



Squat?



She simply grabbed the axe and banged away

Why Not!

Inside: unorthodox house repairs,
art of scamming gik compost, the
legal bits, local & international stories
the brown warehouse, how to build a
yert & much more...

Plagiarism@

Some handy sources of information I used

THE TIME IS RIPE

Opening Doors, 1984
Squatters Union of Victoria

Squatters Handbook, 1993
Squatters Information Network

Squatting: The Real Story, 1980
Bay Leaf Books

UK Squatters Handbook, no's 7&10
Advisory Service for Squatters

Woody no. 10
Woody no. 11 Squatting in Amsterdam
Woody no. 12, 17

Survival Without Rent
Blackout Books

Unreal Estate
Squatters Handbook Online
www.squattershandbook.com

In Ya Face no.1 "A Short History Of Squatting in Greece"

In Ya Face no.3 "Squatting and the Barcelona (a) Movement"

DIV Land Use Resources

Hard Times Handbook, 1984
Irene and Keith Smith

Self Help House Repairs Manual, revised 1980
Andrew Ingham

Ideal Home survival edition
Suspect/Hooligan

Land and Liberty, 1994
G. Burnett

The Art of Scamming

The Best of Abbie Hoffman, 1989
Edited by Daniel Simon with Abbie Hoffman
Four Walls Eight Windows, New York.

www.vintageviny.com/steal/

MOST OF THESE ARE MANY MORE
TITLES AVAILABLE @ BARGAINAGE BOOKS - THE
SHOP/LIBRARY.

It's not just you scamming, mate

The Starvation Army
Squat It no.15 "Charity in Chains"



Any so called new idea is just an old one applied to a new situation. This is true for all fields of human knowledge. It has been tagged by many names such as recycling, collage or pastiche. But why not call a spade a spade, plagiarism is plagiarism. It is taking something and making it relevant to your own life.

Plagiarism is the conscious manipulation of pre-existing elements in the creation of 'aesthetic' works. Plagiarism is inherent in all 'artistic' activity, since both pictorial and literary 'arts' function with an inherited language, even when their practitioners aim at overthrowing this received syntax (as happened with modernism and post-modernism).

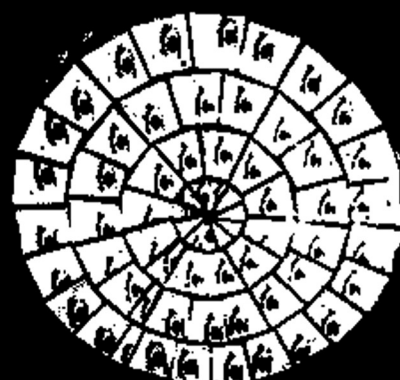
you mean to tell me some parts of this publication have been taken from other works without regard to copyright infringements!!

The nature of this publication is anonymous.

individual or organisation lays claim to the ideas on these pages. Intellectual property rights are based on the commodification of ideas.

The nature of this publication is autonomous. It wouldn't have been possible without the work and support of an interesting assortment of volunteers. It has been published from the spare room in a little squat in Melbourne with no electricity (by choice), using borrowed, stolen, recycled, scammed equipment. Friends computers (at their places), 3 pens, some PVA, ruler, pencil, scissors, eraser, white out, paper. \$5 for printing came from a benefit gig held 4 years ago @ the brown warehouse and other expenses were easily incorporated into my rent-free lifestyle.

You won't be surprised to learn that lots of people contributed to putting this zine together. Some knowingly



this has been

an autonomous autonomous project.

THIS IS IT BABEE. RIGHT NOW, YOU ARE THE DECISIONS YOU MAKE. THE WAY YOU MAKE THEM.

THE REVOLUTION. YOUR LIFE. THIS TIME. EVERYDAY. THE DECISIONS YOU MAKE.

THE WAY YOU MAKE THEM.

So they may be wondering how to convert these disks! Well what you need is a small set of "Squatter Stories"...

These are made from common garden hose that is laid out in a line for the disk to be laid on top and then you can use the...

Instructions to convert these "Squatter Stories"...

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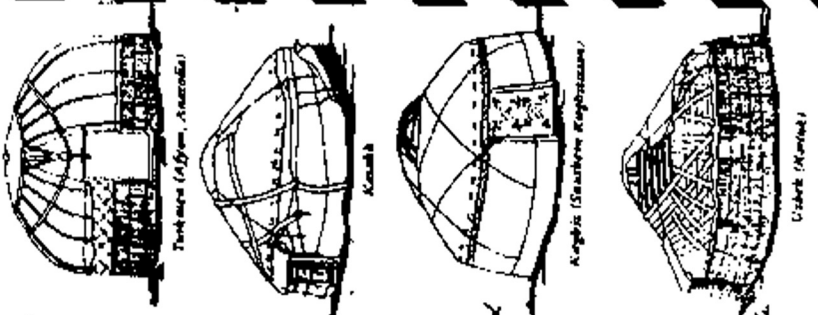
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Squatter stories...

So, tell me how you went about setting up your hut?

Well, I was told about it by a friend actually, who lived around the corner. I checked it out a couple of times, and then six months after I learnt about it I got together with a few mates and went looking for a place. I'd already been in the area and had a look around and thought it was a go. We got hold of a lock, climbed in the window, changed the lock on the front door and sat there for a couple of days. We weren't out of the front door, got soon by the neighbours deliberately, 'cause we didn't want to be sort of hiding away. Nothing happened. So we got the electricity and phone, it had just been disconnected so we rang up, the usual thing. We got a couple of windows fixed up, the ceiling, the whole inside cleaned up, front and back yards tidied. One of the rooms had been stripped of plasterboard and about six months after we'd been living there someone wanted to move in, so we increased about \$300 or \$400 to do up the room inside.

Why did it cost that much, did you buy the materials?

Yeah, we bought some of the materials. We acquired some from shops and that. Probably if we'd bought it all new it would have cost more than that. It took us a month or so to do it up and he's still there so it was worth it.

Why squat?

Fact is... you're already squatting! Who gave you permission to live where you live right now? Someone who had permission from someone else because they gave them money, who had permission from someone else because they had been given some money, by someone else who had money... yeah, nice one!

If you live in Australia, the land you live on was claimed by right of Terra nullius. This means the colonial forces that invaded denied the very existence of indigenous ppl, staked a claim for the mother country and set about trying to murder every last aboriginal so their claim had some basis.

MANA WHENUA

The land transcends notions of ownership and capital. All rights stolen under racist imperialism are illegitimate. I believe the only claim anyone has to land is by right of respect and utilisation. If you use it (relates to "respect" - I would rather it was used for "good"), then you can borrow it from the rest of us. If you're not using it, someone else can and in the mean time don't mess it up for whoever comes after you. This fits nicely into the squatting ethic, doesn't it?... rich owner with two or three houses and doesn't need them all, maybe I'll just take one for me and my chums to live in... fix it up, settle in, grow veggie's, etc. Ooo, sounds incredibly anarchist doesn't it... so, why do you think you should squat?

photo: Ciba Payer, 1982
Commonwealth Games Festival
Brisbane, Australia.



BENDERS

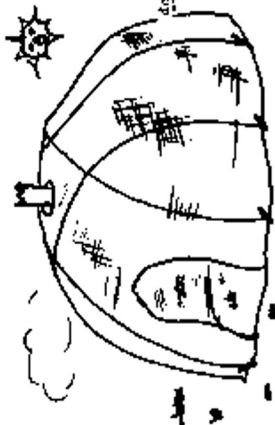
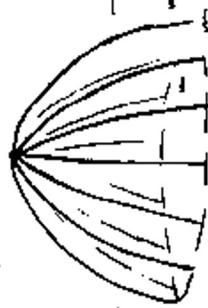
Out of all canvas and tarp structures featured, none are as cheap or as easy to erect as the bender. Benders have been used by travellers for generations and nowadays they are commonly seen at peace camps, festival sites, and other gatherings where quick and simple shelter is needed.

The design shown here is basic and simple, for further ideas use your noodle.

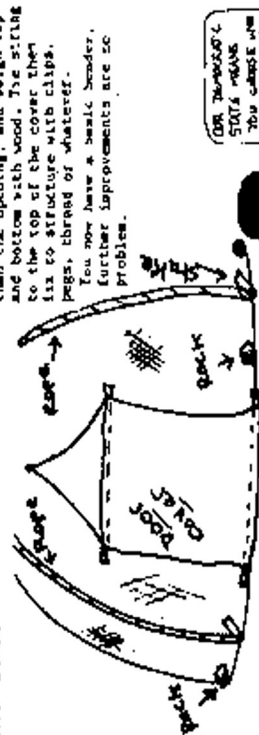
Collect bendy poles about 1-2 inches dia. Willow is ideal though hazel or ash will do. Cut to required length following for over-lap and make smooth. Strip poles into ground at least 6 inches deep. Poles should be placed approx 18-24 inches apart, with a larger space left for door opening.

Join poles at the top and tie together with string. Tie surplus lengths of poles once opposite member. Weave thinner poles in and out of uprights, leaving openings for door and windows. Windows can be made from clear polythene.

For extra insulation cover with blankets and now together this is only worth doing if the bender is going to be left for a time. Now throw your tarpaulin over the frame. Tie down with ropes and stakes using heavy rocks to hold bottom edge. For a



Your squat needn't be a house in the burbs... how about a nice spot riverside? If you construct your own shelter, you can take it with you when the coppers arrive to give you the boot!



OR THOUGH! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT!

FLOORING
Floors with carpet or rugs do well, though without too much sweat a solid floor can be laid. To do so level ground and lay joists. Fix old doors or narrow timber flaps on top.

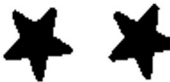
BENDER EDGE

OCCASIONAL FIXING: NAILS ANGLED

HEATING & COOKING

A woodburner is ideal for cooking and heating. Don't place woodburner or fire coals covering.

Benders can be any shape, size or design. Other than getting hold of the materials the only limitation is your imagination. Benders have been built on the back of trucks, bus chassis, barges, and boats... take it from here.



ETHICAL MASS



RESISTING EVICTION.

So, you've been given an eviction notice and you want to stay there, this will fill you in on how to Resist Eviction. There are three things you can do, you might choose one or more of these methods.

1. Approaching the media; Contacting the media will inform the public about your situation and squatting in general. Through this, you might gain public support and the owner might reconsider evicting you or giving you more time. It is important to trust the media people who you have contacted, as you don't want them to distort the story. You might try to contact public and commercial radio, current affair and other television shows, local and other newspapers.
2. Community support; This is when you liaise with community groups and neighbours to inform them of your situation and gain their support. It can be helpful to start this as soon as you move in, as you can be on good grounds when it comes to eviction time. You can visit neighbours or leaflet letter boxes. Contact housing groups, welfare groups, councillors, and other community groups. Their support can be shown in a letter or phone call to the owner(s) or local newspapers. You might ask them to sign a petition or to personally turn up on the day of the eviction.
3. Physically Resisting; It's eviction day and the asshole owner still wants you out. Feel pissed off, angry, frustrated? Then maybe you should physically resist. This is common practice in many squats overseas, which have large squatting movements. Sadly, in Australia, often you will get thrown out, even after trying to resist. This is a way of releasing your frustration and anger, and not giving up without a fight. It's also fun to piss off the police and landlord and give them a hard time, which might give you a warm inner glow.

What to do; Barriade yourselves inside, so it's impossible for anyone to get in. You may want to have a selection of things to throw at the evictors, such as; water bombs, flower bombs, rotten food, molotov cocktails and rocks. Also, if you store your old excrement somewhere safe, this can make an effective deterrent when it's own at or dropped on a potential evictor. These actions may result in arrest so be prepared and do not get caught. Good luck!

TAKE EVERY BODY

1.30 pm outside the State Library, Brisbane

GETTING IN AND SECURING YOUR SQUAT

On opening your squat, bring along new barrels for locks, slide bolts, torch or candles, hammer, screwdriver, etc. If you can not get into the house easily, crowbars or smaller jemmies are VERY useful items but hard to hide whilst carrying.

You can usually save yourself a lot of trouble by finding an easier way into the house. Try the obvious ways first - doors, windows, skylights, etc., they are often unlocked. Louvre (slat) windows, in most cases can be easily pulled out of their frames. Old style windows with rotating catches can often be opened by slipping the latches with knife.

Some newer type sliding windows can be pulled out of their frames; try pushing the window up in its frame. If all else fails you may be forced to break a window or door, be sure to repair it and clean up afterwards. NEVER admit to having broken anything or you may be charged with breaking and entering. If you have to make much noise it may be wise to go away and return when the coast is clear.


As a last resort you could consider going through the roof by removing tiles and entering through the ceiling hatch. If there is more than one of you have someone as a lookout whilst getting in.

Once in, change all the locks you can. Any doors that you cannot change the locks on, either nail them up or put bolts on them. This applies to windows as well.

As a general rule it would be best to always have someone in the house for the first week or two of squatting it and to make sure it is locked at all times after that. It is important that the house is secure and that the only people who can get in and out are you and your friends.

DIY

Materials

1. Find or scavenge a few car batteries. Fully charged batteries from expensive automobiles are ideal.
2. Do same with some bicycle dynamo generator type things, which look a bit like this -  they are usually about 6 volts so you'll need two of them to make 12 volts for the batteries.
3. ^{Find} general bike bits like wheels, wires, chains etc. will be needed depending on your design (my design is only operational in my head - you're the test pilot)

Method

- The tricky bits are the actual windmill itself and the wiring. The bigger the mill, the faster you can run the dynamo, which means more voltage. Unfortunately, it's hard to get that much wind for any period of time to charge up so study different designs for best efficiency in your area. There are a few at CERES, to make a look at. Alternatively you could have a politician or a cop or something and put them to good use on an exercise bike charging up your batteries (Macc's power)
- you need to think about gearing & leverage and all that jazz

because the further from the centre of the wheel you put the dynamo, the faster it will go - but also more wind required to set it in motion. If you want to get really tricky, you can make an automatic gearing system to maximise efficiency - the explanations here, sorry, you work it out.

• the important thing is, once you've done the mill and dynamo or cop on bike or whatever, there are two dynamos to charge a 12 volt battery, the voltage must exceed its current voltage. It helps to have a volt meter for this, but not essential. Basically, the dynamo should be going really fast, like down hill on your motorway star flat-out fart fast (the faster the better, though).

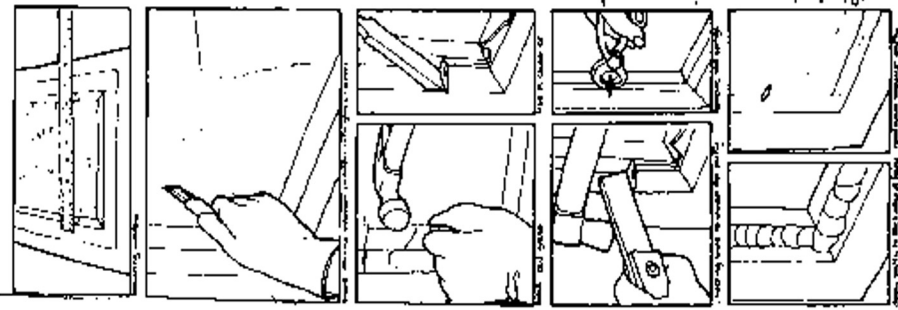
• then wire them in series, which adds their voltage: like this



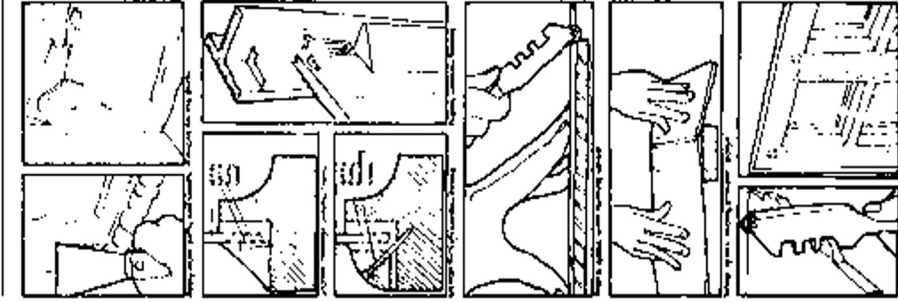
• of course, you could find yer self a charger and use some one's power outlet; best to have a few to alter note so they never get quite flat 'cos a flat car battery will never really fully recover, or pinch a solar panel from a Uranium mine, they got plenty the bastards. Use a bit of nous so you don't get a shock. Sorry so little detail but no room - experiment, have fun. Goodbye. - continued next page...

You know how bicycles sometimes power their own lights with a dynamo? and keep that in mind as we explore this fabulous new...

Sustainable power source (duh...)



3.12.00 GLAZING



- 3.12.03 Instead of putty, a piece of 1/4" (5mm) round beading can be tacked on the four sides of the frame. First set the shade in the putty as above. Apply a thin strip of putty into the angle between glass and frame, press the beading into side and nail.
- 3.12.04 Try to repair windows when it is warm: on cold days glass is more brittle and will break more easily. Sheet glass comes in 24 and 32 ounce weight and as a general rule, 24 ounce (3mm) glass is used in windows whose combined width and length is less than 60" x 80" (1500mm). For 80" and more 32 ounce (4mm) is used. Quarter-inch plate (6mm) is used for shop sign windows. Reinforced glass and various types of frosted glass are available - take a broken piece if you want a match.
- 3.12.05 Using a glass-cutter. Single pane glass-cutter. Use a firm straight edge to score along. Use a firm pressure to start and finish the score in the edge. Place the glass over a scratch block with one edge in line with the score. Hold down one side of the glass and apply pressure on the other side with the same angle - like the motion in the back of the cutter or pliers to break off smaller bits (after scoring a line).
- 3.12.06 Best loss. Most heat loss from a room is through the windows. This can be reduced greatly by taking a sheet of clear plastic over the window on the frame. The air caught between the window and the plastic acts as an insulator. Plastic can also act as glass where the house is of such about-100 or money is no object - 2" to make buying glass or second.

- 3.12.01 Be as accurate as you can in measuring the size of window. If the job is large (too small) you won't be able to fit them. If too large, they will not fit in, or only so tightly that expansion and contraction are not allowed for. Measure it from the side edge of the putty on one side to the outside edge on the other (i.e. include the thickness of the putty) and subtract 1" (25mm) from that overall size.
- 3.12.02 Remove the broken glass, wear gloves and work from the top down. If you have a glass cutter score round the edge of the glass first. With a hammer and old-wood chisel or hacking tool, clear away the old putty down to the wood on both faces of the frame. Take care not to dig into the wood and walk out for tracks (springs) buried in the putty. Test the fit of the new pane (it can be tightened down with a glass cutter if too big). There are two types of putty, one for wood and one for metal window frames. Apply it in blobs along the back face of the frame. Don't try to smooth it down, keep it in fairly regular ridges. Peel the bottom edge of the frame and push it into position (don't press in the centre) squeezing it out at the back. Use a gentle even pressure, applied all the way round the edge of the glass. Hammer in a small tack halfway up each side of the frame to hold the glass in place. Apply putty around the four sides of the frame, building up a triangular wedge. Smooth this down with a scraper blade.

Go on! Talk

to the
neighbours.
They're probably
really nice.



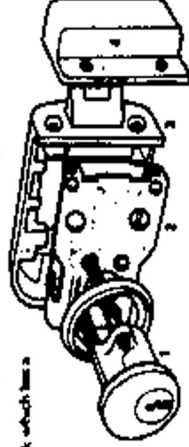
Really.

Have a cylindrical rim lock wrecker

A cylindrical rim lock is usually used on front door as an alternative to a mortice lock (or in addition for extra security). It fits on the outer face of the door and inserts a bolt into a plate fixed to the frame or into the edge of the frame. A rim lock automatically holds the door closed when it is pulled shut, but can be opened from inside by a key, but needs a key as it can be opened from outside.

Choose a rim lock which has a

- 1 Cylinder
- 2 Housing
- 3 Lock body
- 4 Key

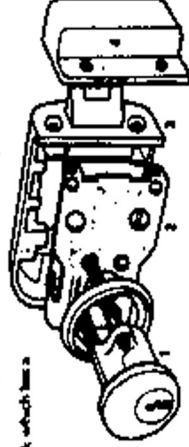


Have a mortice lock wrecker

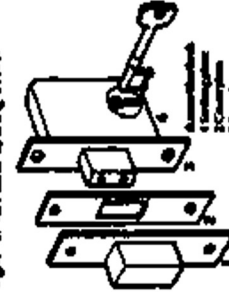
A mortice lock is fitted into a slot cut in the edge of the door, where it cannot easily be tampered with. There are several patterns to suit the width of the door stile (which should be a minimum of 40mm (1 1/2 inch) deep—the standard for most quality doors) and the location of the door: a core-bolt version is suitable for back and side doors. It has a handle or knob on each side, so it can be opened from both sides. It is a good idea to have a key to open the lock which can't be picked back once the door is closed. Perhaps the most common version is the cylinder mortice lock, which is used for front doors, where no handle is necessary. It's best to use one in tandem with a rim lock.

Choose a lock that has a large number of key variations and a standard

adjustable bolt, driven by an inner core of the lock body, or one that is automatically retracting. The best type has no single fixed into the edge of the frame, with screws or a metal nut. If it's only screwed to the face, a well-placed kick will rip out the screws. A more secure type of rim lock incorporates a back bolt, which is difficult to force open.



of hand-saw steel. This is important to prevent it being picked and to ensure that it is working correctly in the door frame. Some locks are available for right- or left-hand opening doors.



Locks

There are two types of locks used: mortice and cylinder rim. Mortice locks are put in a slot cut into the edge of the door. To remove, open door and unscrew lock. If the door is shut on one it is often easiest to cut a section out of the door frame with a hammer and chisel around where the lock goes into the frame. The door will open. Then take out lock and replace it with another (if you want) or chuck it. And next, planed on the door frame to give it back its strength. If there is enough room between door and frame then you can cut through the bolt with a wire saw. A little effort but less destructive.

Cylinder rim locks are easier to remove as from inside the house all the screws face you. So you unscrew it, remove the handle (or cylinder) and replace it with another (5/16"). Some times to taking off the lock you break it and have to buy another lock, take the one you removed to the locksmith to get an identical one.

I have known places that found the back door lock easy to change, but not the front, so they put a couple of bolts on the inside of the front door so no one could get in and only used the back door.

Gos

This will only affect, at most, your key master, some and hunting. In the end though there are more fundamental to your quality of life than your TV screen and a truck. Or as I just said, old fuddy duddy in front of the house, with a concept of home on the move and no appreciation for your space.

Basically it is, in only with the appliances at the end of papers that you will be dealing with the one system, with all of them it is a matter of checking the one in sleeping, or getting the one company to connect you and then getting the system done on but master spaces going, and managing to fight spaces and hunters, as once the one has been turned off it's often hard to get everything going again. Again it can cost up to \$60 to get it turned on depending on your approach, but on your first bill.

Squatter stories...

The Enclosed Land Act is often brought into use when there is a dispute over the logging of state forest. Basically this means it is illegal (selectively so, depending on your ideology and dress code) to be in a large area of supposed public forest around a logging operation.

The outcome of this law is long, arduous walks through the bush to the compartment being logged and squatting an area to camp in. As a whole lot of old growth was once again being trashed (or scouted around for a suitable place to base ourselves. There is a rarely enacted law where they can't log in a compartment if there are ppl nearby. We figured if they knew we were in the area, but couldn't find us, there was a possibility we could temporarily stop the logging.

Someone found one of the loggers discussed dope patches close to some of the biggest trees in an area the local Gumbatjerri had estimated to be 2000 years old. We set up house there and ran around playing cops and loggers for about a week before being rudely mistaken one morning by Sgt. Phil (whose real name was Sgt. Ronald McDonald), an assemblage of cops, some forestry commission suits with cameras, loggers and the ironically named Rescue Squad.

We were forced to move our stuff out of the area and an hour later heard the sound of chainsaws and the smash of trees hitting the ground. We immediately ran to the area and the cops made a vague attempt to get their flabby butts into gear to catch us. In typical fashion they continued logging, nearly killing a couple of us. Illegal logging, close to timberland, with ppl obviously in the area, aided and abetted by a dozen cops is totally acceptable, but it was deemed illegal for us to camp in State Forest.

After many negotiations, arrests, general shuffling and lobbying on various levels, a small area - including the largest trees - was begrudgingly preserved. Two years later when I visited the area, I found a public propaganda piece. The track we had taken to the large trees and the dope patch, had been made into a tourist trail with big rocks at the base of the trees about how such areas are always preserved due to their ecological significance!!



well, dare have you met the new squatters then?

DID YOU HEAR THE STORY ABOUT THE GUY WHO GREW MARIJUANA PLANTS OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL?

If you find yourself in a squat without a I backyard at all, another option is guerrilla

gardening, as you explore the area around you for skips, demolition sites and the like, look about for out of the way or little used spots, railway embankments, back gardens, golf courses, car parks, vacant blocks etc. think clandestine cultivation, with a bit of cunning and stealth.

herbs and vegetables can be sown among the undergrowth, right in the heart of the consumerist landscape. supermarkets and chain stores could provide you with free food after all, and renegade greenery will start to appear in unexpected places. there are already people in Melbourne planting and tending their crops around the city in guerrilla garden plots, so if you come across someone else's veggie, give them some water and go find somewhere else.



Quick Composting

The continuing cycle of returning organic matter to our soils is a crucial key to a sustainable future. The aim of composting is to establish nutrient rich organic matter in the soil, in a form that can be used and enjoyed by our vegetables, fruit trees etc. Within a well made compost heap an extraordinary array of chemical and biological processes will break down organic matter into humus, which will provide a complete diet for plants. The following ingredients should provide us with nutrient rich compost, with a balance of nitrogen and carbon elements (very important).

Fruit and veggie scraps (high in nitrogen)
Green grass clippings (high in nitrogen while still fresh)
Straw (carbon)
Wood ash (avoid painted or treated wood)
Animal manure
Hair and menstrual blood
It's also good to piss in your compost as often as you like.

Seek to balance the elements.

Earth - all organic matter mentioned and a few handfuls of good soil if available to establish more micro-organic life.

Fire - the decomposition of high nitrogen ingredients such as fresh green stuff will generate considerable heat, which provides a climate for heat loving organisms to carry out the important work of decomposition. Moistness and greenness are good to get your heap cooking.

Water - thoroughly wetting the compost helps to produce hot, fast compost by providing the right climate for microbes and the right conditions for beneficial chemical processes. It may dry out in hot weather, so water it. Always start with a watered heap, but if conditions are cold and damp too much water will put out the "fire".

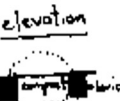
Air - good aeration provides a suitable climate for necessary aerobic bacteria. Non-aerobic heaps (non-aerated, not the ones without leopards) will be sticky, rank and take ages.

Process

Gather ingredients. It's great to have them all ready to go at once, so the compost is all broken down when going into the soil. Uncomposted material may create heat detrimental to plants if put straight onto the garden. Break it all up with a hoe (or your boot) to speed up the breaking down process.



birds eye
for supports
air flow



elevation
straw
grass
soil

Dig up a piece of grass in a sunny spot. Expose the soil, but don't go any deeper than that. Add ingredients, thoroughly mixing them all and saturating with water as you go.

Cover the heap with straw, grass or old carpet so that warmth can get in, but not sunlight which earthworms shun.

Mixing the right ingredients when making the heap is one way of aerating the heap to begin with. The heap can be turned as often as every second day for very fast compost. A crowbar plunged into the heap will also create access for air.

For large heaps air tunnels can be built at the base before you start by putting branches and robust shrubbery on the bottom to trap air. Build the heap on top and leave the ends of the branches exposed.

Don't add anything new for 2-3 weeks before using the compost in the soil. 3-6 months may be required before the optimum result of dark brown, odourless, worm-ridden compostcake is achieved.

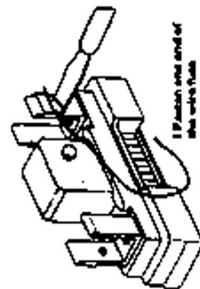
These are useful principles to use in composition, but there are many methods specific to different circumstances, dependant on what resources are available. So, just get it going and I'm sure it will all rot nicely!

GREEN CONSUMERISM?



HOW TO REPLACE FUSE WIRE

To replace a blown fuse wire, loosen the two terminals holding the fuse and extract the broken pieces. Wrap one end of a new length of wire clockwise round one terminal and tighten the screw on it (1), then run the wire through the hole in the carrier (2), attach the wire to the other terminal (3) and cut off any excess from the wire.



Electricity

At the front of each house, either outside or just inside the front door is a Fuse Box. The wires to this box are the Electricity Company's and carry a lot of power. Don't piss around with this, it is an 80 amp plus shock is no laughing matter. The box itself breaks this power down. A main Fuse Box has four fuses, 2 at about 5-10 amps for lights and another 2 at 15-20 amps for sockets. Some have extra ones for hot water systems or stoves. The fuse box will have a switch to turn each of the circuits off and a main one to turn the whole lot off.

If all lights and plug sockets in the house look O.K., then try the main switch in the box. If it all works then someone somewhere is still paying the consumption and your onto a comfortable, but probably short lived place - a burst of an hour or 3 months. More likely it's been cut off and you will have to ring up the electricity company who will come round and turn it on. This will cost up to \$50 but won't be due 'till your first bill comes in unless you take the advice in Writing Services (connected).

If some or all the light and plug sockets are missing, but all their main wiring is in place, then you will have to replace them. Before calling the Electricity Company. To do this,

expose 75mm of the main wire strip off outer sheathing strip off 20mm of lower sheathing on the 3 internal wires. An exposed metal into the wires of live, neutral or earth points in socket and tighten holding screw then attach to wall.

When you end up with the socket as you have shortened main wire use polyfill or tape to seal around over hole for a step straight and prevent accidental touching of wires. If you intend kids to live with you then do it properly.

It may be that you end up with having or setting one some of your sockets. The electricity company may not turn the power on for you and you have to tape up all the live wires with insulation tape and hope that means you don't lose one of your sockets that are on that same circuit loop from the main box.

very important information

For are red or brown
Neutral are blue or blue
Earth is green and yellow striped

BARRICADE BOOKS

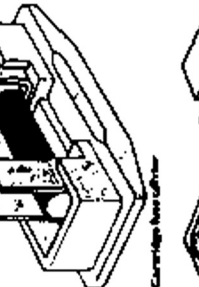
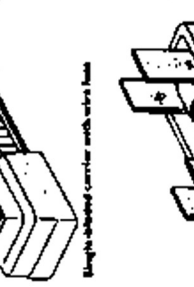
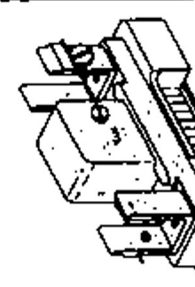


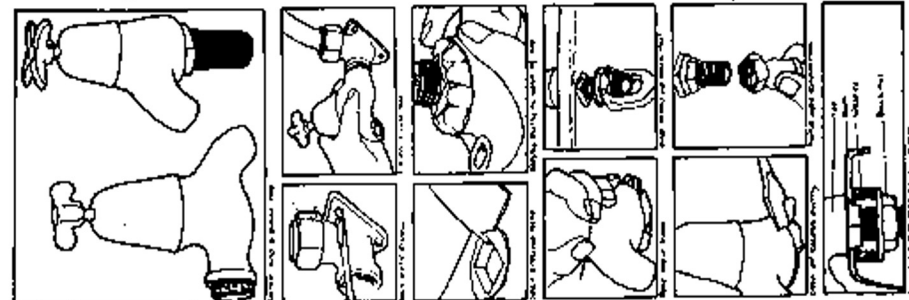
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WHY NOT MAKE IT
A HOLIDAY?

FUSE CARRIERS AND MCB'S





2.22.01 There are two main types of tap: the pillar tap and the bib tap (sugar from fancy Bunsbays, etc.). Their stems correspond to pipe sizes - 1/2" and 3/4" - but they can be fitted to either size pipe by using reducing fittings.

2.22.02 Bib taps are used with ceramic sinks or anywhere the tap is secured to the wall by a back plate elbow. This has a female 3/8" thread into which the tap is screwed, and a compression or capillary pipe connection. Three holes in the back plate enable it to be secured to the wall. You may need to convert to copper if using PVC pipes as back plate elbows may be difficult to buy for plastic.

2.22.03 The pillar tap is for use with baths, basins, and pressed steel sinks. They have a long tap thread with a back nut and a washer, which can go through the thick rear of ceramic basins and basins. If you can, fit the tap before the fitting is secured to the wall or moved into position.

2.22.04 Remove the old or damaged tap, and/or clean round the holes on the fitting. Remove all the old putty. Remove the back nut and washer from the new tap and apply putty round the shoulder of the tap. Place the tap into the hole and screw on the back nut and washer until the tap is secure. Remove excess putty. The tap thread sometimes will "blow" or so from the tap shoulder, so when moving it to a prepared steel sink, the nut can't be screwed up far enough. There are special washers (cap washers) which add 1/2" (15mm) to the shoulder of the tap. If this is not enough, find a piece of old lead pipe (or any other pipe) which fits over the pipe thread, cut off an inch or so and use it as padding between the sink and the back nut.

2.22.05 Pipes are joined to taps using a tap or arrival connector. If compression joints are used a copper to female iron coupling can be used with PTFE tape.

Squinting without water is no fun at all. Once you will come into a place and the water will be on or only warm off at the tap is stopped that is your next to each water meter in the front yard near the property line usually. Try that tap then go and check the meter flows O.K. and no taps are missing and or leaking.

The easiest thing to do if it leaks from a missing tap or broken pipe is to go to a plumber or hardware and buy lead caps that you hammer on to the end of pipes to seal them. If you have a few taps that work then to lose a few is no drama - keep a look out for taps though as you may be able to find one around for nothing that fits. If you have to back holes in a few walls to get those pipes sealed - do it

Squatter stories...

About 30 of us went over to Tasmania one summer. Rumours spread that we'd sailed on a Black Boat during the night, but in fact we'd caught the Able Tannan and were refused service for the crimes of being shaven with unkempt hair - the Lone Boat it was not!

With that memory of us squatting was not easy. We must have been in at least 15 emphyseas - from tubercles to hospital to sheds out the back of flats - over a period of about 3 months.

The wharf squid lasted the longest: about 3 weeks. The old hospital on the creek was really weird. I was sleeping in a particular area of it and had the most bizarre feelings and dreams... the ones where you think you're under a tap only to realise your still dreaming - dreams twice dreams. We found out later that during the 1920's kids who were expected not to survive were left to die in this particular area where I was sleeping!

We finally found a house where the neighbours were O.K., the taps were O.K. (as it was easy for them to keep an eye on us) and the Housing Commission who owned it didn't care as they had no plans for it in the near future (not their usual stance). Unfortunately, one of the more unstable members of the crew decided to take her clothes off and have a soak under the front lawn tap of the pvt opposite, who freaked out and we were banned out again. A lot of us got sick of it after that and returned to the mainland. There were too many of us trying to squat in a small, conservative place like Hobart. It was a huge of fun, but destined to failure from the start.

Well, what do you know? The gears of the global economic machine screech to a grinding halt, replaced by a time when they were on without any and co-operation. Fanny that! Off to work then eh? Bernard?



Companion Plants

Plant	Beneficial to:	Antagonistic to:
Basil	Most plants, esp. tomato	Rue
Beans & Peas (are nitrogen-fixers)	Borage, cabbage, carrot, cauliflower, cucumber, corn, marigold, squash, strawberry, tomato	chives, fennel, garlic, leek
Broccoli	bean, celery, chamomile, dill, mint, nasturtium, onion, potato, sage, rosemary	lettuce, strawberry, tomato
Carrot	Bean, chives, leek, onion, pea, lettuce, sage, tomato, wormwood	Dill, rosemary, radish
Corn	Parsnip, bean, cucumber, pumpkin, squash
Cucumber	Bean, broccoli, carrot, lettuce, pea, radish, tomato	Rue, Sage
Leeks	Carrots, strawberries, onions	Broccoli
Lettuce	Cucumber, carrot, radish, strawberries	Broccoli
Onion	Beet, carrot, chamomile, corn, lettuce, potato, strawberries, tomato	Bean, pea, cucumber, dill, tomato, pumpkin, squash
Pea	Carrot, corn, cucumber, lettuce, radish, spinach, tomato	Onions, garlic, shallots
Potato	Corn, lettuce, onions, peas, petunia, marigold, radish, cannabis, summer savory	Apple, pumpkin, tomato, sunflowers, raspberries
Pumpkin	Bean, corn, mint, nasturtium, radish, marjoram	Potato
Radish	Bean, cucumber, lettuce, parsley, peas	Grape, Hyssop, Squash, Spinach
Spinach	Onion, pea, strawberry	Cauliflower
Tomato	Basil, beans, marigolds, nasturtiums, onion, parsley, pea, sage, dandelions	Carrot, Chives, fennel, potato, wormwood, all brassicas

For more info you can check out

<http://www.hitech.net.au/vegrrl/table.htm> comprehensive guide to companion planting

<http://www.users.interport.net/~ggnyr/Pages/Welcome.html> the green guerillas have been going since 1973 when a group of people cleared & reclaimed a vacant rubble-strewn lot on New Yorks Lower East Side.

<http://www.netpage.net.au/~atkinson/links.htm> links to organics, self-sufficiency & companion planting

<http://www.ozemail.com.au/~vego/organics1.html> covers composting, mulching & soils .. well written

<http://www.scs.leeds.ac.uk/pfaf/vegorg.html> a great guide to growing .. lots of info .. produced by VOHAN (Vegan Organic horticulture and Agriculture Network) in the UK.

how does your garden grow?

Now, can someone please explain ... the government and big businesses are putting millions and millions of dollars into supporting genetic engineering research & development and very very little towards supporting the organics industry.

Are they concerned about our health? Are they concerned about the long term effects that their actions will cause to the earth and to people's lives?

I know what I prefer. Organic Food. Not mass produced, chemically induced and genetically modified thank you very much. It seems like there's a whole lot of other people who also feel the same way. But sometimes you don't have a choice. Sometimes you don't have enough money so another way is to grow your own stuff.

Here's how to do it:

The Box Garden

- ♦ Grab a polystyrene box or two (punch some holes for drainage).
- ♦ Soak some newspaper in water thoroughly and put shredded layers on the base (about 10-15 pages thick is fine).
- ♦ If you've got grass clippings throw in a couple of handfuls next. Straw or lucerne also add nitrogen.
- ♦ Fill the rest with compost and/or garden soil or potting mix.
- ♦ Put in some seedlings and water well.

The Tyre Garden

As above, but with this type of garden, you can stack up the tyres to make quite a tall and deep space to grow things. Especially good for potatoes (as soon as leaves come up, you put more mulch on and so they grow) and corn (they do well in deep soils).

The easiest vegetables

The easiest veg to grow is probably silverbeet: plant it in spring, then eat it all year. It's closely followed by pumpkin, tomato, lettuce and spring onions. Beans are great for the soil as well as tasting pretty fine too and potatoes require very minimal work.

Herbs are so simple to grow, and much cheaper than buying in the shops and much tastier than dried stuff.

Green Harvest put out an Australian Organic Gardening Resource Guide and it's free. It's got information on herbs and flowers, pest repellent plants, soil improvement and more. To get the guide sent to you, you can freecall 1800 681 014 or email greenhar@ozemail.com.au



Assuming the gas, water, electricity or phone service in the house is in working order (ha - if only it were always so easy) it is generally pretty simple to get them

connected - however there are several things to keep in mind. Firstly, considering the squat may last 10 years, a month or a day - you may not want to be liable for connection fees which you're gonna have to pay even if you get kicked out quickly (especially if the house has been empty for years and years or the phone's been ripped out when they may have to install a phone line - costs around \$170). The best way to get services

connected in a false name is bravado - and a good phone manner. Whereas 5 years ago they didn't ask a lot of questions - they're trying to make the system tighter now - so you may have to bluff a little. Depending on the service company they will ask for various amounts of information about you - mostly so they can do a credit check on you. So if you make up a name, date of birth, say you never had a phone/electricity etc bill in your name before, and say you just moved into the property (if you say yr renting they'll want yr landlord - so other stones, like that you own it, looking after it, doing it up etc are usually better), you're off to a good start.

Generally they will ask for your home and work numbers but you should be able to get away without either (so I don't work - and we don't have the phone on it need be. Apart

Luxury? Why Not.

or, How to get services connected - FREE

Remind me... why is it we NEED elec tri city?



from the water companies - they'll generally want some form of hard id - they'll start with a drivers licence number (don't drive), then a passport number (don't have one), birth certificate (sorry) - but they'll settle for something like a health care card or student number - you can make up either. In my experience they don't check, ultimately if they keep hitting blank walls about getting more information (eg I'm self employed, at home, this is my only contact etc) they generally give in. Telstra will also ask for a previous address - this is purely to assess whether you deserve interstate and international call privileges (since yr made-up person has no bad credit rating - yr in the running!). My experience is that if you pick an address in a share-house innately kind of

neighbourhood - say you lived there for a pretty long time but were never on the bill - they've got no way of knowing otherwise. The worst thing that can happen is they call and get a 'never heard of them' response - but I've never heard back from them on this one. Even better - say you lived interstate, and were really stable and all - at the moment they don't check. The less you can get away with saying the better - but sometimes I like to get carried away with crazy stories.

Obviously - make sure you keep a record of any information you give them as you may be asked for it as proof of identity at a later stage. Ok - the benefits are that you can avoid paying the bills if you get kicked out straight away, and don't have to pay your last bill

Do Not Frolik! ☹

(always fun with long-distance calls etc.) without it going on your record, and you can get stuff connected even with a bad record. Sometimes you can even accumulate a bit of mid-level ID in a fake name for other purposes. Drawbacks are that you probably won't be able to get concession rates on the bills if you do pay them (ie the squat lasts and you want them to stay connected), you won't have the official records as proof of how long you've been living there for legal etc purposes and - you may not want to give a perfectly good squat a bad rep with the service companies. On the other hand - my knack of getting around a bad record run up by me or others is to ring the company and pretend to be a snotty nosed new renter - "I think there may have been some people here 'squatting' before me!" and organise re-connection. Again, it takes some confidence and an impressive phone manner - but it's not real hard. And remember - the person in the call-centre who yr talking to is probably real bored and pissed off with wage-slavery - so if it's not going well - it's always worth approaching them with a bit of 'why do you care?' logic.

There are a few more things you may encounter with getting services on. One place I lived in, the electricity was on when we moved in and we found out the bills were being sent directly to the owner (who lived in outer-suburban Melbourne) and he'd suddenly get a bill that would alert him to our presence. So, I called the company and pretended to

WHY IS THERE SOMETHING DODGY AND UNNATURAL ABOUT WOMEN WHO WANT TO TRY TO DO SOMETHING WITH THEIR LIVES? WHY ARE WOMEN SUCH FUCKING APPENDAGES IN EVERYTHING?... FEMINISM ISN'T OVER, IT DIDN'T FAIL, BUT SOMETHING NEW HAPPENED. GRRRL POWER ... NEXT TIME A BLOKE FEELS YOUR ARSE, PATRONISES YOU, SLAPS OFF YOUR BODY. GENERALLY TREATS YOU LIKE SHIT - FORGET THE MORAL HIGHGROUND. FORGET HE'S BEEN INSTILLED WITH PATRIARCHY AND IS A VICTIM TOO. FORGET RATIONAL AND DEBATE. JUST DECK THE BASTARD.



post-modern
THE THINKER.

be his sister-in-law...blah blah - just moved into the house and didn't want him to be bothered with our bills - couldn't they possibly be sent to us at the actual address... If worked - plus I managed to get the address and other info about the owner which is always a bonus. If the company knows you're squatting - they may refuse to connect you - though it hasn't happened to me, I'd recommend not letting on - and if there's a problem, ring back until you get a different operator.

Remember that it's illegal for water to be disconnected where people are living - even if the owner wants it disconnected, or is trying to move you along etc...unfortunately a lot of bastard landlords discourage squatters by concreting in the toilet or ripping out water pipes. The Department of Housing is particularly keen on this - though squatting these places can sometimes help you to skip public housing queues (especially if you can embarrass them). Generally speaking the water is "connected" all the time (just find the mains tap) - which means yr supposed to call the company and establish an account. Generally you can get away without paying for at least a few months before they check the meter - when you can of course claim you just moved in (if they catch you). Of course the schemes to stop ppl scamming this stuff are always getting tighter - but if you stay on yr feet and walk on yr phone manner you should be laughing on the rent-free, bills-free double banana!

butique society. The building was considered protected by the City Hall in 1990, but the occupants of Nity Hall and Selvaag are constantly lobbying the politicians to let him start his housing project. Selvaag is said to be on the prowl again, but one is awaiting his next move without too much fear.

I am not quite sure if it is really illegal to squat a building here in Norway. But I guess the owner must tell the police if they want to get you out. If you squat a governmental/communal building you are automatically charged with trespassing and sure to get beaten up by the police if you do not leave when they tell you to. Then they charge you for violence against the police.

To prevent you from returning the next day, they smash all the windows, remove the plumbing and the

electricals. The problem for squatters is when the Antiquarian protects the building, and then they are not allowed to do this. And then the occupants can return, but the police is not eager to throw them out. It is just a waste of time for them. Hjelmsgate 3, which is owned by the Arbeidskollektivet (the next generation, or possibly the 4th), are able to get large maintenance projects partially funded by the antiquarian. The antiquarians are used to having to fight the owners, who usually want to knock down the old building and replace it with a new one. Another fresh initiative is "Brakkebyggen". A parking lot on Oslo's lower east side, squatted by punks with camping wagons. This is supposed to be Norway's first "Wagengård" - though it looks more like a white-trash trailerpark. The 4 -next generation Blitz punks - with their 3 camping wagons, have located

themselves right in the middle of Oslo City Halls next door tourist attraction. They are called "The 4th". They are placed in the ruins of the next 19th century kirk (church) - St. Clements - possibly the first to ever be built in Oslo during the christening of the land, or rather the ruins of it. It is actually the last remains of the ruins. After being told by the police to move, they did, 10 meters. After keeping this up for two months, their homes got towed by the police/City Hall. After rashing-out their wagons - they went back to a parking space nearby, close to another ruin - Maria kirke (church of St. Mary). Here they are sheltered from the tourists or the tourists from them, so the City Hall do not seem to eager to harass them - yet. They have also started a "Folkestøken" (people's kitchen), which each Sunday offers cheap mostly vegetarian food.

LOUNGE

PARTICIPATE

EXPERIMENT

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- For retaining creative energy in the face of overwhelming opposition
- For having a perpetually mistrustful relationship with all forms of authority



For these and countless other types of subversive behavior, the bearer of this certificate is entitled to solidarity in the form of active and moral support from all other certificate holders, and thousands of others, all indefatigably undermining the present global "order."

Krusesgate 749 was squatted in the summer of 1989. Today it is the only

illegal squat in Oslo and still the two "autonomous" buildings that are the most likely to live on. I believe it is several reasons for it to be so.

1) Unlike Hjelmsgate 3 (which owns the building, but leases the land) and Blitz (which leases the whole block), a private real estate company - Selvaag, owns Krusesgate 749. Krusesgate is located on the prominent westside, not the kind of place where one should expect a squat to be particularly popular with the neighbors. But Selvaag's plan is to knock down the two 110 years old wooden sveitzer villas, and put up a concrete housing project. The Oslo middleclass would not stand for this, and during the 70s they collected 5000 signatures against these plans. 5000 signatures with money behind them - old money - and the City Hall was reluctant to let Selvaag have their way. And after

CULTURALLY PRODUCTIVE

CONTRIBUTE

all, it is not governmental property - really, neither. And "the man" Selvaag has got the time and money to wait. Meanwhile Oslo is being plagued by an escalating housing crisis - pushing property prices to an all time high.

2) The squat has been "cultured". It's a barrier. No fuzz. Just the way the Norwegian middle-aged-middleclass likes it. Not attracting negative attention from either the neighbor or the City Hall. Volapuk, the alternative-cultural forum located in Krusesgate, attracts rather prominent Norwegian cultural personalities, making it "High Profile" and a bit unpleasant to evict or knock down.

"Culture" is very big in Norway (opium for the people) the word is so positively loaded that it is quite absurd. If you call it culture you can get away with almost anything, and probably get the government to pay for it.

One other "hot issue" is the conservation of

architecture. The house being 110 years old was clearly of historical and worthy of preservation by the City Antiquarian.

3) Unlike Hjelmsgate 3 and Blitz, which with their lease and rent agreements with the City Hall, are prevented from having any more living in them, Krusesgate is a scale that would be untenable by the government. Krusesgate has got 12 - 14 people living in it. This makes the squat attractive to maintain and renovate the buildings - which is one of the primary goals for the squat. While Hjelmsgate 3 and Blitz (which used to have people living in it from 1989-94) are in worse shape.

The occupants of Krusesgate believe the number of people now living in it to be the most desirable. The Allmote meeting for all, open meetings decides who is to live there, and everything concerning the buildings. The rooms are large, as these houses were built for the 18th century

ART, CULTURE, POLITICS.

cont.

the art of SCAMMING

so, now that you've got free shelter, have you thought about trying to get food and clothing for free? how about electricity, books, the phone, a sewing machine to use? scamming is a state of mind, an opportunity for adventure and a way to get the things you need without supporting the ducky bastards. it's a chance to enjoy a few luxuries that most people take for granted. scamming something is different, even if only subtly, from getting it for free. you gotta work your semi, know your stuff and do a bit of background checking, asking around, casing the joint etc before you can hope to pull off a really good scam. confidence is the only skill you need. if you're new to the game, start small and work your way up to the biggies. invite your mates along and make it a good time. tell everyone you trust, and get them doing it as well. sure, it means someone might cotton on more quickly, but this kind of information should be shared and there's nothing that warms the cockles of a poor squatter's heart like a good story about fucking over the system!

a good scam usually presents itself and a good scammer is able to take advantage of opportunities that come along. mulling with the punches and all that. there are, of course, serious ethical questions about who to scam. i guess it's up to the individual to apply their own creed, but if you're out to get everything you can, from anyone you can, without regard for their circumstances, can i recommend a leisurely stroll down melbourne's fabulous new citylink. maybe around 8.30am. only losers steal from the poor - go take a Porsche!

once you're all sorted at the new pad, check out your local neighbourhood - what's happening? there's probably a local community centre with all sorts of handy resources and helpful staff available, a place for the kids to go play, a skills share, barter or LETS system. often centres run free or cheap courses, and have cheap office type stuff like internet access, faxes, scanners etc. centres also give people from the local area the chance to network and develop their own grand schemes. what about getting a bunch of people together to do working bees at your new house and then doing one at someone else's? also, don't forget that your friendly centrelink provide faxes, phones, photocopiers and computers free of charge.

food - charities and church groups are usually hospitable when you're in need of a meal (check out the timetable) - although you really take your chances with the vegetarian selection. food parcels are also available for those with the luxury of cooking facilities. the hore krishna restaurant on swanston st (crossways, food for life) will feed you for free if you do the dishes for half an hour. food no bombs distribute free, organic food to community groups as well as doing vegan kitchens twice a week. all the



food is donated by retailers who consider it passed its use by date and would otherwise throw it out. kitchens (free food!) are currently run at 7.30pm near the commission flats on palmerston st, carlton on tuesday and on the corner of

separation and high sts, northcote on sunday. remember they always need an extra hand or two. call 9480-3554 for info. approaching ppl in restaurants, or waiting for them to leave and scuffling down the leftovers is a great way to decrease waste. if you're into recovering post-consumer waste and eating for free, check out the article about dumpster diving. all-you-can-eat places are perfect for bringing home the salad. sew a plastic bag onto your t-shirt or belt and wear a loose-fitting jacket to cover the bulge. in fancy sit-down restaurants, you can dress up to look important, swan in and order a huge meal. halfway through take a little dead cockroach or piece of glass out of your pocket and place it deftly on the plate. jump up, astonished and suitably



"How would you gentlemen like your executive heart attacks, strong, medium or mild?"

outraged (often less is more) and summon the headwaiter. "never have i been so insulted. i could have eaten that. any god, what kind of restaurant is this?" you have the option of refusing to pay and leaving, or letting the waiter talk you into a brand new meal for free. the active redistribution of society's wealth is a grassroots, DIY approach to feeding yourself and your mates. check out the articles from *Steal this Book* for some handy tips on technique. if you ever do any shoplifting and get caught, you could try to negotiate with the coppers. it's their decision whether or not to charge you, and you might be able to talk your way out of it. however, if you start negotiating with them, you've basically admitted to the charge, so be careful about what you say. joining or organising a food co-op is one of the best ways to promote solidarity and get lots of yummy food real cheap. the idea is to get tonnes of stuff at once and break it down into smaller lots for different households. you need a bit of

as an illegal alien without benefits from social security or any other welfare, quite often i find myself in situations where i'm left without any income - sometimes for weeks. in such times the last thing i want to break my head with are issues like rent and gas or electricity bills. so, living in a squat makes things easier. during my stay in the last couple of squats, i've learnt more than before, that in social matters, squatting is no different than renting. the respect of others living space is certainly the most important criterion to consider. may it be a place where people come in and out just to crash out overnight, or a house chosen by a group of people as their home. i made the experience that usually 'overnight' houses are left in very poor condition, where there is a large number of individuals using the facilities for shooting up, sex, junkies or other reasons. people's attitude (and i have to admit mine too, until recently) is that the place is only good enough as long as they use the facilities. why should i tidy up the mess when tomorrow i won't be here anymore?

consideration of other ppl is the main reason for it, and shouldn't be explained to adults furthermore. another answer would be the house owner. we all know that squatters are identities as different from each other as leaves growing on trees. but try explaining this to a houseowner who sees his property infested with faecal matter and blood smeared on the walls next to mattresses...

as unrealistic as it might sound, it's the black and white, 9-5 life of the white-trash majority. there are a few houseowners who don't mind ppl living in their (temporarily?) empty houses, as long as those ppl keep their homes in reasonable condition.

in my case, where ever i find myself, i'll probably always consider squatting before renting 'cause it's not only cheap. it's a good way to get to know interesting personalities.

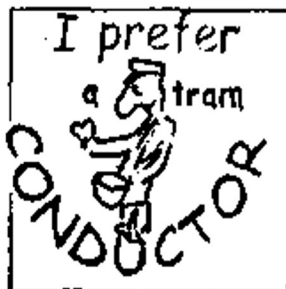
equipment and organisation to get it started, and of course, committed people.

creature comforts

how about a hot shower or machine washed clothes? (see timetable) - don't forget the soap (available at selected public toilets). pubs are a handy spot to pick up rolls of toilet paper, more harder to come by with the super-roll industrial size jobs becoming more fashionable. still, plenty have stuck to the tried and true looroll, so don't let them miss out on the chance to support your lifestyle.

transport

autonomous transport is always preferable to the urban renaissance while public transport is no good to you between the hours of 12 and 5am cycling offers a free, ecologically and physically sound mode of getting around. anytime ask around; your friends might have a crusty old dunge in the back shed that just needs a little lovin', while the trading post occasionally has some going for free. don't forget to try dumpsters or the tip. i reckon stealing bikes is dodgy. you don't know who it might belong to and even the flash ones can be owned by some groover who's saved up and decided to buy a good bike, instead of an old car, maybe for ecological reasons. if you do have to invest some cash initially, try thinking of all the dosh you'll save on those fare evasion fines! bike maintenance isn't hard and a lot of bike shops have people who will help you with advice. approaching a bored looking young man (incredibly prolific at local bike shops) rather than the older, better dressed manager-type works for me. i've always replaced my punctured tyre at the shop, using their tools and their advice. it's not all grits and chitins though. nasty coppers with nothing to do can book you for such absurdities as "riding improperly" and "misuse of a bike lane". hrm...right by law all bikes are supposed to have a bell and all riders a helmet too night junks require white light at the front and flashing red at the rear.



JUST ANOTHER DAY ON THE CITYLINK...



(keenet fans can check out what the man himself is up to on www.realjeff.com)

beware of inspectors, often reported wearing long blue coats and equally as often in plainclothes, jumping on to nab you before you can make a grand escape out the door. sometimes, these vultures lie in wait and nick you if you sit down without validating. numerous cheeky scammers have concocted equally numerous stories to get out of paying fines, each more impressive than the last. i'm sure they've heard it all before, but that's no reason to give up without a fight. try the daft tourist, lost in the big city (this works well when combined with a foreign accent). the usual procedure is to escort you off the tram (holding your arm, or dragging you off constitutes assault) to take your name and address, verify it with the cops and issue you with a ticket. of course, they can't do that if you're no longer there. the inspectors have no powers of arrest or detainment. as long as you can get away from them, there's nothing they can do. don't wait around with them until the cops come, you could get arrested, especially if your attempt to get away have been physical (which usually becomes "assault"). word has it that a local legal centre is mounting a case to challenge the legality of the coin only machines. is that you could have made a reasonable attempt to purchase a ticket but were thwarted by a lack of change sounds promising. one idea that makes it nearly impossible to get busted is to buy a ticket at a local vendor before you get on the tram (if it's financially possible) and travel with your un-validated ticket in handy reach.

trains can be worked pretty easily too. you don't usually need to worry about the suburban end of the journey, although there are sometimes blitzes at the larger suburban stations during peak hour. when you get into the city, as long as you can get past our friends at the gates, you're set. sometimes all this requires is boldness, walking through the wheelchair access gate when they're distracted by someone else, or not there at all. travelling off-peak is an advantage. never mind the ticket, just firmly push the yellow barriers aside and stroll through. having a friend behind you for cover is a good idea. with a little practice, you can get quick at opening them with your knee, which keeps your hands free and makes it look totally aboveboard. at fanders street there's an entrance on the river side of the station (southgate) that is never watched. from there you can get anywhere in the station. interstate you want to try hitchhiking or trucking. pack your backs, hit the road, stick out your thumb and smile nicely. if you're the scruffy type and haven't got a chance in hell of being picked up by your friendly businessman commuting between states, or a bit concerned about the safety aspect of hitchhiking, grab your yellow pages, head down to ceentrolink and start calling up truck companies. ask if any of the drivers are willing to take a passenger. insurance regulations make it a bit harder. if there's a crash and you get injured, you can sue, so not every company is going to be keen. keep trying though. what you really need is an owner-driver with a long haul in front of them and a desire for conversation. i've done

Letter from Squatter in Spain - July 99

I am writing by candle light at my bedroom window, under a skyful of stars and above a black forest rustling in the wind and echoing with the odd owl. Last week we were given a mini computer which is plugged and hooked to email. It works off the solar panels.

The bongo drums have started up - drowning out the owl. There are 18 of us here now, in 2 houses and a tree house. That includes a 10-month old girl and a 6-year-old boy.

Outside my other window is paddock where 4 yr old Josefina, a 300kg mare is imprisoned. Today I was training her with big baskets and weights. Next Thursday we have a collective workday digging potatoes and darling Josefina has to carry them thru the valley - thus banishing her reputation as a useless and stubborn if lovable beast. Then she's off to the Pyrenes for the summer to live free with a horse and 2 mares, and hopefully get pregnant.

Our anti McDonalds group is having a long sleets - while new outlets pop up everywhere - we're losing. Coca Cola sales only fell a few percent in Spain after the latest poisoning scandal, and the anti-GM food campaign hasn't really taken off - there's a mad consumer boom on here, for those who have jobs and credit. The unions are sold out and marginalised, solidarity diverted to institutional campaigns ("We" give more than anyone to Kosovo) and rebellion to institutionalised fiestas and football - you know the story.

On the other hand our first street party (18th June) was a great success. First, we demolished a wall and took over a derelict site where a squat centre had been evicted and demolished, transforming it into a community garden. We marched to the centre (more like danced) to meet up with another demonstration and block the main street (Gran Via). Then a long nervous wait, but the cops didn't intervene and the sound system arrived being towed by another van, it had broken down on the way. Cops of mad dancing at every intersection with a mass audience of angry hooting drivers, drive-in movie style - no arrests.

The squat movement is still booming as well - despite media blackouts and gradual criminalisation/ demonisation we still have lots of public support! Con P. is now 2 1/2 years old. We make bread, 100s of kilos in a big wood oven, and sell it locally and round the squat centres etc. with all profits to the food kitty etc. Some people live on that and do seasonal work - fruit picking etc. and a couple have more regular jobs.

Other occupants of the squat are 3 dogs, a cat, 5 kittens (going soon), 2 geese, a guinea fowl, one gosling adopted by a duck, 20 chickens, 3 little cocks and one chick, which has 2 aggressive mothers, plus ducks, and 2 pregnant goats. Life here is chaotic, with constant cafes, workshops, meetings and small conferences, tomorrow for example about 20 Europeans are arriving for a week, in the wake of the 18 June demonstrations in Germany.

Name & Address		Age	Sex	Height	Weight	Build	Complexion	Other
James E. Smith, Jr. 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	40	M	5' 10"	170	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
John A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	35	M	5' 8"	160	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
Robert A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	30	M	5' 6"	150	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
William A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	25	M	5' 4"	140	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
Charles A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	20	M	5' 2"	130	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
David A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	15	M	5' 0"	120	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
Edward A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	10	M	4' 8"	110	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
Frederick A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	5	M	4' 6"	100	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
George A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	3	M	4' 4"	90	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
Harold A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	2	M	4' 2"	80	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
Henry A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	1	M	4' 0"	70	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
John A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	0	M	3' 8"	60	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
William A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	0	M	3' 6"	50	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
Charles A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	0	M	3' 4"	40	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
David A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	0	M	3' 2"	30	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
Edward A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	0	M	3' 0"	20	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
Frederick A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	0	M	2' 8"	10	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
George A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	0	M	2' 6"	10	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
Harold A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	0	M	2' 4"	10	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
Henry A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	0	M	2' 2"	10	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
John A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	0	M	2' 0"	10	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
William A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	0	M	1' 8"	10	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
Charles A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	0	M	1' 6"	10	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
David A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	0	M	1' 4"	10	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
Edward A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	0	M	1' 2"	10	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
Frederick A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	0	M	1' 0"	10	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
George A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	0	M	0' 8"	10	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
Harold A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	0	M	0' 6"	10	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
Henry A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	0	M	0' 4"	10	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
John A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	0	M	0' 2"	10	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None
William A. Smith 1000 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101	0	M	0' 0"	10	Slender	Light	Blue eyes, fair skin	None

HUNTING AND GATHERING in the house of Babylon

Revolution is the gateway that leads from here to there. Gone in Babylon are the pristine hunting grounds that once inhabited it's territory. Hunting and gathering in these places of concrete jungle and urban sprawl is no longer a direct natural link to food chains first set in motion from out of the primordial ooze.

While most of us seek to acquire currency in such a way that our toil is hardly worth spending money on anything less than perfect produce, a great deal of edible and perhaps not picture perfect food is left for collection and then to be buried. A more compassionate way of life would see the crime against humanity that is this sort of waste... wouldn't we? Multinational supermarket chains are perhaps the worst offenders in regards to wasting edible food and this makes them the best target for "dumpster diving". And if you don't have room for a vegetable garden, diving may be your last chance to acquire food through a clean exchange of energy output for energy return thus cutting out the middle man... money

Hunters and gatherers of the new age pick up your rubber gloves, strap on your head torches, put your lock picking set in your pocket (see internet, search engine set for 'lock-picking') and leave spears and hunting dogs at home.



Her belly is full

joy.



TIPS: JUMP IN A DUMPST'A... GET OVER IT!

- Ⓢ go to the supermarket in the morning and open the packets of food you'd most like to find that night
- Ⓢ don't stop at food. Check out ya local industrial dumpsters for all sorts of other goodies: chairs, cabinets, old tubs (for the firebath of course) make a fireplace under the tub and stick a plank of wood in the bottom of it so you don't burn ya bum.)
- Ⓢ check up on your food hygiene stuff (particularly cross-contamination) so you avoid nasty food poisoning
- Ⓢ be prepared to jump in and dig around or you'll miss all the good stuff
- Ⓢ bakeries and other food outlets in your area are best approached and asked if there's a specific time they throw food out, arrange a pickup (can't hurt asking, be brave)

Remember, bins are your friends. Most of society believes that they are dirty and best kept out of sight. Most of society believes the same of you. Society also believes that these dirty vessels deserve nothing more than their trash. They believe the same of bins.

121 CENTRE

121 Bookshop was squatted in January 1981 by a small group of people living in the South of London. An ad had appeared in Freedom (a London anarchist paper) about opening an anarchist centre in South London, and a few people responded to the call.

An Afro-Caribbean bookshop called Sabaar had been the previous occupants and a few of us had used their address to do prison support work at Pentridge. We kept in touch with them, and when they moved further down Railton Road, they informed us the building was now empty. Originally a few guys moved into the premises to secure it and started to live upstairs. After the bookshop had been open a while it was decided to use the place as non-residential, with hopefully a café on one of the floors upstairs.

One of the main activities 121 did was to act as a contact point for squatters and working class people in the area. A regular magazine called *The Crowbar* and a squatter's café were two popular ventures that took place in the early eighties. A library called The Kate Sharpley Library (named after a South London anti-militarist) was started there as well as an active anarchist feminist group, which put out two magazines and had workshops on self-defence.

After being in the bookshop for a while a friend at work mentioned that there was a basement in the building where a printing press has been once upon a time. It was a great adventure discovering a trap door and a very unstable set of steps down to a quite large area. This area was later used for clubs and money raising ventures. Of further interest was that when the cops broke into the shop a few years later supposedly looking for explosives, they didn't check out the basement as it had a trapdoor hidden under lino.

So many magazines/benefits/groups/pamphlets/gigs came out of the centre it would be hard to list them all here...it's enough to say hundreds. Tens of thousands of anarchists from all over the world visited/stayed at 121 and hundred of public meetings have been held there. Black Flag was distributed from the premises every two weeks for quite a few years. I remember those folding days with Albert, Leo and 'old John' (now sadly gone), Paul, Pippa, Jessica, Alex and whoever else we could rope in. Also at that time *South London Street* was published from 121. Some people found it hard to understand that the same people putting out Black Flag were behind *South London Street*...

121 existed for 16 years without any grants from either church or state funding bodies. It existed wholly on voluntary support. Some of the people who were involved right at the beginning won't be forgotten: Ken, Peter, Guy, Irish Mike, old John, Albert, Jessica, Yoosel, trendy Phil, hippy Phil, Vera, Scottish Andy and so many more...

Even though this centre is now existed we have heard that there are other places being squatted in South London...Let's see 121 duplicated all over the world. It has been an inspiration for many!

Six sheriff's bailiffs, assisted by a specialist armed police force, entered the 121 Centre in Exmouth Road shortly after 6.30am and successfully removed the seven remaining illegal residents.

The centre, which has drawn worldwide attention since residents barricaded themselves in to resist eviction more than seven months ago, was set up in 1981 as a collective.

Lambeth council has attempted to evict them on a number of occasions, but until today its actions proved fruitless.

At the last attempt, police were met by a demonstration of nearly 70 protesters who blocked the road and set up barricades inside the building, which also acted as an advice centre for squatters as well as a cafe, party venue and printing office.

Occupants had organized a highly efficient campaign from

inside the three-storey building with the use of a website and newsletter circulated among supporters, who included anarchists, hunt saboteurs and other radical issue campaigners.

An emergency siren and internal defences with easy-to-assemble barricades were also used to maintain occupancy.

However, there was no sign of any resistance from the small group of residents when this morning, and the building was vacated in minutes.

One squatter, Tom, 27, from Norway, said residents had become disillusioned with efforts to keep the centre open since police attempted their last eviction in February.

"It was so aggressive and people just kind of gave up. But they won't be able to secure the building and people will by and enter it again," Tom says. He will move to another London squat. He described today's raid: "They forced us out of the building. There seemed to be two groups and the first one came through the windows on the second floor. They did not even let us put our shoes on."

121 Evicted after 18 and a half years.



The council said staff had prepared themselves for a fight with more than 150 police officers standing by. It had, however, been a success, he added. "It was very successful, with everything happening very swiftly."

The bailiffs, with the specialist unit, entered the brightly-coloured building through windows on the upper floors, Chief Inspector Martin Bagg said. They met with no resistance, he added.

Lambeth leader Jim Dickson, who was once the victim of an office raid when 30 protesters from the centre stormed his council room, said: "We are systematically clearing up the borough and dealing with the legacy of the past. Our action today sends out a very clear message to the squatters - the council will keep taking action over squatted property until there is none left."

However, Kuru, a 24-year-old squatter from Brazil, said: "What the police and the council are doing is just adding to the problem of homelessness in London. But they won't succeed in stopping us from squatting because we'll just go elsewhere."

The building, which is being cleared of the occupants' belongings, will be auctioned.

6.30am, Thursday Morning - a massive posse including armed police, a helicopter, 150 riot cops, sheriff's officers and a couple of Britishers scooped from the council make their way through Exmouth Road and all, almost leading into it the posse smash their way into the centre through the first floor window. Within minutes the overwhelming force of the British Empire is known as Slappery Jim's lackey's take the building in 6-752 consecutive days of occupation.

Who wanted taxpayers' money for this outrageous act? Who played over the selection of one of London's oldest and most famous? Who was going to bring all the building to further the council's own policies? Yes you planned to - those Johnny Cakes. Lambeth people of the Lambeth council think what.

Led by their wealthy based money laundering pal Michael Dwyer (Parrish), their men at Nelson Balfour property speculators the council continue to sell off the thousands of houses that they have abandoned for decades. Many of these houses have been occupied by people who, fed up with the lack of decent social housing and council corruption, took a upon themselves to end the wastage by a succession of greedy and incompetent Lambeth Administrations. Having maintained and repaired these buildings they are now being repaid with a kick in the back.

What do you get out of this? Not much judging by the continuing school. Many, commonly called and playground cameras. What do the corporations get out of this? Other than a big jumping by their 100% pay increases and the piles of money they are giving out freely to their people developer make.

That's right my nice dear - you can make what you wish of your lovely apartment... a nice house, a big space, social centre, in little too sleep a better for everyone... revolutionary activities... right you are then



Police may have to pay school protesters \$1m in damages

VICTORIA'S police force is about to be hit with a massive lawsuit on behalf of protesters hurt during the infamous baton charge at Richmond Secondary College six years ago.

TEA BREAK @ AN INTERGALACTIC POLICE CONVENTION

one million for a lousy little baton charge? that's pretty tough mate!



yep, pretty tough eh, mate.



cripes, we would have had the shit stomped out of us by unforgiving, riotous hordes...



Where does the copper go?

I remember that day when I first cracked a house and policeman came round to kick me out. As I didn't know my rights, my stand was gone, and my boots did the walking. As I wandered through the cold I asked myself...

Where does the copper go?

To their home, couch, tv, homecooking furniture, loved ones and families, to unwind before another day of up-rite-anal-attentive-bullshit.

I remember the day we had a happy little squat, with water for the toilet, teas and even to wash a pot. Until one day the word had been passed to far around and to some dodgy Metal Jacks who were desperate for a smoke, hungry for some cash and if one day That pipe is ripe

And the harvest looks right
And the water system's gone in a night.

Where does the copper go?

To the scrap metal man, to the scale to the junkpile, for some cash, for some gear, for some Bliss, to chill before another day of down-rite-junked-up-anal-attentive-bullshit.

But with some knowledge, legal understanding, a rent receipt, amenities connected and a "what the fuck!" attitude

You can tell the copper where to go!

Les Tanneries

Maloka is a French anarchist collective based in Dijon. We organise concerts (mostly punk/hardcore/ska bands but also tekno, reggae... sound-systems, or anything independent and political), weekly vegan restaurants, a mailorder catalogue (records, books, fanzines...), some lectures/debates and some demonstrations from time to time. We also run an info-shop, along with the mailorder thing, and a small alternative library.

We own a place in Dijon's city center, which is fairly small, but which hosts most of the activities listed. We've been having this place for more than 10 years now, and it has become a nice anarchist center, which we share with other collectives: the CNT, le "Collectif pour des villes sans voitures" (Reclaim The Streets), "La Strumpetot Ridogas" (an Esperanto group), both a feminist group and a pro-feminist male group. From these different groups came the idea of squatting a place that would be bigger than the one we already had, in order to do more activities... That's why the social center "Les Tanneries" was created.

Here's a brief summary of how it all happened... Maloka has regularly been organising concerts in squatted places. By the end of October 1998, we had been using an old slaughterhouse, which had been empty for 5 years, as a venue for concerts. We finally came up with the idea of squatting it on a permanent basis, as the place offered more space than we could dream of, and because of the lack of any alternative cultural space in Dijon. We felt the need for a place in which artists of all kind could develop their skills, without any commercial constraints and in opposition to the money-making cultural industry. This was the perfect space for workshops, for bringing together art, creations of any kind and our anarchist/diy ethics. We regarded squatting as a way of protesting in itself, allowing people to get introduced to another way of

life, not based on consuming and working, but on recycling, creating, and being active. We also saw squatting as a solution to housing issues, being a powerful alternative to homelessness, sheer individualism and property.

With this in mind, we made it our home, occupying the old employees' apartments, a few days after the city had decided to prevent access to the building by bricking up all doorways. The work was to begin on Monday, and we occupied the place on the previous Friday. Fortunately, we knew the law was on our side, as we had been in the place for more than 48 hours. This meant we couldn't get evicted, at least not before having been to court. Anyway, we got ourselves prepared for the arrival of the police on Monday morning. We put a big banner on the roof saying "L'espace autogéré des Tanneries" (the autonomous space "Les Tanneries") and phoned the media.

Thanks to our phone-tree, quite a lot of people arrived and there were about 40 of us waiting for the police to come. The police came, along with some officials. Seeing that we had a serious cultural project besides our will to squat and that we knew everything of the legal aspect of the thing, they let us stay in the place, provided we did not occupy the other parts of the old-slaughterhouse. On the following days, we worked at cleaning and organizing the place... as well as setting up a contract with the townhall, for them to resign from their responsibilities concerning the place. They finally refused, thinking this could incite people to open other squats, and of course showed a total disapproval of our means (what could we expect anyway?!). They still let us stay in the place for an undefined period of time, as this was the first time they had to face such a thing happening in their city, which means they didn't really know how to deal with it, and where quite embarrassed...

Unexpectedly, we got some really positive media coverage, both by the local TV and newspapers, which definitely helped us keeping the place, this way not allowing the council to act irresponsibly (like evicting us illegally...). We've also began to collect some signatures and petitions, to support the squat. Anyway, we've been doing quite a lot of work in the place since it was first occupied. 10 people are now living in the squat.

Since the place was occupied, we've been organising hundreds of activities: some gigs, some art exhibitions, some debates/conferences (about love & sexism, work, animal liberation, political prisoners, etc...), some theatre shows, some vegan restaurants, as well as some independent-cinema broadcasts. We've also been running a bar on Friday and Saturday nights when no gig, conference or other activity was scheduled. There's a rehearsal room downstairs for music bands to play freely and some workshops are up and running, like the reading workshop (political, poetry, stories, anything!), the photography workshop, the juggling workshop, the costume-making workshop, the theatre workshop... some other things are still to come, like a self-defense workshop, a tag/graffiti/painting workshop, a serigraphy workshop, and other projects we still haven't thought of... there's quite a large 'alternative' library, and there are always flyers and fanzines for people to take/read in the "main" room, which we try to make a comfortable space with sofas, tables, etc...

This squat is run according to certain principles based upon autonomy and a rejection of consumerism. We just want to get rid of profit, power and domination in people's relationships. Well that sounds a bit like utopia but we're trying to have a creative space for all. One can be involved in any activity or contribution in the squat if s/he cares.

that's scamming it.

souls" has been caused by the very people you're trying hardest not to alienate!

despite the record burning, deistic references, puritanical doctrines, rigid hierarchy, weird uniforms and dreadful music, it seems that society is prepared to indulge the cultishness of the salices more so than the branch davidians, all because of their charity work. but how much of their resources and effort actually go into good deeds and how much goes into pushing christian morality and their other agendas?

ppl directed to work for the salices care of the courts have had disturbing things to say. forced labourers have seen heaps of clothing, bedding and furniture getting dumped as opposed to distributed because they can't sell it and giving it away would flood the market and undercut their profit whoever heard of a 'charity' working on the basis of supply and demand!

equally hypocritical, the salices have provided food, entertainment, religious and moral support to aussie troops in almost every conflict they've been involved in, and seem to have no qualms about taking the money of right wing regimes (apartheid era south africa and rhodesia) and human rights abusers (subarto run indonesia). i could swear i heard moose say "thou shalt not kill".

too often charities look at the symptoms of poverty (crime, violence, societal disintegration) and mistake the symptoms for the causes. as the ambulance at the bottom of the cliff charity corporations allow the status quo to remain. the reasons for poverty are not dealt with, and the underlying inequalities and inaccess to resources are ignored. i would accept the line that it's hard enough trying to feed the hungry, let alone working to abolish oppression, but i

don't think trying to recruit ppl to god is feeding the hungry.

as for the state, well it's busy farming out welfare while still stealing the tax dollar! i wonder how much the "defence" budget gets this year? i also wonder what would happen if state sanctioned charities closed their doors to the homeless and hungry. two things i think. one, more ppl would starve. two, more ppl would create alternative community based organisations to feed and house themselves.

squatter stories...

I have been squatting on and off for a few years now and believe the basis for doing so stems from living your politics.

This land we call Australia is stolen country and squatting is one way to de-legitimise this stupid notion that all these fat cats own the place!

H.C. - MEANING IS YOURS TO PLUNDERISE

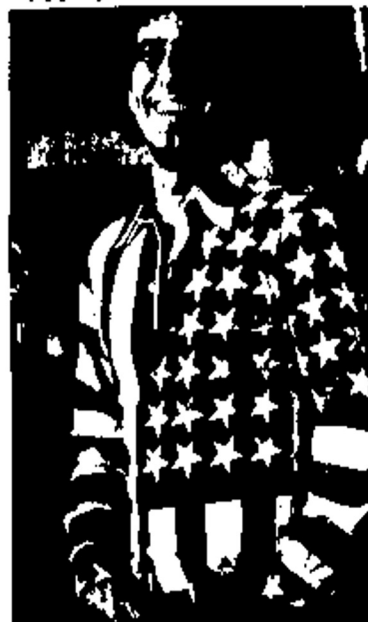


T.M.

FREE SPEECH IS THE RIGHT TO SHOUT

'THEATRE' IN A CROWDED FIRE

a yippie proverb.



Nov 1970: Abbie wears a flag jacket on press conference on the subject of censorship.

Only hours earlier on "The More Griffin Speaks" Abbie's half of the screen had been blacked to prevent viewers from seeing the shirt.

Abbie Hoffman is one of my hero biscuits. He was involved in organising some incredible (and infamous) actions and he worked to forge links between different radicals (including the mainly white, middle-class student left and the Black Panther Party). He had a legendary wit and used it where ever he could to fuck things up for the New Left and other 'serious' activists. He tried to remain revolutionary while the ideas and efforts of the sixties (US) were integrated into, and co-opted by, the materialism of the 70's. Even in the height of his infamy he could still panhandle with the best of them. Norman Mailer (if Norman is any judge of character) described him as "...an immaculate conception between Fidel Castro and Groucho Marx." He fucked things up and

encouraged other ppl to do the same. He wanted revolution for the hell of it!

While I don't really want to detail the angst of my own hero worship, it has to be said that Abbie was an activist of his time... pre-Women's Movement and pre-Stonewall. Like many of his ilk, Abbie suffered from sexism and homophobia. At the same time as he was working with friends who would later become well-known in the 'gay' rights struggle, in *Revolution For The Hell Of It* he laments a "gay-ridden peace movement". By this I'm sure he means it was full of beautiful men with dogs called Dorothy and best friends called Max with hairy armpits and breasts.

His utopian vision involved a great many naked women willing to get laid at the drop of his pants. Feminism has laid some serious criticism at the bare feet of the "free love" movement as another example of straight men getting what they want out of women. Radical were they? Well, women who weren't eager to play the free love game were labeled frigid or not really down with it, man. Yeah sure, just turn on and enjoy, baby! To Abbie's credit, when a selection of his work was republished as a "The Best Of..." book, he didn't try to adapt his earlier works to suit a new-found political correctness, or perhaps he still didn't have a clue. I'm willing to be corrected on that.

Steal this book changed my life. I started thinking about crime differently. I read about the Yippie experiment, of which Abbie was a part, and of his influence on it. I thought, this is the kind of book I'd like to write when I grow up. It kicks ass!

As Abbie sees it... "It's universally wrong to steal from your neighbour, but once you get beyond the one-to-one level and pit the individual against the multinational conglomerate, the federal bureaucracy, the modern plantation of agro-business, or the utility company, it becomes strictly a value judgement to decide exactly who is stealing from whom. One person's crime is another person's profit. Capitalism is license to steal; the government simply regulates who steals and how much. I always wanted to put together an outlaw handbook that would help to raise consciousness on these points



<http://www.adelaide.net.au/~mungboon/blind.html>

WHAT, NO BOSS?

The tactic of workers occupying workplaces - of locking out the boss, has occurred in all industries. For example, in January 1990, train workers

blockaded the streets with trains and occupied their train depots for 33 days in a fight to keep conductors jobs. On December 1998, 18 workers at Roadmark (makers of traffic signs) in Tullamarine occupied their factory after their boss passed off with their pay.

(They eventually got 50c back for every dollar owed them) In July 1999, kitchen staff in the Box Hill Hospital occupied the kitchen. The Richmond and

Northlands Secondary Colleges were occupied to keep the schools going for their communities in the nineties and were run conjointly by the parent and teachers. The Brown Warehouse in Wellington Street, Cullingwood was a brief resistance to inner city yuppiefication; but got evicted by cops in 'Operation Squat'.

The Fitzroy Swimming Pool was occupied to prevent closure and 'development'. In one protest, locals filled the empty swimming pool with people to overflow out into the surrounding streets. Workers have also set up pickets - 'peaceful protests' - and occupied the street space outside their workplaces. One such action was at the ACT glass dispute when a shipping container was welded to metal gates and filled with concrete to stop scabs. Cops on horseback with batons were driven back after workers in other adjoining factories marched in the street to the site.

In April 1999 wharfies - members of the Maritime Union of Australia - were evicted from their wharves and replaced with scabs. They and their supporters had their own kitchen, the Food not Scabs kitchen, caravans, a first aid hut, a community art sculpture of welded metal which doubled as a barricade to stop scabs

containers or trucks entering or leaving. Thousands turned out to resist the rabid bosses, private security thugs, media hype, federal and state government politicians, court orders as well as police threats to evict them.



At Xmas in 1998, 80 locked out workers from the Australia Dyeing Company squatted the park opposite their workplace. They set up a caravan and huts as a base to stop the scabs. They won after 70 days. For 96 days residents opposed to a McDonalds occupied the streets outside a 100-year-old home in Pascoe Vale threatened with demolition. It took 200 police and 80 private security to keep them out and finally demolish the house. A community picket took place in Brunswick in July 1999 when locals protested against the closure of the medical section of

the clinic. The decision to close the medical section has now been reversed due to this direct action.

The occupation of work place or street (especially with community support), is a great tactic for workers in struggle, just as squatting makes sense for the homeless. Do it yourself and research your local 'underground' developments of the past, who knows what you'll discover!



Squatting in Melbourne

Squatting is the direct action answer for the homeless. From empty property and land take-overs to rent strikes against useless landlords, there is always a roof over your head to be found.



WHAT IS THIS SYMBOL?

There are many versions of where and when it originated. It is universal for the struggle goes up, down, but always up again: we squat, they evict, and we squat again, because the social question of being homeless does not end in the present capitalist society.

A LITTLE BIT OF HISTORY

Aboriginal people (aka Koories in the South East of Australia, Wurrujeri in Melbourne) built shelters of a temporary nature to protect them from the weather. They also used caves, piled up stone into permanent walls that only needed quick roofing to be used by whoever needed the space.

William Buckley, the first runaway convict in the Melbourne region squatted and survived for 25 years in the bush before European invasion forced all the locals into prison camps (aka reserves). Tullamarine and other rebels rose up, burnt down their jails and fled into the bush.

They squatted on what was originally their own land that the big farming bosses took from the aboriginal people by theft and murder. Ironically they became known as squatters with no connection to the radical tradition of, say, the Diggers in 17th century England who 'squatted' the Commons, trespassed on 'public land' during the English Civil War and Republic.

Convicts and Koories on the run from chain gangs and authorities also built shelters and took to caves using them as a base to survive the bush. They often went on to become bushrangers and stole back from the Government and the rich. The games of children to build cubby-holes in the ground, to improvise huts and tree houses are all part of this long-held

desire to run your own life, and create your own space.

WHAT, NO LANDLORD?



Uprisings of convicts and, later, wage-workers, always ended up with a siege of their no-go areas and 'rebel camps' eg. The Eureka Stockade. During the 1890s and 1930s Depression, after the Boer War, WWI and WWII, Korean and Vietnamese wars, the working poor, ex-soldiers and unemployed were squeezed into slums by the Government and landlords. They went on rent strike or squatted empty, resigned evictions and sometimes went on to construct squats in the bush, up the mountains and by the sea. So-called 'ferals' who occupy bush forests to stop clear felling/wood-chipping of our native forests are the latest in a very diverse his and herstory of direct action by the

homeless. Many who squat now have to keep a low profile due to jealous rent payers, mortgage sufferers, property developers intent on moving yuppies in, making the areas expensive and 'trendy'. Nazi idiots and cop harassment are other problems. But in modern Melbourne there have been many in your face occupations. Eg the 1970s saw F-19 Barricade in what is now Alexander Parade in Collingwood/Fitzroy when locals barricaded the street and turned over cars to stop the Freeway. The squatted ex Fire Station in St Georges Road, Fitzroy, was home to the Squatters and Unemployed Workers Unions in the 1980s.

while doing something about evening the score. There was also the challenge of testing the limits of free speech'.



If I could recommend any piece of literature to the would-be squatter it would be *STB*. Abbie's sass and cheek are evident through out the book and although a lot of the

information is dated, the spirit with which he writes is infectious and inspiring! It contains some excellent advice about a renegade lifestyle...how to survive, how to liberate and how to fuck over. Includes where to get a free feed in New York in 1970, free furniture, medical care and airline tickets, how to make molotov cocktails, smoke bombs and service a revolver, how to print flyers and posters, first-aid for street fighters, guerrilla broadcasting, monkey warfare and how to survive underground when the shit goes down. Not all the information is going to be useful to everyone, but take what you need and leave the rest.

Abbie couldn't get a anyone to publish *Steal This Book* — thirty publishers turned it down. When the book was released, bookstores wouldn't carry it. Newspapers, TV and radio all refused to run advertisements. But despite these set backs, *Steal This Book* found its way on to the Best Seller list in 1971. The book sold more than quarter of a million copies between April and November 1971 alone. So where are they off? The only available copies in Victoria are at University of Ballarat and La Trobe Libraries. Barricade Books Library has a copy of "The Best of Abbie Hoffman" which includes *STB* excerpts.

After he published *Fuck the System and Woodstock Nation*, Abbie was kept informed of every sort of rip off scam. He saw that this collection of ways to beat the system could be made into a catalog for the Yippie

movement "Sort of a tongue in cheek parody of the American 'How To' manuals that were so popular at the time," said Abbie. But *Steal This Book* is much more than just a manual of survival in the counter culture world -- a "Hip Boy Scout Handbook" as the New York Times called it. In between the chapters on "Free Food" and "First Aid for Streetfighters," Abbie's thoughts on freedom, liberty, responsibility, self reliance shine through.

Thanks to current computer technology, *Steal This Book* is available once again. However, to get an actual hard copy of the book, with a real cover and everything, you can do so by contacting order@fourwalledlightwindows.com (royalties of which go to the Abbie Hoffman Activist Foundation). Also, it should be noted that this book is copyrighted © 1996 Johanna Lawrenson.

Includes text from vintage vinyl art site.

CUSTOMERS ARE REQUIRED TO

REPRODUCE



IN THE INTERESTS OF THE

MARKET

ISSUED BY DEPT OF SOCIAL ORDER
In conjunction with HETROLIFE PLC.

STEAL THIS

This has been reproduced from *Steal This Book* in its entirety, including dated observations about new fangled security technology. On-to-it scammers recognize that systems that were new and impressive then, are commonplace today. Always remember to adapt your standard MOP (mode of operation) to suit the environment around you and, of course, your own personal style! The best defense against detection is attitude! Stay relaxed, smile at store workers. Nothing happening here folks!

This section presents some general guidelines on thievery to put you ahead of the impulse swiping. With some planning ahead, practice and a little nerve, you can pick up on some terrific bargains.

Being a successful shoplifter requires the development of an outlaw mentality. When you enter a store you should already have cased the joint so don't browse around examining all sorts of items, staring over your shoulder and generally appearing like you're about to snatch something and are afraid of getting caught. Enter, having a good idea of what you want and where it's located.

Camouflage is important. Be sure you dress the part by looking like an average customer. If you are going to rip-off expensive stores (why settle for less), act like you have a chauffeur driven car double parked around the corner. A good rule is dress in the style and price range of the clothes, etc., you are about to shoplift. The reason we recommend the more expensive stores is that they tend to have less security guards, relying instead on mechanical methods or more usually on just the sales people. Many salespeople are uptight about carrying out a bust if they catch you. A large number are thieves themselves, in fact one good way to steal is simply explain to the salesclerk that you're broke and ask if you can take something without paying. It's a great way to radicalize shop personnel by rapping to them about why they shouldn't give a shit if the boss gets ripped off.

The best time to work out is on a rainy, cold day during a busy shopping season. Christmas holiday is a shoplifter's paradise. In these periods you can wear heavy overcoats or loose raincoats without attracting suspicion. The crowds of shoppers will keep the nosy "can-I-help-you's" from fucking up your style.

Since you have already checked out the store before hitting it, you'll know the store's "blind-spots" where you can be busy without being observed too easily. Dressing rooms, blind alley aisles and washrooms are some good spots. Know where the cashier's counter is located, where the exits to the street and storage rooms are to be found, and most important, the type of security system in use.

If you are going to snatch in the dressing room, be sure to carry more than one item in with you. Don't leave tell-tale empty hangers behind. Take them out and ditch them in the aisles.

An increasingly popular method of security is a small shoplifting plastic detector attached to the price tag. It says "Do Not Remove" and if you do, it electronically triggers an alarm in the store. If you try to make it out the door, it also trips the alarm system. When a customer buys the item, the cashier removes the detector with a special deactivation machine. When you enter the store, notice if the door is rigged with electronic eyes. They are often at the waist level, which means if the item is strapped to your calf or tucked under your hat, you can walk out without a peep from the alarm. If you trigger the alarm either inside the store or at the threshold, just dash off lickety-split. The electronic eyes are often disguised as part of the decor. By checking to see what the cashier does with merchandise bought, you can be sure if the store is rigged.

Other methods are undercover pigs (sic) that look like shoppers, one-way mirrors and remote control television cameras. Undercover pigs (sic) are expensive, so stores are usually understaffed. Just watch out (without appearing to watch out) that no one observes you in action. As to mirrors and cameras there are always blind spots in a store created when displays are moved around, counters shifted, and boxes piled in the aisles. Mirrors and cameras are rarely adjusted to fit these changes. Don't get turned off by this security jazz. The percentage of stores that have sophisticated security systems such as those described is very small. If you work out at lunch time, the security guards and many of the sales personnel will be out of the store. Just before closing is also good, because the clerks are concentrating on going home.

By taking only one or two items, you can prevent a bust if caught by just acting like a dizzy klepto socialite getting kicks or use the "Oh-gee-I-forgot-to-pay" routine. Stores don't want to hassle going into court to press charges, so they usually let you go after you return the stuff. If you thought ahead, you'll have some cash ready to pay for the items you've pocketed, if caught. Leave your I.D. and phone book at home before going shopping. People rarely go to jail for shoplifting, most if caught never even see a real cop. Just lie like a fucker and the most you'll get is a lecture on law and order and a warning not to come back to that store or else.

TECHNIQUES

The lining of a bulky overcoat or loose raincoat can be elaborately outfitted with a variety of custom-made large pockets. The openings to these pockets are not visible since they are inside the coat. The outside pockets can be torn out leaving only the opening or slit. Thus you can reach your



correct Marxist-Leninist-Trotskyist impersonators and their amehans from uni. For this reason (failing to recruit any members of the union), [the Trotskyists] like the capitalist media, define everything different to them selves as the enemy and regularly attacked the Union, ideologically of course. Naturally, the squatters found the trots to be a source of amusement in comparison to the regular waves of attacks from the police, real estate agents, developers and their hired thugs, the ministry of housing, the media, the government, in fact much of the state. The cops especially had it in for the Union and their attacks were the least ideological. With all that said, one may well ask, where is this union today? Perhaps one answer would be that it beats in the hearts of all those who were once involved and in the hearts of so many that were so positively effected by it. Perhaps it gurgles and flows beneath the barren new economic landscape, perhaps it's waiting to rise again with renewed vengeance among the next generation, like a flood around the drained and swampy old foundations of all the new corporate state housing developments of the next millennium. Time will tell. One thing is for certain, the old union has already left many experienced weevils in the system. [Eat the rich]

squatter stories...

Momash Tent City I think it was in '97.

What were you doing?

Tent City against upfront fees

And we camped out there for four months...occupied the front administration entrance on the main lawn and just had monster tents. A lot of people left their place to live there permanently. There were 4 or 5 of us at any one time. And a lot of other people at one stage, we had like 30 tents.

That's wild. It's squatting I reckon, you know like occupation of public space.

Yeah, well blockades are kind of like squats I guess.

Especially when you look into months and stuff. Like these guys were 6 months, hardcore.

In East Gippsland?

Yeah, there's this one point in a two-month period, they did 55 actions. An action a day just about. 3 in the morning before the loggers, putting constructions up, getting the cops in...



Without delay, she seized the fine gentleman about his fat waist and threw him up in the air, twice. Then she carried him at arm's length to his car and threw him into the back seat.

'I don't think we'll pull the house down till another day,' she said. 'You see, once a week I pull



down houses, but never on Fridays, because then I've got the weekly turning-out to think of. So I generally vacuum the house clean on Fridays and pull it down on Saturdays. It's always best to have a routine.'

THE SQUATTERS UNION A BRIEF HISTORICAL RAVE



If there were a prize for the most troublesome organisation to the ruling class in Victoria for the period beginning in the eighties and ending in the early nineties, then the Squatters Union of Victoria, would have no trouble in winning it. When it came to backing up ideas with action, the Squatters Union left ideological groups like the socialists looking about as revolutionary as a history reading circle in a student lounge. A tour of action by the down trodden, enhanced by example more than words, the Squatters Union was an organisation that clearly made its own history. While the lefties, weighed down with their dead canonised leaders hanging around their necks, tried to recruit more uni students to pronounce their dead words, the squatters organised and took direct action. Wave after wave of spaces were claimed, occupied and even physically defended against the capitalists and their lap dogs the pigs, effectively freeing up areas and facilities for the community. 'Housing is a right not a privilege.' Declared the newspapers and radio airwaves put out by the Squatters Union. Solidarity and mutual aid with all those who chose to oppose the capitalists and take control of their own lives, combined with an innate distrust of the state and all those who would build a new one, was the key to the unions revolutionary nature. The main centre of Squatters Union activity for many of its years was the squatted Fitzroy Fire Station, renamed the Community Fire Station. This building was opened to and shared with many other revolutionary and political organisations who also believed in solidarity, mutual aid and direct action. The Union ran a full time office giving advice to anybody seeking information on how to squat and the locations and individual histories of the hundreds of empty houses and buildings on fill. 'Don't let houses rot, do in an empty,' read the posters, booklets, graffiti, stickers and radio carts spread about the city by the union. The Squatters Union was fiercely class conscious and worked closely with

the Unemployed Workers Union. The SUWA show (Squatters Union and Unemployed Workers Airwaves) was a one hour BCR weekly radio show that the Squatters Union shared with another completely autonomous organisation, (the U.W.U.) This was an example of the non-sectarian working nature of the union (incredibly, this show still exists and can be heard Friday mornings, about eight years after the end of the two unions that originally ran it). Centres of Squatters Union activities opened and closed through out inner city Melbourne often in the form of the mass squat. Generally, the squatters opened them and the government and free enterprise closed them, but the periods in between were most constructive. Mass squats tended to attract sizeable groups of squatters that then formed strong affinities with squatter from other areas. It was not uncommon for a typical mass squat to open a squatters café (food by donation) and put on bands or poetry reading nights once a week, or to provide creative work and meeting spaces not only for other squatters but for the wider community as well. Buildings claimed by the community in the years of the Union included warehouses, a café, wheat silos, an orphanage, a church, a sports centre, a fire station, a hotel, a hospital, hundreds of houses and more. The Squatters Union also had information links with squatting organisations through out the world and worked in solidarity with other organisations, it supported, and/or was supported by in deed the workers of the Shelter Victoria, the Tenants Union, the workers of the Builders Labourers Federation the Public Transport Workers' Union, the Unemployed Workers Union, the Anarcho-Syndicalist Federation and many others (to be further researched by the keen in the dozens of Squatters Union newspapers available from Barricade Books research library). This was the type of living revolution that contrasted so sharply with the typical academic, 'it's all in my head, I read it in a socialist newspaper' revolution. Indeed, The Squatters Union was the type of uncontrollable organic community dreaded by all the franchised supermarket-like organs of the 47 different homogenised varieties of the most ideologically



BOOK idea

hand (at counter level) through the slit in your coat and drop objects into the secret pockets sewn into the lining. Pants can also be rigged with secret pockets. The idea is to let your fingers do the walking through the slit in your coat, while the rest of the body remains the casual browser. You'll be amazed at how much you can tuck away without any noticeable bulge.

Another method is to use a hidden belt attached to the inside of your coat or pants. The belt is specially designed with hooks or clothespins to which items can be discretely attached. Ditching items into hidden pockets requires a little cunning. You should practice before a mirror until you get good at it.

A good idea is to work with a partner. Dig this neat duet. A man and woman walk into a store together looking like a respectable husband and wife.

The man purchases a good belt or shirt and engages the salesman in some distracting conversation as he rings up the sale. Meanwhile, back in the aisle, "wife" is busy rolling up two or three suits. Start from the bottom while they are still on the rack and roll them up, pants and jackets together, the way you would roll a sleeping bag. The sleeves are tied around the roll making a neat little bundle. The bundle is then tucked between your thighs. The whole operation takes about a minute and with some practice you can walk for hours with a good size bundle between your legs and not appear like you just shit in your pants. Try this with a coat on in front of a mirror and see how good you get at it.

Another team method is for one or more partners to distract the sales clerks while the other stuffs. There are all sorts of theater skits possible. One person can act drunk or better still appear to be having an epileptic fit. Two people can start a fight with each other. There are loads of ways, just remember how they do it in the next spy movie you see.

One of the best gimmicks around is the packaging technique. Once you have the target item in hand, head for the fitting room or other secluded spot. Take out a large piece of gift wrapping and ribbon. Quickly wrap up the item so it will look like you brought it in with you. Many stores have their own bags and staple the cash register receipt to the top of the bag when you make a purchase. Get a number of these bags by saving them if you make a purchase or dropping around to the receiving department with a request for some bags for your Christmas play or something. Next collect some sales receipts, usually from the sidewalk or trash cans in front of the store. Buy or rip-off a small pocket stapler for less than a dollar. When you get the item you want, drop it in the bag and staple it closed, remembering to attach the receipt. This is an absolutely perfect method and takes just a few seconds. It eliminates a lot of unsightly bulges in your coat and is good for warm-weather heisting.

A dummy shopping bag can be rigged with a bit of ingenuity. The idea is to make it look like the bag is full when there's still lots of room left. Use strips of cardboard taped to the inside of the bag to give it some body. Remember to carry it like it's filled with items, not air. Professional heisters often use a "booster box," usually a neatly wrapped empty package with one end that opens upon touch. This is ideal for electrical appliances, jewelry, and even heavy items such as portable television sets. The trick side can be fitted with a spring door so once the toaster is inside the door slams shut. Don't wear a black hat and cape and go around waving a wand yelling "Abracadabra," just be your usual sly shopper self. If you can manage it, the trick side just can be an opening without a trick door. Just carry the booster box with the open side pressed against your body. Briefcases, suitcases and other types of carrying devices can all be made to hold items. Once you have something neatly tucked away in a bag or box, it's pretty hard to prove you didn't come in with it.

squatter stories...

...and so he was fine, he was a gnarly old man, he was kind of funny though, eh, yeah. 'if i ever catch those guys i'll fuckin, i'll fuckin kick their fucking heads in.'
yeah, we stayed there for about a month, and stayed at ---'s house.
we get oil, we get flour, we get pasta, we get gourmet shit, we get avocados, just everything, eh, fuckin awesome. roles supermarket this is hobart? where about's is coles? is there just one coles in hobart?
there's two coles in hobart... oh, the other one's closed down now, there's one further out i think, but the one in hobart, they don't lock it and you just jump in and take all the bullshit off the top all the bags and stuff and all the good stuff is at the bottom, you get all the junk food, eh, we got two full shopping trolleys (they locked it that night) so we jacked it up and snuck in, we got two full fucken shopping trolleys full of chocolate, dove chocolate and pavlovas and all this other yummy shit.
i didn't touch much of it cause it fucks me up, when you dumpster, are you vegan?
i used to be vegan for a year but i'm not now, i'm not too choosy about what i eat, but i won't buy it.
i sat on an organic farm for 6 months and it was kind of different, eh, but i find that it fucks my sinuses up.

The SUWA's show is a radio programme broadcast every Friday between 11 and 12am on 3CR - 85.5am on your Melbourne community radio dial.

The show endeavours to

- raise issues connected to social security, unemployment and related issues from an anarchist point of view
- expose the lies and attacks on the waged by case managers, politicians etc as well as the guilty rich's charity rackets and the capitalist media
- publicise the homeless who take direct action and squat, and organisations and ppl working to support them in their struggle
- talk with prisoners and mental patients whose lives continue to deteriorate with increased drug abuse, pacification, physical restraints, deaths in custody and police shootings as well as privatisation and systematic corruption.

SUWA also covers the "big picture", looking at developments and actions overseas by the rich like the World Bank, politicians and religious bigots and real opponents: the anarchists, squatters, wobblies and others.

SUWA is proudly DIY. Not sponsored by any government, religion, corporation or charity, nor patronised by professionals or so-called experts.

There are a couple of ppl who have been the mainstay at the show for over 10 years and while others have come and gone they have been there

SUWA@bommail.com
www.suwa.net.au
c/o 3CR, PO Box 1277, Collingwood 3066, Melbourne.

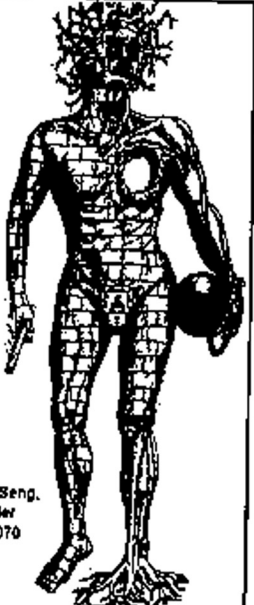
THE SUWA SHOW



every week (bar the occasional picket/demonstration) to bring you news and views from around the world. If you interested in helping them, or keen to have ppl across the greater Melbourne region hear the sound of your voice, contact the show via 3CR.

Anatomy of A Prison-Man

Prison-men represents prisoners in general - not those who grow strong, conscious, and connected to reality.



• Foo Chee Seng.
LVA Karlsruhe
Str. 251, 82070
Aachen,
Germany.

Squatter stories...

Flux people house project Pohara, Aotearoa

one summer a group of people squatted a deteriorating concrete house on a cliff top overlooking the ocean at the top of the south island in NZ. we spent the summer camping on the site and working to deconstruct the house and express anarchist principles through architecture (to deconstruct something means to look at the parts, change them around and recreate them). we wanted to deconstruct boundaries, fuck with ideas like inside/outside, private property/public space, temporary/permanent.

because we were near a watercourse, the land was part of the queen's chain and legally ppl can camp there temporarily...so we made ours a 'temporary' structure and the place became a mutant house/flat, with plastic roof and windows.

veg's were planted inside and the lounge floor was gravel, a bed platform and storage space were built. we mostly rebuilt the house with materials from an old quarry site next door.

the house was for "flux-people"...modern day nomads, pirates, travellers. a space to sit in the evenings, drink red wine and discuss our concepts and ways to express them. we had to think of ways overcome the problems that came up. sometimes our designs didn't work as well as we thought they might, or our lack of materials presented a problem.

it was a fantastic summer...we mowed every day, worked in the warm sunshine, ppl visited to look at what was being done, and stayed to work with us. we became involved in the local community and got heaps of moral and tangible support from them. at the end of the summer, when most of the people working on the project had left, the council had the house bulldozed to the ground.

SQUATTER GIRLS DO IT WITH CROWBARS



The Basterds Just Do Their Job and move our home onto the pathway and boarded the building up. It's being developed right now. Everybody has dispersed to different areas of Melbourne, a lot of us are squatting at another squatted warehouse called Fabryka. The squatters have run a Cafe two nights a week with cheap vegan food and beer, and the building is to be evicted in 3 months. I chose to squat because there are thousands of empty buildings out there just rotting away. I enjoy being able to house myself and repair a derelict building. I've learnt a lot of handy woman skills along the way. Squatting is my only option. It would be stupid of me to rely on the Ministry of Housing when it takes 1 to 6 years just to get a flat, and the rental market is most of the time unaffordable for low income earners, and the bias of Real Estate agents makes it almost impossible. Squatting is the only solution, and the best one.

came, and the coppers didn't (probably because of the media), protesters outside lugged furniture across Wellington Street, blocking off the whole street, in demonstration of our community space and home being sold out and supplied for some business suit with more money than soul. The Sheriff's department didn't show for another three weeks and in that time we moved a lot of stuff back inside and had an open day for the public with barricade books.

stalls, a squatting display, music, food and kids space. The cops showed up on a Wednesday morning (34 Sheriff's, 10 cops) with plenty of cop cars to block off the street. We didn't expect them at the time, there were only seven of us. It took them 20 minutes to destroy our steel barricade with angle grinders and sledge hammers, barging their way into our home, giving us one minute to get out. We sat on the footpath in front of the Brown Warehouse and made coffee with the gas burner. Friends and the media showed up and we watched

international and interstate bands. It was fucking excellent having an alternative to pubs. The gigs were non-profit to us, the door charge was always affordable, the beer at the bar was \$1.50 a can. There were no muscle bound hero bouncers at the doors to turn you

away for having no money or I.D. There were stalls with anarchist books and music, and cheap vegan food. It was a big shock when the notice for a Supreme Court hearing in two days to evict us was pushed through the window. At Court we were given 3 weeks to get out. The Sheriff's department was to do the job. Everybody got to work organising a 'Resist the Eviction' gig to rope in support from friends. A few days before the set date we worked on barricading and building and making banners. We dragged a huge lounge room, kitchen, bedroom and bathroom on to the footpath outside and set it up as our new home. Heaps of friends and supporters camped outside for days, while 10 people barricaded themselves inside. The eviction day

WELLINGTON ST. WAREHOUSE THE SQUATTERED BROWN WAREHOUSE IN COLLINGWOOD, MELBOURNE The home to a community of about 20 people and an autonomous gig space was evicted a few weeks ago towards the end of May. We occupied the building for 10 months. It had laid empty for 15 years, all electrical and plumbing pipes had been gutted. We worked hard for months building our kitchen, office, fixing leaky roofs and installing poly pipes for toilets and sinks. We had working bees and built a bar and a stage donated by the Black Star Club, along with a great P.A. for the gigs (thankyou Ian Cook).

The warehouse became a focus for the punk and anarchist community. I organised a squatters info network, supporting a Food Not Bombs, East 2 Gippsland environment centre, benefit punk gigs raising money for Anarchist Black Cross, Black Star Club, a Destroy Moscow Circus demonstration, and

A Little More About The Law

years or \$36,000 fine.

Possession of house breaking implements: This is an alternative to the above charge. It is a summary offence. It is easier for the police to prove, as the police don't have to prove any "intent". Once they have proved you were in possession of the "implements", you have to prove you had a reasonable excuse for their possession. Because you have to do the proving, this is tricky one to avoid. By explaining your "reasonable excuse" to the police, you could avoid them charging you, however once you start talking it is difficult to refuse other tricky questions. Although you have to prove lawful excuse and not the police, it is best to save your explanation for the court! Maximum penalty: 3 years or \$36,000 fine.

ILLUSION

Maximum penalty: 3 years or \$36,000 fine.

While actually squatting there a few offences to be aware of: *Being found within the precincts of a building without lawful excuse:* Much harder to prove when you are actually squatting because you are the occupants. Residing on a property is surely an excuse for being on the property.

Wilful Trespass: This law was changed in 1998 and the changes have yet to be tested in court. It seems that the changes make it easier for squatters to be charged with this offence. This is a common offence for evicting squatters. The old law was used when a squatter had been told to leave the property by an owner (or their agent) and that person refused or failed to leave. If you left within a reasonable time then no offence had been committed. What a reasonable time meant depended on the circumstances, but it would seem

it only covered the time you need to gather and secure your possessions. The new law is that you are not allowed to enter the property without permission from the owner or occupier. If you have a reasonable excuse for entering without the owners or occupiers permission, that is a defence to the charge. Unlike the old law, the police don't need to get the owner or occupier to tell you to leave, you have to prove that you have the owners or occupiers permission. But, as is discussed below, squatting a place gives you "occupation" of that property and therefore you may be able to argue that you don't need the occupiers permission as you are the occupier!

Maximum penalty: 6 months or \$2,500 fine.

RIGHTS IN DEALING WITH THE POLICE
Should the police become involved, it is important to understand your basic rights.

You have to give your name and address (of the squat!) if the police suspect you of committing an offence, or they believe you may have information which will help them in an investigation of an indictable offence. You should ask what offence they suspect you of or what offence they are investigating. You are also entitled to ask them for the name, rank and station. You can be fined up to \$100 for refusing or giving a false details.

You do NOT have to go to the police station unless you have been arrested for a crime. You must be told what crime you are being arrested for, unless you resist arrest. If you are not told what you are being arrested for, the arrest is illegal and you can claim compensation for false arrest and false imprisonment.

The police cannot search you before an arrest unless they believe you are carrying drugs or offensive weapons. However, the police will always search you if they want.

If you are arrested for an indictable offence, the police have the following rights:

If you are over 15 years old, the police can now fingerprint you. They do not have the RIGHT to force you to have your photo taken, but there is no power to stop them taking a photo without force.

You are entitled to a call a friend, relative or lawyer BEFORE you are questioned. Do not let the police select a lawyer for you, they will call a police-friendly lawyer. Insist on calling a lawyer that you know or someone from Legal Aid.

How do you define what's a success? Something that lasts a long time?

Yes. Something that lasts at least 6 months, somewhere that's good to live in as well. There's an point living in some burnt out shell, where you're trying to patch it up and half way through someone throws you out. I think squatting is different in this country than in other countries where it's known. England, Germany, America, Spain, Italy (etc) all these places are different, so...

On what basis, what do you mean?

Germany, England, Berlin and London particularly had a large number of houses for ppl to live in. Primarily for people who were close to the city and either had contacts with the squatters who were there or who were desperate to go and squat and they got the houses and held on to them for many years. Long enough that when they were evicted they had plenty of time to get another place and then squatted that for years. So you had an ability to continue the groups that came together. In London at it's height, there were maybe 40,000 squatters.

What period are you talking about here?

Well, dying out, probably towards the end of Thatcher's era, when she forced the councils to sell off crap houses and that's what they had, they had crap houses that they couldn't officially house tenants in. There were thousands of them particularly South and North-west London. But yeah, they were forced to sell off these houses and that's what destroyed squatting, not the police.

In Melbourne and Sydney, people haven't held on to houses for any length on time, so you can't continue the communities that come together.

The other thing is the big squats, and they're a different move, they aren't for living, but primarily to organise social events because people are either denied or feel alienated from existing resources. So, across places like Italy, Germany and Spain there are hundreds of groups who run social centres and manage to hold it together. I don't think it works as well if you try to combine the two.

Really, what makes you say that?

Well, you can get the feeling that people who live in them organise everything that they aren't really "owned" by the people who are outside them. In the ~~the~~ experience isolation. In Australia, with Jollyhood (in Sydney) Fabryka and TBW, that's what happened. I mean, it might work with a caretaker living in them.

Do you think it's possible to keep a place going for a long time here in Australia given the legal situation? There isn't the same kind of legal standing as there is in Europe.

No, that's true. Here we have imported and imposed... everything, and one of those things is the legal system. There are a lot of places in Europe that are ex-army or ex-nationalised industry that are supposed to be public. They can really use the latent support of the people, as it were, to embarrass or pressure [the state] into actually giving them the land. [The state] can

either make them pay a pittance or just hand [the properties] over... There were a couple of squats in Hackney where they used the media well and most of them got tenancies out of it.

When you say they used the media well, how do you think that works?

Well, because an eviction can be violent and really brutal, and you're on the inside and you're outnumbered. There's a feeling of desperation. If [the press] are on the inside it makes a big difference. When I was in the warehouse, as one of those 10 people, I was scared all the time. And yet I didn't expect the cops to do anything serious, but it's a scary situation.

What do you think of the distinction between political and nonpolitical squatting? Do you think there is a difference?

I think all squatting is political. Because it's illegal, [actually, it's not] and private property and bureaucracy is put above everything else...and squatting automatically questions that. It says if you have a commission flat that's empty for 6 months, this is meant to be for people, I'm going to live here...I agree to the conditions, I don't ask for any insurance or anything like that, but you won't let me have it because of your bureaucracy, your insurance rates, whatever. Just leave me alone. But they don't because private property means they have the right to chuck me out. That carries across to all commercial buildings and private dwellings and land. It goes back to when Australia was settled.

Plenty of protest, no sign of sheriff

By JASON BOUTHOULIN

Squatters, some of whom have occupied a disused factory in Wellington Street, Colindale for more than a year, are expected to be evicted by the Sheriff's Office today.

Yesterday, as they waited to be evicted, a large group of squatters and protesters gathered outside the factory, blocking traffic over the lower section of Johnson and Wellington streets for more than an hour.

When an officer from the Sheriff's Office arrived at 10 am, the squatters were told to expect an eviction to occur at the factory about midday.

But when that deadline passed without event, the squatters were told they would be evicted sometime today.

A spokesman for the Sheriff's Office said yesterday that no attempt had yet been made to evict the squatters, and he could not comment further on the issue.

Small numbers were also staged regularly by the group inside the factory.

A spokesman for the squatters, Mr. James Dougal, said the three weeks ago an offer from the Sheriff's Office to evict the factory with a Supreme Court order demanding that the squatters vacate the premises.

According to Mr. Dougal, an attempt was made by the factory's owners to contact the squatters, even though they had expressed a willingness to start paying rent for use of the property or at least contribute to rate payments.

"The people here have worked hard to make this place their home for the last 18 months and then all of a sudden a sheriff's court order demands they get out," he said.

It still has not been established exactly who the owners are, but as far as the residents are concerned, all they want is somewhere to live and the owners are making an attempt to negotiate with us," Mr. Dougal said.

A spokesman for the Sheriff's Office said yesterday that no attempt had yet been made to evict the squatters, and he could not comment further on the issue.

Tell me about the culture at TRW.

I think TRW was squatted by youth, as most things are, so the things people first wanted to do, was to put on gigs. So we put on perhaps three weekly gigs and it became an alternative to existing pubs because it was really cheap to get in, so had no overheads, you know. Ppl could crash in the public areas after gigs and there was a distinctly political bent to everything we did. Anarchist?

Yeah. But other things carried through...the issues punks are interested in, which would be anti-fascism, animal rights and stuff. There was a rave once, which raised the money for this zine to be put out. There was an Anarchist Black Cross weekend (the prisoner support group). When we were going to be evicted, that was a pretty good push for us. We had become isolated and ghettoised from the local community by the makeup of the people there, and we didn't really know the people around us. We got on well with the Single Mothers Support Group, they gave us cups of tea during the eviction. I think they're in Rose House now. Right near the end, we had an open day, and lots and lots of people turned up. It should have been done the first day, but people expected hostility from the neighbours I think.

Do you think that's because you were putting on loud punk rock gigs?

That was part of it. I think it was also partly because the ppl who ended up there, weren't particularly in a good way. We were either emotionally or financially in a bad way.

And these are the sort of people who go squatting.

Yeah, you start off with a group of people who are... trying to do things they think are a good thing to do. Now some of them are good in only a very limited sphere, like putting on a punk gig, and some of them were much bigger, like supporting political prisoners and trying to oppose gentrification.

Do you think that on a personal level, ppl got a lot out of organising like they did? You know, for a group of ppl to come together, occupy a space that's been left derelict, put in a lot of time and effort to get it up and functioning. They're articulating ideas that are often hard to express, like anarchism and mutual aid. That helps ppl sort their shit out.

Yes, it does in that the ppl who stayed around for awhile, they wanted to take responsibility for something. They didn't want to end up on the scrapheap like they had been, they wanted to deliberately create something and run it as a collective thing. Some ppl thought about putting on gigs, others thought about how to feed large groups of ppl (food not bombs), or trying to compost in a place with no garden and doing things...as a collective...

Can I interrupt, you were about to say "for themselves" and then you changed that to "as a collective", why was that?

Yeah...because they wanted to relate to ppl and be able to work together, and sometimes it's because they had unusual interests, such as being so anti the powers that be that they couldn't work with a lot of other organisations, so they had to hang out



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together. It meant ppl had to try and sort their shit out. Also, it led to isolation.

Why's that?

I think because there was too much emphasis on the activities that didn't involve the wider community. But whatever happened, it was better to have done it than not. You find out what you can and can't do.

Can you tell me why you think it's important to relate with your community? You make the distinction between the community you lived among and the community you networked with because you were putting on punk gigs, you know, friends and stuff. You seem to be saying it's more important to hook up with your neighbours that with ppl who are in your "community" because you have similar interests.

I'm talking about "community" in terms of expanding your horizons. You know in a big city it's easy to remain solely within your own interest groups, and in the end that's too narrow, too specialist.

I think it was a crucial time for the ppl in the warehouse and all of the scenes that it touched, because it was deliberately political and open. As ppl became better and better at what they were doing and happier they became stronger. Also it really did link across a lot of things and all those links got stronger. But then ppl become easier targets.

Maybe that's part of the reason the squatting movement is more underground now, because people are keeping their heads down so they can keep their houses. If you're hanging out big banners that advertise what you're doing, you're not going to last as long, and also because there's not that movement, that support network, or that culture. Like I said it abbe and flows...

That's why we hear about all the big places in other cities, because ppl live in one place and have a big centre somewhere else for all the other things they're doing, having banners out and stuff. It's always worth pushing to get that happening again here. I mean if you don't push through the door and stand inside and wait until someone throws you out, you don't know whether you can have it. If someone wants to give it a go, they should give it a go, 'cause you never know do you? It might be a success, maybe not.

Still More About The Law

You do not have to answer any questions AT ALL, either before arrest or during interrogation. You must be informed of your right to remain silent during interrogation. Once you speak, you cannot go back to being silent, it will go against you in court. Nothing can go against you in court for remaining silent to EVERY question (but give your name and address of the squat for bail!!). Sometimes it is best to answer police questions, but you shouldn't unless you have been given legal advice to do so.

BAIL

Once you have been questioned, the police will decide whether to bail you or remand you in custody. You should be allowed bail if the police are fairly certain as to your identity, and you don't have any prior convictions for failing to turn up to court. If you don't have ID this could be difficult and you'll have to verify it some other way. The police may hold you if they think you will re-offend (re-squat, which isn't an offence!) which may be likely for squatters who can't prove alternative means of accommodation - a friends place may have to do!

If you are not bailed you must be brought before a magistrate within a "reasonable" time, which should be no more than 24 hours. If you are picked up on the weekend, you are entitled to be brought before a bail justice, which is like a JP.

EVICTON

The proper legal way for an owner to evict you is to apply to the Supreme or County Court for a writ of possession. The choice of Court depends on the value of the property. Property valued up to \$300,000, the owner goes to the County Court. For property worth more than this, the owner goes to the Supreme Court. The procedure is the same for both courts. The application to the court is called a *Summons and Origination Motion for Summary Possession of Land*, and it is issued with an Affidavit (a

written sworn document) verifying the ownership of the property and the fact that the property is now in the unlawful possession of others (namely you). A copy of the Origination Motion and Affidavit is attached to a conspicuous part of the property within 21 days of the Court hearing. You do not have to attend and it is usually useless because unless you can establish a legal right to the possession of the property, (a contract of sale, a gift transfer etc), the Court will make an order that the owner has possession of the property. The owner registers the order with the Sheriff who enforces the order, breaking in and forcibly evicting you. Legally there is nothing you can do in this situation, except if the Sheriff uses unreasonable force to evict you. (unlawful assault). The benefit of this procedure is that it at least gives you 21 days to find a new place.

The cost and time delay of a court hearing has forced owners to evict using the Wilful Trespass charge.



You will be told by the owner to leave or face arrest. If you leave nothing will happen. If you don't you will be arrested. It is not clear whether the police can break in to arrest you for Wilful Trespass. They probably will, but stall them by claiming this is forcible entry unless they have a court order (this may make them more determined to break in). Having arrested all on the property, no-one will be able to prevent the owner from throwing you

possessions out on the street and secure the place. You are then faced with no home and a criminal charge to defend.

Another avenue for eviction is if the property was under a tenancy agreement with the previous occupant within the last 12 months of the owner attempting to evict you. In this case, the owner can go to the Residential Tenancies Tribunal for an order of possession. This doesn't cost much and it is a fairly quick procedure. The Tribunal will make an order of possession and the police will carry it out in the same manner as a Supreme Court order. Unlike the court order, the squatter can force the owner to enter into the same tenancy agreement if s/he would suffer greater hardship than the landlord (usually there must be some connection between the squatter and previous occupants). This is worth a try if you are desperate to keep your home and are willing and able to pay rent, but rarely works.

A last avenue for eviction is for the owner's to physically evict you themselves. Legally they risk committing unlawful assault. The law is not clear, and needs a legal challenge, but it may be that an owner cannot

physically evict someone in "possession" of the land, and has to rely on a court order.

SQUATTERS TITLE

The law prevents an owner evicting a person in possession of the property after 15 years from the date of possession (called "adverse possession"). Once you have occupied a property under adverse possession for 15 years, you are entitled to have your name entered on the certificate of title. You will need to prove your period of

the

reality

Squatter stories...

A World Heritage Embassy was established in Fawcner Park, near North Ltd headquarters in St Kilda, Melbourne. The site was squatted since early July 1999 and on August 8, a party was held at the park. I talked to a chap who'd been at camp every night since the beginning and had a few things to say about the experience.

So you're squatting the land. Do you know who owns this park? Yeah, it's Crown Land. It's the people's land. It's managed by the Melbourne City Council.

And have you got permission to be here? No, no they want to get us off, but we've resisted up to now.

How have you gone about doing that? Called the media. They said they were gonna come and confiscate all our gear so I stacked all the stuff in the trailer, all our important stuff and then we called the media. All the cameras were out there, big film lenses you know, and when they came across to evict us and they spotted up (all the media that were there), you know then they backed off. We had to do the same this morning. They wanted the forces to take the tent down in this trailer, so again all the gear in the car in case they were successful, and we stood all around the tent and we said you're not gonna to take it down. So he said, I'm going back and seeing my superior. And I said, yeah you do that and

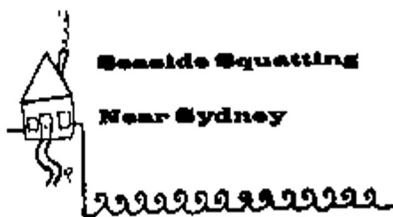
off he went and he never came back! Fantastic! So how long have you been here now? About a month.

Oh, this was after the world heritage decision is that right? Yeah, that's right. We came here for that reason. We actually intended to be here a few days before and then have a camp down to the day, you know, like 5,4,3,2,1 but we didn't get really organised to do a proper countdown.

Okay, so why are you here? We're protesting against Jubilee mine.

* The issue of mining in the Kakadu National Park was brought before UNESCO by a representative of the Mirrar ppl about 12 months ago. Kakadu has long been listed as a World Heritage park and this status and the park itself is endangered because of plans to mine for uranium. Following a visit to Australia the UNESCO Advisory Committee agreed. However, the Australian govt. asked for a 6 month deferral. After 6 months of hard lobbying UNESCO balked at going against the wishes of the Australian state and recommended the park not be listed as endangered. The decision is due for review in 18 months.

Seaside Squatting Near Sydney



Taken from 'Rent Freedom: The Squatting Lifestyle' a social history feature produced for radio by Paul Cullen

Through the 1930's and 40's, a number of seaside squats sprang up at the Kermel Peninsula on the southern side of Botany Bay, just south of Sydney. Squatters there like Bernie Clarke made the most of their circumstances.

It was an opportunity for self-sufficiency, to carve out a spot and grow lots of your own food. Spring and summer were a blaze of colour with Botulbushes and Christmas Bells in bloom, and the pounding surf offered its own feast. There were about 35 shacks, some built into the cliff face, 100ft above the water. One of the finest squats Bernie ever saw was built by a chap called Bert Adamson, who first started going out to the Kermel Peninsula in about 1913. Slowly, each week and each month he collected driftwood and carved stone to build an amazing 2-bedroom place with a dining room and kitchen, bathroom and outside w.c.

There was an incredible sense of community among the squatters and a real code of conduct. No one stole anything. There were regular patrols to control and monitor bushfires and the back to bed from the community was always maintained. No one expressed any ill-feeling towards the squatters, rather they were respected for their ingenuity and productivity...building, collecting and gardening. The situation brought together a particular breed - a very independent lot, made up of people who were inclined to share what little they had. People in the squats all along the coast would get together at the Cronulla Pub every once in a while to chew the fat.

The beginning of the end came when Minister for Lands, a man called Lewis, decided the squatters had to go. Everyone except old Bert, who lived out his life in his house on the cliff. There was another Bert, (Sculley) who had a shack at Little Shelley Beach on Gaboon Point. He would collect driftwood and load up his horse and dray and cart it into town to sell. Came back one day and his house was gone. There were a lot of incidents like that and things started to get tricky when the squatters realised. Most of the squatters were determined they weren't going to move. They were in good health, had plenty of good food and even the 70 and 80 year olds decided the government would have to remove them bodily. More often than not though, their evictions waited until they had gone out, perhaps for supplies, and then demolished their homes while they were away.



Squatter stories...

In Sydney in the 80's there was a huge squatting movement. Most squats were organised by the Ministry of Housing, which was too bureaucratic to do anything with them. There was also a huge area mainly in Glebe, Woolloomooloo and Permion - where the RTA had bought heaps of homes to build the 'Eastern Distributor' Road Tunnel. But it was about 30 years from when they bought them to when the road was actually built. I was living in a squat in Woolloomooloo where there were two full blocks of squats and alleyways linking them all. There was a huge old metal store on the beach called 'The Cunnery'. Heaps of ppl from industrial punk bands were living there building exhibitions, parties and gigs. They were there for two years before getting evicted, when the place was bought by the state govt. and set up as an artist exhibition space.

The band 'The Rents' squatted the old 'Cladstone Hotel' on Williams Street for 7 1/2 years. There were about 15 ppl living there and they'd bricked up the whole bottom floor sealing in windows with glass bottles and cement so you could only enter via the fire escape on the first floor. They had their food trip together and had a roof top garden.

After a lot of the Glebe, Woolloomooloo and Permion squats were evicted the Neutonium squatters started. At the top of King St. was a squatted building called Alpha House. Though it was eventually evicted, two good things came out of it. The first was Alpha House, which still exists as a wholefoods co-op, but in a different location. The other was the Alpha House Housing Co-op for artists. In the late 70's the govt. began funding collective housing schemes. Some ppl applied for this and by the time they were evicted they had become eligible. Obviously the planning wasn't foolproofing, but they fought for it and got govt. housing under the same name but in a different location.

The Permion squats were really well organised. At one time they made their own park by converting a vacant lot, ripping up the concrete, shifting rubble and planting stuff. The non-squatting locals wanted to keep it even after the squats were evicted, but in typical style big brother big brothered it. At the same squat they drilled holes in all the spoons, to stop snuck being used there. In '86 there were only a few spoons left. To evict one of them, a gang of evictors and a removal team turned up with no warning. They stood in all the doorways so we couldn't block them. As soon as ppl were out of the top rooms they smashed the floors, beds, plumbing and power box to pieces.

I'd been meeting around inner city Sydney with a collection of N.Z. punks and we kept getting booted out of squats or having the beds changed on us. Some stayed in buildings owned by the RTA, but the next door neighbours (also squatters) didn't like us, so they forked over the building. We had nowhere to go and were in this pub when a woman came up to us and asked if anyone needed a place to stay. I said I did and she looked at me and said 'but you're a boy, I'll have to ask'. About an hour later she came back and told me I could stay in the front room but I wasn't allowed any further into the house. 'But what if I want to go to the loo?' As there were heaps of other squats nearby she said I'd have to use the toilets there. So I was employed as a 17 year old homeless punk by a household of NZ types.

Squatting...

Still

a

rocky road.



Women reclaiming the silent night girl you got power!



PUNK
NOT
PUNK

EXPORT
HOWARD
NOT
URANIUM

MARX (M)
JESUS (M)



STOP
RACISM
FULL
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WICHITRA ST
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rapes

ANARCHY FREEDOM. (A) (E)

HUNGER
= PAIN.

OLD
GROWTH

THIS INFORMATION

BULLSHIT

FUCK
ONTH

FORGET
3 (W)
DEBT.

ADVENTURE



RIPE
INSTEAD



HOW MUCH DID YOU PAY FOR YOUR LIFESTYLE PUNK?

BIK KE, TRAM, TRAIN OR WALK - NO TO PETROL NO TO WAR

Right or Wrong
I am alive

The END is crying

WAKE UP NOW!
Get active NOW!

HULA OR DIE

SHUT