

HOW TO
MAKE
TROUBLE
AND
INFLUENCE
PEOPLE

SCAM AIMS AND PRINCIPLES

- We produce, promote, and distribute anarchist literature
- Our focus is on original and local material
- We are NON PROFIT. Nobody gets paid. All SCAM money goes to anarchist organisations.
- We foster community, mutual aid, and direct action.
- We propagate anarchist ideas in all facets of life and labour

WHERE TO FIND OUR STOCK

Barricade Books/Info Shop

PO BOX 199, Brunswick East, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, 3087
115 Sydney Rd, Brunswick, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, 3056

Spiral Objective Mail Order

PO BOX 126, Oaklands Park, South Australia, 5046

Annaros Mail Order

PO BOX 150 East Brunswick, Victoria, Australia, 3087

Redfern Black Rose Anarchist Book Shop

Email: <blakrose@cat.org.au> Sydney, NSW, Australia.



anti-money grubbin copyright laws



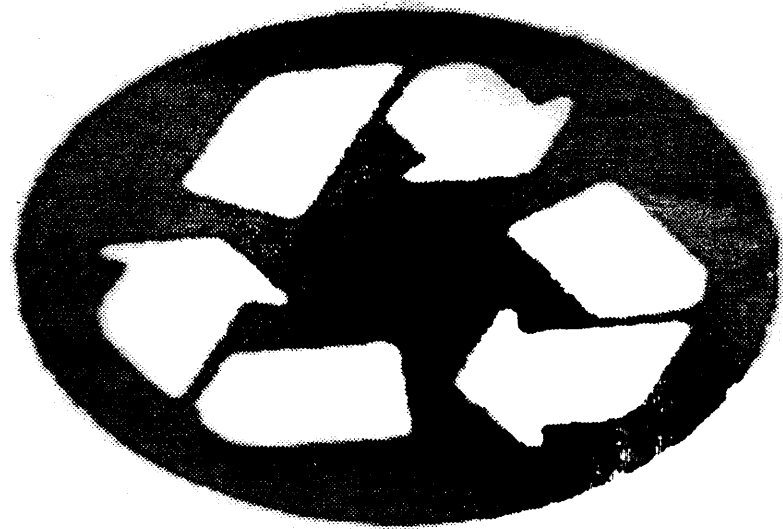
**How To Make Trouble
And Influence People.**
Australasian pranks, hoaxes and
political mischief making.

Edited by Bon Scott and Gary David.
Ghostwritten by Mike Munro.
Political Hooligan Publications.
Sydney, 1996.

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We also disrespectfully acknowledge our debt to Larry Law and the original Buffo books.



Refu: Resist Revolt

Melbourne, 1995- Protestors at Melbourne Uni shut down an appearance of Premier Kennet whilst chanting, "Kennet is a Wanker". Their slogan is later described in the Age as "unreportable".

Canberra, 1989- Protestors disguised as weapons dealers enter the AIDEX arms fair gathering war crimes evidence and dumping stink and smoke bombs. During the same protest the "Penises for Peace" action occurs with a number of nudes bearing all for peace and against patriarchy.

Perth, 1990- Local environmental eco-terrorist and rainforest timber importers Bunnings find their stores continually plastered with posters advertising a rainforest sale in which timber also comes with a free homeless Penan child. Also around the same time anti-apartheid "Throw Well, Throw Shell" molotov posters appear on Shell petrol stations.

Melbourne, 1992- During a speech on radical "8 hour day" labour martyrs given by former PM Gough Whitlam to assorted Labor party hacks and union bureaucrats at the Melbourne Cemetery a group of unemployed people dressed in ghostly garb and bearing the Industrial Workers of the World banner begin to haunt the gathering. Whilst the ghosts initially admonish the assorted class parasites for "Pissing on their graves and memories" things soon degenerate into a series of heated arguments. Whitlam, normally noted for his humour is visible shaken by the ghostly barrage.

1991, Canberra- "There we were protesting at another AIDEX arms fair and things were getting really intense. We'd prevented the cops and arm dealers from getting their displays in and having tried to use mass arrest tactics to no avail the cops were resorting to pure violence, busting peoples arms and stuff. Anyway at one point we were all on the road occupying it and preventing any transport getting into the grounds when the cops start getting ready to crack heads. You could tell when they we're gonna start because they'd put on their latex gloves real slowly, meaning they were gonna spill blood. Every one was bracing themselves for the onslaught when one joker on our side starts singing Monty Pythons "Always look on the bright side of life". Pretty soon we all started laughing and singing and even the cops couldn't take the situation seriously and they left, so we'd managed to recapture the road and avoid getting beaten up for it, all via the use of humour."

When you're at work you'll feel the pain.



The pain and shock of being in the workforce is bad enough, without the other problems it can cause.

Like the difficulties your family will face not having you around, the fact you'll be working long hours for little pay, the loss of your time and of course the injuries you'll sustain on the job.

Your employers won't feel any pain though, they profit from yours- all they're worried about is making money and avoiding compo claims.

When all is said and done, you are the injured party.

And you don't want to waste weeks, months and years rotting behind a desk or a machine doing some boring repetitive task again and again and again. Who wants to be a cog in someone else's machine?

That's why it's a good idea to think about an early retirement or in fact about getting rid of work altogether. Research shows that quitting as soon as possible contributes to a much faster recovery.

So talk with your friends, workmates and anyone else whose interested about how you can avoid work or better still how we can replace it. And don't forget to tell your bosses what they can do with their "Jobs".

If you don't decide to leave, a little lateral thinking about working hours, tasks and free goods could find you taking it alot easier and save everyone alot of pain - especially you.

**SHIRKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE!
DON'T GET WORKED OVER.**

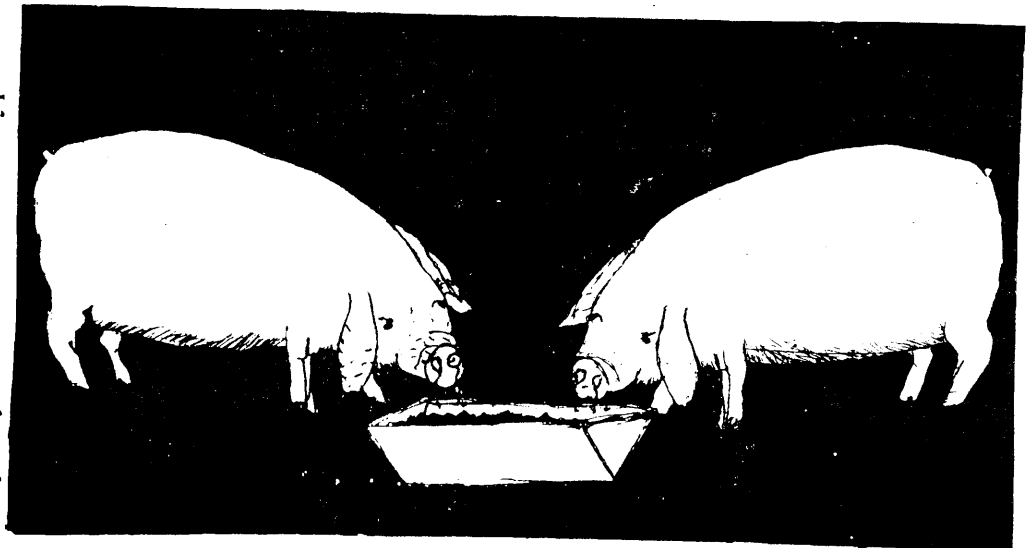


**WORK RESISTERS
FOR A WORKFREE WORLD.**

FREEDOM IS frightening! *VOTE POLICE*

Melbourne Anti Work Cover Poster, 1993.

Sydney 1980s anti election fly poster.



Mal Freezer

Bob Pork

THE CHOICE YOU MAKE WHEN NOT MAKING A CHOICE



Groucho says, " Eat Nazi's!"

A message brought to you by the Groucho Marxist Peoples Party.

Laugh Off The Nazi's !

Rally at Brunswick Town hall. 12pm March 5th.
Wear a Silly mask. Bring Funny Placards and Cream Pies!
Join the Groucho Marxist Peoples Party!



Laugh Off The Nazi's !

Rally at Brunswick Town hall. 12pm March 5th.
Wear a Silly mask. Bring Funny Placards and Cream Pies!
Join the Groucho Marxist Peoples Party!



Groucho Says, "Racists are a pathetic joke!"

A message brought to you by the Groucho Marxist Peoples Party.



Groucho says, "Master Race- Ha Fucking Ha Ha!"

A message brought to you by the Groucho Marxist Peoples Party.



Groucho Says, "Anti-Racists Make Better Lovers!"

A message brought to you by the Groucho Marxist Peoples Party.



Groucho Says, "White Power? Give 'em a golden shower!"

A message brought to you by the Groucho Marxist Peoples Party.

Groucho says, "Master Race? Who are they kidding?
Everyone knows humans are the lowest life form on the
planet!" A message brought to you by the Groucho Marxist Peoples Party.



Groucho says, "Nazi's have bad breath and bad haircuts"

A message brought to you by the Groucho Marxist Peoples Party.



Groucho says, " Eat Nazi's!"

A message brought to you by the Groucho Marxist Peoples Party.

Groucho Marxists anti-facist stickers, 1993.

Australia wide, 1980s- NSW based group BUGAUP (Billboard Utilising Graffitists Against Unhealthy Promotions) begin defacing and altering advertising billboards primarily associated with the tobacco industry, but also those linked with alcohol and sexist promotions in 1979. Founded by a small group of GPs and anti cancer activists BUGAUP over the next ten years endures scores of arrests in the process of changing hundreds of billboards to convey their anti smoking, anti consumerist messages. Finally the group disbands in 1990 after the Federal government bans TV cigarette advertising and states restrict billboards. Having drawn moral and financial support from doctors and others across the country and having formed chapters in nearly every state its a shame BUGAUP chose to give up after success on a single issue.

Queensland, 1985- Radio 2GO orchestrates a promotional campaign for April Fools Day which results in 2000 plus people turning up to a reception for "Prince Charles". The reception follows on a three hour drive as people lined the streets of Gosford for a parade in honour of the imposters.

Melbourne, 1992-96- During the 1992 Federal election newly elected reactionary Premier Kennett is stalked by 2 people dressed in lemon suits wherever he goes. Whilst they successfully hound and disrupt his speeches he responds by writing on them in texta "Bitter and Twisted". During the 1996 State election the curse of the stupid suits strikes again with a chicken attired man jumping out at Kennett daring him to debate the Opposition leader.

Picture: JOHN WOODSTRA



The Premier, Mr Kennett, mets "Chicken man" during a lighter moment in the election campaign.

Chicken man no fan

By SHANE GREEN,
state political editor

In the tradition of the anti-consumption tax lemons that dogged the 1992 election, a 182-centimetre yellow chicken has appeared on the Victorian campaign trail.

The chicken, carrying a sign reading "Chicken Jeff Won't Debate", appeared yesterday as the Premier, Mr Kennett, launched the Government's plan for Port Phillip Bay. The Premier has refused the call by the Opposition Leader, Mr Brumby, for a head-to-head debate.

There was a genial meeting between the chicken and the Premier with the chicken urging

him to debate. "Your name wouldn't be Brumby, would it?" responded Mr Kennett. Mr Kennett urged the chicken to reveal his true identity. "You ought to come out of your costume."

Mr Brumby was evasive yesterday about the creature he called "Chicken man". "I haven't seen Chicken man yet. I don't think he'll come near me. He's more likely, I think, to be associated with Mr Kennett."

Labor officials were also reluctant to claim the chicken as their own, even though he arrived in a car driven by an ALP official. "Only the chicken can speak for the chicken," an Opposition spokesman said.

Sydney, 1991- A fake addendum to the census is circulated to Eastern Suburbs homes seeking information about possession of torches, height of grandmother, sexual preference, etc.

Brisbane, 1995- Catholic Worker activists target Brisbane based oil company Petroz NL for their exploitation of East Timorese oil fields. The form of the action is similar to an exorcism and sees four members of the group enter the company's boardroom pasting the walls with posters of slain Timorese before pouring a cross of blood on the boardroom table and Petroz logoin an attempt to drive out the corporations evil spirits.

Sydney, 1967- 10 cent pieces are nailed to the tarmac at major intersections resulting in chaos during the traffic light changes.

Sydney, 1991- Posters appear in Darlinghurst outing Alan Jones (a rightwing talk show host) and a State MP as gay. Queer Nation activists claim responsibility and go on to target known homophobic State MP Franca Arcva by outing her sons.

Canberra, 1995- Nude statues of Prince Phillip and Queen Elizabeth undergo a series of attacks. The statues entitled "Down By The Lake with Liz and Phil" are of the naked Royal Couple reclining comfortably on a park bench next to a lake near the High Court. On the night of their unveiling anti monarchists strike smashing the Queen's head off and drawing a predictable condemnation from the sculptor. Further hi-jinks ensue the following day with off duty police officer Carey McQuilian (an ex Vietnam veteran) travelling all the way from Sydney with clothing and glue in attempt to clothe the couple. Whilst in the process of doing so McQuilian is interrupted by a cyclist who tries to restore the artwork to its original state. After chasing the cyclist off Williams is then confronted by the coordinator of the Canberra National Sculpture Forum who enters the fray with a hammer and sign stating "This sculpture has been ceremonially vandalised by someone with a small sense of tolerance and freedom and an even smaller sense of humour". McQuilian responds to this by calling him "bloody disgusting" and trying to spray glue over the hammer with glue. Whilst bystanders laugh their heads off the sculptor welcomes the uproar stating "I don't care what people think about it as long as they think". A few days later the repaired statue loses its head again.

Sydney and Melbourne, 1972- A network of people calling themselves the Dairy Liberation Front liberate large ute fulls of fresh milk from Dairy Processors and distributed the goods for free in poorer areas of the city. Around the time of an Anarchist conference in a Sydney squatted church in 1976 people repeat the action forming the Milk Liberation Front and pinching milk from wealthy areas for redistribution. Similar MLF actions follow throughout Australia.

Melbourne, 1995- An anarchist who hangs a poster from his lodgings reading that the unpopular reactionary Premier "Kennet Must Die" is dobbed in to the police by his landlord. After being charged and fined for minor offences he successfully appeals on the grounds that Premier Kennet like all other humans must eventually die.

Perth, 1991- Following student disgust at a lack of democracy within the Student Guild and a poor list of candidates to choose from the "Don't Vote, Shoot!" campaign is launched. Posters bearing snipers targets on the faces of all the student representatives are released and much grafitti on the theme ensues. In reaction to the campaign more pacifist (but obviously not vegetarian) students launch a "Don't Vote, Fish" campaign.

Perth, 1972- A "Rock for Jesus" concert put on by the "trendy" Reverend Dean Hazelwood was ended when a "shit bomb" (human turds packed around a small explosive) exploded in St Georges cathedral splattering and terrifying all presnt. The culprit was alas caught, beaten and tortured by cops and prison screws until deported from Australia.

Brisbane, 1978- An Alka Seltzer billboard with a woman holding her guts is modified to read "Men make me sick!".

Sydney, 1976- At a large Movement Against Uranium Mining rally and march a thousand free tickets to the Bob Dylan concert being held at Randwick race course (costing \$30 to stand in the mud and rain) are distributed. After realising that many people had gotten in for free the concert managers offered a \$100 reward for information leading to the capture of those responsible. Nobody dobbed anyone in and the culprits went onto Sydney radio station 2JJ (now national ABC youth radio JJJ) to say why they had done it.

Perth, 1974- At the Royal Australian and New Zealand Psychiatrists Association conference the role of psychiatrists in repression worldwide was condemned by the Committee for Social Pacification in a leaflet given to all those assembled. The conference organisers said those responsible were "unbalanced".

Campaign Against
Uninteresting Shops In
Brunswick Street

Rally and protest
this Saturday 1pm
outside Joel Harris
Office Supplies

Stop the rot!
No closing of cafes!
Keep Fitzroy fabulous!

1991, Melbourne

w a r n i n g

This product contains 100%
Clown Fat.

Melbourne, 1991- "I used to go into the supermarket with these "Warning-100% Clown Fat" stickers. I'd take a hat pin along with me. I'd feel all the weird meat packets and when I was sufficiently grossed out I'd stab holes in the packaging and stick the stickers on them. Then I'd wander around the store acting like a shopper and listening to people's comments. I'd also stick the Clown Fat and other weird stickers at busy tram stops and inside newspapers, etc."

1970's- 1990's- With the advent of Free- posting (for magazine subscriptions, utility bills, etc) various pranksters found a new way of distributing propaganda, art, stories, paintings and other oddities. Not only do pre paid envelopes give people another avenue through which to distribute their creations, but also by sending stuff people hopefully brighten up (or weird out) the bored letter opener's day.

Brisbane, 1989- Over a period of a few months a number of police cars isolated in the Roma Street Transit centre carpark recieved modifications. The "Police" marking is transformed into "Lice" via the use of white spray paint whilst the car tyres are punctured and side view mirrors broken.

Newtown, 1990- A rubbish collection takes place with MacDonalds rubbish being collected up and superglued to their windows in response to the burger chain's obvious waste of resources and general offensiveness.

Brisbane, 1987- 89- Various profiteering record stores become the target of disgruntled customers pissed off at paying exorbitant prices for import and rare records. Locks are rendered useless via superglue and other actions take place as well in revenge. The Commonwealth bank was also a regular target of lock gluers due to anti-unemployed practices.

SPEAKS LOUDER THAN COFFEE CHATS

protest against the queen — the 7th richest person in the world • commemorate invasion day — january 26th • celebrate on international women's day — march 8th • support FRETILIN • spraypaint the city • pour coca cola on offensive vehicles (it will melt the paint) • blow up Cape York Space Port • assassinate the pope • occupy their buildings • squat • encourage dissent • resist to exist • support people's struggles for independence and autonomy • kill santa • christmas teaches kids to love capitalism • smash the state • take up arms • strike • picket • take control of the universities • smash ivory towers • boycott multinationals • dance proud • fuck safe • make revolution • sack your boss • redistribute wealth • break down the walls • fight for land rights • destroy the pig nation • voting changes nothing • the struggle continues • take to the streets • reclaim the night • smash patriarchy • safe sex always • shoot clean • don't let the boss • mainstream • question their 'truths' • don't buy repressive, destructive, alienating • dance at say no to school • you don't have to fuck people • three watches or none at all • remember to always to the Bougainville Revolutionary Army • join ACTUP • AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power • unbombs in the air conditioning systems of big opportunity • listen to what they're really saying • expensive cars • speak out • eat chocolate fill you boss and give them to your friends • burn flags • che • eat your gardens • have fun • check who owns w • in classrooms • talk to each other during exams • make • don't use deodorant • not population control but redistribution of wealth • catch public transport • don't fall for the new world order • deliver bogus neighbourhood watch leaflets announcing a national 6 pm curfew • agitate • educate • organise • talk to strangers on buses • sell your rich neighbours house/ferret/stereo-system • spread rumours • share your work • trust your desires (especially frozen ones) and leave them there • no pasaran • turn off the television • the revolution will not be televised • refuse racist ideology • subscribe to public radio • move into your vice chancellor's holiday house • strike back • read between the lines • set up a free university • create havoc • don't believe everything you hear • free all political prisoners • rise up • seize power

be creative • revolution can be fun • challenge the john • do you think it's too late to change the world with words • i walking • sing instead of talking • pay the rent • live • be and go barefoot inside and outside • wear are no bad women only bad laws • send money • don't swallow ideologies whole • beware of • start a democracy movement in the USA • join a mesh of security fences with pliers • put stink niles you really hate • deface billboards at every • twice • steal • pour sugar in the petrol tanks of • learn how to use guns • steal goods from your • tax on tampons • resist nationalism • sit backwards all the locks to your local police station, porn shop etc

JUST DON'T KNOW
I'M TOO LATE TO
CHANGE THE WORLD
WITH WORDS

Melbourne, 1988- "One time we went to the all night corner shop in the nude. The guy who worked there was Indian and was always really mopey so we thought we'd cheer him up a bit. So me and this other girl stripped down and went up to the shop and asked for a packet of cigarettes and he gave us the cigarettes and the money and then kind of spun out when he realised what was happening. Then we walked out and went home, but some old woman from the Bowls Club who lived two doors up dobbed us in to the cops and they turned up to the party and tried to bust us for naked people, but couldn't do anything because we were all clothed. They were asking if we'd seen any naked ladies and we were saying no, none of them around here. The funny thing was that we were sacrificing cardboard cut out effigies of policemen and politicians out the back in a bonfire at the very given moment the cops came in."

Perth, 1991- In response to the particularly loathsome activities and personality of Labor M.P. Pam Beggs (responsible for the destruction of rare urban bushland and various land ripoffs) activists begin randomly sending out pornographic letters bearing her signature and office letterhead. Whilst not fully expecting people to entirely believe the letter it was hoped the "Chinese whispers" factor would start all sorts of weird rumours once the news was passed round. Plans to target her public appearances with a "I Love Pam Beggs" fanclub never quite made it to fruition.

Brisbane, 1989- "I used to do alot of phone pranks. One favourite was this Christian outreach counselling line which would pose as a general help line for depressed people and then hit them with all this religious bullshit. I'd ring them and just go, "I'm fucked, boo hoo, etc" and they'd want to have a prayer with me and I'd start mumbling weird stuff like, "Alfredo Legs" and "You've got the spam" or whatever. It would tie up their lines, but eventually you'd have to give up because they'd keep you on line forever with this crap. I'd also ring up the tax office and play tape loops of explosions and screaming and they'd be going "Hello, hello" with all this carnage going on and they'd hang up and we'd ring over and over. One time I rang up Social Security and I had this cat Megizor who was pregnant. I was telling them, "I have a housemate called Megizor and she's pregnant and she needs benefits, but she can't speak any English" and crapped on for ages and was saying, "She can't read or write, she doesn't have any ID, she just lays around the house, her language is so strange it's like Meiouw, Meiouw". Every time he got annoyed I'd come back to the point, but eventually I told him she had four legs and was small and he hung up."

WANTED FOR CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY



PARENTS & TEACHERS

AN ENDEMIC CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY HAS BEEN PROPOGATED FOR CENTURIES ENLISTING THE UNAWARE VULNERABLE MINDS OF THE YOUTH TO PERPETUATE THE 'ETHICS' OF 'SOCIETY'. THE PERPETRATORS ENFORCE DEVIOUS METHODS OF CONTROL BY INITIATING THE DISCIPLINING OF ANY POTENTIAL RECALCITRANT BEHAVIOUR AT AN EARLY AGE AND ENCOURAGING GUILT AND PARANOIA BY PLAYING ON THEIR VICTIMS 'INADEQUACIES' TO WEAKEN THEM INTO SUBMISSION OF A PROGRAMMING SYSTEM IN WHICH THE PERPETRATORS THEN PROCEED TO ASSERT THEIR OWN REPRESSED IDEALS AND MORALS UNDER THE GUISE OF WISDOM AND AUTHORITY. BEWARE, THEY WILL LURE YOU INTO A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY AND ATTEMPT TO 'GUIDE' YOUR LIFE ONLY TO SATISFY THEIR OWN EGOS.

PPROACH WITH EXTREME CAUTION, PARENTS & TEACHERS ARE GENERALLY ARMED WITH IGNORANCE AND ARE DANGEROUS

DISRUPTING POSTER PASTED UP IN SCHOOLS AND BUS STOPS, 1982.

Losercorp

Dear robot controlled by DNA,

Because of natural selection, only bad people have worthwhile lives, while good ones just die. Entropy makes it un-natural to be alive, which is why you are in constant pain and anxiety. Every organism is every other organism's enemy. The only way to avoid loserdom is to force it onto others. The fact that you were born at all, means you are descended from a long line of competitors. You stupidly battle on, minimizing your intelligence with junk food and entertainment, so you can do the work of your genes, without ever knowing your real purpose on earth, which is to do the work of your genes. Your dreams of happiness will never come true, as they are against the laws of physics. All religion, art, and optimism is just a pathetic denial of the truth of your hopeless life. You are literally better off dead.

Losers Against Evolution.

Protest rally, City Square,

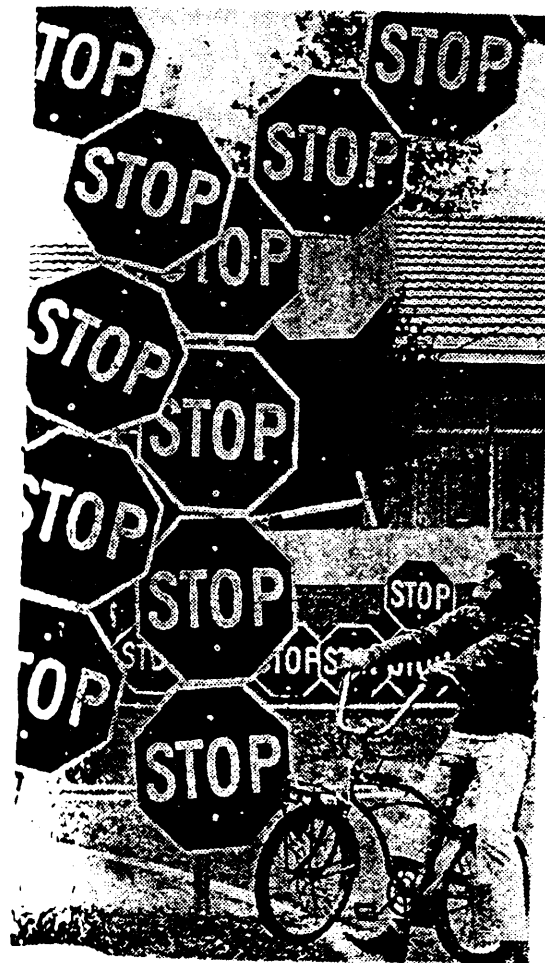
11 am, Saturday, 22nd February 1992.

The quiet under-achiever

Melbourne, 1992.



Stop! Vandal at work



Thornbury's phantom stop sign vandal struck for the third time in four months early yesterday morning, leaving police baffled.

The offender riveted and bolted 24 stolen stop signs to posts at the corner of Clarendon Street

and Swift Street, Thornbury.

A local resident, Mr. John Byrne, said: "It's quite a masterpiece really. The first time this happened about four months ago, only three or four signs were used."



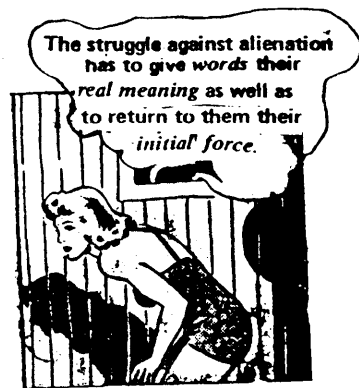
Who's this big loser?

WHO produces *Loser Magazine*, and why? Touted as "the magazine for you", *Loser* chronicles (anonymously) the doomed endeavors and hopeless desires of Australians from all walks of life.

From cricketers ("Redundant — Stacky tells of the trauma with job loss") to the collapsed Olympic bid ("The night a city cried") and suburban disasters ("Trail kills man", "Clubrooms burn down"), *Loser* is a mind numbing litany of despair.

And no editor or writer is mentioned in the free journal, although he/she contributes the bulk of the mag in the form of essays and letters columns on the subject of self-loathing and hopelessness.

Stand up and be counted, *Loser*! After all, there's no failure like public failure.



SO, DON'T SAY ANYMORE

BUT SAY

society
 professor, psychologist, poet, sociologist,
 militants (off all feathers), conscientious
 objector, trade unionist, priest, family
 (non-exhaustive list)....

information
 deformation (at the level of the world
 racket and its mystifications)

work
 art
 hard labor
 that's how much?

dialogue
 culture
 my sister/brother
 dear professor
 masturbation
 shit that is used as a permanent
 gargle by all the pedantic idiots
 (see professor)
 my love

good night daddy
 excuse me officer
 thank you doctor
 die bastard

legality
 civilization
 urbanism
 trap for arseholes
 sterilization
 preventive police

satellite suburbs
 strategic hamlets

structuralism
 last chance of neo-capitalism whose
 glaring failures are covered up by
 official lies, which are clumsily plaste
 over the most obvious contradictions.



circulated as a public

service by.....

Sydney MMW leaflet from the 1970s.

Melbourne, 1992- During the hotly contested Wills Byelection in which independent Phil Cleary takes the former safe seat from Labor various wacky hi jinks occur. One group of unwaged people decide to run a rat named Ian Formal for election on a write in ticket against the usual motley collection of party hacks, loony lefties and loonier racist rightwingers. The aim of the candidate is to protest speciest policies that prevent non humans from running, to protest government legislation aimed at preventing people from advocating voting informal and to take the piss out of the continuing "Jobs" hysteria that marked the byelection. Given that the issue of jobs was the main issue facing the candidates the rat made it his business to show forth the only possible way to full employment- conscription for all males, enforced prostitution for all females, the invasion of Asia and the sending of all children under the age of 12 to the uranium mines. The rat called on all voters to recognise him as the only candidate showing forth his true colours. On a tour of the electorate the rat and his supporters visited the other candidates letting them know just what they thought of them, though admittedly they scared more old ladies than politicians. Ex PM Bob Hawkes office called the police who realised beyond a little abuse none was doing any harm and who were eventually chased off by microphone wielding public radio announcers. At the end of polling the Electoral Commission release no details on how many votes the rat got, but the overall informal vote went up.

During the same by election, Murgatroyd, an armour plated loony also runs for the seat on a series of bizarre policies. During the pre election candidates press conference he gets up and sings a song and later regales the Labor party candidate for government complicity in the ongoing genocide in East Timor (the candidate responds with, "This election is all about jobs, jobs, jobs."). Murgatroyd later proves himself the true trans Tasman politician by flying over to New Zealand to run with the McGillicuddy Serious Party. The McGillicuddies are a weird clan who believe in the "Great Leap Backwards" and aim to create full unemployment, abolish money, demolish the cities (starting with parliament) and return NZ to a "kind of tribal place, run by the firm, but fair Bonnie Prince Geoffie". They regularly hold non violent jousts and once invited the NZ army to a duel to decide who would keep control of the country. Thanks to the NZ electoral laws the MCGillicuddies get a generous \$60,000 grant to advertise their freedom and funloving policies on Prime Time TV. With the introduction of proportional representation in NZ the McGillicuddies now stand a chance of getting a seat or two.

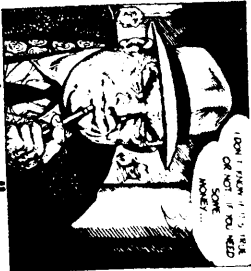
What is leadership?



Welcome to AIDEX.
Let us show you
around.



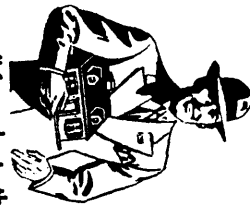
Inspired by the Great Gatsby?
• smart weapons
• smart leadership



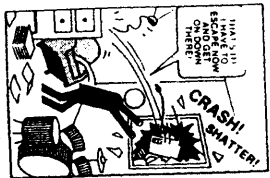
What we sell
we don't use,
SO WE DON'T KILL



There is no room for
the critics of victory.



It's all for sale, to the
right buyer, now!



Interested?
Take a closer look.



But there's room for all
this...



To protect us all...
from DISORDER.



Just don't touch.
We serve National
Security.



We're aiming for new
markets in the
Asia/Pacific region.



The Art of the Deal.



A I D E X -
the most fun in the
Global Order.

Learn to like it.



All for Export -
what you can't see
can't hurt



Let's get really close to
our neighbours.

As a special offer Bunnings is releasing for once only rare stocks of rainforest people as authentic accessories to our range of rainforest timbers.

Buy rainforest timber and get an authentic tribal person to help put your pergola up.

In answer to questions about the authenticity of our rainforest timber Bunnings has imported the people who once lived there - to prove we are a company you can trust.

Rainforest timber acquisition requires the removal of these people who are usually wasted. In order to conserve the world's resources Bunnings is now selling these people along with the forests as part of our new policy on conservation and resource efficiency.

At Bunnings we sell the real thing.

Multi - Purpose
Durable Natives
... *Going Fast!*
14 for the price of none.

ABUSE OF WEAPONS
COMES AS NO SURPRISE

Melbourne and AIDEX arms fair poster. 1991.

Making the World Safe for Bureaucracy

If crime doesn't pay



PASTE THE WELL
DRESSED CRIMINAL
OF YOUR CHOICE
IN THIS BOX

*these people must have
night jobs*

Losercorp

Dear Person,

You have been chosen at random to receive a free copy
of Loser magazine.

I hope you enjoy it.

If you don't, I won't be able to achieve orgasm while
masturbating tonight.

Can I be your friend?

- A. Loser,
Publisher

The quiet under-achiever...

Losercorp paraphenalia, 1987 onwards.

If you drink, then talk, you're a bloody idiot.

Losers do it ... *less often*

MMM *rocks* Your Pointless Life

I'd rather be ... GNINNIM

I'd rather be NICK CAVE

(Organisms do it *Competitively*

Bunnings

WINTER SALE



COMPLETE RANGE RAINFOREST PRODUCTS

1989 Perth Flyposter.

Sydney, 1920- 30s- Larrikins and IWW members dubbed the "Skeleton Army" clash regularly with Salvation Army members in attempts by the Salvationists to disrupt street parties and drinking in pubs via their boring songs and speeches. On most occasions the Salvationists come off the worse from flour and shit bomb attacks, physical assaults and general blasphemous singing and trouble making.

Brisbane, 1983- Trouble makers seize on an opportunity to promote free speech in the main mall when the City Council, State Government and City Heart Business Association (all conspirators in restricting the right to gather and to demonstrate) organise a "Mall to Mall" race from Townsville Mall to Brisbane Mall. The organisers hoped to fill the race with their Queensland ethos- trendy entrepreneurs, khaki warriors, company sponsored volunteers, etc, whilst the activists wished to launch a counter-cultural attack that would stain their cultural fabric and highlight resistance.

Echoing the Queensland Tourism boom's love and construction of all things big (the Big Banana, the Big Pineapple, the Big Peanut, etc) activists constructed a giant soapbox and mounted on the back of a 1964 utility truck. Standing on the soap box activists addressed the crowd gathering at the race line and nearby about the state of political freedoms in Queensland whilst leafletting thousands both there and along the way. After being moved on by police the Big Soapbox made appearances in five country towns on the way to Brisbane before being greeted fifteen minutes after the race had finished by anarchists bearing a gigantic cardboard cut out cup that they had won in the "Freedom Stakes". A celebration of free expression, five hours of soap box speaking then followed.



AMAZING! WIN A COP COMPETITION

YES! YOU TOO CAN HAVE YOUR VERY OWN COP IN THE COMFORT OF YOUR OWN LOUNGE. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO PUT THE FOLLOWING DESCRIPTIONS OF COPS IN ORDER OF APINESS (i.e. IF YOU THINK 'A' IS NEAREST TO THE TRUTH PLACE IT IN THE BOX NEXT TO 1.)

A COP IS.....

- A. A WALKING ROBOT WITH A FRIGHTENED INDIVIDUAL SQUIRMING INSIDE.
- B. AN OBJECT OBSESSED WITH ITS OWN POWER TO TURN OTHERS INTO OBJECTS.
- C. SOMEONE WHO HUMILIATES YOU "FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION".
- D. ONE WHOSE GREATEST PAIN IS FOR SOMEONE TO IGNORE THEIR AUTHORITY.
- E. THE KEEPER OF THE PEACE IN THE WORLD OF OBEDIENT AND GOOD LITTLE CITIZENS.
- F. A SERVANT TO THE COMMUNITY OF ISOLATED INDIVIDUALS, KEEPING THEM WELL APART IN ORDER TO INSURE THE SMOOTH RUNNING OF THE EXPLOITATION ECONOMY.
- G. THE PERSONIFICATION OF THE STATE ON YOUR STREET CORNER, KEEPING YOU SAFE AND SECURE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT YOU HAVE NO CONTROL OVER YOUR LIFE.
- H. ONE WHO IS SO RESPONSIBLE FOR ITSELF THAT IT WILL DECLARE, AS BRAVELY AS THE NAZIS DID AT NUREMBERG, "I'M ONLY FOLLOWING ORDERS/DOING MY JOB."
- I. ONE WHO WOULD GLADLY LAY DOWN THEIR 'LIFE' TO PROTECT THE POWER OF THINGS AND THEIR PRICE, SMASH PICKET LINES & PROTECT SCABS, POLITICIANS, WAR PIGS, BOSSES.
- J. ONE WHO GETS CONFUSED, FRIGHTENED, AND AGGRESSIVE IN SITUATIONS WHICH DO NOT CONFORM TO THE 'NORMAL ROUTINE; OR 'DEVIANT' BEHAVIOUR.
- K. THOSE WHO HELP YOU SLEEP SAFE IN BED AT NIGHT, REST ASSURED THAT YOUR DREAMS WILL NEVER BECOME REAL; AND THE ONLY NIGHTMARE OF POLLUTION ETC. GRINDS ON.
- L. AN AUTHORITY-FIGURE, BENIGNLY PROTECTING YOU FROM THOSE WHO WISH TO HARM YOU, IN PARTICULAR, YOURSELF.
- M. THE EXTERNAL JUSTIFICATION FOR ALL THE COPS IN YOUR HEAD.
- N. YOURSELF - EVERY TIME YOU CONSTRAIN ANOTHER, EVERY TIME YOU RESTRAIN YOURSELF.
- O. A STATE PAID GANGSTER WITH THE WARRANT TO MAIM AND KILL ON THE STREET, YOUR HOME OR IN THEIR CUSTODY.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. <input type="checkbox"/> | 6. <input type="checkbox"/> | 11. <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2. <input type="checkbox"/> | 7. <input type="checkbox"/> | 12. <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. <input type="checkbox"/> | 8. <input type="checkbox"/> | 13. <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. <input type="checkbox"/> | 9. <input type="checkbox"/> | 14. <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5. <input type="checkbox"/> | 10. <input type="checkbox"/> | 15. <input type="checkbox"/> |

AFTER HAVING FILLED IN THE BOXES ON THE LEFT, COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING SENTENCE IN NOT MORE THAN 20 WORDS: "I like cops because....."

NOW WRITE YOUR NAME/ALIAS AND ADDRESS/FALSIE IN THE BOX PROVIDED WRAP YOUR ANSWERS ROUND A BRICK AND THROW THROUGH YOUR NEAREST COP SHOP WINDOW.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

W.A. 'State of Excrement'

ALL NEW!



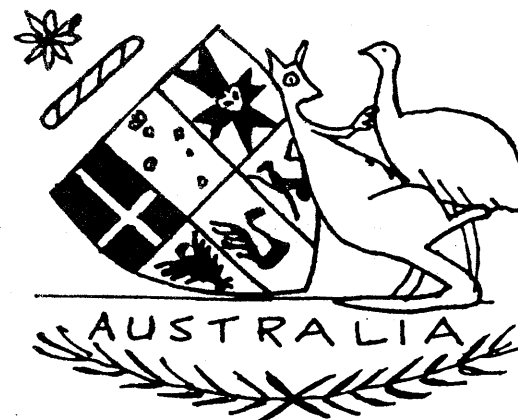
WOW!

Perth "competition", 1988.

The Social Security Revue
Discussion Paper No.13

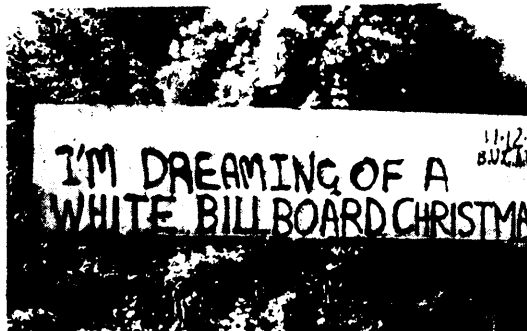
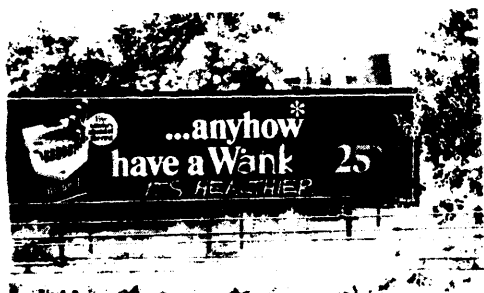
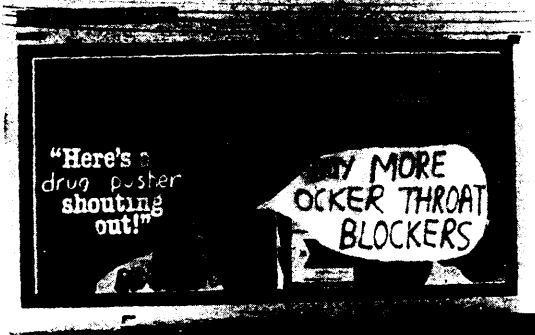
TOWARDS A PROTOCOL FOR DISTINGUISHING BETWEEN OLD FASHIONED ROOTERS PENSIONERS AND BORN AGAIN FUCKERS BENEFICIARIES

A study by
John Tomlinson and Penny Harrington



The Wobbly Press in association with the Department of Insecurity,
P.O. Box 1293, Darwin, 5794

The cover from a Northern Territory "alternative" DSS report, 1989.



Sydney, 1984- A mobile BUGA UP "embassy" is set up outside the offices of Leo Burnett, an advertising firm responsible for the marketing of Marlboro cigarettes. Leo Burnett is targetted because of their billboards which attempt to turn the "Land of the Dreamtime" (ad slogan) into "Marlboro country". BUGA UP erect a large billboard on site with a picture of a typical WASP as exec bearing the slogan "Greed breeds mean deeds". The Embassy displays 15,000 cigarette butts collected from Aboriginal sacred sites around the country. On Thursday, May 10th an envoy is sent to the offices of Leo Burnett in a vain bid to establish diplomatic links with the Marlboro country. As a token of esteem a valuable trophy constructed from recycled billboard components comprising a map of Australia with cigarette butts marking Aboriginal sacred sites from which they had been collected was to be presented to Philip Morris' account executive, but he managed to hide behind a locked door. Shortly after this mission the advertising industry abandoned its tactic of ignoring the embassy and struck back.

The first sign of trouble was a visit by officials from the Education Ministry who claimed the embassy was on their land and would have to move, but after consultations with the BUGA UP ambassador decided that the embassy was fulfilling an educational purpose and could stay. Next came the local cops who claimed local shopkeepers had complained that the embassy had been harassing the public. They had traced the registered owner of the embassy van to a Phillipa Morris and wanted to talk to her. It was only after much prompting and the explanation that she was away caring for her mother who was dying of lung cancer that the cops made the obvious connection and abandoned their efforts to contact her.

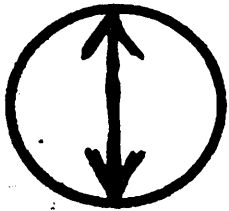
After three weeks the embassy is raided and after claiming diplomatic immunity Ambassador Snow is arrested. Later that night a bigger raid is conducted and the embassy removed. The next morning contractors from the Education Ministry construct a fence around the site.

Sydney, 1994- Advertisements appear in local Sydney papers taking advantage of the fact that McDonalds sometimes offer free or reduced meals to Senior citizens. The ads state that it is "Senior citizen week" offering a free meal and drinks to the elderly at a number of stores. After a number of seniors take advantage of this offer one store is stripped of supplies and forced to close down for a day to investigate and reorganize its ordering.

Just some of the 100s of billboards revised by BUGA UP
in the 1980s throughout Australia.

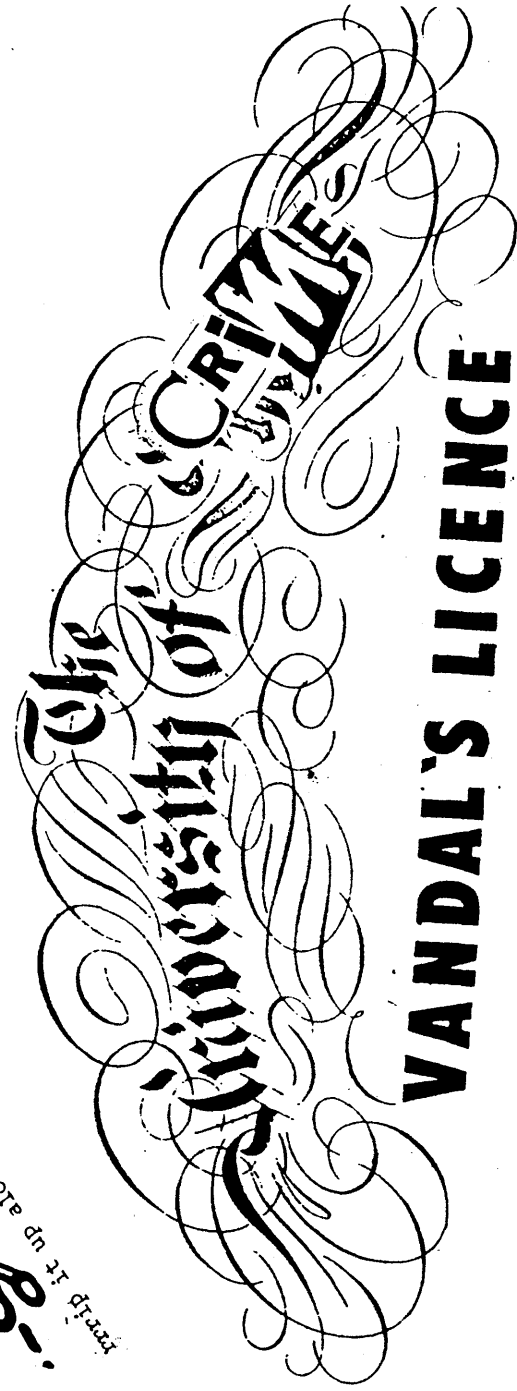
EXCUSE ME! KEEP SMILING!

PARDON ME, I'M NOT SELLING ANYTHING! I AM COMPLETELY "INSANE". I HAVE JUST BEEN PERMANENTLY RELEASED FROM THE SANITORIUM, AND I WANT TO TALK TO YOU. THIS IS IT! YOU AND I PROBABLY HAVE COMPLETELY DIFFERENT VIEWS OF REALITY AND SO YOU CAN'T REALLY EXPECT TO KNOW WHAT I WILL DO NEXT. SO FAR AS YOU ARE CONCERNED, I COULD DO ANYTHING. MY PERCEPTION OF REALITY IS FUNDAMENTALLY DIFFERENT FROM YOURS AND CAN'T EVEN BE EXPRESSED IN YOUR LANGUAGE. I HOPE THIS DOESN'T UPSET YOU. I'M NOT SURE WHAT TO DO NEXT.



Flyposters randomly pasted up in Brisbane- 1988.

rip it up along
this line



ALIAS
FALSE ADDRESS
INACCURATE AGE

incorporated on the day 11,000 prisoners escaped from Teheran Central Prison.

This card entitles the bearer to wreak havoc and is recognised by the Free Association of Australasian and New Zealand Shoplifters, published by the Police Antagonistic League for the Disturbed Citizens for the Redistribution of Punishment.

OUR MOTTO : SMASH PRIVATE PROPERTY!

1970s Sydney Vandals Certificate.

Perth, 1978- A group of decorators paint "Soon to be picturesque ruins" on Parliament house. Unknown to the ignorant artists who were too lazy to read the newspapers, they carry their work out the night before the ceremonial opening of Parliament. Plod run to the newspapers with stories about "a serious bomb scare". The artists read about it in the paper the next day and laugh rather impolitely.

Fremantle, 1981- Stickers saying "God Hates You" and "You Are Watching Big Brother" (for TV sets) is distributed.

Perth, 1978- A 10,000 copy reprint of "On the Poverty of Student Life" was paid for by the Arts Union, a sub committee of the Guild of Undergraduates of the University of W.A. Apart from the vaguest and most ineffectual of threats against the upstart who had so fragrantly misused student funds, from the administrators of said funds, none took the slightest bit of notice. Those who do not learn from history... and all that...

Australia wide, 1984- In a nationally coordinated action, groups of bored trouble-makers hostile to the impending Americas Cup yachting competition in Fremantle spraypaint "Fuck the Cup" in numerous cities. After much media coverage the cheeky blighters change it to "F... the Cup." Other graffiti reads "I hope Moldavia win the Cup".

Perth, 1986- After logging company and retailer Bunnings decide to sponsor the Festival of Perth their detractors decide to take action by first redesigning the official flyer (showing the shadow of a saxophonist with the words "Bunnings thinks you should take to the streets") to one depicting the shadow of a logger with a chainsaw. The flipside has a "special" message from Mr Bunnings listing the various abuses of his company, but hoping people enjoy the festivities regardless. Thousands of these leaflets are distributed at a street party where a band make space for an onstage guerilla theatre performance about the evils and degeneracy of the Bunnings family and their company. When ordered back onstage by an infuriated stage manager the band merely punctuate the jokes with drumrolls and light backing. Later the Bunnings family withdraw their support for the festival having been thoroughly disgraced, but report in the media that they're more upset at the signing of the leaflet as "Bunnings" (a mistake) than anything else.

Australia wide, 1993- A billboard advertising "Shellcard" (a Shell company petrol credit card) bears a graphic of an 8 lane highway with a gold Shellcard in front of it. All seems normal, however the original designer or the printer has printed the company name as the Vagon Construction Company and those who have read the Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy will recall the Vogons as aliens who destroyed the earth to build an intergalactic freeway. Insider irony?



BASIS



BAY AREA SKEPTICS INFORMATION SHEET

*Bay Area Skeptics is the first local chapter of
The Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal (CSICYP)*

Vol. 3 No.6

Editor: Michael McCarthy

June

AUSTRALIA IN UPROAR OVER STEINER HOAX!

By Michael McCarthy

CLIMAXING A MONTH-LONG visit to Australia, Bay Area Skeptics Chair Robert Steiner went on national television to unmask himself as a fake psychic who had dazzled the nation and disturbed the psychic community.

The trip was arranged by *The Australian Skeptics*, like BAS a local chapter of the *Committee for Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal*. The purpose was to pose Steiner, a well known U.S. debunker of the paranormal, as "Steve Terbot," a flamboyant Bay Area psychic, to test the gullibility or healthy skepticism of Australia. Alas, gullibility won hands down.

In a phone call to BASIS just before press time, Steiner summarized some highlights from his trip. The July issue of BASIS will be devoted to fuller reports, including more clippings (see elsewhere in this issue) from the Steiner trip.

Arriving at the beginning of May, Steiner made news appearing on national TV doing magic tricks. He publicly laid claim to the \$100,000 prize posted by Australian Skeptics head Dick Smith to anyone demonstrating psychic powers under properly controlled conditions, and asserted that he would win the prize on national TV. *Tonight With Bert Newton*, the Australian version of Johnny Carson, invited "Steve" on for the assault on the \$100,000 prize. In a preliminary appearance, Steiner did magic tricks and readings in the audience, which went over so well (Bob had the audience cheering wildly) that his originally scheduled 5 minutes was extended to 25 minutes of prime time on THE top-rated Australian TV show. Steiner then appeared at Melbourne University and at theatres, held press conferences and generally took advantage of the publicity generated.

A week later, Steiner again went on the *Tonight With Bert Newton* show, ostensibly to demonstrate his wildly-believed psychic abilities and claim his \$120,000 in prizes. Instead, he unveiled "Steve Terbot, psychic" as Bob Steiner, skeptic. (Host Newton was aware of the hoax; he is himself a skeptic, as is, incidentally, our own Johnny Carson.)

Between his arrival and his revelation, Steiner utilized the media and rocked the psychic establishment with his grandiose claims and magic tricks. People, report Steiner, "were running after me on the streets, wishing me luck." At public appearances

Steiner was offered money to do private readings - could have made \$10,000 in a week. "Steiner marvel. More publicity came when two other national media figures had added \$20,000 to the psychic challenge.

Steiner's public appearances were free of admission, an unusual action for a psychic which "Steve Terbot" explained away by insisting that he would win the \$120,000 prize total the following week. While the endeared Steve Terbot to the believing public, it left the practicing psychics bemused, since none had been able to figure out a way to grab the prize for themselves. As a result, "they didn't know what to make of me. They know they're frauds, but here I appear to be going through on a real test!"

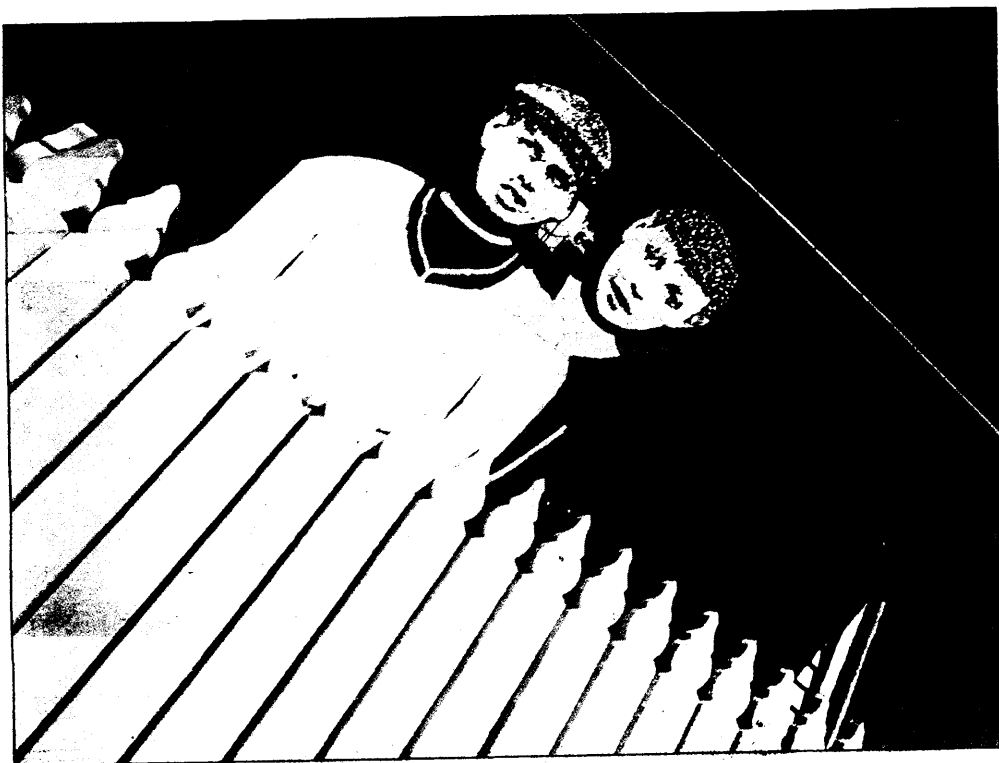
Belief in Steve Terbot was widespread, and the shock when Steiner revealed himself was great, especially since it was accomplished on the top-rated show on Australian TV. In his unmasking, Steiner chided the public for being so gullible as to not only accept him at his word that he was psychic, but to be eager to shove money at him on the strength of sophisticated magic tricks. Ironically, magicians from all over Australia rallied against Steve Terbot, calling the radio, TV and press to warn against Steve Terbot's parlour tricks, explaining the frauds Steiner was accomplishing, telling them what to watch for. "The magicians were wonderful, just great! They deserve a lot of credit for trying to warn the public against me."

Reaction to the hoax was mixed, as would be expected: many believers are angry -- not at being fooled, mind you, but at having the fraud revealed. Had Steiner never told the truth, they would have continued in their blissful ignorance, victims to every trickster with a well-honed act. Practicing psychics were furious, according to Steiner.

Steiner also appeared on the top-rated morning TV show, equivalent to the U.S. "Today" show, and on the top-rated national radio show, as well as being interviewed by numerous papers and magazines, both before and after being revealed. A series of lectures titled "Bob Steiner, alias Steve Terbot: How People are Fooled By Psychics, plus demonstration and expose of psychic surgery" will conclude his tour before returning.

It's been an exciting month for Australian Skeptics who funded Steiner's trip: he arrived, a virtual unknown, manufactured a personality, got national attention and got the whole country buzzing about Steve Terbot: cheering for him, hating him, but nobody suspecting a hoax. Steiner concludes: "Before you pay money to a psychic, remember Steve Terbot; remember that he could and did do the same things. What would make you think that this person could really do it if Steve Terbot could do it as a trick."

reprinted with permission from
the Bay Area Skeptics.



Eerie faces: The cardboard cut-outs were placed against walls, fences and window sills. Pictures: JULIE BEST

Strangers in the night cause quite a fright

EWING St, Brunswick, became unusually crowded last week, but the masses gathering there were eerily inanimate.

Residents woke to a bizarre scene last Wednesday with about 30 life-size cardboard cut-outs of people leaning against front walls, fences and window sills along the street.

They were believed to have been placed some time between 9.30pm and 1am the next day.

Resident Mustafa Arli said a figure was placed in his front yard.

"It startled me a bit, so (I thought) it could be dangerous for the old lady next door if she got a fright too," Mr Arli said.

Edji Zenel said he arrived home about 9.30 the previous night and noticed nothing amiss.

He said it concerned him that someone could have entered his property.

He said: "I don't know what it's all about. I mean, what's the meaning or whatever? There's no writing or anything. I don't know if it's just something stupid or what."

Constable David Leveridge of Brunswick police said: "There doesn't appear too much in it. There were no threatening matters as such - it's more like a child's prank."

"One elderly woman was mildly concerned, but no one was too worried."



Surprised: The Arli family with the unwelcome visitors.

Melbourne, Brunswick News, 1996.

Melbourne, 1994- During an anti-facist demo in Brunswick national Action Leader Michael Brander receives a direct hit to the mouth with an egg. Later that night the winning lob is replayed in slow motion on Channel 9 news as the "Goal of the Day" and a "Hole in One".

Melbourne, 1992- "In 1992 we decided to hold a "Celebration of Life Under Capitalism." Basically it was a response to Trades Hall's piteous March for Jobs they were having on the same day. We were sick of all these groups calling for full employment when we didn't all want to work and there weren't enough jobs to go around anyway- it was reformist bullshit and a threat to welfare rights anyway. What we did was plaster posters everywhere that just read "Celebration of Life Under Capitalism" in big letters with the time, date and place and no further explanation. On the day we made sure we got there before the jobs march did and we had various banners taking the piss out of it and also demanding the sort of things the government would have to do to create full employment anyway- stuff like bringing back conscription, invading Asia and stuff- the logical end of these lefty idiots ideas. Some of us were also there wearing T-Shirts saying stuff like "I am in Heaven", etc. When the cops arrived it was really weird, they thought we were some kind of right wing loony group and started telling us that they agreed with our views (which to anyone else would be outrageous) and that they'd defend us from these lefty thugs. Of course we got into loads of arguments with the Trades Hall mob, some of whom realised we were a joke, some of whom didn't. By the end of it even the cops finally realised we'd been having them on and I think they arrested someone later in revenge."



Sydney, 1993- "I've always hated McDonalds, even before I went vegie, alot of my school pals used to work there and they really treated you like shit, suspending you for not smiling enough, etc. So I've always gotten into a bit of creative destruction where they're concerned whether it be screwing up orders, nicking their signs or trashing stuff.

One lot of stuff I used to do was based around their bins. We'd grab all the trays and throw them in the garbage so that they'd have be fetched out and cleaned. In the meantime no customers had trays to put their food on. The other thing I'd do is get a cup of boiling water and pour that into the bin so that the side of the green plastic bin liner would melt. When someone came to take the garbage away all the contents would spill out on the floor hopefully turning the place into a tip.

Behind MAcDonalds you usually find next to the outside garbage cans a large drum marked "not fit for human consumption" or "inedible contents". This actually marks the grease vat where all the used animal fat winds up. These are tightly sealed for a reason, they fucking stink. So what we used to is simply tip them over and open the lid whilst covering our face and then running like hell. Within 10 minutes the whole parking lot would be covered in this evil smelling shit and people would be clearing out like wildfire. Even by just opening the can you could stink out the whole area.

The drive thru section was also exploited for our fun. Apparently drive thrus cover alot of their business so it is a good place to target. One thing we'd do is drive back and forward over the cut square in the pavement beside the order sign a few times. This would cause a large bong in the headphones of the staff and we'd do it till one of them finally chased us off. Other than that we'd mainly concentrate on screwing up orders. We'd drive in to order something and then stall the car and claim there was nothing we could do. We'd then fuck around as long as we could before moving the car- in the meantime they lost business. If we noticed a McDonalds was expecting deliveries we'd grab the traffic cones they had out and place them across the drive thru entry with a notice saying out of order. Other times we'd just drive in and stutter constantly or turn up the stereo so loud they couldn't hear us and just fuck around pretending to make an order before pissing off.

Surprisingly alot of people don't know this and I'm not sure if you can get away with it anymore, but McDonalds accepts phone orders. You get someone adult sounding to call up a fake large order giving them a fake number and tell them you'll be in to pick it up. I'd often tell them it was for a Uni college gathering

and that we needed 100 burgers, chips, drinks, the lot- that way if they rang the college there was too many students for them to properly verify it and they'd get the office which would sound legit anyway. Anyway I'd wait a while and then call back and say sorry I decided to eat somewhere else. I ran out of steam eventually, but I fully support anyone who takes action against McDonalds and suggest you be sneaky."

Melbourne, 1986- A group calling itself the "Australian Cultural Terrorists" pull off possibly Australia's most famous art heist in the name of art. A recently purchased Picasso "The Weeping Woman" worth around \$2 million (and the most valuable piece in the gallery) is stolen from the National Gallery of Victoria over the weekend of 2-3 August. The theft is not discovered until Monday 4th August when a ransom note is sent to the Minister of Arts, the media and the gallery reading,

"We have stolen the Picasso from the National Gallery as a protest against the niggardly funding of the fine arts in this hick state and against the clumsy, unimaginative stupidity of the adminstration and distribution of arts funding. Two conditions must be publicly agreed upon if the painting is to be returned. 1. The Minister must announce a commitment to increasing the funding of the arts by 10% in real terms over the next three years and must appoint an independent committee to enquire into the mechanics of the funding of the arts with a view to releasing money from adminstration and making it available to artists. 2. The Minister must announce a new annual prize for painting open to artists under 30 years of age. Five prizes of \$5000 are to be awarded. The prize is to be called The Picasso Ransom. Because the Minister of Arts is also the Minister of Plod we are giving him a sporting seven days in which to try and have us arrested while he deliberates. There will be no negotiation. At the end of seven days if our demands are not met the painting will be destroyed and our campaign will continue."

The thieves also leave a note as a typed gallery card on the space once occupied by the painting reading "Removed for renovation". There are no clues to their identity and police are left dumbfounded. The Minister for Arts quickly states that Arts funding will not be decided by blackmail whilst the Art gallery's administrator is left with egg on his face after earlier that year stating "This face will haunt Melbourne for 100 years. Everyone will come to know it very well indeed, I hope." After failing to secure their demands, but having highlighted them the kidnappers return the painting some weeks later dumping it carefully wrapped in a locker at Spencer Street train station.

Melbourne, 1988- A Ronald McDonald statue is kidnapped from a suburban MacDonalds store. The abductors refuse to return the ugly mascot until MacDonalds agrees to shut its doors for good.

Sydney, 1991- Students stage a UFO landing at an Eastern Suburbs beach for their traditional Foundation day prank. They dig a big hole and using dry ice and heat beads stage the landing. State Emergency Services, the Army Bomb Disposal Unit and the police are called in at 3am to deal with the otherworldly invader.

Melbourne, 1996- Anarchists attending the three day Un-free Confest gathering at Tocamwun print up "Never Trust a Hippy, Don't touch me- Sleaze Bag." T-Shirts for anyone who wants one much to the consternation of the gathered rainbow tribes.

Sydney, 1967- Panic ensues after leaflets are circulated announcing that not just fluoride, but laxatives have been added to the water supply.

Sydney, 1996- During the extremely commercialised Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras festivities, pissed off poverty stricken queers graffiti yuppie shops with "McMardi Gras" and "Pay to be Gay".

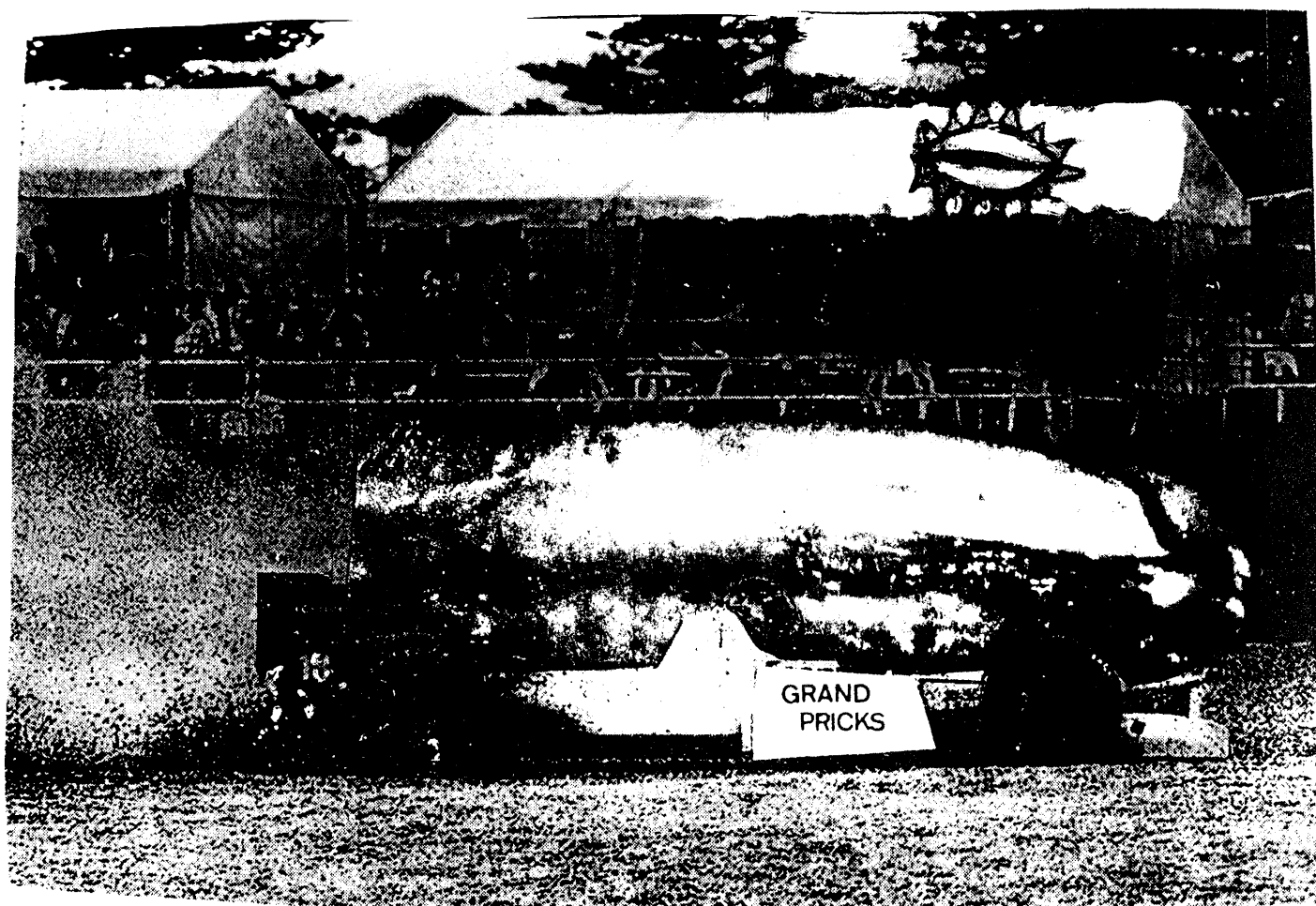
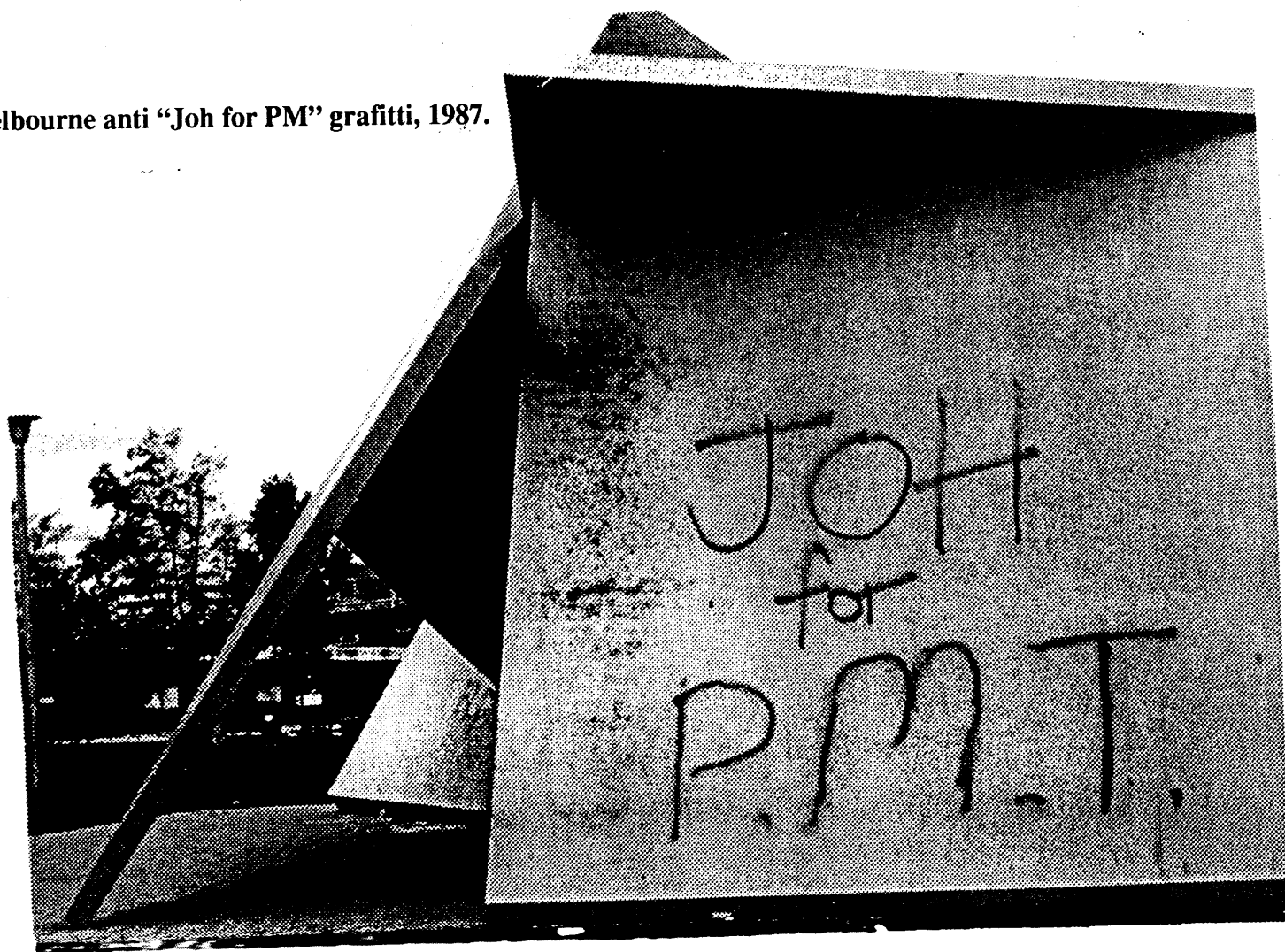
Brisbane, 1983- Protestors continue their pro free speech actions from the 1970s with the opening of a "Free Speech Mall" in the city complete with ribbon cutting and a top-hatted Mayor who introduced civil disobedience with verse. The "Freedom of the City" is announced and application forms for protest/busking permits (never granted) are torn up. The action group then continues out of the mall with 50 clowns bearing a "Permit Schmermit" banner and pasting "Bill Posters is Innocent" flyposters over "Bill Posters will be Prosecuted" signs.

Sydney, 1989- A 12 paragraph fax statement is sent to the media stating that the Minister for Corrective Services, Mr Yabsley had announced the use of Fort Dennison (a harbour island) as a temporary jail for "intractable" prisoners. The statement was issued on a Department letterhead with no fax ID and outlined the plan to return to convictism by sending 30 prisoners to Pinchgut Island. According to the fax the plan had been "floated" following discussions between the NSW Department of Corrective Services and prison authorities in California who were planning to reopen Alcatraz. Yabsley was quoted as saying, "The prisoners will be employed in protecting the heritage qualities of the fort." Once the news came out Yabsley issued a quick denial pointing out that earlier in the month someone claiming to be him had rung talk back radio in order to lambast the prison system.



Sydney pro graffiti graffiti, 1978.

Melbourne anti "Joh for PM" graffiti, 1987.



To The People of Perth

Dear Friends and Fellow Citizens,

On behalf of myself and my fellow directors of Bunnings Brothers I would like to welcome you to this James Street Festival which we have sponsored.

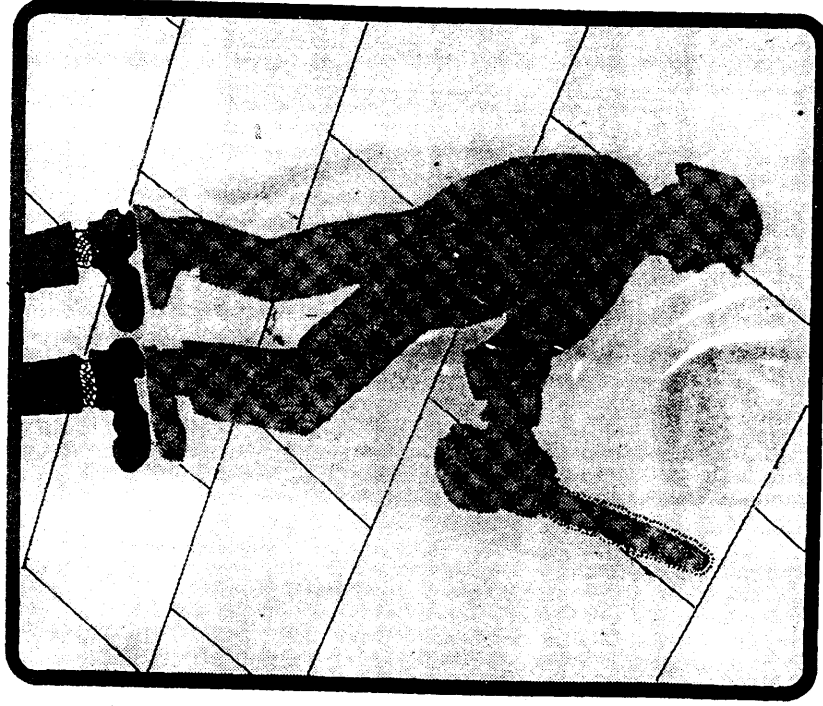
There is much to see and enjoy here this evening. To truly let yourselves go and enter into the spirit of the event, all you have to do is close your eyes a little and try to forget that all you see about you is paid for by the exploitation and destruction of our native forests. This should not be too difficult: we all have to not think about so many things in these times - lest the pain become too great - that we have become well practised in the art.

We at Bunnings have had something of an image problem this year. A problem, however, that I sincerely hope this grand event will go some way to rectifying. Ever since we cleared one of W.A.'s (and of course that means the world's) last remaining stands of virgin karri forest outside of National Parks, the shrill voices of those killjoy fanatics in the conservation movement have been constantly yapping at our heels. Let us lay the Hawkeblock issue firmly to rest this evening; after all we did nothing we haven't been doing for decades, and the world needs woodchips - you must have noticed yourselves how wonderfully useful cardboard boxes are. And when the karri is no longer economic ... well we will be set with our new concessions in the third world. Some of our critics (like the Friends of the Forest, P.O. Box 241, Mount Lawley) have been picketing our offices and urging the public to boycott our stores. When you spend as much on advertising and public relations as we do, this gets annoying. So let us all, this festival, give the big thumbs down to those who would undermine our way of life by maintaining that there could be anything worthwhile in life beside the search for corporate profits and the quest for the buck.

May I, to finish, give a vote of thanks to Dr Syd Shea down at the C.A.L.M. offices who has done as much as anyone to give us the resources to make this festival possible.

Relax and enjoy,

Your good neighbour,
R. Bunnings



Bunnings think it's high time you took to the streets.

Bunnings

Sydney, 1987- Panic ensues when a toxic chemical spill is staged in Town Hall station after dry ice and coloured water is spilt from 44 gallon drums carried by people in radiation suits. Planted commuters cough, gasp and fall until the police arrive busting up the hoax.

Brisbane, 1983- During the trial of free speech activists things are turned around on Special Branch (State political police) operatives when it is revealed they have been compiling lists of those who sign petitions. To heighten this fact activists picket the court proceedings chanting "Lop the Branch" whilst mysterious figures dressed in overcoats, hats and sunglasses with badges claiming to be from ASIO, KGB, CIA and CHAOS mill around in the crowd. One man appears in a red dressing gown claiming to be "Cardinal Berni Maloney from the Vatican Secret Police". As with any gathering in Queensland at this time arrests inevitably ensue.

Sydney, 1957- 34 tradespeople in one day make house calls to the home of T.M. McGrath chairman of the Meat Marketing Board. Disgruntled abattoir employees facing lay offs are believed responsible.

Canberra, 1991- Letters are circulated during the build up to the Gulf War asking male recipients to attend a medical examination in anticipation of a conscription call up. The government hurriedly denies any such plan, but the hoax has already sown fear and doubt amongst male youth. Further hoax letters are sent in early February calling up men for "Standby Gulf Duty" and telling them that "Should the Gulf Crisis worsen you will get further notification for Keswick Barricades, Adelaide. Should you wish to be a conscientious objector you have 14 days to lodge your appeal." Again the letters get much media coverage and are issued on an easily obtainable Defence department letterhead and signed by a fictitious Commander Phillip Chandler.

Sydney, 1992- Pranksters in the central city erect an 8 by 6 metre screen on top of the Galaxy building on George Street and screen porno films with a video projector for 90 minutes before being arrested.

Sydney, 1993- A hoax letter is sent to residents of Western Sydney in which State Opposition leader Mr Carr pledges that a Labor government would relocate the Lucas Heights Nuclear Reactor to the Cawdor Valley an area he had opposed turning into a residential area.

Melbourne, 1988- "Stars were sprayed across the sky like kitsch jewellery, flashing colours from deep darkness. The police helicopter zagged across the sky defying criminality by its prescence. A police car cruised slowly past us, but we were 80 foot above them and could have spat on them and they would never have known. We were invisible, which is an easy status to acquires if you exist above or below the periphery of a persons vision. The average person has a 30 degree visual site of connection so its easy to put yourself outside of that.

The view from the Fitzroy silos is great. Behind us the black chasm of suburbia slumbered into dawn, Brunswick St with its crafted bohemia and coffee shop radicalism postured and partied in front whilst to the left Northcote hill swept down with a cavalcade of lights. With dreadlocks and ragged clothes, addictions and afflictions, life styles and wrongstyles we finished our cigaretees, test out knots and harnesses and start to walk backward down the gently sloping top of the silo, feeding the rope out between our legs as we go.

I check my spray can which is sitting in the pocket of my overalls and make sure I know which way the nozzle is facing. The first time I embarked on this I went to start spraying only to spray paint into my left eye as I was hanging 50 feet from the ground. Martyrdom whilst doing a grafitti run was never the political death I imagined, it lacks the historical precedence that being squashed by a truck at a logging demo has.

I look to my left at Del, shes confidently striding backwards, she comes to the edge of the silo where it drops 90 degrees straight to the ground and starts down the side as if on a Sunday walk. She's spent close to a year living on tree platforms- height has become her perspective. I get to the edge and slowly climb over it fighting the urge to look at the drunks below. Instead I look for Del. We're doing a joint effort, for the first time in collective Graffiti history we're going to spraypaint the silos having been inspired by the tram dispute. My hand is shaking and my letters are uneven and sloppy like a child's whilst Dels are straight and adult like. We can't see what we're writing as a whole perspective because we're too close, but as soon as we're finished and abseiling down to the ground I walk backwards and look up at the silos and there it is in huge letters in read and black- "SACK KENNAN NOT CONNIES", "OBEDIENCE IS SUICIDE".

It looks good and we are happy so we pick up the ropes, throw them into the back of a taxi I sometimes use to mask night time activities and head off into the night.

Within the week The Melbourne Times has the silos with the grafitti plastered on their front page with the writer asking for information on how we managed to grafitti them and so our prank was born. The idea behind it is that an organisation is only as big as its profile and a profile is only as big as you can make it without getting caught. A few of us got together and made a basic plan and then rang TMT to ask for the writer who like a placid groper took the bait and proceeded to let us reel him in.

We told him to meet us at a cafe in Brunswick St the next day at one o'clock. As we knew his name we'd locate him there. Twelve o'clock the next day and five of us are sitting on the thirteenth flilor of the commission flats in Richmond wearing overalls with

ski masks in our pockets. At one I'm in a phone box calling the cafe- the journalist is put on line and I tell I'll be there in a few minutes. Next I call a taxi company and request that they pick him up at the cafe and bring him to where we are and tell him to go to the 13th floor. Being so high up we have a good view and before long see his taxi coming down our street. Once he enters the block we give him one minute and then pull our ski masks on. The lift doors open and he stands around looking confused until one of us jumps out from the laundry and ushers him in.

He stands nervously staring at the five people in ski masks watching him. We tell him that due to the nature and illegality of our organisation we have to keep our identities secret and make sure he wasn't being followed. We explain the police have been after us for a long time and we can't take chances. Then we tell him how we did the grafitti on the silos so that he can establish we are telling the truth- therefore if the grafitti claims sound true then all the other things are true. He believes that we are the people responsible for the grafitti so we start telling him about our organisation. He's looking very excited, but uncomfortable at our location and asks if we can go somewhere else, perhaps his flat in North Melbourne. There is silence and we tell him to wait outside whilst we discuss this. A few minutes later we grab his address and tell him to wait outside his flat till we get there, where one person will go up and check if its safe. He agrees to all this and leaves after which we proceed to his flat where all checks out.

Soon we're sitting comfortably in his loungeroom drinking his tea and eating his cake and biscuits. Hes taking notes as we talk about our Australia wide Anarchist organisation with international links. We tell him we have cells all over the country, that they are small, that we communicate regularly and meet once a year. We tell him we are involved in anti militarism, environmental campaigns and general grass roots stuff. We tell him we have trashed equipment owned by mining and logging companies, that we have money to bail our members out of jail and to buy equipment, that bands raise money for us, that we move around alot to avoid getting caught. We tell him we are well versed in bush and urban tactics and that we despise large political organisations and are affiliated to no one.

He is frantically writing all this down as we feed him the bait of this shadowy militant Anarchist organisation. In truth we didn't tell huge lies, alot of what we talked about does go on, but the lie lay in the supposed coherence and organisation we talked about which creates the impression of a level of power and commitment that isn't real. We made things sound bigger than they were and he believed it all. After two hours we were finished and left him warning him that if we were exposed in any way he'd be in deep shit as we knew where he worked and lived.

The next week a double page spread appeared in the TMT talking about this fictious Anarchist organisation that has its tentacles throughout Australia. We had managed to get the profile of Anarchism noticed in some small way and had used the media effortlessly to achieve it. Sure we never changed the world, but anarchism is only ever mentioned in the media in relation to chaos and we managed to subvert that."

Melbourne, 1993- During a Campaign Against Police Violence demonstration protestors receive support from an unexpected quarter when primary school children on an excursion flash them the "V" for victory sign and shout "pigs" at the cops.

Perth, 1988- "Jack Van Tongeren's Brain is Missing" posters appear throughout the city depicting the local Neo-Nazi's jackbooted brain doing a runner from his cracked head.

Fremantle, 1989- Slabs of concrete in the main mall are torn out and replaced with new planted indigenous trees. A few days later shoppers are confronted with the spectacle of council workers tearing out the trees and replacing them with drab concrete again.

Melbourne, 1992- Anti George Bush demonstrators begin marching around the city and occupying buildings after several clashes with police (including the hurling of horse shit) at the World Trade center. One pro-US supporters American flag is captured and burnt. The Bank of America's lobby is occupied and protestors also seize a Commonwealth Government building throwing files out the windows and making interstate phone calls. At one point the demonstration successfully pushes it's way into the Myers Department store chanting in turns, "We want to shop", "Lift".

Confest, 1984- Anti-war activists sell apolitical new agers river water as "Holy Tibetan Water" in order to raise money for protest activities.

Melbourne, 1993- Operation Rhubarb and a cast of thousands conduct a tour of Melbourne's MacDonalds. Whilst a group of copws cook a skewered Ronald MacDonald on a spit others blockade store entrances and chant, "No MacDonalds left in L.A." in support of the L.A. rioters. A MacDonalds store in the Daimaru shopping mall is later occupied.

Melbourne, 1993- Members of the Direct Action Group Survivors (DAGs) picket the Liberal Party headquarters. Small children burst open piniatas bearing radical right wing Premier Kennet's face and containing lollies with suggestions on fighting the right written on them. Later a masked and armed Kennet bursts balloons representing the community with a whip.

Brisbane, 1989- Mysterious gifts appear on people's varandahs in the inner city. Voodoo heads with long hair and sewn up mouths appear next to the usual flamingoes, strange tracts and carvings are hidden in pot plants and numerous other weird redecorations occur.

1890's- 1930's- Various histories of the Salvation Army list the numerous abuses they came under from larrikins and radicals in the early part of this century. Whenever the Salvation Army would attempt to proselitize in hotels and other drinking areas they would be assailed and pelted with flour bombs, dead fish and rotten fruit wrecking their uniforms. Salvationist graffiti bearing the legend "God Saves" often bore the ammendment, "With Eno Salts".

Perth, 1990- A stolen student Christian fundamentalist banner is returned bearing the new slogan, "Students for Christ and Satan".

Melbourne, 1991- "There was this guy and me and we used to go around redecorating the insides of condemned buildings. We'd do it every weekend. We'd go in there and paste it up with photocopied political stuff usually against the media and technology and stick up bits of rubbish and muck and whatever else we found. We'd get discarded stuff and put it to new use and then just leave it. We weren't interested in making any particular statement we just wanted to put this space and stuff to use. We mainly did stuff around Richmond and at the old St Kilda station, but we also did alley ways and other spots".

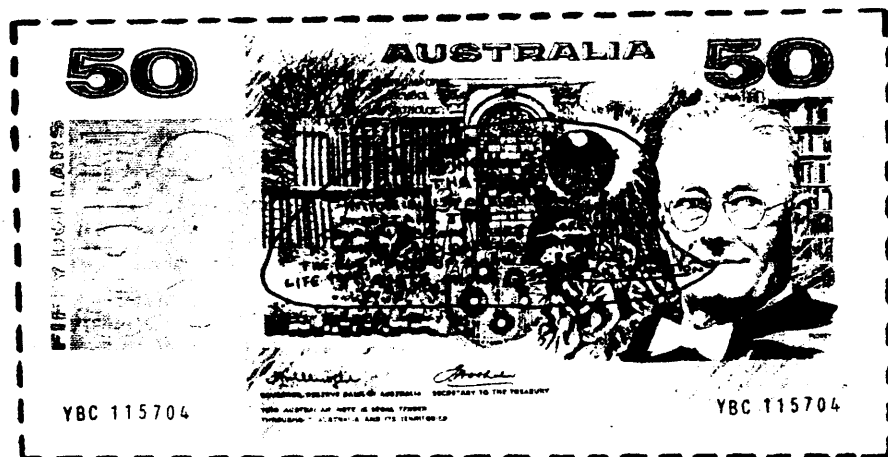
Canberra, 1989- Anti-MacDonalds activists having consumed large quantities of food colouring enter one of the infamous fast food outlets and proceed to the counter. having each ordered a large meal they kick off the legendary "Vomit- In" puking green, pink and multicoloured liquid and chunks everywhere in disgust at the "food". Numerous customers decide to leave.

Perth, 1990- During the Gulf War the Fremantle war monument cannon is repainted from army grey to pink and purple polkadots. The war memorial is adorned with slogans demanding this erection go flaccid.

Melbourne, 1994- The "Jerry Garcia (late Grateful Dead guitarist) worked for the FBI" hoax hits Australian shores with New Dawn reprinting bogus reports that Jerry worked with the FBI to turn the kids away from revolt to drug culture and hip capitalism in the 1960's.

RATION TICKET

-- JUL 1979
F. J. RILEY AND
EMERITA COLLECTION
State Library of
Victoria

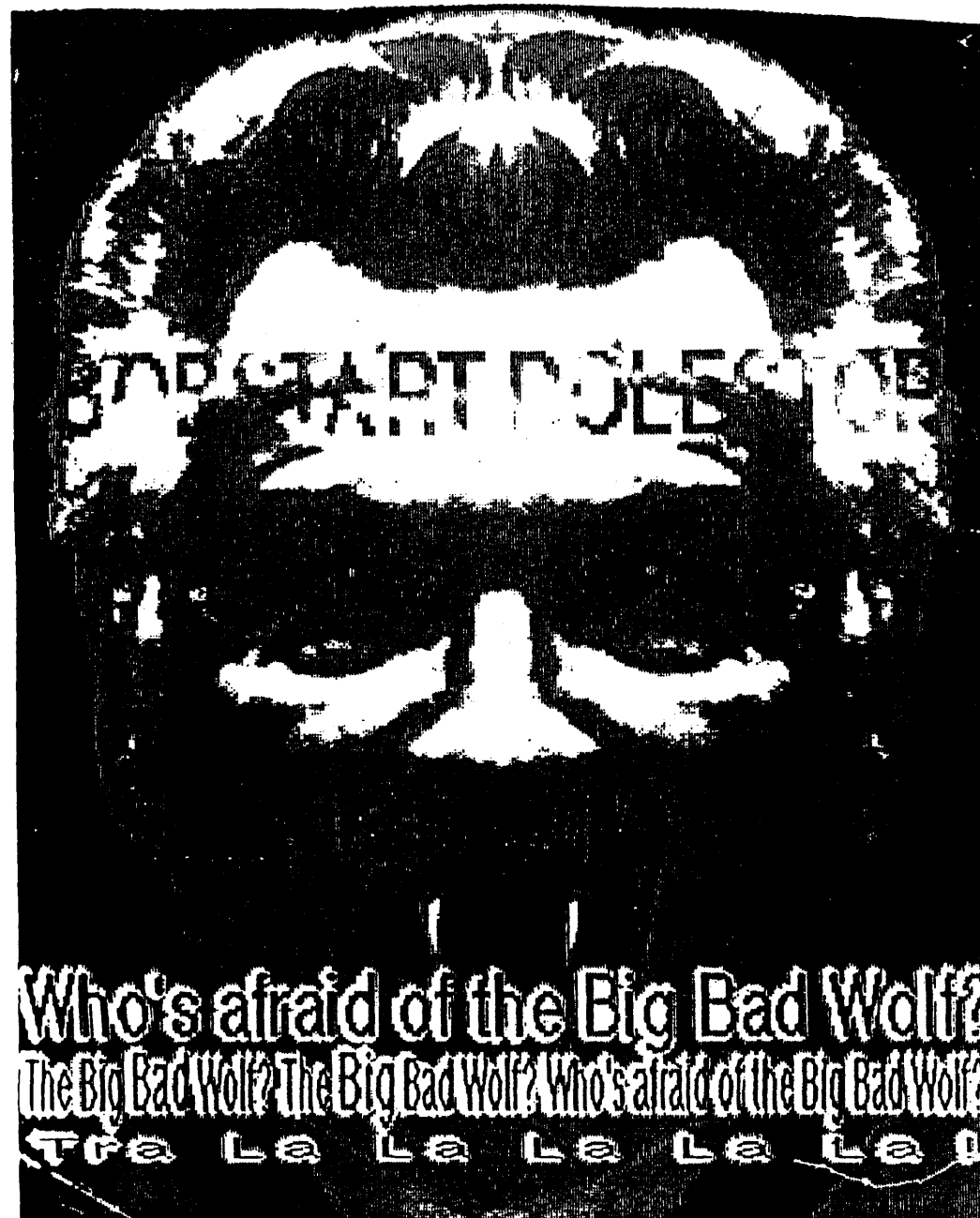


ICON OF A DEAD CIVILISATION



CLIP OUT AND SAVE

subliminal kid, release no. 1.



Perth anti Newstart poster, 1990.

GET YOUR LATEST TROT GUIDE!

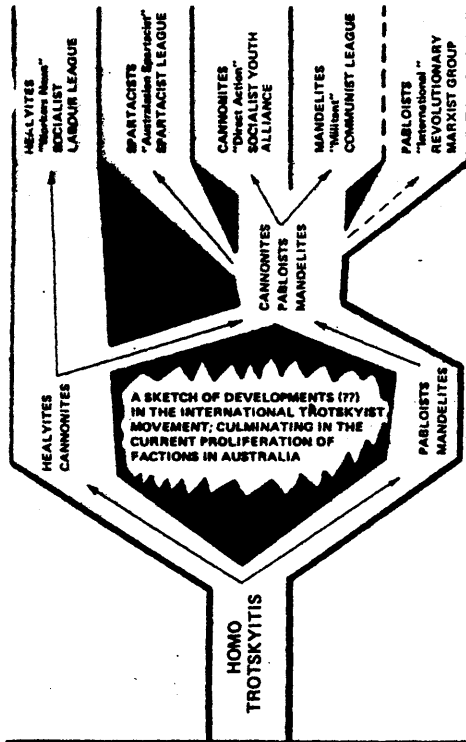
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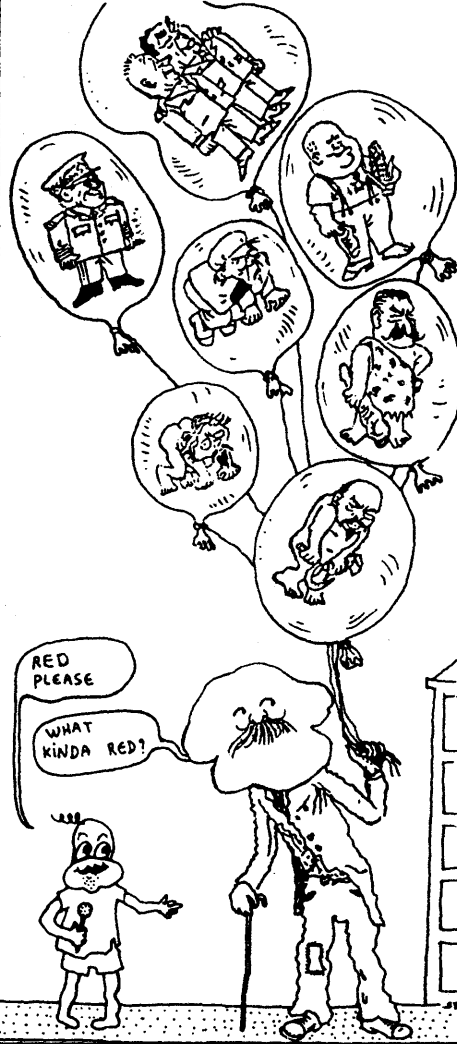
WORKING CLASS

... [the statutes of the revolutionary organisation should express] the leadership's organised distrust of the members, a distrust manifesting itself in vigilant control, from above, over the party." Trotsky, from DEUTSCHER, "The Prophet Armed" p. 76.

Will the Real Trotskyists please stand up?

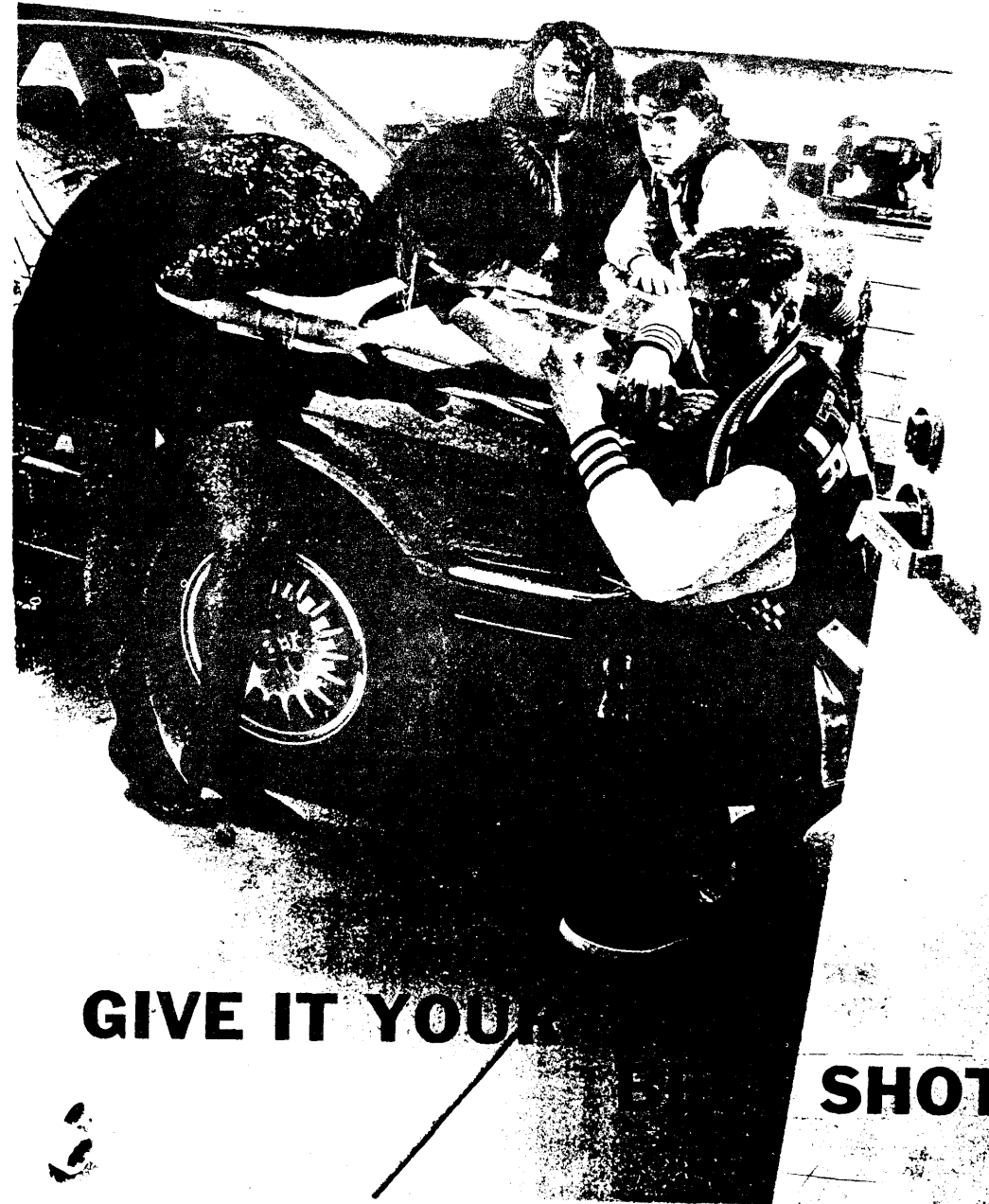


Marxist orthodoxy?



IT'S YOUR

FUTURE,



GIVE IT YOUR

SHOT

Sydney Trot Guide given-out at demos in the 1970s.

Tasmania, 1992- Earth Firsters and other radical environmentalists blockade and "hijack" a logging train. Dressed as bushrangers, wearing masks and bearing a banner that read "Bushrangers for Bush" the modern day Kelly gang hold up the train by placing themselves in front of it. Leaflets are passed to train drivers (who appear supportive) before placing a tripod over a carriage and locking bodies onto various parts of it. The train is loaded up with dead trees and Chlordane (a carcinogenic insecticide) and is held up for over four hours highlighting the complicity of Tas Rail in destroying forests (there are no passenger trains in Tasmania) as well as costing them money in wages and profits. Surprisingly (or perhaps not) the raid receives strongest condemnation not from the logging industry, but from the mainstream Wilderness Society who condemn it as "eco-terrorism".

Melbourne, 1985- Squatters and the homeless hold a No Home show (in response to the popular and extremely tacky Home Show display fair) in the St Kilda Catani Gardens. Around 200 tents are set up with a majority of homeless staying in them. In later years much to the consternation of happy home owners and organisers the No Home Show moves to the same time and site as the Home Show.

Sydney, 1982- BUGA UP members furious at the NSW art gallery's decision to display a racing car plastered with Marlboro advertisements near a sponsored exhibition decide to take action. A Sydney artist involved with the group chains himself to the car and reads an open letter to the trustees refusing to leave until all advertising material is removed. Supporters in the crowd shower the car with Marlboro packets and butts collected from surrounding streets and covering the car's ads with anti smoking stickers. Whilst the artist is later removed and BUGA UP activists are raided on charges of "Malicious Damage to a Racing Car" the car is all the same removed the day after the protest only to be paintbombed on its way back to Alpha Romeo.



Melbourne, 1984- BUGA UP and MOP UP (Movement Opposing Promotion of Unhealthy Products) anti smoking activists spend a weekend at the Philip Morris/Marlboro sponsored Australian Open tennis championships. A mock graveyard is constructed near the courts with 44 tombstones (for each of the smokers who die daily) bearing messages such as "Australian Open Tennis-became addicted to tobacco sponsorship and died from a dirty hit". A giant 10 metre tall inflatable cigarette bearing the legend "Welcome to cancer country" was set up in the middle of the graveyard. To add a tennis touch a giant scoreboard is erected to keep spectators informed of the progressive demise of smokers as the match went on as well as the yearly toll. MOP UPs promotional team dressed in Western gear and T-Shirts showing a riderless horse by a graveyard ("Gone to Marblerow country") hand out green and gold badges bearing the slogan "Smokers are dying to bring you tennis". Most spectators grab the badges including two tobacco company executives who are seen to throw theirs away.

Perth, 1984- "Free Heroin for the Poor" graffiti spotted in the inner city.

Brisbane, 1978- Anti porn, moral crusader Mary Whitehouse is pined as she speaks to an assembly at Brisbane Town Hall. Troublemakers are disguised as school girls, eager photographers and potential converts. Whitehouse cops the purple pie (originally intended to be menstrual blood red) square in the chest and flustered makes a comment about it matching her dress as it slips down her front.

Sydney, 1995- "Shoot Ferals" stickers appear throughout Newtown.

Melbourne, 1993- Transport Accident Commission billboards stating "It's in your hands- Concentrate or Kill" are amended to read "Concentrate AND Kill" and "Masturbate or Kill".

Perth, 1996- A group of Perth lesbians angry at a cafe owner's earlier decision to throw out two women who were kissing in his cafe hold a "kiss in" both to protest the decision and to piss off the proprietor. After numerous tussles he succeeds in removing women from the store. Women take further anonymous action at a later stage.



"Free speech is the right to scream theatre
in a crowded fire..."

Brisbane police take anti free speech action in 1983.

If anyone asks you to go to work -
Just Say No!



You have the right to say no. Work is a "secret touching game" that molests us all. And what's touched by work is always ruined. If you don't believe us, look at your parents and their so-called lives. Do you really want to end up like that?

At 8 hours a day, 5 days a week, for the next 50 years or so, it's not a living. So when someone asks you to go to work - **JUST SAY NO!**

Anti work sticker, Perth 1990.

**NAZIS
DRESS
FUNNY**

Groucho Marxists Summer Offensive '95

Sydney, 1992- Two 44 gallon drums marked with radioactivity warnings are dumped on the Princess Highway at Engadine. Cops and the Hazardous Materials Response Unit are called in to find they've been hoaxed.

Melbourne, 1979- Gippsland truckies get revenge on a highway cop who had just booked them by slipping the bolt on the weighbridge toilet he was using. The cop is forced to sit it out for six hours as a prisoner for a change.

Sydney, 1960- A prank phone call from an alleged Waterfront Workers Federation official declaring strike action leads to workers walking off the Cargo ship Kaituna.

Canberra, 1986- Reports are released announcing the unexpected death of Prime Minister Hawke. Initially the media is fooled, but later discovers it is unfortunately untrue.

Sydney, 1989- Hand delivered letters signed by Gareth Evans and on non existent "Commisioner for Community Affairs" are sent to a variety of old age pensioners in the Sydney suburbs. The letters read that because of the recipient's "Deep feeling for coloured people you have been selected by the Australian Department of Community Relations as a participant in the Lend a Hand scheme aand have been assigned a typical family group from Vietnam to be guests in your house in the coming months. The family will consist of fatjher, mother, five children, wife's brother, husbands grandmother and her sister. Tents, stretchers and portable toilets are available at a modest rental from S.Walker and Co. These may be erected in your front or backyard, necessary approval will be obtained from your local council by the departmemnt. So you will be not so inconvenienced the Department will provide adequate supplies of rice, chickens and goats milk so that you can prepare the family's favourite meals. No doubt you wish to meet the family at the airport. We suggest you hire a mini bus for the occassion. While this may seem like a small gesture to you we are convinced that it is only by such brotherhood that Australia will become one big happy family". Whether the hoax emerged from loony right or left wing circles is unclear.

Melbourne, 1988- A pamphlet entitled "How to Make It Your Bicentary" curiously resembling a similar Federal government effort calls on people to defoliate Australian Flag flower gardens, burn flags, squat disused heritage buildings, erect billboards marking massacre sites, redo historical grafitti and perform other acts of disgust at the Bicentenary whitewash.

OFFICIAL RULES AND REGULATIONS

During the course of the afternoon some of you may feel frustrated and powerless. This is O.k. In order to help to accept these emotions, and to help you channel that anger in a constructive way, the organising sub committee has devised and approved the following slogans which you may like to chant.

ALL WE ARE SAYING IS GIVE PEACE A CHANCE

JOBS, JOBS, JOBS NOT BOMBS

1,2,3,4, WE DON'T WANT A NUCLEAR WAR

5,6,7,8, WE DON'T WANT TO DETONATE

P.N.D., P.N.D., WE REPRESENT EVERYBODY

NOTE:- The following chants are not acceptable:

KILL THE PIGS

MULTI-NATIONAL CORPORATIONS, GENOCIDE OF STARVING NATIONS

BURN IT DOWN, BURN IT DOWN, BURN THAT FUCKER TO THE GROUND

BOYCOTT BOND

When You Hear The Four Minute Warning - ITS TOO FUCKING LATE!

BAA BAA

CAPITALISM IS CANNIBALISM

2,4,6,8, BURN THE RICH AND SMASH THE STATE

- OR ANYTHING ELSE THAT HAS NOT BEEN APPROVED

In order to prevent the possible occurrence of disorder, we ask all marchers to keep a reasonable distance between themselves and other marchers. This is the only way to prevent groups of people from being overcome by the awareness of their collective strength, which could result in **ANARCHY**. The march will at all times be flanked on both sides by uniformed stewards, and guided by officers of the law. Please do not break formation, and do not, on any account, attempt to communicate passers by, without prior written authorization from the publicity sub committee.

It is vital that we walk slowly and with dignity. We must preserve our passivity.

Running is Strictly FORBIDDEN.

Unfortunately there may be those present who are bent on discrediting todays demonstration. They will encourage you to express your anger directly, rather than through the **PROPER** democratic channels. They may attempt to destroy property (embassies, government buildings, police stations, business proprieties, etc). They may launch unprovoked and unjustified attacks on the police or on passing businessmen. They may even suggest you join with them in burning down parliament house. Whatever they say, **IGNORE** them! If you spot any extremists, do not approach them, but inform the stewards or the police, who are authorized to take appropriate action. Chances are they have already been identified and photographed by ASIO agents disguised as street cleaners. Under **NO** circumstances should you take the law into your own hands!

Todays events are the culmination of months of planning aimed at achieving the maximum amount of boredom, as an expression of solidarity with the people on who's behalf we are marching. You may hear talk about 'enjoyment' and 'everyday life' as if these things are relevant to todays protest. You may see people running, singing, shouting, and refusing to behave in a peaceful and passive manner. You may even wish to do these things yourself. **Resist the Temptation!** Such undignified and insincere expression of emotion will achieve **NOTHING**. It is **Order, Discipline and Restraint** which will bring victory, not the unchecked expression of our inner selves. After all, how can we all call ourselves **PACIFISTS** if we are not **PASSIVE???**

Libertarian Resource Centre

Anarchist Library

Leaflet given out at 1987 Perth Palm Sunday peace march.

Melbourne, 1991 onwards- "I'm really into stickers, number-plates, signs that people put on their desk at work and stuff like that. It's the "people's art" - the means of self-expression for losers outside the culture-production monopoly, who can't do music or zines to express their angst, but get stickers with opinions to choose from, to put on the bumper-bar of their car, like "I'd rather be surfing". I like job-theme stickers - there's a tradesman's car I see near uni with "Same Shit, Different Day" on it. That's really sad when you think about it. I like to extend the range of opinions, or make them more realistic, like "I'd rather be winning", or "I'd rather be dead", or for Australian bands, "I'd rather be Nick Cave". For the "Divers do it deeper", "Engineers do it with precision" etc I did "Losers do it Less Often" and "Organisms do it Competitively". The latter covers all the other stickers in that topic, and pretty much summarizes evolutionary biology, or life in general. From a sign for putting on your desk, saying "You don't have to be crazy to work here, but it helps", I did "You don't have to be a loser to work here, but it helps". Also the "inspirational message" desk sign with the purple floral border. From the TAC slogan I did "If you drink, then talk, you're a bloody idiot", and "If you think, then live, you're a bloody idiot". Recently I saw two misleading stickers on a car in Fitzroy - "The Goddess is Dancing" and "Magic Happens": from them I'm making "The Goddess is Non-Existent" and "Competition Happens".

Australia wide, 1992- With the introduction of the plastic five dollar bill bearing the Queen's head a number of modifications begin to appear on the notes. Many thousands either have her head scrubbed out or an incision made through neck both symbolically beheading her and reducing the life span of the ugly currency. Further notes are changed so that "This Australian Note is Legal Tender Throughout Australia and its Territories" instead reads "This Australia Not Legal".

Perth, 1973- During 1973 the Pink Panther Action Force strike. At the Perth Parliament buildings a mixture of Condys Crystals and soap powder turns the fountains into a pink foam machine. Strong winds soon have the suds spilling onto the freeway. The PPAF accept responsibility for the plebians of Perth who have to endure the politicians windbagging on about nowt of interest to anyone, but themselves.

Sydney, 1976- Anarchists decide to conduct a march on May 1st to commemorate May Day rather than waiting like the rest of the Left for the closest convenient weekend. Marchers wearing bizarre garb (bearded men in dresses, etc) address the passing crowds whilst marching down Sydney's main street and stopping traffic. The marchers bore a main banner reading "An Island of Hope in a Sea of Despair."

JACK VAN TONGEREN'S BRAIN IS MISSING



Anti fascist poster, Perth 1988.

but the ANM can't tell the
difference.



JOIN THE ARMY —
LEARN A TRADE.



NARCH POSTERS,
P.O. BOX 203,
FREMANTLE,

1980s Perth flyposter.

WHINING VOICE

24 October 1917 #22

(Waste) Paper of the
Compost Party of New Zealand

Price: Half of Poland

Support the Cause!!!

What cause? Our cause! Any cause! We support any cause through which we may increase our membership!

OCCUPY the Universities!

The only way forward for the students is occupation, with the correct supervision of the vanguard of the working class. But, you may ask, wasn't it the Compost Party of NZ who only until recently dismissed the university campus as being "predominantly filled with middle class students"? Well yes, but seeing as at the time we were looking for a way to condemn anarchists because one had told us he and some others were students, it suited us to do so. Besides, it only took us decades to realise that Stalin wasn't quite the cheery chap we wanted people to think he was; so therefore this other about turn just isn't an issue, so there! Could it be something to do with our aligning with the Infernal Socialist Organisation. Hell, after years of Trot-slugging we're even friends with the Socialist Wankers Party of Britain. But don't despair, this won't lead us to becoming the butt of our own dogma; well only if your attention span is that of a goldfish. But then again, what do you expect from a party that changes its dogma as often as its underpants?

EMPLOYMENT Contracts Act

"What's the best way for workers to defeat the Employment

Latest boring books available from Workers Power Tool!

Need something to prop open the door with? Then we've got what you're looking for!

"Sectarian Slag-offs & Other Useless Shit" (845 pages)

A comprehensive guide to the pointless arguments and meaningless debates between minor leftist groups that no-one cares about anyway. Only \$75. Wow!

"Why Our Party Has the Only Answer to Eco-Destruction" (1,942 pages - condensed version)

We destroy an entire forest and upset the ecological balance of several continents to tell you that the environment is facing a severe crisis, and the only way to save it is by buying this book that claims to have the answers but doesn't quite know the questions. \$135 - it would still be a bargain at twice the price. "Black & Decker 1994 Mail-Order Catalogue" (24 pages)

A must for every member and supporter of Workers Power Tool. \$4

Contracts Act?" is a question often asked of Central Committee members by themselves. It is a very serious question, and as part of our answer the Central Committee of the Compost Party of NZ suggests the bold but ridiculous strategy of handing out "many, many dozens" of red flags on demos so that we can report that the march "bristled with red flags". We're hoping for an event similar to the 1988 March Against Unemployment that went half the length of the country so that we can repeat this spectacle and gleefully report that "The red flag flew over [insert small town name here]" at least 10 times each issue. What fun!

STOP the Tour!

In response to the 1981 Springbok Tour, the Central Committee devised for the workers the slogan "Save the whales". This stood in stark contrast to the individualistic anti-worker bourgeois middle class sloganising of the Wellington-based Trotskyist Perceived Reality Group, who show their contempt for political struggle by silly sloganising such as:

End your articles with slogans!
Two are better than one!
Three are even better!!
Exclamation marks are good!!!



The theoretical and political founders of Communism, in a rare photo together before factionism and sectarianism separated their paths forever.

Message from our sponsor

Thank you for buying this revolutionary newspaper. Now you can relax, safe in the knowledge that you have done your bit for the working class. You may have heard of irresponsible hoodlums who say selling papers is not enough. They will encourage you to think for yourself and stop relying on Party bosses and the respected vanguardists to run the revolution for you.

You may hear these people

talk of "enjoyment" and "everyday life" as if these things can equate to a sound knowledge of Marxist theory.

COMRADES, WHATEVER YOU DO, IGNORE THEM!!!

It is order, discipline and obedience to the party line that will bring victory, not the free expression of our desires.

Remember, the Revolution is only a paper sale away.

Old Mate...



...to purge is human, to forgive is a matter for the Central Committee.

Shouting Slogans?

Bored with the usual slogans of leftist groups? Try our exciting new ones on the next demo.

Support the workers!
What you doing with that flounder? It's all slimey, put it down!!
Buy now while stocks last!!
Layby now for Christmas!
Comes with free set of steak knives!

We Say:

Fuck 'em, even if they can take a joke!

New Zealand Flyposter, 1994.

PUBLIC SAFETY

WE RECOMMEND THAT
THE FIREARM
DISPLAYED ON
THIS LEAFLET
BE ADOPTED AS THE
OFFICIAL SIDEARM OF.



ALL

c o p s

(police, military, judiciary, trade and student leaders, politicians, social workers, editors, managers, executives, shop detectives, professors, teachers, ologists, & ismists, e.g. psychologists, psychiatrists, pop stars, TV stars, movie stars, leftists, rightists, anarchists, nihilists, moderates, liberals, priests, nuns (non-exhaustive ...))

WE BELIEVE

- that
this uniquely designed weapon will act as a deterrent to a police state....if adopted by the above.
- that
this weapon will solve the problem of the above who force their own frustrations with the misery of their lives on others in the forms of brute force, authoritarianism and greed.
- that
this weapon, if adopted by the above, will bring an end to the reign of terror currently being engineered against those of us who don't want to be cops.

1976 Sydney Leaflet.

Melbourne, 1992- "In 1991 and 92 I became obsessed with Darwinian evolutionary theory and its bleak implications for the possibility of a good human society. It made me very depressed for a couple of years, and still does. I wanted to do something dramatic to highlight the issue, like a hunger strike or something. But I thought I'd just get the shit beat out of me if I had to sleep somewhere public at night, so decided to do a one-day thing, a protest rally against evolution called "Losers Against Evolution". I got permission from the council to do it in the City Square on a Saturday. I think they thought it was a religious group protesting the teaching of evolution in schools, whereas actually I totally believe the theory, and wanted to make everyone as depressed about it as I was. There was kind of a joke in the title "losers against evolution", being that in a sense every protest falls under this heading. I made banners and leaflets, and sat there for the day. Most of the shoppers ignored it. I don't think anyone knew what it was about."

Brisbane, 1978 onwards- Anti uranium activists continually disrupt the shipping of uranium for export through the Brisbane docks firstly by occupying a railway supply line and then by locking police out of the dock area whilst cutting through the fence and forming a picket line wharfies had agreed not to cross. In response to these protests and in an attack on civil liberties in general notorious right wing loony Premier Joh Bjelke Petersen bans the right to demonstrate amongst introducing other over the top legislation such as introducing road rules for pedestrians and arresting people for walking on the wrong side of the footpath. Protests against these laws initially center around public speakers in King Georges Square with people generally being arrested upon leaving the scene. The left as usual responds to this situation with a deadening lack of imagination by marching enmasse with their hands in the air like lemmings into police lines. Luckily other characters realise the need for creative responses and resistance resorting to tactics such as bike rides (which were not technically marches) in which cyclists wore T-Shirts and hung flags off their bikes expressing anti Joh sentiments. At one point people explore the possibility of marching with sheep in tow since an old law allowed the droving of sheep through the city on certain routes.

Sydney, 1915 onwards- The Industrial Workers of the World, the only revolutionary union in Australia was made up in 1915 of many radicals (direct actionists, industrial unionists, blacklisted organisers, anti- War activists) including some who not only wanted to abolish wage slavery, but the money system itself. As the organisations members were always hard up they turned their printing skills to forging money to both mock the Queens coin of the realm and the exploiters who measured their wealth in filthy lucre.

Melbourne , 1987 onwards- THE LOSERCORP STORY- "Since I was doing "Loser" magazine and stuff, I started using the name Losercorp as a contact or coverall. One time I made joke business cards with position descriptions like "Office Scapegoat" and so on. The Losercorp idea is to have culture which is made by losers, instead of all the usual winner-produced magazines and music and stuff, and to talk about the depressing truth. I did five copies of Loser Magazine from 1987 to 1990 and it included stories, editorials, clippings about losing. First three issues photocopied at work, last two printed, given away free. Because I was working, had no social life, and my marriage broke up in 1990, I had nothing to spend money on, so I made heaps of copies of the last two issues especially and got into creative distribution. One thing I liked to do on Saturdays was put boxes of magazines in the Bourke St Mall with a sign saying "please take one". In the mornings before work I used to go to train stations in the city and hand out copies to commuters. I figured some of them would leave it lying around their office for others to read, so I'd get extra coverage value that way. Loser mag scored a mention in the Truth, who called it "a mind-numbing litany of despair".

In 1989 I did the "Yo Rager" magazine. It was given away free in record shops. The front cover was a pisstake of groovy youth culture. Inside was about twenty pages of the most depressing clippings I could find, articles about starvation, cancer, stuff from the business section of the paper, a Women's Day crossword, stuff like that. If even one rager picked it up, read it, and got pissed off, it was a success.

When I went to Melbourne Uni in 1991 there was this horrific club called the Chocolate Appreciation Society. Every couple of months they had a "chocky distribution day", where literally thousands of students would line up in their lunch hour to buy cheap chocolate. They had nightclub nights and balls and social gatherings, and thought they were real cool. They were rumoured to be a Liberal party front. They used to put posters advertising their distribution days all over campus, so I made up a flyer for the Cancer Appreciation society with messages like "lollies that cost 3 cents to make for 50 cents", etc and stuck it around. I was heavily anti junk food then, and thought the chocky club was Satan on earth.

New Waver is an offshoot of Loser magazine, covering the same themes, but in music instead of print. I can't write songs, but one of my hobbies was working out other people's songs on my organ, so I started recording versions of songs and changed the words to be the loser world-view, and gave away tapes of it. The Farfisa was meant to sound like a depressing father making a racket on the family lounge-room organ. Since 1993 there have been other members and we do live shows. The name is an early-80s Brisbane term meaning "someone who is into bands instead of football, and therefore should be beaten up".

Melbourne, 1991- "At Art college I used to really hate the segregated art shows, so no matter who's show it was I'd sneak a piece of art up on the walls, steal the price list and rephotocopy it adding that piece to it. The funny thing was that the two times I did it, the only piece that sold was the one I'd put up. When the painting department dobbed me in to the head of the Arts department he wound up shaking my hand and saying the college needed more of this sort of dissent. I really hated all the "I'm a special girl, I'm a special boy" stuff at College and I'd go to these people's favourite pub with a tomato sauce bottle and squirt it in their faces and in their hair and laugh and giggle and when they confronted me I'd just go "I'm mad" and then they'd leave me alone. Later on we had to do an exhibition at a professional gallery, it was to consist of serious paintings regarding the meaning of Art. What I did was store up all these Vic Bitter labels and plastered them down. I showed the gallery the piece I was supposed to be doing, but on the day we hung up this grotesque piece with all these Vic Bitter labels in the shape of a bottle with a Vic Bitter border and with that skipped off never to return".

Melbourne, 1988- A series of "religious" figures regularly appear over 6 months in a suburban Hungry Jacks passing out meaningless, but seemingly authentic bogus religious tracts made up from a mish mash of various religious philosophies. One figure is outlandishly dressed in robes, another as a cherubic angel. Various heated and ultimately pointless arguments take place and later store workers complain of boredom once the sect disappears.

Brisbane, 1988- A huge factory broadcasting speaker is hung out of a building in Fortitude Valley near a stop sign on a quiet street. When hooked up to tape loops playing "Two beans plus Two beans is four beans" amongst other strange songs and cut ups the speakers could not be seen and weird messages reverberated throughout the area with seemingly no origin.

Melbourne, 1987- "Me and this other girl used to go nude shoplifting. She wouldn't actually go nude, but would watch out for me. I'd wear an overcoat with loads of pockets and load it up as usual, but wear nothing underneath. I'd walk out of the shop looking really obvious, but it was only after a few occasions that I was stopped by the security guard. He wanted to search me and at first I refused and acted all indignant and eventually I consented and flashed him. Then whilst he was standing shocked and dumbfounded I just walked out of the shop. I managed to get away with this three or four times."

The Cultural Polemic Organisation presents: An International Baroque Manifesto 1989

Shoplift. You just know it's good for you and if you think it's a risk, think of the racing driver who puts his life on the line every time he gets on the track. Think of the benefits and never get caught. This crime certainly does pay. Shoplift. Even if you don't want it, the thrill is great.

The CPO estimate to have shoplifted \$10,000 worth of stuff last year. They have a target of \$15,000 this year and are well on their way.

Never read newspapers.

Invent a sale at a local supermarket. For example, something like this: Blah Yuck World Ltd., to celebrate it's ten years in business, is allowing all it's customers who leave the shop between 6pm and 6.15pm on Friday, can do so free of charge. Note: one trolley per customer. Please come early.

Whenever there is a full moon, take LSD.

Superglue locks of expensive offices, supermarkets, cars and banks.

Bore the boring.

Every week, note an insurance company's name from the telephone book and write to them and tell them that you are going to sue them.

The landlord needs repairing.

Work is total misery, disrupt work at your workplace. Switch off the lights when you leave. place a five cent coin between the socket and the bulb. Listen to the fuses blowing in the morning.

Do you ever feel like killing your boss?

Ring every McDonalds and say sternly 'get me the manager'. Tell the manager you want \$50,000 in unmarked bills or Ronald McDonald is dead; hang up.

Ring your local cops and ask them if they have any LSD for sale.

Work for an unpoliced city.

Damage expensive cars. Break their wing mirrors off. Smash their indicator lights. Scratch them with a coin or front door key. Drop eggs on them, eggs strip paint better than acid.

If you haven't done anything for your community, do it now.

Spray paint. First steal the cans (the rappers had the right idea).

Spray 'slaves' over banks in your area. Spray cop cars, spray over the 'po' in police so it says lice.

Over 50 per cent of all assault charges that go to court involve police officers.

Spray CPO. Anything is better than a blank wall.

If confronted by the police, never stick up for your rights, you don't have any.

Stand in a corner and write 'malkah be - thatshishin ve ad - ruachoth be - schehalim' 999 times.

The bank is your NME. LSD is your NRG. Sex is prime TV.

When your car breaks down, don't get someone to tow it away. Take the plates off, the registration sticker and leave it in the middle of a busy road, taking one of the wheels off. Don't forget to spray CPO on the side.

How do you get in touch with the CPO in your area? You can't. You are the CPO in your area. Get in touch with yourself. Make self evident, we won't put up with boring any longer. Construct. Disrupt.

Smash commercial media's cultural monopoly. Photocopy this and leave them everywhere.



WHY WAIT ?

IS YOUR LIFE GETTING TEDIOUS? ARE THE PRESSURES IN TODAY'S SOCIETY MAKING YOUR EXISTENCE INTOLERABLE? POSSIBLY THE LOAN REPAYMENTS ARE DUE, THE CAR HAS BEEN VANDALISED, A CHILD IS DUFF. IT MUST BECOME OBVIOUS THAT THE ONLY REAL SOLUTION IS THE FINAL SOLUTION. THAT'S RIGHT, TAKE CONTROL OF YOUR OWN LIFE BY TAKING YOUR OWN LIFE! ITS THAT EASY, FROM THE MOMENT THAT YOU COMMIT YOURSELF TO THIS COURSE OF ACTION, NOTHING WILL TROUBLE YOU ANYMORE. YOU CAN BE CREATIVE, GO OUT IN STYLE, A BLAZE OF GLORY OR IN A MORE LOW KEY FASHION; HAVE AN ACCIDENT, PERHAPS. THIS IS YOUR LIFE!!!!



KILLING TIME SHOULD BE PRIME TIME T.V.

Brisbane, 1988- The flyer shown above is given out to passing shoppers on regular occasions by mysterious black clad strangers in the main city mall.

Melbourne, 1993- In response to Optus's crass use of surrealist images in their advertising and their sponsorship of a Surrealist exhibition they begin to receive carefully packaged, but very rotten fish in the post.

Melbourne, 1990- An anonymous character appears in front of auto tellers around the CBD living in a shopping trolley with a cardboard box on top of it cut out in the shape of a kennel. The box merely bears the words "Home".

Brisbane, 1982- The Army Recruiting centre is the recipient of a variety of rotting meat, vegies and other smelly objects wrapped in a box with a lovely pink ribbon.

Melbourne, 1988- Pedestrians paint in their own zebra crossing along the Princess highway. Cars observe the crossing and it soon proves popular.



LORD MAYOR'S OFFICE
BRISBANE

A message from the Right Honourable The Lord Mayor of Brisbane, Alderman Sallyanne Atkinson.

No person or group of persons has the right to own the earth upon which we dwell. It is our right to live wherever we choose. Your fees and deals are a crime, the very nature of your business is parasitic and intrinsically evil. Your motivation can only be greed and lust for power. Death should be your only reward. You are sickening, vile merchants of misery, basely indulging your own egomania at the expense of others.

Any attempt to remove this notice before 7 days will result in further, increasingly serious actions against your filthy business.

Yours faithfully,

Brisbane, 1989- The above flyposter appears on a variety of real estate signs, fast food companies, banks and the property of other evil doers. In some cases serious actions were taken against specific companies.

Brisbane, 1978- Members of the "Hare Osram" cult appear throughout Brisbane dressed in Hare Krishna gear wearing horror masks and holding forth lightglobes from which they claim "all divine light flows". Bank passbooks they also claim are a sacred item. The cults mantras and chants include

"Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna,
Your salvation for a donation,
Have Some incense,
That'll be 50 cents,
How pucinary is our loonery,
Our extensive bibliography,
Is more expensive than pornography,
This divine force you may now inhale,
Unless you are a female,
Hare Krishna x 100,
Hare Gumboot,
Hare Nimbin."

Sydney, 1974- During a Right to Work demonstration organised by the Leninist Left in Sydney in 1974 a group demanding the Right Not to Work appeared complete with banner, chanted anti work slogans and distributed a leaflet attacking the workshop of wage-slavery as the solution to survival on the dole. The authoritarians as always reacted with censorship and lies claiming the group responsible were provocateurs being used by the Right, dangerous individualists on an ego trip and various other insults reserved for uncontrollable "lumpen proletariat elements".

Sydney, 1976- At a high brow and serious Conference of Socialist Economists, held at Sydney University in 1976 a leaflet was distributed attacking the leaders of State Socialism and the ideology of Nationalisation with a graphic of Karl Marx masturbating over a copy of Das Kapital. The leaflet stated that it was authorised by Andy (pandy) Giles-Peters, but he had nothing to do with it and was scandalised by its appearance and had to apologise and grovel to the Left during the presentation of his paper on "working class configurations". The leading hacks like Ted Wheelwright ordered all copies of the leaflet gathered up and sgredded. Wild trumpet playing and musical improvisation and stones thrown on the roof disrupted the long winded rants of those who aspired to be Captains at the helm of state economies. When confronted with accusations of trying to make money from the sale of the leaflet a member of the disrupters threw coins at the economists much to their outrage.

Brisbane 1978- TM advertisements on buses that read "Don't Just Sit There- Meditate" are changed to "Don't Just Sit There- Masturbate".

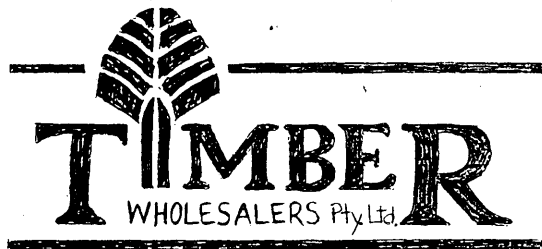
Buy rainforest timber and get an authentic tribal person to help put your pergola up.

THIS OFFER
CAN NEVER BE
REPEATED

Perth flyposter, 1990.



Multi - Purpose
Durable Natives
... Going Fast!



A COMPLETE RANGE OF RAINFOREST PRODUCTS.

Brisbane, 1969- 1992- "One of the most successful anarchist posters in the lands of the old British Empire has been the Guy Fawkes (a man captured under Parliament House in 1605 attempting to blow it up) poster. All versions of the poster carry a portrait of Guy Fawkes and the simple legend- the only person to enter Parliament with honest intentions. The huge popularity of the poster reflects more than fond remembrance of Guy Fawkes night- it represents the cynicism and distrust of Parliamentary politics in the general community. When a version of this poster was produced in Brisbane in 1969 it sold somewhere around 15,000 copies. Interestingly the celebration of Guy Fawkes Night in Brisbane ended shortly after the appearance of the poster.

My own love affair with Guy Fawkes began in 1986 when I dressed up as Guy Fawkes to deliver a protest bomb to the Queensland Parliament. The bomb was a soccer ball painted black with a sparkler for a fuse and I had written a protest poem on it. Needless to say I failed in my attempt to deliver the bomb though I had alot of laughs trying.

In 1990 I retired Guy Fawkes, packed his costume away and gave the ball away to some kids. But then in 1992 the return of Guy Fawkes occurred due to an event called the Radical Reunion which was to mark the 25th anniversary of the 1967 Civil Liberties march, the first big act of civil disobedience in Brisbane in th '60s. The strangest thing about it was the venue- Parliament House- a certainly controversial choice and one waving a red and black flag at the anarchists. The organisers claimed the choice was ironic, but it showed their now cosy relationship with the Goss Labor government and I decided to show them irony by announcing I would appear as Guy Fawkes! To commemorate the occasion I promised to design a special T-Shirt. The fact an election was coming further spurred me on since Guy Fawkes is the traditional Brisbane pisstake of any who like the Greens try to take the Parliamentary road.

That the irony of it would prove too much for the organisers was predictable. On the Thursday night before the reunion they called me to say they were worried about my plans to appear as Guy Fawkes and would it be okay if Parliamentary security searched me? Now the funniest moment in the original Guy Fawkes protest had been when the Bjelke-Petersen police force insisted on getting their bomb disposal unit to examine my bomb (which was patently a soccer ball with a poem on it)! If the committee for the Radical Reunion wanted to look as stupid as the Bjelke- Petersen cops that was fine by me. It was their second request that made my blood boil, they asked me if I would remove the bomb from the T-Shirt design. I was livid, I mean you cannot take the bomb from Guy Fawkes. Guy Fawkes is the bomb, the bomb is Guy Fawkes. One expects some hardening of the radical arteries over 25 years, but this was positively sclerotic. I can't say what enraged me the most- their denial of our shared history, their hopeless reformism or their political naivety. So on the night I turned up as Guy Fawkes read my poem and the committee found themselves as powerless as the previous police force had been to stop me.

Having been reborn Guy Fawkes decided he would have another shot at Parliament. On the Saturday before the election he appeared at West End shopping centre to begin a new campaign. He had a stall like the other pollies with a big Vote for Guy Fawkes sign. He handed out leaflets explaining why it was foolish to vote and addressed the crowd through a megaphone. On the Tuesday before the ballot Guy Fawkes appeared on radio 4ZZZ explaining he would run in every electorate and in every election and that to vote for him was simple. You simply took your pencil and crossed out all the names on the ballot paper then writing None of the Above before drawing a square, putting a one in it and writing Guy Fawkes next to it."

Melbourne, 1992- "My involvement with anti McDonalds activities stems from my background in the anarchist scene and a prank two of my friends pulled off years ago. My two friends were both on the margin of the radical left and were both notorious speed freaks. They worked for a certain Student Union which was to be taken over by a larger and inherently corrupt Union by the end of the year. Faced with the prospect of losing their jobs and even worse being unable to satiate their drug appetites they decided to appropriate all the resources they could access for radical causes. Armed with 100s of reams of coloured paper, a pagemaker program and a printing press they churned out 10,000s of leaflets which would have cost McDonalds 1000s. The offending leaflets were exact replicas of the promotional material McDonalds give out to attract customers. Seeing it was coming up to Grand Final day in Melbourne my friends designed a leaflet which gave away a meal worth around \$8 to celebrate the Grand Final and McDonalds involvement in the promotion of sport and healthy living. With the aid of a few pals and untold grammes of amphetamines they distributed around 50,000 leaflets by stuffing them under car windscreen wipers and handing them out to the legions of fans leaving the match. Needless to say McDonalds was inundated with orders for the free "Grand Final meal" thAt Saturday night and for the following week. As a publicity exercise McDonalds didn't refuse the forged vouchers as it was some extra advertising, but it must have cost them loads.

Having admired my friends exploits and learnt more about the indefensible business practices of MacDonalds as well as having mutated into a vegetarian I decided I had to act. A good friend of mine who hates McDonalds with a vengeance had an idea for a voucher and asked me to design it. The voucher entitled the bearer to a free meal if they had collected 10 pieces of MacDonalds rubbish. The voucher was supposedly for a new environmental campaign by MacDonalds to show their "caring, green" side. I even put a recycling logo with the words "McDonalds caring for our environment" on it. I made the voucher last till the end of the year to sustain maximum costs for McDonalds. Having no access to a printer I made about 1000 copies on yellow paper with red ink on a decipit Xerox copier. The vouchers however were accepted by McDonalds even though kids were constantly raiding their bins to get their 10 bits of rubbish. I also included McDonalds head office phone number with instructions to ring "reverse charges and find out more about our environmental practices.

What me and my friends did was only the tip of the iceberg, if only we had had access to timers, gelignite and a knowledge iof electronics- think of the untold fun we could have had! Anyway if you are considering taking illegal action against McDonalds, think hard and then do it anyway!"

Loonies to take over NZ

THE TRUTH IN WELLINGTON: Disturbed New Zealand taxpayers have learned that they're forking-out \$65,000 to finance a revolution which will see all their cities destroyed, unemployment boosted to 100 per cent and modern currency replaced with medieval farming implements.

The McGillicuddy Serious Party, which was granted the cash for political advertising to allow it to contest the forthcoming New Zealand elections, plans to transform NZ into a medieval society ruled by a Scottish monarch called Bonnie Prince Jeoffie.

And in expectation of a landslide at the polls, the Bonnie Prince is RIGHT NOW on his way from England to oversee the 'Great Leap Backwards' to a mediaeval society!

He needn't hurry. If the McGillicuddy Serious Party are installed in power, interim affairs will be supervised by a dog named Fester.

"People think we're nuts," party spokesman Graeme Cairns told *THE TRUTH*. "We're just proposing a change."

Since the party's formation in 1977 the McGillicuddys have:

- Challenged the New Zealand Army to a battle in an attempted conquest of the country,
- Sent an eviction notice to the government demanding that it vacate Parliament House, AND
- Tried to nominate a dog and a guinea pig for this year's election.

"The army refused to fight us, the politicians wouldn't leave Parliament House and Fester (the dog) couldn't come up with the \$300 to lodge an application form," Mr Cairns said.

"Fester nominated after the guinea pig pulled out. He couldn't cope with the media attention."

"It's a pity, really, because as a transitional form of government we might have tolerated a parliamentary democracy comprised of animals."

Central to the party's revolutionary political platform is the "Great Leap Backwards", which aims to revert New Zealand to a mediaeval society.

"When we finally seize power we will OUTLAW POLITICIANS," Mr Cairns revealed. "Including ourselves."

"We will also outlaw money, which is the root of all evil. No money means no jobs and we will have achieved our first aim — total unemployment. When people collect their redundancy pay they will be paid in sledgehammers."

"Out of sheer anger people will then destroy our cities, starting with the Beehive (Parliament House) in Wellington."

Mr Cairns said New Zealand would then become a tribal kind of place, ruled by the firm but fair (and probably barking mad) Bonnie Prince Jeoffie.

The McGillicuddy Party expects to poll four per cent of the vote in the election on November 6 and Mr Cairns says they are close to winning seats.

With five per cent we believe we can win seats," he said enthusiastically. "I've told the Bonnie Prince this



★ **GRAEME CAIRNS ... great leap backwards.**

and he's already booked his plane tickets through his favorite travel agent."

Naturally, most Kiwis are shocked that the party recieved \$65,000 in government aid. They think it's a WASTE.

"That's rubbish," Mr Cairns blurted. "It works out to three cents per taxpayer in New Zealand. I would try to pay everyone back, but they've abolished one and two cent coins over here and we can't make change."

Having conquered NZ, Cairns says that WE'RE NEXT.

"Murgatroyd, who ran against Bob Hawke in the last Federal election, is also running here," Mr Cairns said.

"He's a true trans-Tasman politician and is interested in starting a McGillicuddy group in Melbourne."

WEDNESDAY 1ST OCTOBER 1993

ME? A GREAT LEADER?!

"Me, start a vanguard party to lead the working class to revolution? You must be kidding!"

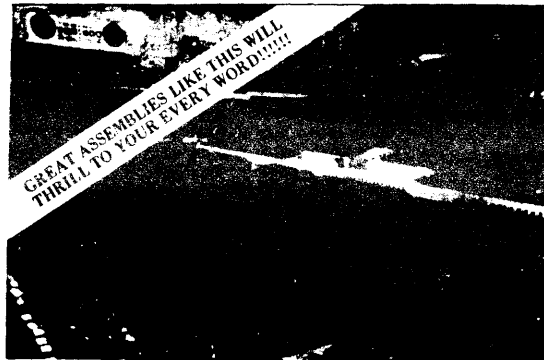


JUST IMAGINE BEING A RESPECTED AND BELOVED FATHERLY LEADER UNDER WHOSE WISE GUIDANCE THE REVOLUTIONARY MASSES WILL FORGE AHEAD DAILY WITH THE FIERY ZEAL OF "SPEED UP" CAMPAIGN !!!

Over the past few years, Party Builders Associates has aided countless individuals and groups to form vanguard parties intelligently tailored to their own needs. These people are now leading creative, happy lives fighting one another. What we've done for others, we can do for you.

A few minutes spent in filling out the following questionnaire may be the best investment you will ever make. Your answers will enable Party Builders Associates, preserving strict confidentiality, to work out a party programme that is JUST RIGHT for you and your friends. Our fee for this service is so minimal that you would laugh at us if we printed it in this ad. Just send us the most ridiculously small amount that you can think of, and we'll send your change when we send your new platform.

And now, here's the questionnaire. We advise using a pencil, since these are by no means easy questions, and your party will not be able to alter the positions taken here without seriously damaging your credibility among the workers.



(1) The Russian Revolution turned away from socialism in:

- ... (a) 1917
- ... (b) 1927
- ... (c) 1953
- ... (d) 1957
- ... (e) It hasn't yet, but my group will be the first to denounce it when it does.
- ... (f) Other (please specify):

(2) Black people are:

- ... (a) A nation
- ... (b) A nation of a new type
- ... (c) A superexploited sector of the working class
- ... (d) Petite-bourgeois
- ... (e) A colony
- ... (f) Please send me more information about this controversial group.

(3) The main danger facing the workers' vanguard in the present epoch is:

- ... (a) Right opportunism
 - ... (b) "Left" sectarianism
 - ... (c) Right opportunism masquerading as "left"
 - ... (d) My parents
 - ... (e) Other (please specify):
- sectarianism

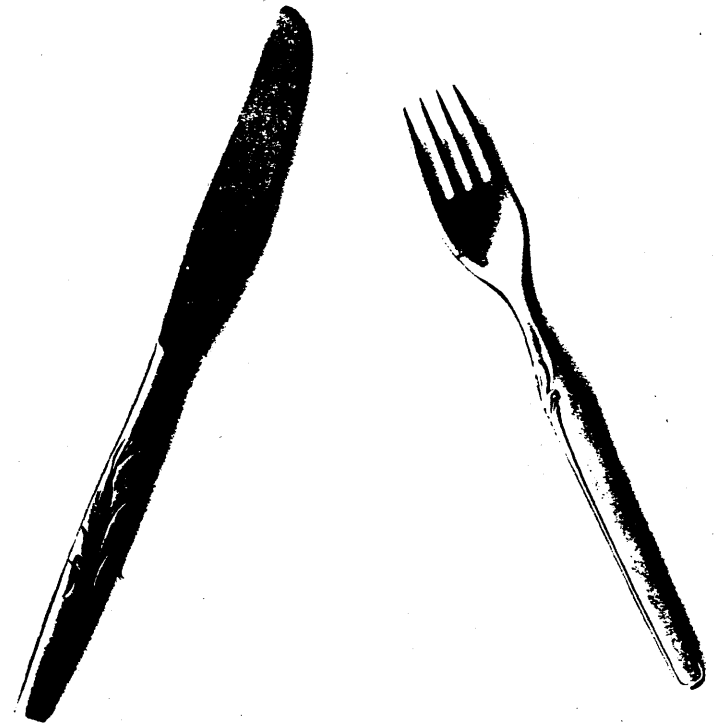
(4) Rather than focusing only on narrow economic issues, my party will also offer a cultural critique of life in advanced capitalist civilisation. The following are symptoms of capitalist decadence:

- ... (a) Homosexuality
- ... (b) Trotskyism
- ... (c) Pornographic movies
- ... (d) Recent price increases in pornographic movies
- ... (e) Reading PANIC
- ... (f) Other (please give exact details):

(5) I would like to include the following in the title of my party:

- ... (a) Labour
 - ... (b) Workers
 - ... (c) Revolutionary
 - ... (d) Socialist
 - ... (e) Communist
 - ... (f) Vanguard
 - ... (g) Progressive
 - ... (h) October (November/July)
 - ... (i) Progressive
 - ... (j) United
 - ... (k) International
 - ... (l) M
- ... (m) L

EAT NAZIS



Perth, 1990- During a series of anti-development protests over the survival of urban bushland at Hepburn heights a series of classifieds for factory work, massage parlours and dating agencies are placed in the West Australian. When workers at the bushland are prevented from working by protestors they find themselves unable to ring in to their employers for new orders due to the barrage of calls hitting the company lines. Earlier blockades see a display of ironic symbolism when irate workers tear the wings off activists dressed as wildlife.

Melbourne, 1992- A Melbourne Trades Hall May Day banner is revised from "Workers of the World Unite" to read "Workers of the World Quit!".

Perth, 1987- Work on the Perth Casino at Heron Island is consecutively halted on Fridays due to bomb threats made against the unpopular project. After a few weeks site workers stop bothering to even turn up to work in their work clothes knowing they'll be more than likely spending a paid day in the pub whilst the police conduct their searches.

Melbourne, 1993- On Hiroshima Day members of operation Rhubarb bloodily dressed and made up as war victims confront shoppers in the Bourke St Mall with howling bomb raid sirens and numerous "die ins". Later in the day members of the group along with others confront Foreign Affairs Minister Gareth Evans at a Melbourne Uni lecture. After a few of the "war victims" howl at him in pain, grab his legs and dribble fake blood on his suit Evans cancels the speech and is chased off by an angry crowd.

Perth, 1989- In an attempt to liven up the usual boring Palm Sunday Peace March activists chant "Merchant Banks, Not Tanks", "Don't drop on my dope crop" and other silliness whilst a few punks are arrested for taunting the police with "He's not political, He's just doing his job."

Melbourne, 1990- Masked Gulf war protestors pelt pro war demonstrators with rotten eggs during one high point of the main Melbourne march. Most of the eggs end up on the police and peace marshalls. Arrests ensue.

Melbourne, 1992- "Asians Out" graffiti revised to read, "Take Asians Out To Dinner- @ No Borders" and "Asians Shout Death To Racists".

Vote and be Silenced.



If it is humiliating to be ruled, how much more so to choose your rulers.

Elections are nothing more than a choice between dictator x and dictator y. Regardless of who wins we'll still have the same corporations, bosses, police and political parties doing what they want to us and our planet. Ignore the farce of voting and start organising for control over your daily life. Voting changes nothing, the struggle continues.

YOUR VOTE MEANS NOTHING

STATE ABOLITION TASKFORCE.

Sponsored by G.P. Lyons, Electoral Commissioner, State Electoral Office, 22 William Street, Melbourne.

Melbourne Anti Electoral Fly Poster, 1992.

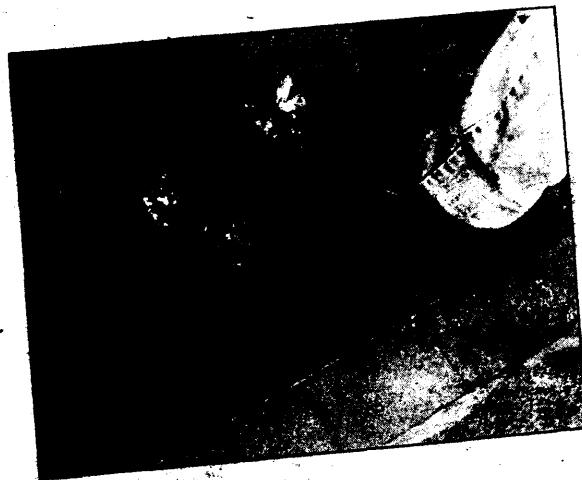
**What kind of doctor
sends an injured worker
back to work?**



VICTIM WORK OVER AUTHORITY
Work over
Everyone gets worked over



**Dr Jeckell, Dr No, Dr Hewson, Dr Mengele,
Dr Strangelove, Dr Goebbels, Dr Woolridge,
Dr Frankenstein, Dr Edelsten,
Dr Smith (if he thinks it will get him back to planet Earth!)**



Foot in mouth: if you want to wipe the silly smile from the face of of you-know-who, the doormat (pictured left) is now on sale at the Fitzroy Nursery in Brunswick Street, along with dozens of other items, including Jeff Kennett dog bowls and Howard-Keating scumbag boxer shorts. A sample of the items available is still in the nursery's special Grand Prix and State Election window display. Picture: Peter Weaving.

**GO ON.
'PHONE IN SICK.**



There are thousands of things you'd rather do than work. Do them.
But only together can we create a revolution where pleasure is the only aim.

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