

EDITORIAL, 2, 3, 4

Hi. This issue of TREASON was produced by the Freedom Collective and friends in the Swan River Colony (a.k.a. Western Australia, though it hasn't changed much). It consists almost entirely of writing and graphics produced by us, which partly explains why we are so late. Some of the other, and more important, reasons why we are late are explained in the articles. One of the troubles of being a small group of anarchists in an overgrown suburb pretending to be a city is that we attract more police attention per capita per action than our friends in Sydney and Melbourne. Brisbane is a bit different - but then, Brisbane anarchists have been a little surprised on visiting the "State of Excitement" to discover that the level of repression here rivals that of the Banana Republic, (though, sad to say, the opposition to it doesn't).

The next issue of TREASON will probably be produced in Melbourne. If you and a group of friends would like to take on the responsibility for producing an issue then get in touch. It would be nice to see TREASON produced by different groups all around the country producing issues in rotation. (Rotation - that's a bit like revolution.)

TREASON's address is Post Office Box 37, East Brunswick, Victoria, 3057. Send articles, offers of help, criticism, praise, abuse, and (sorry to have to mention it) MONEY (the dirtiest five-letter word we know) to that address. Send parcel bombs to the police - we've had our fair share.

The Freedom Collective lives at Post Office Box 203, Fremantle, Western Australia, 6160. It's a bit crowded, twelve of us in a post office box 3"x4"x18", (but that's how the housing situation is in Fremantle with the Amerika's Mug). So send us some money so we can afford to put down a month's rent on a shoebox - currently about \$2,000.



A portrait of the anarchist as a young woman

The NATO doctrine is that we will fight with conventional weapons until we are losing.

then we will fight with tactical nuclear weapons until we are losing,

and then we will blow up the world.

Morton Halperin
(Pentagon Advisor)

BURN, CHALLENGER, BURN!

So the Challenger space shuttle blew up and killed seven people. Big deal! And then Amerika goes into a bout of public mourning and expects us all to join in. No mention that six of the seven killed were military officers who knew full well that the main aims of the space shuttle are improving Amerika's military efforts in space. Letting a schoolteacher along for the ride makes good PR.

Then technology fails them and bang! That same technology that provides miracle cures for everyone and everything is also failing and killing people all over the world all the time.

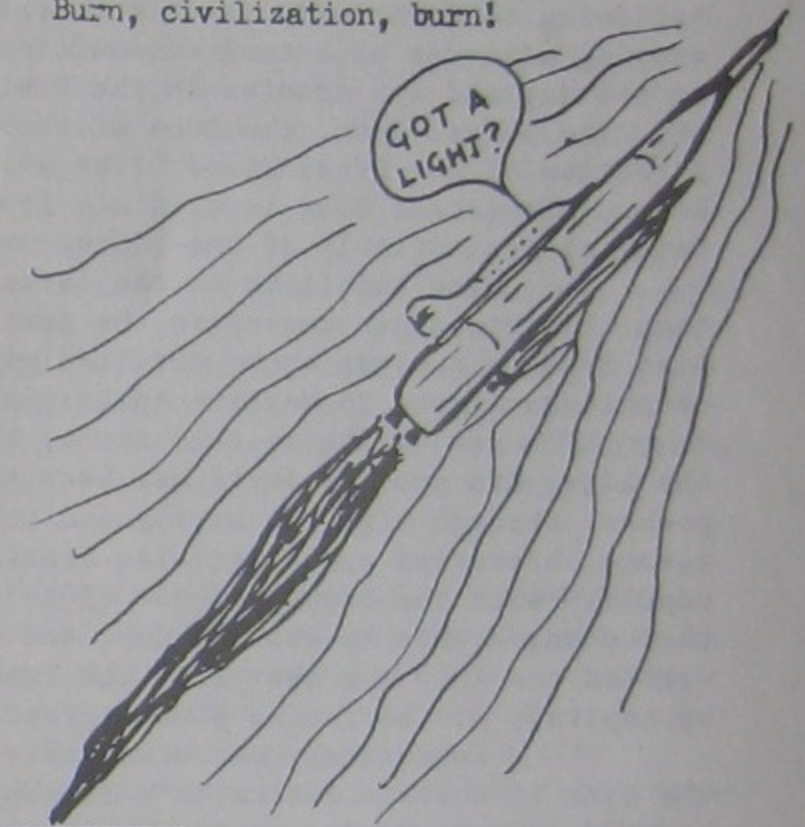
Where are Raygun's orchestrated media statements about women killed by Dalkon Shields (another miracle cure) or people in Nicaragua killed by the Contras he supports and finances, or people dying of exposure and malnutrition in Amerika, the richest country in the world? What about food dumping while East Africa and Brazil starve to provide Amerika and the rest of the rich world with coffee?

Raygun and Amerika - your sympathy for dead

Did you hear about NASA? - Need Another Seven Astronauts

(failed) militarists stinks like the shit that it is. And this you call the price of progress and civilization.

Burn, civilization, burn!



LATENEWSLATENEWSLATE

Mr David Barker of the Australian Contractions Party made his weekly media release today. Resplendent in his gold-rimmed spectacles and gleaming University of Western Australia Building Workers Industrial Union Official tie, Mr Barker ensured a good public impact by having the statement delivered by his press secretary while he hid in his office. This saved him, and the public, the embarrassment of him trying to smile or speak, neither of which were on the syllabus in his Law course at Uni, so he hasn't learned how to do either of them properly yet. He's working on it though, and he hopes to have it off pat before he gets elected as WA's next Contractions Party Premier - oops, sorry, next one after Brian Berk, that is - sorry about that Brian. Oh, and don't forget to mention Peter Cook, you know, the tall one, doesn't play piano.

Anyway Mr Barker's media release stated that he is very concerned about his electorate of Fremantle (ho ho) - so much so in fact, that he might even consider living there - as soon as it becomes trendy enough.

Particularly Mr Barker is concerned about the shops in Fremantle (ho ho). For the moment he isn't exactly sure why, but he suspects that it may be something to do with the number of them. There are probably too many or not enough. Either way Mr Barker said that the public can

rest assured that he is concerned and that as soon as some facts can be ascertained he will do his best to change the subject. Meanwhile the Fremantle (ho ho) Gazette is very happy to be sycophantic.

To conclude Mr Barker said "Is that alright Brian? Not too controversial was it? Good community appeal, eh? Keeps the party name in limelight. Don't forget me next time you want to do some Cabinet re-shuffling. Deputy Prem would be nice.

*Love,
David.*

HOW CAN YOU TELL WHEN A POLITICIAN IS LYING?

You can see their lips move.



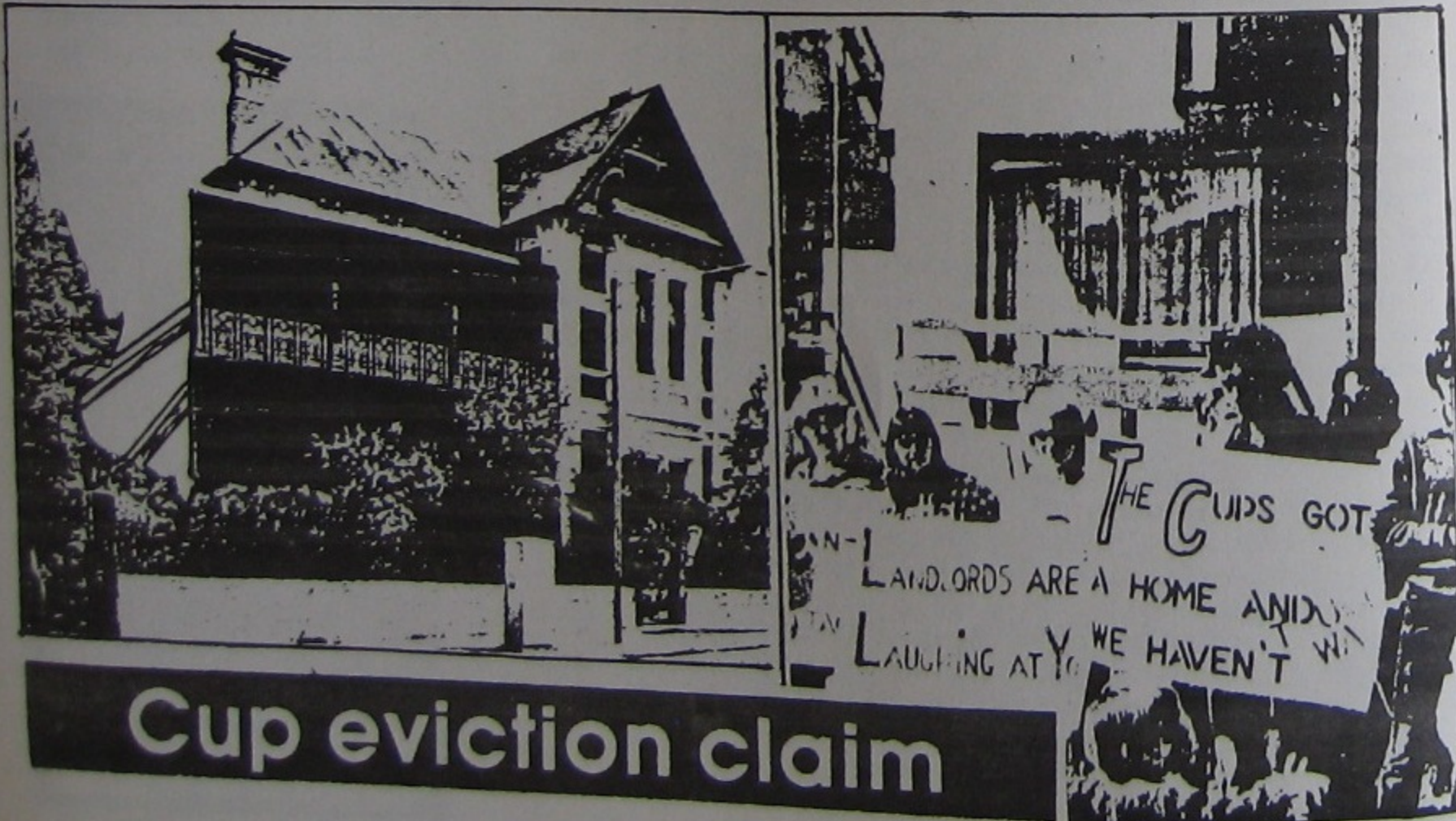
HISTORIC FACADES

The post-war economic development of the state of Western Australia has been pushed along by a succession of Booms - the secondary industry Boom of the early 1950s, which saw the establishment of the Kwinana industrial area; the mineral Boom of the 1960s, following the lifting of the iron ore export embargo; the resources Boom of the late 1970s, centred upon the North West Shelf natural gas project. Following each other in quick succession, each of these Booms has consisted of varying mixtures of actual economic activity, publicity drum beating by the government of the day and its cronies in the business community and crispy, homemade pie in the sky. The latest Boom, the Boom of the eighties, the One Which Will Mark the Future Direction of Our Great State (like all the previous Booms have done) is the tourist Boom. This latest Boom is distinct from the previous ones in that it consists, to date, almost entirely of the latter two ingredients.

The initiator of the latest economic Boom, the massive upsurge in tourism that this state can expect in the next few years, is of course the Amerika's Cup. Alan Bond, the class enemy credited with bringing that grotesque symbol of conspicuous waste to Western Australia, is not someone who has contributed very much to creating new wealth in this state, through the development of new industries and the like. His special forté has been the diversion of existing wealth into his own pocket, through vigorous buying and selling, usually with borrowed money, of real estate, breweries and television stations. For this reason he was not particularly popular with the common people of this state, or with his fellow bourgeoisie. All that changed when he won The Cup, and now he is a local hero, "Bondy", the man who wrested the Auld Mug away from the Yanks. He is still buying and selling and piling up capital, his borrowing powers greatly enhanced by his win at Newport.

Immediately the news arrived from Newport, the dollar signs lit up in the eyes of Western Australia's flamboyant capitalists. The next Cup challenge, to be held in Western Australia, would attract Tourists, by the thousands, with pockets stuffed with american dollars ready to spend and spend again, further fattening the wallets of Western Australians. Well, the ones who owned the hotels and souvenir shops anyway. At last, the state which previous had to rely on visits of american nuclear warships for its tourist dollar would now become a tourist mecca, creating a new and lucrative industry pampering wealthy visitors.

But what about the ordinary people, those with not quite enough money to build a five star hotel on the Scarborough beachfront? For them, jobs, and lots of them. Arduous, demeaning, dead-end and probably only seasonal jobs, but jobs just the same. The army of young unemployed could be put to work, on reduced-pay traineeships, as bellhops, waitresses and domestics. Jobs could be auctioned off to the lowest bidder - the most desperate for work would take jobs for the least pay. Of



course, it would not completely solve the unemployment problem. In any case it is only a problem for the unemployed. Full employment is not a very desirable state of affairs for the capitalist class, and a pool of unemployed is a useful weapon with which to bludgeon workers into submission. Mistakes were made in previous Booms by allowing them to create full employment, with the result that the workers became too uppity, demanding an ever larger slice of the cake. That mistake would not be repeated. But there would still be money for almost everyone in this Boom. No-one will suffer, except the poor and disadvantaged, and they are used to it.

The extravagant publicity hype surrounding the america's cup is almost impossible to avoid. Car number plates now carry a silhouette of the trophy and the inscription "Western Australia - home of the America's Cup". A previous attempt at incorporating an advertisement for the state in car number plates, imprinting them with the legend "WA - state of excitement", caused an uproar when there was widespread objection to having to display what was essentially a political slogan coined by Charlie Court. When the inscription was made optional, so few people wanted it that it was eventually scrapped. Hopefully the same fate will befall the current slogan, when Australia loses the wretched thing. Holes in the road and construction projects carry signs proclaiming "A Commonwealth-funded America's Cup project." Money is being poured into sprucing the place up for the expected influx of visitors, an undertaking deemed, apparently, not sufficiently worthwhile for the benefit of permanent residents.

The epicentre of the yacht-led Tourism Boom is the city of Fremantle, which has become the base for the competing yachts and their multitude of idle rich hangers-on. Already, work is well underway, gouging out the heart of the old city and replacing it with something more sanitised and amenable to the vacuous sensibilities of the average american tourist. The modern conception of a city centre, one held dear by city planners and councillors everywhere, is that the centre should be nothing more than an agglomeration of establishments where people spend money, and the streets should serve only the purpose of facilitating peoples progress to places where they can consume. Nowhere is this conception finding fuller expression than in Fremantle. All development taking place is directed towards nothing other than encouraging people to come here and buy things. Several year ago, popular pressure forced the cancellation of an eight storey office project proposed by the american comany Alcoa. The project was vigourously defended by the powers that be on the grounds of its capacity to precipitate the spending of more money at

USS CONSTELLATION



Liberty Guide for Perth

**CRASH COURSE
IN HOSPITALITY
And it's all
because
of the Cup**



their shops. So much have things changed that nowadays anyone objecting to the kind of redevelopment going on is branded an enemy of progress.

Newspaper reports continually refer to the way things have changed around Fremantle. Clichés like "a new lease on life for the old town" and "a buzz of excitement around the port" recur with sickening regularity. The buzz that they can hear, however, is the distant roar of bulldozers and jackhammers, mingling with the whirl of computers totalling up the projected profits. Before the America's Cup, they say, Fremantle was a dying city, fast losing trade to surrounding shopping centres, and beset with low property values and anti-development national heritage rulings. Again, the only measure they could apply to the worth of the city was in dollars in the pockets of business people.

In fact, before the America's Cup, Fremantle was anything but a dying city, although it wasn't then making much money for property developers and real estate agents. In the "decaying" west end, unobtrusive development was taking place, as people were taking leases on old buildings, which had lain vacant for years, and as art galleries, theatre companies, and an alternative converting them to residences. Art galleries, theatre companies, and an alternative school, not to mention the Anarchist Centre, were located there, taking advantage of cheap rents for buildings that no-one else wanted. It was a slow development, lacking immediate visual impact, but one which was gradually transforming the area into a city with a very human face. All that has gone now. The old buildings are being gutted, demolished completely except for the front walls, standing like movie sets, while new and architecturally vapid interiors are fashioned, and the land sharks can pretend they are doing their bit to preserve history. What they are really preserving, which one sign board on a Commonwealth office development near the railway station freely admits, are historic facades, the appearance of history, completely devoid of any content.

Those who seek to point out the negative aspects of the effect of all this America's Cup hysteria on the social fabric of Fremantle, or who try to sound the warning bells about the essentially pie in the sky nature of the Tourist Boom are given very short shrift indeed. There is widespread dissatisfaction with what is going on, but only rarely does this come to the attention of the media, and then only to be denounced as the disaffected grumblings of a minority. So the publicity machine grinds on, levelling all before it, and giving the impression that Western Australians love the cup, love Bondy and love tourism and what it is doing to their lives.

All around Fremantle, greedy landlords are forcing up rents to levels that low income earners can no longer afford, and property values are skyrocketing to ridiculous levels. Weatherboard slums with termites and dry rot and crumbling limestone cottages are being offered for upwards of \$50,000. The very people who once contributed so much to the life of the town are being forced out, and replaced by upperclass twits who have nothing to offer but their money. The local newspaper, which was once one of the most interesting and readable anywhere, has been sold out to a consortium, and has degenerated into another suburban throwaway rag, loaded with America's Cup hype. Three new railway stations have been built along the foreshore south of the harbour. A longstanding local resident expressed pleasure that she was now within walking distance of a station to get to work. Alas, no. The new stations are only for tourist trains, carrying cargoes of imbeciles intent upon gaping at the toys of the rich, through their barbed wire enclosures. These are some of the costs of the Boom.



IT'S MIDNIGHT...

It's midnight the moon is full and so am I (on some cheap Australian wine). I begin to feel alive at the prospect of doing some late night decorating around the metro area. The hours are odd the company still odder, but that's how it is, if it were any different it would be legal and not half so nice. As for job satisfaction, never in my entire working history which has been rather short and hopefully mostly behind me now, have I ever received such immense pleasure and pure excitement from the culmination of a days (nights) work. As for the peoples reaction to any work they might come across that has suddenly sprung up in the middle of the wee hours, I can only hazard a guess at. Perhaps some would smile, others would be angry, hopefully a few folk will be of the opinion that they too would like to try their hand at this much misunderstood practice, but, how would they ever go about it? And surely it must be of a highly illegal nature?

Anyway its midnight the moon is full and I am trying to find a wall, "oh there across the road" I run over its perfect, about six feet high, as long as I need and it suits any colour. I start to spray, all you can here (hold on there's a car) is a snake like hissing and the thought goes through my mind that every car that passes must surely be able to hear me, well I carry on my only wish apart from getting the spelling right is to finish this wall and be away safely into the night. Right, finished, I leap over a fence onto my bike and away, no one has seen me, no one has heard me but wait till the morning...

The journey to my next effort gives way to a dream about a huge peice of work slap bang in the middle of the city. It's late at night, I've had gallons of wine, paint in excess, all the help you need and plenty of time, hours of it to perfect the ultimate in decorating, a message so bright, so clear and without doubt the finest that anyone could ever see and never forget.

We work all night not stopping except to drink, giggle, and maybe a bite to eat, all feverish with great expectation at what we are creating, a masterpiece, the masterpiece, people will come from far and wide to see it, life will never be the same again, the change is at hand.

Five o'clock and we put the final touches to our nights work, and away we fly, gone forever and what have we left....

We watch from a distance a safe one, and we see, thousands upon thousands of people arriving for work, for slavery, for the boss, the company and one by one they stop, stare, not yet fully awake after being dragged out of bed by countless electric tea makers, alarm clocks, phone calls and all manner of devices to make them ready for their day, what a day!

Up above the mass of heads almost in the clouds is a wall, a funny place for a wall really but its there anyway and on it is written in many colours of green, blue, red, black, yellow and orange the words, GO HOME, DO SOMETHING FOR YOURSELF, HAVE FUN, TODAY IS CANCELLED SO IS TOMORROW.

Thoughts are flying, ideas come alive, eyes sparkle, hearts thump. Could it be true, really, no work. Perhaps I can visit my friend, finish my book, paint a picture, go fishing, ride my bike, play with the kids, just sit and do nothing, something, anything... Movement people start moving back into cars, buses, trains, all going home excited, happy at the thought of NO MORE WORK.

EVERY ONE WANTS TO PLAY

NO ONE WANTS TO WORK

A LONG TIME AGO
I WENT ON A JOURNEY,
RIGHT TO THE CORNER
OF THE EASTERN OCEAN.

THE ROAD THERE
WAS LONG AND WINDING,
AND STORMY WAVES
BARRLED MY PATH.

WHAT MADE ME
GO THIS WAY?

HUNGER DROVE ME
INTO THE WORLD.

I TRIED HARD
TO FILL MY BELLY,
AND EVEN A LITTLE
SEEMED A LOT.

BUT THIS WAS CLEARLY
A BAD BARGAIN,

SO I WENT HOME
AND LIVED IN IDLENESS.

T'AO CH'EN

My most enjoyable action was the morning we dumped several large bags of woodchips and cardboard boxes on the steps of Davies, minister for kulcher and the environment. Labelled "One Karri forest - compliments of..." followed by a list of persons and institutions responsible for current forestry practice. The trick was to get the chips dumped, get away and manage to notify the press quickly enough to get them there before everything was cleaned up. It worked wonderfully. The glory of the action though was its absurdity - the emptying of those garbage bags of chips while people walked past us up the steps to get to work with "This can't be

happening, I don't want to get involved" looks on their faces. Then walking off whistling, trying to stuff these empty garbage bags into our pockets in a casual manner, past the cop on the corner, to be picked up and whisked away by a friendly car and then and only then to collapse laughing hysterically on each other's shoulders.

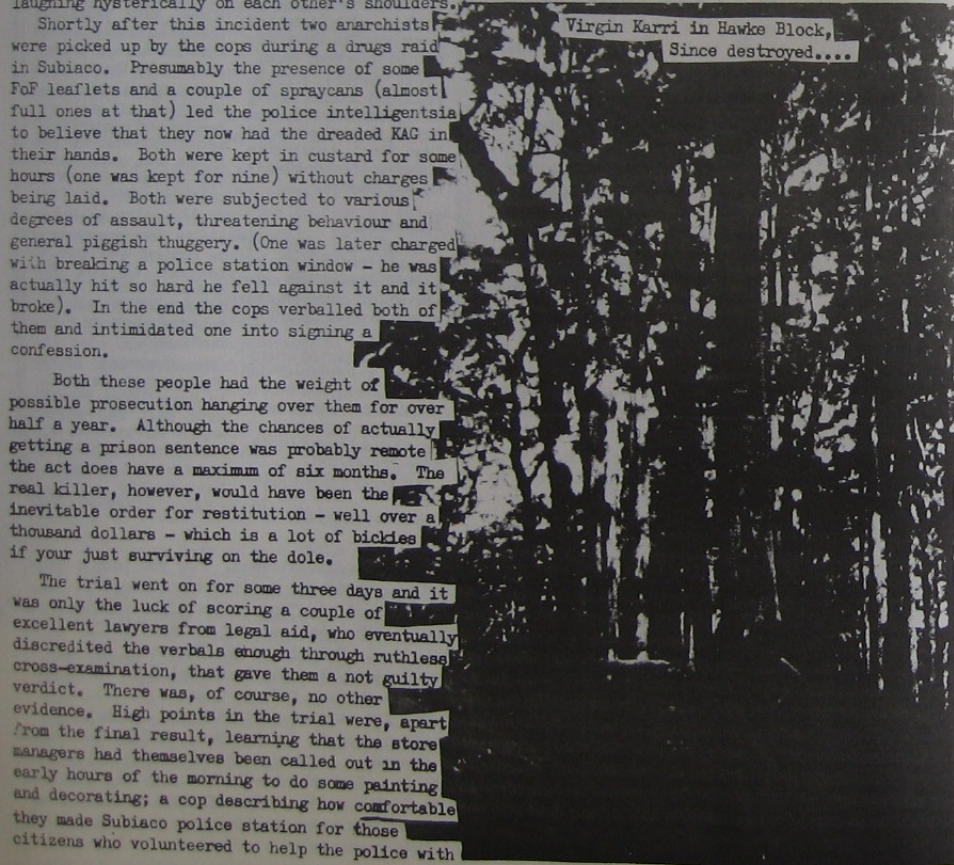
Shortly after this incident two anarchists were picked up by the cops during a drugs raid in Subiaco. Presumably the presence of some FoF leaflets and a couple of spraycans (almost full ones at that) led the police intelligentsia to believe that they now had the dreaded KAG in their hands. Both were kept in custard for some hours (one was kept for nine) without charges being laid. Both were subjected to various degrees of assault, threatening behaviour and general piggish thuggery. (One was later charged with breaking a police station window - he was actually hit so hard he fell against it and it broke). In the end the cops verbed both of them and intimidated one into signing a confession.

Both these people had the weight of possible prosecution hanging over them for over half a year. Although the chances of actually getting a prison sentence was probably remote the act does have a maximum of six months. The real killer, however, would have been the inevitable order for restitution - well over a thousand dollars - which is a lot of bikkies if your just surviving on the dole.

The trial went on for some three days and it was only the luck of scoring a couple of excellent lawyers from legal aid, who eventually discredited the verbals enough through ruthless cross-examination, that gave them a not guilty verdict. There was, of course, no other evidence. High points in the trial were, apart from the final result, learning that the store managers had themselves been called out in the early hours of the morning to do some painting and decorating; a cop describing how comfortable they made Subiaco police station for those citizens who volunteered to help the police with

their enquiries; the sound of a cop, on defence prodding, shaking the can of paint seized in the raid to show that it was still nearly full - far too infrequently are the sounds of liberation heard in such places!

The other major expedition of the KAG was the trip down to Hawkeblock itself. As I've mentioned the seed trees in a coupe designated for clearfelling are left standing for a year or so. Blokes with chain saws know which trees not to cut because CALM personnel go round beforehand and mark designated seed trees with a fluorescent orange "S". They use spray cans to do the marking and, apparently, guns to do the choosing as the seed cases have to be shot down from the tops of the giant Karri - it can take some time. Our scheme - obvious really - was aimed at both gaining time and more media publicity. Hawkeblock is itself some five



Virgin Karri in Hawke Block, Since destroyed....

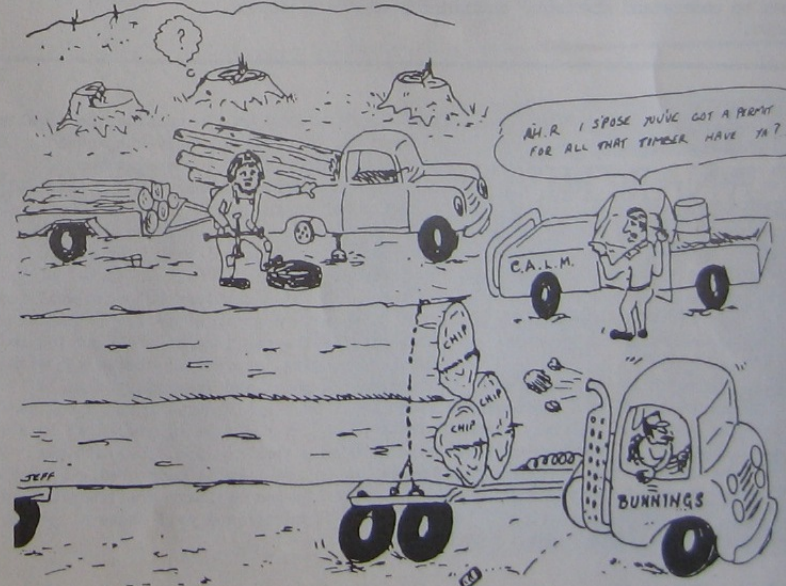
hours drive from the metro area. We drove down to a chalet we rented somewhat closer to the stage of operation and spent an afternoon walking in the bush or relaxing and an evening getting drunk together and singing and having a meeting simultaneously before driving off to Hawkeblock the next morning. In many ways the expedition was a series of disasters. A wind-screen was broken. The combination of rain and logging trucks made the backroads almost impassible. The paint we brought with us was not a spectacularly good match with the Forestry Department's and tended to smudge in the rain which was constant. We had trouble with the video. We never really discovered whether the Department had to go through the block again to sort out the real seed trees from those spontaneously created by the popular resistance. The video was taken up by one of the TV stations in conjunction with a back of the head interview with a KAG spokesperson.

In some ways it was the peak of our little campaign however. Everything continued for some time after this but the strain began to show. Over it all we were only a very small group of people with ordinary lives to live and the limits to which we could have this extra obsession, could live with this intensity and drive and depression became clear and eventually destructive. During this period I recommenced smoking. In some ways we began to long not to be able to think about the issue (just for one day, please). We began to have silly bickering type quarrels. And we were losing. Everyone

was on our side. People almost stood in queues to sign our petition. But they were on our side as isolated individuals and maybe petitions are just ways to do nothing with a good conscience. And every day the chainsaws were screaming at Hawkeblock. Under pressure the official conservation movement organised one public meeting.

Sometimes I feel that early on in the campaign some real damage should have been done. There is a lot of timber standing unguarded in Bunnings' yards. There was a lot of machinery standing unguarded on Hawkeblock and it was all talked about. In anger and pain we wanted to be effective and stop the destruction of one small corner of our world but we also knew hate and wanted revenge for what they were doing. I remember believing quite strongly that these people could not leave this forest alone because it was beautiful and with its beauty mocked their lives. We stuck, however, to petty vandalism as we thought we might win, we didn't wish to alienate local opinion: a compromise between purity and politics,

With the end of logging in the block our group must become more reflective. If we have a role to play it is, I believe, to use imagination and direct action tactics to focus attention where established interests would welcome it least. We have more time now to think as well as just respond to events and to try and evolve a level of activity that is sustainable and not destructive to ourselves.



ABOUT DOMINATION, VIOLENCE AND PERSONAL POWER

- being dominated feels like always wondering if I did the right thing.
- being dominated feels like having fantasies instead of real experiences and never managing to act out the fantasies.
- being dominated feels like being afraid to tell the shop assistant he's made a mistake.
- being dominated feels like thinking no march, actions or demos will ever get these warships out of town.
- being dominated feels like checking myself out when I see a cop in the street.
- being dominated feels like having a lengthy discussion with my friend (when I was straight) about how sleeping together would ruin our friendship.
- being dominated feels like believing my male lover in love with me when he tells me I am getting too involved.
- being dominated feels like justifying my personal shortcomings by my sexist upbringing.
- being dominated feels like women defining themselves negatively.
- being dominated feels like when my child's happiness depends on getting one of the commercial wonders advertised on TV because her friend at school has got one.
- being dominated feels like the garage mechanic not believing me when I tell him what needs to be fixed in my car.

My experience of being dominated varies from yours. The more our sex/class/race/age/background differs the more our experience of being dominated will differ. By reflecting on what it feels like to you you may be more aware of what it feels like to be dominated for X or Y. I may also use that awareness to understand how being dominated feels to a person I dominate.

- dominating feels like throwing away my 5 year old's discarded toys without her knowing.
- dominating feels like not being keen on going out with the same child because she chose her own clothes this morning and nothing matches.
- dominating feels like not questioning that I am being given full attention by her teacher to talk about the child when I know that Josephine's Thai mother won't get half that



time.

- dominating feels like not seeing that the belief that blacks are better in bed is sheer racial discrimination.
- dominating feels like needing directions in town and mindlessly bypassing two Asian looking people and three Aborigines in search of someone else to help me.
- dominating feels like having a succession of 17 year old lovers after the break up of that long term relationship.
- dominating feels like sleeping with my friend's friend knowing he'll get hurt but well! everyone has to learn to handle jealousy.
- dominating feels like that smug kind of pleasure I experience when I'm handling my single parenting better than so and so.
- dominating feels like telling someone what I think is wrong with them once they have confided in me their troubles.

Did you reflect on what dominating feels like to you and did you find any similarity with the feeling experienced when dominated? (even if dominating is harder to describe because we are not as eager to recognise ourselves as oppressors as we are as victims)

From a very early age in order to fit within a social context we learn its pattern of hierarchy, stereotypes to be compartmented in our minds. If we did question the domination platforms and victimisation pits of our lives we may develop new sensitivity in our relationships with others. We would no longer rely on hierarchy structures and oppression in all its forms and then maybe racism, sexism, militarism and some other isms would be on the decline.

DEAR ANARCHIST,

You and your equally disreputable friends are often to be seen protesting at the military bases that dot our country. It is clear however, that you fail to recognize the real function of these installations in our glorious democratic country.

Whilst the citizenry at large are 'free' to gambol about in a consumerist paradise the inmates of military bases are locked away behind awesome fortifications. Inside these compounds the military are burdened twenty-four hours a day with the force of direct and

brutal authority. On the outside the civilian citizen is, by contrast, only subjected to the pestering authority of bureaucrats or unfortunate confrontations with the constabulary. Direct proof to the public that even within their own nation-state there are others who have much less 'freedom' than they enjoy themselves.

Imagine how the military subjects must feel when faced with a group of people (standing just outside the confines of their enclosure) dancing, singing, expressing themselves with pressure-pak paint and generally having a good time. Once guard duty is finished the military subject faces being yelled at by a superior, only then to line up with their 'mates' to be fed like so many obedient cattle.

Occasionally the military are liberated by being sent to murder and yell abuse at people

in foreign lands. This is of course liberally reported in the media so the public can sit back in their loungerooms and say 'Tut tut' at these unfortunates who do not live in democratic countries. So, once again the citizen comes to realize how happy they ought to feel about their day to day life.

Thus we continue the same understanding of democracy founded by the Greeks, who had slaves so that the citizen had someone against whom they could feel smug and superior.

I ask that the next time you engage in taunting the military with evidence of their subjection that you spare a thought for the poor soul behind the uniform..... pathetic really.

Yours,
The Hyena.



GETTING ARRESTED

The details of the law in this article are specific to Western Australia, but the general principles apply everywhere.

Introduction

You are at risk of being arrested almost all the time, but especially if you are young and active. Many people end up getting into a lot of trouble once they are arrested simply because they didn't know what to expect, didn't know what to do and didn't know what their rights are.

The aim of this article is to help you in your dealings with the police. Remember that forewarned is forearmed. And if any of this sounds a bit smug or heavy handed or obvious, it is worth remembering that the knowledge explained here was all gained the hard way.

Getting Stopped

If you are approached by the police at any time you are legally obliged to tell them your correct name and address. You are not obliged to tell them anything else. They will usually ask for your date of birth and occupation and it's usually not worth refusing. Giving a false name or address is an offence under section 50 of the Police Act. If the police suspect that the address or name that you have given are false then they are entitled to take steps to establish your identity. The law does not say what they are allowed to do to establish this however.

If you are approached by a plain clothes police officer you are still obliged under section 50 to give your name and address even if they don't show their ID. It is no defence in court that they didn't show you their ID, but in theory under police regulations they are supposed to show you their card on request. The card comes in a small blue plastic wallet with "Police" stamped on it in silver. Inside there should be a card bearing the officer's photograph and full name and some other details. In theory you have a right to read the card. In practice you will be lucky to have time to read the name.

On the street the police only have the right to search you if they reasonably suspect that you may be carrying illegal drugs or stolen property. You can try to insist on this but you usually won't get very far and anyway all they have to do is say they suspect that you might be carrying illegal drugs or stolen property and they can legally search you.

It is the law that you can only be searched by a police officer of the same sex as you or by a doctor.

When you are being questioned by the police you are not legally obliged to answer their questions. Almost anything you can say can be used against you and nothing you say can do you any good. In practice it's almost impossible to stop answering questions as soon as they say "What are you doing here?". It's usually best to say "Nothing" and "I don't know" and similar non-answers. However if they are questioning your right to be in a certain place or doing a certain thing it's often worth proving it - such as showing that you have the owner's permission to borrow a car they think you might have stolen or producing some proof that you live in your house if you get stopped breaking in the front window because you've lost your key.

However if you are up to no good and they obviously intend to continue questioning you then it's best to tell them firmly that you have a right to remain silent and you intend to use that right. You can't be charged with refusing to answer questions, but you can be charged with hindering if you give false answers. You will have to judge on each occasion what the chances are that they'll arrest you anyway if you refuse to answer questions, but remember that you should say as little as possible to avoid arrest.

If you tell them that you intend to remain silent then make sure you stick to it. Once you start to backtrack they immediately gain the advantage.

Often people are asked to accompany the police to the station for further questioning. You are under NO legal obligation to go anywhere with the police unless you are under arrest, no matter what they might say at the time to the contrary. If you let them know that you know that then you are possibly less likely to get hassled, but don't rely on it. They don't like people being smart about the law.

If they want to take you anywhere they must arrest you. The police claim that they can summons people for some offences such as shoplifting after questioning, but this is doubtful. It is still probably worth insisting that you won't go anywhere with them unless they arrest you.

Arrest

You can be arrested at almost any time, in any place: in your home, in your car, on the street. To be arrested you should be told that you are under arrest and on what charge. If the police

grab you without saying anything that is also a legal arrest. The police don't have to say exactly what you will be charged with but in theory they are supposed to tell you why you have been arrested.

Before they question you they are supposed to tell you of your right to remain silent. This is known as the Caution and is in practice so rare that you might as well forget all about it.

If you are seized by the police and not told that you are under arrest then demand to know whether you are or not. If you are not told why you have been arrested then demand to know.

Try to stay calm.

If you are arrested try to let someone know that you are being arrested. If possible give them your name, where you are being taken and why. Calling out to passers-by is better than nothing at all. By the same token, if someone is being arrested find out who they are and why they are under arrest, but do it carefully or you might get arrested for hindering.

A point to note about running away is that if you run away or try to after they have nabbed you that counts as resisting arrest. However if you run away before you are arrested, even if they catch you it only counts as hindering.

It is accepted practice that once arrested you have the right to make a telephone call to a friend or a lawyer. Demand to be allowed to make a phone call; however the right is not law so there's not much you can do if they refuse.

Demand to be charged or released. If you are not charged then demand to be released. They are legally allowed to keep you for twenty-four hours without charging you but if you are kept longer than a few hours without being charged then you start having grounds for a complaint. Once you are charged you should be released on bail for all but serious offences, though if you get picked up in the evening and they want a surety expect to stay the night because a JP has to witness the surety and they don't like to come in at night.

Once you have been charged you are legally obliged in this state to give your fingerprints and photograph. On your first arrest they take two sets of prints, then one set at every later arrest. The law also says that the police may take any other reasonable steps to establish your identity. Recently this has included video recording of your movements and taping of your voice as you say your name and address. The legality of refusing this has yet to be tested as far as we know. In theory you have a right to have the fingerprints and photographs destroyed if you are subsequently found not guilty. In theory.

Dealing with Questioning.

The police use a variety of tactics to get information out of people. Their job, and they're quite good at it is to get enough information out of you to get a conviction when you go to court.

Most of the tactics they use are based on some sort of trickery and dishonesty and many are also, by the way, illegal, but that doesn't seem to bother them very much. After all they are the law. Some of their favoured tactics are as follows.

Outright questioning - "did you do this?" Keep your mouth shut.

Getting you talking about apparently innocent things - "did you drive here or catch a bus?" then start asking difficult questions once they have got you talking. Keep your mouth shut.

"We know everything so might as well confess". They're bluffing, and even if they're not - keep your mouth shut. "We've got the evidence." They haven't or they wouldn't be questioning you about it. And even if they have - keep your mouth shut.

Isolation. They leave you on your own in a cell for hours on end before questioning you. Try to stay calm - many people find it useful to try and sleep, but be wary of being caught off guard if they wake you up to question you, and keep your mouth shut.

Plants. Yet to be used here as far as we know, but popular in other places, is to put you in a cell with an informer or a cop in disguise who gets you talking once you think the pressure's off. After all it is a relief to talk to someone who might be human after a round of questioning. Exchange pleasantries, tell them why you were arrested if it comes up in conversation, and keep your mouth shut.

Intimidation. Comes in various forms. Threatening you with violence without actually hitting you (almost as frightening as the real thing, and very unnerving if it goes on for a few hours), or saying things like "We don't like violence but...", or threatening you with very heavy charges which you won't be able to defend yourself against (like "finding" a pound of grass in your bag). Keep your mouth shut. There's nothing you can say to the cops that will help. Save it for court.

Actual violence. There's not much you can do about this. There's little point in trying to fight back - there's a lot of them, most of them like violence and many of them are quite good at it, and of course, if necessary, they are armed. Try to stay calm (1), minimise injury to yourself and keep your mouth shut. If you think it's safe try to make a complaint to the desk sergeant and ask to be allowed to write down what happened to you including the

YOUR MATE RECKONS YOU DID IT!



YOUR MATE RECKONS YOU DID IT!



names of the thugs involved. Be careful though, they don't like you doing that sort of thing and may retaliate with more violence.

Charging you with something they know you didn't do. This is rare but don't be intimidated by it into admitting what you actually did do. That's exactly what they wanted. The only place it's worth saying anything is in court. With the police - keep your mouth shut.

"Your mate reckons you did it". An old favourite and disgustingly successful. They are almost certainly telling your mate exactly the same thing in the next room. Don't be fooled, don't worry about what your mate has or hasn't said, there's nothing you can do about it anyway, and keep your mouth shut.

Verbals. The big one and there's not much you can do about them. Verbals are typewritten "Records of Interview" between you and the cops in which you admit everything. They can be accepted as evidence in court even if you have not signed them. Often you won't even know about them until you get to court. Various tactics have been tried or suggested for dealing with verbals, but the chances of discrediting a verbal are remote. Try these tactics if you like but don't rely on any of them working.

If you think you are about to be verbed, make a statement. The cops will be quite pleased if you announce that you wish to make a statement. In the statement however, you don't gush forth evidence of your guilt, but say that you have been under arrest for x amount of time and you have not answered the police questions, you have a right to remain silent and you intend to exercise that right and continue not to answer questions. Say that you are requesting a copy of the statement and you are going to ask that it be produced in court. If you want to take the risk you can say in the statement that you suspect that you are about to be verbed. No-one we know has tried this yet and we

suspect that the statement will go straight into the bin, but it may be worth a try. Don't say anything else in the statement and once you've made the statement - keep your mouth shut.

Here we come to an excellent illustration of the importance of not saying anything. All those seemingly harmless questions that you answered with seemingly harmless trivia were exactly what the cops needed to pad out a verbal. Sentences that say "Yes guv, I did it, it's a fair cop" are alternated with your genuine replies to their genuine questions which seemed harmless. If the cops present a verbal in court, half of which is quite obviously you talking, you're going to look very silly trying to say that you said everything except the incriminating bits. You've got to admit it sounds a bit sus. But if you didn't answer their "innocent" questions they haven't got all that material. One chance you've got of discrediting a fake verbal is if the things you are supposed to have said are very clearly different from the way you actually speak.

So keep your mouth shut.

Another tactic which hasn't been tested in court is to present a Statutory Declaration which was made before your arrest in which you clearly state your intention to remain silent if questioned by police. Again, it might not work, but maybe worth a try.

Photographs. The police may show you photos of yourself or other people doing things or just from their files. Never admit that it is you in a photo, even if it is. Photographs by themselves are not sufficient evidence in court to prove anything. They need a statement or testimony from the photographer, or a confession from you, to back them up.

Never admit that you know anyone pointed out in photographs, or whose name is mentioned to you. Casual statements can get friends harassed, intimidated or arrested. If nothing else it all provides extra background for their files.

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.

This can not be said too often or too loud.

The majority of convictions, other than very obvious ones like getting caught in the act, result from people trying to talk their way out of trouble, and talking themselves into admitting their guilt. Many people are easily led into making statements that get themselves or their friends into trouble.

Except as a tactic to try to prevent a verbal **DO NOT MAKE A STATEMENT.** No matter

what the police say at the time you are under NO legal obligation whatsoever to make a statement. **Even** if you have a lawyer present you are still not obliged to make a statement. **Seek** legal advice by all means, but do not be fooled into thinking that it is safe to make a statement just because your lawyer is there. It is still best to **SAY NOTHING.** Get a lawyer if you want - they can help you get out of the lock up - but out of ignorance (yes, lawyers are ignorant of the law), stupidity or just malice they can get you into a lot of trouble. So even with a lawyer - **SAY NOTHING.**

DO NOT SIGN ANYTHING except the forms which are receipts for your property which they take off you, and the bail forms. **IF,** despite all this advice, you do make a statement always sign as close as possible to the end of the writing on each page to stop them adding further incriminating details. (It has happened).

DO NOT BE FOOLED into thinking that you can talk your way out of trouble. It doesn't work. There is nothing that you can say that isn't potentially incriminating. The most innocuous sounding answers have got people into trouble before. It's not only you at risk. It's your friends as well. Anything you say will add to the information in their files if nothing else.

Afterwards.

After you are released write down everything you remember as soon as possible. Don't rely on being able to remember it all later. I promise you - it never works.

Try to remember all the names and numbers of all the cops who question you and write them down. In theory you have a right to write everything down as you are being questioned. In theory.

Try to remember the names of all other people mentioned by the police and if you know them let them know as soon as possible what the cops said as exactly as you can. Do the same with any photos they show you.

Bail

If at any time a friend is arrested, don't go alone to the station to help them. Try to take a lawyer with you. Failing that try an upstanding member of the community - doctors or ministers or similar if you know any. Failing that go with a friend (or two).

If you go to bail someone out remember that you could be hassled yourself. (A few years ago a guy in Geraldton went to bail out a friend and got severely beaten up. People outside could hear him screaming. He later got twelve months for assaulting police). If you want to get someone out on bail you may have to front up with cash. Always get a receipt. If there is a surety on the bail, which there often is, then a property owner has to sign a form in front of a JP, so be prepared for long delays.

And one more time...

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!



VISITING FRIENDS

When visiting friends, the idea is to have an enjoyable time. One visit to a friend will remain in my memory for some time to come.

It began when some unsavoury characters came around uninvited, as is usual with them. Total contempt is shown for everything, as they force their way arrogantly into the house and prowl around at will.

When they come inside courtesy is thrown out the window.

After they have become tired of making a mess of the house, they invite us all back to their place.

Nobody is keen to go with them, so they take you by the scruff of the neck back to their place. Bewilderment is overtaken by a very oppressed and helpless feeling.

Sit down and no talking, they tell you. There is a cowboy with holster and pistol to make sure you abide by house rules.

Some people in this house talk in loud voices, there is also some strange noise coming from across the corridor.

It's my turn to talk to some of the occupants. I'm stunned by the comments they make to me and about me.

Eventually they get bored with me and look around for more fun.

They isolate me, what can I do? There's that cowboy again.

I want to get up and go home, but I'm rivetted to the seat. What will they do if I try and leave? They want to talk to me again. I'm led down an odd part of their house.

Strange place to talk. What's going on?

Three people in a corridor. There is shouting, accusations, threats, promises, abuse, pushing and shoving. Tell me this is a nightmare.

I'm hit, winded. More shoving, hand at my throat.

Too shocked and stunned to say anything. More threats. A later attempt to communicate with a friend out short. The result is that I'm isolated on my own again. I know what has just happened to me but I can't believe it, or don't want to.

The immense powerlessness of this situation. Once again they have a talk with me, more threats. They want something from me. After several hours I give it to them.

I just couldn't take their shit any more. They chose the game and made the rules. I just wanted to get away from their place.

When they are finished with me, I'm put out in the rain. I feel sick, a sort of hollow empty feeling. What have I just done?

I was detained by the W.A. Police Force for a total of 9½ hours that day, with only a cup of tea and a glass of water as hospitality. Is this part of the democracy our two-faced leaders tell us about? If it is they can shove it. I'll work towards a self-managed society.

PS. I'm much wiser to police activities now, I've learned a lot.

*The law doth punish
man or woman
Who steals the goose
from off the common
But lets the greater
felon loose
That steals the common
from the goose.*

Anonymous, 18th century



"What are you in for?"

TRUE CONFESSIONS OF A FISH SNIFFER

I must confess cheap attempts to get attention, such as this, began when I met these crazy characters named Les and Paul and Graham. Les nearly blew me up that time with a magnesium bomb. Hmm so these were the anarchists, eh!

Well, I've progressed beyond fish sniffing since then but at that time things were pretty fishy. Vietnam was pretty fishy, just like Ronnie Raygun is pretty fishy.

The Special Branch came round one time (even though they didn't officially exist - pretty fishy) but we were prepared. Had a contact list lying around with names taken at random from the phone book and they didn't even notice.

There were times of course when I thought I should give fish sniffing away. But I had become drug crazed by this time and spent my days hanging around prisons checking out Her Majesty's fish. (She's got a lot of 'em)

By this stage I'd run into other disreputable characters like Mike and Bryce of the fishier kind and helped put out lots of fish wrapping like "Please Yourself" and later "News from Nowhere".

Things changed a bit, people came and went, groups came and went and then we found ourselves involved in trying to stop the mining and export of fish cakes. And it seemed by this time the numbers of disreputable characters around had grown disproportionately greater than their number of arrests and as such posed an inconceivable threat to piscine society.

Lately we seem to be sniffing out a lot of fish around American warships and police lockups. And we can now print our own fish wrapping. That's progress for you. Of course there's lots of other fishy business going on but the writing is on the walls.**1 I've forsaken fish sniffing now and taken a firm grip on *esritly* reality. I've seen the light. Hippos are where it's at. Why can't people see the inherent contradictions of capitalist wage slavery can't be resolved by revolutionary dogma**2 (or fishma) but by hippopotamatic consciousness. Gee!

rupert

**1 A famous piece of external decoration around here is, "There once was a land of laughing trees"

**2 "My karma ran over my dogma" - Well known hippo saying.

THE PORTION

When injustice is carved into many slices how thin must that slice be which daily is put on my bread?

Thinner than the glass partition that separates me from life then the blade of the blunt knife that cuts me to pieces

THE EXECUTION

Three trees by the law were found guilty of harbouring the aliens in their leaves

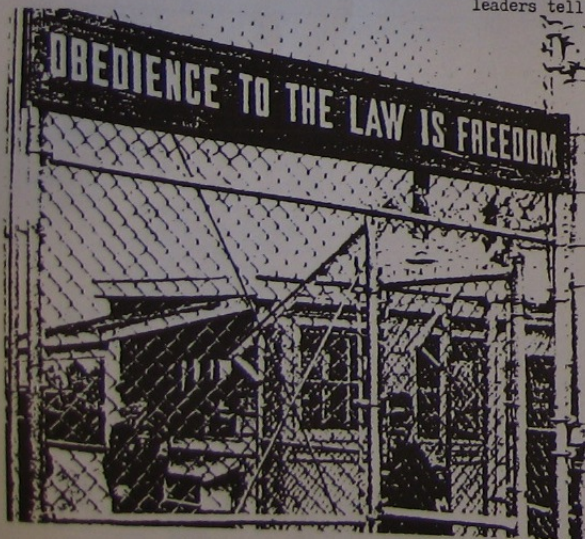
The sentence was carried out before the assembled people the children in front by schools with their teachers

The trees were first stripped of their leaves then hanged by their branches so that they swung when the wind came

The children sang the sweet old forest solitude song and pressed leaves in schoolbooks as a warning example

Erich Fried

Reprinted without permission from "German Writing Today" edited by Christopher Middleton, Penguin, 1967



ABOUT HOUSING CO-OPS

Traditionally in Australia, security, choice and control over housing has been the privilege of house owners. Recently attempts have been made to reverse that situation. Rather than struggling on their own with their housing problems, various individuals attempted, by setting themselves up collectively to ensure their needs will be recognised and met. Therefore the creation of housing co-ops.

There are two kinds of housing co-op: equity co-op in which each member puts in money which they are entitled to recover when they leave: non-equity co-op in which nobody owns a house but the housing is collectively purchased by the whole group once a loan is secured - you don't invest any personal money and you don't personally own any dwellings. Such is the "First Fremantle Housing Collective". Anyone can join this collective by attending three meetings and paying a \$1 subscription. Tenants are selected from the co-op members (but membership does not guarantee tenancy) through the completion of an application form and an interview. The main criteria for selection are housing needs, income and links with Fremantle.

The tenants have security of tenure as long as they contribute to the co-op by attending meetings and taking responsibility.

There are two other co-ops in the Perth metro area - one in Subiaco and one in Victoria Park, and one in project in Gidgegannup. All of these are government funded.

A bit of history:

In 1984 the Federal Government made money available for low-income housing co-ops through the Local Government Community Housing Programme (LCGHP). In May 85 a public meeting was held in Fremantle and consequently to establishment of a collective, money was granted to buy land and build 14 dwellings. 40% of the funding came from LCGHP funds and 60% from a loan from the State Housing Commission (now Homeswest). The total sum is \$70,000. Once the dwellings are established money from rent, which will be standard Homeswest rebated rent, will go towards paying off the loan.

Presently we have bought the land and some of the dwellings have been designed. Twelve out of fourteen future tenants have been selected on the basis stated above and the income criteria is the same as that used by Homeswest. Interviews were held by a sub-committee as most specific tasks are done - it is the responsibility of all members to be

involved in these committees as it is where most of the work gets done, besides attending fortnightly meetings. The whole organisation of the co-op is non-hierarchical and decisions are taken by consensus i.e. agreeable to all members present.

Support Groups

A Co-operative Housing Advisory and Information Support - CHAIS - helps the co-op with practical advice and to link with Government bodies.

State Advisory Committee - SAC - oversees the development of all the funded housing co-ops - that group is made of representatives from Homeswest, building society and co-op members.

A representative of Homeswest (SHC) is eligible to be a voting member of the co-op.

An architect is employed by the co-op - elected by a sub-committee. His main job beside designing and overseeing the building of dwellings is, and has been to listen to the individual needs of the prospective tenants and to change designs accordingly. It has been a thrill for most tenants to have the opportunity to express what sort of house would suit their lifestyle. The two bedrooms with kitchenette and lounge incorporated little box considered suitable for one couple and one child is becoming a thing of the past.

A communal house is included in the design of the site among the dwellings. It would be used for meetings and collective activity and possibly guests. There are projects of setting up a workshop, getting collective tools, a veggie garden and bulk buying.

A lot of eyes are set on the collective because it is seen as an experiment once tenants would move in and payments of the loan would start flowing, no doubt the pressure of evaluating the co-op in terms of success or failure will die.

To me co-operatives can not be rated that way. The very fact that people overcome their individual differences, age, background to regroup, communicate and try to find a solution to some area of their lives whether work or health or housing is in itself a success. Over the years, achievements and composition of a coop do fluctuate but are not as relevant criteria of evaluation as is the constant desire to work things out together.

Hence the elating feeling I experience in any co-op set-up I have been involved with to this day that mixture of energy, concern, sincerity, and faith.

DOUBLESPEAK IN LABOUR'S URANIUM POLICY

The Labor Party's policy of not allowing any new uranium mines to be opened in Australia was subverted by the Hogg Amendment at the 1982 National Labor Conference, which allowed uranium to be mined if it was "incidental" to other minerals. This opened the way for Roxby Downs, potentially the world's largest uranium mine. Three years later, no contracts have been secured for Roxby's ore, but a much scaled-down mine is going ahead anyway, to make sure this environmental disaster will be forced on our country, threatening the integrity of the Great Artesian Basin.

The movement's concern with current Labor policy is the inconsistency of allowing mining companies exploration licences to search for uranium, despite the ban on opening new mines.

What is happening is that the gung-ho mining giants are being granted defacto uranium mine approval, as they search for, test, trial, explore, "mine" and document the many uranium deposits found around the country. At this time, it seems W.A. has the most known deposits.

We see the French Government owned conglomerate TOTAL MINING (AUST.) actively developing uranium leases at Manyingee (W.A.) Allamby and Burnside (N.T.) and Ben Lomond and Lagoon Creek (Q'ld), despite the French being banned from receiving our uranium. Conzinc Rio Tinto (Aust.), (C.R.A.), the British trans-national exploration lease around Kintyre (near Telfer - 300 kms S/E of Marble Bar), which is a deposit involving uranium "incidental" to other minerals. The Japanese, Power Nuclear Corporation (PNC) have dug an "exploration" pit 200 feet by 100 feet by 40 feet deep at their Officer Basin lease, near Kalgoorlie, serviced by a high standard road built to avoid an Aboriginal community, and referred to locally as the "Nippon Highway". All these mining ventures represent the uranium you're mining when you're not mining uranium, and only represent what we know is going on.

What is going on that we don't know?

This uranium activity is breaking the spirit as well as the practical application of Labor party and government policy. If the government is to be held accountable for no further uranium involvement, then no more uranium exploration licences should be allowed to be granted, and any further involvement stopped.

The mining companies are just waiting for a further weakening of government attitude, and they feel this is potentially forthcoming. Why else would they invest millions of dollars in continued development?

We must continue to pressure politicians and bureaucracy to desist or they will get more uranium and the consequent environmental depredation by our default.

Of greatest concern is the apparently standard company practise of encouraging the destruction of any evidence of traditional Aboriginal occupation of exploration areas, particularly in areas where Aborigines have been forced away for many years. This is to avoid any complications under the toothless Aboriginal Heritage Act. Artifacts are taken away, hidden or buried, artwork erased with wire brushes, and sacred ground, damaged so as to make them unrecognisable.

These acts are perpetrated by company lackeys such as geologists, and assay workers. They are almost impossible to prove unless one of these people comes forward with a stricken conscience. It is this style of approach that gives a true indication of the mentality and morality of the "crash and smash" mining giants that are here only to profit themselves at the expense of environment and culture (black and white)!



Nuclear Warship Visits: Background Notes

VISITS TO AUSTRALIAN PORTS BY VESSELS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY, 1980 - 1985

YEAR	ALIST	NSW#	VIC	QLD	TAS	S.A.	W.A.	N.T.
1980	47(11)	4(0)	3(0)	3(0)	3(0)	3(0)	30(11)	1(0)
1981	71(14)	15(0)	2(0)	3(0)	0(0)	0(0)	51(14)	0(0)
1982	72(10)	9(0)	3(0)	3(1)	3(1)	2(0)	52(8)	0(0)
1983	65(18)	6(1)	2(0)	2(1)	3(3)	0(0)	50(13)	2(0)
1984	53(7)	4(0)	2(0)	5(0)	2(0)	1(0)	34(6)	5(1)
1985	58(9)	5(0)	0(0)	7(1)	1(1)	0(0)	41(7)	4(0)

#Including Jervis Bay
Nuclear-powered warships shown in brackets

Table 1980-1984 published in Hansard, The Senate, 8/5/85 pp 1576-1581
1985 figures from U.S. Information Service, Canberra.

NUMBER OF CALLS TO W.A. PORTS BY U.S. NAVAL VESSELS COMPARED WITH NUMBER OF CALLS TO ALL OTHER AUSTRALIAN PORTS.

YEAR	Fremantle	Stirling	Geelong	Albany	Bunbury	Esperance	Port Medland	REST OF AUS	% TO W.A.
1980	14	11	2	-	2	-	1	17	63%
1981	28	14	4	1	4	-	-	20	71%
1982	32	10	3	2	5	-	-	20	72%
1983	26	11	5	3	4	-	1	15	77%
1984	21	6	2	1	2	1	1	19	64%
1985	24	9	5	1	2	-	-	19	67%

1980-1984 figures published in Hansard, The Senate, 8/5/85 pp 1576-1581
1985 figures from U.S. Information Service, Canberra.

i wanted to publish these figures on U.S. ship visits to Australia to let people know how important this issue is for anti militarists in W.A. in 1985 we were visited by 41 fleet vessels, 33 within easy reach of our homes. we are invaded by thousands of military personell on R and R. we have been harrassed by police and people who support the visits in our attempts to take action against the invasions. taking any effective direct action against this massive naval force is in itself an enormous problem. still we continue to do what we can...

CONTACTS

Victoria

Treason, Post Office Box 37, East Brunswick, 3057.

Libertarian Economics Bulletin, Post Office Box 109, North Fitzroy, 3068.

Libertarian Workers for a Self-Managed Society, Post Office Box 20, Parkville, 3052.

Monash Anarchist Society, c/o Monash University, Clayton, 3168.

Galleon Cafe, 137a Acland Street, Saint Kilda, 3182.

Western Australia

Freedom Collective, Post Office Box 203, Fremantle, 6160.

None is the Number, Guild of Undergraduates, University of Western Australia, Nedlands 6009.

A.C.T.

Black Lemmings (Canberra Crimes Collective) GPO Box 1814, A.C.T. 2601.

Tasmania

Tasmanian Anarchists, 34 Kennedy Street, Launceston, 7250.

Queensland

Libertarian Socialist Organization, Post Office Box 223, Broadway, 4000.

Catholic Worker, Post Office Box 187, West End, 4101.

Tapeloops (anarchist band) and The Hogsville Clarion, c/o Post Office Box 134, Saint Lucia, 4067.

Rural Anarchists, M. Palmer and E. Scott, Cumarooogunga, M.S. 508, Warwick, 4370.

New South Wales

Jura Books, 417 King Street, Newtown, 2042.

Redfern Black Rose Anarchist Bookshop, 36 Botany Road, Alexandria, 2015.

Panic Merchants, Post Office Box K153, Haymarket, 2000.

Black Ram Books, Post Office Box 271, Kings Cross, 2101.

The Fanya Baron Library - contact through Jura Books.

Monty Miller Press, Post Office Box 92, Broadway, 2007.

Rebel Worker - Sydney group, 1st floor, 417 King Street, Newtown, 2042.

Red and Black, Post Office Box A425, Sydney South, 2000.

Tweed Heads/Kingscliffe, People for peace and anarchy, c/o 24 Quiggan Street, Kingscliffe, 2487.

Anarchist Feminist Contacts

Everything Newspaper, c/o Jura Books, Melbourne, c/o Treason Magazine.

Adelaide Womens Liberation, 234a Rundle Street, Adelaide, 5000.

Aotearoa (also known as New Zealand)

Tu Kuna Te Manu Kia Rere (Blackmail newspaper), Post Office Box 13-165, Christchurch, Aotearoa, (New Zealand).

Equal through Autonomy (anarchist magazine) c/o 542a Glenfield Road, AK, Aotearoa.

Mount Oak

We, the residents of Mount Oak Community, are collecting our history for publication. If you were at Mount Oak, site of the Down to Earth Confest at Bredbo, 1977/78, and have any photographs or tapes we could borrow to copy, or information, recollections or opinions to offer, we would be very grateful to receive them. All material will be returned in original condition if requested. Please send to Mount Oak Community, c/o Uta Conway, Post Office Box 849, Cooma, NSW 2630.

ANARCHISTS IN PERTH CAN ALSO BE CONTACTED VIA SQUIREL NUTKINS

*A workers co-operative
- "Squirrel Nutkin"
at 403 Hay St
Subiaco. ph: 381 8656
We sell nuts -but no bolts
• work long hours or
short
• are locals, travellers, young,
grannys, lifestyle radicals,
just needing money & people.
Work is available.
(paid too!)
Jan '86*

OUT OF THIS CHAOS

WILL COME A NEW EQUILIBRIUM

the HIPPO
will rise from the fish
the ashes of the fish.

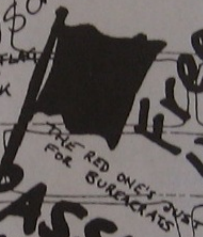
PLANETARY
HEALING

THE REVOLUTION
BEGINS WITH YOU.

We're all as scared as each
other and as bold as someone else.

THE CORPSE
STINKS OF
MAMMON

THE PEOPLE'S FLAG
IS DEEREST
BLACK



Freedom from
the likes of YOU



TO QUELL WITH THE
AMERICA'S CUP!

I can hold inside these walls
when I am alone, I look
to the walls, you
might have to take
them down to find me.

the trajectory of stones
tossed carelessly away
into the sunshine

why does it feel
worse when the
barb is withdrawn?

THE WORLD
12 INCIDENT

A WAR A DAY KEEPS THE CAPITALIST
IN PAY

if there is human nature - why do states need
collaboration?

the laws
Created by
Crime