

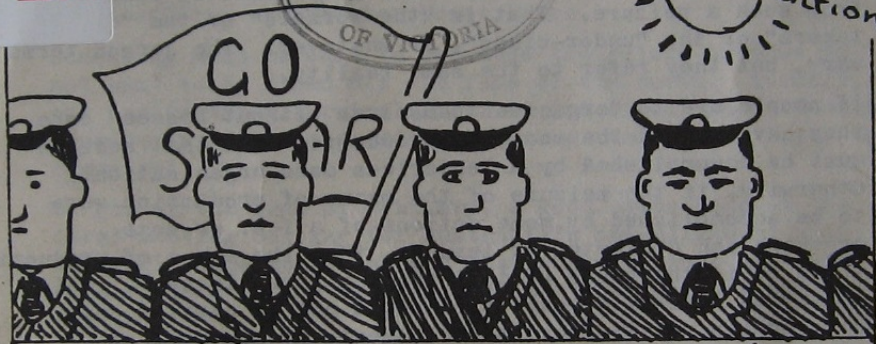
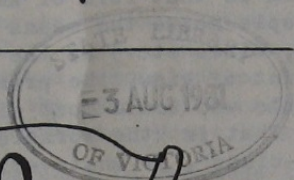
TREASON



IDES OF MARCH edition

dedicated to
Guy fawkes: the
only man to enter
Parliament with an
honest intention

PER



Hi Welcome to Treason.

We're hoping to bring this rag out every month. If we can raise the money and expertise for the next issue, it may even start to look a little respectable.

Treason is here to serve the broad set of ideas which could be called revolutionary Anarchism. We will try to be practical rather than waffly.

Revolutionary Anarchism is that form of Anarchism which advocates that the people seize the means of production (the farms, factories, mines etc.) as the key to social change. From this point of view, the primary revolutionary class must be the people who would most directly benefit from such a seizure. That is "the workers" or the "order-takers" or the "under-class", or whatever. The jargon terms vary, but they refer to the same reality.

If people are to "organise themselves without bosses" once they have seized the means of production then that seizure must be accomplished by a leaderless mass organisation. Otherwise, if the seizure of the means of production were to be accomplished by some actions of a few, or some organisation dominated by leaders, then the means of production would be in the hands of that few, or those leaders. This is why an effective revolution could not be carried out by electing politicians to Parliament, by any sort of Leninist organisation, by a terrorist vanguard, or even by the trade unions as they are now. We must build our own organisation on Anarchist lines.

The question of revolution is largely separate from the question of violence. It is possible to envisage a peaceful general strike, involving the overwhelming majority of the population, causing the collapse of the old order and bringing about a non-violent revolution. How practical such a vision might be is a matter of legitimate debate within the Revolutionary Anarchist movement. Certainly, the main thrust of an Anarchist revolution would be the constructive work of organising and rediscovering human potential.

Continued Page 15

NEW AUSTRALIAN PEACE MOVEMENT ORGANISING

The invasion of Afghanistan by Russia in January this year has brought us closer to a World Nuclear War than anytime since the threatened U.S. invasion of Cuba in 1961.

Once again the fate of humanity is hanging by a thread and full blame must be directed at the ruling elites of all countries. The boardroom directors and Governments which make the decisions to invade third world countries in a race to get control of the worlds resources of Oil, Coal, Copper, Uranium etc.

Australia happens to be the central area for America's bases in South East Asia. In Australia there are 30 foreign military and communication bases which would be prime targets in the event of a nuclear war between the America/China and Russian power blocs.

Something must be done to persuade the rulers that we do not want to be blown off the face of the earth. Luckily, our instinct for survival which we inherited from the animal kingdom is still going strong and some people have begun to organise!

On Friday the 22nd of February, a good attendance at the first meeting calling for Australia's non-alignment with the world superpowers showed that such feelings as those which generated the Anti-Vietnam War movement are still alive.

Attending were activists from the Vietnam days, unionists, representatives of community and church groups and various independent socialists and Anarchists.

A leaflet calling for a 2 day conference was presented and the nights discussion emphasised the need for a simple strategy to win the popular support of the Australian people. The basic demands of the leaflet were:

"We want to see a Peace Movement organised that will push for a neutral non-aligned Australia, for the immediate dismantling of all foreign military bases, and for a reallocation of the revenue raised from the Petrol Tax, away from military expenditure and towards tax relief, Education, Health and Social Welfare."

Cont. Page 15

"Arm the people" has always been a basic Anarchist demand, even for the anti-terrorists who form the overwhelming majority of the Anarchist movement. This demand necessarily follows from our opposition to a standing professional army, and to a police force. This applies even to pacifist Anarchists. Even if you believe that people should choose not to use weapons, the fact remains that at the moment, only the government and bosses goons have that choice.

Obviously, a country like Australia could not be defended by the kind of army we now have. (Which raises the question of what our army is really for - worth thinking about.) An armed people is our only real defence against foreign invasion, not to mention a homegrown fascist takeover. Chile, Chile, Chile, lest we forget. Our rulers will never arm the people willingly, it would make the poor dears feel insecure. The reformist left is likely to call for stricter gun control, so far from arming the people, while the radical right calls for guns to be sold on the free market, so that they are effectively available only to the rich and rich man's goons. This leaves the Anarchists as the only people interested in spreading basic military knowledge throughout the population.

"The Poor Man's James Bond." by Kurt Saxon has been billed as a book containing such knowledge. That is why it is being reviewed here.

I had heard a lot about this book - having been promoted by the Cienfuegos Press people and all - but quite frankly it's a bit of a letdown. If you are into murdering defenceless people it's a great book, tells you how to make poisons and firebombs and the like, but does not give the type of information which would be useful in an actual revolutionary situation. How to disable a tank for example. (I've never seen the "Anarchist Cookbook" but I'm told that it does contain that sort of information. However, I'm also told that the Cookbook is a CIA plant and that its information is dangerously false. Such is life.)

Anyway, the book is divided into 3 parts. One part contains reprints of old texts on making explosives, fireworks and doing magic tricks with fire(!) Here is a sample quote:

"Biting off Red-Hot Iron - Take piece of hoop iron about 2 feet long, place it in a vice and bend it backwards and forwards, about an inch from the end until it is nearly broken off. Put this in a furnace until it becomes red hot, then take it in your right hand, grasp the broken end in your teeth, being careful not to let it touch your lips or your tongue. Make a "face" as though it was terribly hard to bite off, and let the broken end drop from between your teeth into a pail of water (which you should always have at hand in case of fire), when, the hissing will induce the belief that the portion bitten off is still "red-hot" - it may be for that matter if the iron be nearly broken off in the first place and if you have good teeth and are not afraid to injure them." Page 68.

Hmmm. Another section is on electronic arson (I always thought that electronic arson referred to the Bionic Man and his sexual preferences, but apparently not).

Lastly, there is "The Poor Man's James Bond" proper. This is business end of the book. It takes up 27 large format pages. Apart from the firebombs and poisons it gives directions for making tear gas (but not gas-masks) making zip guns, flame-throwers and silencers, the basics of counter-feiting and more.

Right wing thugs would seem to have the most practical use for this book. I can imagine some pimply-faced leftie using it for wank material, but not much else. Kurt Saxon is not, I think, likely to lose much sleep about this book being used by fascists. He either has a very ironical and macabre sense of humour or is as off as last week's meat. Possibly both.

But to let Mr. Saxon speak for himself:

"The irritant mailmen use against dogs and which is sold widely for self-defence is oleoresin capsicum. Capsicum is the hot essence of red peppers. Oleoresin is the process for extracting it.

'To extract the capsicum, grind up four ounces of red pepper seeds in a blender or with a mortar and pestle. Red pepper seeds are bought at the grocers.

'The dry ground seeds are then put into a coffee percolater in which 16 ounces of alcohol, preferably with the water distilled out. The seeds are then percolated for about half an hour. The alcohol is then distilled off until there are only a couple of table spoons of red liquid left in the flask. The red liquid is then added to a half pint of light mineral oil, bought at a drug store.

'It can be sprayed from a nasal spray. Another good way is with a window cleaning sprayer bought at any dime store. The tube of the sprayer is cut to fit in a two ounce medicine bottle. This way you have enough goodies to last through a whole demonstration, no matter which side your on. It is also nice to keep by the door to repel intruders.

'Before using, the container should be given a few shakes. Under laboratory conditions all the oil is extracted from the seeds. But, with my Mickey Mouse method a lot of oil is left in so the residue is quite potent. Just be sure you strain out any larger bits so the sprayer hole is not clogged.

'The ground seeds left in the percolater are dried and saved. They are great for throwing into the faces of people in a mob. If you really want a laugh, throw some broadcast from a theatre balcony during the "Death Scene" in "Love Story". page 4.

He goes on to describe how to make MACE. Quite simple as he tells it.

A similar example of his wit occurs while describing the "Hydrochloric Acid Goody".

"Say you're sitting in a booth in a gay bar. You have a brown paper bag at your feet by the wall. In the bag at your feet is a gallon wine bottle. Now, being a great practical joker, you have poured about a pint of the hydrochloric acid into the bottle and nearly filled it with gasoline. The acid is on the bottom as it is heavier than the gasoline.

'When you've finished your beer, you drop a few chunks of aluminium cut from a pipe and cap it tightly. Then you swish out so you won't be noticed. Soon, the gas will burst the bottle and there will be gasoline everywhere. And if many of the dear things are smoking there will be burning faggots galore. Burning faggots, get it? Oh well." page 5.

Continue P. 11.

LIVING IT UP ON THE DOLE

Here are a few reactions to the experience of unemployment. The first and the fourth account were written by the same person.

1.

This day of my life proves the only true words I've ever heard from Fraser (life wasn't mean't to be easy). After approaching nearly every shop in the city, dressed in a suit that I paid for by going without for a fortnight, I was quite annoyed about not even cracking it for an interview. While I am in the city, I might as well call into the CES. I was amazed at all these people picking up cigarette butts along the floor behind the counter. I felt really bad arriving dressed in a suit. I asked were there any jobs. His reply was there is nothing around at the moment except one cleaning job which should last for the remainder of the day. I told him I would take this and I was given a piece of paper to take to identify myself to my prospective employer. After finding the whereabouts of this place, I discovered that this so called cleaning job was in fact an old hotel that had been demolished and my task was to clean up the rubble. I had to do this dressed in my suit and I felt and looked ridiculous. End result: One fucked suit, half days work, and the money I earned bar six dollars was deducted from my dole.

2.

In late 1977 I was in 6th form and had just left home. I wanted to continue school but because government allowances are so pitiful I was forced to leave in November. I applied for unemployment benefits.

I was treated really poorly by the officer, he made me feel as if it was my fault that I couldn't continue school as if he "knew" and expected me to be a "dole bludger" and wouldn't look for work. I was broke at this time, luckily the woman I shared my house with had a part-time job and was willing to feed me until my dole came through. I had told the officer about my financial situation, but he didn't tell me about emergency help.

I looked for work, and looked and looked. I went to any job interview even if I didn't like it or had little knowledge of the job, it was always the same - no experience - sorry - dont call us we'll call you.



I was very depressed and felt as if I'd never get a job, that I was inadequate, no-one wanted me because I was stupid and not fit to even work in a factory. I began to hate myself and felt a real burden on my friend, who was so patient with me.

Then the power strike came - my friend was off work and no pay - we owed rent and only had \$3 between us. I had already waited 8 weeks for my first cheque and all my phone calls to the CES ended with brush offs. We went to the courts to get some money from the poorbox but it was empty, everyone needed money during the strike. I was offered a lift to Darwin, so I borrowed \$30 from my mother (a widows pensioner) and went, the situation there was worse, no jobs and no money.

I was sharing a house with a male (employed) and in Darwin that means no dole (so does wearing thongs to the office and a bad report from a job interview). There is 10% unemployment there and 30 people per interview. I went for job after job for 12 months. I felt so bad, helpless and useless that I hitchhiked back to Melbourne. After 8 weeks I received benefits (for the first time in 15 months of unemployment), the dole officer (for the first time) didn't treat me like an animal and my family helped me gain a little self-respect.

After almost 2 years of unemployment I was lucky enough to find a job, a job I'm too scared to lose or leave because it could be the only job I ever have. I will never forget how bad I felt during those 2 years. I will never stop being angry at the attitude of employed people who say, "there are lots of jobs if you only look, Dole Bludger."

3.

Monday morning. It's sunny. I hang around the house impatient, nervous. My cheque was due Thursday. It didn't come. I borrowed money for rent and food off my other unemployed mates. No cheque Friday.

At last the mailman comes. Quickly out to the postbox. No cheque! What are the fuckers doing to me? "Go in and hassle them." I'm told. I'm a bit scared of that idea. Twenty minutes later sees me in the S.S.

"Yes Mr. Roberts, you've been cut off because you failed to apply for a job detailed on a telegram sent to you last week." What telegram does she mean?

"You'll have to go and see the CES and reapply for benefits." What! I have to wait three weeks until I get a pissy cheque and not be able to repay my broke friends.

"Go and see the CES Mr. Roberts!"

I do I wait. Finally an appointment. He's really helpful.

"Yes, I'm sorry Mr. Roberts but its tool late to reverse the process now. We can direct a letter to the S.S. and suggest they give you emergency benefit and put you back on the dole." I wait. Friends and Youth workers tell me I can get out off for six weeks and have to go through a tribunal. Goodone!

The social security is very helpful. I make out a humiliating statutory declaration. Yes Mr. S.S. man, I have no money, I have a car with no petrol to put in it. I am in debt to the value of two weeks rent and one weeks food. Will you please give me some money to help me out.

He does. One week. Three weeks waiting. Sorry, banks are closed now, you'll have to wait until tommorrow. I go. Somehow half my months income has evaporated into social security red tape. What a kind considerate government we have.

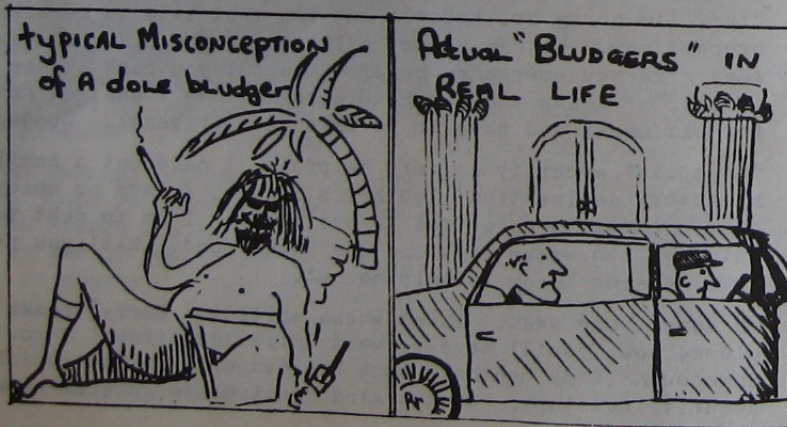
4.

Does it really take revolution to make a solution? I hope not, but this possibility is always with us. The majority of people are workers and if a lot of us find ourselves unemployed we are likely to be in that position. I think we need a change of thought within the community.

For example, we need not to refer to the unemployed as dole bludgers as this label was given by a well known Capitalist for his own convenience. We have to remember that the working class has always supported these people only to be kicked in the teeth and treated like punk adolescents. We pay for their education to make us the fools. They hate you and pretend to like you (politicians) then behind your back they try to eliminate you. I am not trying to influence your next vote, I am just asking for a more sympathetic view from our working class people.

After all, if you think getting a job is easy, you are only pulling the wool over your own eyes and giving room for money hoarding capitalists to fight against you.

This is a personal notice and not one of a political party advertisement. Thank you for taking the trouble of reading it.



Cont. from Page 6

If you're still reading after that I'll allow Kurt Saxon to leave on the more pleasant note on the idyllic domestic scene:

"Simple safety matches in a pipe, capped at both ends make a devastating bomb. It is set off with a regular fuse.

'A plastic bag is put into the pipe before the heads go in to prevent detonation by contact with the metal.

'Cutting enough match heads to fill the pipe can be tedious work for one but an evenings fun for the family if you can drag them away from the TV." page 9.

This book was for sale in Melbourne at the Technical Bookshop in Swanston Street, quite recently, for \$12-50. Otherwise the American address is Atlan Formularies, P.O. Box 438, Eureka, CA 95501. Or use the Cienfuegos Press Bookservice. Their address is Cienfuegos Press, Over the Water, Sanday, Orkney, KW17 2BL, U.K.

If you don't think Anarchists should be pushing stuff like this write the Cienfuegos people an abusive letter. (And send them some money - they're pretty broke.)

LIBERTARIAN WORKERS LAUNCH BOOKSHOP

The Libertarian Workers have finally got their bookshop of the ground. It is the best (the only!) Anarchist collection publicly available in Melbourne, and is worth a visit even if only to pick up some free leaflets. It also has a good section for the financially embarrassed, notably "Anatomy Of An Industrial Struggle", a snip at 40c. and absorbing reading all the way. When I was there, the bloke minding the store kept apologising for the prices, explaining that they needed to cover costs etc. One obvious lack in the shop was individualist, crazy, Dadaist and nutty stuff generally. Considering the Lib Workers this is hardly surprising. And here I would like to squash the vicious rumour that the Lib Workers were set up by A.S.I.O. to make Anarchists seem boring. This is NOT TRUE. However inherently probable it may seem.

A nice thing about the place is its name. The Chummy Fleming Bookshop (Not the Fatty Fleming Bookshop as has been maliciously rumoured). Chummy Fleming was a pioneer Australian Anarchist. According to "A Reader of Australian Anarchism 1886-1896" Fleming began as a Georgite single-taxer, but "Later in the nineties he became heroically, obstinately anarchist, living out his political life as the anarchist presence in May Day marches and on the Yarra Bank and his physical life in extreme penury."

The "Reader" is edited by Bob James, and is available at the bookshop at the very reasonable price of \$3.60 (plug). Fifty years later Fleming was still at it, the only Anarchist in Australia, or so says Albert Meltzer's "Anarchists in London".

So much for Fatty, uh, Chummy Fleming. The bookshop's address is Regent Arcade (shop No. 26), 210 Toorak Road, Sth Yarra. (Toorak Road? South Yarra? "Regent Arcade"? It sounds crazy to me, too.)

RICH MENS' ROT --- A SONG

I was on the wharves in '31
the day they shot us down
And I joined up in the forties
and christ I felt a clown
'Cos the blokes who gave the orders
had just stood around and grinned
While Hitler shot the workers
and Germany caved in.

CHORUS

It's we who make the factories
run and we shall make them stop.
(3 times)

for we're sick of bloody rich
men and rich men's bloody rot.

I was 'round in the 1950's when
the witch hunts were in vogue
half of us we got the sack the
others were prorogued, you
couldn't be a teacher and you
could not drive a truck, the
government called you commie
and the bosses made you black.

CHORUS

I was round in the 1960s to
see Vietnam bathed with blood
and I saw a labor government
go down in a sea of mud and
now we're in the eighties
and I see no bloody end
Our leaders are all gearing up
to go to war again.

COMIX COMIX COMIX COMIX COMIX

There are a few around of particular interest to Anarchists. Notably "Class War Comix" from Kitchen Sink Enterprises. Its a beautifully drawn account of life on a rural commune in a revolutionary Britain, and a discussion of the problems involved in the back-to-the-land movement. Cliff Harper writes in his afterword that he produced this comic after four years living on a rural commune. Here he also acknowledges the comics one notable fault - the words are as he says, rather dull and clumsy in style. But, the content, and above all the drawings more than make up for that.

Coporate Crime Comix are also produced by Kitchen Sink. It records the atrocities of big business with commendable outrage - but to me anyway, it was less than thrilling. Both these comics are quite widely available. AnarchyComix is a mixed bag containing some history, modern revolutionary fantasies and some general mucking around. Its worth looking at. I haven't seen it for sale in Melbourne. You could write to Last Gasp, P.O. Box 212, Berkely, California 94705. Or even better, nag your favourite bookshop to carry.

Finally, as a special treat for all you perverts out there, there is the "Bizarre Sex" series. (Probably carried by your favourite bookshop, this sort of stuff sells well - typists comment) It does have some redeeming social importance (reely truly) but, essentially its just good dirty fun. Also from Kitchen Sink Enterprises. Aaaaaah Aaaaaah Aaaaa thats good.

Wupert
the Wabbit's
UNCONFIRMED
WUMOWS

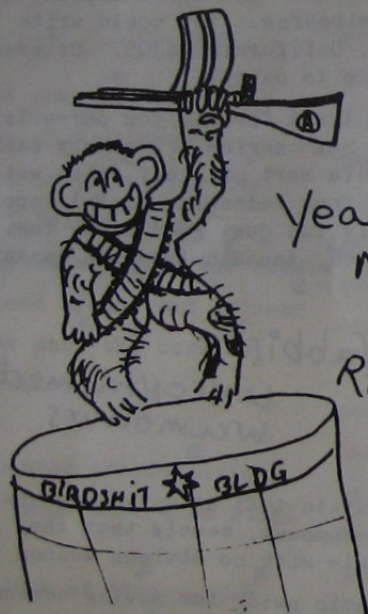


The Wabbit wishes to state that he does not guawantee the twuth of any of these Wumouws, mewely that they wewe told to him as fact by people with no obvious weason for lying.

- Wumouw 1. That the basic pwice for having someone muwdewed is two hundwed dollaws.
- Wumouw 2. That a submachine gun can be bought fow three hundwed dollaws.

- Wumouw 3. That MacDonaldis Hambuwgeus contain goats meat and caffeine. And that instant coffee contains detew-
gent. Since heaving this the Wabbit has been
engaged in fwuitless attempts to blow bubbles fwom
his awse.
- Wumouw 4. That police cowuption in connection with gambling
and wprostitution is wampant in Melbouwne. (Weally?)
- Wumouw 5. That if ewevy pewson who lives in China wewe to
stand on a chair at the same time, and all jump off
togethew, then the wesultant tidal wave would swamp
the United States of Amewica.
Which is what Wupewt supposes is what Meo meant when
he called the H-Bomb a papew tigew.

The Wabbit uwgently solicits comments on these wumouws.



Year of the
Monkey

1980

RRiotous RRampages
+ RRevolutions
1956-1968-1980

Cont. From Page 3

The ideas in the leaflet got a good reception at the meeting, although it was thought to be too wordy with too much historical data to be a general leaflet for handing out at schools, households etc. Constructive criticism enabled the writing of another more simply worded version. ~~Meeting~~ and the basic demands of the new leaflet (draft only) are:

- "To achieve these aims of worldwide peace, the following action will be put to the conference:
1. The breaking of all Australia's military alliances with the USA and all other countries.
 2. No new military alliances to be entered into by Australia.
 3. The immediate withdrawal of all foreign military bases, equipment and personnel. e.g. Omega.
 4. Support for all similar movements in other countries of the world.

If you want any more info. on this movement please ~~writes~~
to us or listen to 3CR for announcement of the next meeting.

Cont. From Page 2

On the other hand, just as there are pacifist means available to revolutionaries, there are pacifist means available to the rulers too. To control people by moral blackmail, by persuading them that they are of inferior worth, or by feeding them lies whether religious or otherwise, is just as authoritarian as it is to control them by violent means. After all, it is mainly by these peaceful means that we are controlled at the moment, as are the people of any "democratic" society. Our rulers prefer to use these methods, it is only when they do not find them sufficient, that they bring out the guns.

Yeah... well... If you want to get in touch with us,

MS. BAKKI KUNIN'S ADVICE TO THE CONFUSED LIBERTARIAN

Dear Bakki,

I Just love Secret Societies and was just wondering do anarchists burn crosses.

Signed Kinky.

Dear Kinky,

Only if they're on top of churches.

Ms. Bakki,

Could you arrange an anarchist speaker for our high school speech night. We are presenting the principal with a bomb and want to give him fair warning.

Signed Anxious.

Dear Anxious,

Your plan is most irresponsible. Bombs are messy and dangerous and their use should not be taken lightly. Any high powered hunting rifle should suit your purpose admirably.

Dear Ms. Bakki,

I'd like to be an Anarchist, really I would, but the sight of a policeman or a parking attendant or a ticket collector reduces me to gibbering terror.

Signed "Yellow".

Dear "Yellow",

Join the club, other common anarchist fears are big hairies with tattood arms, savage dogs and the boogeyman.

Dear Bakki,

I used to be a communist but have since acknowledged the truth of revolutionary Anarchism. My problem is that I cannot break my habit of masturbating over a picture of Karl Marx. Is there any hope for me?

Signed "Depraved".

Dear "Depraved",

Don't worry there are many delightfully sexy anarchists just as hairy and just as obscure as old Karl, Try Kropotkin.