But what happened? When I got home I put it back, and that was the end of the story. People were sane in those days. As for kissing one of the girls, I don't think the teacher would have even noticed.

No - what's wrong with the world today is it's full of psychos. In the olden days they had ways of cleansing society of them. They put them in stocks, they shaved their heads, they poked fun at them, they called them names; it was all very cruel and uncivilised; but it worked. It stopped freaks getting worse. They knew they were freaks and it gave them a kind of yardstick to measure their freakishness by.

But what measure do they have today? Society seems to glorify nutcases, psychos and maniacs, and what is much worse, it seems to have a smouldering hostility to any other definition of normality. Freaks model themselves on other freaks, and they are held up as examples to emulate.

No. We've gone too far. We have to start going the other way. There's no need to go back to the bad old days of tar brushes and feathers, but there's no need to think that we have to agree with the opinions

that freaks have of themselves either, whether they happen to be in the minority or whether they make up the majority.

It doesn't matter what adults do to themselves of course, for everyone has a right to make their own decisions and take their own consequences. But I often wonder what examples the children of tomorrow will choose to follow. Will they just poke fun at their sleazy elders, or having nothing better to model themselves on, will they just become as psycho as everyone else?

There's one thing on their side of course; children are sane because they haven't had time to absorb the accumulated corruption of mankind, and so have the gift of clear vision. I just hope they will use this gift to mend to world rather than condemn it, as pretty soon they might be its only hope.

Thanks to everyone who has sent zines for trade. There was a shortage of copies of OTR for a few weeks (as I didn't have the money to get heaps more printed) but you should all now have a copy. Thanks again. □

Contributions

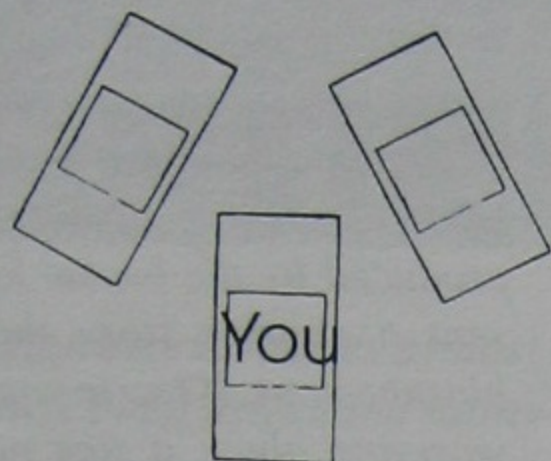
Please send your work to:
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... or send by email.

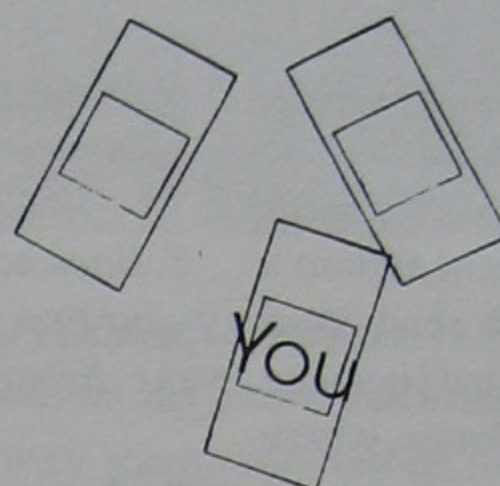
... and don't forget to
subscribe!

Police Chase

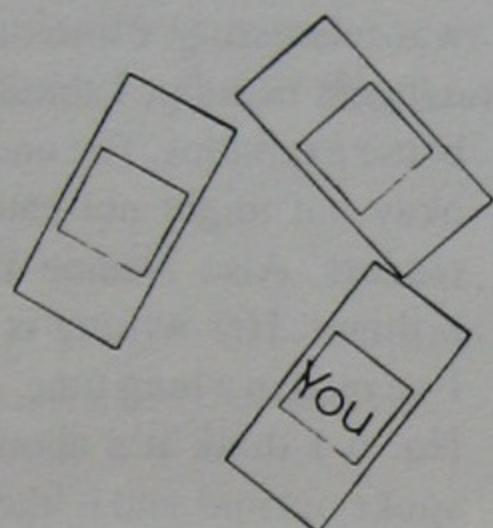
A TRICK THE POLICE OFTEN USE TO STOP CARS IS BY USING TWO CARS TO VEER INTO EITHER SIDE OF THE UNFORTUNATE MOTORIST. HERE'S WHAT YOU DO:



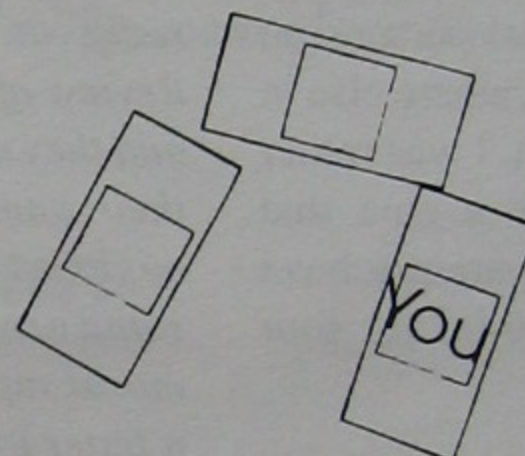
TWO POLICE CARS ARE VEERING INTO YOU.



BRAKE HEAVILY. STEER TO RIGHT.



ACCELERATE HARD.



ACCELERATE HARDER. THE COP CAR WILL DEFINATELY FLIP AS COP CAR ON LEFT WILL PREVENT IT FROM SPINNING.

How fast will your car go?

Six cylinder Holdren	80mph
Six cylinder Ford	85mph
Family V8	100mph
GT Falcon	120mph
1800cc Jap car	80mph
Twin cam Jap car	100mph
Six cylinder police car	85mph
V8 Police pursuit car	120mph+
250cc Jap bike	65mph
500cc Jap bike	100mph
Kawasaki 900	120mph
Suzuki GSX 1100	130mph
Norton Commando	110mph
Norton Commando stage 3	130mph+ (if you're game)

To most of these speeds you can add 10-20mph for only short distances. But these are the most realistic speeds you can expect. Some of the older cars also have terrible brakes and steering and shouldn't be

driven at these speeds, ever. If you have the wind against you 10mph can be lost. Bikes accelerate much faster than cars but aren't as good at taking curves. The technique to use here is to encourage the police to chase you in short streets so that you are braking and accelerating all the time.

No one races on suburban streets. You can only do it on freeways and expressways where pedestrians aren't allowed. Don't go through red lights unless you can see the coast is clear. A lot of people think you have to drive really fast to escape, but most police chases are conducted at speeds of only 60-80-mph. At these speeds they can't force you to stop either as it's too dangerous for them. They'll just follow and observe where you go. In NSW (as in most other states) they are not legally permitted to set up road blocks.

Make sure your tyres and brakes are good. You can even rig up flip-up number plates if you like. When you pull a knob they just flipup on a hinge and there's no problems with registration numbers.



Letters

Send letters to: PO Box 1130
Baulkham Hills NSW 2153
or to 100251.3250@compuserve.com

Sir,
I picked up some copies of OTR in New York and began reading them on the subway. I was a little irritated by your pseudo-humorous reply to Brian Ludlum's letter. But it wasn't until I read your *Political Correctness* article that I became rather alarmed. It's hard to know where

Deleted due to copyright restrictions

University of Calgary

(Tony goes on to say how many spooky friends he's got, how OTR should be more sensitive, and how he's really an anarchist too.)

Well, you two-bit, four-eyed, penny pinching, miserly, one-balled, slimy, son of a bitch. I've got a questionnaire for you.

1. When you sat down on the subway, did you cross your legs?
2. If it was night, did you sit near the guard's compartment?
3. Do you powder your behind?
4. Do you sit down to have a wee wee?
5. When you buy a video recorder, do you get it delivered?

6. When you went to New York, did you hold your purse under your arm?

7. Back home in Calgary, do you, or does your best friend, work as a ball shaver at the district hospital?

8. Are you waiting for the alternative version of *The Blue Lagoon* to be released?

If you answered yes to all of these, don't mix with anarchists, they'll only chuck rocks at you. Read the *Mid-Atlantic Review* often enough, and long enough, and they might just let you become one of their bum boys around the office. You might even be able to get a few of them to stand around and give you a bit of poofy moral support the next time you type out a letter to OTR.

(And the reason that I charge ten dollars for a sub is that the Post Office still believes in accepting money for delivering mail.)

Dear Sir,

I sent a short story to you for

Deleted due to copyright restrictions.

Campbelltown, SA

Your story is like many others I receive. I don't want to print them, I don't want to read them, and I resent having to get up from my desk to wash my hands after handling them.

I've got a tip for you. Why don't you try writing about something above the navel for once; if you do you'll be one of the few writers in your field. I'll print anything if it's decent. Such pieces are so rare that I

have a natural sympathy for the writers.

You might think you're being original, but I can assure you that such writing is produced by the bucket load. You also sent a shorter story that is gravely blasphemous. If I were you I wouldn't be worrying about a zine not wanting to print it, I'd be worried about judgement day.

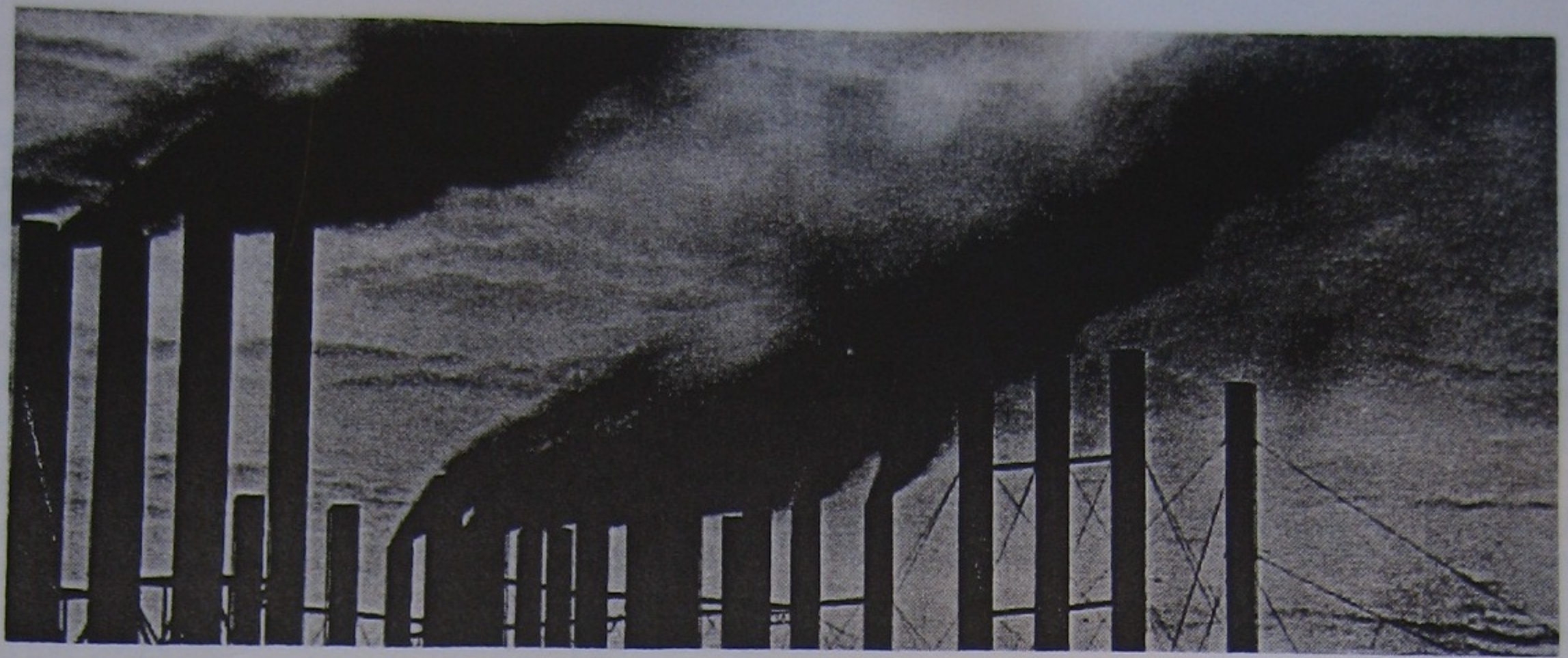
Dear Mark,

Your article about the cashless society

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Castle Hill, NSW

Thanks for your letter Michael. There are better examples but I was too tired to think of them. I agree, Nadine's work is really fantastic and she's an even more interesting person in real life. Keep your fingers crossed and she might write some more for a future issue. When I first wrote to her asking if she would allow the printing of her work without payment, I was confidently expecting a resounding no, but instead I found her to be helpful and even inspirational. I also found that she's never, ever been published before. It shows what a sick state of affairs the arts are in, doesn't it?



The Pacific Highway stretches almost the entire eastern coastline of Australia. Before WWII it was a dirt road, but since then it has been upgraded many times. First it was tarred, then, as different governments found the money, bits and pieces of freeway were added, and old sections of the highway were retained as bypass routes; nowadays, in some places, it's hard to say which route the Pacific Highway takes.

But the Pacific Highway of course is more than just a road. It is a symbol to many of freedom. The highway traverses two state borders and is over 2000 miles long. It travels through four major cities and hundreds of towns. The road was regarded as the only road north and south for many decades, and it is the route that marked a new beginning for countless numbers as they searched for a better life. Many found their better life, others found loneliness, and others found death, and others became lost in the many towns along the way.

Life on the Run

I start up the engine, and it comes to life. And I pull out onto the highway. Whenever I step into a car, any car, I feel like driving it a long way, until I can't drive it any more. Not that it takes me anywhere - but it is the journey. Up along the coast road, along connecting highways, places that belong nowhere in our minds - ugly places, sad places, out of the way places - but ones that have a meaning because they are on the way to somewhere else.

There are few who belong to this journey. There are few who even know of it. Those we meet along the way are often obliging, they are often kind, they just don't understand why we left, and why we are passing through, and why we don't belong.

At the beginning we didn't want to head for the road - at the time it seemed like the end of everything, but now that we look back, it seems like destiny, as such tragedies scattered everyone we knew, and were the very things that enabled us to find things that we otherwise wouldn't have found.

The white line is a mysterious thing. It is a living existing allegory about the meaning of life, the meaning of the journey. It duplicates in a smaller way the journey of life, and all the good, the bad, and the strange and interesting things we meet on the way.

Out on the road we often feel alone, but feel we have

a home somewhere - though we can't point to where it is, for it is only a home of the imagination, a mysterious place that we belong. You don't know whether it belongs to the future or to the past. But it's funny the fragments of life you remember when you think back. There is so much to think of and so much to remember, that you can't remember much of it. Just fragments, pieces, things not worth remembering - but you do, you remember, and somehow it all makes some sense.

I drive over the new bridge where the punt used to cross, echoes of the car's engine coming back from the safety railing, and enter a great industrial city - lonely, wire fences guarding factories, yellow smoke rising from chimneys stacks a mile away. There are grey holding tanks, and zig-zagging roofs, and far away, over the bay, there are three tall rusty corrugated buildings. Daunting - horrible in a way. You feel so helpless in the face of such inhumanity. But there is nothing you can do - and nothing that you'd be game to do - through fear of being devoured if you went too close, or looked for too long.

Who were those responsible for this? Are they hiding somewhere behind those rusty stacks, or lurking behind the hulks of the old river ships, watching as you pass? We are fearful for ourselves, fearful for this

day, and fearful for tomorrow. We know that if we were to die, the chimney stacks would never cease, the haze would never go away.

There is a vast emptiness, a vast tragedy taking place. It is not written about in newspapers, but only in the eternal soul of the these last decades gone by. The sixties is dead, a few escaped to fade away in suburban dreams, and a few are still fighting their lonely battles from wherever the white line has scattered them. Most of us just moved on, a few of us stayed where we were, but after everything is said,

and everything is done, we found we always belonged to this white line; we just found ourselves at the beginning one day, and there was only one way to go.

I feel like an old man. I have seen and done everything on this side of hell. Yet the idea I had in my youth is still with me. That this white line is a mysterious thing. It is an idea taken from another idea, reflected darkly in another idea, which only reminds us of something else, but because of this, the idea will catch your soul and will never let it go.



Our horoscope says 'Between now and late May, you will have a successful time in your private life, social circle and career.'

Good anarchists activities list.

Get some camping equipment and a few months' food supply and bury it in the bush if you ever have to disappear for a while.

Get a gas mask together. An Israeli gas mask can be bought at most surplus stores for around \$30.

Join the Army Reserve and get military training while you're getting paid for it. Meet other anarchists. Get useful tips from Vietnam vets, learn to read maps and use weapons.

Join the police force and get paid while you pass information back to your friends. Also wipe computers, give all the local upstanding dobbing citizen types criminal records, steal guns and arrest all the people who ought to be arrested. (See if you can arrest Johnny Howard for treason.)

There's actually a few Australians in Sydney that are pulling rickshaws for visiting tourists, including Asians. If you ever see one of these rickshaws, upturn it and punch the living crap out of the rickshaw puller. Leave him unconscious and bleeding, and before you walk away put the boot in a couple of times. Either that or tie him to a tree where people can walk past and spit on him.

Start bullet proofing your car. If you can weld and use basic hand tools it will only cost a few hundred dollars.

Children's Rights Campaigners.

Did you see the news item from a couple of weeks ago. The Christian brothers are running a phone dob-in-campaign where callers can report child abuse. (I nearly choked on a paddle-pop when I saw it.)

Get a few friends together and round up every Christian brother and bumming parson you can find, put them onto the backs of army trucks, take them to a remote area, and open fire with one of those machine guns where one soldier has to turn the handle while another feeds the belt in. (and another pisses on the barrel.)

Sabotage

Very soon Mr Howard's industrial relations policies will be taking effect. Some misguided workers therefore, will undoubtedly try to sabotage their workplaces. So if you want to detect sabotage in your workplace in order to tell the proper authorities, here is a list of things to watch out for.

1. The employee who turns the cooling water off on a row of welding machines.
2. The saboteur who constantly changes gear while a lathe is spinning.
3. Welders who weld pieces of metal while held in the air with a crane. This will burn the motor of the crane out.
4. Employees putting water in diesel fuel tanks.
5. Employees ringing up their boss's prized customers and telling them that if they comes near the business again they'll be the victims of machete attacks.
6. Welding up expensive stainless steel products with mild steel welding rods.
7. Using water based glue in applications that call for waterproof glue.
8. Employees who give confidential quotes to their boss's rivals.
9. Employees who go around stealing little, and often irreplaceable parts of machines.
10. Employees who add lots of lime to concrete pours.
11. Employees who cut very hard, thick metal on machines that weren't designed for it.
12. Employees who lose vital paperwork when a job has to go out on time.
13. Employees who get a job under an assumed name, then punch the shit out of some exploiting factory owner before getting in their cars and driving away.
14. Employees who use hair spray instead of flux on soldered joints. Also watch for the unpleasant person who sprays freshly soldered electronic circuits with a 2% solution of hydrochloric acid.
15. Employees who 'accidentally' wipe their computers *and* the back-up discs as well.
16. Employees who seem to have a fascination for putting Super Glue into locks, computer disc drives and inside other delicate equipment, (as well as the more brazen person who uses plastic squeeze bottles of Araldite).
17. The employee who asks his/her union to send a letter to the boss about his prized foremen or charge hand. In it the union will say that they can't listen to any more complaints from this individual until he joins the union (this one works, as I can attest!!).

... more things to watch out for next month.

How Free Are We?

In the whole of Australia there is only one place that you are legally entitled to sleep without conditions - and that is your own bed in your own house. You are not allowed to sleep in parks, on the street, on the beach, on Crown land, or in National parks without permission. You can't sleep on State Government property, Commonwealth property, or even in your own car by the side of the road without running the risk of arrest.

Apart from the land you own or rent, there is no place where you may grow any plant.

You may not make your living solely by bartering. If you attempt to do so you will be charged tax which must be paid in cash.

You may not own any implement, be it firearm, knife, stick or any other article whatsoever for the purpose of defending yourself. If you do you will be fined or go to prison. Yet there is no other person or organisation who has the charter to protect you. There is no law requiring the police to prevent a homicide or violent assault even where there is an immediate certainty of the assault or homicide being carried out. The only duty of the police is to apprehend an offender after an offence is committed.

Of all the land in Australia you are only allowed to set foot on less than 1% of it. 99% of Australia you may never see. You are allowed onto your own property, a public footpath, or a road, providing that you are crossing directly to the other side. You may go into a National Park but this is a privilege. You may not go onto Commonwealth land or Crown land or Defence Department land or Aboriginal land or private property without permission. These latter categories alone make up 80% of Australian land.

You may not treat yourself with any drug or administer any prohibited chemical, for healing yourself or for any other reason, that is proscribed.

There are hundreds of plants that God put on the earth that you are forbidden to grow. If you do you will go to prison.

You may not bring someone before the courts who has done you an injury. If somebody has wounded you with a sharp instrument and a government department won't bring them to justice, you no longer have the option of doing so on your own account.

You are not allowed to sing in the street.

You are not allowed to build any dwelling without first gaining the permission of government bodies.

If you don't have money and don't own land you have no inherent right to eat.

You are not allowed to set yourself up in most trades without first gaining the permission of the government.

You may not possess the means to commit a crime, even if it is not your intention to commit a crime. Eg, you may not carry tools while walking on a public street.

You may not stand in a public place without reasonable explanation.

You may not talk to anyone who has committed any indictable offence.

You may not sell any foodstuff that you have produced without the approval of the government.

You are not allowed to live aboard any boat in Australian waters.

You are not allowed to live in any caravan in Australia for more than three months..

The police may search your person at any time for any reason whatsoever.

Any state government can pass any law, at any time, for any reason whatsoever.

If you don't own land, and can't afford rent, there is no legal place where you may exist, unless you constantly walk the footpaths without ever sleeping.

Any government can confiscate any property at any time for any reason.

If you commit a felony ie., shoplifting, and try and run from the scene, any policeman or security guard may shoot you dead. (This little talked about law is the reason that no security guard or policeman has ever been convicted of murder in Australia.)

Any property owner or his agent may use as much force as necessary to remove any person from his property at any time for any reason. Such force may include assault or homicide. (This is the reason that no bouncer has ever been convicted of violent assault or murder in Australia.)

Under Federal and State law you may be gaoled for life for possession of heroin if you are in possession of sugar or flour that you have purported to any person to be heroin. In other words you can be gaoled for life for trying to rip off a drug dealer.

A man may be gaoled for rape for having sexual intercourse with any woman without explicitly asking her consent before the act takes place. (This was a police favourite in the 70's when they often raided lovers lanes to arrest men without a complaint being made. Most received 18 to 24 months imprisonment.)

Here are other things that are generally the accepted ways of doing things:

You will usually be convicted of any offence if a policeman says he heard you confess (known in legal circles as a verbal.)

You will be convicted of any minor crime if anyone alleges that you committed it. Many decent people have been imprisoned simply because a shop assistant said they saw some person put something in his/her pocket.

You have no legal right to have a lawyer present during police questioning.

In most Australian states you must be a landowner to serve on a jury, as jurors are chosen from land title records.

You may be charged and convicted of any offence, no matter how minor, at any length of time after the alleged offence. (A man was recently arrested and convicted for not turning up to a court case for drunkenness in 1942.)

You may be convicted of offences by a Justice of the Peace; a person who often has no legal training whatsoever. Aboriginals are often sentenced to terms of imprisonment by JP's. A JP may be the local newsagent, liquor store proprietor or real estate agent.)

There is no requirement that a Magistrate have any legal training either, and many don't. They can and do imprison people for a vast range of offences.

You can be gaoled for going on strike in any circumstances anywhere in Australia.

There is no obligation on an employer to pay award wages. An award wage is an agreement between a union and an employers' body. If an employer doesn't belong to that employers' body, and there is no requirement that employers have to, they don't have to pay award wages or give any other condition in the award.

You have no right to sue an employer for any breach of any award. Only a Union can take your employer to court. If you are not a member of a Union you have no rights under the award. If your Union doesn't feel like chasing up your back pay etc., you can't sue your employer yourself.

There is no specific duty of an employer to pay any employee, as no time limits are set on when an employee is to be paid. An employer may keep twelve months pay in hand, or more if he wishes. (Employers often withhold wages for weeks, and in some cases months, to punish employees.)

You have no specific right to vote in any election. Governments themselves can make any conditions they wish, and often do.

It is against the law for an employee to use insulting language towards an employer and you may be dismissed on the spot without any pay if you do. It is however not illegal for an employer to use insulting language towards an employee and there is no recourse. (This is a common problem in industry

every day in Australia.)

You can be charged and convicted of arson for lighting a cigarette, burning a piece of paper, or starting a campfire. There is a recent case where a juvenile was convicted of arson for setting fire to a paper bag in a concrete bus shelter (five years imprisonment).

In some states in Australia the police may keep you in custody for any length of time without charging you. (South Africa had a 90 day, then a 180 day law, in which police could hold suspects, and this was condemned world-wide.)

There are any number of government authorities that can enter your home without a warrant and take away any goods at any time for any reason. These departments include customs, the Dept of Defence, and the Railways.

We haven't even started on the rights we don't have. The list could go on and on. Many of the offences against basic liberties are much more serious than these, such as the manipulation of land prices and the prohibition of subdivisions in order to create a labouring class who cannot own land.

As it stands we have very few rights indeed, and those we do have are disappearing at a frightening rate. At this moment politicians are even discussing whether to do away with jury trials, the right to silence, the right to legal representation, and most other rights considered basic in any civilised society.

There also seems to be an explosion of tin-pot organisations which are vociferously advocating the removal of any other rights that we still have, as well as licensing, registrations, and the general persecution of whole sections of society.

The rights we've lost in only the last few years are breathtaking; the right to take someone to court over a criminal matter, the banning of firearms (which means all real power has now been appropriated by the government - landowners have of course been exempted), imprisonment without trial introduced in the Northern Territory, and statements from the dock (one of the few legal privileges we had left).

I think I am correct in saying, that there are no rights that we possess that are not hemmed around by conditions, and there are no rights we have that cannot be removed at anytime by a great many bodies.

Yet governments are still in late night parliamentary sittings, feverishly passing even more restrictive laws to take away the few petty privileges we have left. At the same time technology is coming to their aid with advanced bugging technology, video surveillance systems, computer systems, infrared technology, and technology we don't yet even know exists.

... *pretty scary society we live in, isn't it?*

The New Liberal Way (or, how to become the perfect suckhole.)

1. Go on an open day tour of your local police station. When it's question time, ask how *you* can get to be a 'special constable' too. Also tell the sergeant how safe you'll feel, knowing that you're only allowed to ride in the back seat of the police car.

2. Send in conscience money to the taxation department.

3. Explore your conscience when the next dob-in campaign is announced. Even those little bits of information, that you might normally think nothing of, can help the authorities prosecute your friends.

4. Drive around the block sixteen times hoping that you can get breath tested too.

5. Be seen drinking only lemonade at your office party. Hold the can at the appropriate angle to make sure the boss doesn't miss seeing the label.

6. Become another government-sponsored revolutionary at your university. Dress up like Che Guevara, and go around with a placard fighting for government policies.

7. Become the little shit of your street and siphon the tank of your neighbour's unregistered car. (He can't complain to the police, can he? ha ha!) After all, the money he's cheating on *you* have to pay in extra insurance premiums.

8. Even though you've been brown-nosing since you were knee high to a grass hopper, tell anyone who'll listen, how you've 'lost sympathy' with unionists after that riot in Canberra.

9. Become the little shit of your place of employment. Play tennis

with that employee who is claiming a bad back. You can then go along to tell the compensation court what you saw.

10. Turn up for your employment interview with a reference from a church minister. (Even the boss might throw up at this one.)

11. Hand your semi-auto in in Mr Howard's gun amnesty, (to get them off the streets).

12. Observe class snobbery. Sit on the tractor tyre with other charge hands during your lunch break, just to keep that little distance between you and the workers. This way they will have more respect for your authority.

13. Practice that little shake of the head that tells the boss how you get a little annoyed with the work practices of that lazy worker next to you.

14. Become the bundy card pimp in your place of employment.

15. Put a chart on your wall and make a graph that represents the value of your home.

16. Get a job as a 'pollution monitor' with a whistle and clip board. Stand firm and don't accept any excuses. As you're writing out infringement notices call drivers 'chum' and then throw the ticket on the ground.

17. When the bushfire season starts get an orange helmet and a walkie talkie, and go to rich areas ready to 'save homes'.

18. When a couple of police women arrest you and ten of your mates after your night club brawl, get quietly into the back of the police wagon (after all, the law is the law.)

19. Practice having a stern expression when you hear of some redneck who isn't politically correct. (After all, those little remarks could lead to big trouble with our trading neighbours.)

20. Be the eyes and ears of your boss at your next union meeting. Do a bit of heckling also, and say the things your boss would have said, had he been invited.

21. Tell your boss that productivity might be increased if the 'buddy system' is introduced on your factory floor.

22. Stand near your boss if he has to venture out onto the loading dock. Be prepared to jump to his assistance if one of those big, brutal truck drivers tries to intimidate him.

This page has been included because some readers have written in and asked, "What is a suckhole?" A suckhole is a kind of low-grade conformist, especially a person whose actions are based on fear. His/her actions are usually directed to getting favours from the more powerful. Other synonymous terms are bumlicker, brown nose, crawler and a host of others names.

Suckholes rarely know that they are suckholes, because such behaviour is unconscious - they don't even know they are doing it, and if they did, they wouldn't even admit it to themselves.

They are despised by such organisations as police forces who come into contact with them daily; employers hold them in contempt, but use them, and the class-hierarchy of any society is, for the main part, based on suckholism.



cont' from previous page

THE WORKING CLASS SUCKHOLE

The home owner. He's the one whose job it is to get under the machines and scrape up the congealed oil and carry it to the big drum outside. He owns a one bedroom, fibro house, built on a railway siding and he considers it his duty as a property owner to vote Liberal or the horrible lower classes might try and take away everything he's ever worked for.

The superannuation accruer. He's voting for Mr Howard because he's got \$40,000 worth of super to protect. As if Howard's sole intent in coming to power is to look after his super. This is the only time I agree with Johnny Howard actually. *Why not* just rip it off him!

The bundy card pimp. He's sponsoring the workers in his section, all five of them, to vote in a block for the Liberals, in order to protect their 60 cents shift allowance from the communists.

The leech. He won't join the union until everyone else has joined. And he'll only join then, so as not to appear prominent in any way. He's also got a daughter who works in a bank, and she's a JP; therefore it mightn't be legally proper.

The baby feeder. He's only interested in putting bread and meat on the family table and won't put up with any disparaging remarks against employers.

The short-arse - he's the deputy charge hand and he's prepared to fight the unionists on their own terms (all three of them). If they

want to play rough he can play even rougher. He manages to get a shop steward sacked for coming five minutes late, and he also stands in the middle of the factory floor reading doctors' certificates with disbelieving expressions.

The gossipier - he's a rumour spreader for the boss. If your factory hasn't had a pay rise for a while, he'll say that the union man secretly got a pay rise for himself. The union man also helped the boss sack a man, and even laughed when the unfortunate got ripped off of his holiday pay. The union guy also sells drugs to the apprentices and he was also in the vicinity of the locker room when that wallet was stolen.

The factory lag - he's the type of pom who came to Australia chained in the hulks of convict ships, and his only strategy for succeeding in life is to pass information back to the boss - and he'll do this even when you show him a better way. If you tell him about some rort for getting more money, he'll think he can do even better for himself by telling the boss what you told him. Nothing ever comes of it however, because even the boss can't stomach this guy.

The Benedict Arnold - when the boss fires a worker with a mortgage and six kids, and it looks like the union might get involved, he'll help the boss out by going around and saying, "Well, *he* was stealing too, you know."

THE MIDDLE CLASS SUCKHOLE

The Conspiracy Theory Exposer. If somebody says that politicians are just a bunch of power grabbers, or that bankers

might not be the lovable characters portrayed in TV commercials, the conspiracy theory exposer will get up and say, is this some kind of a conspiracy theory? Are you saying that they **get together in a room** to conspire against society?

The police asker. In spite of all the police royal commissions, video tapes of bribe taking, tape recordings of police burglary rings, rake-offs, kickbacks, back handers, under-the-counter deals, child sex rings etc, he'll say the problem is nothing more than one or two rotten apples. He'll also tell you about the day he accidentally strolled into some working class suburb, and a nice police sergeant pulled up and offered him a lift out of the area. (I've actually heard this one.)

The taxi getter outer - this is a particularly low-grade conformist. He was riding along in a cab, he'll tell you, presumably with brief case on lap, and everything is going cheerily, until, good gad, the taxi driver makes a politically unfashionable remark!!! The brown nose then tells the driver to **stop the cab!!** because he's **getting out!!** After listening to this tale, you will now choke on your cheese slice when he says that other cab drivers gave him the 'V' for victory sign around town next day.

The left wing suckhole. This guy dresses up like Che Guevara, reads Bakunin, denounces fascism, xenophobia, rednecks and imperialism, (and supports every other government policy as well). When the discussion moves onto the practical, rather than the theoretical, things get even more alarming. He imagines that all politicians are the same as the father from the Brady Bunch, and he exposes every criticism of them as some deluded conspiracy

cont' on next page

theory saying, "The government wouldn't do that!!!"

The TV Interviewer. After an interviewee gives some common-sense answer like, Whackos shouldn't be allowed to adopt children! this journalist turns his head to the camera with a disbelieving look, hoping to gain the approval of the audience and the station owner.

Gaining confidence, he feels that the next question can be a little more brusque. You expect him to get up and walk out after getting an answer that would make most of us wobble at the knees, but instead he turns to the audience again with a look of outrage and concern. Not wishing to give the bigot any more airtime now, he cuts to an interview he did with a white-haired parson earlier in the week, where the theme of the interview has now changed to the best way of eradicating bigots from society.

In many western countries, this suckholing is something that might only bring a smile to our faces, but in many third world countries where people are fighting for their very lives, suckholing can take on a dark and sinister meaning. The suckholes will be the security guards with shotguns, they'll be the spies, the undercover men, and those who are responsible for the mass murder of civilians; they are also the people who can make any progress in society impossible.

Turn the page now to get a clear picture of how these suckholes are created. □

Australia's Suckhole Elite

Phillip Adams

This guy seems to be regarded as Australia's foremost intellectual. He has a radio show and writes for newspapers, and every time the middle class want to show how stupid the working class is, they get him on the job. He also tries to make every phrase a winner, but then less skilfully tries stringing them together into sentences. To be a Bernard Shaw in England you have to be witty; but Adams proves that to be one in Australia you've just got to be chummy with a newspaper editor.

Stewart Littlemore

While this guy isn't getting involved in brawls on international flights he has his own television spot where he points out shortcomings of other journalists, such as spelling mistakes, grammatical errors, poor taste and a host of other trivia. Most of his criticisms amount only to the persecution of journalists who take shortcuts in a desperate effort to hang on to their miserable jobs.

He also seems to proceed on the assumption that there is this large, educated, middle-class audience somewhere out there who have nothing better to do but snigger along at logic syntax errors and departures from grammatical orthodoxy. (Instead of the one brain-celled pack of morons they are.)

Santamaria

This guy is leader of the National Civic Council and he had a five minute spot on Sunday morning television where he exposed the communists and generally expounded the disciplinary measures needed to keep working class people at their workbenches. The guy is absolutely atrocious.

With such a high opinion of his own intellectual prowess he now hires himself out as a casual for those who have the ability (or

gullibility) to pay. He also has a love affair with the SAS. At every opportunity he says that they should be sent to some third-world country to put the communists in line, or to rescue a priest, or to save a group of capitalists being exploited by the natives. I'd love to dress him up in an army uniform, give him a rifle and bayonet, and drop him by parachute 50 miles south of Hanoi.

Mark Day

This guy was a newspaper editor and is now a talk back tout. He was the biggest brown nose in Australian history up until about the mid 80's. He was all in favour of flogging for refuse cheats, workers who wanted to be fairly paid, hungry people who steal and those who didn't tip their hats to the queen. But now in the mid-nineties he's been out brown-nosed by the up and comers, and I think even he's a little shocked at their audacity.

The ABC Comedy Shows

This lot couldn't collectively raise a smile with two tanker loads of laughing gas. All of this humour is politically-loaded government propaganda. They make fun of returned soldiers, victims of government witch hunts, the working class, or any other class the government doesn't like. It's also the same low IQ audience that turns up for every recording.

Clive Robertson

After a life of middle class pampering, loafing and idling, this guy knows it all. This is a typical example of a suckhole with a good cover. He tries to palm himself off as a comedian, but whenever he has an off-day and can't think of anything funny to say, the government propaganda line comes out in its basest form. □

Political Science Series: Pt I

I thought I'd give you a rundown on the theory of taking power and a bit about politics in this issue. Don't turn the page. You should find it interesting. The article below contains all the theory you'll ever need to know about taking power in any country, and indeed all the theory that this century's power grabbers ever knew. As anarchists we have to know this sort of thing so we understand how power operates in society. In the next issue we'll have a look at the actual practice of taking power, and what actually happens on the streets when this theory is put into practice.

If you're like most people you must have asked yourself lots of times, what makes the systems we live under tick? and is it possible to defeat them?

The first thing most of us have to be aware of, is that we *are* the system. You think I'm being a smart-arse, don't you? But this idea must be grasped. Most oppressed people all over the world are as much a part of, and fully support the system, as if they were at the head of the Federal Reserve Bank.

But to see what I mean let's take a look at how this system, and every other system in the world today, operates. But first I'll ask a question.

Is it illegal to print your own money?

You'll say, of course it is. But that's not what I mean. What I mean is, is it illegal to print your own money with your own picture on it, distribute this new form of currency, and encourage everyone to use your money rather than the money they use now?

The answer to this is really pretty complicated. There are certainly laws against such a practice, but we get into a very grey area. Most lawyers

could argue this back and forth for a long time before deciding on an answer. The reason is that this concept goes right to the very heart of the legal and power system itself.

The answers will be many, but all will agree on this: if you print your own money and society uses the new currency, then it is a fait accompli - you have succeeded in doing away with your government and coming to power. It's like asking if there is a law against Indonesia invading Australia - the question is irrelevant. If they succeed at it they are the new government.

Why is all this so? The answer is that if enough people use your money, then it is you who are paying the police, and the court system, and the jailers, and every other person in the system. They are relying on you to be paid every week, therefore the police and the courts and everybody else in society has to do what you tell them to do. This is in fact the actual source of power for every government in the world today. The person who controls the printing press is in charge of everything, because everyone has to do what he says.

The way in which Jefferson Davis took power in the Southern States of America was by this very method. Hitler also used this method to come to power, as did Idi Amin of Uganda. They printed their own money and people had to do what they said. Lenin also came to power in Russia by printing his own money and people had to do what he said. In fact most governments in the world today have used this very method to take power, *especially* when various economies went off the gold standard. Gough Whitlam, the Australian Prime Minister, probably tried to use this method to come to power and bypass the Senate in 1975. Garfield Barwick

a high-ranking constitutional advisor, who advised the Governor General to fire him, was later asked why he gave this advice. He ignored the question and simply replied: "Those who know the secrets of the law have very great power indeed."

Adolf Hitler was elected to govern and Idi Amin took government by a military coup, but these were not the things that put them in power. It is important to remember that these were simply the methods they used to get access to the printing press.

All right, you ask, if people began to use the money I print, instead of the money the government prints, then I will be in power; but how do I get people to use my money in the first place? And can the government do anything to protect itself against this style of takeover?

This isn't an easy question to answer. This is where we move into street level politics. But if the money has been distributed in only one location, they can declare war as Lincoln did against the Confederate States of America. If the money is widely distributed through the entire country they can counterfeit it and devalue it so that it becomes worthless, at the same time protecting their own currency by making it harder to counterfeit.

But don't let's get too tied up in what the government can do to protect itself. The answer is, not very much, if other factors are in your favour. If there is a favourable environment, the person who challenges the system by printing money is in a very strong position; the reasons will become pretty obvious as we proceed. The bigger the economy and the more sophisticated the society is in fact, the easier it is to do. It can be very difficult to use this technique in backward tribal societies, because power tends to be held only partly in an economic way. Some of it is held by ancestral chiefs and witch doctors, but modern western societies are very vulnerable to this type of takeover, as

power in these societies is based entirely on economics and money.

Let's just look again at what's been said here. Money is power. Anyone can print money. Governments would like us to think that only they have a divine right to print it, but anyone can. As soon as this money is printed, these pieces of paper that are inherently worthless, become valuable, because services will be performed for whoever issues it. If those who accept this paper didn't accept it, the money would be worthless, and the government would have no power. The system that citizens often hate, is the very system they create and maintain by accepting this paper for their services.

The reason that so many exploited populations across the world don't use this method to take power is usually just ignorance. Even if the money is only used by a small percentage of the population, that is generally sufficient for power to change hands. If the population is already made up of well-defined minorities such as 12% communists, or 10% Christian Militiamen, or 18% Moslems etc, things are even easier, as ideological opposition can be relied

upon as an aid to having the new currency accepted. Once this is done other citizens will also use the money, as the only thing any person will want to know before accepting this money in payment is, can I spend it somewhere else? And if ten million people are already using it, they certainly can spend it elsewhere.

You just have to remember that it isn't difficult to take power in any country by a relatively small number of people; in fact its already been done, power was seized in this same way by those few people who are ruling them now. Also if any society is factionalised, this method is generally easy to use, and in many Western countries today there are many such grave weaknesses waiting to be exploited. There are large numbers who dislike their governments for ideological reasons, more so now than at any time in the past. Many will willingly use another currency in order to take power away from governments that they increasingly despise. This method can also be used to defeat economies based on electronic cash.

What kinds of power can you expect to obtain by coming to power in this way?

In any modern society all power rests in the person or group of people who issue these pieces of paper. This power is far reaching. When the money rolls off the printing press it has cost nothing to print, yet it can command any service. You can make laws because people need that money to buy things with. You can make laws because you can pay the police force, the law courts, the public servants and all other government and private bodies.

The journey of this money from the printing press to ordinary people like us also

creates the class system. Those who give their services directly to the person or group of people who print money, are called the 'ruling class.' Those who provide services to this ruling class in exchange for this money, are called the 'middle class.' This money then goes through many hands before it finally comes down to ordinary people who work. They must provide services in order to get this money with which they can command services of their own.

The reason these classes exist is that even with all his power, the man who owns the printing press needs helpers. Society gets very complicated, and he needs advisers to tell him who he should give this money to, and for what services. Naturally he must be able to trust his advisers or they might not be loyal to him, and they might even expose his secrets if they get half a chance. So as a precaution he will only hire people who thinks like he does and those he can trust. These people are the ruling class. In Australia they number only about twenty people.

There's a lot of work for the ruling class to do however in the running of a society. Twenty people can't possibly oversee the complicated day to day running of everything. There are complicated decisions to make, there are people to be supervised, cheques to sign, experts whose advice is sought. For this reason they hire other people to make sure the money is only given to those who do what they're told, and give it only for services that are required. These people are the middle class. In Australia the middle class number about 40,000 people or so. These middle class people are given more of the money than anyone else, because the man at the printing press needs their loyalty so that the system can run properly. They drive nice cars, and live in nice houses and send their children to the best schools. These people must also be of a like mind to the man at the printing press because

First Snowfall

Drifting past
The window
Through
A haze
Of steamed up
Glass
A neon glow
Falling
Onto
The road

Jon Summers

he must be able to trust them.

Now, human nature being what it is, there are lots of other people in society who aren't members of this middle class, but they want to be. They'll try and act like middle class people. They go to the opera and turn up to art galleries to show that they are also of a like mind to the man at the printing press. These people are known as the petty bourgeoisie and they are hated by progressives in all ages because of their insincerity and hypocrisy. In Australia they number maybe half a million or so.

Would you believe, there are even other people under the petty bourgeoisie. They are so contemptible that I don't think there's even a name for them. They're the people who get jobs in banks or as shop managers and try to imitate the petty bourgeoisie. They turn their noses up at those who do labouring jobs or work in restaurants, and they send their children to private schools if they can. In Australia these people number in the millions. The most savage class viciousness in any society is between this group, and the class which it considers is beneath them.

To show the middle classes how loyal they are to the man at the printing press, this group will shout down others for not doing the things that the upper classes want them to do. They'll run around and wave placards and intimidate each other for saying things the man at the printing press might not approve of. They run around screaming insults and denouncing people; they arrest them, or get them to move on, they write disgusting newspaper articles denouncing the poor, they go on juries, they attack black people or white people, or they support whatever the opinions of the man at the printing press happens to be. They're also the people who shout a lot of words with "ist" on the end of them. Even people in the middle class are scared of these people because they know that if they ever say something that the man at the printing

press doesn't like, he can let this savage pack loose on them.

But let's just stop here for a moment and look at just one or two powers the man at the printing press has, just to see how wide they really are. Let's look at Germany in the 30's. Lots of learned people have asked, why did so many Germans put people in gas chambers? And why do dictators find it so easy to find people willing to commit such atrocities? The answer should be obvious by now. It's because the man printing the money will only give it to people who does what he says. If they don't do what he says he won't give them the money that they need to buy food and cloth themselves with. If a German had refused to put people in gas chambers when he was ordered to, he would soon have been sleeping in the snow.

Let's look at another example. Just say, he wants society to accept some nonsense or other. Say the man at the printing press wants everyone in society to, say stand on their heads in toilet tins all day and wave flags with their toes. How can he do this? The usual method he uses nowadays, is to find an idiot who already believes that people should stand on their heads and wave the flag with their toes, and he pays them money to set up departments in universities to teach the practice.

But why would anyone want to go to university and study this nonsense? Simply because anyone who completes the course of study can have a nice, well-paid, government job, and the man at the printing press will even give graduates some of his money so they can give to others, if they do what they're told. Does this remind us of anything? In this way he can slowly manipulate the entire culture of the country and get people to accept any crazy nonsense he wishes. The things

that he orders to be taught in universities, doesn't need to be silly of course; he might say that science or medicine must be taught, but his method of enticing study in any field

Banks also issue money in the form of credit and this gives them a good deal of power over commerce. The government is boss over the banks and not banks over the government however because cash is more powerful than credit. Banks can't pay wages with credit as the government can with cash. But the study of bank credit is pretty interesting. The government allows banks to lend about twenty-three times the amount of cash they have on hand at any one time. How do they do this?

If you borrow \$10,000 to buy a car you will go and give that money to a car dealer. At the end of the day the car dealer puts the money back into the bank. So what has happened? You owe the bank \$10,000, the bank owes the car dealer \$10,000 and the bank still has the same amount of money they had that morning. They are allowed to do this twenty three times, and therefore get the interest on \$230,000 and not \$10,000.

These rules are often broken however and money is often lent out hundreds of times. This can be shown by the fact that there has only been one billion dollars worth of cash ever issued in Australia, yet the banks have \$100 billion lent out on mortgages alone.

will be the same.

We come to an interesting point. Have you ever wondered what it would be like to have a lot of power? What was it like to be Hitler, or Stalin, or Chairman Mao? It must have been an incredible experience for all of them. How did such power make them feel? It must have been an eerie experience for them.

We can get a few clues by placing ourselves in their shoes. Say you were a dictator, and you had built a society where everyone did anything you wanted them to do, and yet, you knew the very simple method by which you had come to power.

But in spite of the simplicity of your con, you found that people couldn't see through it and they were prepared to do anything you wanted them to do, simply because you controlled the printing press. After a while you might tend to smile a little. Human nature being what it is, you might even play a few practical jokes for your own amusement. You might get people to stand on their heads in toilet tins and wave flags with their toes; you might even get those smart-alecs, who say this is ridiculous, paraded through the streets in dunce hats.

But imagine how your arrogance would be fed even more when things began to occur that even you hadn't counted on. When a political opponent says that it's a stupid practice to stand on your head in a toilet tin, you notice that the man interviewing him for television looks to the camera with a look of contempt and concern. You also notice that priests and parsons are condemning this critic, saying that he is a sinner and causing hatred, and that people should be liberated, and allowed and encouraged to stand on their heads in toilet tins. Christianity after all, is a tolerant loving religion, and let him who has never felt like standing on his head in a toilet tin, throw the first stone.

Yesterday you were a used car dealer or a boarding house bum, yet today

you even seem to have God on your side. If you were the dictator you'd have an eerie feeling.

You might even make up nicknames for all the different types of suckhole in your country. At some future date you might even get all these suckholes together and stick the mobs on them just to teach them not to be suckholes.

This is actually what happens. It is objective historical record that the higher echelons of the Nazi party, including Hitler, called the whole process of coming to power and ruling in Germany as 'the joke.' Hitler and his generals often laughed for hours on end, and in fact most pictures of Hitler and his generals show them laughing. To them their ruling of Germany was an extended joke, or prank.

Stalin often turned up to watch show trials from some inconspicuous corner for his own amusement. He'd often nudge senior advisers with an elbow and pass jokes at funny things he saw in the proceedings. Chairman Mao thought it was funny to get his people to pick every blade of grass in China. In the sixties he even started civil wars for his own pleasure, as a part of this extended joke. All of these dictators behaved like this because they could see the absurdity of the

We often confuse a *style of society* as power itself. We say that a society is a democracy, or communist, or fascist or socialist, and imagine that these systems are types of power. But these types of society merely reflect the personality of the man who owns the printing press. These are the different styles of society he creates once he has gained power, but they have no bearing on the gaining of power or the nature of power itself.

societies over which they ruled.

The same process of course happens in the west too. It's not even more subtle, just better hidden. □

The power of banks, coming as it does from their ability to create credit, explains much of the political phenomena in the world today. International banks control the supply of credit to governments, and hence the ability of countries to trade with other countries. In this way international banks have similar control over governments that these governments have over their own populations.

However, there are even more powerful bodies in the world than banks. These are the many institutions that we rarely think much about. The reason these institutions have so much power, is that unlike a human being, an institution can live forever.

To give an example. If you had put \$5 in the bank two thousand years ago, and received only moderate interest, the money contained in your account today would buy a block of gold twice as large as the sun. If you did the same thing only a few hundred years ago, you would today own all the money in the world.

We can't do this of course because none of us will live long enough, but an institution can. This is the reason that 'anti-trust' laws were introduced, but such laws are impossible to enforce internationally, and certain institutions that only began last century, have a great deal of power in the world today. Some of these organisations control so much money that they can dictate to governments, and most economists even acknowledge that it was these same institutions that forced the collapse of the Soviet Union. They are also responsible for much of the 'political correctness' that is now being forced on governments worldwide, as many of these institutions are not primarily financial bodies, but have a philosophical base.

Zine Review

Ethos

This is a zine that reviews other zines and music. Also has interviews. Full of contacts and in time will become bigger. OTR's copy also came with a badge with beach girl on it. Nice!

Ethos is a free zine but send IRC's or \$1 for postage.

Ethos, PO Box 3327 Dublin 8 Ireland

For the Clerisy

This zine has gone back to paper like I thought it should. Interesting and well-written. Lots of news about Latvia and what other zinesters are doing. Good solid effort!

Brant Kresovich

Riga Business School

Skolas 11

LV-1010 Riga Latvia

Fragments

One of the finest looking zines I've ever seen. Beautiful artwork. Lots of commentary on modern social problems, urban decay etc.

\$3 each within USA - add postage if outside US.

Fragments

PO Box 5370-362

Santa Ana, CA 92704 USA

Killjoy

Luther Peters, the guy who puts out this zine, has been hauled over the coals for this quite reasonable effort. It's contains his own poetry which paints a rather dark picture of the world, but it's also true. Maybe the poetry needs to mature a bit more, but even at this stage, it's showing a lot of promise. I might put some of this poetry in OTR soon.

Luther Peters, PO Box 13324, Hamilton, OH 45013, USA

Kobisena

Believe it or not this is a zine put out on the streets of Calcutta. It's a foolscap sheet folded in the middle

and is written in Indian and English. Probably the poorest zine I've ever seen, and one of the most beautiful. Here's a poem from page four:

Civil Disobedience - Rachael Z. Ikins

*A riot of orchids obscenely beautiful
Yells, chants, screams
from the balcony
their colors melding
then separating
as they jostle in a crowd
and throw bombs
of fragrance whose
repercussions permeate
the air*

Kobisena, Vattacharja Chandan, P40
Nandana Park, Calcutta 700034, W.B.
India

(Make sure to send IRC's or money.)
*There is also a US distributor but I
can't get the stamps off to read the
address.*

L'Ouverture

This is a well-written zine put together by Bill Campbell. The first issue deals with black/white relations. But Bill isn't just another 'angry black guy' who's come along to bore us all to death; lots of humour comes through, and it's a well-polished effort.

Send him a couple of dollars for a sample issue or \$15 inside, or \$25 outside US for a sub. Make cheques, M/O's out to Bill Campbell - L'Ouverture, P.O. Box 8565, Atlanta, GA 30306 USA

M.O.O.N. Magazine

Okay all you poets. *M.O.O.N. Magazine* is a small but classy poetry magazine. It runs poetry competitions and wants your poetry and artwork. See ad elsewhere in this issue. Membership with sub costs \$20 or single issue with submission

guidelines costs \$6-00. You don't have to subscribe to get published. M.O.O.N. Magazine
B.C. Mullikin, Publisher / Editor
2404 75th Street Kenosha, WI 53143
USA

McJob

Julee goes professional. Issue No. 3 is a massive improvement over No. 2 and 2 was quite good enough. Short stories and essays about all those dreadful jobs we've had. Very funny and well put together effort.

Issues \$2 each in the US. Outside add postage as well. Send only cash. Write to: Dyslexic, Julee Peezlee, PO Box 11794, Berkley, CA 94712-2794

Roadmap to Hell

Lots of funny essays, cartoons, and plenty of jokes. Well put together and interesting. Luther who writes *Killjoy* helps out with this one and it's a massive improvement over other zines of similar genres.

Write to: Luther Peters, PO Box 13324, Hamilton, OH, 45013 USA

Sivullinen

This is a small zine that's high in quality and in circulation. Above all Sivullinen believes in free speech and prints just about anything if it's well-written. Quality of poetry is high as is the standard of artwork.

To: Jouni Vääräkangas, Kaarelantie 86.B.2, 00420 Helenski Finland

Windfall

A small newspaper put out by the Windfall alternate lifestyle commune in Tecumseh USA. Full of the news, gossip and history of this most interesting group of people.

East Wind Community

Tecumseh, MO 65760 USA

*NOTE: Send zines and tapes to
Kenyata Sullivan C/O PO Box 2071
Wilmington, NC 28402-2071 USA for
the next WEFest distribution fair
which will take place early next year.
Send lots of copies sea freight now so
they arrive in time.*

Letters of the Elwyn Group

The Elwyn group of artists kept to themselves for most of the time. They considered the Australian art scene phoney and full of posers and had little to do with it. Of the twenty or so artists who made up the group, most travelled around and worked at itinerant labouring jobs, or in the trades. The most powerful personalities were John Gilman, Joseph Owens an older man who died in 1985, and Carrera. These letters date from late 1987 to 1989. I have cut large portions out of these letters for the sake of space. I will print the longer ones in a future issue.

To Peter Richards from John Gilman.

... It was at this time, that there was an occurrence for which there has been much rumour. The rumours say that I was not only very cruel to Juliet generally, but that in particular I poured a saucepan of boiling water over her during an argument. These rumours have of course hurt me greatly, so I think that it is time to give a record of that afternoon. It happened exactly as I will now describe, and there is no more to it and no less. It might surprise you that it was Juliet who first made the accusation on the spur of the moment, simply as a way of expressing her frustrations, and it was I who inadvertently began the rumour by telling a woman who I thought to be a friend.

Early one afternoon Juliet came inside for lunch after working in the garden. As I made some sandwiches Juliet sat at the table with a *Vogue* magazine. I lifted the teapot by the handle and held the lid by a folded tea towel with my other hand. As I was about to place it on the table, a rivet holding the handle broke loose and the water went over Juliet's legs. She jumped up and screamed, trying to lift her clothes away from her skin.

A moment later the intense pain subsided, but her eyes were full of tears and she screamed, "You fugging queer! You did it on purpose! You did it on purpose, didn't you, you fugging

queer!"

She ran from the room and I called after (her) as I glimpsed her running across the garden. When I got to the door I threw the tea towel on the floor and ran after her. I looked all along the hedge and in among the trees, and I ran right around the shed thinking that she might have gone behind it. I kept calling and searching the yard, then I circled the house and again looked under the hedge where I found her crouched down crying under a bush.

I told her again that I didn't do it on purpose and we went back inside where I showed her where the rivet had pulled out of the pot. After Juliet changed her clothes we finished lunch and there was never any more said.

To Peter Richards from John Gilman.

... One morning going North, I stopped at S. on the Pacific Highway to buy some flowers. I walked along the shopping centre in my old blue jacket and saw a young woman sitting in front of a garage, crying. I asked her what the matter was, and when she didn't answer, I asked her if it would be alright if I sketched her. When she nodded that it would, I spent some time drawing her and I asked her to adjust her pose. We both laughed heartily.

We went to a cafe where nineteen year-old Kathy told me she was upset because the ignorant populace of the town were laughing at her all the time. I told her what to do under such circumstances then of course, and we talked about more important matters. When we went outside I handed her twenty dollars and we went our ways.

I transferred the sketch of Kathy to canvas in the days that followed and painted her. It was one of the works I entered with Slade at the Ultimo exhibition where it won first prize. I wrote to her after the exhibition and she wrote back promising to come and pose for me next summer.

This picture hung over the bar at the

Royal Oak Tavern up until 1992 when it was damaged during New Year's Eve revelry. A collector bought it soon after.

To Peter Richards from John Gilman talking about a letter from Carrera.

... He hoped to start a new artists' community at Bowral, and asked if I'd consider joining. He wanted Wilfred Caspers in it, and asked if I could convince him to join. Wilfred was not near Carrera's stature as an artist, and he only tormented him at the Elwyn studio along with the rest of us. But I hadn't read far into the letter when his motives became apparent:

"Wilfred's brother, the well-to-do property owner, has a mansion on ten acres at Bowral, and has taken a keen interest in his brother's artistic progress. We may have this property for an indefinite period, but of course Wilfred will have to join us. There wouldn't be any particular point in his allowing the use of this property without there being some measure of fulfilling his filial obligations, and as an artist, you know, Wilfred has demonstrated a certain genius for colour and perspective."

I had also been thinking for some time that I might have been too hard on the man. After all, who wouldn't get a little irritated with pranksters teasing him. Wilfred deserved to be treated better than he had been so far, not only for his intrinsic worth as a human being, whatever that may amount to, but for his worth as an artist. He is not half as bad as I have surely led you to believe. He has an ego that is as stubborn as a mule, but haven't we all - it's just that most of us want to conceal our frailties, rather than put them on exhibition for the world to see.

... Carrera wrote again inviting me to a dinner to which he had invited as many of the old school as he could contact, and Wilfred was also to be

there. I knew this group by reputation. They were not artists exactly. They were photographers and decorators and had more of an appetite for publicity which they cultivated through wild behaviour than through their art, but there was some interesting work attributed to them. The group was held together not so much by art, as by a camaraderie cultivated during nights out on the town. They drank at bars within red light districts, and went to certain clubs where young women danced and sat naked on their laps. They would often leave the clubs after midnight and go to brothels until morning, if they were not thrown out by the bouncers.

To John Gilman from Carrera,

I haven't done much. I entered the Ultimo exhibition and came third, rotten luck. I was beaten by an abstract artist to boot. It is getting so you only need to work an hour every month to call yourself an artist nowadays. It's the last time I'll enter that competition, or any competition. I was offered five thousand dollars for mine, though the winner still hasn't found a buyer. That says everything I want to know.

It isn't worth it any more. There are too many cleavages in society for any art to be popular with the masses. Unless of course your art flatters bourgeoisie prejudices. After coming second Coleman said to me, what do you think I should do with my masterpiece? I told him, why don't you put it into a bank vault permanently, to make sure no one steals it. He said, you have never been able to appreciate the finer arts, to which I answered, it is probably far ahead of my time, and I suspect ahead of everyone else's.

After the results were announced Peter said to me, so he is the artist who painted it. Has he made a confession? I thought we would have to do forensic tests to find the perpetrator.

To Peter Richards from Carrera,

We met up at a hotel for tramps in Brisbane, and with our last dollars we went to the Madam's Haven. My

hostess became angry when, in our passion, I wouldn't take my pipe from my mouth, and then we were chased down the street by a bouncer wielding an iron pipe. Wilfred managed to run quickly and get away, but he brought it crashing down onto a car after I managed to sidestep him. There was a spark of the madman in his dark blue eyes. The poor wretch continued chasing me up the street, but because the pipe was so long it made him clumsy.

From the 1988 diary of John Gilman,

July 8

I was thinking today about Owens. I thought perhaps I had misjudged him, and it occurred to me that one shouldn't criticise others with little thoughts. One should only judge, if at all, by the main thrust of their lives. Not on circumstances, not on trivialities, not on the way they handle some of their day to day problems that affect and irritate us all. One shouldn't criticise by the thoughts that are in our own little heads, but only by the noblest and biggest ideas men have; the ideas that have no affinity for triviality, for if we are judged by these none of us stand any chance. Salvation would only go to those who have peace of mind, to those who find tranquillity in life, to those who never feel anger, who have no problems, no irritations, nothing except to be at peace with their own minds. But life is not like this, especially not for the brave, or the bold, or those who actively try to conquer the evils they find.

I suppose it's not so hard being noble when you are surrounded by noble people, by great minds and great books, but what about out there in the jungle where the battles are fought, where every day is just a battle between you and self-loathing; where the battles are not between nice points of philosophers, not between good and evil, but between ignorance and malice, between stupidity and prejudice, between hatred and greed, where you have to choose the side that's the less evil, and fight for that miserable cause.

Sept 7

To go on like this is to court death, a spiritual death, and that to me is the same as any other death. I will just get older and older from one day to the next, and slowly, and imperceptibly I will have sunk into a state where I am just like any other grey illusion who walks every morning to my job and clocks on until I am too old to do it any more.

No, I have to get out. I have to go somewhere, even if it is not that lost haven of which so many of us dream. I would much prefer suffering, death, poverty, or illness, than a spiritual death. If you are alive within yourself there is always hope; things no matter how adverse always seem to have meaning, yet if you are spiritually dead nothing will ever have meaning.

Well now, off this

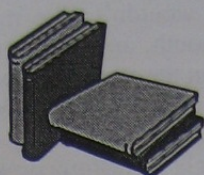
December 12

Life now has become so boring. I only wish there was a cause that I could die for, a cause that I could be damned for, a cause that I could kill for - but there is nothing any more that I could give two hoots for. I must get out. I am convinced this place will destroy me.

December 15

I have only one memory of Juliet's funeral. I imagined so intensely that this scene became real. There were diesel locomotives of very great power pulling hundreds of carriages through an industrial place; the driver turned his head and looked down at me as it passed. □

Book Review



Midnight Express

Young American guy gets caught smuggling hash out of Turkey and gets thrown into a Turkish prison. Riveting. If you were ever in any doubt as to whether whole countries should be sprayed with DDT, this is the book for you.

Life of Gauguin - Boudaille

This is the classic tale of a painter's life by which others are judged. Follows his birth in South America, his career as a stockbroker and his life on Tahiti. Beautiful book.

Life of Van Gogh - Thames and Hudson

Tragic. Tragic. Tragic. The story of a nice guy who can't hack it in a rotten world. Depressing, but one of those books that ought to be read.

Great Expectations

I don't think many of us have the time to read such a long book these days. It follows Dickens' tired old formula of a boy who finds a rich benefactor and gets out of the slums. Still excellent work.

Henry Lawson's Autobiographical Writings

These were never formed into a separate book but are to be found in the larger collections of his works. Australia's best known writer talks about his life. Depressing but powerful.

Permaculture - A Designer's Manual

Bill Mollison's classic text book on his ecologically sustainable method of agriculture, now being used right around the world. The only catch is it costs \$70.

The Old Man and the Sea

Old man goes to sea to catch fish. It's a short novel that attempts to show the beauty in simple human nature but I don't think Hemingway brings it off.

**

Of Mice and Men

This is possibly Steinbeck's most quoted work. A strumpet seduces simple fellow and sets in motion a tragic string of events. Very deep.

Life of David Livingstone - Oxford University Press

Missionary goes to South Africa last century to convert natives and finishes up hiking over the whole of Africa. Amazing book that throws a lot of light of native African ways and the mind of this remarkable man.

Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald

Probably the best researched book of all on the political milieu Oswald operated in during the year or so before the assassination of John F. Kennedy. A remarkable insight into the political underworld of Texas at that time.

Rise and Fall of the Third Reich

Interesting book but too long. Gives a good account of Hitler's rise to power and shows how Hitler's methods are still being used in contemporary politics. Badly written.

**

ABC of Communist Anarchism - Berkman

This guy immigrated to the US and became a political activist at the turn of the century. He also shot and wounded a steel baron called Frick. This book details his thoughts on revolution and politics. If I were an American I don't think I'd be too happy with this greaseball coming to my country and behaving like this, but it's history now.

Steal This Book - Abbie Hoffman

Interesting point of view. It's about how to set up an alternative lifestyle and rip the system off. Really naive stuff from the 70's, but still interesting.

Unsolved Mysteries - Colin Wilson

This impressive British writer explores some of the world's great unsolved mysteries including the Jack the Ripper murders, hypnotism and religious experiences. Interesting stuff.

The Secret Agent - Conrad

This book has as its theme the problems that the London Police had with anarchists around the turn of the century (*good god!*). The main interest in this book is in the surprising ruthlessness shown by the police in tracking them down, to the point of disregarding the lives of their own police officers and the lives of the public. Like all of Conrad's books it's hard to read but well worth the effort.

Janet Kuypers lives and works in Chicago. She is the editor of the literary/art magazine 'children, churches and daddies', and has had two books published, 'hope chest in the attic', and 'the window'. Below is a selection of work that Janet has sent to the readers of OTR. It describes, often simply, often poignantly, her daily experiences living in one of the biggest and baddest, and most dangerous cities in the world.

Plush Horse Stories and Others

**plush horse stories
ice cream parlor,
candy shop, bakery, 1986-1990
work stories**

his mom's car

there was this kid who started working at the plush horse, he was this fat little geek, thick glasses and everything, and most of the guys that worked there were older and not so awkward. well one of them, matt, decided to make it his personal goal to make fun of this kid whenever he could, god, i don't even remember this kid's name, something like mark or something, but i really can't remember. i guess it doesn't matter.

but this matt guy really didn't like him, and no one did, but i felt kind of sorry for the kid because matt was just so mean to him. i figured, okay, he's a geek, he gets picked on enough, but this really isn't necessary. well one day this kid came into the plush horse, and he wasn't working that day, and i saw him come in, and he looked really mad, like i've never seen him this mad before. and so i ask him while he's walking by, toward the ice cream counter, i ask, why are you so mad?

and he says that someone keyed his car, messed up the paint job and everything, and the worst thing was it was his mother's car. and then he walks to the ice cream counter and starts talking to matt and i can't hear what they're saying. so i'm minding my own business, and the next thing i know i hear the kid yell, right in the middle of this ice cream shop, he yells fuck you to matt, and he starts walking away. and matt says,

yeah, that's what i wrote on your car. and i remember looking at matt with such disgust when he said that, and after the kid left i told him that he just went too far.

so then two weeks later i went to the grocery store with lisa and we bought a bottle of cheap dish washing liquid called Pink Lady, and we went to the parking

lot of the plush horse while matt was working and we squirted the Pink Lady all over matt's windshield. we figured that if he used washer fluid it would just make this big soapy mess, but at least there was no permanent damage. and the worst thing was that it was his mom's car.

ice cream stain

so steve, a real flirt (it always annoyed me), once noticed that i had an ice cream stain on my shirt, from working, and it was right at the center of my chest, and he said, you know, i bet you have it there just so all of us will look at your chest. and i thought that this guy was just trying so hard to be funny, but wasn't.

in a cardboard box

so we were talking about our sat and act scores, because we were all the same age and were taking our college entrance exams. so i asked steve what he got on the act test. it's like a thirty-six point scale, and upper twenties is good enough for a four-year college. and steve said, i got a nine; i tied with the chimp. what a card. then we were talking about this party, and i told him that he should have a party, and he said he couldn't. why not, i asked, and he said he was homeless, that he lives in a cardboard box. and i said, then why do your parents drive a lincoln town car? and he didn't have an answer. and i wondered if he sat at home at nights and rehearsed these clever lines for the next day, or if they just came naturally.

filled with such panic

i heard a woman jumped
from the john hancock
building,
fifty-something floors.
i work on the thirty-

second floor of the civic opera building, it's older than the john hancock, and we have regular windows there. you see, the john hancock has bullet-proof windows that don't just open up, whereas we have windows that just slide up and down, like the ones you have in your own home. sometimes i open the window, stick my head out and look at the street. the wind is so strong when you're up that high. sometimes we spit out the window. a few times we threw a paper airplane out the window, watched it soar down wacker drive. i never stick my head out past my shoulders, and i'm one of the more adventurous ones at my office. i can't imagine looking out the window, then going out past the shoulders, opening that window all the way, and just going out. i'd be filled with such panic. i did the wrong thing, i'd think, then i'd struggle to find a ledge to cling to right before i'd start to fall.

chess game again

we all watched the case on the news together, the case where a man on a subway train opened fire on passengers in the car. nine people dead, i think.

they caught the man, they had their trial, and by right he could have a lawyer appointed to him. but no, he wanted to act as his own attorney. so every

day he would come into the courtroom in his suit, looking professional, and he would question each of the witnesses, the people that survived his shooting

spree and now had to look him in the eye and answer his questions. "so what happened then?" he would ask, and a woman would answer, "i saw you push

the woman to the ground, put your knee to her back and shoot her in the back of the head." "can you point out the man that did this?" he would ask, and

a man would respond, "it was you." some of the witnesses broke down under the emotional strain. and finally he had no further questions and the judge dismissed

the jury to arrive at a verdict. they found him guilty, and when the judge asked the defendant if he had any last words for the jury, he kept stressing his innocence,

and never apologized. the judge told him he was disgusted. he saw no remorse in the killer's eyes. and of all the violence we see in the media, all the court trials

that are fed to us through our television sets, our boxes of american dreams, i don't think any of us were prepared for this. how did those people feel, when

faced with the man that has brought them so much pain, how did they feel when they had to quietly sit there and answer his questions, when he didn't even say he was

sorry? most of them sat there trying to keep their composure when faced with a man who lost all control. this twisted tale. they were a pawn in his chess game again.

leaving for work

you're walking down the street, it's morning, and a man tries to mug you with a knife. it's a nice street, you're thinking, there's no litter here. their garbage day is the same as your sister's in the suburbs. how strange.

you pause, don't know how to react to this mugger-guy, and another guy walks up behind you, another regular joe, he's not with the mugger-guy, trying to jump you, he's just walking down the street, probably on his way to work, like you, so then the mugger-guy tries to mug him too. so the other guy pulls a gun, this regular joe, and then a lady from

a house on the street calls 911.

and you're thinking to yourself, why does this regular joe have a gun? and who should you be more scared of now? is any of this real? it almost seems like tv. then the police come in two minutes, you're safe then, and the mugger-guy is still there and the regular joe with the gun is keeping him there by holding the gun to him, and so then you're talking to one of the officers. and then the other officer on the scene sees the mugger-guy stab the regular joe, the guy with the gun, and then tries to wrestle for the gun. the mugger-guy then shoots the guy with the gun while in the struggle, then the cop, the other cop, shoots and kills the mugger.

and you're just standing there, on the street, less than ten feet away from all of this. all of this just happened on the street, right in front of you. you didn't even get to say a word. who is dead? who is alive? what just happened? are you scared?

this is america, you think, and you don't know whether to laugh or cry. then you hear a car engine start, and you look and just a few cars away a person is leaving for work.

me or him

someone pulled a gun today
opened fire on a crowd
i suppose it's nothing new

we've all thought of doing it
before

what stops us

what makes one man
decide life is so worthless
decide that he is so angry

that the consequences
don't matter anymore

what makes him different from us
all he does
is do
what we've never thought we could

who is more crazy
the one who acts on their violence
or the one who holds it in

I've thought of shooting people
before

of course, I keep that
locked away
inside of me

I don't act on my
impulses
of course not

who is more crazy
the one who acts on their violence
or the one who holds it in

who is more crazy
me or him

all the loose ends

she bought her son enough clothes
to keep him tied over for a while,
made sure everything was in its place;

she went over to her parent's house
when she knew they would be out of
town for a few days, and only long

after she died did her parents come
home and find her in the garage. the
son
missed a few days of school, and all

his teacher could think was that
his mother bought her son some extra
clothes; tied up all the loose ends.

salesman

The doorbell rang. "Who could be stopping by at this hour?" I thought, but I put my magazine down and walked to the door. A man in a plaid suit stood in the hallway with a worn briefcase in his hand. He flashed me a tired, business-like smile. It almost seemed genuine.

As he rambled on and on about... Well, I don't really know what he said. I don't even know what he wanted. "What is he selling?", I thought, and my head became dizzy with his confusing words. It all seemed like nonsense. But it all seemed to make sense.

I didn't like what I heard. But I tried to listen. I wanted to listen. I had to hold on to the door frame: I had to keep myself steady while this man's thoughts tried to knock me

down.

I finally stopped him. "What are you trying to sell me? What are you trying to do?" I asked. The man looked at me and said, "I'm trying to sell you an ideology. I am trying to poison your mind."

I slammed the door in his face. Alone, I let go of the door frame. I fell down.

writing your name

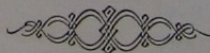
I sat there
in the shade
I took
a stick
I wrote
your name
in the ground
preacher says
the number 1 sin
is lust
then I am
condemned
to Hell
for
I
want
you
and I
don't care
what
preacher says
for if
the elements
wash away
your name
tonight
I will
be back
tomorrow
to write it
again

plush horse stories
ice cream parlor,
candy shop, bakery, 1986-1990
work stories

ask me if i'm a truck

so i worked in the summer time part time with about ten guys (since guys were stronger, they could scoop ice cream better, that was the idea). but they all screwed off when they were at work. they'd always write up signs and tape them to each other's backs. Once i wrote on the back of candy box paper, "i'm a boy with raging hormones" and for about an hour every customer had a good laugh at matt's expense. but my favorite was put on john's back once. you see, john used to tell everyone the same joke; he'd say to you, "ask me if i'm a truck," and when you'd ask him if he was a truck, he'd look real perplexed and say, "no." like, why did you ask him that? so anyway, we got a sign on his back once that said "ask me if i'm a truck" and when all the customers did he got real confused. it was hysterical.

janet kuypers



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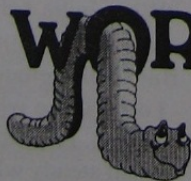
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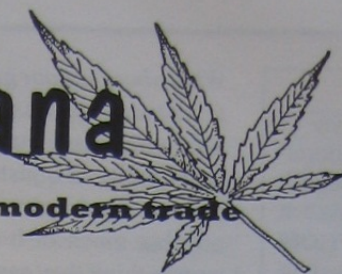


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Marijuana Pt II

its history and the modern trade



In PtII we hear from a dealer in marijuana. It should be pointed out however that OTR does not in any way advocate the growing, dealing or consumption of marijuana. The purpose of printing this interview is to inform our readers on Australian society in a sociological perspective and nothing other than this is implied. We also cannot vouch for the accuracy of the information contained in this interview as it was sent to us anonymously.

When did you start dealing?

I started smoking it at school in the late sixties. Even before I smoked, and had only heard about it, I knew it was the thing for me. When I lit up my first joint I wasn't disappointed. I started to do a bit of dealing at school and when I left school I stopped smoking it or dealing in it for a while and worked as an apprentice. Then I heard of other people selling it and I gradually started smoking it and dealing in it again. One day I put a couple of plants in. It was easy in those days because no one knew what they were. From then on I just got more and more involved.

Where did you go from there?

I just got bigger and bigger. My first real big break came when I got onto this really big importer at North Sydney and he sold me ten pounds. I sold it all within a week. Marijuana was only thirty dollars an ounce in those days but I made about \$2000 on it.

Are you primarily a grower or a dealer?

I'm mainly a grower. But I do a fair bit of dealing as well.

How many crops have you grown?

I don't know. Maybe hundreds. Mostly small outdoor crops but I've grown a few hydro crops as well.

Do you have any tips on the growing of marijuana?

Not really, because it's easy to grow. Where most people go wrong is in listening to all the stories they hear around pubs. You'll often hear things like, marijuana is a hardy weed and can grow anywhere, and people think you've just got to throw a few seeds in the field and come back at the end of summer. But it's like any other plant, it needs care and attention.

What are some of these stories?

Everything you can think of. The latest one is that marijuana plants are just like people and you shouldn't pull all the males out, because the female plants like having a few males around. Most others revolve around the types of fertilisers to use, as if the more fertiliser you use the faster they'll grow. Provided the structure of the soil is okay, you can just use any kind of fertiliser that's high in nitrogen. When they come into bloom use one that's low in nitrogen and high in potassium and phosphorus.

Why do you think that a lot more of it isn't grown?

Not many people have the guts.

That's interesting?

Also you have to choose the right seeds. A lot of people grow Thai budda and these plants don't give much of a yield. You have to grow the right variety if you want big yields and high quality smoke. Also a lot of people get advice on how to grow it from smokers. But this is just like asking wine drinkers how to make a good wine. They don't know.

The Italians in Griffith thought they knew how to grow marijuana. They thought that just because they knew how to grow cabbages and pumpkins, that they knew how to grow marijuana. The stuff they grew was pretty terrible, but that's all there was at the time. It was full of seeds, it was too dry, and they used to harvest the males and the females and bag them all up together. Probably the best thing that ever happened was when Griffith closed down and others moved into the market who knew how to grow it.

What would your advice be to any person who wants to become a grower?

Don't grow in quantity just for the sake of it. They should concentrate on growing quality. If you do things right you can get a pound from every plant of high quality. There's nothing worse than finishing up with 50 pounds or so of low quality marijuana. It's very difficult to sell and you have to remember that you have to compete with the indoor boys now, and most of their stuff is very high quality. You must also properly pick out all the males at an early stage and properly manicure the buds after harvest.

In the paper, *Smith's Weekly* of April, 23 1938, the news was dominated by a headline that shrieked, "Drug That Maddens Victims." It was subtitled, "**WARNING FROM AMERICA.**" The plant in question was *cannabis sativa*. This article marked the start of the reefer madness campaign of 1938. It began: "A Mexican drug that drives men and women to the wildest sexual excesses has made its first appearance in Australia. It distorts moral values and leads to degrading sexual extravagances. It is called marihuana (sic).

... the addict becomes at times almost an uncontrollable sex maniac, able to obtain satisfaction only from the most appalling of perversions and orgies. Its effect is the same on either sex."

Seven weeks later, on June 11 1938, *Smith's Weekly* delivered the second article in the series. "Drugged Cigarettes: G-Man Warns Australia: **FIRST DOPED PACKETS SNEAKED IN.**

"A few cigarettes containing marihuana - the drug which causes its victims to behave like raving sex maniacs, and has made pathetic slaves of thousands of young Americans - have been smoked at recent parties in Sydney."

The G-Man, Head of the Bureau of Narcotics in Hawaii warned:

"Continually, marihuana dens in Honolulu are being cracked open by raiding squads.

The drugged victims are like punch-drunk fighters. They cannot be questioned for hours, sometimes days.

The women sit on their cell cots, their faces and clothes ripped, trying to piece together what they did in their orgy of lust.

The men slowly come out of their stupor that gave them frenzied sexual desires and colossal physical strengths."

What about indoor growing. It seems to be more popular now?

The hydroponic stuff is usually the best quality; it's just that it's hard to grow in much quantity. Also there's not that much of it around. Lots of people think they can grow hydro but after buying the equipment, they never finish up growing any. It might be because they just don't have the knowledge to grow it - there's a lot of stupid people out there. Hydro as yet can't compete in quantity with the outdoor stuff, or with imports either.

What about marketing? Are there any Mr Bigs?

I've been involved in the trade for over twenty-five years and I haven't heard of any Mr Bigs. Maybe there are but I don't see how they can maintain their position in the face of stiff competition. The reason I say this is that there's never been any chain of supply that's ever lasted more than a couple of years. The centres of action change all the time. I used to buy pound lots from this guy in the mid-seventies; he was one of the biggest dealers in Sydney then, but now he's got an appliance store and drives the kids to school in a yuppie four-wheel drive.

What sort of dangers are there in dealing? Is there a risk of violence?

You have to remember that when you're dealing in money there's always greed, and violence can happen. If you're dealing in something legal you can take people to the courts, but in something that is illegal you can't. I've never come across any violence in the thousands of transactions I've done. More usually dealing is a social scene where everybody is friends. But violence can happen. It usually goes something like this. A guy starts dealing. He's a bit scared at first but when he deals with a few people he finds everything is okay. Then a bit further down the track he deals with some guy with tattoos all over his arms and carries a

gun, but he turns out okay, then it's the same thing when he meets some guy with an earring and a bodyguard, but he turns out okay, and then somewhere along the line he gets overconfident and meets someone who isn't okay. I sort of know the types not to deal with.

Who are they?

If you wouldn't give them credit, don't deal with them for cash either.

Have you ever been ripped off?

No. Sometimes I give credit to people just to see if they'll rip me off, before doing any bigger deals with them, but this is money well spent. It saves me losing a bigger amount later.

Have you ever been arrested?

No.

Have you ever had a close shave?

Yes. I (had) just dropped off a couple of pounds on Sydney's Northern Beaches, and as I was driving back I noticed a police car do a U-turn and follow me. I was driving a big American car and I think that's why they pulled me up. They searched it and even pulled the spare wheel out of the boot, but they didn't find anything because I (had) just dropped off my last pounds. They started asking me what I did for a living and all that stuff. I think after they finished questioning me they no longer suspected me.

How is distribution handled in Australia?

I don't really know. But you've got the imports, you've got the outdoor stuff, and you've got the hydro. I don't know whether imports are the biggest or whether the outdoor stuff is. A lot of really good stuff is grown by aborigines, but they usually only deal with their regulars and it's hard to get onto. Imports come and go and it all depends on who happens to be importing. You might get onto an importer who closes down after only

two weeks, so you're back to square one and have to look for another importer from scratch.

With the local stuff you have to be quick. Say it's grown in north Queensland. They want to bring it to Sydney to sell. But it usually doesn't make it to Sydney. They get to Newcastle say, and people are so quick to buy it there that it doesn't get any further. It all goes up in smoke in two or three days and then the same towns buy it again. That's one reason the price is so high in Sydney.

Are the police corrupt? Are there any pay-offs to the police?

I don't know. I don't think so. I've never given them anything. There'd be no reason to. If they don't know you're selling it, there's no need to give them anything. I just avoid them.

Are the police much of a problem?

No. The police don't know much about the marijuana trade. A lot of things they say on television and in courts are only for the consumption of the public. Sometimes they'll find someone who brings ten tons of hash into the country and everyone will think what a good job they're doing, but these importers are just amateurs, because there's no way they're going to off-load 10 tons of hash onto the market anyway. A few years ago four tons of hash were found on a rubbish tip in Sydney, and that's why it was dumped. The real big guys are the ones that bring in say 200 kilos, but it all gets sold.

Who are the big growers?

There aren't any. Up in Cape York I've heard that a lot of bikers grow it, but they wouldn't satisfy a big percentage of the demand. Most growers just grow a few kilos, bring it to the cities to sell, and then go home and forget about it until they need more money. The whole scene is really dominated by small growers and dealers. Ninety percent of all growing and dealing in Australia is

done by them.

How do most people get caught?

Dobbers mainly. Growers can get caught if their crop is spotted from the air, but even then I still think it's dobbers. With dealers it's nearly all dobbers. There's also a lot of psychology in selling. A lot of people will grow a few plants and when they sell it they'll tell people that they've grown it themselves. But the people they're selling it to might start to think to themselves, this guy's making five hundred an ounce out of us, and they start to get cheesed off. That's when they'll usually pick up the phone.

So you're saying its jealousy?

Yeah. You never tell anyone you grew the stuff yourself, or how much profit you're making on it. You always just say I know where I can get some for you, but I'll have to put ten dollars an ounce on it for petrol money. If you tell them anything else they might get jealous and dob you in. That's how a lot of beginner dealers finish up getting caught.

What are the other ways of getting caught?

Most of the risk is taken by the very small dealers who sell in small amounts around hotels. They do a lot of transactions with strangers and it's only a matter of time before they get arrested. You'd have to be pretty desperate to sell like that. I've never done it even though the profits are very high.

Where does the marijuana you grow finish up?

Not around hotels as far as I know. Most of the stuff that passes through my hands just gets bagged up into smaller and smaller amounts and I couldn't say where it finishes up really. It probably passes through about five or six dealers before it goes to the smoker, but all dealers are usually smokers themselves and they smoke some as it passes along.

Does the smoking of marijuana lead on to harder drugs?

Not really. But you have to remember that if some person tries marijuana, in spite of all the big bad horror stories against it, then they might be the sorts who will also try heroin in spite of the stories. But heroin is a totally different scene.

How big is the marijuana trade in Australia?

Massive. It would easily be Australia's biggest industry.

How much money is there in marijuana?

I'm still not rich. It costs a lot of money to grow and distribute. Dealers can make anything from fifty dollars a week to thousands. It all depends. The few guys at the top would make a fair amount of money, but your ordinary suburban dealer might only make a couple of hundred dollars a week.

What are all these dealers like?

You get all kinds.

How many of your friends have finished up getting caught?

Hardly any that I know of. A friend got caught with two ounces in his car about a year ago, and when I was younger some of the kids I knew got caught occasionally, but I don't know of any bigger dealers that I've dealt with getting caught.

Do you have any advice for those who are thinking of becoming dealers?

Marijuana has been very good to me. It's a wonderful plant and a wonderful scene. It's been very rewarding to smoke and I don't know what I would have done without it. I've also enjoyed dealing in it and meeting all sorts of interesting people. Marijuana has been the best thing that's ever happened to me. I wouldn't advise people getting in on the scene unless they feel it's right for them. There's

lots of other things in the world besides marijuana, and a lot of worthwhile things to do. One day I'll give away dealing but I'll never give away smoking it. It's a wonderful thing.

Would you like to see it legalised?

No. Not now. Because governments would move in on it and control it and the whole scene would change and disappear. I like the scene just as it is.

Is there much of a market for marijuana leaf?

Yes. But not much. It depends whether its got any resin on it or not. A lot of people buy leaf because they don't know any better. It's usually impossible to get off on it. A lot of dealers mix some of it in with heads, and grind it all up together in mincers, but I've never done it.

What's the price structure of marijuana.

You can buy kilos pretty cheaply. I've often heard of kilos going for three and a half grand or four grand. Sometimes dealers sell it off cheap also because they need money in a hurry for another shipment. But you have to have the cash. Normally you can buy a kilo for four and a half to five grand. If you split it up into ounces you'll get \$350 an ounce or so from small dealers and then they break up the ounces and can get up to \$900 an ounce. A lot of wops get up to \$1200 an ounce by grinding it up with leaf and short weighing and ripping people off.

What's the ethnic make-up of the dealing community?

They're mainly all Australians and a fair few New Zealanders. Aborigines grow a fair bit but they don't deal. The Italians used to be in the growing of it a lot, but they got stood over by the Australians at the higher levels, so they're more or less out of it now.

What about age range?

Some pretty big dealers are teenagers.

A lot (are in) their early twenties. Most of the big ones are in their late thirties and forties. They got in on it when they were young and stuck at it.

What about crop rip-offs? Has this ever happened to you?

No. That's another reason you don't tell your customers you're growing it.

Are there many rip-offs in street dealing?

Not among dealers, but a lot of smaller dealers will rip off their customers by mixing in leaf and stalk.

Has anyone accused you of ripping them off?

Lots.

How does that come about?

It nearly always comes about by selling marijuana that isn't properly dried. A kilo bag can lose another ten percent (of water) after it's sold. So I only sell gear that I know is perfectly dry. I don't want to argue. You shouldn't bag up damp marijuana anyway because mould can attack it and it'll lose its taste.

Any special drying technique.

Don't microwave. It loses strength. Just manicure it when its still wet and then dry it in a dark shed where you can keep the humidity up and the temperature down. A lot of growers think that if you're a dealer you can sell anything. But improperly dried marijuana can be hard to sell.

What's the trick to growing high quality marijuana?

The seeds basically. If you've got good seeds then you'll grow good marijuana. Give them plenty of water and adequate fertiliser and pull out any males at a very early stage. You don't want any seeds at all. I can't sell it on the North Shore if there are any seeds in it. I can in the Western suburbs but it's harder. You must also not pick plants before their time. A lot of

growers get greedy and pick them two to three weeks before they should, and then expect top dollar for it. I got twenty kilos like that once and it was a real hassle to sell. I told them to come and get me before they harvest their crop next time so I can check.

What about indoor stuff?

The quality is generally excellent but it's hard to grow the quantity. You will get about four of five ounces per square metre of floor space, four times a year, but you're not going to grow enough. A whole house will only yield about 200 to 300 ounces and then you've got the hassles of real estate agents and power consumption. If you get a power bill of \$2000 a quarter the cops will be straight onto you. Also you can't re-wire the mains any more because they can tell; they have monitors on telegraph poles now. They can also pick up indoor growing from helicopters equipped with infra-red sensors. They can see the heat waves coming from under the eaves. This is the way the police do it in California, and they've started doing it here now.

Any final word on anything?

I hope marijuana is never legalised. There are too many people who depend on it for their living. I'd probably have about two hundred families that rely on me to maintain their standard of living, and if I shut up shop tomorrow they'd face pretty hard times. It's all the way down the line, from the bigger dealers I sell to, to the smaller dealers who make an extra fifty dollars a week by selling it to their friends. No one wants to see it legalised really. Even a lot of people who ring up talk-back radio about the evils of marijuana are really dealers who don't want to see it legalised. I hope that it is legalised one day, but only when people don't have to become criminals in order to survive. □



school bullies, key chains and police holsters

I have come to the conclusion that my childhood was a complete disaster. I know the question you are asking - what brought this on? Let me explain. Our society feels that it can create truths just by using words. To society, myths become realities as soon as words are spoken.

I've been listening to these creations all night on television - myths, lies, ignorances, blown up to hypnotise the masses with, and then in time given the status of truth.

A Country Practice comes on, and a couple of children have a few fashionable problems that are cleared up as soon as they find a mature shoulder to lean on, and then presumably live happily ever after. But as a child, at the heart of my problems was that none of my problems were exactly fashionable enough.

Childhood! I didn't have a childhood. If an extraordinary genius wrote a bizarre comedy about childhood, full of the strangest humour that only the intellectual elite could understand, then it was like that, except without the humour.

I don't know how I came to be in the world. I just remember being alive at about the age of five and I had a name that someone gave me and I was told that I came out of my mother's tummy. Apart from that, all I knew was that I was standing in a school playground one day, and I didn't like the look of it, and the teachers didn't like the look of me, and in the sky was a perfect being who I sensed I wouldn't get along with if we came face to face. The only thing on my side though was the sky was made blue, which was by some fortunate coincidence, my favourite colour.

As I said before, there's a lot in

words, and I guess it struck me, that people's names must describe something about them. The headmaster's name was Mr Mason. I assumed that Mr Mason's chief occupation was sitting in his office all day constantly pouring sugar from one container to the other. It is the way that Mason sounds. Maszzzon. It sounds like sugar sounds when it is poured into a paper bag. Mr Simmons, my teacher, walked over fields stomping down clumps of soil. Mrs Cunningham spoke to foxes all day, and Mr Jones' occupation was getting sunburnt on the back of the neck. Then there was Mrs Simpson, whose occupation was to be the caretaker of warts and cists for the school, and I was always expecting a lecture on the consequences of neglecting them.

Naturally, you didn't realise it at the time, but you were an ignorant little heathen; you knew nothing, you didn't know you knew nothing, you didn't particularly want to know anything, and you thought that you knew everything (a bit like the teachers). But at least the teachers' ignorances had been well formed over many years, at least they made an art out of the thing, but without realising it, I had a completely unformed, gross sort of an ignorance.

I don't know how it happened, but I remember sitting in the playground one day eating my peanut butter sandwiches, when the assistant school bully came up to me and, with a word he'd apparently created, asked if I could beat the school bully in a 'stoush.' Without thinking much, and allowing my pride to get the better of my reason, I suggested that I could beat the school bully in a 'stoush' - imagining that such information was to be kept confidential.

When the assistant walked away, I thought the inquiries were over, but he returned about thirty seconds later with the school bully who asked me to stand up and fight. I can only remember being spun around and around in circles then and finishing up on the ground with a graze to my knee. I stood up, went back to my seat, and finished eating my peanut butter sandwiches. Though looking back, I realise that he must have been a compassionate school bully, because he never bothered me again.

Another time the school bully asked me if I wanted to swap my key chain - a key chain is a chain with a piece of leather on one end that goes over a button on your shorts, and the other end is a metal ring that you put your keys on, if indeed you have any keys, which I didn't, but I wore the key chain for some sort of status I imagined it conferred. Anyway, he asked me if I wanted to swap my key chain for a genuine 'police holster.' I naturally jumped at the opportunity and the deal was done. I handed over my key chain and he handed over a very small, plastic holster that had parts missing from it. It looked like one of those holsters that came in Christmas stockings, and it had taken on a further depressing appearance with age. But I thought I'd better not complain unless I should get spun around and around again and finish up with another grazed knee.

It all makes you wonder, and you look for explanations. Such things still happen to all of us, indeed adult life is only a big playground where the same techniques we formed as children are used. There are bigger amounts involved usually, but we aren't basically any different than we were in our earliest years. We just

have more opportunity, we have more experience to base decisions on, but the little people we were then have not changed at all in thirty or forty or sixty years.

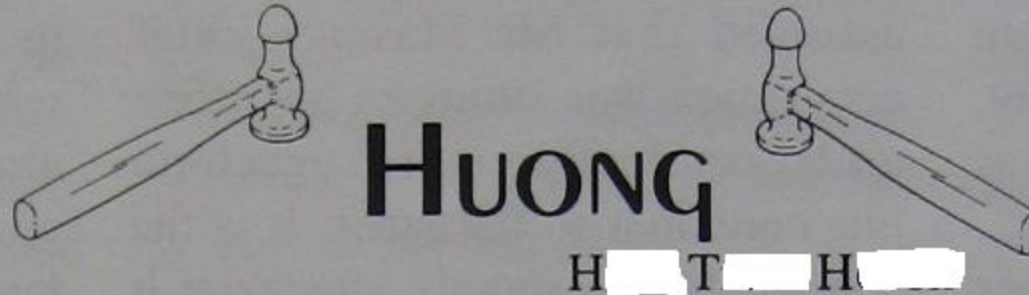
We can also ask the same questions of the present that we ask of the past. Where do some children learn such arts? They were the same age as ourselves, but they could close advantageous deals, they could use

clever words to hoodwink and trick other children, they could throw a rock and injure some other child, they had a certain intelligence and you can only wonder from where it came.

The only explanation I can give is that society imposes its values on its children, not the values that it teaches, but its real values. Children see through the pretence - indeed how can they fail to see through it - and

they adopt its true values, as society expects them to. They learn the real meanings of society's messages, ignoring the cant that it has substituted for the passing on of its most noble values.

And so what, you ask, became of the police holster? Well, I just gave it to some other kid and ripped him off for a squirt gun. *I didn't lose.* □



I could see him scoping me out. He wasn't sneaky about it, but every now and then I'd glance up and there his eyes would be. My eyes would meet his gaze, hold for a long moment, then, whether by design or accident, his eyes would focus elsewhere. After a dozen minutes or so, I still had no idea why he could be watching me, yet I became aware of a surveillance that I'd seen only in table-stakes poker games.

There was little worry in my life. The inevitable press of getting on with daily activities left me no time for fears, but his apparent watchfulness intrigued me. As leadman of some twenty-two assemblers I had to be geared to observing the efficiencies of skilled workers and checking out their task organization and problem solving talents. My own analyses and expertise had brought me raises and some praise from management.

I had recognized several errors in the way the production line had been set up. My predecessor hadn't been able to recognize that not all humans are alike. Someone had set up the work stations as if it were a sin to be anything else than right handed and four of our assemblers were left-handed. Two others worked best by soldering wires in reverse order, and color-coded wires need ample lighting. Resoldering improperly terminated connectors was eating up production time. Bad production line policy had also included the assignment of a worker to a job, rather than the assignment of a job to a worker according to ability.

So I watched people, I observed them, I checked them out, monitoring progress

by how fast they turned the list pages and how often the documentation was at fault. The company had its foot in many doors. Its automatic test equipment systems were state-of-the-art, and with timely deliveries, the company had become well recognized in the industry and we needed good workers.

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Just then, my musings were interrupted. Harold, a shirt-sleeve vice-president, stood patiently until I'd finished buzzing out both ends of a deeply buried wire, and asked: "How soon will you be finished?" Then he shoved some sketches at me, "Here is another prototype for you."

"Your timing is impeccable," I said. "A few more wires and the technicians can have it. What's all this? More than just a few."

"You said the magic words — 'more than just a few' — more like, many thousands. These represent one of 72 blocks, containing 20 x24 contact matrix, 480 wires in each, and will provide 34,560 test contacts, running 20 feet block-to-block."

I visualized a monstrous test fixture. "A barrel of 34,560 copper snakes."

Harold ignored my comment. I couldn't swivel in my chair or else I would be looking at the buttons on his shirt. He always stood close to people suggesting he was with them rather than confronting them. So rather than look at the sketches I stared at the handiest object. Across the workbench, Huong's face was in full view, looking our way, and much more intent

than I'd ever seen him before.

Harold, like a sleight-of-hand artist, presented me with a plastic bag of miniature spring-loaded contacts.

"Start with these. Here comes Ed now with two of the blocks. Just crimp them to the two contacts as called out, and insert them in the block with minimum force, so that the contact retains its spring action. Think you can handle that?"

"Sure thing - piece of cake."

"Oh, by the way - how soon can you complete?"

The bag's marking showed 1000 contacts. We had the crimp tools, but inserting that many wires into small areas would require more time. "How about tomorrow 'round 2 pm? I'll use someone off the line."

"Need 'em sooner. Customer test schedule." He must have looked across the workbench. Huong's eyes were aimed directly at Harold and his face became inscrutably attentive.

"Can't you put someone on it to work with you?" I could tell by the way Harold's voice projected that he was still looking toward Huong. He seldom gave hints, he simply told you what to do. But this time he was leaving it up to me.

I took a long look at Huong. The words came easy. "Sure, why not. You up to it Huong?" Three slow blinks, then he smiled and nodded. Huong was pleased.

"Very good." said Harold, and added a parting shot over his shoulder, "Don't waste any - they're gold plated!"

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Sure enough they were. I opened the plastic bag and poured them gently into a container. One more look at the wire list told me that they required crimping at both ends and then inserting in the two blocks. Even with two feet of wire I anticipated that Huong and I would be working very close to one another.

My plan was for us was to crimp each end of the same wire, buzzing out the contact pair after each insertion. If we had crimped all, then inserted the contacts in the usual production tradition, we would have a more difficulty in finding a particular wire, but bad crimps were the least of my worries. I was sure Huong would make quality crimps.

Inside an hour we had crimped 144 wires. The sketch called for contact insertions so that the barrel end was flush with the plane of the block. Huong nodded that he understood.

So we began, knees bumping at first. We inserted opposite contact ends, buzzing each one for continuity. All went well for a while then I noticed Huong was having difficulty.

"What's up? Are the contacts bent?"

"No, think hole's too small, go in okay-dokey there, but here, it's too hard." He indicated where we had first started, then swept across the few rows of insertions to

where he'd encountered difficulties.

"Wait a second or two. Let me check something out." I reached into my tool box and brought out a dial reading micrometer. Gently pushing out his the last three contacts, I wiped them clean and checked their diameters. Each checked out at the same diameter marked on the bag, plus or minus some ten thousandths of an inch, which was beyond my micrometer's capability. I was perplexed.

I then thought to swab out some of the holes next in line; there was possibly some residue impeding proper insertion.

"Try it now. They should insert better now."

Huong, having watched all my manipulations with concurring interest, smiled and once again bent to the task. The contacts eased in under the tool but went only so far.

Huong, to his credit, knew that extra force with the insertion tool would gain nothing, as they'd been designed to release after a certain pressure was reached. The last three contacts still stuck up out of the insulation block, challenging us. I checked out a dozen more holes.

Using my own insulation block, I took a contact from the pile, swabbing it clean each time, and tried a sequence of several dozen empty holes. The first insertions were easy, then progressively it became more difficult. The last seven holes had contacts, each taunting me.

I sat for several moments pondering how a row of holes, supposedly all the same, steadily shrank in diameter, then

suddenly expanded. While I thought this over, Huong had gently rubbed the shank of a black anodized spacer against his insulation block. A bright line showed where the block had abraded the hard plating to the bare metal.

Then it all came together. If the insulation block was hard enough to remove the hard plating, it could have worn down the bits used to drill the holes.

"Take a break. I have to talk with Harold." I headed off in search of Harold and found him on the phone. My standing there with a serious expression was enough for Harold to end his phone conversation.

"What's up? You finished already?" I smiled. Harold always remembered other assignments I'd completed in record time.

"Not this time — the blocks have a problem."

I sketched him in on the difficulties we'd been having and back at the workbench I told Huong to continue while Harold and I watched.

He went on inserting contacts leaving them sticking out until he reached a row where they went all the way into the block as they were supposed to do. Huong anticipated Harold's response and stopped.

"FUCK!" Harold exploded. "So that's why Karl is buying so many drills. He didn't say anything about it."

"Block material is really abrasive - eats up hard plating."

"Well, no way around it, the machine shop has completed all the blocks."

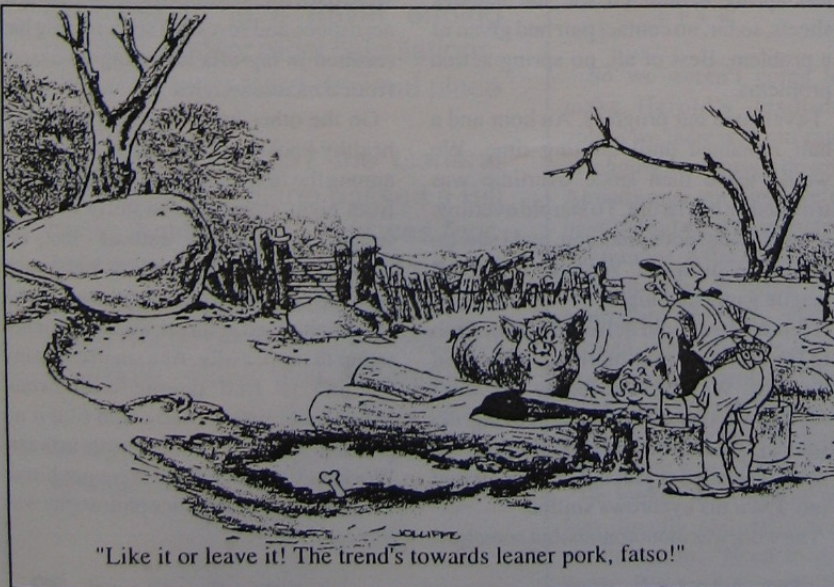
I tested several tapped down contacts. Their spring action was okay. "Okay here," I said, "but insertion tools can't complete the job. We can tap them in with regular, non-release insertion tools. They should stand up to light hammering like these, and not lose spring action. I need your judgement call."

"Let me think a bit," said Harold. "If the contacts keep free spring action, there should be no problem. Eventually some will need replacement once the gold plating wears off. Record all bad contacts. I'll have a talk with Karl - go ahead on my okay. I'll have to run a wired block test at ATE Inc. in the morning."

"I've got the picture."

Harold's fingers curled into quote marks as he spoke. "Fine, it should be okay to hammer them in. Just be damn sure they all have spring action. I'll be by later and see how you're coming." He turned to leave and waited for my response.

**Send contributions to:
On the Road PO Box 1130
Baulkham Hills NSW 2153
AUSTRALIA**



"Like it or leave it! The trend's towards leaner pork, fatso!"

"We'll be okay - I'll keep you posted.

Harold left and I turned to Huong. He hadn't missed a word. "We need hammer," he said, "good hammer. I can fix - but okay to go to car?"

"Sure - I need a few minutes. See you later."

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Ten sheets of graph paper pencil-ruled into a column for each block and numbered to represent the drill hole rows on the blocks were all we needed. One column for Huong's block, and one for my block. I was almost finished with the sheets when Huong reappeared with a small wooden box.

In a flash Huong slid open the cover and pulled out two hammers with brass heads. They were evidently handmade except for the heads and had smooth dark wooden handles well polished from use. He handed them to me.

"You must have used these a lot. From your father?" My question was natural as I'd inherited an assemblage of tools from my own Dad. Building projects reflected my love of putting things together. Wood or metal made no difference but I was denied the joy of having them in my hands then as they had been stolen. Whenever I saw wear from use on any tool it usually indicated a well-designed tool. I looked up from admiring the hammers as Huong had not replied.

It was then when he answered. "No. I made 'em, myself." He paused. "No father." I let it go, remarking only on the worn handles. "I use a lot - make things out of metal - cups and trays - sometimes special tools. All my life - all time hammer - hammer. Make things to use. Now we use for 'this' job — I make hammers soft."

With that he opened a small compartment in the box and pulled out two leather cups which he fitted over the heads of the hammers. He laced the soft leather tops with a short thong and then handed both to me. "You choose, go ahead, anyone hokey-dokey with me."

Hefting the hammers separately, I decided that the difference between the two was maybe 75 grams. I took a regular insertion tool, tried both hammers and the tool on the protruding contacts and I handed the heavier hammer back to him. "For me, easier with big one," he said. "I

use a lot. I show you." He followed by repeating my performance of tapping down protruding contacts in his block. "See, no problem. I hammer all my life. I know hammers real good."

I nodded. I had no argument. The little hammer felt easy in my hand. I felt quite confident. Any problems could only come from an entirely different source. But at that moment I could not think of any.

"Okay, let's get on with it; put 'em in with releasing inserter, buzz; with "sticker-uppers", use the hammer and other inserter, and buzz those. If we find a problem, we write it down first, before anything else. Okay?"

"Hokey-dokey. Hammer okay with you?"

The hammer in my hand might as well have been bionic. It felt like it had been there all my life. Its handle and well-wrought brass head were so well-balanced I would have liked to own one just like it. "Best hammer I ever used," I said. "Fits like a glove."

Huong's eyes widened, but he said nothing. I'm sure he was trying to make sense out of how a hammer could fit like a glove. I grinned at my inept praise for his hammer. I grinned by way of explanation. Huong, out of courtesy I was sure, returned the grin.

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Conversation was limited by our incessant hammers. Our rhythms only briefly interrupted when contacts would not insert flush. At each insertion of a contact pair we'd check continuity and test spring action. Of the ten squawk sheets, so far, no contact pair had given us a problem. Best of all, no spring action problems.

I evaluated our progress. An hour and a half remained until quitting time. We would leave then since overtime was frowned on by Harold. To Harold overtime always meant poor planning, and I saw no reason to disagree. We had a softball league game that night.

I felt sure we could deliver a finished job to Harold about mid-morning. I felt good about it. We began to enjoy the work rhythm we had established. Waving the squawk sheets without a single entry on them, I grinned at Huong. He was stoked too. Even his eyebrows smiled.

The work was monotonous, but somehow

our grins weren't quite enough communication. In clipped words and phrases a laconic exchange began.

"You use hammer a lot, before?" I asked.

"Yes - all a time."

"You're a hammer expert, then."

"Maybe ..."

"Where did you learn?"

"I was kid only - I work."

"For who - ?"

"Man with furnace - I pump all day ..."

"In Vietnam that'd be a hot job, damn hard!"

He nodded.

Huong and I covered many different themes in a sort of a ping-pong game of a few words, and I was impressed with how he adapted to my sometimes non-traditional attitudes. I was curious about where he'd learned to use his fingers and tools so skilfully. I thought his finger dexterity might have come from playing guitar or such. "Do you play music?"

"I have transistor." He gestured toward his ear.

"I mean like piano."

"No - can't carry." A grimace in mock pain.

"You have good fingers."

"Not fast like Thanh." He eyes swept the production floor.

I mused about national pride. Like Huong, she was Vietnamese and a wisp of a young woman, five foot one standing on a sheet of paper and just under seven stone. Thanh was easily our most accurate line assembler. We had a damn fine production crew. The Department of Defense had terminated several megadollar contracts and industrial areas were hard hit. Widespread downsizing in aerospace and so-called streamlining had resulted in lay-offs liberating thousands from concrete jungles.

On the other hand our company had a healthy backlog of contracts. I had been among the first to be hired. We had grown from eight employees to thirty one. We weren't quite in the "catbird" seat, but promotions and raises made us feel secure.

Our hiring methods were non-traditional. We emphasized agility in work experience rather than specialty. As a small company we had to find people with broad experience; people who could find it no problem to double, or even triple in brass. Workers too specialized were not hired. Traditional assembly-line philosophy was useless.

I had done little in the line of hiring, but as leadman it was my responsibility to phase-in new workers. It was something I relished and I knew how the production lines and the company stood to gain. Already Thanh, Alexia, Hortensia, Janos, and quite a few others had demonstrated skills needed in working with others. I was sure that Huong had great potential.

I appraised Huong as a worker and a person while we worked. Much can be learned in the briefest of contacts. But much also depends on the person being observed. In spite of his reserved attitude, I took him as friendly and open. All his responses had been direct and candid. No bias of attitude like that coming from people who polarize when questioned.

He struck me as being relaxed and confident; his answers had been brief for certain, a result of the amount of concentration required by both of us, but he still kept each step of the task in hand, providing a sense of mutual sanity. Our job, like many thousands of jobs all over the world, was horribly boring. No amount of pay can buy any worker where talk is prohibited. But it wasn't all words.

I had watched Huong's eyes, noted the nods of agreement, and listened to his

grunts of approval. We communicated well with this universal language. I especially had watched his eyes, conditioned by his earlier observation. It was there no longer. I relaxed, thinking maybe I'd been reading too much into a simple eye-contact habit.

+ + + +

The job at hand was almost automatic. The routine of inserting contacts and checking continuity took less time than it did to tap them down. The "stikker-uppers", Huong's catchword for tight holes, then suddenly increased and whole rows of contacts needed to be hammered down.

Progress slowed to a point where I suspected we mightn't meet Harold's deadline. Overtime was out of the question. The place was deserted on Tuesday and Thursday evenings as the staff formed a softball team in a play-off series. Nearly all the production department, some technicians and Harold, who had once played as a minor league shortstop, comprised our team and its cheering section. Ed Ronan, one of our machinists, though a Scot by birth and a drummer for a lively kilted band, led the cheering section with heavy drumsticks. He'd beat on any handy refuse can. Loud and vociferous, though we were never rowdy hooligans. Though had it been any other day overtime would still have been a longshot.

+ + + +

So we weren't going to make Harold's deadline unless we increased our rate of tapping the contacts down. Already near our limit, we'd have to find ways to increase our tempos. After coming to a point then of using the continuity checker, which buzzed when contacts were okay, I kept my probe off the contact. Where Huong expected to hear a confirming buzz, there was silence.

He looked up. I looked at him directly and delivered an ultimatum. "Need to go faster. Big push to make it

for tomorrow before break."

A strange look crossed his face. He knew, that I knew, we were working at peak speed. Immediately he took up the challenge. "Hammer harder - maybe faster - hokey dokey - see you tomorrow."

Again we bent to the task. Tap-tap ... tap-tap ... buzz; became; TAP-TAP-TAP ... TAP-TAP-TAP ... buzz. Over and over, again and again, only much louder. Anxious faces around the production floor looked up. Our former rhythm had become etched in the minds of all within hearing. Whether they were pacing their work to the incessant noise, or our rhythmic change had impinged on individual awareness was beyond all knowing; they were aware, and Huong and I were the source of it.

The precipitous appearance of a six-foot-four figure, weighing 18 stone; a hulking chunk of what could have easily passed for a quarterback sacker, bent on total destruction, aimed directly at our workbench. Karl, vice-president in charge of mechanical engineering, and the only specialist the company had, didn't wait to ask what we were doing.

"What the hell are you guys doing. Trying to break those blocks? Those blocks are my responsibility and nothing gets done to them without my approval. You guys are no better than jungle apes smashing coconuts. You can't pound on special machined parts, not while I'm around. Stop right now and do the job as the documentation calls out! You have a problem with that?"

There was no chance in an argument with Karl. I wasn't intimidated by his size at all, it was his uncompromising attitude which I likened to the feeding-frenzy of rapacious animals. His mental approach in all my dealings with him had unerringly followed the policy: *My mind is made up, don't confuse me with facts.*

Karl, presumably in an effort to bolster his image as a high priest in the cult of control, through application of scientific principle based on system and order, initiated an intensive visual inspection of the blocks. He held one up to the overhead floodlight. I cringed as its sister block dangled, swinging back and forth, suspended only by those thin wires, and stole a look at Huong. His face, impassive, gave no hint of his thoughts, until he barely nodded at me. I noted a crinkle in the corners of his eyes and I crinkled

The Most Ignorant Government in History

Pi (π) is a mathematical constant, which is the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter. It is a never ending number, and for most calculations, it's taken to its third decimal place (3.142)

However in 1897 the General Assembly of Indiana passed a Bill ruling that the value of pi was four. This ensured that all mathematical and engineering calculations in the state would be wrong. It would, for example, mean that a pendulum clock would gain about 15 minutes every hour. Now that's gotta be ignorance!!!



back.

"Damn lucky nothing has been broken, now do it the right way."

Next thing we became aware of Harold's presence. He must have guessed what the situation was as his next actions were to curl his finger at Karl and thumb to the office area over his shoulder.

It was an awkward situation. Karl, face flushed, followed a grim-looking Harold. The door to the office area closed behind them.

+ + + +

I turned back to the workbench without glancing at Huong. My hands shook with adrenalin and the silent anger I felt towards Karl had me fumbling with my tools. I stared at my hands still shaking, trying to figure out what to do.

Finally, the discipline of "system and order" gave me some measure of clarity. I placed one contact partially into the next hole and looked at Huong, ready to hand him the other contact, and stopped.

Both his eyes were closed, his mouth a tight slit, the hammer in his hand moving ever so slightly. He may have been praying, he may have been in the same adrenalin state that I was, or he may have been marking the beat of those vindictive words Karl had thrown at us; I didn't know.

"Are you okay?" I asked.

His eyes, full on mine never wavered, but they were cold, cold with a mind-set I could only guess at, but with determination to rise above it all.

"Yeah, sir - ever'thing work fine - I'm ready. We do like Karl say?"

His question nearly threw me; then in review of the whole blow-up, I remembered Harold's gesture thumbing Karl into the office. That was the clue I needed. Huong's attention was fixed on me.

I mimicked Harold's gesture, with somewhat too much emphasis toward the office area. I wanted it to be unmistakable. Huong blinked, shook his head twice, and with one crinkled eye cocked toward me, responded.

"Hokey-dokey, and doke! We got job to finish." He beat an esoteric rhythm lightly on the bench top. "I'm ready", was all he said reaching for a contact.

+ + + +

Intensive work always made me silent but I could think in overdrive. I was into a critical analysis of the whole process of the effects of "system and order" and "applied technology" on people. Our standard of living had been raised from that of simple hunter-gatherers, but the fruits of technology, which invent themselves in ever shorter generations, make themselves necessary, and profits from these are only turned into more consumer goods.

"Huong," I asked, "where were you born?"

"I dunno - family who take care of little me when parents die, live in forest on hill. I ask Marine pilot and he say that all jungle hills - all look same in Vietnam - I dunno."

"Where did you learn working with tools?"

"Man with furnace on cart say he teach me good if I work good. But place is not easy. We move all over - never back. He teach me everything. He teach me good. Work 23 years. Save money - all my money - 'cept eat."

"How did you get here?"

"Can't tell - very bad. I can't tell - now."

+ + + +

The last thing I wanted to do was pry. I changed themes.

"Are you glad you're here; I mean 'hokey-doke' here for you?"

"Most time I think so. I got car, stereo, good job. I learn more here - I learn faster. That's good - I like."

"Your life better than in Vietnam?"

"Oh sure - I think - no - not sure - sorry."

"Don't ne sorry, you didn't do anything. What do you like best?"

"I can - like learn faster - even that." He jerked his thumb unmistakably toward the office area.

+ + + +

We were silent for a while. Our hammers rose and fell. As their rhythm progressed, so did our solidarity. I liked the guy, even with our short sojourn together. I truly wanted to give him the best I could offer as a member of a team, and as a friend.

The rat-tat-a-tapping continued. Rhythm mesmerized me. I began to think of the possibility of Huong taking over my job as leadman. I was sure Harold would promote me to foreman. Huong's language skills would be easily offset by his talents for job-smarts and directness.

The tape in my head went into fast-forward. Salient points, all the way from Harold's visits to our workbench, Huong's chest of hammers, Karl's tirade; all mingled with bits of the conversations between Huong and myself. The rhythm of the hammers set the drumbeat for the whole sequence of thoughts; over and over again.

Tap, tap, tap, tap; contact after contact, until a whole row was done.

"You as good as me — with hammer," said Huong. Without breaking his hammer rhythm, he broke my train of thought. "You have small hammer — and you're fast like me. I'm hammer expert. All the way from little kid in jungle ... to now."

"And where is, now ... ?" Huong eyed me arrow-straight for a number of seconds.

"... mmmm. Back in the jungle!" □

CASH PRIZE CONTEST... To enter M.O.O.N. Magazine's Finish This Poem Contest #5, you just have to complete the following poem opening in 25 lines or less:

Shut inside
windows open wide
I age 1000 years to your one...

The editors will award \$75 to the first-place winner, \$35 to the second-place winner and a one year subscription to the third-place winner. Top three winners poems and Three Honorable Mentions will be selected for publication. All entrants will receive the Spring (April) '97 issue of M.O.O.N., which will contain the contest results. The deadline is February 28, 1997.

All entries must be typed, with the words; "Finish This Poem Contest #5", followed by your name and complete address. There's a \$5 entry fee for the first poem entered and \$1 for each additional poem. Send To:

M.O.O.N. Magazine Contest #5.
2404 75th Street
Kenosha, WI 53143

Our Top Ten Hates



1. You beat a Jap car off the lights fair and square, but after you've stopped at the next set of red lights, they turn green just as it's caught up.
2. The trendy ahead of you at the supermarket checkout who seems to spend five hours paying for a packet of bubble gum with an American Express card.
3. Police cars that think they can beat my car in a race.
4. Finance company executive types who seem to think they're doing you a favour at a party by coming up and talking to you (and you're not allowed to hit him because you might offend the host).
5. Imagining a future court case where, in his summing up, a judge describes you as 'a cunning audacious individual, whose plans almost succeeded' (until spotted by some 'Ms Peabody' of the mounted police.)
6. Reading some psychiatry textbook to see if you've got any of the ailments described, and pretty soon feeling that you've got everything in the book.
7. Being made to feel like a forensic exhibit, after reading a psychiatry textbook written by some suckhole from the 50's, that describes anarchists as 'living alone, morose, paranoiac', especially when they use the words 'scitzoid' and 'delusionary' about sixteen times over the article.
8. Someone walking up and flashing an identification badge while you're dragging a cash machine out of the wall of a bank. He also gets in the way as you connect shackles, fasten hitches etc, and is never strong enough to help in the lifting of the safe onto the truck.
9. Observant children who point out the unusual details of something they see you doing.
10. Buying a hundred dollar pair of boltcutters and breaking them on a really hard lock on the same night.

Sickening

Did you see the news item from South Australia? All those low IQ, low sperm count, gun owners, actually queuing up outside police stations to hand their semi-autos in. What is this country coming to? Great big, fit looking 'males' with tattoos over their arms, actually queuing, *queuing*, to hand their guns in. I suppose if the government called on them to deliver a rope to the local gallows so they could be hanged, they'd be queuing up there too. I hope the government just rips them all off and they never get paid a cent in compensation. I've also got a good idea to organise a few drive-by shootings just to teach them that they should never go about unarmed.

Revolting

Did you see the little shit who's going around high schools at the moment encouraging the kids to squeal on their parents. They showed him standing at the front of classes saying things like, "It's part of the Australian culture not to dob. But when you think about it, what's wrong with reporting a law breaking, even if it is a parent or a brother or sister."

The kids had too much innate class to listen to him. But if you ever see this scumbag on the street, tar and feather him, then lasso him and drag him behind a horse like the American cowboys used to do.

New Police Commissioner

Already things don't look too promising for the citizens of NSW. If those stupid politicians thought they could just go to England to find an honest cop they've got bigger problems than I thought.

The British police force is considered the most corrupt in the western world, and that's saying something. A decade ago nearly the entire police force of Hong Kong had to be sacked, and the London Police practically have to buy their jobs just like a small business. But still, I suppose we won't find out about it until a *Four Corners* program comes out in a few years time. They might just as well have hired a Sgt from the vice squad in Mexico City.

OUT THERE

is the meanwhile
deserted jerks
going nuts built for
instant jettisoning
a lot of Yahweh in them

who can say who can do
while time burns on
in the empyrean
humans are as humans do
and they've done too much

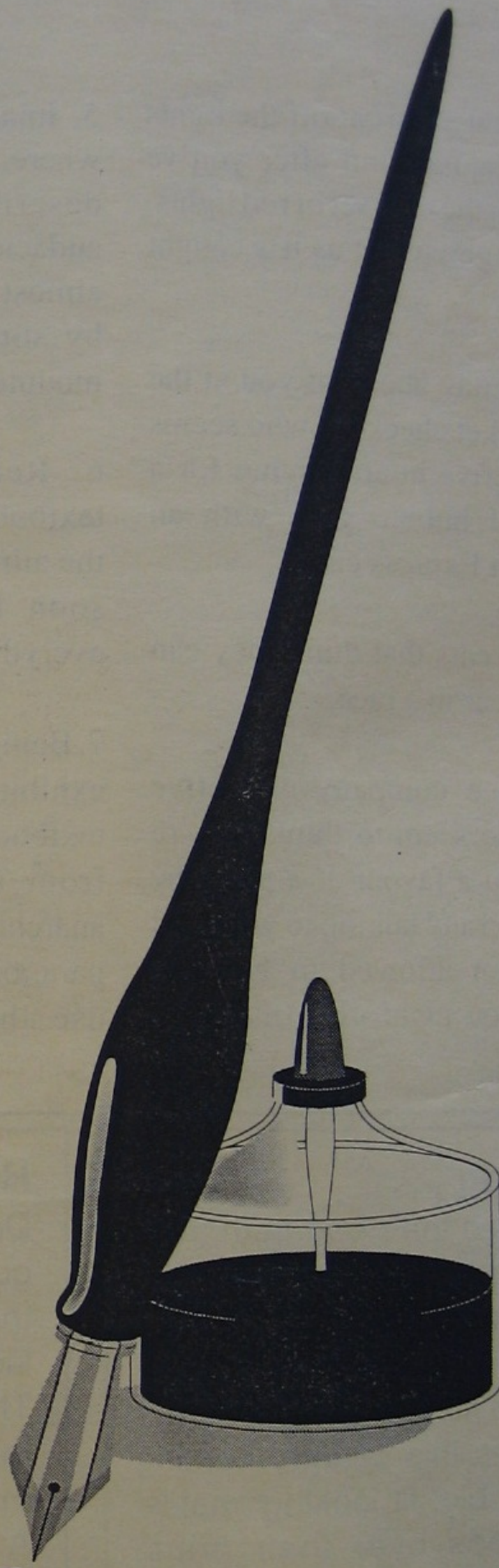
ladies the last best hope
but copping out for fashion
males still shooting bears
for kicks and target practice
what good the millenniums

who wants to go Buddhist
but what choice do they have
the enigmatic Orient
they've seen it all and more
cut their forests long ago

raped the oceans killed the animals
slummed all cities
trashed the future
while revering ancestors
and the ineluctable

must be something in it
but who knows what
for sure it's wasting time
as to how much we have left
your guess is as good as mine

Wendell Metzger



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