

ON THE ROAD

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Anarchist Gazette



a collection of writing by Nadine Bozek

an OTR honesty survey

who was really behind Port Arthur?

... and a lot more

Essays, poetry, short stories and subversion

On the Road

Editor Mark Davis
Design Mark Davis

Cover artwork -
Leo
Smallville Funny Farm
SACRAMENTO CA
(who is a fantastic artist.)

Plagiarism - a couple of zines have actually ripped off stuff from OTR this time. We're coming up in the world.

Complaints on last issue - only silence!

We have also received a sub from Cuba!! A sub from a trading company in Hong Kong!!!! And an 'address unknown' return from the Ivory Coast!

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A special thanks to the postman.
The lazy little smart alec that he is.

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Contributor's do not necessarily
share beliefs of this publication.
(This is so nobody will think they're
anarchists even though they sub-
scribe and contribute! Whew!

Another little bitch tried to rip us off.
Is this a world wide conspiracy?

Editorial

A few readers have obviously noticed the sub-title on our cover and have written to me and asked, what is an anarchist and what is

anarchism? It was never intended that OTR become a political rag, so I'll just be brief.

An anarchist is a person who believes that the world will be a much happier place when there is no private property, no money, and no government. That's all there is to being an anarchist.

However, there seems to be an assumption among many that if a person has a belief, that he is bound to go out and 'fight for it'. But most anarchists don't believe this is the case. We believe this would be an arrogant and ill-mannered thing to do. We simply believe that we should encourage the world to be a more joyous and happy place, and once this is achieved, anarchism will probably be the state of affairs we'll find ourselves in. Yes - that's right, we're speculating that anarchism will be the state of affairs that happier, more civilised people will make.

Many confuse the words 'anarchism' and 'anarchy', just as many confuse the words 'astronomy' and 'astrology'. Anarchy means lawlessness and violence, anarchism means the highest development of law and civilisation. Civilised behaviour, if it is anything, must greatly exceed any requirement of the law. The law allows almost any barbaric act to be committed, anarchism allows none of it. Anarchy is something that happens, when people brainwashed by capitalism are left temporarily unsupervised; but anarchism is a dream of many good people, who want to create a new world and a new way.

You may have noticed that in past issues we have promised things for the next issue that haven't

been delivered. We are sorry. Marijuana PtII has had to be held over because the subject of the article can't be cornered as yet for the interview he promised, and the Elwyn letter section has to be held over once again because it takes up twelve pages and we don't have this amount of space until next issue. There have also been a couple of articles that have had to be held over pending legal advice, but we will definitely be printing these soon.

Thanks to everyone who has sent contributions after my appeal in last issue. So much poetry has been sent that it will take the next few issues to print it, and many good articles have also been sent. Once again, thanks.

Contributors

Please don't send originals of your work. Send only photocopies as letters going through so many hands from country to country sometimes get lost. Also we don't like having the responsibility of safeguarding the only copy of your work in existence. We haven't lost any so far, but there will always be a first time.

Thankyou, thankyou, and thankyou again for sending work to us. If you don't hear back for a long time it doesn't mean we've forgotten you. It just means we want to hang on to your work longer, mainly because we want to use it in an upcoming issue.

Contributions

Please send contributions to:
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... or send by email

Who was really behind Port Arthur?

There are a few questions that have not been asked about the Port Arthur massacre, in which thirty-five people were murdered, and on which the normally aggressive fact-finding media have been conspicuously quiet.

1. A few weeks before the massacre, Martin Bryant was in possession of an AR10 rifle, which is a machine gun. There has always been a complete ban on the importation, or possession of these types of weapons by civilians. Bryant could only have gotten this weapon by stealing it from a US army base, or stealing it from the Colt factory in the US, or by acquiring it from someone who had.

2. When this machine gun malfunctioned he took it to a gun shop to have it repaired. The gun shop owner called the police but the police took no action. It is difficult to imagine anyone found with this type of weapon not being arrested by the police. Why didn't this occur in Bryant's case? What was so special about Bryant that the police took no action and seemed to show no interest in his possession of this weapon?

3. The gun with which it is alleged Bryant shot dead 35 people was an AR15, handed into Bayswater Police station under the 1987 gun amnesty. The police were supposed to destroy these weapons. How did this weapon pass from the possession of the Victorian Police Force into the possession of Martin Bryant?

4. Why did the house, occupied by an elderly couple, which Bryant took refuge in after the shooting, contain a large number of modern semi-automatic weapons? An unlikely number of weapons for two old-age pensioners to store in their home, especially one located on a historical sight where no shooting was ever allowed.

5. Why did Bryant also seem immune from prosecution on two other unrelated murder charges that occurred up to two years before the shooting. Witnesses heard him bragging about how easy it is to murder in a way that was identical to the way

in which his woman benefactor died - yet there is no evidence that police even investigated this.

6. Why did the police, who have every modern transport system available to them, including helicopters, take over two hours to arrive at the mass murder scene? The ambulances, paramedics, and even volunteer bushfire brigades arrived an hour and a half before the first policeman arrived. Why?

There are also strong similarities to the Wade Frankum case, another massacre perpetrated some years previously in Sydney.

1. After shooting five people in a shopping plaza at Strathfield, Frankum tried to escape by moving up to the top level parking lot, but changed his mind and committed suicide. Was there supposed to be someone waiting for him in the parking lot? Bryant also tried to escape. It was as if he was expecting someone to be waiting for him a distance from the murder scene.

2. Bryant had been left a large amount of money which he used to frequent brothels. Frankum also inherited a large amount of money with which he frequented brothels.

3. Frankum committed the Strathfield massacre when the inheritance money ran out. It is alleged that Bryant committed the Port Arthur massacre when his inheritance money ran out.

4. Frankum had some so-called violent literature in his home. Yet it was a type of literature that seemed to be a journalist's or a policeman's idea of violent literature; the books had been discussed in the media in the weeks prior to the murders. The finding of these books seemed to be aimed more at providing a motive for the consumption of the public, than in throwing any real light on Frankum's motives. Bryant's house also contained some of these well-known books and videos.

5. Both massacres occurred in restaurants where the killers ate a meal immediately before the

shootings. Why was this necessary? They seemed to be waiting for something before they began, or trying to synchronise their movements with those of others.

6. In both cases the killers had gone on a holiday to the US in the months before the shootings.

7. Neither killer had a history of being a gun enthusiast. Frankum had never owned a gun in his life two weeks prior to the shooting. The only record we have of Bryant owning a gun is a few months prior to the Port Arthur massacre. Both barely knew how to use the weapons, and neither seemed to have the ability to reload.

8. Both used an SKS rifle. Bryant also used an AR15. Frankum had a thirty round magazine attached, yet he shot only five people. Why didn't he kill a lot more people? Did he think this was unethical for some reason? Was it against his conscience to shoot more, or was five enough? Enough for what?

9. Both incidents brought about large amounts of legislative change, that went much wider than the regulation of firearms.

10. These two massacres are the only massacres in modern history where there is absolutely no motive. All other mass shootings of this type have had some motive, no matter how distorted that motive may have been.

There is also another factor in the Port Arthur case. It is alleged that after finishing a meal at the restaurant, and immediately before taking out his weapon to commence shooting, Bryant said to a woman sitting close by, "There seems to be a lot of wasps here today." The word 'wasp' is a common acronym for 'white anglo saxon protestant', which is used occasionally in left wing literature, science fiction comic books and on the packets of some children's war toys.

The sentence seems to indicate that Bryant had gone to the restaurant on

previous occasions to observe the racial categories of the patrons, and only after discovering on the day of the killings that the patrons were white (virtually all were Australians) did he begin his shooting spree.

Yet Bryant himself fell into this anglo-saxon category, and most of his friends also fell into this category. Why was it so important that the victims be white Australians? Is it only a co-incidence that if the victims had been predominantly, say Asians, this could easily have ruined Australia's tourist industry? (very considerate of Bryant.)

If the victims had been predominantly foreign tourists, investigators from other countries would certainly have become involved also, (eg., Interpol) and have taken the cosy investigation away from the Tasmanian police. The foreign press would also have investigated the circumstances of the massacre thoroughly, and no point, no matter how obscure or circumstantial would have been missed.

There is yet another point. Why the secrecy surrounding Bryant's trial? Bryant isn't allowed into court in his own trial, and he isn't allowed to give any evidence by video. What kind of kangaroo court is this? Why shouldn't any person be able to give public evidence at their own trial? Why is the evidence he might potentially give so sensitive that the public aren't allowed to hear it?

Is it also just a co-incidence that six months before the Port Arthur massacre, a comment was made in Federal Parliament to the effect that the only way gun control will come about in Australia is if there is a massacre in Tasmania. The Liberal party have officially denied in Federal Parliament that they had anything to do with the massacre after the question was put to them by a Labour back-bencher. There were no howls of 'foul' when the question was asked, but Parliament was silent as it was answered. This shows that these questions have been thought about fairly widely, not only by the public, but by some politicians themselves.

Who stands to gain?

Charles Manson is serving life imprisonment in California for mass murder, yet it has never been alleged that he personally took part in any

killing or was even in the vicinity of the Tate-LaBianca murders when the killings took place. The history of Nazi Germany is littered with cases of massacres perpetrated by people who seemed to have had no connection with the Nazi party, yet whose acts seemed to help the Nazi Party in a wider political sense. South Africa has had a number of such cases on record in only the past ten years; some where the perpetrator admitted the conspiracy behind the seemingly random mass shooting after being released from a token incarceration. There is no problem in finding a person willing to commit such an act. The methods of finding such psychopaths and encouraging them to commit such acts are well known, and have been written about widely. The only question that has to be resolved is why should any government or institution want to commit such a crime?

Most Australian politicians see it as imperative to disarm society with little time to lose. There are a number of reasons for this. The Olympic games are to be held in Sydney in only four years time. We obviously can't afford to have Wade Frankums running around with semi-automatics.

Howard's industrial policies are also about to bite very hard in working class Australia. Most workers in industry have not had pay rises for five years and more, and politicians see it as essential that the living standards of Australians be drastically cut further if Australia is to survive economically. Keating has already said that Australia is now heading towards a third-world economy, and even added his hope that a society doesn't develop, as in many third world countries, 'where the gun toll exceeds the road toll.' There will be a great deal of anger in Australia in the next few years as Australia plunges into third world conditions, and the ordinary working people have to carry a disproportionate share of the hardships.

Hong Kong is due to come to an end in 1997. A huge number of these people are coming to Australia. There will be terrible housing and job shortages, causing a huge swell of resentment. NSW has hired a British policeman as Police Commissioner for NSW, whose only skill above the many other choices available, is his

experience in anti-terrorism. He will be required to deal, not only with the large rise in Asian crime that is expected, but with the domestic trouble that will surely follow the government's economic policies.

Why is it that at the time Australia is disarming, that the various police forces are arming themselves heavily? NSW police are arming with rapid fire Glock pistols, automatic weapons (machine-guns), semi-auto rifles, ceramic armour, and bullet proof vests. Police forces are also installing mobile computers in police cars, training new bomb squads, setting up a new Federal paramilitary police arm, and recruiting 'special constables' in local newspapers across Australia. Yet the politicians are saying that disarming Australia will result in 'a gentler society'. Why do the police need this incredible amount of firepower a country, which by world standards, has a practically nil crime rate?

Why is part of the new gun strategy to restrict the amount of ammunition to 200 rounds that a licensed shooter can buy? How will this stop another Port Arthur massacre, where only thirty-five were shot dead?

This anti-gun legislation is actually part of a much wider package. Many seem to be under the illusion that bolt-action rifles have not been included in the ban. In actual fact, bolt action rifles, and all firearms, have been effectively banned. As well as this, chemicals that could be used in making bombs have been banned, as have a whole range of communications equipment. It has also been revealed by the ANU that the NSW police force taps more telephones in NSW than the total number of phones tapped in the US by all of its law enforcement bodies. What is all this for? By world standards NSW is a sleepy, practically crime free society, with a population of only five million people?

It is my guess that if this recent gun legislation is defeated, there will be another major gun massacre, this time in Sydney or Melbourne, the purpose of which, will be to force gun control on an increasingly resentful and unruly population. □

What is wrong with the world?

OTR conducts an honesty survey

Since last issue *On the Road* has conducted three polls to find out what is wrong with the world. In our first poll we dropped 20 wallets at random around the city, each containing \$15 in cash, as well as the owner's name and address. The results were:

2 wallets were returned to the owner's door still containing the cash.

1 wallet was returned to the door containing no cash. The empty wallet was found on the floor of a toilet block.

1 wallet was posted back to the owner containing the cash.

We also went to every police station in the vicinity of where the wallets were dropped but none had been handed in.

There are still 16 wallets unaccounted for and the cash in one wallet unaccounted for.

Who handed them in? One wallet was handed in by two Jehovah's Witnesses. Another was handed in by a construction foreman. One was posted back by a girl who worked in a pharmacy, and the empty wallet was given back by a Maltese migrant who pulled up in a plumbing van. A week later we received a phone call saying that a wallet was found. The caller asked if there was any reward. He was asked, if it still contained money. The man was evasive. He was told that there was no reward but we'd like it back. The man was never heard from again.

In the next survey, we handed five wallets into local police stations. Two of the wallets were returned to the owner's home by police in police cars that same night (a long way out of their area). A day later the owner went to the remaining police stations and asked if anyone had handed his wallet in. After checking his identity,

all remaining wallets were returned to their owner by the policeman at the desk. So much for police corruption! Sorry guys!

The owner of these wallets then dressed up very poor and made himself look very miserable and downtrodden. He approached 40 different institutions and individuals and asked them for money for a meal. We were very careful to make him not look like a professional bum, but someone who was perhaps ill and down on his luck. His shoes were tied up with string, his shirt was a little dirty, and his trousers need ironing, and he does suffer from a genuine illness that makes him unable to work (Parkinson's disease).

These are the results. In each case where he was given money or a meal, he asked that person for their address so he could repay the loan, and in each case repaid the money.

The residences attached to three Catholic churches were approached. He was referred to the Matthew Talbot Hostel in each case, even though he was, on average, fifteen miles away without the fare to get there. Two priests were very rude.

He approached one Church of England vicarage and was told to go to the Salvation Army Hostel.

He approached a group of Baptists standing outside a church. He was driven to a house about a mile away and given a meal and money by a husband and wife and their teenage daughter.

He approached a group of bikers, called the Commoncheros in a Prospect Hotel, and he was given ten dollars. Five minutes later a biker woman gave him twenty dollars and a toasted sandwich.

He went to two used car yards. He was given 10 dollars in one, and five dollars and a cup of tea in another.

He approached a school girl of about sixteen on Parramatta station and was given a dollar, and half a packet of chewing gum.

He went to a police station and was told to go to the Salvation Army.

He approached a group of Asians in Chinatown and was given three dollars by an elderly Asian woman.

He approached a prostitute in Kings Cross and was given a dollar.

He approached another prostitute in Kings cross and wasn't given anything.

He approached two Mormon women (Americans) in the street as they were door knocking, and was given two dollars by each of them.

He approached a group of office workers waiting for a bus in Neutral Bay and wasn't given anything.

He approached a group of anti-loggers getting signatures on a petition in Parramatta Mall, and wasn't given anything.

He approached two Hare Krishnas and wasn't given anything.

He approached a female parking officer and wasn't given anything.

He approached a pawn shop and was given a cup of tea and a handful of change.

He approached a group of punk rockers in East Sydney and was threatened.

He approached a Socialist Headquarters in Sydney's inner west and was brought a paper cup with tea in it, but wasn't allowed to step inside.

He approached a group of homosexuals walking along the street in Paddington and wasn't given anything.

He approached a Orthodox Priest waiting for a train and was given nothing.

He approached two Japanese seamen near the wharves and was given ten dollars.

He approached a security guard patrolling the streets of St Marys at night and was given two pies and a can of soft drink.

He approached a night club during the day when the door was open but the club was shut and wasn't given anything.

He approached a hobo in the street and was directed to the Matthew Talbot Hostel.

He approached a group of Aboriginal men in Redfern and was assaulted by one of them.

He approached a group of Catholics entering a church and was given some change by several of them amounting to \$1-80. A teenage girl spoke to him for about five minutes with some apparent sympathy.

A nurse was approached leaving St Vincent's Hospital about 11pm. She walked away without saying anything.

A young woman was approached on Bondi Junction station and she reported him to the station manager.

The doors of six suburban houses were knocked on and in each case

received nothing.

He went into a Parramatta Disposal Store and was abused.

He went to the Matthew Talbot Hostel and they had no room for him.

He approached a cake shop and was given nothing.

He approached several groups of workers leaving a building site and was given nothing.

Who comes out of all this well? Members of the looney Christian religions seemed to have rated okay. And surprisingly used car dealers and bikers. Umm .. does any reader have any theory on this?

Unpleasant occurrences - apart from the punk rockers and the assault by the aboriginal, there was some abuse levelled at him several times during the two days.

Now here's a pretty frightening one. It was intended that he would feign an epileptic fit in the street with his wallet clearly protruding from his top shirt pocket. It was intended that he would do it five times in five different locations. He only did it once, because that was enough. At about twelve midday he feigned his fit in High Street Penrith. His wallet was not taken, but passers-by pulled faces at him, and four or five people stood around him laughing and pointing. One woman standing on the opposite side of the street laughed when her children pulled faces and seemed to encourage them. That was enough, he didn't do it again.

The third poll.

We decided to test television servicemen. We simply took the plug from the wall and worked the green wire backwards and forwards and broke it before putting the plug back in the wall. We also decided to give things an interesting twist. We made Marie's place look really poor,

dressed her in an old dressing gown, and she told each serviceman that she was a cancer patient (and looked every bit the part).

1. A serviceman who advertises in the local newspaper and says he gives 10% discount for pensioners, came in with a toolbox, took the back off the TV set, and told her that something on the back of the tube was burnt out. He said it would cost \$160 and he would need to take it away for the week. Marie caught a glimpse inside his toolbox. It contained one very large adjustable spanner and a medium sized screwdriver. She said she couldn't afford it and told him to leave.

2. She called the man from the local appliance store. He came on time but seemed very arrogant. He found the frayed plug straight away and charged her \$50 for the service call only.

3. She called another serviceman from the local paper. He came, found the frayed plug and charged her nothing.

4. Called another serviceman from the phone book. He came, quoted her \$180, and said the tube might need replacing also, but he would have to take it away to be sure.

5. Called another local appliance store. The serviceman came, took the back off the TV and said that everything is burnt out and it's not worth repairing. He tried to sell her another one on the spot and even produced a credit form. After she said no he became abusive and left.

6. She called another service company. The caller took the back off the television and spent about half an hour probing, but couldn't find the fault. He rang up his boss on his mobile phone who arrived soon after and found the fault immediately. She was charged only \$10.

The End

Political Party Review - an overview of Australian Politics

Liberal Party.

This party was set up to represent employers and businessmen. Their only field of discussion or activity is the state of the economy, but at least this keeps them away from the more dangerous areas of social engineering. Lying is a way of life with all Liberals. The party is made up of economists, suburban solicitors, and real estate agents etc. They are predictable because everything they do shows a pathological love of money.

Labor Party.

This isn't really a single party. It's full of factions. These range from imperialist bully boys, to a large section of socialists, cry-baby environmentalists, paedophiles, landlords and unionists etc. Generally corrupt. They have a penchant for social engineering and the party attracts all sorts of people with all sorts of agendas - and a fair proportion of these are out and out nutters.

Australian Democrats

This is a party set up so that the wives of Liberals will have something to do during the day. They believe in nice little causes like saving the koala, and keeping rain forests for future generations.

Nazi Party - the trick these people use to get recruits is a subtle form of flattery. If they condemn other races, and you happen to be white, it must follow therefore that the degree of hatred they have for others is only matched by an acceptance of you.

The National Party

This is the Liberal Party, but they wear farmer's hats.

Most of these parties are made up of the following types but in different ratios.

Catholic Irish Bums. This group is where modern political correctness comes from, including multiculturalism, affirmative action, etc etc. They are full of principles and their scatter-brained women are a particular problem. They use a lot of lipstick, favour general sodomy, use words like 'testicles' in public, and still turn up for Mass on Sundays.

European Alsatian types. These people escaped the Allied war criminal hunt after the war, and made it to Australia to join a political party, and get a pistol licence. They tend to own building companies, and their homes are surrounded with wire fencing, and doberman dogs. If you're white, you somehow feel safe, but at the back of your mind is the thought that you might just finish up in *der gas chamber too*.

Liberal types. They usually have dark hair, dark eyes, a hand in one pocket, and always seem to have a case running for libel in the courts. If their small business paradise ever eventuates, you'll either be working for 20 cents an hour, or be in prison.

Santamaria's outfit. Were a group of altar boys sent out by the church to clean up politics and deliver a Catholic Australia to the pope. They have sponsored such parties as the DLP. These are the right-wing Catholic Irish bums, who generally believe in lower wages for the worker, rooting out the communists, and reading Malcolm Muggeridge on Sunday afternoons. They are socialists with a subtle difference. While they believe, just like the communists do, that all social

power should rest in the government, they say that such power should be directed to enforcing Christian values.

The Protestants. This lot are usually simply prohibitionists. Their religion is anti-smoking, anti-drugs, anti-gun, and anti-everything, but especially anti-smoking. They run youth camps where the kids sing dirty songs and they rue the day that national service came to an end. They hate poor people, and serve up cold coffee from Missionbeat vans. They are into landlordism in a big way, as they own half of Sydney and Melbourne. They run lots of church groups but these are only places where girls can meet boys. Disregard the public image of the smiling wishy-washy parson, this lot are violently bigoted. If Jesus Christ came back tomorrow they'd be in front of the pack to crucify him, or they'd steal all his pension before kicking him out of the nursing home.

Communist Parties

Basically the communists believe that all social power should be in the hands of the government. In theory this power is then used to help devolve society into anarchism through a process called dialectical materialism. Some say that the Soviet Union didn't collapse but simply dissolved when its aims were achieved. Every western country is now governed more or less on the pattern of the Soviet model, even to the point where loud-mouthed women are settling marriage disputes on government tribunals etc., and religion has been replaced by a new secular morality eg., sexism, racism, homophobia. The terms 'left wing' and 'right wing' are a description of a person's or organisation's attitude to communism. In this sense therefore, anarchists are the extreme right wing, as they don't believe in any government control. The communists in Australia are one of the very few groups of people who aren't corrupt. They were also the only force who stood up to capitalism for at least five

decades in Australian history. For this they have to be admired.

Anarchists

Many people call themselves anarchists who should be calling themselves something else. These range from Marxists, to high school pranksters, to anti-social misfits, to perverts, willie grabbers, homicidal maniacs, Trotskyists, and even the Nazis were technically anarchists. Proper anarchists have only two beliefs however; one is to abolish government and the other is to abolish money and private property without any intermediate stage - though there is much philosophy on why these should be abolished. Anarchists are a conservative bunch. They have a mid-fifties style morality, don't believe that girls should kiss on their first date, and that the modern world is a mean and ill-mannered place. Anarchism isn't a political philosophy - it tends to be mystical, and anarchists believe in a world where people are simply nice to one another.



Easy

it's too easy
to hide behind
words.
the smoke
the shape
of the glass
the taste
of the next drink.
it's too easy
to hide
within them
and say
nothing.

Jon Summers

Uncle Bobby and the Hot Rodders

by Ken Miller

I always look at the hands to learn the true character of a person. The face tells you what someone thinks or feels, but the hands tell you what they do. This man's face was rugged and leathery but his hands were delicate and smooth, like he was an actor or a musician. I don't usually trust guys who have smooth hands because they didn't do any real work to earn their money, or they spent all of their time trying to figure out how to get other people's money away from them.

Leaning back on my stool, I looked at my own hands, callused and yellowed with tar and nicotine. My fingernails are tan and the cuticles are enormous. There's a scar between my middle finger and pointer on my right hand from this awful habit I have of falling asleep while smoking, often right on this very bar stool. I take pride in my hands because I feel that they speak of a man with an interesting life, not a soft, easy one. I took the last drag of my cigarette and put it out in the half-full ashtray.

This guy was probably in insurance or something, judging from his very functional navy suit, or maybe he was a salesman of some sort. I could see him looking at me from time to time trying to get a conversation started so he could sell me something. I had a way of looking really interested in TV shows so people wouldn't talk to me if I thought they wanted my money. I stared at The Young and the Restless intently.

Jojo's Happy Hour bar seemed to attract a lot of salesmen in the afternoon for some reason, although why had always been a mystery to Charley, the owner of the bar. Whenever someone with a briefcase came in with that "hey, pal, howya doin'?" look on his face, Charley would slink to the other end of the bar and pretend to be occupied washing glasses or dusting the counter until the guy got brave enough to call him over and order the obligatory cocktail. Charley would try to get away as quickly as possible after taking his four dollars before the guy launched into the "Are you the owner of this bar?" spiel. If he got cornered into a conversation, he would weasel his way out by claiming that he was just the bartender and he

wasn't allowed to order a CD jukebox or ten kegs of the new hip beer that nobody would drink. Some of these guys just won't let up, so sometimes he would just tell them to get the hell out before he called the cops, and that usually did the trick. Even then, on their way out they usually tried to give him a business card.

This guy wasn't in the bar to drink, that was for sure, because he had been nursing the same gin and tonic for thirty-five minutes now. I was on my second Bud of the day. I don't usually drink during the daytime, but I was home from the factory this week and I was bored to death since my wife was at work and I had finished fixing all the things around the house that needed fixing, so I headed over to Jojo's. Unfortunately, all of my friends were still at work too, so the place was empty. It's strange to be in a bar during the afternoon because it seems so empty and quiet, almost like a funeral parlor. You'd never know this was the same place I spent most evenings in - at night this place is full of regulars and kids from the university, all talking and having a good time, dancing and playing songs on the old jukebox. Maybe it was the music that made it different. While I was thinking about that, the guy on my left was starting to get antsy, and I knew he was going to speak to me any minute now.

"It's a doggone shame, that they got all these guys around trying to sell you things all the time," I said, nodding at the commercials on the TV. Always caught them off guard if you complain about the very thing they're trying to do.

"Yes, it is," he replied, "especially because most of it's garbage anyway." Now, all I had to do was not respond and he didn't have a casual way to keep the conversation going.

There was silence for a couple of minutes, while Charley wiped the same shot glass for the tenth time over by the window. The light coming from behind him made him hard to see, but I could still tell that he was avoiding any kind of eye contact with this guy. I went back to watching the doctor on TV tell the pretty woman about how her half brother had some rare disease. She seemed rather upset about it, and I tried my best to look concerned. It's so

much easier to dodge these guys when there's a ballgame on. I don't really care for sports, but every guy in the world knows that it's considered a sin for a man in a bar to talk during a game. I could sense his mind working on how to get me talking again.

"My name's Frank. Frank Perkins. What's yours?" he asked me, as he moved to the stool next to me and held out his hand. Oh hell, here it comes- the introduction.

"Jack," I said and gripped his hand awkwardly. I've had trouble with my handshake because of that Tunnel Syndrome thing I got at the factory back when I was in the assembly division. Back then, it wasn't a "syndrome" yet, so I couldn't get worker's comp for it.

"Well, Jack, I gotta tell you, you're one handsome man. I'll bet your wife hates to see you at the bars in the afternoon." Oh god, I thought, I hope he's not trying to pick me up. If you ever feel bad about yourself, just spend a minute talking to a salesperson and they'll make you feel like Paul Newman.

"She knows I can't hardly handle one woman let alone two. I took the week off for personal reasons," I replied. I know nobody can resist the old "personal reasons" thing. The object for me now was to keep the conversation on my terms so he couldn't get started on his pitch. Sometimes, if you keep them going long enough, they forget all about it and have to leave because they're late for a meeting or something. Seems like all these guys do is go to meetings and harass people like Charley and me. I guess at the meetings, they discuss how to get people like me to buy more stuff.

"What was it, if you don't mind my asking,"

"I had to take care of something back home."

"Where's that?"

"Over in West Falls. My uncle passed on and I was the only family left in the area, so I had to settle all of his affairs."

"You took off a whole week for that?"

"Well, I had all this vacation time coming, and I sure don't have the money to go anywhere, so here I am drinking beer on a Thursday afternoon," I said and took out a Winston Light. I fished for my lighter, but settled for the matches by the ashtray. Someone always left matches on the bar. I put the match in the ashtray,

which was a little on the full side, but Charley wasn't coming anywhere near us to empty it.

"I'm sorry to hear that. Was he old?"

"He was sixty-seven. He was a plumber back in the old days, but he got in with the wrong crowd after he retired," I said. I was making that last part up. I like to tell outlandish stories to people I know I'll never see again, just so they'll have something to tell their salesman friends back home. I just have this sort of gift for coming up with bizarre tales that seem sort of believable. Truth be told, my uncle did die recently and he was a plumber, but here's where I start embellishing.

"Wrong crowd?"

"He started hanging around with all these hot rodder kids from over in Birchtree. I think he met them at the liquor store when they were trying to find someone old enough to buy them some cheap wine. He was a little lonesome since my Dad, who was his brother, moved down to Phoenix. Couldn't blame Daddy after the stroke, really, what with the awful winters here." I said. In reality, my uncle spent all of his time playing pinochle with his old Korean War buddies. He had a heart attack in the middle of a really good hand and fell face first into a bowl of chex party mix.

"Hot rodder kids?" he asked. He looked pretty eager to hear the gossip about someone he'd never met, and especially someone who had actually led a more boring life than his own.

"Well, I guess they hit it off and he started letting them hang around his place to do their work. It was a pumpkin farm at one time, but most of it had been sold off, so my Uncle had this house on about three acres of ground. He was always real friendly, that Bobby, friendly to a fault."

"They took advantage of him?"

"No, not really. They just needed a place to take their cars apart. He used to buy them beer and go out and help them a little, with what he knew about car engines, mainly he did welding for them. He loved all the company- made him feel like a teenager again. At first, they were just restoring old muscle cars that they got from the junkyard. I remember one kid had this '71 Charger that looked just like that car from The Dukes of Hazard, and I was over for something or other, and he's asking me if I know anything

about electrical wiring. I tried to help him, but that thing was so backwards that the only way to get it started was to turn on the windshield wipers."

"So what happened to your uncle? Did they run him over or something?"

"Well, they started putting larger and larger engines in these things, seeing how fast they could make them go. They first one was a diesel engine from an old flatbed they got down at the scrapyard. Then on Bobby's farm they found a busted engine in a broken down crop duster in his barn, and it just kind of escalated from there. They'd take their contraptions over to the dry river bed and see how fast they'd go before they blew up. More than a couple of them lost an eye."

"That's DANGEROUS!" He was on the edge of his seat now, visualizing these juvenile delinquents and an old plumber flying through the canyon on souped-up death machines.

"Darn right. Those parents must have been dumb as dirt to believe these kids who'd come home with multiple fractures and third-degree burns got them riding their bikes. Anyway, they started going farther and farther from here to get bigger

WHAT HAPPENED TO

Susie Mendelsohn on her wedding night?

Nitrogen Dioxide +
molecular oxygen +
volatile hydrocarbons =
OZONE!

that's the one you've
been longing for

nevertheless there are many
defeated creatives out

takes 100 parts per billion
(0.1 ppm of ozone)

all you need for a
short unhappy life

now we know what happened to Susie
instead of loving she felt a lump

Wendell Metzger

engines for their machines, and finally they found the biggest one they'd ever seen."

"What was it?"

"Well, out by where highway 173 hits route 22 there's an old army base. I think it was closed in the early 90's with all the military cutbacks. Anyway, they cut through a couple of fences found all of these ballistic missiles that had been torn apart. I guess the army guys kept them there for parts or something."

"Jesus!"

"Yep, they took one and tried to mount it on the body of an old Ford Country Squire station wagon frame. This thing must have weighed about five or six tons before the... well, it barely fit on the thing. The police were pretty baffled about that part, but they think the kids used a tow truck to drag it onto the car frame. So there's my sixty-something uncle out in the middle of the desert using his expertise as a plumber to mount a ballistic missile engine on the back of a family car." I said. Charley had determined that this guy didn't represent any sort of immediate

threat and had moved in close to empty the ashtray and hear my story. He loves it when I string one of these guys along.

"He did it?"

"Yep. It maybe would have worked too, but Bobby didn't know too much about what kind of fuel one of those things uses, so he mixed a whole bunch of things up - turpentine, lacquer thinner, gasoline... whatever he had in his truck. Then he hooked up the butane tank he used for welding, and he wired it all up with an ignition system that he jerryrigged from an old gasoline generator. He wanted to be the first one to try it out because he put so much work into it and all, so he gets into the driver's seat, fastens his safety belt, checks his rear-view and flips the big red switch."

"What happened?" Fred asked. I took a slow drink of my beer to add to the suspense, and to try to come up with a good ending.

"The damn fool electrocuted himself. Turned out he knew less about electricity than he did about rocket fuel. The kids panicked and took off." Charley smiled

and walked back to the other end of the bar. I wasn't sure if Fred bought it or not because he was just sitting there with his mouth hanging open.

After a few minutes, he gathered his thoughts and ordered another gin and tonic, no lime. Then he turned to me and said, "Was he properly insured? So many men aren't these days."

Author's Note:

This is a work of fiction, despite the fact that I really do have an uncle Bobby who is pretty interesting in real life. My real uncle was recently indicted for tax evasion, selling stolen goods (including postage stamps - a federal offense), having an illegal gambling operation in his corner store, and paying off cops to leave him alone. He was involved in Philadelphia's infamous 39th district police scandal. We haven't spoken to that side of the family in ten years.

Bomb Threat

by ben ohmart

The school had just let out. 1 pm. Girls standing, looking into kid purses, boys laughing with other boys standing in lines across the way, victims of last name segregation. One boy gave the high sign to his best friend. It'd worked. They were out of the test, and now he could study his cheat sheet more thoroughly.

The other boy, Simon, was pleased too, because the threat had come in right then, and the pop test would have to be postponed. He knew his teacher; the little man liked having all his papers collected before the bell rang. No chance of it now. Simon would go home, try to look over the notes so he could grab that easy 100 he Really needed, would find his attention

wandering, would Really give them the eye in homeroom tomorrow. Plenty of time. He -

"Do you think it's for real?" the girl asked behind his back. It was too loud to be one girlfriend to another, so he looked.

She was trimmed in pink. Ruffles shaggy in places, but it looked like a body suit. The ruffles were supposed to tell where the shirt portion ended, where the pants thingy began, Simon thought. He couldn't smile. Cool wasn't the result he wanted, it just wasn't his way.

"I don't know."

They stood and watched until a trickle, looking like a black cloud's turd, of smoke began edging its way out past the tall pine

trees that made up most of the school's front yard. There was no wind that day. Everyone saw it before it broke up upon itself and went wherever fumes ultimately go. The teachers raced closer to catch the official word. The principal was late coming out, and that was how all the children knew it was for real. The churn of the fire siren came closer, then disappeared as it went for the back door, around past the playground, or sports field, and bike racks, enough room there to wet several rages.

The old women were looking at the blazing windows, and the old men who taught sciences and discipline huddled into thinking masses, trying to give dignity to the situation. Pual crept

out of his line, went over to Simon and whispered, "I had to make it look good!"

There was red in the jr. high's eye, battling with himself for starting the blaze, seeking a little comfort in his confession to a best friend. Simon didn't know what he was talking about. Stood. Stared. Failed to give the comforting smile. It wasn't his way.

An hour. Cut into 2nd lunch. The principal had been in for 7 minutes. The red truck was gone from the backyard, but no one knew it. Gone away in silence. The teachers got the sign which they passed on to their pupils, egging them on to walk in a single line, no talking.

It was all black inside. The walls had peeled the chalkboards like skinned rabbits and the stink was enormous. A boy sat in his desk and it came crumbling down under his ass. The others stood, and took the lessons. One of the women didn't know how to beg in. She began flashing times table flash cards in geography, and the kids herded into small circles to trade non-sports cards.

The police came to identify a body that had turned up extra. Small. Charred beyond recognition. They took it for a child. But obviously he/she must've gotten mixed up in the wrong class during the confusion. The tattoo of the jockey had been completely removed.

Pual sat looking at #45 of his Here's Bo set, thinking did he do right? NOW would the Mafia give him that summer job.

"Give ya a Black Hole checklist for a Superman II sticker?" a boy asked.

"Nah.." □



3 Seconds in 2 sentences

There are days when the world seems grey and shimmering, and the air smells like Chinese food, burning Chinese food, and the wind roars off the water so the street signs shake and women walking their dogs have to take them inside before they blow into the bushes, and these are the kinds of days that I truly enjoy, warmly enjoy, like a strength in the belly coming from a weakness at the knees, and these are the days when little forgotten things creep up, things like honour and respect, as I randomly change the channels on the TV and station after station pops up, each screen the same, filled with ridiculous claims and "bread and circuses", as people frown and twist their foreheads into knots because Sally cheated Belial, and Mavis admits his various sins, and I wonder how people can live that way, begging to expose their shames before the world, even bragging to defend themselves, or even sit in the audience with the very real desire to have Geraldo, or Sally Jesse; or Montel, or some other opportunistic clown shove that microphone dick underneath their noses so they can ask pointless questions and hear the crowd cheer, everyone united in their ugliness, and able to forget what shits they are as they stab their fingers in the air, a chorus of shits, screaming in disgust at the masochists on the panel while begging for the microphone, people so busy trying to destroy for extra credit that they've forgotten what to do with THEMSELVES, forgotten what they've loved and dreamed, and honored, and respected, and there's nothing left but accusations, and there's nothing obvious but disgust, and it's good to push the "off" switch and write about it, or at least it's better than a letter to Oprah, I think, anyway as I join that crowd, and realize it, and get down to business before it gets to be an injury, before I'm unable to just stand outside, and smile, and enjoy being tossed into the bushes, just because it's beautiful and that's where I want to be, with slow women and their dogs, tucked into a ball, and smelling burnt Chinese food for a day, or until the wind stops blowing long enough to breath.

Just a thought,
Kenyata Sullivan



You asked

financial advice with Martin Prendergast

Dear Martin,

I have supported my family by marijuana dealing for the last ten years. But the Kennett government is going to legalise marijuana. I was thinking, if he lets people grow up to five plants in their backyard, where will my livelihood go? The price will plummet from \$500 an ounce to \$50 a kilo. How will I make ends meet?

George
St Kilda

Dear George,

Growers and dealers in marijuana have always been a pretty industrious and resourceful lot George, and I'm sure that once they are deprived of their incomes in one area they will quickly move onto others. They will no doubt go into ram-raiding, bank stick-ups, arson, extortion, car theft, shoplifting, insurance fraud, postal fraud, heroin dealing, guns for hire, assassination, smuggling, piracy, and create all sorts of other problems for society. Once Mr Kennett sees the results of this legislation, I'm sure he will be more than happy to make marijuana illegal again, to once again occupy the talents of all those who he has deprived of their incomes.

Dear Martin,

Now that Mr Howard has brought in the new gun laws (as OTR predicted in the last issue), I now find that I can't buy a gun any more. It's a bit humiliating to be an anarchist and not have a gun; my

street credibility tends to suffer awfully, and when other anarchists organise missions, I'm always the one left sitting at home. What should I do?

Jim
Alexandria

Dear Jim,

It serves you right, doesn't it. You should've seen all this coming and stockpiled weapons for the drought. There's hardly any anarchist in the world who doesn't stock up on guns and ammunition in the good times to see them through the bad.

All is not lost however. Guns were always inconvenient things at the best of times, (if only because you had to be around when they went off.) This is the reason most anarchists became involved in chemistry. Try mixing *(saved for Black Label Edition)* This is known as the 'poor man's atomic bomb', because it only takes a test tube of it to knock a large building down. I'll admit, that carrying a can of it doesn't look as suave as wearing a .357 at parties, but your street credibility won't suffer in the least.

Dear Martin

Johnny Howard's new gun laws are coming into effect at the end of the month, and I was wondering whether to invest my super in weapons that I can resell on the black market a couple of years down the track. What sort of

weapons should I invest in? and should I roll over my dividends into buying ammunition in quantity that might also be in demand by ... umm ... alternate lifestylers.

Roddy
Parramatta

Dear Roddy

Yes, certainly, invest your money in weapons, especially semi-autos which will be in big demand by factory workers as soon as Mr Howard's new industrial relations' bills take effect. Anarchists will buy from you in quantity also as I predict they will use up their reserves of ammunition at a tremendous rate over the next few months.

However, buy only quality, as these have a great profit ratio and are always in demand. A quality portfolio should include Sakos, Heckler and Koch's, FN Brownings, varmint barrelled Remingtons, Smith and Wessons and Berettas. This should provide you with a prudent investment spread and, just for that rainy day, buy a few dozen crates of Chinese SKS's and a few hundred dozen crates of their superb ex-military ammo. These will return an 18% remuneration over the next three years, and you can even sell ammunition in smaller discrete lots to supply a dividend for those lean weeks when your investments at the race track get eaten away by improvident speculations.

Two Men in a Boat (a true tale of Primordial Boozing)

He was known as Rod the Mod due to his tastes in trendy 70's gear. One day having had yet another huge row with his missus and having been chucked out again too he was in need of a shoulder to cry on and a friend to pour out all his problems to. So he decided to pay a call on me knowing that in those days I was usually a sympathetic ear and always willing to help, especially if my ability to help was assisted by a visit to the pub.

Rod and I spent the whole day on an extended pub crawl and at final chucking out time found ourselves in Cardiff's docklands outside a club we frequented. We were totally legless and it was about 2-30 am. I never used to know quite what was going on but I was even more bemused when Rod the Mod started ranting on about how we could go to St Tropez. "We could nick a boat," he was saying. "We could easily steal one of those boats down there and be on our way to St Tropez. Yeah, it will be easy," he continued with a crazed glint in his eye. "Just think about it. Tomorrow morning we could be there. Beautiful girls, amazing beaches, cheap bars open all night, the works. We'll send all the people we know postcards saying, 'Bet you wish you were here with us sharing in all the fun of St Tropez.' Let's go for it. Let's go to St Tropez."

I was sceptical about his plan but Rod, totally enthused with the idea was already wandering along the dockside peering into the gloomy depths searching for the boat he had in mind. There were rowing boats and dinghies moored up all along the dock. "There's no way one of these will take us to St Tropez," I said.

"You don't get it," said Rod. "We're going to use one of these to get us out

and onto one of the bigger boats out there." Yachts and speedboats were moored further out in the dock and it was to these that he referred. "Can you drive one of those things?" I said. "Do you know how to navigate and everything?"

"Yeah, yeah, no problem," said Rod the Mod in a dismissive tone. "We'll sort that out when we get to them but it'll be simple." The problem now was that all the boats we could see were padlocked and chained. I was fed up and wanted to get home. I said "Come on, Rod. We've been here for ages. It's a waste of time so I'm off home."

Just then Rod spied a boat that actually wasn't locked up. "Here we are," he called out. "Jump in," he urged as he climbed down into the boat. I climbed on down after him but still puzzled exclaimed, "There's no bloody oars in this boat so now what?"

"It's all right - we'll paddle using our hands as oars," Rod answered. So we started paddling but we hadn't gone more than a few feet before I noticed that my feet were getting decidedly wet.

"Rod," I said, "this boat ... I think it's leaking."

"Uh, yeah, you're right - there's some water coming in but nothing to worry about."

"No," I said, "you don't understand. This boat is leaking really fast. The water's getting deeper. It's up to my knees." And the boat sank. I found myself in the dark depths of the dock. It all happened so suddenly and the boat banged me on the head too. I must have swallowed many mouthfuls of the foul water before I managed to surface, reaching my arms up to the air, gasping for breath. Rod surfaced about the same time and then we did the very thing you shouldn't do in

situations like this. We grabbed hold of each other and under we went again.

So there we were thrashing about in the filthy, black and icy waters wondering what to do next. Then I developed cramp in my leg and all I could do was grab hold of the rope of a nearby buoy and hang on. Rod, meanwhile managed to successfully swim to the nearest speed boat. He tried in vain to pull himself up on to the deck but he too was then stricken with cramp in both legs and was unable to move.

There we were in a state of shock and distress, freezing to death, stuck, covered in filthy mud, inhaling the noxious fumes of the badly polluted water, boozed up and helpless I started to black out. "This is really the end," I thought. "This is it."

There was a bloke walking his dog on the banks of the dock and glancing out over the water he saw us and heard our cries. "What are you lads up to then?" he asked. "Having a bit of a midnight dip is it, boys?"

"No, we're not. We're fuckin' drowning - get help!"

The man didn't get it. He thought we were having him on.

"Whaddya mean?" he asked.

"Help! For fuck's sake, help!" Rod shouted and I added, "It's all gone terribly wrong. We've got cramp. We can't swim. We can't do anything at all. We're drowning. Please, just get some help."

The bloke on the bank disappeared and without saying a word. First he was there and then he was gone with no mention of what he intended doing. "Shit, this really is the end now," I thought. Our only potential rescuer has just bugged off. We've had it." And I blacked out. I came to on a police launch with a concerned-

looking constable leaning over and asking, "You all right?" After that they ferried us to the edge of the dock and transferred us into a waiting ambulance, where, I blacked out yet again. This time when I came round I was in a hospital bed with my clothes stashed in a plastic carrier bag at the bedside. I leaned over to look in it and there they were, drenched in filthy, slimy mud and giving off a nauseating chemical stench.

I felt very sick. My stomach felt as if I'd been swigging down battery acid and I was sure my brain was permanently damaged judging by the state of my head. My hands were shaking uncontrollably. Across the ward Rod the Mod was embroiled in yet another heated argument, this time with a nurse. He wanted a cigarette. I wanted something but felt so awful I wasn't sure what it was. The ward sister came over to talk to us. It was 6am and the shift was about to change over. She said that we must wait outside in the hospital lobby and that they would get us an ambulance to take us home. So we were trussed up in white hospital sheets like corpses from the mortuary or packs of meat, dumped into wheelchairs and trundled down to the lobby area and carrying with us our ruined, rotting clothes stashed in hospital carriers. Both of us were absolutely gasping for cigarettes by now, our nerves completely shot to pieces.

We were stuck in that waiting room for three hours or longer and finally I could take no more. "I've had enough. I'm off," I said, and stormed into the gents' toilets where I somehow managed to steel myself against the awful sensation of pulling on the wet, slimy, cold, reeking clothing before resolutely striding past the other patients in the waiting room and into the bright morning sunlight outside the hospital doors.

It was an ordinary Saturday morning, about 10am as I made my way in the direction of home. The quickest route was straight through the city centre

and the quickest route was the only one I wanted. I made a squelching sound as I plodded on my way leaving a tell-tale trail of dark mud footprints behind me.

I was dripping the loathsome black ooze all over the sunlit paving stones and a foul stench wafted from my sodden, slimy clothing. My beard, hair and face were encrusted with the horrible muck.

Families were out doing the Saturday shopping and I soon realised that my ghastly appearance was causing a sensation on the main street pedestrian precinct. Little kids were running to hide behind parental legs and prams and shopping trolleys. They were screaming and pointing and cries of "Yuk! Mum, what's that?" were heard.

I resembled the thing that crawled out of the Black Lagoon. People were backing off from me, some were taking snapshots, some looked petrified as I slurped and sloshed my way homeward.

Then I realised just what they were

seeing and I just couldn't help it for I started to cackle hysterically until the tears streamed down my grime-coated cheeks. This only made matters worse.

Now I was a ghastly, hysterical, cackling, horrible monster, a swamp thing leaving a foul stench and disgusting trail behind me.

I finally made it home and imagine my relief. I got in the warm shower and just stood there letting the filth fall away. I binned my ruined clothes and dressed myself in nice, fresh dry ones. A bit later on, as I was slowly coming to terms with the ordeal I had just survived, Rod the Mod arrived again. His missus was now even more annoyed than before.

"Fancy going for a drink?" he asked.

by Steve Andrews (adapted from a story by C.J. Stone)

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The following was excerpted from Howard Zinn's A People's History of the United States

*"a telephone linesman going through the ruins of the Ludlow tent colony ... found the charred, twisted bodies of eleven children and two women. This became known massacre."*The Ludlow Massacre"... shortly after Woodrow Wilson took office there began in Colorado one of the most bitter and violent struggles between workers and corporate capital in the history of the country. This was the Colorado coal strike that began in September 1913 and culminated in the 'Ludlow Massacre' of April 1914. Eleven thousand miners in southern Colorado ... worked for the Colorado Fuel & Iron Corporation, which was owned by the Rockefeller family. Aroused by the murder of one of their organisers, they went on strike against low pay, dangerous conditions, and feudal domination of their lives in towns completely controlled by the mining companies. ... When the strike began, the miners were immediately evicted from their shacks in the mining towns. Aided by the United Mine Workers Union, they set up tents in the nearby hills and carried on the strike, leaving them to picket each day. The gunmen hired by the Rockefeller interests - the Baldwin-Felts Detective Agency - using Gatling guns and rifles, raided the

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an instinctual response of the system for its own survival, to create a unity of fighting purpose among a people torn by internal conflict. The bombardment of Vera Cruz was a small incident. But in four months the First World War would begin in Europe. □

Letters

Editor,

I was reading your article *Christianity and its ideas* and I was thinking about the

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Sir,

Your article on Christianity and its ideas had me seething. You seemed to be very

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and hard times were growing in 1914. Could guns divert attention and create some national consensus against an external enemy? It surely was a coincidence - the bombardment of Vera Cruz and the attack on the Ludlow colony. Or perhaps it was, as someone once described human history, 'the natural selection of accidents.' Perhaps the affair in Mexico was

North Sydney

I mentioned 'and other criteria', so go to buggery you old looney! Where did you get a copy of OTR from, anyway?

Christianity and its ideas P11



In the last issue we had a brief look at the history of Christianity and its basic ideas. We examined the concept of 'original sin', a term Christians use to mean, 'this corrupt system of things' and whatever brought it about.

I believe that the idea of man committing a sin against God, and this sin leading to all other sins and causing great unhappiness, was simply an attempt to give an explanation to something that was obvious to the writers of the bible, that something had gone wrong in the affairs of man; a wrong that Jesus said became manifest in money. Some Christians today warn against the 'cashless society'; they say that this will have a deleterious effect on the spiritual welfare of man, almost as much as the first original sin; the difference being that original sin was the beginning of the corrupt system, the cashless society will mark the beginning of the end.

In the last two decades Christian militia groups have sprung up, particularly in the US and Australia. Most of these groups have some basic ideas in common - a deep suspicion of any form of government, a foreboding of the cashless society, a deep distrust of banks, and a belief in arming themselves to fight the evil state of affairs they believe will be brought about shortly before the return of Christ.

Any anarchist must have some degree of sympathy for these people, and their beliefs; we see the same enemies in many cases, even though most fundamentalists tend to symbolise them in biblical terms. They also believe in the inherent rights of the individual, a philosophy that is fast disappearing as western societies

move towards empirical values and atheistic materialism. Many have the attitude, that even though the outlook of fundamentalists may be based on something quaint, at least their beliefs do allow individual rights and freedoms, something that most dominant philosophies in the world today are quickly moving away from.

There is probably an error somewhere in their thinking, but truth and falsehood are not easy things to discover in any set of beliefs, and this is especially so when one doesn't share the faiths of those whose ideas are under investigation. There is only one thing we can be certain of; the human mind seems to have infinite capacity for self-deception, and this is no more true of fundamentalists, than anarchists or communists. Therefore it is necessary to show great caution when attempting to analyse the beliefs of others, as errors tend to be subtle, and without realising it we tend to distort ideas into frameworks that match our prejudices. Where the fundamentalists go wrong is probably in the fact that they accept ancient Jewish symbolism as objective truth, rather than the ideas that such symbolism is supposed to represent. However, as far as the cashless society goes, the ideas represented by the symbolism of the bible seem to give a close approximation to reality; the implications of the cashless society should cause us the gravest concern.

It isn't difficult to trace the idea of original sin through the bible. God tells Adam and Eve not to eat fruit from a certain Tree of Knowledge, but Eve eats some of the fruit and gives some of it to Adam who also

eats some of it. God exiles Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden and tells them that they will now have to work hard for their living, and some day they will die.

This little story is actually one of the most studied stories among thinkers of all ages. It is obviously allegorical and the meaning is intended to lie somewhere under the surface. It seems to suggest that the first community of mankind committed some grave error that not only displeased God, but also, perhaps gradually, ruined the ecology, so that the earth that once gave an abundance of food was no longer as bounteous, and people who once enjoyed a life of pleasure now had to till the soil and work hard for their food. The story also suggests that disease had entered the world, and people could no longer live forever as God had intended.

Because this evil system had entered the world, it became necessary at some stage for governments to form to curb the worst excesses of evil that the system had created. Old Testament writers believed however, that God's people should never be ruled by any government, as the allegiance of believers was to God, and they couldn't serve two masters.

In the New Testament these ideas had come to full fruition. Jesus constantly warned his listeners against the dangers of money and materialism and said that there were only two choices they could make. They could either choose money or God; there were no other choices available to them. He said that money was at the root of all evil, and on one occasion, if we are to take Jesus' words literally, he advised his listeners to give Caesar's money back to him.

The first Christians did set up a

system of communal property among themselves, even though they didn't consider this to be a priority. Their priority was to spread the gospel to the then known world, and when this was completed they were to wait for the return of Christ. Christianity wasn't a political ideal, but chiefly centred on the person of Christ and the life he promised to take them to after his return. The relationship of each believer to Christ however, gave them a relationship to one another, and it wasn't possible to love one another as Christ had commanded if their community was divided along lines of property ownership. Property was held in common and food was shared equally, and Acts even gives an example of God striking dead Ananias and Sapphira for attempting to deceive the Christian community over money.

Although this practice of shared property still survives in various Christian orders, it ceased among ordinary Christians at about 150AD for reasons that are unknown. The reason was perhaps, that Christianity as Jesus taught it, collapsed a short time after his death, when converts realised that Jesus' promise to rescue the first generation of Christians hadn't come to pass. They took the position that they had perhaps misinterpreted his words, and the immediate expectancy of Jesus' return no longer held such a prominent place in their thoughts. The documents written by those who knew Jesus were collected and formed into a book of history, churches were built, and believers began to form Christianity into a religion. Many of the ideas of early Christianity, which were crude even by the standards of the ancient world, were polished by Greek philosophers, and Christianity as we know it today was slowly formed.

To the Jews of ancient times the great originator of evil was Satan. Another evil force which derived its power from Satan was called 'the

beast.' The beast was any great human power that upheld Satan's rule over the world. The beast could be a vicious legal system, a conquering army, an enslaving economic system, or indeed any great evil created by human minds.

In Revelation John used these well-defined symbols to predict that shortly before the return of Christ, a great beast will appear. John gives a number to this beast and calls it 6-6-6. In ancient Jewish numerology the number seven was the perfect number. The number six meant 'one short of perfection.' To repeat this number three times, and give it as the name of a beast, could have meant nothing else than a description of the most

evil human power imaginable. John also adds that people won't be able to 'buy or sell' without the 'stamp' or approval of the beast, and this makes it clear that his predictions refer to an economic system.

Fundamentalists interpret this prediction as referring to the cashless economy and say that Christ's end time prediction of 'neighbour turning against neighbour' will be the result. They claim that the evils of the cashless society will be due to the fact that all transactions can be monitored by governments, giving them total control over the lives of their populations, and that instead of people living in freedom as God had intended, every aspect of everyone's life will

(Since I work at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, the NASA site that flies Voyager, and not Los Alamos (GRRRR!), I had lunch one day with Peterson Zha, then President of the Navajo Nation. He told us the story and to make sure it's told properly I'll tell it again as it was told.)

About 1966 or so, a NASA team doing work for the Apollo moon mission took the astronauts near Tuba City where the terrain of the Navajo Reservation looks very much like the Lunar surface. With all the trucks and large vehicles were two large figures that were dressed in full Lunar spacesuits.

Nearby, a Navajo sheep herder and his son were watching the strange creatures walk about, occasionally being tended by personnel. The two Navajo people were noticed and approached by the NASA personnel. Since the man did not know English, his son asked for him what the strange creatures were and the NASA people told them that they are just men getting ready to go to the moon. The man became very excited and asked if he could send a message to the moon with the astronauts.

The NASA personnel thought this was a great idea so they rustled up a tape recorder. After the man gave them his message they asked his son to translate. His son would not.

Later, they tried a few more people on the reservation to translate and every person they asked would chuckle and then refuse to translate. Finally, with cash in hand someone translated the message, "Watch out for these guys, they come to take your land."

- Charles Phillip Whitedog, Ojibway and Network Manager, Multimission Ground Systems Office (Mission Control), Jet Propulsion Laboratory, NASA

be controlled, and persecution, not only of Christians, but of the whole of mankind will follow.

To understand their objections properly however we can clarify the concept by looking to recent history. Before the arrival of Europeans many of the Pacific islands supported an idyllic way of life; the Tahitians for example, couldn't grasp the idea of anyone having to buy food, and the concept of slavery was foreign to them. But their lives changed after the arrival of Europeans who brought with them a materialism based on concepts of commodities and exchange, and slavery soon followed. These harmless people were often formed into labour gangs, and Burns Philp, among other companies, even hired some natives to supervise the rows of workers with whips and canes. The islands were turned into hell on earth; most of their peoples died of disease, the peaceful lives of the survivors had become one of hard labour, vast ecological damage was caused and alcoholism, starvation and social disintegration followed. What happened to these populations is very close to the description of 'the fall' in Genesis.

According to the fundamentalists, Western societies had already entered into this corrupt state long before it had spread to these islands - Europeans simply spread the disease to the Pacific - they further claim there is a second phase of corruption that will occur, and this will be just as deleterious to the spiritual welfare of man as this first phase. As bad as the system of materialism and slavery was, its power was limited, as the system left loopholes; there were means of escape. When the new beast appears however, they claim that governments and commerce will have total control and there will be no escape.

The most obvious quality of the cashless society, and the one most touted by its creators, is that most types of crime will be virtually

eliminated ('crime' is defined as any disobedience of government or authority). For example, how can a criminal deal in drugs when all transactions are recorded? How is it possible to rob banks, dodge taxes, or escape debts? It will also make it easy for governments to collect fines, trace law-breakers, levy new taxes, and so on.

It is obvious that the cashless society also gives governments a good deal of social control. It is easy to stop the sale of any item which it considers is anti-social or non-essential, such as pornography, drugs, or dangerous toys, simply by refusing to give such products number codes which they must have for transactions to proceed. The various companies selling this system say that these smart cards are also ideal for parents to give children instead of cash, as parents have the option of blocking the card's ability to purchase cigarettes, sweets, or anything else deemed unsuitable for their child.

In a cashless society these principles of course give governments the same powers over populations. Convicted drunkards can be prevented from buying alcohol, convicted graffitists can be prevented from buying spray cans, and parolees can be prevented from travelling outside their own towns. These powers can also be delegated to others. Doctors could prevent certain patients from buying cholesterol containing products, and the latest fads among academics can be instantly enforced, eg., overweight people can be limited to buying only a certain number of calories per week. The number of calories is simply included in product codes. The possibilities will only be limited by the imaginations of those who are in authority.

Pre-school centres can check the backgrounds of prospective employees in a much more efficient way. Anyone who has bought pornography in the last five years isn't hired. Persons buying left-wing

literature can be investigated, those who are a thorn in the government's side can simply be wiped from the computer system. Governments can determine who gives political activists money, who they give it to, and where they stay while they are overseas. From the 1930's up until 1972 there was enforced sterilisation of anyone in the US whom psychologists considered to be of low intelligence (many later went on to get university degrees.) How would such a ruling clique have used the vast powers given to them by a cashless society?

This system, now being tested in Australia, is not being touted by its inventors as a tool to facilitate transactions, what could be more convenient than cash? Rather, they say it is primarily a law enforcement tool, that gives governments the power to enforce laws, and once in place there will be few powers that rulers won't potentially have. It only remains to be seen how many of these powers governments will use, and how many new powers it will find necessary or desirable once the system is in place. It is easy to imagine a state of affairs in which the whole mind and soul of man will be enslaved to the system.

Of course fundamentalists aren't alone in predicting this, and one can only imagine how the fundamentalists would use this system if they had the reins of power; but generally the dangers aren't seen by most people. The world is moving towards a state of affairs where much less freedom will be the norm; whether this will go as far as the fundamentalists predict, only time will tell, but we certainly need to be aware of the great dangers inherent in giving any group of persons so much power over their fellow human beings.



In coming issues we hope to bring you Witch Trials of the Middle Ages, a fascinating look at this era of human history, and an era that some say we have yet to emerge from.

Good Anarchists Activities List

Get a motorbike together (a big one) with a set of plates that can't be traced and park it in your garage for a rainy day

stock up on paper for printing zines. Packer will probably ban it soon saying it will conserve the forests, or something

send offensive faxes to your local member

write lots of anarchist articles and send them to zines

learn to sabotage industrial machinery so you can be the 'on the spot' technical expert in your place of work when Howard's policies start to take effect

go through politicians garbage bins and try and get the dirt on them

stock up on super glue

cultivate a superior smirk

get lots of anarchists together and go out on manoeuvres.

get new anarchist recruits. don't overlook old people. they have a lot of experience and carry a lot of moral weight at demonstrations. have them at the front of marches while all the egg throwers, etc, are up the back. (the armour piercing bullet principle)

become a hoon. be seen drinking from a bottles of beer in public. get a leather jacket and tie a mirrors to your shoes

get an easy office job somewhere so you can type up propaganda during the day, and still have plenty of energy left for night time activities

get a four-wheel drive together in case you ever have to go bush. you can also use it for dragging cash machines out of the walls of banks

open false accounts at lots of places to get false id. get a a false mobile phone account so you can make nasty phone calls that can't be traced

steal a police car and book people in cars worth more than an honest person can earn in five years

get a suit and tie together so you can impersonate all sorts of people if you have to

a lot of people don't realise that phones can be bugged while they're on the hook. Police often listen to conversations going on in rooms when the phone isn't in use. One defence against this is to always hang up twice. if you get another wrong number after you've hung up, this means that somebody is trying to open the circuit again and you are probably being bugged.

*on second thoughts
I'll save this bit
for the Black
Label Edition*

Get ASIO to pay for your car repairs

If you are out driving and realise ASIO is following you just drive to an area where there are lots of traffic lights. They will now pull in close behind you. When reaching a traffic light drive really slow so they'll drive very close to your rear. Brake really hard and they'll smash into the back of you. When you get out ask to see the licence of the driver and tell him the damage will cost him a couple of grand. While the police are taking details, ask them politely why they are spying on you. Suggest that they go and get an honest job. Suggest that they go to college to learn new skills, and even offer to send them a brochure of the courses offered. You have just levied a \$2000 fine on ASIO. (Also insist that the police do a breath analysis of the driver.)

Start your own anarchist zine. You'll get your first few hundred subscriptions from the various intelligence agencies right across the world. Every spy agency will subscribe, as well as every special monitoring service, dobbing agency, suckholing squad, brown-nosing organisation, pimping co-operative and special squealing squad, as well as lots of undercover pimps, special pimps, security pimps, aspiring security pimps, special intelligence pimps, special project pimps, international liaison pimps, Australian Federal pimps, State liaison pimps, special surveillance pimps, electronic surveillance pimps, State Protection pimps, ASIO pimps, ASIS pimps, Naval Intelligence pimps, protective services pimps, and even pimps who pimp on the pimps, when they're not being pimped on by the pimps who pimp on the pimps, who are pimping on the pimping pimps. So you should be able to make lots of money.

Voices from the Velvet Ghetto

Below is a selection of work written by Nadine Bozek. Nadine became ill fifteen years ago and, quickly becoming penniless, had to survive in a US ghetto. Her worsening illness and poverty drove her to depression, homelessness and desperation. Below is a small sample of the writing that Nadine has sent On the Road. It by no means gives an accurate picture of her experiences in their entirety, but surely places her as one of the best US writers of our day.

"I am so grateful to be white, because I think that black people have overwhelming obstacles to overcome placed there by society, and overwhelming disadvantages that society places on them. I have lived in a primarily black neighbourhood for years now, so I feel I have some insight to it." Nadine Bozek - 1996

White Girl Does H.U.D.

It's been over one month since I put my pre-application for public housing in T. County. You are supposed to get a letter within two weeks telling you whether or not your application is being accepted and, if so, where you are on the waiting list. It's been four weeks and my mail box is as empty as a politician's promise. I have called the housing Authority several times. They have politely told me that my application is not lost; it is quietly resting in the To Be Processed pile. I should be relieved.

Weeks ago I dragged home several boxes smelling of old produce from the health food store. It was too early to pack, but I wanted to Be Ready Just In Case, and besides, when can you ever get good moving boxes when you need them? It was the only concrete thing I could do to convince myself that I *am* moving; I *am* going to get out of here. The boxes were a comfort to me.

Last Saturday, after tripping over the unpacked boxes one too many times, I finally had to admit that I had stockpiled too soon, and I hauled them all down, still unused, to the big

red dumpster in our parking lot. The dumpster reeks of cabbages and turnips. It made a deep metal sound like an old gong when I threw the boxes in. Small bits of rust flaked off the sides of the bin. Little clouds of dumpster dust rose up, like some kind of strange voo-doo air. I intuitively put my hand up to cover my nose and my mouth, but I realized that I already had my cotton face mask on. I quickly walked away, looking behind me.

On clear days; on days that are good driving days, I make the two hour trip, (one way), to the towns I might live in someday. They are ugly, uneventful towns that have no beauty, but, they have meaning for me. Ordinarily, visiting these towns would be just about as exciting as visiting the onions in my vegetable bin, but it is not really the towns that I am going to see. I am going to visit my dream of getting out of the inner city. I am going to visit the beginning of my dream. I know that I cannot afford the gas to take casual drives around the

country, but it reminds me that there is life outside of where I live. Right now, I live in a third world country called *The Ghetto*. I live in the United States.

When I get home, I am exhausted. The elevator is out again. There is no electricity. I have to walk up three flights to my apartment. I take the stairs as a child would, with both feet on each tread. Due to a hip injury, I can not lift my legs. The black out is not unusual. I have paid *my* light bill, but often the power gets cut for the entire building. My apartment is cold, there is no electricity for heat. I cannot warm up any food to eat, because the stove is also electric. I sit in the dark, shivering, eating a bowl of cold lettuce for supper. My lungs feel like a refrigerator. I become bone cold and I can't get warm.

I strike a match and light a crooked green candle. It begins to drip wax all over my stove. I pull out a brochure that came in the mail three days ago, the one I sent away for with three limp grocery dollar bills. The brochure

was advertised in the back of an "I-Can-Survive-Without-The-Modern-World, Thank-You-Very-Much" magazine. I begin to read by the candle flame. The brochure gives information about government land available for homesteading. Only twenty dollars for twenty acres. Claim it now. I will. By God, I will! Vaguely, *that* thought runs through my head that says, "If it sounds too good to be true, it is." I hate that thought. That thought is no good. I want to be hopeful. I want to dream. For twenty dollars and a postage stamp, I can own land somewhere. I make plans to send away for more information when I get my next government check.

I tuck the brochure away in a safe place, blow out the candle and climb, trembling with cold, between heatless sheets. I lie in bed, dreaming of working my own land, until the voices in my head begin to talk backwards, and I fall asleep.

Taking it.

Down in the lobby, the usual gang is gathered to wait for the bread man. Head down, I push my way through the thick cloud of smoke, nodding politely when I hear my name called, and glancing in the general direction of its sound to acknowledge the caller. There are people leaning everywhere, on the handrails, against each other, and against the broken water fountain that now serves as an ash tray. I used to wait for the bread man too. I am allergic to wheat, and I can't eat bread, but as a favor I used to get bread for a woman who lived above me and went to G.E.D. classes in the morning. It is a pathetic scene. People without front teeth snarling over smashed 29¢ loaves of week-old white bread the grocery stores donate to Christian charities. If it is a day that sweet goods are delivered, the bread is ignored in favor of sticky rolls with imitation chocolate on them. The melted brown icing is plastered

against the plastic wrapper making the pastry look like somebody's lips pressed up against a pane of glass, or the raw, wet vital organs of a dismembered animal, dipped in gravy. They definitely look like they should be preserved in a screw top jar with lots of formaldehyde poured over them. The tenants wait two to three hours for this. I don't blame them.

.....

I get outside into the cleaner air, but my clothes now reek of cigarette smoke from the lobby. As I pass by the metal newspaper box, I splurge and pay the 35¢ for a newspaper. "Hold the box open!! Hold the box open!!!", someone yells, and before I know it I am surrounded by a swarm of people. All I can see is arms grabbing around me. Mothers send their young sons over to get a paper without paying. When I first moved here, I used to think this was stealing. Now I don't know from crime anymore. I only know from poverty. Thirty-five cents is a lot of money and can go towards washing a load of laundry. It is good to be able to save it.

.....

Once inside my car, I split open the letter I retrieved from my mailbox. It is the letter I have been waiting for; the letter telling me that my pre-application for housing has been accepted.

But as I read on, I understand that this is not necessarily good news. Since I am not a resident of T. County, I am only eligible for housing if there is no one else in T. County who needs an apartment. This means that I can wait several years.

Later on that day, I call the housing office. I speak to a very nice woman and I explain to her that I am in a housing medical

priority? I'm sorry she says. I can only give priority to the homeless, there are no stipulations for medical emergency housing. Before I hang up though, she tells me that if I want to sign on for an efficiency apartment, I can then move into the county and gain status as a legal resident, which would move my name up on the waiting list for a one-bedroom.

.....

One year, when the mental stress of being constantly sick, became psychologically unbearable, I took a cigarette to my arm to "burn the pain out." I felt it was logical at the time. I was barely aware of feeling my flesh singe. It felt good. Only physical torture could be strong enough to get my mind off the mental anguish. I burned five holes in my left arm with the cigarette. One hole for every year I had been ill. Little did I know that fifteen years later, I would still be disabled. Each hole smouldered into my flesh all the way down to the bone, leaving translucent, rubbery scars as they healed. It took a year or more to grow new skin over these holes, new skin the color and texture of a used condom, or latex surgical gloves.

CRAZY

Crazy? No, more like disillusioned, a breakdown of thought and emotion, been there, again and again.

Crazy? Crazy is the organized chaos of everyday life.

We are all quiet madmen.

Gary E. Jurechka

SORTING IT OUT

When I wake up it is snowing. Hungry, curls of snow spray by my window, like the large, lapping tongue of a thirsty dog, licking the air, shaking the water out of its fur. The limbs of the tree outside of my window bend under the weight of the wet, white ice. I want to see the branches buckle. I want to see them snap and break under pressure, I want something exciting to happen. I get out of bed every fifteen minutes to look for the mail truck, to check on the branches, to watch the drifting snow, to sit by the window, to check my answering machine. Other than that, there is nothing else to do. I can't go outside, because I only own one pair of shoes and a pair of sandals. Neither one of these things is appropriate to wear in the snow. If I ruin the shoes, then what will I wear all winter? I can not afford winter boots, and it will be a very hard winter without them. Even though I have the use of a car, I have to walk a few blocks to get to it. Then I have to stand in shin-deep snow to brush the car off. I can't do this in my shoes. They will get wet in a second. They will stay wet all day. I will catch pneumonia. I will have to tie plastic bags around them. I will not be able to leave my apartment much this winter. Thinking about that makes me go crazy. I know there is going to be a lot of snow this year, because it is starting early. The leaves aren't even off the trees. It is only November, and yet this is the second snow fall this season. By three o'clock in the afternoon, the wind has died down, and everything is skim-milk-blue and crusty. There are styrofoam trees where the evergreens used to be. I finally realize that the mail isn't coming. It is Veteran's Day. I feel trapped, more trapped. More defeated.

There is a quiet knock at my door. I yell out, "Who is it?" No response. Pause. More quiet tapping. "Who is it?" No response, I get up and go look

out of the peep hole. A young boy is standing there. I unlock the door and he hands me a note:

Mary Lou, sell me a pack of cigarettes.

Buck.

I realize that this boy's father has sent him to the wrong apartment. "Mary Lou lives right below me." I tell him. He nods and takes the note back without uttering a single syllable. He is a ghost boy. My only human contact.

I go back to staring out of the window. I think back to the winter of 1987 when I saw twelve circular rainbows, all at different times. They were simple rainbows, only three colors: red, blue and yellow. I would always see them on partly cloudy days, when I was driving alone in my car. Since nobody else was with me, and I could never confirm whether or not I was the only person that saw them. I have never seen a rainbow, round or otherwise, in any winter since.

WHITE GIRL CLEANS UP

I never seem to get the anonymity I seek when I want it. Even at the laundromat, where the most conspicuous person can find blessed relief by melting into the wood work, I stick out like a sore thumb.

I am scrutinized by the woman who works here. Apparently, she has traded in her hair for nicely coifed collie fur. She is one of those dehydrated, middle-aged women who have a cigarette surgically attached to their lower lip. She has beautiful blue eyes beneath baggy, white-frosted eye lids. Her shoulders are permanently hunched, as if she has spent an entire lifetime wearing lead shirts. She is like a warden of the laundry room, a real dominatrix in an immaculately ironed pink shirt and stone washed blue jeans. Grown men, heavy laborers, tremble and become weak with terror when she comes swooping out of her cubby hole to reprimand them at the slightest little irregularity in the rhythm of the machines.

Today she lifts the lid and surveys

URBAN RED SPLATTER DREAMS

And I don't really care that
it's all spiralling down
in fragmented colours
that turn to gray burning ash
hitting arctic flesh as another
month bleeds into another year
and it don't even matter
that somewhere
innocent lambs are being
slaughtered
on city playgrounds
under skies that
drip red

Gary Jurechka

the inside of a rocking, thumping washer that is vibrating loudly. She studies the contents long and hard as if she is an archaeologist who has just discovered Lucy.

"No. No. This is no good."

A large, meaty man in oily work clothes stands submissively by her side studying the contents of the machine with her. He is kneading his cap in his hands. He towers over her in height, but his head is held down in a posture of shame.

"No. We can't have this," she says authoritarily to the foaming suds. Now she looks up at him and snaps in a slight Southern accent, "Your load's off balance, you got too many clothes in one machine, and you're usin' too much soap. How much soap you got in there anyways?"

He mumbles something incoherent, shuffles his feet, and rotates his hat like a wheel in his hand. Everyone in the laundry room is staring at this scene. He is like a little boy that got caught chewing gum in class. I expect her to slap his wrists momentarily.

"I bet you put the whole box of soap in there. Didn't you?"

He smiles sheepishly and nods yes.

She barks out, "Well, you're only supposed to put in half. *Half!* ... Not even that!"

She looks around the room. We all dart our eyes to the floor. We don't want to share in her wrath. The man hangs his head again. His is not smiling anymore.

"Next time, you only put half in.

You hear me?"

Repentant, he pulls on the rim of his hat as if he is shaping pizza dough into a circular crust. He nods yes. He hears her. His fingers are thick and clumsy, like pink sticks of dynamite. Any minute now, his hands may blow up. She dismisses him.

I smile to myself, at the man's stupidity. I mean, *co-o-ome o-o-on a who-o-o-ole box????!!!!* But then the Warden's gaze falls on me. The superior smirk freezes off my face. I stop in my tracks. She looks at me hard. Looks at the clothes I am pulling out of the black polyurethane sack. There are large, sloppy piles of clothes by my feet. I am blocking the entire aisle with my disorganized mess. The Warden is not happy with this. She sets her jaw against me. I start to sweat.

She acts as if she's never seen someone bring in five bulging bags of clothes before. OK, it's true, I've been in here everyday for four days in a row now, and I bring in five big bags every day, but is that any reason to be in my business?

"Are all of those clothes *yours?*" she asks me with displeasure through a puff of smoke.

"Yes."

Hand on hip. "Weren't you in here yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Are you just washing for one person?"

"I have lots of things," I say flatly, in way of an explanation. I hope she won't try to pursue a conversation with me.

The Warden looks at me with a thinly disguised disgust. I wait for what must be the next question in her brain, "How can one person have twenty bags of laundry?" She never asks it though, because a drop-off customer comes in the door, and she has to go into the next room.

The truth is that I have just sold all my living room furniture, and I am using the windfall of money to buy food, pay bills, and catch up on

laundry. Try not washing your clothes for two months and you would have twenty bags of laundry too. I am chemically sensitive, so I have to wash everything I own; every towel, every curtain, every sheet, so I can get the dust, chemicals and odors out of them that accumulate from my apartment building. I have to wash every load three times.

I begin a flurry of activity, sorting clothes, pulling Kleenex out of pockets, and industriously overloading the machines.

After awhile, one of my washers starts to rock and thud. The load has become unbalanced. I am cleaning a pillow, which is contraband in the smaller machines. Pillows are supposed to be washed in the big industrial washers which cost more than I can afford. The Warden looks up from her customer and starts to come out of her office to check on the noise. I don't want her coming over to investigate. I run to the shaking metal box, lift the lid and re-balance the load. The noise stops. I smirk. She backs off. I close the lid. It immediately knocks again, as if there is a small child inside, banging to get out. She looks over her shoulder at me, and starts to turn around. I lift the lid again, and re-distribute the load. Close the lid. Try to lean all my weight against the washer, to keep it from vibrating so much. Try to keep the noise down. She retreats. A routine develops. Close, knock, lift, yank. Close, knock, lift, yank. The wet pillow has become a heavy unruly dog that refuses to be bent around the agitator well. It smells like public transportation and damp wool. I finally get it to yield. The washer completes the spin cycle. I wipe my brow, lick my lips, and dump the pillow in a vacant dryer. I put it on full heat.

.....

I sit on the counter used for folding clothes to rest. I lean my back up against the plate glass window. I wish I had a cigarette, although I no longer

Contributions

Please send your work to:
PO Box 1130 Baulkham Hills
NSW 2153 Australia

... and don't forget to
subscribe!

smoke. My back becomes cold and moist as my shirt absorbs the condensed steam that has collected. Goose-bumps appear on my arms. I shiver. I resist putting my winter coat back on. I don't know why. Probably because it is too bulky to wear while I am trying to fold my clothes.

I stare at the dryers. A pink pot-holder stands out against the white sheets going round and round. I become mesmerized by following it in its course. At this point in time, I could be open to hypnotic suggestions to cluck like a bird or to go rob a bank. A tired old woman with prune lips comes to the door and breaks my trance by walking in front of me and clearing her throat. She begins to clear her throat consistently every twenty seconds. The sound is beginning to get on my nerves. I snap at her inside of my head, saying "Shut up, already!" She goes through the garbage can and pulls out all of the empty aluminium pop cans. I imagine she takes them to a recycling centre for a little extra cash. I study the potholes on the floor where the tile has worn down to the chipboard; the chipboard worn down to the plywood sub-flooring. In several spots, the holes are a good three inches deep, at least one foot wide and over two feet long. It is hard to negotiate a laundry cart over them. I guess it doesn't matter though, because there are never enough carts to go around.

I get up and walk over to the dollar bill change machine. My legs feel wobbly from the vibrations in the floor. I feel shaky and unsteady, as if I have spent a long time on the back of a motorcycle. I insert a wrinkly, well-worn dollar bill into the slot. Quite accidentally, the unit jams up. No quarters come out.

My brain processes the information in slow motion.

This can't be happening.

This can't be happening.

This *is* happening.

Oh shit.

Head down, grovelling, I have to go

tell the Warden what I did. I find her folding piles of towels in the back room. When she looks up at me, an ash from her cigarette falls on the immaculate terry-cloth. She doesn't notice, or brush it off. She is busy frowning at me. In answer to her frown, I tell her about the stuck dollar bill. Could she reimburse me for it? She looks spitting mad and comes out to inspect things. She gives me the Hawk Squint. The Angry Grimace. Then she lets loose. The cigarette wags furiously during her attack:

"Did you smooth out the dollar bill before you put it in the machine? 'Cause you got to smooth it out or it won't go in right. And you gotta hold it up here lightly. You just can't jam it in. I bet you jammed it in."

For five full minutes I get a lecture on how, "*Some* People, don't respect the equipment and ruin things for everybody," I stand there patiently as the Warden carries on, demonstrating how to work the machine with another dollar bill. When she pauses for breath, I seem to snap. I snarl at her through gritted teeth, "*I didn't* jam it in, and *I did* smooth it out." She looks at me suspiciously, but my outburst seems to have subdued her some.

After sizing me up she says, "Well, it's broken now. Nobody can get change all day. It is ruined for everybody." Everyone in the room is staring at me. They look grim. I have let them down. They are shaking their heads. I have broken the laundromat code of ethics. I have put a machine out of commission. She produces an "Out of Order" sign written with magic marker on the back of a torn soap box. She tapes it on the wall. I feel a heat rash turn my cheeks the color of sandwich meat. The other customers turn away from me in disgust as if I have

just blown all of their pay checks at the track.

I pull out a book to read. I try not to think of it, but I have to go to the bathroom. I try to put my mind on other things, but all around me is the sound of running water. Gallons and gallons of it. I cross my legs, fighting against the urge. To use the rest room would mean I could have to ask the Warden for the key. I don't want to have to ask her for anything. I don't want to confront her again. Finally, I can't stand it any longer. I walk back to her office, where she is folding piles of white shirts. I make my request. She squints at me hard and long. I am waiting for her to say "No". She is thinking about saying "No". At last she relents and hands me over a large metal paint stirrer, with globs of dry, petrified paint on it. The bathroom key is attached to this.

She waits until I am halfway across the room before she yells, "Don't wash your hands in the sink! It gets all backed up and then it don't drain down." People stare at me stupidly, like sheep. I really needed her to

CASH PRIZE CONTEST... To enter M.O.O.N. Magazine's Finish This Poem Contest #4, you just have to complete the following poem opening in 25 lines or less:

Lights were flashing
Stirring a hazy memory of...

The editors will award \$75 to the first-place winner, \$35 to the second-place winner and a 6-month subscription to the third-place winner. Top three winners poems and Three Honorable Mentions will be selected for publication. All entrants will receive the Fall (October) '96 issue of M.O.O.N., which will contain the contest results. The deadline is August 31, 1996.

All entries must be typed, with the words; "Finish This Poem Contest #4", followed by your name and complete address. **There's a \$5 entry fee for the first poem entered and \$1 for each additional poem.** Send To:

M.O.O.N. Magazine Contest #4.
2404 75th Street
Kenosha, WI 53143

advertise to them that I am using the facilities.

After urination, I spend a long time in the bathroom. The toilet will not flush. The Warden is not going to like this. She is going to blame me. I am horrified. I am in a panic. I picture myself getting kicked out of the laundromat, my wet clothes airborne behind me. I keep waiting for the bowl to refill, so I can try the handle again. Wait. Jiggle. Wait. Jiggle. Wait. I am in the restroom for an unnatural amount of time. I am in the restroom for years. I pull the lid off the back of the toilet. I look inside. Everything is covered with orange slime. I dig my hand in the water, and pull out a black rubber dome. It doesn't do anything. At last I give up. This is not my day. I truly regret not being able to wash my hands. Sighing, I wipe my wet fingers on my blue jeans and open the door. I walk over to the Warden's work room. Heads turn and eyes watch me walk.

"Did you wash your hands?" the Warden asks loudly, as everyone looks.

"No."

"Good."

I draw my breath and add, "But the toilet wouldn't flush."

There is a delay in her reaction, then she lets out an astonished, "WHAT?!!!!!!"

She is incredulous. She can't believe it. She can't believe what a fuck-up I am. I have come in here, and single-handedly ruined her laundromat in one day. First the coin machine, now this.

I don't know what else to say, so I repeat. "The toilet wouldn't flush ... you know, the paper won't go down ..."

Again the narrow blue eyes look directly at me. Again the entire room is overhearing our conversation and staring. She snarls, "Well, I was just in there, and it just flushed for *me*!!!!!!"

This time I am ready for her.

"I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING TO IT!!!"

"I didn't say you did," she retorts primly. I wait for more. There has got to be more. Why isn't there more? I wonder if she is going to lecture me on how to wipe myself in public restrooms, how to use toilet paper, and flush correctly. Will there be a demonstration? I cringe. But she must be all yelled out for the day, because she lets me go with a sulky complaint. "Well, it worked for me, and now I gotta call a plumber in here and I'll probably have to work late. Now nobody else can use the bathroom. Worked fine for me and now it's broke!" I faintly hear something about. "Some people ... " as I walk away.

.....

It gets late. The Warden finally goes home at five-thirty. The laundromat stays open until eight.

Gang members come in and out to use the pay telephone. They check all the coin returns in the soap machines for change, then leave. The picture window fills with black mercury and turns into an oversized mirror. It reflects rows of metal and glass boxes. It reflects me leaning against the wall.

A young high school girl is dropped off at the front door with a basket of clothes. The girl is not fat but very rounded and voluptuous. The men where I live call this type of girl, "juicy". Her mother yells instructions at her from the car. She is to get the laundry done by supper. The mother drives away. After the girl puts the clothes in a washing machine, she goes to the pay phone to call her girlfriend. She checks the wash and throws the clothes in the dryer at the appropriate interval. I am very tired. I have been here all day. The hum of the machines lull me into a stupor. My eyes follow the girl around the room, not because she is interesting; not because she is pretty; but just because she is something to stare at other than a washing machine and because she is moving around.

Sometimes the personal act of

washing your clothes in public can create an artificial intimacy amongst the patrons. Sometimes I feel a connection with the other customers, a kind of unspoken camaraderie; as if we all have chosen to spend the afternoon, hanging out in our sweatpants and washing clothes together like it was some kind of great big pyjama party.

The young girl asks me if she can borrow a quarter for the pay phone. I give her one without saying anything. It feels natural to do this, as if she were my own daughter. She thanks me and apologizes for "Bothering" me. I mumble something like, "No bother," as she walks away.

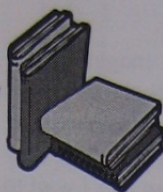
Much later her mother returns. The girl is sitting and waiting for her. I hear the mother start yelling, "Why are these clothes still wet? Can't you do what I ask you to? These clothes should be dry by now. What's the matter with you?"

In my mind, I put together what has happened. The girl spent some of the dryer money on her phone calls. She thought she could get by on letting the dryer run only one cycle. Her mother gave her exact change to do one load of laundry and three ten minute cycles of drying.

The girl looks over at me embarrassed. I pretend that I don't see her mother shaming her. I keep busy. I remember what it was like to be a teenager. I catch her eye in the reflection of a clothes dryer window. We exchange a long conspiratorial gaze. She knows I am on her side in this. I abetted the crime. I am her friend, ally, and her partner.

I am, a strange woman in Never-Never Land, without the benefit of Michael Jackson's millions. I am a white woman at the laundromat pretending I am close to strangers. I am on overload, my world is unbalanced and I'm at war with machinery. I am spinning out of control rapidly, blindly, ever so blindly. □

Book Review



The History of Mr Polly

Beautiful book. Fed-up clothes store owner flees his responsibilities in stuffy English provincial town and tries to make a new life for himself. You'll remember this book for the rest of your life. *****

Kipps

Another incredibly beautiful story. Young guy in England works in store around turn of the century for peanuts, then inherits money. If you only read one book all year, read this one. *****

Burmese Days

George Orwell at his average. But a good read. Based on Orwell's experiences as a policeman in Burma. ***

My Life in the Mafia - Vincent Teresa

Really interesting book about the American Mafia. Just take it from me, he didn't write the book, but he certainly told others what to write, *or else*. Good panorama of Mafia life and there's good tips in it on how to deal with smart-arses. **

The Valachi Papers

Another Mafia history. Valachi turned informer in 1964 and gave evidence before a US congressional inquiry. Before that no one knew the Mafia existed in the US, but when he spilt the beans he spilt them. He'd still be singing if he didn't die in gaol. ***

The Criminal History of Mankind

Excellent. Just as its name implies it traces criminal behaviour from ancient times to modern times. One of the best books ever written on the history and psychology of crime. *****

The Fatal Shore

Traces the history of convict settlement in NSW. Well-written and interesting. Easily the best book I've read on this aspect of Australian history and it contains much information no where else to be found. ****

My Struggle - Adolf Hitler

Not bad actually. Hitler was a pretty good analyst of class politics and power structures. Some of his remarks can be applied to contemporary politics. He's a sort of genius and sort of mad at the same time. Strange. **

Das Kapital - Karl Marx

Hard book to read. Better keep your slide rule handy for analysing the sentences. To be honest I only got about a third the way through before I lost track. Probably not a bad book though if you can stick at it. **

Political Writings of Lenin

Lenin was one of the fathers of modern communism and leader of the Bolshevik revolution, therefore his writings are decidedly left wing. However these are much easier to read than Marx's and very well thought out. If you want to learn a lot about politics and sociology, these are the books for you, even if you can't stand the rotten commie! ***

Venceremos - Che Guevara

I've never known quite what to make of poor old Che. He doesn't look a very prepossessing character in his photos but these are very much the writings of an altruist. Very uplifting. ***

Dole Bludger

An Australian book about the thirties depression and how some people survived it while humping a swag. It

gives a view of what happens when a society is ruled by fear. Incredible! *****

Sewers of Gold

True story about a gang of French bank robbers who spent weeks digging into a bank vault from sewers under the streets of Nice. They should have come and got me, I could have cut through it in a day! ***

Pitcairn's Island - Nordoff and Hall

Great book about what happened to the Bounty mutineers after they settled on Pitcairn's Island. I urge you to read this if you haven't done so already. It's actually a pretty good piece of propaganda for feminists ... good gad! *****

Three Men in a Boat - Jerome Jerome

Three men go camping with boat. Set in England around the turn of the century and probably the funniest book ever written. If you only ever read one book in your life read this one. ***** *Incredible!!!*

Lolita

This book appealed to lots of trendies when it first appeared so I suspected it of being rubbish. It's actually quite a good study of the paedophile mind however, and is essential reading. ***

Chopper 1,2,3,4,5 - series of books written by Mark Brandon Reid

Reid is an Australian gangster currently in gaol for the attempted murder of a biker, and who has murdered about 20 rival criminals. His books are witty, and very educational. All you've ever wanted to know about the underworld but were too scared to ask. **

The History of Richard Savage - Dr Johnson

Great true story about Richard Savage who is a tramp and outcast in 18th century England. Savage finishes up in gaol for killing a guy in a pub brawl and Doc Johnson works for his release. *****

Writings of Ho Chi Minh

This guy was leader of the North Vietnamese, so his writings are pretty intense. His viewpoint is pretty interesting and even inspirational. You'll respect the guy, especially when there are so few people to respect in our own societies. A bit more intense than Johnny Howard's speeches on the economy.

Diary of Anne Frank

Diary of a Jewish girl who hid in a house with her family to avoid being sent to a concentration camp. I'm a bit suspicious of its authenticity as the writing is just too mature for a thirteen year old, but who knows?

**

The Gulag Archipelago

Well written book about a guy's imprisonment in the Soviet Union, but I still can't work out what he was complaining about. He was an officer fighting the Nazis and was ringing up and hob-knobbing with the enemy. If he did that in any of the Allied armies he would have been shot.

**

Life of Al Capone

Interesting book. It shows that much of the information we have about Al Capone has come to us from the cheap journalism of the time, and underneath it all he was a complex character, still not well understood.

Catcher in the Rye

You'll enjoy this one. High school kid travels around and finds out about life.

Grapes of Wrath

Incredible book about the depression in America. Farmers head for California in old trucks. Steinbeck's best book and one of the greatest classics of all time.

A Fortunate Life - Facey

An autobiographical account of a boy growing up in Australia in the earlier part of this century. First class book I can recommend.

Magazines

Quadrant

Describes itself as a magazine for intellectuals, but in actual fact I think it's a magazine for closet fascist types, who like talking in a maudlin way about the holocaust, but can't wait to start another one. The poetry is academically correct but atrocious, the articles are singularly lacking in any form of humour, and although most of the material at first glance appears to be intelligent, deeper reading shows a basic lack of understanding of humanity. You'll be trying to imagine the pale academics and warn-out political bums who write for it, but don't waste your time. If they ever came to power and got hold of me I'm pretty sure I'd be behind barbed wire and bleeding in no time.

*

Picture

Full of naked and half naked girls in full colour. I'm too embarrassed to buy a copy so I have to read them in the washroom at work. They are lots of fun to read, especially when you know damn-well you shouldn't be reading this smut.

**

Cleo

Get every trollop in Australia, tart them up a bit and show them off in a magazine for even more stupid readers and you have Cleo. The intelligence level of this magazine is atrocious, ... but that's why it sells so well.

*

Christian Science Monitor

The standard of journalism used to impress me when I was 18 and still thought that the Christian brothers are there to help orphans, and the police are there to catch criminals. Now I recognise it for what it is ... umm ... arr ...

*

Australian Shooters Journal

Lots of in-depth articles about the gun control debate, the history of settlement, game safaris etc. It's got the same old ads in it all the time and

gets a bit boring.

*

Lock, Stock and Barrel

A gun magazine with historical articles, conspiracy theories, world bank articles etc. It sells books with recipes for explosives and how to make machine guns. The editor is a gun shop owner with a good sense of humour; a man of some education, but who exploits his readers.

*

Zines

Mirror Telegraph

Put out by a guy that moves around a bit between New York and Sydney. He has a girl on page three who keeps losing her top. He's gone a bit pro-government since the first issue and has managed to get it on to the newsstands. Some of the guys that helped him with it got a bit pissed off so he called the police in and had them thrown out. Don't bother subscribing, just pickup one left on a vacant train seat and send him a message over the net about how much you hate him.

*

Newsweek

Full of stupid and depressing stories from all over the world. Loves doing stories on Middle East. Doesn't he know that no one else can care less about the middle east? (Spray the whole place with DDT for all we care.) The pages are too glossy to use for toilet paper but they burn well if you want to get a fire going under buildings. Also good to roll up and use as telescope when you're at your place of employment and don't feel like doing anything.

*

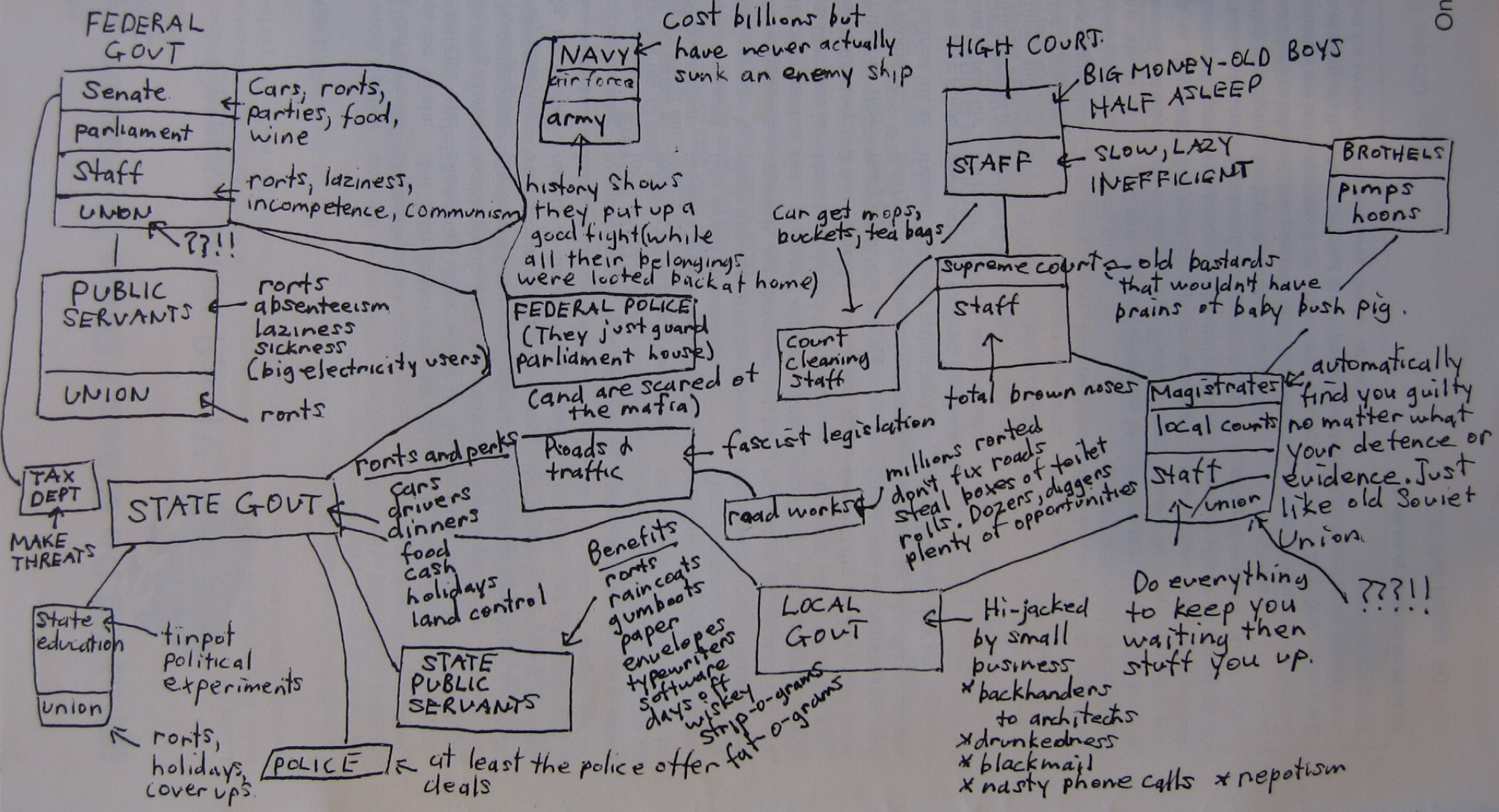
Weekly Trading Post

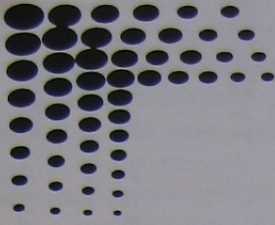
Full of ads for fridges, stereos, stolen property etc. When you get there it's always sold, or some rich person wants about \$100 more than it's worth. Whenever you put an ad in it all your get are nuisance calls and \$5 wheeler-dealers ringing up. Yukkkk!

*

AUSTRALIAN SOCIETY

I had the illusion that taxes paid for modern schooling, hospitals and submarines, roads and bridges. These things seem to get less funding and some become 'user pays'. Let's see where our taxes really go.





Creative Series Part IV



Nihilistic Approach.

Imagine that we wrote a police serial for television. Our hero, the cop, always catches the villain, and every episode finishes with our hero, heartily throwing a steak on the barbecue and pouring a glass of wine. It is all morally satisfying, the villain is caught, the victims are saved, and justice triumphs.

What would happen on the other hand, if we closed an episode with this same jolly scene, yet earlier in the script we showed that our hero had just put behind bars an innocent man. This is the nihilistic approach to art. It means that it is an approach that follows real life very much, and that just like real life, there is no set moral structure to the story. We write about things as they happen, not as they should be.

It is an attempt to address life as it really is, and not to give it this moral framework that in real life doesn't exist. Real life of course is a very complex thing, and our knowledge about the world and the people around us is very limited. Nihilistic art tries to face this reality by not theorising about the behaviour of others at all, but only by showing things as they are. Moralising tends to detract from the truth. When we do this what we are probably only doing is trying to place the events into a framework that we can understand - yet we might not understand them at all.

It does not mean that the writer is

immoral or amoral as is often claimed by critics, it simply means that such judgements are left entirely up to the reader or the movie goer. This has caused problems because movie goers are used to seeing films that have morals as frameworks, usually based on Aesop's fables, and tend to unconsciously look for morals in every movie. If they don't find a moral in a film they'll invent one, usually a negative one, and say the film should be censored.

Such films based on the nihilistic approach are therefore not for the average cinema goer. Unfortunately such films also have a bad name due to the fact that many artists use this approach to justify pornography and anti-social themes. But good artists have set about refining methods by which such an approach will become more widely accepted. Such an approach allows writers to explore many areas of human experience that have never before been touched on.

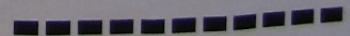
The most popular method is by use of allegory eg., *The Birthday Party*, which explores an alleged conspiracy to subvert the west, or *Clockwork Orange* which attempts to show the dehumanising effects of the juvenile criminal justice system. It is important to note however, that the writer does not put anything for or against any

argument, but simply looks at things as an observer from without.

The complex nature of life tends to show itself. The writer might show a policeman who is both corrupt, and very brave, and a fool, but with hidden depths of wisdom. The best way of becoming a nihilistic artist is simply not to analyse anything, and take no moral stance, just write about things as they appear to be, which must be based on your own experiences. The characters then tend to go much deeper than the artist intended them to, because the audience can pick up things that the artist missed. The artist who created the story can actually sit down and learn things from his own creation, and even wonder why the characters act in the ways they do.

Next issue

We'll look a bit at the craft of the artist. It's no good having lots of theory if it just doesn't work on paper. We'll see how to create impressions and actually get them to work. Don't be turned off, it's easier than it sounds.



What I'll Do When I Come to Power



1. Shut down all tarot card readers, fortune tellers etc., and re-educate them in "manual labour techniques" - then ship them off to Vietnam as 'volunteer labour.'

2. Get all the slow coaches off the roads. All drivers who brake at green lights (never could understand that one) would be kicked off the road. Old ladies who drive really well and don't cause accidents, to be given prizes by the police, like 'perfume packs' or something.

3. Anyone caught with an L.P. record of early 70's heavy acid rock band, *Atomic Rooster* to get six months on a *Cool Hand Luke*-type prison farm.

4. Any nationalities trying to sneak into Australia via NZ will be deported on the spot. (Gotcha!!!)

5. Special 105 octane fuel to be available at cheap price for big V8 owners.

6. A check of old TV shows and movies to expose British bullshit which had us all fooled for years. (and still has.)

7. British tourists to leave a security deposit of \$2000 with our government. If they whinge, moan or complain about anything while here the deposit is forfeited and the money goes to fixing whatever it was that they complained about.

8. Mark Davis to draw up a list of punishments for boarding house intellectuals.

Shameless Journalists

Watching TV recently I saw Kennett shovelling dirt at a few camera-holding journalists. They had a perfect excuse to beat up the Premier because they could've called it self-defence. Personally I wish I was one of the cameramen. I would have head butted him, handcuffed him, and then called the police and had him arrested. (In fact I don't think I could have resisted head butting the prick anyway.)

9. Inner city yuppies who "raise hell" down at the wine bar, to be sent off to the outback for six months of wild buffalo hunting for pet food companies.

10. Aborigines don't need driver's licence if outside the city limits.

11. All animals in the zoo to be set free. (in Canberra.)

12. Zoo to be filled up with classic examples of pot-bellied public servants, bureaucrats, gender benders, children's rights campaigners, political correctness enforcers ... and special constables. GR.

Prime Movers

If you really want to get the upper hand in any demonstration, the prime mover is unbeatable. Make crash bars out of rail line, and remove the windscreen and replace it with Lexcen which is bullet proof. There won't be any way the police can stop this vehicle short of calling the army out. Make a mess of everything. Ram police cars, break up their lines, scatter them everywhere. We tested one in the mud one day, and were surprised to see how manoeuvrable it was. Even I was terrified! (In other words, if they turn up with 50 horses, you turn up with 700) Happy protesting!

Be careful of trains

Don't walk across multiple tracks whatever you do. We did this one night and nearly got run over. You can't tell which track they're on, and even if you pick the right one they can change in a flash. It was almost as if they were trying to run us over. (In fact I never want to see another train again.)

Police Horses

A good way of dragging policemen and police ladies off their horses at demonstrations is by getting a length of cord with a small weight attached to one end. Throw the weighted end so it wraps around the unfortunate policeman or lady and then drag them off the horse.

The Pipes

Clumping down
the cement steps,
i find him,
in the basement,
damp, rough bricks
drooling spring runoff,
my older brother
with
copper tubing,
between his toes.
The big toe, and
the next. A screw-
driver
and a ball-
peen hammer.
He's pounding,
beating down,
compacting,
the solid-
oxygen cocktail...a
Black Flag mantra
pushing him onward...
mesmerized in his
fallout womb.



Twelve pipe bombs
resting quietly
by his side...
number
thirteen jutting
proudly out of
his stringy digits.

—Hey, ain't that
flammable?—

That's the idea.

—You're going to
blow yourself
straight to hell.—

Nope, gonna teach
them fuckers a lesson.

—Oh.—

Clumping up
the cement steps,
i hear the ping, ping,
ping of his
hammer.

Rob Johnston

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