

BEAT YOUR NEIGHBOUR!

INEQUALITY
GAMES

A RACE TO THE BOTTOM!

SUITABLE FOR
ALL AGES

"You're never
too young to
discover that
life isn't fair!"



INSATIBLE IAN

"SPENDS
MONEY
LIKE
WATER!"



NET WORTH £100m
DEPENDANTS 0
AGE 37
SELF-INTEREST RATING 87%

ANXIOUS ANNIE



NET WORTH -£25k
DEPENDANTS 4
AGE 28
SELF-INTEREST RATING 35%

DESPERATE DEREK



NET WORTH -£35k
DEPENDANTS 1
AGE 54
SELF-INTEREST RATING 12%

TRUST FUND TARQUIN



"NEVER
WORKED
A DAY IN
HIS LIFE!"

NET WORTH £200m
DEPENDANTS 0
AGE 40
SELF-INTEREST RATING 98%

FREE GIFT INSIDE!
*GIFT UNAVAILABLE
FOR ALL UK/US
STOCKISTS

DOPE is free to prisoners and homeless people.
In solidarity until everyone has a home and nobody lives in a cage.
dogsection.org/solidarity

ANARCHY IS BEAUTIFUL

First published in London 2019 by Dog Section Press
Printed by Sharman & Company
ISSN 2515-9011

Published under Creative Commons Attribution-Non Commercial
4.0 International Public Licence

“Intellectual property is a legally fabricated monopoly, confining culture and science, and violently depriving the poorest and most marginalised from access to critical resources. The fictions of copyright and patent are despotic attempts to monopolise the mind; outrageous constraints on intelligence and creativity; and a destructive protectionist scheme for the profit of power.”



Photography

P8&P15 – Tom Medwell
P6&7 – Kelly O'Brien
P16&17 – No Sweat
P18&19 – Smash IPP
P22&23 – Protest Stencil

Artwork

Covers and Centre – Cat Sims
P5 – Nick Hayes
P11 – Gee Vaucher
P22&23 – Protest Stencil

CONTENTS

4	London Is Shit Lisa McKenzie
6	Class Traitors D. Hunter
8	Acid Communism Nadia Idle
10	S LENCE Penny Rimbaud
12 13	Property Is Theft Cat Sims
14	Invisible Andrew Fraser
16	No Sweat Jay Kerr
18	Smash IPP Smash IPP
20	Classifieds
22 23	Protest Stencils Protest Stencil

Liberation.....

Work.....

Prison.....

London Is Shit

By Lisa Mckenzie

This is a love letter to working class Londoners struggling every fucking second of every fucking day trying to survive – disappearing into the walls of the packed public transport that they travel further and further on to get to a job that doesn't pay the rent.

After 7 years of living in London, I'm out. I've gone to the north east, to County Durham. I could no longer eat whatever was in the clearance aisle at the supermarket while paying a landlord rent that is more than most people outside of London earn. It was making me sick: literally, the air is full of concrete particles from the residue of 'redeveloped' – or, rather, bulldozed – council estates. London was sitting on my lungs, and I couldn't breathe.

Yes, London was making me sick: the stress of finding that rent every month filled me with fear and anxiety, and I was not alone. Working class Londoners share a collective fear and anxiety – you can feel daily on the tube, on the bus, on the street, in the supermarket. It's electric, it's frightening; it's also addictive, knowing that people's anger can, and does, explode constantly.

Hundreds of thousands of working class Londoners subsumed and trying to survive within a city that hates them — a city that ignores them, pretending not to see their graft. Cleaners, shop workers, public transport workers, the homeless, the unemployed. Those made sick by the most expensive, unequal city in Europe are everywhere: on night buses trying to kip safely; in sleeping bags on Oxford Street (sometimes sharing the pavement with boxing day shoppers and Apple geeks waiting for the annual launch of a yet another iPhone); moving through the city on mopeds, sometimes with knives – children stabbing children for the only thing they have left: respect.

The elders have disappeared into their flats: coming out means facing a city that has been their home but is now hostile towards them. Their children have often left, or been forced out by rising rents and diminishing social housing while a hostile new 'Londoner' has forced its sharp elbows into their cafes – now coffee and pastry shops. In their old boozers (now gastro-pubs and craft ale tasting centres), the sticky carpets they once did the Twist on have been replaced by salvaged parquet flooring.

The pints that would cost a couple of quid and were mainly social are now 7 quid, and have become some type of wank middle class weapon in the class war.

Hate is a strong word ... but I can't think of another that adequately describes how London treats its working class. Works them to the bone as they try and pay their ever increasing rents. Mothers with small children are being dispersed because they are not worth the land they live on – the small spaces they inhabit are needed by India and Sacha to have a 'Year Here'¹ (middle class people squatting east London communities to gawp at the working class and put it on their fucking CV). Nans and granddads are finding space on sofas and pull-out beds for grandchildren with nowhere to go. Children sharing beds and bedrooms with their parents – all are exhausted – while daily they look out of the bus window and see the glass and chrome penises exploding from the ground and forcing themselves on the London skyline.

It's a violent act.

Violence surrounds London. It's everywhere. From the violence of the glass and chrome penises in the sky; to the aggression of landlords demanding rent they know is unfair, unjust and nothing but greed; to local councils, bureaucrats and administrators, and the political representatives that waive through – *push* through – the agendas of bosses and speculators while pretending they are doing anything good. Can't argue with democracy.

Special words must be saved for these, the London vultures, swooping in on misery. Whether it's those that see a business opportunity out of capitalism's defeat of the working class (we used to call these profiteers and during wartime they would be incarcerated), or the revolving door of local representatives/opportunists/power zombies. I can't distinguish between them: local councillor, Mayor, Member of Parliament, Oxbridge journalist, the chattering class – or as one bloke down the last remaining boozer in Bethnal Green called them “the cunts”.

Their faces, their voices, their media trained mannerisms; the blandness and fake concern seep through their skin like the sweat falls off the working class woman's brow while she cleans their offices – like the tears that fall down her face as she weeps for the future of her children.

Oh London is shit, its full of it. The Instagram creatives with a trust fund and their endless whining about the state of capitalism as they ignore the minimum wage worker that just handed them their fucking skinny soya latte; or take a selfie outside someone's home because they think a council estate is edgy; or spray paint 'a piece' of corporate and state sanctioned art on Brick Lane, knowing or caring nothing for the local businesses, people, families and communities that are being forced out because of their “creativity”. Asking fucking permission from the council is not fucking creative, cunts.

London is run by cunts. The Mayor of London's office supports every shit re-development from Croydon BoxPark to the removal of Gallions Point Marina on the Thames, handing out public money to football clubs, international banks, and the Olympics, while getting a photo opportunity with Bono. Is Westfield really worth the misery of the removal of the traveller community that had lived there for generations? Or the destruction of London's last dog track, and along with it a working class sport, culture and tradition that was simply not worthy of the eyes of the new residents in the “East Village”? Do me a fucking favour. High-rise hotel rooms in the sky rented for £2,000 a month with a Pret-a-Manger at the bottom are not the same as a village, even if it has got a boulevard of smog-choked trees sprouting out of the concrete.

London is shit, it's full of shit — but Londoners, working class Londoners, you deserve better. Join me in the north. There is fresh air, and a bit of space to breathe. Let's leave the Insta-creatives, the bankers, the politicians, the media luvvies, and the chattering classes to make their own fucking coffee.



Lisa Mckenzie is an Assistant Professor of Sociology at Durham University and author of *Getting By: Estates, Class and Culture in Austerity Britain*. Her new book *Class Cleansing: Grieving for London* is out in 2020.

¹ <https://yearhere.org>

Class Traitors

By **D. Hunter**

Since I published Chav Solidarity, plenty of people have either asked me what I think constitutes middle class, or suggested that, in targeting middle class activists so much, I am being divisive. So, in the spirit of class unity and seeking to participate in the building of a strong revolutionary movement, I am no longer going to use the term middle class. From now on I am going to use the phrases class traitors or class treachery.

These terms will be used when anyone uses economic, social or cultural power solely to improve their own position at the expense of someone else within the working class. This includes exploiting racist, patriarchal, transphobic or ablest paradigms. Do this, and I'll be calling you (and maybe myself) a patriarchal class traitor, racist class traitor, etc.

I'm doing this in the spirit of working class unity everyone seems to be gagging for. The definition of middle class appears to have become too vague and nebulous, too recuperated by the liberal discourse to be of any use. Instead, I'm going to work with the notion that all of us who are in the position where we have to sell our labour (or are excluded from doing so, due to the oppressive social system we live within) in order to ensure food and shelter – no matter how well financially rewarded – are part of the working class.

But those formerly middle class folk join working class folk who hoard their resources, engage and support practices and process that marginalise, dehumanise or exploit fellow members, and will now be referred to as class traitors. It's likely that I'll expand my definition at some point to include those who are not actively seeking-out ways to collectivise their resources with other members of their class. But one thing at a time.

One of the motivations for doing this has been recently reconnecting with a lot of more academically formal approaches to evaluating class. I won't name-check anyone or their work here, as, while there is much I find frustrating, there is undoubtedly much that has enriched my understanding.



The stuff I've been re-reading has tended to stem from usually Marxist or Anarchist political traditions or Sociological work, primarily inspired by Max Weber or Pierre Bourdieu. Alot of these have in the past been incredibly useful as I've developed my own ideas and understandings; however, much of the writing I've been re-reading lately seems at it's most content when it's dealing with classification – the process of precisely identifying what characteristics make up a specific class of people, whether those characteristics are social, cultural or economic.

Is a plumber with his own company working class or not? What about an academic on a zero-hours contract? What if the plumber likes ballet or dog racing? Will the parents of the academic be leaving them £1,000 or £10,000 when they shuffle off their mortal coil? Do they live in London or Burnley?

These questions and others like them are supposed to lead us to conclusions about class position. Often a choice between “working class” and “middle class”, but more and more new categories are being suggested. Categories like the precariat, the lower-middle class, the upper-working class, and the footballer. And this is all interesting, and I've thought and spoken in these terms as well, but I'm left wondering whether they're *useful*.

There is also the type of writing that aims to determine what the working class looks like in the 21st Century, and what the most significant and revolutionary segment of the working class is. In case you wonder, the answer is always, what ever segment the author is from (see my book Chav Solidarity for a cracking example of this).

I'm just not very interested in talking about categories, and definitions of those categories. It feels like just a way to avoid talking about what defines those categories. What capital do we have? What power do we have? That's not to suggest we do away with categorisation as a way of explaining what's happening in front of us all. There are the capitalists, the 1-5%, the ruling class, and the owning class, and then there are those who live underneath them. As far as names go, the working class will do as a way to describe us – everyone else, the have-nots.

And it's not to suggest there aren't staggering levels of inequality within the working class, an inequality that simply must be engaged with, possibly remedied, before any kind of working class movement in the UK achieves anything. Those of us in the working class who have access to resources, whether directly through economic capital, or via the social and cultural capital we have accumulated, need to be putting it to use for the common good, not just so that we can have a slightly more physically comfortable life.

This direction I'm trying to shift my thinking in places emphasis on how we choose to act, and how we choose to use the capital and the power we have.

To be a full-on class traitor you have to work really hard in making the same type of choices on a daily basis: a cop, a member of the armed forces, a UKIP member or Chelsea supporter are some examples. Yes, there may be understandable reasons why you join those groups, the world's a fucking complicated shit show, and the decisions can happen when you're young and in a specific context. But you can learn and grow and then choose to quit betraying your class.

Most of the time, though, people will just betray their class once or twice a week – maybe more, maybe less. When I moved cities at the start of 2019, I didn't make sure I touched base with all the young people I worked with before I left, just to make sure they knew how to get in touch with me if needed. Two are now in prison, which might well have happened whatever I did, but I didn't continue to use my power and resources to impact their lives in the way I had previously, and had intended to do. Class Treachery. If you're squatting with others, and they are have no other option, but you're in the financial position to purchase a house, or some land, or provide long term security for yourself and them. Class Treachery. If you get nicked for your involvement in direct action, and you're white and have social and cultural capital that affects how you are coded by the press and the courts. And are then financially, socially and culturally supported through the judicial system, without redirecting that support and the resources that come with it to black and asian youth, who are not coded in the same way – guess what? Class Treachery.

Pejoratively calling someone middle class, especially as I have done many, many times, can leave people feeling passive – what can they do about the circumstances they were born into? They can't stop being from a middle class background, can they? But in calling someone's actions class treachery, well, any passivity that follows it suggests that they don't give a shit, that they are comfortable with their behaviour. That class solidarity is an irrelevance to them. This feels more useful. If all we see from those who stand alongside us in social movements that resist capitalism is class treachery, then there's a good chance that we're surrounded by class traitors.

I was in two minds about adding the prefixes of racist, patriarchal, ableist and transphobic to the class traitor moniker. These oppressions are so intrinsic to the capitalist system that any act which supports them is in itself an act of class treachery; however, as I'm only subject to one of these specific systems of oppression, I decided it was not my place to subsume them into my latest praxis and therefore run the risk of devaluing the different ways those systems function.

Maybe for some of you there has never been a middle class – you've clocked it as a rhetorical tool to break up solidarity within the working class. Well, as a rhetorical tool it worked. We are broken up, we have been stratified by the uneven financial, social and cultural bribes from capital that we each receive. And, as we seek to repair our class solidarity, we must find ways to collectivise what we have, so that no one is left behind as we take on the capitalist class in a fight for control of our lives. The long and the short of it is that in the name of class unity, I'll be thinking some of you are class traitors from now on. And I, of course, welcome any criticisms regarding my new approach to life, as I try to refine it.



D. Hunter is the author of Chav Solidarity

chavsolidarity.com

Acid Communism

By Nadia Idle



Acid Communism is:

A lens, an approach.

A perspective, never an identity.

A way of walking the tightrope between sanity, and the freedom to be weird.

The curiosity, the left-reflective, the meditative state within a politics of solidarity.

The gentle, the kind, the open, within staunch anti-capitalism.

The energetic, the joyful, the collective connection.

Never the performance. It is about being authentic, always.

The prising open of space for the radical with sweetness

Cerebral plasticity against plastic.

The gentle thanks-but-no-thanks to the pouted face, food on plate, me and my mates, desperation for likes and follows.

Transcendental and rebellious. It rises above the neoliberal bile, picking you up, above those clambering to get on the life boats while pushing others off.

The refusal to engage in a politics of exclusivity.

The response: I didn't cause your pain. So hold my hand rather than shout at me.

What keeps me happy and moves me towards our shared horizon.

“Instead of seeking to overcome capital, we should focus on what capital must always obstruct: the collective capacity to produce, care and enjoy.” Mark Fisher, Acid Communism – Unfinished Introduction.

What are our unfulfilled desires? What are the obstacles to us living the lives we want to lead? What visions come to us in our dreams, which we shoo away, deeming them impossible?

Do you ever feel trapped? Like you can't escape? Often you can't tell what it is you need to escape, but a sliver within you tells you that it's not right, this life, this day to day, this weekend, this hangover, this cycle.

Everything around you tells you it has always been this way, and will always be this way. But something else in you tells you it's a lie. But you shut your soul down. Shhhhhhh. Get back to work.

When cynicism, depression and anxiety is so widespread we must first acknowledge that this must be structural. There are social forces that are causing so many people's pain. If the problem is societal then it cannot be your fault and responsibility alone. The respite will not come from inside you. It will come from us acting together. From wading through this sludge and helping each other out onto the island.

Nostalgia won't help us. We are where we are. But if you can imagine it, it can be your future.

If capitalism is a project of conscious deflation, telling us there is no way out, the Left must be a project of consciousness inflation. A politics and practice of joy and connectedness, prioritising laughter. Designing and pushing strategies that make these things possible.

I always felt uneasy about hope. Then Mark Fisher gave me words to understand why. Hope is static, necessarily deflating. It lacks vibrancy, action or agency. It feels like a 1950s unhappy housewife, trapped, peering out of her net-curtains periodically, wishing something would come along to break the drudgery.

I don't want hope. I want action. So I make it, now.

Acid Communism came to me in an organic, drifty sort of way rather than as a bang on the head. In Beirut, December 2015, I was at a low point, lost, anxious and suffering from various traumas. I was morose and disheartened about life. Then I remember reading a post online about Mark Fisher's Boring Dystopia Facebook page.

Mark was thinking about getting a collective together to assemble a book on the subject, collecting pictures of broken ATMs, vending machines, CCTVs overlooking decaying streets etc. Unfiltered neoliberal reality.

I felt a pang of excitement, in that way when you sit up and your sunken body lifts. A break in my clouds. This project's playful outlining of how we actually experienced life under late capitalism excited me. I emailed him. He got back to me and said he'd set it up soon.

It never happened. Mark was taken away from us. But his ideas live on and keep resonating through conversations, workshops and parties.

Our Acid Communism work isn't in homage to Mark. It's more an evolution inspired by where he left off. Our politics and life experiences feed-in to this growing, mutating body of thought and practice.

The Acid Joy Collective brings together a group of people, each involved in various projects: Acid Communism consciousness-raising workshops, our radio show #ACFM, Acid Corbynism events around Labour Party conference, parties focused on good vibes and writing.

I do this work because it's so human. It's opened up a real space. We laugh a lot. It's brought me so many new friends. I didn't realise the layers of cellophane around my mind until I started doing this.

People I meet have such nice things to say about this work, how it's inspired them or helped them understand the world better. I never know what to say, but it makes me so happy that I'm involved in something that resonates with people. It gives me purpose and the energy to keep on fighting. It makes me feel less alone.

Acid Communism is the opposite of the Retreat Machine, which compresses us like a live dough ball, not allowing us to breathe, grow or see the light. The Machine turns you under and forces your mind and body to face inwards into a defensive state, where you can feed only on yourself.

Acid Communism is the bicarbonate, the yeast sachet in the mix. It causes the bubbling up, the doubling in size, the expansion, the inflation.

It is effervescent, light, and always playful.

It tells us the future is ours for the taking.

Nadia Idle is an activist with Plan C and a presenter on Novara media's #ACFM
weareplanc.org
novaramedia.com



S LENCE

By Penny Rimbaud

To be as much requires a beginning as does not to be, while, in turn, both suggest an ending. Never before, never again; stasis. Then where or what are the parameters? Only the silence, only the emptiness. Then, out of the void, a voice, ‘tis not I; hush, this is the silence’, and that is the question. The threads are golden; Ophelia follows the tides.

We exist, but now consider the landscape, embrace an ocean, observe the constellations and we exist no more; no past, no future, but still we exist. We exist in time, but time does not exist. We exist in space, but there is no space. We are this, but this has already passed us by, ceased to be. We are that, but that is always way beyond us. So then, do we exist only that we might be undone or is it rather that we exist that we might yet become? The threads are multiple.

We are handed down words as representations of things which in themselves have nothing to say; second-hand cast-offs in a dictionary of obsolescence. Does a tree say it’s a tree or even know that it is? Then why is it that we so like to presume on its behalf? “Ooh, look at that tree,” when a tree is clearly no more a tree than a banana skin. In their essential fauxness, words allude to give form to the formless which manifest as events that are the stuff and nonsense of the material world; psychological webs, the mind and its meanderings, the this and that of neurotic natter, fanciful rhetoric and, at best, metaphorical suggestion. And this also is the glue of attachment, the complex fragmented mess that we like to call the ‘real world’ all held together by the tacky tangle of illusory time and the singular separation of equally illusory space. Illusory, yes, but time and time again we are seduced by the lie. Thereby we become divorced from the greater forces of the universal to be deluded by sentimental tales of personalisation, possession, pride and prejudice; but, be warned, we cannot and will not be individuated and survive.

Trapped in tight little cul-de-sacs of self-absorption, yet deluding itself with conceits of free will, the psychological self, commonly known as ego, asks the questions and, ever-willing to compound the delusion, is quick to give the answers.

Yes, no, on, off; the binary madness of ‘cogito ergo sum’ manifesting as agitated algorithms of mind. It is thus that we create our own fate, get beaten down by ourselves and, whilst denying our complicity, look beyond our illusory self to cast the blame. ‘J’accuse’, and the deadly missiles of ignorance are launched; the virus of negativity, cancerous in distillation, invisible in presence, blown on the winds of false prophecy. Self set against self, devouring self and other; the great divide. I think therefore ... but think not and thereby give way to silence. There is no self to answer to.

So, driven by the consensual, and unable to see one thing without another, our muddled minds manufacture dualities which are the very root of doubt, the Yin Yang of fear, lurking in the shadows, ready to devour. It is from here that, to allay the darkness, we project it onto others, confusing sorrow with joy, hate with love, one with the other, any other, making opposites of them. Yet for all this, the all or nothing of the absolute determines that one remains the other as the other remains the one; true singularity in the manifold. Total being.

Negativity offers no solutions because it is counter-creative, counter-intuitive and counter-life. Hate is the ugly face of distorted love, fear is the invidious knowledge of our studied denialism; but the heart beats beyond these conceits, speaks out in its silent way against the heresy, “there is no blame to be cast out; it is you alone. There is no ‘other’ to look to. Look, then, to yourself, your hidden self. I will guide you, for it is only here that the answers abide, in silence.” Then, most surely, rather than merely being a part of something, we become the all of everything, never apart, beyond expression, multi-dimensional and multi-directional, assured in the undoing.

“I am heed and I am warnings. Cast off all ideas of self that self might arise untrammelled beyond your meagre imaginings. Come now, do you fear the idea that beyond idea you might not exist, that you might be no more than mere occasion, a slight upon breath? Then gasp, gasp at the magnificence beyond, unfold oceanic in defiance of the tempests – or cower serf-like in dusty cells of convention, conformity and indifference. Look now, the prison doors are open. There is no further to go, no more to be said.”

Acceptance of the materialist narrative is nothing less than self-imposed slavery. We are not, then how is it that we so blithely accept that we are, and, thereby, our containment? We define our own sorrows, freeze in the resultant fears and cheerily wear the mask of victimhood as if it were no more than cosmetic. Escape? But how? There are no clues to be given nor tricks to be played, quite simply, there is nothing to be attained and no path to follow. It is as is and that is that.

Silence. Silence now. We are never alone because we are as one, infinitive in expansion and unlimited in potential. Then what holds us back? What is the preventative? Why the inhibition? In short, what is stopping us?

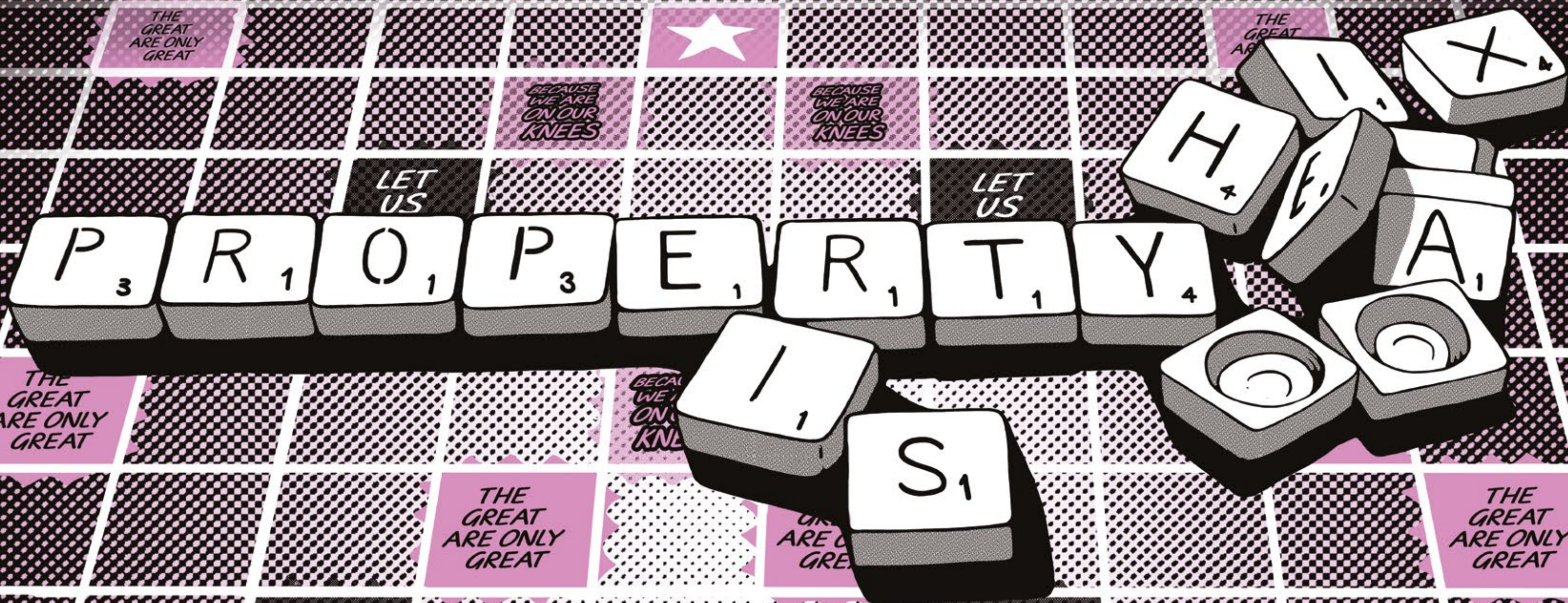
Freedom is an existent reality: take it. Only you and the you that is not you; only the silence and the silence that is not silence. No more than this; to move on, but to remain here, there and everywhere. No more than that. There is no form, still less content. Each beginning is an ending, each ending a beginning; it is all a matter of attitude. And still the heart beats.

I have known these things yet know nothing, and in knowing nothing have grown to know these things. Freedom is an existent reality, take it now.

Whoops, missed it.



Penny Rimbaud, is a writer, poet, philosopher, painter, musician and activist. He was a member of the performance art groups EXIT and Ceres Confusion, and in 1972 was co-founder of the Stonehenge Free Festival. In 1977 he co-founded and played drums in the seminal anarchist punk band Crass.
existstencilpress.com



ANARCHY GAMES

Invisible

By Andrew Fraser



I should really be writing this article, but instead I'm shooting the breeze with my east European, and similarly homeless, mates: Alfie (from Albania), Costa (Romania), Mario (Poland), and Dmitri (somewhere between Bulgaria and Mars).

I love these reprobates dearly. My brothers. I can spend hours with Dmitri listening to him wittering on in Bulgarian, and I don't have a fucking clue what he's going on about. He has lived here 12 years and the only English he seems to know is "Cigarette?" and "Me, no trouble!" said with deadly earnestness and a blue-black eye (to which I always reply "No, you TROUBLE Dmitri!!!", and he falls about laughing).

The other day he took me to buy some cheap Balkan fags, and he chattered like a Furby all the way. On the way back I said to him "Y'know Dmitri, I haven't got a fucking clue what you're on about and I never have," and he laughed heartily. I used to work in the media and I prefer my street mates by a mile. I never fitted-in and I didn't really want to. But here among my fellow deadbeats I can relax. On the streets I seemed to find my place in this world.

I've just spent the morning in the job centre watching them tie poor Alfred up in knots with their deliberately impossible demands. I won't let him give up. I can't, even if I wanted to, because we are currently both living off my own benefits and my book sales. The book is a diary of my time on the streets and the proceeds go towards making my mates smile and bunging them the odd can of cider, knock-off Moldovan fags, and food.

It's so much happier being around them in the muck and the rain than fighting the Matrix at Her Majesty's DWP. With the help of others we've just got Alfie and Costa off the streets for a time, and I sleep more easily knowing they're safe. But they've no money whatsoever, so they're left with a choice between shelter but penury, or the violence and degradation of life on the pavement in Stratford ... but with money, cigs and food from well-wishers. Both have been horribly unwell and seemed weeks or even days from death before we got them somewhere safe – but I don't think they'd have stayed indoors if I hadn't had my book sales to keep them in basic comforts.

"But they choose to be homeless" – if I had a bed for the night for every time I've heard this sanctimonious bullshit. You can't live on thin air and they would have just been exchanging homelessness for captivity if I and others hadn't stepped in. You can't be recaptured when you've been homeless. We've gone feral. I'd never have met them if it wasn't for homelessness. So I'm glad it happened, in many ways. It was meant to be, clearly. Life sends you on some unexpected paths, but for all we endured, I'm grateful for them, and that it enabled me to document something so prevalent and yet so misunderstood.

So, yes, homelessness is horrific, cruel, unnecessary, soul-wrecking, dehumanising and exhausting. And when you say that fast, it might not seem like much ... but trust me, the scars run deep. It's incredibly difficult. But when we reject love, we love deep. For all its horrors there's something liberating about rough sleeping. You've fallen as far as you can without actually dying. You go cry your tears in McDonald's bogs then you let the tears dry on your face and get on with it. No point moaning.

We've been rejected by society so, quid pro quo, we no longer feel the need to abide by societal norms. So, yes officer, I will take a piss in that telephone box. They closed all the public toilets and Wetherspoon's won't let us take a dump in their dumps, so we go where we have to. Treat us like animals and we have no choice but to behave like them. And we are as free as urban foxes, we go where and when we have to. Free men and women, no longer slaves to the great big hamster wheel you're all on.

So what is homelessness then?

Well really, it's nothing.

It's just a word.

An assortment of letters.

We've become so used to it, it really means nothing to us anymore.

It's that girl with a few teeth and a twitch begging at the station.

It's that bloke staggering around the shopping centre, drunk.

Who are these people?

They're homeless. But they're not us. We could never be them.

So just ignore them. Pretend they're not there. Carry on recycling. You're saving the world, after all. Nobody could ever suggest you were a bad person. Not like those wasters. You recycle and sign petitions, for heaven's sake.

I mean you work hard. Not like those wasters. With their hands out. Most of them aren't even English. Fuck off back to where you came from. Stop draining our society.

Except.

She was raped as a child. She's traumatised. Now she's taking drugs to hide her pain. On the streets she's still repeatedly raped in her sleep.

He went to Afghanistan as an 18 year old child. He saw his best friend, the one who saved his life, blown to smithereens in front of him. There was barely enough of him left to bury. Now he drinks away his pain on the streets. He was decorated for bravery but nobody actually asked him how he felt.

He came from east Europe. His government encouraged him to come here. He was unemployed and a drain on their system. He came here and lived in a room with seven other men, working cash-in-hand. For £3 an hour. Then he got poorly. He's not as young as he used to be. Now he can't get employment, and he's never accessed benefits. He's fucked and drinking it all away. If he goes back to Warsaw or Bucharest he will freeze to death. The cold and violent streets of Stratford are like paradise compared to where he could be.

You will never walk in our shoes.

So before you rush to judge. Take a good long look at yourself. What did you do to deserve all you have? What did you actually do? Do you really have a grip on how privileged you are?

Sure you're a good parent, you have nice mates and you buy them thoughtful birthday presents. But family and friends are just an extension of human ego. Helping strangers is true kindness. True love.

Stop judging and start helping. Stop moaning about the political establishment. It was ever thus. They won't solve this. It falls to us.

Join the teams of community volunteers working unheralded in their own areas. Join the movement. Celebrate us and grieve for those of us who didn't make it.

I often go back to the words, sometimes attributed to Dietrich Von Bonhoeffer, which help direct my shoes:

"Silence in the face of evil, is in itself, evil.
Not to speak, is to speak.
Not to act, is to act.
God will not hold us countless."

Whether he uttered those words of not, Dietrich was hung by wire by Nazis.

Laid his life on the line.

What are you doing?

I tell you what me and my mates did. We saved each other's lives and we refused to die ...



Andrew Fraser is the author of Invisible: Diary of a Rough-Sleeper (Freedom Press, 2019). Please buy a copy and help him keep his mates in fags, food, cider and smiles.

No Sweat

By Jay Kerr

“Sweatshops are post-modern day slavery.”

This was the language used by Jord Samolesky, the drummer of seminal Canadian punk band, Propagandhi, in our recent film Punks Against Sweatshops. And he’s right. When you strip away the glamour of the fashion industry, and look behind the cheap prices of the high street shops, you’ll find a trillion-dollar industry run on the backs of the most vulnerable people in the societies of developing nations across the world. People that are forced by poverty into a factory and then find themselves confined there by poverty’s unending economic cycle, and in many cases, by physical restraint: locked in the workshop at night, having their passports confiscated so that they can’t leave, and threatened with violence if they try to complain. These are the conditions that people in sweatshops work under, conditions of post-modern day slavery. And these are the conditions that the anti-sweatshop movement has been fighting for over two decades.

Most people are aware of what a sweatshop is, and if they are unfamiliar with the word then a quick reference to people in far-off countries, working long hours, in poor conditions, and earning a pittance while making clothes for major brands, will soon bring familiarity with the issue.



Wages, hours and conditions are key elements of the sweatshop nightmare that exists on a global scale, making sweatshop exploitation very much a workers rights issue. But, this form of exploitation doesn’t stop there, it spreads out and touches lives across the spectrum.

Of the estimated 70 million garment workers in the world, over 80% of them are women. In factories where bosses see women as weaker they will create harsher conditions to maximise production targets. Toilet breaks, for example, are often rigorously timed with penalties for too much time spent away from the workstation. Beyond the financial impact on wages and the psychological impact on workers, this often has an impact on women’s menstrual health. In many sweatshop factories sick leave is unpaid and calling in sick could lead to a sweatshop worker being sacked on the spot. Likewise, women who become pregnant often face discrimination and even dismissal. A climate of fear and intimidation among women workers has been reported repeatedly by NGOs investigating the industry in multiple countries. This intimidation often involves sexual harassment and abuse.

Women who try to report these crimes often find themselves targeted with further discrimination: harassing workers until they resign, refusal of overtime, and concerted efforts to reduce their take-home pay, all contribute to silencing women workers.

Sweatshops are a feminist issue.

The long hours and low wages often have an impact on family life. Sweatshop workers forced to work long hours often rely on extended family members to care for their children, in many cases sending kids off to live with family far away. For those that don’t have this option, the daily wage not covering the basic needs of more than one person coming into a household with children means tough choices. Sweatshop workers, all of whom will want their children to have a decent life, are forced into a position of sending their children out to work in order to make ends meet. Millions of children around the world are forced into work from a young age and never get the opportunities of a basic education.

Sweatshops are a children’s right issue.

Workers that send their children to stay with family far away are often migrant workers, migrating from the countryside to the cities looking for work, or even across borders to other countries, commonly without documentation, leaving them vulnerable to gangs involved in people trafficking. When workers migrate they are often forced into workplaces proficient at exploiting their vulnerability. Wages are lower than documented workers, workshops often double as accommodation and are commonly fire hazards.

When workers do have documentation, they often have it confiscated by employers so that the workers can’t leave freely. Without documentation, migrant workers, already susceptible to police harassment on the streets, run the risk of deportation, usually following an experience of police violence. What little money migrant sweatshop workers do earn is usually sent to support families back home, leaving them in an ever consistent impoverished state.

Sweatshops are a migrant rights issue.

The trillion-dollar garment industry run through sweatshops in the Global South is responsible for an output of clothing that feeds fast fashion in the West. The cheap clothes still bring huge profits to the brands and high street shops, while the workers slave away in poverty. The environmental cost of this industry is huge, with intensive production of genetically modified, pesticide-based cotton that consumes vast quantities of water or the synthetic materials used in clothing, now known to be contributing to the microplastics in our oceans, both providing the garment industry with the raw materials needed. The cheapness of clothes made in sweatshops with such huge quantities of unsustainable materials has the knock-on effect of keeping the cost of organic alternatives high, while the cost to life on earth is even higher.

Sweatshops are a climate crisis issue.

So what’s the solution?

The main solution to sweatshop exploitation is a united workforce, collectively fighting for their rights in the work place, for better hours, wages, and conditions – and this means forming trade unions. But as we’ve said, workers will often face discrimination and retaliation if they try to organise, so international solidarity is key to their success. We can’t change the world by shopping but we can voice our support for the workers that make the things we buy. Social change does not come from the top down but the bottom up, so by people supporting

campaigns that call on brands to make sure their suppliers are allowing unions in their factories, we can build solidarity with the workers in those factories and help to change their conditions.

No Sweat is one of the groups building this international solidarity. Our new T-shirt project is a way of highlighting the importance of this international solidarity, while at the same time funding it. At No Sweat, we import T-shirts from a workers co-op in Bangladesh run by former sweatshop workers, for wholesale in the UK, and the plan is to use the profits to fund garment workers unions that are fighting for the rights of sweatshop workers. The co-operative that makes the T-shirts pays a higher rate of pay than the average garment factory in the region, and then 50% of the profits are shared among the workers, bringing their wages up to the recommended living wage identified by unions in the country. As an example of best practice, the co-op also pays for the workers' medical fees should they get sick, and funds school places for the workers' children.



We want to see this co-op grow and thrive, giving the opportunity for more workers to join them and get out of the sweatshop nightmare. But, more importantly, as this T-shirt project grows, we can fund trade unions working with sweatshop workers and build our international solidarity campaigns around the struggles in these workplaces.

The fight against sweatshops is an international worker solidarity issue.



No Sweat campaigns for workers' rights around the world.



No Sweat supports and funds independent trade unions set up by sweatshop workers



No Sweat T-shirts are made in workers co-ops run by former sweatshop workers



There are no shareholders or corporate executives taking large shares of the profits





Workers in these co-ops democratically control their work ensure decent hours and conditions and earn a Living Wage



Profits from the t-shirts are put back into our campaign work and are used to fund sweatshop workers unions

Jay Kerr is an activist for No Sweat.

nosweat.org.uk

Smash IPP!

Content warning: suicide, self-harm

Imprisonment for Public Protection (IPP) is a barbaric indefinite prison sentence introduced for minor crimes in 2005 as part of New Labour's 'tough on crime' agenda. The cost has been deadly: 139 people have so far died by suicide on the sentence, not to mention the impact on families and communities. Parents have been left to bring up children alone. Kids get to know their dads only over a visits table.

'Crime' has always been a cheap and nasty election strategy for all the major parties, who care little about those most affected (people of colour and other working class people, LGBTQ and disabled people). IPP was no exception. Supposedly meant to lock up prolific violent and sexual offenders for a long time, a much bigger cross-section of people were affected. The most common IPP offence is street robbery. Under the law, you would be sentenced to an initial tariff, a minimum time that must be served, which was the usual time given for the crime. But after that, your release date would be decided by the parole board. Many have now served over a decade more than their initial tariff – longer than those found guilty of murder and rape in some cases.

The sentence was abolished in 2012 by the European Court of Human Rights. But there are 2,480 people still locked up indefinitely in England and Wales for minor crimes. Many were very young at the time of their sentence, are now in their 30s and are totally different people. But they still can't get out.

To 'prove' they are safe to be among the general public, IPPs found themselves locked in a Kafkaesque labyrinth of bureaucracy. They were required to complete certain courses, but the courses are not available or have years-long waiting times. A third of parole hearings are deferred each year. Cuts to prison budgets make it harder than ever to access the resources they need to get out. 90% of IPP prisoners have served their original sentence and are still waiting to be released. Their mental health deteriorates (no-one can 'work towards nothing'), drugs are widely available and serve as a coping mechanism. Both count against them at their parole hearing. The cycle continues.

Even if IPP prisoners manage to jump through the hoops and convince the parole boards that they are no longer a 'danger to the public', the sentence carries a 99 year license. This means they can be recalled to prison at any time for breaking their licence conditions or not being considered of 'good character'. This makes them an easy target for anyone with a vendetta, and probation officers are risk-obsessed. Simply speaking out against the way you've been treated can be enough to recall you. Once you're inside the whole cycle starts again.

It was this last factor that led to the partner and sister of one IPP prisoner to protest at Gateshead Probation Service last month. One of at least 7 IPPs from Gateshead, he is 14 years into a 4 year 6 month sentence.

Partner: "I'm protesting because my partner is an IPP prisoner and it's to make people aware of the IPP and the fact that Gateshead Probation recall people for no reason. They don't support them. They're not given a chance to rebuild themselves in the community because probation recall them. No sooner do you get out of prison and you're trying to rebuild your life, you're getting knocked back by probation. The meetings aren't too bad, going to see them twice a week or something, but it's having to constantly look over your shoulder. You get recalled if you're late, you get recalled if you swear, you get recalled if you spit. This is stuff that everyday people do.

It's like no one seems to want them to turn their lives around and see them succeed. It's like you've committed a crime, you're a prisoner, that's what you're always labelled as. Even if you've got the tariff and you do that tariff, like, without the IPP, you come out say after 2 or 3 years, you're still known as a prisoner 6 years later. It's like, 'well, he's committed a crime,' and that holds over your head for the rest of your life.

I've got a lot of support from groups on Facebook. It's helped a lot to know you're not the only person in that boat, in that situation. Prison WAGs is the best one. You know you've got support and you don't have to give details of the crime. It's your choice if you do or you don't, but you know you're not judged.

I want my partner to be assessed by a psychologist. The prison aren't doing anything. He's got mental health involved and they've not been to see him, they're not doing anything."



Sister: "He'll take an overdose and then once they're back in the cell in the prison, they let them buy more tablets [paracetamol]."

Partner: "They just don't really care.

I've raised these things with the prison and they're like 'we have protocol to follow'. But they've got the safety of the prisoners to look after. One time when my partner overdosed, I had to call an ambulance myself. When they got to the prison gates, they were turned away. The prison didn't send him to hospital until the next morning.

There are 14 IPPs on his landing now at HMP Northumberland. 7 of them are from Gateshead. There was one lad, I don't know if he's IPP, who cut his stomach open in his cell and started taking his bowels and everything out. The staff haven't gone in to help him or anything. They left him about 4 hours. Once they managed to finally clear it up and get him to hospital and sort him out and that, when he went back to the prison he was allowed to buy razor blades again."

Sister: "You're just waiting for that horrible phone call."

Partner: "Because the prison just don't want to help.

They treat them awful. At the end of the day, I understand the person's committed a crime, they might deserve to be in prison, but they're still human, they don't deserve to be treated the way they're treated. It takes half an hour to go over and say, 'Hiya, how are you? Do you wanna talk?' They tell you to ring the Safer Custody line, but you ring them, you leave a message. I left a message about one of my partner's overdoses in February and I'm still waiting for a call back.

It doesn't help in the prisons now that a lot of the officers are 18, 19. They've just left school and they haven't got a clue about the IPP sentence and they're not trained.

Sister: "And if the screws have trouble, they go to my brother to sort it. He stopped one of them being stabbed. But if my brother has done something wrong, they turn their backs. Some of the time I think they don't want him to go out, because then they'd have no-one."

Partner: "They don't seem to want to acknowledge they're responsible because you've asked for help, you've been refused it, you've committed suicide, you're no longer here, but the prison won't take responsibility, they'll twist it to make out like you haven't asked for the help and stuff, to cover their own backs, and I just don't agree with it. But someone's gotta listen. Someone's gotta listen eventually."



Follow Smash IPP on Facebook and Twitter for details of demonstrations, petition and letter campaigns.

smashipp.org.uk

BOOKFAIRS

Bristol Anarchist Bookfair
www.bristolanarchistbookfair.org

Cambridge Radical Bookfair
goo.gl/RCljrB

Cardiff radical Bookfair
goo.gl/EnXFS5

Derry Radical Bookfair
derryradicalbookfair.wordpress.com/

Dorset Radical Bookfair
goo.gl/4DzS1e

Liverpool Anarchist Bookfair
goo.gl/V7ns5j

Manchester Anarchist Bookfair
https://bookfair.org.uk

Nottingham Radical Bookfair
goo.gl/TYDqGu

Sheffield Anarchist Bookfair
sheffieldbookfair.org.uk

Bradford Anarchist Bookfair
www.lin12.com

Bristol Anarchist Bookfair
www.bristolanarchistbookfair.org

Cardiff Anarchist Bookfair
southwalesanarchists.wordpress.com

Cambridge Radical Bookfair
www.solfed.org.uk

Derry Radical Bookfair
derryradicalbookfair.wordpress.com

Dorset Radical Bookfair
dorsetbookfair.wordpress.com

Edinburgh Anarchist Feminist Bookfair
edinburghafb.org

Liverpool Anarchist Bookfair
liverpoolanarchistbookfair.wordpress.com

London Anarchist Bookfar
anarchistbookfair.org.uk

London Radical Bookfair
londonradicalbookfair.wordpress.com

Nottingham Radical Bookfair
goo.gl/vtswur

Rhyddical–Swansea Bookfair
rhyddical.wordpress.com

Swindon Radical Bookfair
Swindon TUC

INTERNATIONAL BOOKFAIRS

Los Angeles Anarchist Bookfair
www.anarchistbookfair.com

New York Anarchist Bookfair
anarchistbookfair.net

Melbourne Anarchist Bookfair
www.amelbournebookfair.org

Montreal Anarchist Bookfair
www.anarchistbookfair.ca

Amsterdam Anarchist Bookfair
www.agamsterdam.org

Balkan Anarchist Bookfair
bask2018.noblogs.org

Bern Anarchist Bookfair
buechermesse.ch

Balkan Anarchist Bookfair
bask2018.noblogs.org

Bern Anarchist Bookfair
buechermesse.ch

Dublin Anarchist Bookfair
www.wsm.ie/bookfair

Malmo Anarchist Bookfair
anarchistbookfairmalmo.ne

Manheim Anarchist Bookfair
buchmessemannheim.blogspot.eu

Melbourne Anarchist Bookfair
www.amelbournebookfair.org

Montreal Anarchist Bookfair
www.anarchistbookfair.ca

Milan Anarchist Bookfair
federazione-anarchica-milanese-fai.noblogs.org

Prague Anarchist Bookfair
anarchistbookfair.cz

New York Anarchist Bookfair
anarchistbookfair.net

Sao Paulo Anarchist Bookfair
feiranarquistasp.wordpress.com

Stockholm Anarchist Bookfair
www.anarchistbookfair.se

Warsaw Independent Bookfair
warsawbookfair.esy.es

Zagreb Anarchist Bookfair
www.ask-zagreb.org/engleski.htm

BOOKSHOPS

Five Leaves Bookshop, London, NG1 2DH,
fiveleavesbookshop.co.uk

Freedom, London, E17ZX
www.freedompress.org.uk

Housmans Bookshop, London, N1 9DX,
www.housmans.com

Hydra Books, Bristol, BS2 0EZ,
www.hydrabooks.org

Lighthouse Books, Edinburg, EH8 9DB,
www.lighthousebookshop.com

October Books, 189 Portswood Rd, Southampton,
SO17 2NF
www.octoberbooks.org

People's Republic of Stokes Croft, Bristol, BS2 8JT,
prsc.org.uk

INTERNATIONAL BOOKSHOPS

Ernst Kirchweiger Haus,
Wielandgasse 2-4, A-1100 ,Wien,Vienna,
ekhaus@med-user.net

Hausmania,
Hausmann BA, Hausmannsgt. 34, 0182, Oslo,
www.hausmania.org

Het Fort van Sjakoo Bookstore,
Jodenbreestraat 24 1011 NK, Amsterdam,
www.sjakoo.nl

Kafé 44, Tjarhovsgatan 46, Stockholm 11628,
kafe44.org

Klinika Squat Centre, Prague,
en.squat.net

Leoncavallo, Via Watteau 7, 20125, Milano,
www.leoncavallo.org

Majkällaren, Spånehusvägen 62A, Malmö, Sweden.

Red Emma's, 800 St. Paul St., Baltimore, MD 21202,
www.redemmas.org

La Rosa De Foc, Calle de Joaquín Costa, 34, 08001,
Barcelona, Cataluña
www.facebook.com/libreriarosadefoc

Sale Infoshop, Orebítská 14, Prague 3-Žižkov,13000,
sale.451.cz

Schwarze Risse in Kreuzberg Gneisenaustr,
2a 10961 Berlin,
schwarzerisse.de

Sto Citas, Radical Bookshop,Gunduličeva 11,
Zagreb,Croatia,
www.stocitas.org

PUBLISHERS/DISTROS

Active Distro
activedistribution.org

AK Press USA & UK
akpress.org / akuk.com

Crimethinc
crimethinc.com

Dog Section Press
dogsection.org

Hostis
incivility.org

Stinney Distro
stinneydistro.wordpress.com

PM Press USA & UK
pmpress.org / pmpress.org.uk

Freedom Press
freedompress.org.uk

Pluto Press
www.plutobooks.com

SOCIAL CENTRES /RESOURCES

1 in 12 Club, BD1 2LY, West Yorkshire
www.lin12.com

56A Infoshop, SE17 3AE, London,
www.56a.org.uk

Ace, Edinburgh EH7 5HA ,
autonomous.org.uk

Autonomous Centre of Edinburgh,
EH7 5HA, Scotland
www.autonomous.org.uk

Black Cat Cafe, Hackney, London, E5 8HB,
www.blackcatcafe.co.uk

Blackcurrent Centre, London, NN1 4JQ,
www.blackcurrentcentre.org.uk

Common House, London, E2 9QG,
www.commonhouse.org.uk

Cowley Club, Brighton, London, BN1 4JA,
www.cowleyclub.org.uk

DIY Space For London, London, SE15 1TF,
diyspaceforlondon.org

Decentre, London, E17QX,
www.decentre.org.uk

Glasgow Autonomous Space, Glasgow, G5 8JD,
glasgowautonomous.weebly.com

Kebele Social Centre, Easton, Bristol, B55 6JY,
www.kebelecoop.org

News From Nowhere, Liverpool, L1 4HY,
www.newsfromnowhere.org.uk

Mayday rooms, London, EC4Y 1DH,
maydayrooms.org

London Action Resource Centre, London, E11ES,
www.londonarc.org

Star and Shadow Cinema, Newcastle upon Tyne
NE2 1BB

SUMAC Centre, Nottingham, London, NG76HX,
www.veggies.org.uk

Partisan, 19 Cheetham Hill Rd, Manchester, M4 4FY,
partisancollective.net

Wharf Chambers, Leeds, LS2 7EQ,
www.wharfachambers.org

Warzone, County Antrim, BT2 7JHN, Ireland.
www.warzonecollective.com

INTERNATIONAL SOCIAL CENTRES

Mustan Kanin Kolo, Helsinki, Finland,
mustankaninkolo.info

Aftonomi Infoshop, Yogyakarta, Indonesia,
aftonomi.noblogs.org

FESTIVALS

Tolpuddle Martyrs Festival
www.tolpuddlemartyrs.org.uk

Crack Festival
crack.forteprenestino.net

Add/update your link :
dogsection.org/contact

Read.
Debate.
Organise.



Join the Left Book Club

The subscription book club for everyone on the left.

Get the best books on radical politics, in unique editions, direct to your door.



How does it work?

Choose from our subscriptions, starting at just £4.99 a month

Get the best books on politics, economics, society and culture

Beautiful collectable editions, from publishers big and small

Join a reading group and help spread the ideas that make a better society possible

Become a member:
www.leftbookclub.com

@leftbookclub
leftbookclub
@thelleftbookclub

Great Anarchist 7 & 8



These short introductions delve into the anarchist canon to recover some of the distinctive ideas that historical anarchists advanced to address problems relevant to their circumstances. Although these contexts were special, many of the issues the anarchists wrestled with still plague our lives. Anarchists developed a body of writing about power, domination, injustice and exploitation, education, prisons and a lot more besides. Honing in on different facets of the anarchist canon is not just an interesting archaeological exercise. The persistence, development and adaptation of anarchist traditions depends on our surveying the historical landscape of ideas and drawing on the resources it contains. The theoretical toolbox that this small assortment of anarchists helped to construct is there to use, amend and adapt.

Agitate, Educate, Organise!

£2

Available at dogsection.org



DOPE
MAGAZINE
distro
points

- * Freedom Bookshop (London)
- * 56a Infoshop (London)
- * Warehouse Cafe Coop (Birmingham)
- * Lighthouse Books (Edinburgh)
- * People's Republic of Stokes Croft (Bristol)
- * October Books (Southampton)
- * Star and Shadow Cinema (Newcastle)
- * Partisan (Manchester)

patreon.com/dopemag

We need support to continue offering solidarity and spreading propaganda in this way.



Get your Early bird subscriptions





WHEN I'M UNEMPLOYED

FREE GAME CONTROLLER!

NO ELECTRICITY? NO PROBLEM!
REQUIRES 2 AA BATTERIES
(NOT INCLUDED)

EARN RECOGNISED* WORK EXPERIENCE IN THIS NEW VIRTUAL REALITY GAME!

*SOME EMPLOYERS MAY
NOT CONSIDER THIS GAME TO
BE ACTUAL WORK EXPERIENCE

FEEL VISABLE LEARN NEW SKILLS GAIN CONFIDENCE

THIS PRODUCT IS FICTITIOUS AND
PERMANENTLY UNAVAILABLE.

NOTHING HEREIN CONTAINED IS INTENDED
TO AFFECT, NOR WILL IT AFFECT, A CONSUMER'S
STATUTORY RIGHTS UNDER THE CONSUMER RIGHTS
ACT 2019 OR ANY AMENDMENTS THEREOF OR
STATUTORY ADDITIONS THERETO.



WOKE

PLEASE SEND ME INFORMATION ABOUT
THE "UNEMPLOYED" GAMING PACKAGE.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

EMPLOYMENT STATUS _____

MAIL TO: PO BOX***33**, Nowhere, Don't mail this

ISSN 0251-5903



9 770251 590117