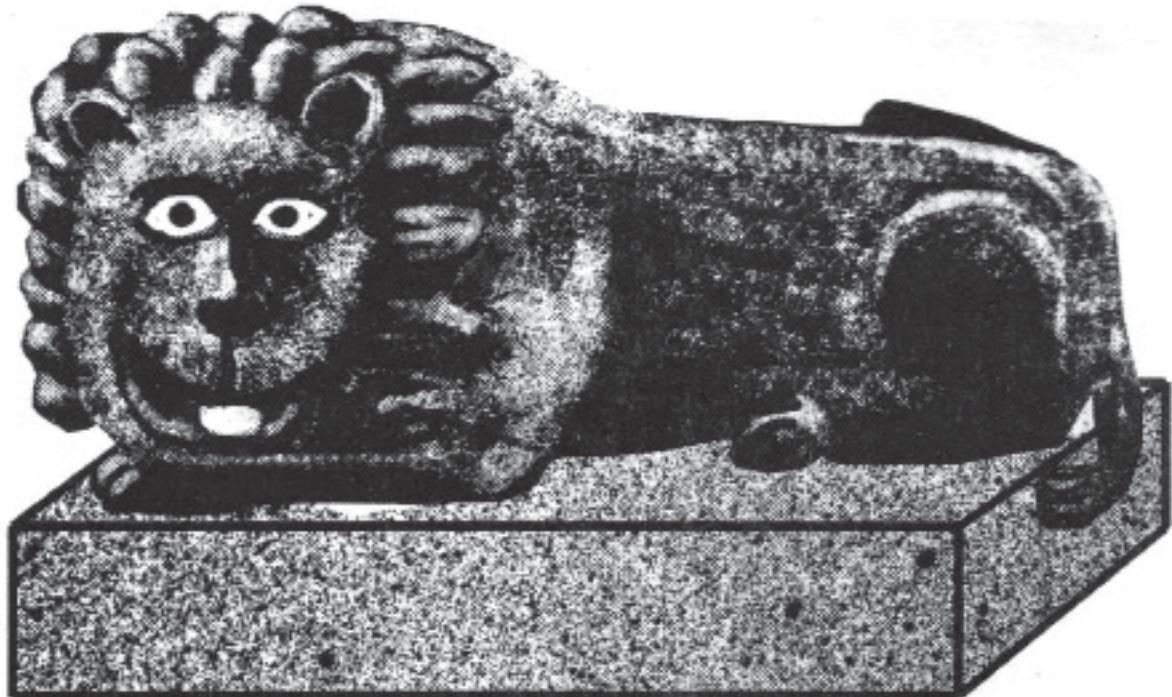


COMMUNAL LEISURE

free



Play > Work

We need to build a vision of leisure-time that is not predicated on someone else having to work harder, but on a shared freedom from work and oppression. We take inspiration from the Paris Commune and the Artist Federation there who, in rallying round 'Communal Luxury' – everyone being able to practice and enjoy 'art' in its broadest sense, free from the production of value – made the expansion of an artistic domain key to their fight, and linked it to campaigns for shorter work hours and better pay. This means resisting and interrogating "the normalizing and moralizing ethic of work" (Kathi Weeks) and valuing art and artists that 'don't work'.

Process > Outcome

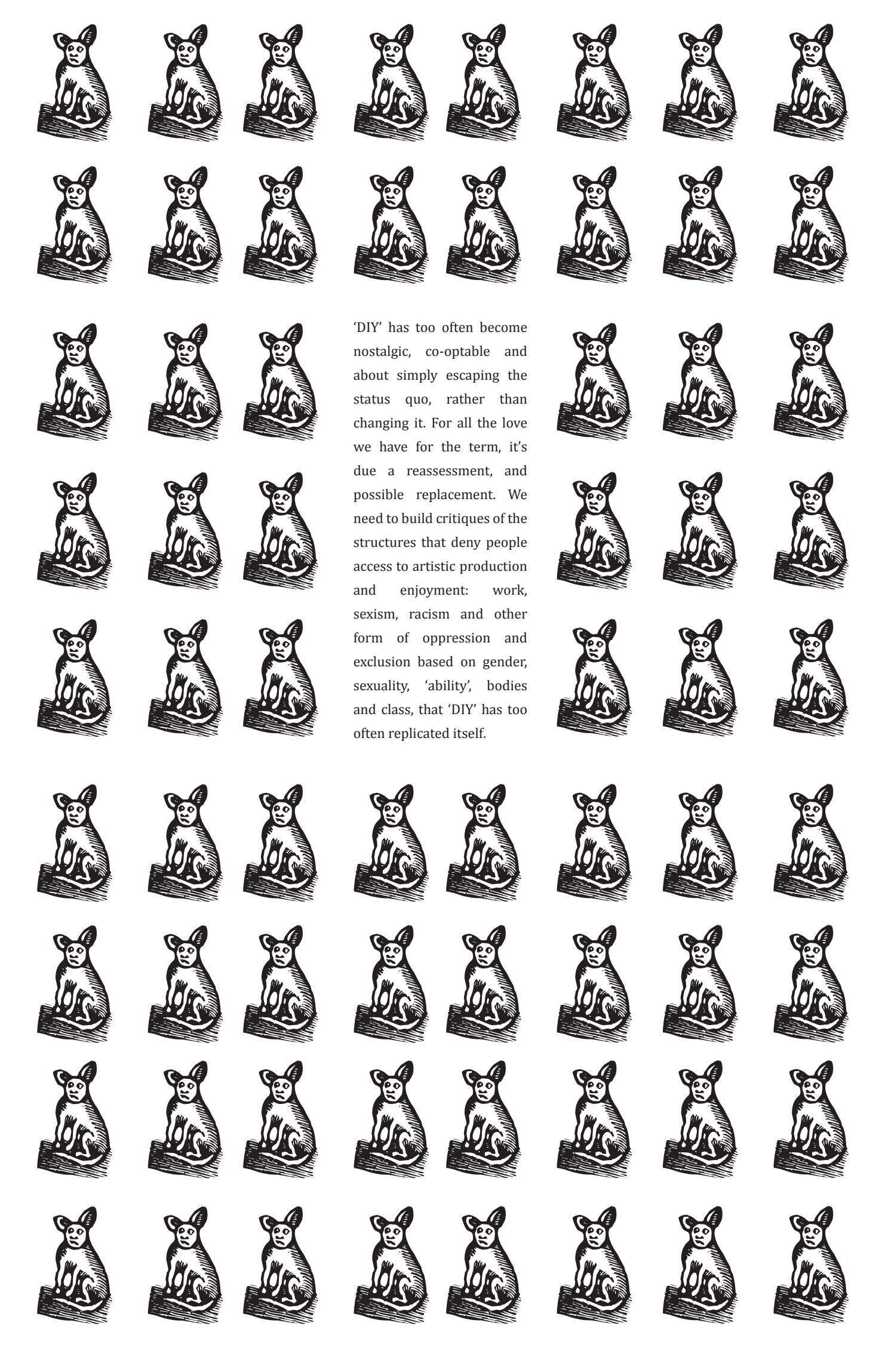
"What matters more than any images conveyed, laws passed, or institutions founded are the capacities set in motion. You do not have to start at the beginning—you can start anywhere" (Kirstin Ross). While not rejecting ideas of strategy and more long-term forms of sedition, we'll aim to widen our ideas of a 'successful' political project to encompass the creation of ideas, working solidarity and group accountability, not just distant goals.

Shared Skills > Specialist Labour

Manual, intellectual, emotional, caring, artistic labour – most of us juggle a bunch, diffused along lines of gender, class and race. Instead of carving niches and erecting gated artistic communities, we'll try dissecting these lines of division, shaking off our attachment to positions of power by sharing the knowledge we've used to attain them. We'll aim to combat tendencies towards careerism, 'professionalism' and profit, and to understand how 'specialisation' in certain fields often masks underpaid and unpaid forms of labour in others.

LOLS > Despair

Anxiety, depression, anguish: all very real symptoms of a contemporary work/life characterised by precarious labour patterns, heavily attacked support services, and collective social surveillance. While being active in examining these horrors, and aware of the despair we all face, we will also try to find purchase through humour, ridicule and, you know... fun. We embrace the piss-take, the absurd, the experimental and the satirical where possible; refusing the bland decrees of 'happiness' imposed by employers, but enjoying the resistance, care and freedom that can come through shared humour.



'DIY' has too often become nostalgic, co-optable and about simply escaping the status quo, rather than changing it. For all the love we have for the term, it's due a reassessment, and possible replacement. We need to build critiques of the structures that deny people access to artistic production and enjoyment: work, sexism, racism and other form of oppression and exclusion based on gender, sexuality, 'ability', bodies and class, that 'DIY' has too often replicated itself.

HELLO

...and welcome to Communal Leisure: a seditious frisbee in an overgrown field, an experiment in collective unpacking, cleaving, and polemicizing. "A critical space for discussion of music, art and politics in our precarious working lives, based in Glasgow," as we said in our earnest callout, three long months ago.

We'd been reading and chatting about ideas of Work, Labour, and Art, and started to pose ourselves questions like the following:

- » What would we do in a world beyond work, and what tools do we have to help get there?
- » Who gets to decide what counts as 'labour' and 'leisure'?
- » How do we move beyond 'DIY' to more effective forms of counter-hegemony?
- » What role can print, visual art, gigs and leisure play in replacing the current order of things?

We wanted to challenge the structures that exclude people from artistic production and enjoyment, and found inspiration in manifesto of The Federation of Artists of the Paris Commune of 1871, who used that hugely formative communist moment to assert the importance of art and beauty in political struggle. As they put it:

"by the word, by the pen, by the pencil, through popular reproduction of masterpieces, and through intelligent and edifying images that can be spread in profusion and displayed in the town halls of the most humble villages in France, the committee will work towards our regeneration, the inauguration of communal wealth, the splendors of the future and the Universal Republic."

Kristin Ross, Author of *Communal Luxury: The Political Imaginary of the Paris Commune*, a book that was instrumental in our approach to this project, describes the significance of this insistence on beauty:

"This may seem like a small, even a "decorative," demand. But it actually entails not only a complete reconfiguration of our relation to art, but to labor, social relations, nature and the lived environment as well. It means a full mobilization of the two watchwords of the Commune: decentralization and participation. It means art and beauty deprivatized, fully integrated into everyday life, and not hidden away in

private salons or centralized into obscene nationalistic monumentality."

We aim to instructively examine and adopt these notions, in a spirit of open source imagining that the Communards would have hopefully enjoyed, but also add into the mix the idea of 'Leisure'. Focusing on Leisure is a usefully stubborn way of challenging the utter dominance of the 'work ethic' in mainstream discourse, alongside mirrored narratives of activist martyrdom and necessary artistic slogging on 'the left'. Leisure has a vibe of kitsch, 1960s Social Democratic municipal pools and concert halls, which we think is interesting to ungird and reclaim. It allows us to look at our 'social lives' and reconsider how they are formed, and how we might change them. Working out what it might mean to have lived and enjoyable leisure time that isn't predicated on someone else having to work harder means fundamentally examining how we divide labour, skills and time.

A group of us put together this paper over some of the most politically despairing and tumultuous weeks of our lives. In this post-Brexit turmoil, it's easy to feel surrounded by insurmountable political obstacles. In this context, we should resist the temptation to abandon collective art, care and everyday communality for 'real' political work in parties or activist groups, and instead attempt to see how positive visions for the future must be able to involve both realms. This first edition of Communal Leisure features discussions of migrant detention, resisting Prevent legislation in Scotland, DIY music's 'defects', colonialism, urban space, surveillance, care, music and film. We edited these articles collectively, encouraged writers with no 'professional' background to come forward, and we'd love to hear from you too. Though many of these articles were written before the shift towards a Brexit vote, they remind us that links between capitalism, racism, sexism and borders of various nefarious kinds run much deeper than any one referendum, however much the result may have emboldened all kinds of bigots. Our response to such times of crisis cannot just be reactive, but must also aim to analyse the wider contexts of such moments, and to prefigure the kinds of world we would want instead.

Please become involved, for the expansion of collective aesthetic capacity

Editorial / News : Sarah Lawson, Stewart Smith, Polly Urquhart, Tom Holland & Joel White. **Words :** Jen Vulpes Vulpes, Katy White, William Spendlove, Lotte Ls, Etza Maria U. Rossi, Etza Hdez, Clara M, Scarlet Harris, Kirsty Hendry, Kieran Curran, Joel White, Henry Mitchell, Dylan Meade, Dick

Bass, Sophie Reilly, Rudi, Queerhawk & Edwin Triumph. **Images :** Etza Hdez, Calum Barnes, Kieran Curran, Josie Vallety & Oliver Pitt. **Comics :** Chris Kohler & George Garthwaite. **Online :** Rob Alexander, Alistair Clark, Lydia Smith & Joel White. **Design :** Josie Vallety & Oliver Pitt.



SUB CLUB IN SAFE SPACE FURORE

Glasgow's Sub Club came under prolonged and intense criticism this June following a disastrous attempt to co-opt the language of safe-spaces on its social media channels. Beginning with a twitter post on June 15th claiming the club had been a "safe space since 1987", the year it opened, the club was inundated with counter-claims of harassment and assault in the venue. A series of defensive and offensive responses prompted a resulting piece on the ever brilliant A Thousand Flowers blog, anointing the club as its 'Weekly Wanker' for "hitching themselves to the bandwagon [and] attempting to reap progressive brownie points without bothering their arse to actually do anything to show us that they're taking steps to fix problems." This in turn was followed by a further Sub Club facebook post on June 17th that appeared to link such criticism with the assassination of MP Jo Cox and the homophobic terror massacre which took place at Pulse nightclub in Orlando on June 12th. With the outcry becoming increasingly loud, Sub Club moved to delete this latest post and replace this with an apology, claiming "Our comments were not intended to refer to anyone speaking out about harassment." For the many women and other critics targeted by Sub Club and its supporters in this time, the damage had already been done. Sub Club have a new email contact at safety@subclub.co.uk, for "constructive comments and suggestions on how we can improve" if you wish to get in touch.

POLICE SCOTLAND QUASH FESTIVAL FUN

Festival attendees around Scotland have found their weekends of camping and music increasingly dampened by

excessive presence from the police this summer, with small festivals targeted for extra policing and costs by the Scottish force. Punters at Knockengorroch World Ceilidh complained of invasive police dog searches on entry, plain clothed officers operating on site and all-hour patrols through the festival, whose clientele sit firmly at the centre of the 'Small Scottish Festival Venn Diagram': crusties, hippies, families, and party kids, hardly a criminal hotbed. Meanwhile, Eden Festival in Raehills near Moffat was billed £37,000 by Police Scotland this year, more than triple the £11,000 they were asked to contribute in 2015, with a clearly increased presence and undercover officers going up from 2 to 14 too. Local news outlet DnG24 spoke to Eden director Adam Curtis, who said: "We were previously offered a 50 per cent charitable reduction in costs as we are a charitable organisation, we are not just a Not For Profit Community Organisation, none of us take home wages either. This charitable reduction was taken away this year and the cost jumped up considerably and we were not informed of this when we did our budgeting and set our ticket price. We also found out last week that we had a 50 per cent deposit to pay this year, which we have not previously been asked for. We were told on Tuesday last week that if we did not pay it within seven days then Police Scotland would not police the event and we would therefore not get a licence. I have had to re-mortgage my house to pay the £18,500 demanded."

RMT STRIKE TO 'KEEP THE GUARD ON THE TRAIN'

Scotrail workers and RMT members across Britain have undertaken a series of strikes as part of opposition to the extension of Driver Only Operated (DOO) trains. Pickets and solidarity actions were held at Edinburgh and Glasgow train stations, with workers

arguing that without conductors, DOO trains put drivers and passengers at risk. As RMT state, "Abellio Scotrail want to de-skill and downgrade the guard's job as a precursor to getting rid of it altogether. The only motivation to get rid of this safety critical role is to extract bigger profits from the service." They urge members of the public to contact MSPs and Abellio Scotrail on 0344 811 0141, to tell them "we don't want any more driver only operation on Scotland's railways".

DAY OF ACTION AGAINST PIP PAYMENTS

A joint day of action called by the Mental Health Resistance Network, Disabled People Against Cuts (DPAC) and WinVisible saw people come together to protest the Salus 'consultation' centre on Argyle Street in Glasgow on July 13th. Salus describe themselves as an NHS 'social enterprise', and have been subcontracted by notorious assessment firm Atos to take on handling Personal Independence Payments (PIP), which have replaced the Disability Living Allowance (DLA), in Scotland. In a statement detailing the motivations for the protest Glasgow DPAC make it clear that, "The whole purpose of making the change from DLA to PIP is to remove people's entitlements to the vital support which DLA provided to help enable disabled people to live a life on more even terms with non disabled people. With the PIP assessment regime now in place, thousands of people have already lost out and reports of the shoddy nature of the assessments are growing every week. Whilst the success rate at tribunal is high, it is taking up to 6 months or longer for cases to be heard - leaving disabled people struggling. Atos and Capita are making a killing from conducting sham PIP assessments which are seeing thousands of legitimate claimants having their benefits refused,

their incomes slashed and their motorability cars removed."

To join DPAC in their continuing fight for 'Rights not Charity', get involved via : <http://dpac.uk.net/>

LIVING MOUNTAIN GOES DORMANT

Edinburgh's finest record store, The Living Mountain, is to enter a period of dormancy after two years at Summherall. Named after Nan Shepherd's great book on the Cairngorms, The Living Mountain opened in the summer of 2014, selling underground vinyl, tapes and prints every Saturday in Todd's print studio. With its impeccable stock, inspired décor and friendly atmosphere, The Living Mountain was a hub for Edinburgh music fans and is sure to become the stuff of legend. As Todd posted on Facebook, "Finding myself stretched with running the shop/labels/printing and all the other fluff so just need to consolidate... The Living Mountain had always just meant to be an experiment in summer 2014 ... so I was lucky it lasted 2 years and have had some super nice Saturdays meeting lovely people."

50 YEARS OF YOUNGS

Happy 50th birthday to Richard Youngs, underground music hero, librarian and vegan cookbook author extraordinaire. Active since the mid-1980s, the Cambridgeshire-raised, Glasgow-based artist has been a prolific force in left-field music, with an output that spans psychedelic folk, industrial electronics, synth pop and uncategorisable performances which, in his own words, "teeter on the brink of music". In recognition of his contribution to the Glasgow music scene, Youngs was featured artist at Counterflows in 2015, following his three gig residency. Download his bonkers DJ set from the 2014 Open House Art Festival here: <https://nofansrecords.bandcamp.com/album/glasgow-open-house-dj-set-2014>

STRIKING JANNIES KEEP UP THE NOISE

Striking Glasgow janitors held an energetic demonstration during a meeting of Glasgow's councillors on June 9th, rallying against "unacceptable health and safety risks at schools" and pay. Unison Branch Officer Sam Macartney said: "Our jannies deserve justice. Glasgow City Council is treating them with contempt and also tolerating unacceptable health and safety risks in our schools. We want to reach a solution. The council's current approach is both

bizarre and untenable."

They were joined by a number of local supporters and groups, including young people from the STUC's Betterthanzero campaign. Who released the following statement : "Because (as young precarious workers) most of our workplaces don't have trade unions, it can be easy to think that there's no way to get the boss to listen to you. But then we see inspiring actions like the jannies are taking and we realise that actually it's just the same thing - it's up to us to get together and change things at work. Changing things at work, whether it's about pay, contracts, rotas, zero hours, doesn't just end at the front door of the workplace either". In what was the 18th day of ongoing staggered strike action by 130 primary janitors, the noisy scenes reportedly led to council leader Frank McAveety ordering staff to 'shut the windaes'.

www.unison-scotland.org/

DOMESTIC EXILES RETURN IN CASSETTE FORM

Popular local clubnight Domestic Exile are launching a new cassette label of the same name. Formed by residents Conal Blake, Katie Shambles and Gareth Roberts, first releases from Leatherette and Modern Institute point to a world of darkness, intrigue, and bacchanalian S&M. Tapes will be available via bandcamp, rubadub, monorail & more.

www.facebook.com/domesticexile

GREATER LANARKSHIRE RESEARCHERS AIM FOR YOUR EARS

Several Glasgow based researchers have come together to launch the Greater Lanarkshire Auricular Research Council. Providing aural consultancy, cassette based explication, applied research, and listening support, GLARC offer small scale open research grants in the Greater Lanarkshire area. GLARC's first research project with the band Still House Plants was launched on July 5th at the Fred Paton Centre, with guests treated to a delicious curry from the Ideal Mexico Kitchen, live sets from Still House Plants and Luar Domatrix, and a selection of records from GLARC DJs. <http://glarc.net/>

SAY AWARDS DULL AS FUCK

Another year, another damp squib of a Scottish Album of the Year Awards

longlist, this year won by British composer and performer of Anna Meredith for her album Varmints. The awards curated a bland, corporate list of releases, dominated by the usual suspects and b-list indie acts. As such, they felt more like a marketing exercise for the Scottish music industry than a true reflection of a diverse and vibrant Scottish music scene. Given the £30,000 SAY receives from Creative Scotland (alongside another £33,500 from TicketWeb, PPL and Renfrewshire Council) it's not unreasonable to wish SAY was more focussed on supporting the grassroots.

The Scottish Music Industry Association point out that all but one of this year's longlisted albums is released on an independent label: fair enough, but in a world with only three major labels, that doesn't really mean a lot. Primal Scream's First International (gotta love Bobby G's commie chic), operated through the powerful Ignition Management (Stereophonics, Oasis et al), is hardly a DIY operation. It would have been nice to see smaller labels like Glasgow's Night School, nominated last year for Happy Meals' Apero, getting more of a look in.

In SAY's favour, the top prize has gone to an independent artist who will undoubtedly benefit from the exposure. But the wider award seems like a missed opportunity. The SAY voting system is more transparent and democratic than some, with the longlist compiled from the votes of 50 nominators. Inevitably, consensus tends to form around the better-known acts, leaving less room for wildcards. So how can SAY change? Or is it even worth it?

SOLIDARITY ACTIONS HELD FOR DUNDEE ADVOCACY ACTIVIST

Protests were held in solidarity with Scottish Unemployed Workers Network (SUWN) activist Tony Cox on June 9th and 23rd, as he appeared for trial at Dundee Sheriff Court after being arrested for trying to accompany a woman to her work capability assessment. In Dundee, Edinburgh and Glasgow, members of SUWN, Edinburgh Coalition Against Poverty (ECAP), WestGAP, Glasgow Anarchist Collective, Dundee Against Austerity, Clydeside IWW and more, organised stalls outside several job centres, rallied round the call that "Advocacy is not a crime." After being delivered a guilty verdict at Dundee Sheriff Court on June 24th Tony said: "I didn't hold out much hope at all. In the Sheriff's words, he preferred to believe the assessment centre witnesses rather than my testimony and that of the person I was advocating for. All in

all, it's a terrible result, and one which I have major trouble accepting. I have no intention of stopping my campaign work and we are going to double our efforts, moving towards direct action. We are now opening ourselves up to arrest every time we go to a Job Centre or an assessment centre and our argument is that we are on the receiving end of partial and politicised policing."

Tony Cox was sentenced to 150 hours unpaid 'community payback' on July 21st at Dundee Sheriff Court. He plans to appeal, stating, "I am furious with the verdict, being made to carry out 150 hours of unpaid work within 6 months is a clear attack on my ability to carry out my work helping people through the Scottish Unemployed Workers Network."

GLASGOW ARTIST CELEBRATES POPSTAR CRUSHES

Glasgow based artist and writer Claire Biddle is crowdfunding FWYL (Fuck What You Love), a new zine about popstar crushes, featuring writing, design and illustrations from over 20 women and queer people. The zine celebrates the importance of crushing on musicians to marginalised music fans, and gives voice to passions that are often dismissed as silly or trite by cis het male music critics. Designed by Manchester-based designer Kate Dunstone, with images by illustrators Jessica Taylor and Reena Makwana, the zine is a 56-page, A5 publication. The editors are looking to raise £450 to cover the costs of printing 100 copies. Any extra money will go towards printing further copies and widening distribution.

www.kickstarter.com/projects/726535542/fwyl

SDL RESISTED IN GEORGE SQUARE

Members of trade unions, anti-racist groups and the local community came together to outnumber the Scottish Defence League in solidarity against racism. Hundreds of anti-racist protesters turned out to disrupt the SDL's rally in George Square on the 4th of June. The National Front, along with neo-Nazi youth group National Action and members of nascent EDL & 'Infidel' groups from England were also in attendance, with swastikas and sieg heils on display. Numbering around 40, the SDL were allowed to March with police escort from George Square to a nearby pub, before being bused from town. The SDL has previously attempted to intimidate the 2012 'Refugees Welcome' march and attacked stalls run by Palestinian solidarity groups in the town centre.

UNITED GLASGOW CELEBRATES 5TH BIRTHDAY

United Glasgow celebrated its 5th birthday this June. Beginning in 2011, the club has since grown to include an 11-a-side team with membership of the Scottish Unity Football League, a womens' team with membership of the Scottish Womens' Football League, a 'play for a pound' 7-a-side league and the 'Kick off Together' program. The club continues to organize itself around principles of anti-discrimination and financial inclusion, making football accessible to all. The group held a party on 25th June at 02 Academy to celebrate this milestone, with music from The Wakes, Bombskare & Esperanza, and a friendly tournament at James McGrory Park earlier that day. The group then capped off a great summer on July 11th at the Italian anti-racist sports gathering Mondiali Antirazzisti 2016, who awarded United Glasgow the Mondiali Antirazzisti trophy for best social inclusion and anti-racism project.

UNITY CENTRE RAISES FUNDS FOR LANGUAGE EXCHANGE

Friends of the Unity Centre are learning Arabic and English together. The group functions collectively and is open to all. There's no charge for the class and money for travel is available to all who need it. The group are doing a donation drive to make the classes accessible for everybody: <https://www.gofundme.com/languageexchange>. Email unitylanguageexchange@gmail.com to get involved and for more information.

GAS GETS SOLID

Glasgow has a new Autonomous Space: GAS! Started by a loose collective of friends and activists, it hopes to host groups struggling against capitalism and other forms of oppression. The group have spent several weeks working on a space in Tradeston, and released a statement saying "[GAS] will be a safe space for all and a resource to aid groups in their aims. It will be run by those using the space, non-hierarchically and not for profit. It will be autonomous - not funded by the state or other institutions whose aims are incompatible with ours."

Ideas for the space so far include: a wood workshop, print space, infoshop/library, fitness space and kitchen. The group have organised a regular Sunday workday, several women/trans/non-binary work days and are currently working on consolidating the structure of the collective through August. Follow

Glasgow Autonomous Space on Facebook or contact glasgowautonomous@riseup.net for more information and to share your ideas!

DUNGADEL SURROUNDED

Hundreds of campaigners; former detainees, asylum seekers, refugees and their allies staged a demonstration on the 7th May at Dungavel Immigration Removal Centre, calling for its closure. The second demonstration at Dungavel organized by We Will Rise, the protest was part of a trans-national day of action against detention centres. The protesters were able to communicate with detainees held inside the centre, sharing messages of solidarity and rage. To get involved with We Will Rise and the continuing campaign to end immigration detention in the UK, follow them on Facebook, Twitter (@ewillriseglas) or email: we.will.rise@riseup.net

NEW GROUP FORMED BY GLASGOW SISTERS

A group of self-identifying women are starting a feminist group taking direct action against cuts to domestic and sexual violence services in Glasgow. They want to hear from sexual and domestic abuse services, refuge services, prisoner support services, womens' aid, disabled, migrant and refugee services and LGBTQIA+ services. They invite all self-identifying women to get involved and support this work! Please email sistersuncutglasgow@gmail.com for information or follow the Glasgow Sisters facebook group for meeting times.

INTERNATIONAL SEX WORKERS' DAY FIGHTS STIGMA

The Sex Workers' Open University hosted a film night and discussion on June 2nd in celebration of International Workshops and film night with speakers from SCOT-PEP and Umbrella Lane that celebrated International Sex Workers' Day. The three groups also gave a 'Anti-Stigma' Workshop organized with ARIKA. All three sex-worker led organisations promote the rich history of resistance amongst sex-workers across the globe and demand a future in which sex-workers' rights and needs, as defined by them, are recognized and supported.

Send your news for the Autumn edition of Communal Leisure to communalleisure@gmail.com

Full citations for this issue can be viewed online at www.communalleisure.com along with events and articles.

WHAT THE HELL IS COMMUNAL LEISURE?

Can Communal Leisure be collective therapy?



When is therapy not leisure? The answer is, a lot of the time. That hour a week with the counsellor isn't much fun, is it? When is leisure not therapy? Now that's a completely different question...

If all the fun we have together makes us better, is all the fun therapy? Sometimes what we have to do to make ourselves better is have fun with other people. Does that mean it's not therapy? Is that Communal Leisure instead? Having fun together is not a radical act. It's good and we should all be doing it at some point in whatever way we like to. But it's not revolutionary in itself.

But communal therapy is a radical act. Working together to get better is a radical form of therapy because we are in control, we are empowered and we are doing it collectively. It will come as no surprise to you that the current status quo is not in favour of these things. From the point of view of those in power "Control and power should be at the top of the hierarchy and if the masses could just keep focussed on individualism long enough to purchase far too many things that they don't need, that'd be great. Because, Capitalism."

But back to these ideas of therapy and leisure... Where's the line between Therapy and Communal Leisure? Is there a line between the two? What line could that be and who draws it? Can we draw it ourselves? What does it look like? Does it move? Are there sides? Is it a scale? Is it a concentric circle diagram of me in the middle, alone, and gradually

each circle encompasses more and more people... each circle I move out into allows more and more ability to survive. Is survival based on being in a group?

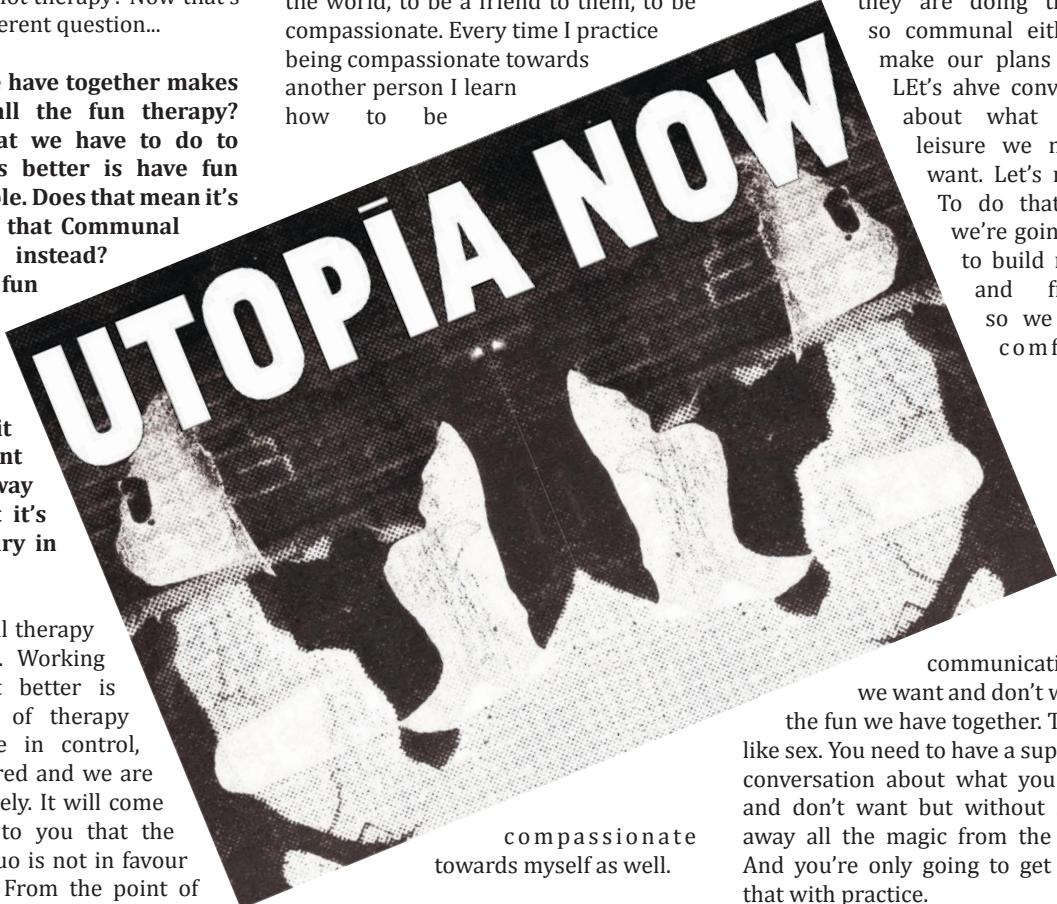
When I think about all of those questions I never have one definitive answer to any of them. But it makes me really think about what I need to survive. For me I think that, maybe, survival is based on being in a group. So what is it that we do in groups that enables us to survive? Fun! It's being friends and having fun in groups that enables us to survive. I've tried long walks alone but it doesn't work. I start feeling better as I walk and walk but then I go too far and it gets worse than it was before I even started walking. But if I'm with someone, I can anchor myself to their reality. I have the opportunity to be present in the world, to be a friend to them, to be compassionate. Every time I practice being compassionate towards another person I learn how to be

So how do we get to surviving via Communal Leisure? We need to know what Communal Leisure as Therapy looks like...

What's the difference between being in the same space as people and acting communally in a group? How are they different? Let me ask you to think about something... Have you ever been at a gig/party/social and realised that actually you're not really sharing with those people, you're just in the same space? Have you ever wished that you were acting communally to have fun because you realised you weren't?

Let's think about what Communal Leisure might look like in contrast to leisure in the same space as other people. When people are having fun beside each other but not with each other, it's not communal. When people make plans by

inviting others to the thing they are doing that's not so communal either. Let's make our plans together. Let's have conversations about what kind of leisure we need and want. Let's negotiate. To do that I think we're going to have to build real trust and friendship so we can feel comfortable



communicating what we want and don't want from the fun we have together. Think of it like sex. You need to have a super honest conversation about what you all want and don't want but without sweeping away all the magic from the moment. And you're only going to get better at that with practice.

This sounds like a lot of work... but if we can reach a place where we can survive better, then it sounds worth it. I think it's worth it.

I also think you probably have some different thoughts on this. Like many things, there's no right or wrong way of going about it. But I think we should try and do it. I think there's a way we can use Communal Leisure to survive better. Let's do it together.

Response from: JVV

**Send your response idea to
communalleisure@gmail.com**

If you were completely alone all the time, could you survive all that stuff that you've been through? Could you? Or is it the times when you are with someone else, having fun which build your strength and mean that you can survive right then and when you are alone as well? Is communal leisure ultimately leading us to a better form of survival?

Communal Leisure is a method of surviving whatever it is you have to get through. There's no judgement on your trauma or your experience, there's no scale of who needs to survive more than others. We all need to be alive at the end of the day.

HIYA LOVE,

*here's some first thoughts
off the top of my head
re care/de-construc^ting/
fleshing out care:*

~~~~~

The ubiquity of 'care' in the crip, acces, sick, art world: who cares? take care. it's not love it's care. care is the answer. to care is the most anti-capitalist protest. \*everybody care now..dum dum dum dum\*. self-care. the ethics of care. care for the inevitable dependency relationships between 'unequals'. IT'S COOL TO CARE NOW (no more I'm too cool to care).

- » Is it possible to add substance to the word care, flesh it out, fill it up whilst letting it be expansive or is it a word that just matters to us anyway, just cos, it just means something, makes us feel something? we don't need to zoom in on it, look at it, take care of it.
- » It's ubiquity is getting a bit much for me, I'm scared it's on trend, I'm scared saying it will be enough, knowing it's cool to say it will be enough, hearing your cool friend say it will be enough.
- » How do we know we know how to do it? Particularly considering it's generally accepted that we all grew up in a violently uncaring society. Did our parents/guardians/friends just happen to be the ones who are good at it, the anomalies, the exception to the capitalist rule, is that where we learnt it? Or do we have to look further, blue sky thinking and all that?
- » Do we just have to ask each other what we need? What happens when we don't know, when we have no ideas and can't make choices? Or do we just have to be there with a soft hand, a warm cup?

Maybe rather than written suggested definitions I'd like to do sketches or sounds, I'll have a think. Quick written, personal definitions, are: to prioritise, to stroke, to offer, to be there (virtually, physically), to know even when you don't, to hand over tissue after tissue rather than the whole box, to open the window and doors when you can't, to hold the ones around you who are giving all they have, to buy shit mags and sugar ridden crap for you, watch shit tv with you but catch you before you're sick, a chair in a pub that lets you have your feet on it, free range eggs from grass-fed chickens, a manicure (done by an immigrant on a shit wage in crap working conditions...?), how does it feel? do you need anything else? i'll ring the club and get them to put an armchair in the hall, thank you, you made me feel so much better.

Sometime I think these articles, that piece together so well the problem of no care and then end with the answer being more care assume it's easy or something.

1. That we all know what care is (it's easy to know) and there's some universal 'chiming with the term' happening.

2. That we all know how to do it (at least for one other person, or a cat, or a plant, or to be one piece of it happening in activist circles).

3. That it's easy to do it - it just happens once you know it's good, know it's the answer. Once you know it's the most anti-capitalist thing and you're anti-capitalist it's just there waiting for you to pick it up and carry it around, spreading the protest and the 'decency' /'friendship' (or something?).

This leads to lots of questions for me. Like for eg:

» What if you don't feel like u know what it is, in re to even just one friend, or your plant that's dying, or what if it doesn't feel easy, or you get excited

like 'yes i know what the anti-capitalist thing is now' and then it isn't there waiting and it's not that simple. Or if you want care and don't know how to ask for it, even from yourself?

» What if you don't want to care for someone, even if you 'should', even just for one moment, or a day, or a lifetime. Who says who we should care for? And for how long or how much? Or what if you don't want care, you want to live alone? When we decide it's the thing are we in danger of it becoming a mantra, something to always return to and could that be entrapping or guilt inducing?

» What if you work in the 'care' sector and feel like your acting out capitalism everyday, offering products and individual choice?

» What about when capitalism does offer care, in the form of a product? Or when someone else missing out results in something that feels like care to you, like getting the last appointment with the best doctor. Or in other words how do we spread care? Does it have to be evenly? Can it involve conflict?

» What if someone neglected to care for you and you want revenge? What if that person is ill? Under care as the answer should you offer them that instead? And ofc, there's, what do we offer the oppressors? Or are we free to batter them?

Right o, I'll stop now! As you can see, alot of questions, not thought of responses yet really, we can chat it through though? Maybe I could focus on one thing and write something more total/succinct. But also I think I'd be happy publishing something in this form with a bit of editing.

Love you loads. I really hope you're finding space to rest and to see you soon.  
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Credit : KW

# KOMBUCHA:

## *Community in the Mouth (1) and Communality of the Means of Production (2)*

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Kombucha is not the same as Kalimotxo and, what is more, it is less apparently Mexican; less confusing; better for you. And you won't have the Burgundy Lobby waiting for you in your burgundy lobby when you get home: shouting, cussing screaming, saying things that are not as obviously plot-driven as "Why are you mixing our delicious red, red wine with this so-called Coca-Cola that we picked up for next to nothing, next door, in the 7/11. Why don't you drink fermented Green Tea drink instead, for example."

At which point it is important to note that Kombucha can cost anywhere from nothing to a hundred squirrels in your local Real Foods or other such lifestyle amenity.

Don't be alarmed.

And in order to not be alarmed think back to that Ealing Comedy Classic from 1951 called The Man in the White Suit.

Recall with me how the main character who is called Sidney Stratton, but who any fool knows is in fact Alec Guinness, goes as far as to invent a fabric that is water-, dirt-, and wear-resistant.

Fancy that for a minute if you will. And then Recall the intrigue that ensues as the wealthy mill-owners and attendant cronies attempt to suppress his invention.

"What on earth kind of a garment industry will we be king-pins of in two weeks time if this Sidney Stratton character, who is actually Guinness incognito, starts manufacturing beautiful white suits that remain pristine in perpetuity?" One can imagine being the sort of question the wealthy mill-owners would rhetorically aim at their cronies.

And why not briefly imagine too the cronies attempting to respond as if aforementioned hypothetical was not rhetorical and that they might get pay-rise or brownie-points for intuition, only to be back-hand slapped across the mezzanine area by a skinny Caucasian with donuts on the breath.

And but back to what's not alarming about all this.

And that is that whilst the initial purchase of the suit ranges (coincidentally) in price from none to a hundred squirrels there is every chance that you won't need another one. Yes?

And this really is the Colonel of the matter. The Regimental Sergeant Major of what's going on here and why all these words have fallen in, in this particular order, in serried ranks on the page here. At attention: drawing attention to themselves.

And it is this that allows me to segway so neatly between a suit of incontestably fine fabric to a suite of accidentally healthy probiotic enzymes.

And what I mean by a suite of accidentally healthy probiotic enzymes is more or less what Yakult meant by saying that their yoghurty drink contained Good Bacteria – even if they were lying, which I'm not saying they were.

This so-called good bacteria is the first form of community engendered by kombucha, it is The Community in the Mouth (1), and then to the stomach of course too, and so on and so the Firth of Forth smells of sewage. But that's another matter entirely.

And what this first community means is that when you buy one bottle of Kombucha you are also and at the same time buying the means to produce a theoretically infinite amount of kombucha yourself....

Fancy that! you say, and you'd be right. But you'd also be interrupting.

... because a small amount of kombucha, if left at room temperature, will magically transform into a Symbiotic Culture of Bacteria and Yeast which can be added to some green tea to make more Kombucha which can be distributed accordingly.

So community (2) is the community of people who enter into non-exploitative relations with one another in which the only currency is yeast and ISAs are not ideological state apparatuses but individual savings accounts made of glass that contain sweetened green tea.

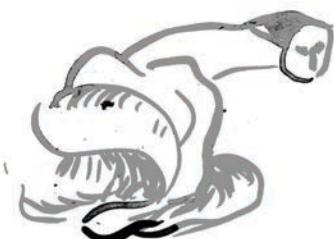
In that sense then in it's actually a lot more exciting than Alec Guinness' suit.

As a business model it is what Kevin Bacon would call a "Brainer" in so far as it is not immediately apparent why anyone would need to buy more than one bottle.

But then again who has the time to brew their own Kombucha?

That, like the smell of the Firth of Forth, is another matter entirely. And like that matter it is intricately connected to the matter in hand in much the same way as the lower intestine connects to the upper and so to the stomach, etc., etc.

Credit : WS



# INTERVIEW

On May 7th 2016 hundreds of people travelled to Dungavel Immigration Removal Centre near Strathaven to take part in a transnational day of protest against detention centres, and show solidarity with people in detention. Similar actions took place at detention centres across the UK, and in Belgium, Calais, Germany, The Netherlands, Iceland, Spain, Greece, Sweden, and the U.S. The Dungavel demo was the second such action organised by We Will Rise, a "group of migrants, refugees, asylum seekers and allies who campaign to End Immigration Detention in UK."

Bellows is an interview with Etza Hdez from the group, followed by an article by Lotte S about the need for movements against detention to be led by detainees and people with experience of the system, with photos from Etza.

## What were your experiences of being interviewed by Press on the day of the Dungavel Demo?

I think it was a mixture of good and irrelevant questions alongside with a extremely keen interest from different journalist to talk about personal experiences to show the "human side" of the story rather than also look to the hard data.

Basing all the time their reports on the human side leaves out of the discussion of other aspects that have a deep root in systems of oppression, i.e. white privilege, there's a system that believes that migrants are third class citizens and this comes from that entitlement that white people felt when colonizing third quarters of the world.

## How does this link to previous experiences you've had?

In past experiences like in this one, there has always been a sense of entitlement from the interviewer to ask really personal questions.

For example, last year was invited to be part of panel discussion about Same Sex Marriage in Scotland, one of the reasons why I was invited is because I'm in the immigration system and they were looking for someone to share their personal experience, this per-se is tokenistic<sup>1</sup> but let us leave that a side. The real problem was that the facilitator felt entitle to ask about my time in immigration detention, when I never personally share this with her, she read about this while googling

my name and finding the document I wrote for the parliamentary inquiry into immigration detention, while this document is public, it does not mean you can just ask someone you just met about such a personal and tough time without express consent!

## What do you think we can do to resist racist media, whilst still getting our message out?

I stop believing in resisting, I fight and I'm not saying this is the way to go forward but it's what it works for me in order to keep going.

When it comes to oppressive behaviour, racism in this case, the only way is to challenge it in every single way, when it comes to media it gets tricky but I think there has to be an immediate response and education is need but also probably asking the reporter would you ask that question to white folk? Or simply saying what do you mean?

What we were talking the other day about the questions I was asked during the demo comes to me immediately and we both agreed that no one will ask you that, but it's not only that you won't be asked that question in the UK, you won't be asked at all wherever you go!

## What would you like to say to those whose first question is always, "where are you from"?

What difference it makes where I was born?

But also the thing is that I personally don't understand why people feel entitle to ask this sort of questions out of the blue? I'm living here, that's all it matters, whatever my reasons are to not be in the country were I was born (which are mine and mine only to share!) makes no difference, I'm struggling in this particular place.

Now, you know me and by now you must know that I love talking about the impact that colonization had in other countries, so I'll just say that is all interlinked, you can't just go, destroy, slaved and oppress and then wash your hands!!!

## How do we try and not make those in the struggle for status take the brunt of explaining these problems (like now...), whilst still making sure their voices are leading the movement?

I think these are two different things:

Firstly, allies need to educate themselves; you can't expect us to do the entire job for you. Read, talk and listen to those in the struggle without interrupting, create safe spaces for us to have discussions, etc.

Secondly, as you said our voices should be the ones leading the movement, without being tokenistic, all this is tricky and has proved to be in our shared experience but the core decisions need to be made by those in the struggle, allies do not need to always agree to the decisions made and shouldn't try to overturn them, we know what is that needs to be done for a very simple reason, we are the ones going trough the immigration system, in this case.

## Can you explain a bit about We Will Rise and how the group started and works?

We will rise started a year ago as a response to the lack of or weak campaigning in Scotland around Immigration Detention. We are a no borders and non hierarchical group of migrants, refugees, asylum seekers and allies who campaign to End Immigration Detention, mainly in Scotland, across the UK. We have a core group that is in charge of organizing space for the community to come together. So far, we had had at least 3 public meetings to create a plan of action and aims for the first semester of 2016. On the 7th May, we joined a large number of organizations across the UK and in some parts of Europe for a transnational day of solidarity with detained people.

## Maybe you can tell us a bit about your own future plans for a magazine / project?

As a migrant and person of colour, I see the need for our voices to be heard from our own perspective and in our own terms. In a near future, I would like to be able to create an space for this to happen, the form that is taking just now is an online magazine but things aren't set on stone and this can always change. What is for sure is that you will hear more from me haha!

## What are the questions we should be asking?

How can I work WITH you? How can I use my privilege to help your struggle? Ohhh and this would be my favourite in my ideal activism world, could you call me out when I'm being oppressive?

<sup>1</sup> the practice of doing something (such as hiring a person who belongs to a minority group) only to prevent criticism and give the appearance that people are being treated fairly

# TRANSNATIONAL PROTEST

There is a poem that goes:

“Arrived  
Immigration  
Interrogation

Detention: detained, imprisoned  
Group 4: abuse, threat, discrimination

Case: adjudicator, hearing, appeal  
dismissed

Meanwhile: abuse repeated, threats

Fed up: protests, demonstrate  
Arrested, interrogated, charged

Court, magistrate, solicitors

Remanded, suppressed, but supported  
Court, adjourned, Crown, barristers,  
court case

And still

They continue to remind me of  
Horrors faced back home”

Written by one of the Campsfield Nine – a group of detainees charged with “riot and violent disorder” in 1997 – it narrates the personal experience of entering the UK in search of safety, only to encounter endless state violence inside and outside of detention.

Early one morning in Campsfield detention centre, 1997, detainees were awoken by the cries of pain of a man whom guards were preparing to be taken to the airport and forcibly removed from the UK. One man caught sight of a fellow detainee being strangled by a guard, and news spread throughout the

detention centre. Within two hours, over 50 detainees had gathered to chant and cry for “freedom”, to protest how their basic human rights were being ignored and violated by the British government. Group 4 (now known as G4S – known for its security contracts with the Israeli government, the murder of Jimmy Mubenga, exploiting prisoner labour) staff purported that during the protest, detainees destroyed the kitchen, looted the shop, and set ablaze the library. In alleged response, Group 4 guards donned their riot gear, and brought in police officers with dogs and riot squads with shields and batons.

Subsequently, nine West Africans – the “Campsfield Nine” – were picked out, arrested, charged with “riot and violent disorder”, and transferred to traditional prisons. Having already been held for several months in detention, the majority spent the entire nine months in the lead up to the trial in prison – and, if found guilty, they faced up to ten more years in prison. Three of the nine were teenagers, whilst seven were claiming asylum as environmental activists or political opponents of the Nigerian or Ghanaian government. Back in West Africa, many had been imprisoned and brutally tortured for their involvement in the Ogoni movement opposing Shell’s colonial exploitation of their land – which left many murdered by the

military (financed by Shell), or executed by the Nigerian state.

As the trial began, it became evident that there were clear contradictions within the stories of the Group 4 employees that had been present on the day of the protest. Guards invented vivid stories: Caryn Mitchell-Hill claimed that she had been alone in a corridor when a detainee grabbed her by the shoulders and shouted “where are you going you white bitch?” – only to be shown in court CCTV footage of herself at the same time in a different area with two other guards. Another Group 4 Employee, Chris Barry, claimed to have been repeatedly beaten and punched to the point where he became “concussed”, his shirt soaked by chemicals thrown at him. During the trial, CCTV footage showed Barry, a few minutes after he claimed this happened, walking on the roof visibly clean, dry, and untouched. In addition to providing conflicting testimonies that undermined their own narratives, two guards admitted to hitting detainees on the head (rather than on the arm, as trained) with batons. Eventually the trial collapsed, as the Crown Prosecution Service withdrew its evidence, and the Campsfield Nine were deemed “not guilty” in 1998.

Consequently, one (teenager) of the Campsfield Nine was transferred to a psychiatric unit after trying to commit suicide after 13 months in custody. Three





were given refugee status or leave to remain (demonstrating the stupidity of their detention in the first place), and five were detained or sent back to Rochester prison pending deportation from the UK, as the prison-industrial complex and Home Office continued to work side by side. Five days before the start of the trial, the immigration minister at the time, Mike O'Brien, visited Campsfield to present Group 4 with an Investors in People award, whilst detainees were on hunger strike.

I retell this story not simply to reinforce how G4S is an inherently violent company that employs racist abusers with destructive tendencies, but that there has always been a long history of protest and resistance from inside detention. Increasingly, this is coming to the forefront of struggles against detention, expressed in many different forms of direct action. The end of March this year saw women detained at Yarl's Wood detention centre collectively organise themselves, gathering and refusing to be separated or taken in preparation for a charter flight to Nigeria and Ghana – ultimately ensuring that no women were forcibly removed that night. As groups and individuals, detainees regularly protest their conditions – going on hunger strike, occupying yards, waving banners with messages for those on the outside, wearing customised t-shirts proclaiming “we are not animals”, and resisting deportations.

There is a power and a strength to resistance enacted by detainees that

will never be able to be produced in such force by those on the outside who lack lived experiences of detention. Therefore, the movement against detention must be led by those who feel it most acutely, who face emotional and physical state violence every day. It is up to people on the outside to facilitate the conditions within which the feelings and experiences of those inside detention are listened to, and placed at the forefront of resistance. This was one objective of May 7th, a transnational day of protest against detention centres and show of solidarity with people in detention, which saw demonstrations take place at detention centres across the UK, and in Belgium, Calais, Germany, The Netherlands, Iceland, Spain, Greece, Sweden, the U.S., and on the Austria-Italy border. Initially called by groups Leeds No Borders and Movement for Justice among others, May 7th sought to protest the conditions of and show solidarity with the 30,000 adults and children who are detained against their will under the Immigration Act every year in the UK – without judicial oversight, or adequate access to legal support, translation, and healthcare. The day is part of a wider transnational campaign to end the inherently abusive and violent system of immigration detention that criminalises, detains, and imprisons people simply because they have chosen or been forced to migrate, as described first-hand in the poem this article begins with.

The expanding detention estate in the UK is primarily run by private companies such as G4S, Serco, and

GEO, who directly profit from the outsourcing of violence by the state, through the imprisonment of people deemed to be “illegal” by governments. Detention centres are rarely discussed in the media or on the street, with the Home Office banning the UN’s special rapporteur on violence against women, Rashida Manjoo, from entry into Yarl’s Wood – but May 7th aimed to bring to public attention their existence and the dehumanising conditions for people imprisoned within them. Along with the continual physical and sexual abuses of detainees by detention staff and Home Office employees, there have been over 2,200 attempted suicides since 2007 (an all-time high), and 26 deaths across the UK detention estate since 1989 – showing the devastating effects of detention on physical and mental health. Despite claiming not to, the Home Office consistently ignores its own guidelines and detains pregnant women, children, and survivors of torture – which often go unchallenged by the non-profit industrial complex who rely on the benefits of having good working relationships with the state. Rather, these charities often reinforce the agenda of the state – such as the charity Barnardo’s role in the detention and removal of children.

Unlike campaigns calling for a time limit to detention, the resistance of May 7th objects to the very existence of detention centres, situating it within the wider geopolitical context of state borders and the exploitative conditions of capitalism that determine who is able to move freely. Actions took place in

solidarity with wider struggles against border and migration controls, and with people who are living in detention without walls – who are unable to name so clearly what it is that stands in the way between them and what it is they need and/or desire – from Calais, to Idomeni, to Tangier, to Arizona. The detention estate, and act of detaining people without certain documents, is part of a much bigger picture – and it is potentially dangerous to think that detention exists as something only experienced within the four walls of the detention centre – regardless of whether it is the sole focus of a campaign or not.

For example, think back to the activists who fled Nigeria because of the torture they experienced as a result of their campaigning against Shell, the company committing genocide in Africa by destroying the environment of native cultures, and having those executed who resist. These stories demonstrate the clear relationship between Western governments and corporations, and the reasons people may be forced to migrate and seek asylum, ending up in a society that has already accepted (and directly profits from) the hegemonic power of corporations that plunder and exploit the resources of both people and the environment. A memo, written by a spokesperson for Shell Nigeria, reads: "For a commercial company trying to make investments, you need a stable environment; dictatorships can give you that." Western governments and corporations have put in place power dictators all over the world, in order to create and maintain a business-friendly environment, whilst eradicating any resistance. Because the pursuits of corporate capitalism know no borders, any movement that seeks to challenge this, and the dominating political systems of imperialism, white-supremacy, and patriarchy that intersect, must be transnational.

At the same time, decisions related to the lives of people who choose or are forced to migrate are being increasingly determined by the priorities of capitalism. In the UK, the companies that run detention centres are making immense profits, able to employ detainees to work for as little as £1 an hour. Countries in the EU cooperate in detaining and deporting people, whilst the EU itself mediates relationships between nation states, corporations, and individual's lives. For example, the EU Directive of 2001 defers the task of judging who is understood as a "refugee" to the staff of corporations such as commercial airlines, who will inevitably make any decisions based on the priority of profit.

The clinical, controlled, and systematic (or at least trying to be – anyone who has experience of the Home Office knows how arbitrary they are in reality) nature of the detention estate and deportation

regime in the UK must be connected to the chaos and disorder of border regimes further afield, "refugee camps" riddled with corruption, and pushbacks by border guards and police. They're two sides of the same coin, part of the same imperialist, capitalist system of exploitation that creates and reinforces the existence of borders. If detention is a vital part of the deportation regime – more than a holding cell for those facing deportation, and rather a mechanism of state control – then it must be challenged in solidarity with worldwide struggles against global borders – because leaving the four walls of detention doesn't necessarily mean that you are free, or can even begin to imagine living freely.

I received an email from a friend two months after he was deported from the UK, to a country in which he had experienced torture, leaving permanent scars spanning his body and mind. He had been labelled a "foreign national offender" by the British government, deported for the conviction he held for using documents that were not his to travel to the UK. Accordingly, he was criminalised for his desperation to escape the violence he had experienced, and for his attempt to survive the situation he had been forced into by the Home Office, of not having the "correct" documents. In the email he wrote to me, he said: "I really want to be there for my son [who lives in the UK]. We don't want him to grow up without his father." As one ex-detainee states in Detention Without Walls, a film produced and led by people with lived experiences of detention: "If someone's kids live on one side [of the world] and you put them on the other side, sooner or later their relationship is not going to last".

For many, detention is not the final destination: deportation is – a constant threat to anyone who is not a British national in the UK (and increasingly, British citizens too). Although he left detention, after being deported from the UK my friend is still being held in a state of detention, in a country he was tortured in and holds no ties to, far away from his partner and growing child. Certainly, detention stretches beyond a physical building, a holding cell: closed doors, gates, and tall fences morph and elongate, spread themselves out flat and unravel into threads that reach coastlines, enter country exit and entry signs, cover highways filled with trucks of bodies and beaches of discarded life jackets. These parameters bridge catchment areas, possessing the power to determine where someone can go to school, where they can access healthcare, and ultimately, where they can choose to exist. As one ex-detainee states in Detention Without Walls: "rather than fences and gates [detention is] more a sort of mental incarceration." Borders are simply a different form of imprisonment, a more accepted, more

ingrained substitute to the detention centre: locked doors and wire fences are replaced by economic inequalities, uncooperative coastguards and stormy seas, a suspicious flight attendant – not only affecting physical spaces, but social relationships too.

For people with nationalities other than those of the overdeveloped countries, detention can be everywhere; I cannot claim to know how it feels, but friends tell me that it is the extra seconds a border control official may take to look you up and down, it is the sight of police on your road, it is being asked for proof of nationality by your landlord. I have another friend, who grew up in North Africa with little opportunity to study. He found a job, and saved up enough money to travel to Europe to study and work part-time. There, he made friends, practiced foreign tongues, fell in love, learnt to cook, fell out of love, and – there's no better way to put it – lived. When his studies came to an end, he faced deportation to a country he hadn't lived in for years, a culture he couldn't remember, and a family that firmly practiced a religion that he no longer believed in (note the process that benefits the West every time: acquire cheap migrant labour, convert from Islam, deport). Understandably, he didn't want to claim asylum and face the prospect of detention and probable deportation. He was stuck: he couldn't leave, but he couldn't stay. So, left with no other choices, he went underground – left without access to stable work, a home, or public services such as education or healthcare. Whilst the detention centre is a place in which the state has total power and control over your disciplined body and mind, for some people (often the same people who are held in detention centres), your body and mind are being disciplined everywhere you go.

Furthermore, being released from detention is not akin to feeling free. Throughout Detention Without Walls, there are persistent feelings which can be understood through one ex-detainee's assertion that: "You're basically in prison but you're out here". The film draws attention to how, if released from detention, a person is unable to work, will struggle to access education and healthcare, must live on food vouchers, may face destitution – and if housed cannot choose where in the UK they can live – regardless of where their existing family may be/the roots they've put down in a place. Still subject to the oppressive powers of the Home Office, one ex-detainee describes the difference: "The murder happens inside detention... But they let you die outside." Not only are those released from detention affected in a practical sense, but psychologically and emotionally too, culminating in the feeling that, as one friend described it: "You can leave detention, but detention



may never leave you." There exists a lack of emotional and psychological support for those who are released from detention, as doctors increasingly prescribe anti-depressants to many for whom "depression" is a rational response to the oppressive political and social conditions they inhabit, and the state violence they have encountered in the UK (let alone, if they are seeking asylum, the country they have fled from).

As the UK government faces increasing criticism over detention centres, policies such as "deport first, appeal later" will be rolled out in relation to all immigration appeals (but not asylum) based on human rights grounds, as part of the new Immigration Bill – perhaps suggesting that the UK government may be searching for new ways to discipline people who choose or are forced to migrate – which do not rely so heavily on the role of the detention centre. Rather, people with the right to appeal decisions made by the Home Office will be deported before this appeal can take place in the UK – potentially resulting in less time spent in a detention centre beforehand. Certainly this can be seen in respect to Jamaican "foreign national offenders", as a £25 million-pound prison is being paid for and built by the UK government – meaning that people who have spent most (or all) of their lives in the UK may serve criminal sentences in Jamaica, for crimes committed in the UK. As discussed earlier, border and

migration controls are increasingly tightening, making it even more difficult to reach Fortress Europe safely – and therefore extending the function of the detention centre to places further afield, affecting someone migrating before they may even reach the UK. In addition, it will not only become harder for those inside detention seeking release, but the brutal conditions on the outside can be felt more acutely: the Immigration Bill plans to withdraw support (money and housing) entirely for families whose asylum claims are refused, therefore forcing more families into destitution.

However, across the world, people inside and outside of detention are fighting back, challenging and organising around borders and the demand for free movement for all – through direct action, monitoring state authorities, and literally crossing borders – and May 7th formed a clear part of this. It may be too early to tell yet the after-effects of the day, but the Surround Yarl's Wood demonstrations, organised by Movement for Justice, have shown how these moments are incredibly powerful and have long-lasting effects – not just for people outside detention – but for those inside detention, who may find strength in the faces and voices of those trying to reach them, such as the women mentioned earlier in Yarl's Wood who collectively resisted a charter flight. If momentum continues, May 7th will be able to have long-lasting effects, particularly as it

was a day of protest and solidarity that itself disrupts borders and builds support between transnational groups. It brought the detention centre into public spaces of discussion, as an issue for which everyone holds responsibility; detention may not necessarily directly affect people with British citizenship, but they are undeniably the product of a culture for which we participate in daily.

I spoken detainee after the demonstration at Dungavel detention centre; he told me: "It's okay for you – you get to come here for a few hours, feel good about yourself, and then go home. But I'm still here." The struggle against imperial, capitalist borders and the control they exert has to continue once we've left the grounds of the detention centre, once we can no longer see the faces of the people locked inside, or hear their calls. It is up to people on the outside to make sure that these faces are seen, and that these voices are listened to. Abolishing detention isn't the end of the fight, but it's a vital step in making sure that the whole world doesn't become one big detention centre.

**Lotte Ls**

Article originally appeared online in the International Times : [Internationaltimes.it/transnational-protest/](http://Internationaltimes.it/transnational-protest/)

# SISTERS

I found Mary in Eglinton Street on the first hot afternoon in May. She was looking for home. The next couple of hours I spent with Mary got me thinking about the way we inhabit cities, how urban spaces treat their elderly users and which inhabitants are prioritised over others to the point where everyday existence becomes a struggle for some.

It turned out Mary had short term memory loss and was unable to think in terms of logistical markers. There was one street name she kept coming back to. She was alone and so I decided to accompany her there. Clueless and with a dead phone, I imagined that this is where she lived and that she would find home once the landscape became familiar. I wondered how many people she had tried to stop. She had no idea how long she had been out and about but it had been quite a while, she felt like her legs would buckle from exhaustion. She was scared. She thought she was going to fall and hit her head. The broken asphalt hissed showing its metal teeth. She was dizzy and felt her head spin. She felt bad about taking my time. She kept saying she was stupid. She swore that if she would find her way home she would never leave the house again. If only she knew somebody. If only she knew where she was. She said she ought to jump in the Clyde. All that guilt and confusion for taking up the time of a stranger who was able and willing to help. I reassured her, although I grew increasingly desperate to get her home, she was so upset. I wonder if the street she kept referring to is where she used to stay. Whether she had wanted to revisit her memories. Being largely demolished or rebuilt, the Gorbals looks like a different planet now.

Most of us are able to go outside to enjoy the sun and not think too much about it. For those with lesser ability, physical or otherwise, being out alone can become synonymous with being denied agency. Particularly in a city that thinks itself a thoroughfare - a commute, a means to an end. Rather than a place to linger, to just be. We bonded over a shared experience of being lost that day, albeit in ways specific to each of us. Mary and Maria, lost in the Gorbals. I was a complete stranger to her yet she trusted me to go through her things for any indication of an address. There was a tiny red notebook and one page had the same address written on it twice, it seemed to me this was important. But it was relatively far and she had no clue

whether it was where she lived so we were back to square one.

It did not help us that the Gorbals flats had been demolished the day before. There were heaps of debris making Mary's walking difficult. The environs were not conducive to finding where we needed to be. I wonder if changes in the landscape can contribute to memory loss, in a communal and historical sense if not neurologically. Landmarks like shops, parks and tower blocks are important triggers for memory. The pub we went to for help became a memory landmark as it turned out to be Mary's local. She did not recognise the pub from outside or from its surroundings but from being told where she was. The name rang a distinctive chord. Emotional triggers were enough to bring back memories. Other moments of remembering in the otherwise bleak and discordant afternoon were triggered by a photograph of husband John and a small vignette of the Virgin Mary in her purse. This flagged the importance of community, friends, family and affective memory. I could sense her relief once something familiar was afoot, reassurance she was going to be safe. She withdrew once more as the police stomped in wearing their comically padded hi-vis and vaguely patronising smirks, with pragmatic demeanour and keen to have this case dealt with so that they could move onto another task.

I feel that conserving metonymic elements as well as relative population density in an urban environment is crucial for triggering memories and for emotional growth. "It was next to this tree and in front of this building that I had that conversation about feeling vulnerable with such and such person. I know I feel different now - thanks to remembering this space." Thoughts like this are daily occurrence to me, and I am sure they are to others. Yet we do not associate physical space with mental activity as much as we perhaps should. I write this a privileged individual who has time, in a city where other privileged individuals set up the theory of the dérive, the meandering city walk making use of the situation, the people you are with, appropriating objects as you spontaneously make sense of the city. The dérive is a perfect embodiment of leisure time. The society it was envisioned for does not give people the same starting point with regards to being able to appropriate leisure time. The dérive is largely biased in favour of middle class, able-bodied young people.

A retired person has time, but at this point we need to ask how this is different to leisure. It is missing one component that is crucial to the dérive: autonomy. It can feel like a daunting task to go to the shops or to even go down the close. One is denied of the right to leave the house and to spontaneously wander the streets, because the asphalt is uneven, or there are no curb drops, or there are traffic cones and bins and signs cluttering the way, or there is simply nobody around. The deserted, even dangerous landscape coupled with memory loss complicates and even annuls autonomy. That day with Mary reinforced the extent to which care and empathy is lacking in the way cities are built. I was able to have this encounter because that day I had decided to walk rather than arrive faster by cycling or by train, because that day I had time. It made me think about the ends to which we use our (leisure) time and moments when we brush people off because they amount to being an inconvenience, ultimately for the accumulation of capital. The city spaces we inhabit are inherently designed to make us behave in this way.

The city needs to recognise and critically respond to its legacy of disempowering certain areas and populations by discouraging the spontaneous use of urban space. According to Neil Gray, urbanisation plays an increasingly central role for accumulating capital. We need a politics of space that responds to and resists this paradigm, instead of the resulting spaces passively echoing the rampage of capitalism. Instead of responsible and careful planning, the city makes its urban space uninhabitable by repeated cycles of demolition and rebuilding, by providing one low-cost, short-term solution after another. Swathes of Glasgow are treated as thoroughfares, as unworthy of contemplation or effort. After another huge clearance of the city's postwar housing corpus, the question we should be asking is whether Glasgow has learnt from its past as the slum clearance city, or will it keep making unsustainable choices? It would be cynical to run a city like a giant PR company, without real substance, empathy or care behind big buzzwords such as the 'feel-good factor,' 'showcasing' Glasgow and countless similar, purely formalist tourist-gearled slogans, designed as yet another quick fix to attract capital investment. No real effort is made to scrap the inertia and bureaucracy that encumber the daily existence of the people that supposedly make Glasgow.

Credit : MUR



# POSTCARD FROM WORK

Dear Mum,

I have been in Work for about 9 months now. They say you need at least a year to settle into a new place, to make it your home. A lot has happened since I arrived, but I seem to have forgotten it all already.

At the beginning I was feeling very homesick. I didn't have any friends. All I could think of was going home. Work definitely didn't feel like home.

But it was OKAY. Okay is a summary, of course. Sometimes it was difficult, other times boring, sometimes even enjoyable.

Work is a small place: it has two rooms. The first room has a big hexagonal desk with nothing on it, and a few shelves with files and stationery. I once got some daffodils and put them on the big hexagonal desk; it was my way of trying to make Work feel like Home.

The second room has 5 desks and a big window. Here is where we all are. At the beginning there were 6 of us; now only 4, Me, Angus, John and Joanna. I feel I'm getting to know the other people at Work, although John still calls me Clare sometimes. I have told them all about you, about our house in Mallorca and the palm tree, about Dad. I have told them about Evan and the life I left behind in Glasgow.

I know a lot about them too. Joanna plays rugby at least three nights a week, and goes on Tinder dates all the time. She has now met someone she likes she says, but I've never met him, he lives outside Work.

John has a son and a daughter, and a wife called Sarah. Angus was born and bred in Fife, and is in the habit of listening to the radio so loudly I'm starting to think that he is deaf, and to eat a tomato every day for lunch, just like that, by itself with salt and pepper. He likes to hear stories about Spain, and is learning a few words of Spanish. I think he really wants to leave Work, he keeps talking about retiring, although I'm not sure if he ever will.

Joanna and I every now and then go somewhere for coffee, and she pays for it. There she will ask me how I'm doing and tell me things like: '*you're very diligent*' and '*If you want to be a high-flyer you need to be able to look at the bigger picture*'. I'm assuming she means I need to *understand* the meaning of Work, which she obviously does but I still don't, which is why I have been reading Marx recently.

I sometimes also take the train to somewhere else in Work, called Newcastle. There lives a man called Peter, who likes to play chess and has two small kids. I don't think he likes Work very much, but doesn't seem to be thinking of leaving either.

It makes me think how hard it is to leave a place when you get here, how easily we all set roots. Of course I miss you, and Glasgow, and Barcelona, and all of these places. But I'm happy enough, it's nice not being poor, and I can come and visit on holiday – there are direct Ryanair flights straight from Work to Mallorca and Barcelona, and a train to Glasgow too.

I hope you are well. Sending you hugs and kisses,

# THE PREVENT STRATEGY:

## *a challenge for anti-racist politics in Scotland*

The government's 'Prevent' strategy is encroaching into all facets of work and state support, particularly through the public sector, and presents a new challenge for anti-racism in Scotland.

State surveillance targeting Muslims has intensified in the last fifteen years with very real, yet seemingly Kafkaesque, effects. The so-called 'war on terror' ushered in an indefinite state of emergency, sanctioning the use of national security powers in unprecedented ways. Many of these have now been normalised; didn't we always have to sandwich-bag our tiny bottle of moisturiser when boarding a plane...? Despite the tendency to whitewash issues of state surveillance and securitisation (see also Edward Snowden), its effects are heavily racialised. Importantly, racialised state surveillance is not a product of the 'war on terror', but part of a much longer story of controlling the bodies of racialised 'others', a story too long to recount here but one intimately tied to empire and colonialism. Unpacking the relationship of state securitisation to 'race' and racism should be at the heart of any attempt to unsettle developments which have seen the extension of surveillance into our everyday lives, and into spaces previously thought sacrosanct.

In the summer of 2015, the UK government made it a mandatory duty for public institutions to 'engage' with a piece of legislation that had previously been an 'opt-in' part of its wider 'counter-terrorism' agenda, known as CONTEST. 'Prevent', as this piece of legislation is now widely referred to as, asks public sector workers to spy on their patients, students, service-users and colleagues. It 'trains' public sector workers in the art of spotting would-be victims of 'radicalisation'. Not those who have already been radicalised (that's the job of Channel, another sinister-sounding arm of the same agenda), but those who are 'at risk'. I will not go into a discussion of how problematic the pseudo-scientific notion of 'radicalisation' is<sup>1</sup>. Instead, I want to reiterate that, despite the government's more recent attempts to fend off accusations of racism with tokenistic references to 'right-wing' (see: white working class) extremism, Prevent is a deeply racist piece of policy. Even taken outwith the current climate of fear around Muslims in the UK, the funding speaks for itself: there is a perfect positive correlation between the number of Muslims in the nineteen areas in England with the highest Muslim population (2001 census), and the nineteen areas in England given the most Prevent training some ten years later<sup>2</sup>.

At a community meeting I attended recently, a woman stood up and made a simple observation. She was a GP, she told the room, and a Muslim. Prevent trains GPs like her to spot 'vulnerabilities' to 'radicalisation', which includes signs similar to that of depression. "Why on earth, then" – she asked us – "would you go to your GP if

you were a Muslim, and experiencing depression?" Prevent is already having dislocating effects for Muslims in England, sometimes in complex and indirect ways, as this example shows. In Scotland, meanwhile, the Prevent agenda is playing catch-up. As this goes to print, public sector workers across Scotland are receiving what is known as WRAP training: Workshops to Raise Awareness of Prevent. In some ways the late introduction of the Prevent agenda in Scotland provides the anti-racist movement with a golden opportunity for some sort of intervention. The Scottish government consistently positions itself in opposition to Westminster on issues of social justice, yet their acquiescence to the Prevent agenda is symptomatic of a historical silence around issues of 'race' and racism in Scotland, and this remains a challenge for Scottish anti-racism.

In the same way that we have seen an increase in 'everyday bordering'<sup>3</sup> – that is, landlords, doctors and teachers being required to do the work of the UKBA – the Prevent duty has moved us into an era of 'everyday policing'. The historical significance of this is summed up by Arun Kundnani, who reminds us that "never in peacetime Britain has national security surveillance been so deeply embedded in the normal functioning of public life"<sup>4</sup>. A starting point for resistance to the situation we now find ourselves in might be to articulate opposition to the Prevent agenda in terms of its shutting down of political dissent, but also to call it out for what it really is. Just like the government's shameful immigration regime, Prevent is a racializing and racist arm of British state surveillance.

Credit: SH

### Endnotes

1 Reports by Kundnani (2009) and Cage (2013) provide useful accounts of this; see 'read about it' section of this article.

2 See Kundnani (2009) *Spooked!*, figure 1, p. 13

3 See Centre for Research on Migration (2015) *Everyday Borders*

4 Kundnani (2015): <http://www.irr.org.uk/news/will-the-governments-counter-extremism-programme-criminalise-dissent/>

### Read about it

SACC (Scotland Against Criminalising Communities) campaigns against Prevent in Scotland, and provides information about Prevent in a Scottish context: [www.sacc.org.uk](http://www.sacc.org.uk)

Prevent Watch is an organisation that documents the impact of Prevent on communities across the UK: [www.preventwatch.org](http://www.preventwatch.org)

A 2009 report by Arun Kundnani for the Institute of Race Relations: [www.irr.org.uk/pdf2/spooked.pdf](http://www.irr.org.uk/pdf2/spooked.pdf)

A 2013 report by the charity CAGE: [www.cageuk.org/publication/prevent-strategy-cradle-grave-police-state/](http://www.cageuk.org/publication/prevent-strategy-cradle-grave-police-state/)

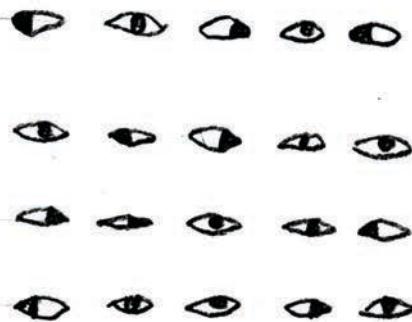
A short journalistic article by Arun Kundnani, looking at Prevent in the context of 'counter-terrorism': [www.irr.org.uk/news/will-the-governments-counter-extremism-programme-criminalise-dissent/](http://www.irr.org.uk/news/will-the-governments-counter-extremism-programme-criminalise-dissent/)

### Talk to your trade union

If you work in the public sector, talk to your trade union. A number of unions are mounting campaigns against Prevent, including calls for a boycott, and may be able to provide support for non-compliance.

The UCU (University and College Union) are currently organising to resist Prevent: [www.ucu.org.uk/media/7370/The-prevent-duty-guidance-for-branches-Dec-15/pdf/ucu\\_preventdutyguidance\\_dec15.pdf](http://www.ucu.org.uk/media/7370/The-prevent-duty-guidance-for-branches-Dec-15/pdf/ucu_preventdutyguidance_dec15.pdf)

The NUT (National Union of Teachers) recently passed a motion to reject Prevent: [www.theguardian.com/politics/2016/mar/28/teachers-nut-back-motion-calling-prevent-strategy-radicalisation-scraped](http://www.theguardian.com/politics/2016/mar/28/teachers-nut-back-motion-calling-prevent-strategy-radicalisation-scraped)





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### Organise within communities and beyond

Awareness of Prevent may be particularly important for organisations working with asylum seekers, refugees and migrants. Muslim-led community organisations are under particular pressure from the government to take funding linked to Prevent, and we need to work in solidarity with such groups.

Many community organisations have already signed the 'Together Against Prevent' pledge: [togetheragainstprevent.org/](http://togetheragainstprevent.org/)

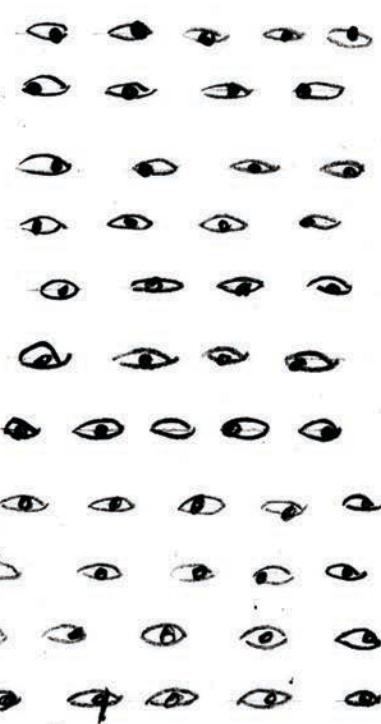
The lessons of Prevent in England may be useful to those organising in Scotland. The 'Prevent, Islamophobia and Civil Liberties National Conference' took place in London on the 4th June; a major step in connecting communities resisting Prevent: [challengingprevent.com/](http://challengingprevent.com/)

### Organise on campus

If you are a student, check out the NUS' (National Union of Students) 'Students not Suspects' campaign: [studentsnotsuspects.com](http://studentsnotsuspects.com)

The University of Edinburgh 'Students not Suspects' group recently occupied the university library: [www.sacc.org.uk/news/2016/edinburgh-university-activists-stage-sit-against-prevent-policy](http://www.sacc.org.uk/news/2016/edinburgh-university-activists-stage-sit-against-prevent-policy)

Students and staff organising together remains important, as does resistance to Prevent on campuses unaffiliated with NUS.



Fitness  
Classes

Personal  
Training

Beginner  
Classes

# Fit 4 Purpose

Sports and Lifestyle Conditioning

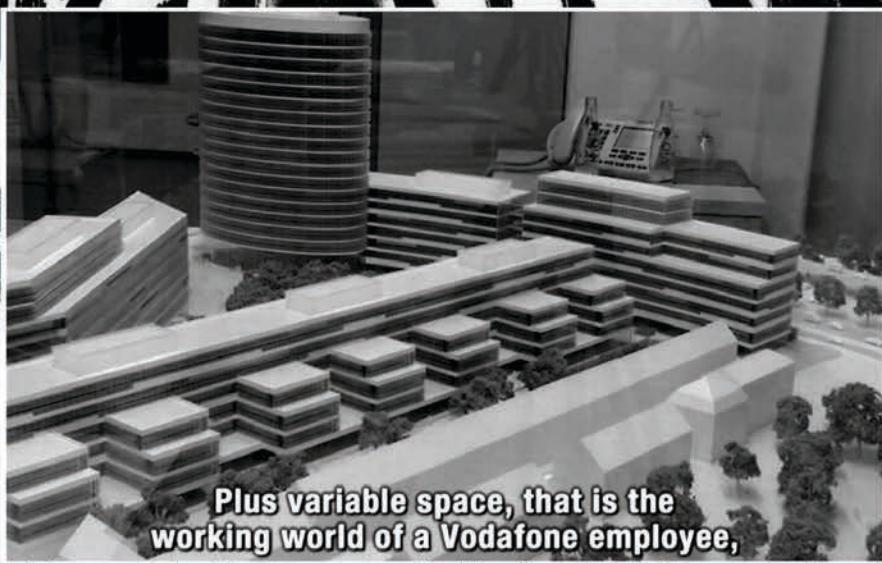
Athlete / Team  
Conditioning

Workshops

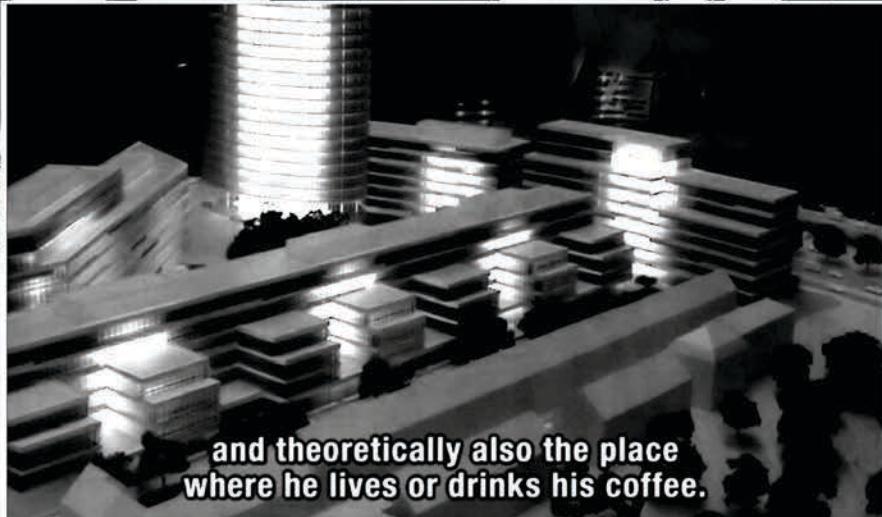
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# EXECUTIVE ORGANS : FIT 4 PURPOSE

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Fit For Purpose, or rather, 'Not Fit For Purpose' conjures up the kind of hackneyed amorphous headline frequently found splashed across redtops. A derisory scoff, often attached to the perceived effectiveness of ever-dwindling public services, or the management thereof.

The particular Fit 4 Purpose I refer to is posed not as a question or contestation but as a statement, an agreement, an outcome. This Fit 4 Purpose promises sports and lifestyle conditioning at a small local gym in Arbroath. This Fit 4 Purpose does not question the public it addresses; more disconcertedly, it makes assumptions.

Fit 4 Purpose has already decided who you are, what you are for and how it can help you achieve and excel within your preordained purpose. Fit 4 Purpose presupposes that the body has already been subjected to these trials of self-identification.

In Exhaustion and Exuberance: Ways to Defy the Pressure to Perform, Jan Verwoert pertinently foregrounds the semantic shift from 'work' to 'performance' in the post-industrial West. According to Verwoert, this 'on demand' nature of the 'Information Economy' creates a schism in which we are simultaneously 'the avant garde' and the 'job slaves'. Verwoert goes on to question where might we find spaces, modes, and strategies for resistance within performance driven culture. Written in 2008, it's clear to see that what Verwoert had positioned as spaces of resistance have already been colonised by the aggressive and persistent land grab of late capitalism.

'Does the utterance of the words I Can't already constitute or confirm a breakdown, a failure to perform, justifiable only if our body authenticates our incapacity by refusing to function'

In Verweert's essay, bodily limitation, measures of aerobic capacity, 'energy', resilience, can be interpreted as undisputable instruments in verifying the inability to perform. They can not be dismissed as something that a 'can do attitude' or will power can resolve, and as such, articulate an indisputable 'no'

spoken on our behalf by exhausted limbs and fleshy limitations

The kind of #lifestyleconditioning promoted by Fit 4 Purpose negates this form of bodily authentication. Fundamentally ablest in its assertions, its logic is reliant on the perceived merits of being perpetually in training...

'...even if we can't get it now, we can get it, in some other way at some other point in time.'

To be Fit 4 Purpose is to be prepared for future situations and therefore self-creating 'opportunity' - open to limitless possibilities. It trades on the correlation between health, wellbeing, and productivity that has the suited middle aged men in Harun Farocki's *A New Product*, talking excitedly in poorly constructed metaphors.

'We considered changing the fitness centre into office space, but the clear order came: No, the centre is part of the work concept.'

'He realised, it's a special culture that allows people this freedom.'

It is easy to be dismissive of this kind of hyperbolic language, conjured in a think tank but of little consequence to the real world. This understanding of productivity however cannot be relegated to the domain of the corporate open collared zealots featured in *A New Product*, as it is also further propagated by the public sector in the form of 'Fit for Work' schemes. One of the objectives of Fit for Work Scotland is the claim to 'increase the awareness of the benefits of working to a person's health.'

'Still, you can never be sure whether the free time you gain is not just the time you need to restore your energies to be it to perform again the next day'

In *The Productive Body*, Francois Guery and Didier Deleule explore theories of body-machine and position the human body and its labour in relation to modern regimes of control. They describe the body, re-engineered by capitalism as a machine whose maintenance requires the evaluation of its potential and the regulation of its functioning

There is a wealth of writing regarding theories towards the 'body-machine' and ideas of augmented performance under late capitalism. What were once evocative sci-fi narratives of technologically enhanced futures become the most banal and mundane of presents. The notion of Fit 4 Purpose via Verweert is interesting to me precisely because it does not speak of HI-NRG cyborg performance but rather, is more suggestive of us being the product of a

kind of insidious practicality, which is ultimately much more troubling. The relationship between practicality and common sense is often accepted as being inherent. The conditions of being fit for purpose, call for a judgement of 'common sense' or to quote the Sales of Goods Act 1979: that 'any reasonable person would find satisfactory.'

Further legislation from The Trading Standards Office states that 'fit for purpose' can be established by 'the routine testing of goods and equipment.' Fit 4 Purpose then in the spirit of Guery and Deleule is regulation, a form of maintenance, a servicing in the form of fitness training.

One consultant in particular in *A New Product*, calls with a mixture of exuberance and exasperation for his colleagues to think outside of the box. He discusses with great enthusiasm, the 'logical' extension of the idea of a company taking a genuine interest in the personal development of its employees. He details a fictitious appraisal where the employee is asked what his personal achievements and goals for the forthcoming year will be. Whether said employee achieves these personal goals would then be reflected as his appraisal the following year. One colleague quips, 'should I bring my wife?!!' Unfazed by his colleague's apparent cynicism, he replies 'yes of course! But why not?!

So often, it would appear that 'thinking outside the box' is simply a process of extending its parameters to colonise whatever lies outwith it. Transcending the possible could, at one point in time, have been seen as a mode of a resistance - an exploration of possibilities offered outwith the dominant regime systems governance. This exploration of 'possible' is now colonisation - exhaustion is a form of polity, a form of labour that is being monetized and mobilised.

Counter-cultural rights of excess have always been about deliberately squandering that capital.

In the contorted register of late capitalism, even squandering is an act of productivity. Spending time in the gym, pursuing a hobby is not wasting labour power, but rather is made legible as training.

This article was written as part of the cursorware project, which you can access at : <http://cursorware.me/>

Credit : KH

END CAPITALIST TIME

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**CRITIQUE
COMMODIFY
CONSUME**

DOMESTIC DEFECTS

DIY as a Keyword

Bricolage

For all its ostensibly edgier connotations, it is interesting to note the banality of DIY (do-it-yourself) in its etymological origins – that of working to improve one's place of dwelling, to be house-proud, to inhabit and to decorate the domestic. Barry Bucknell popularised the term in the late 1950s on an incredibly popular BBC television show, yet the abbreviation later became associated with exercising poor taste – modifying housing in an amateurish, slapdash way, without proper regard for bespoke, extant architectural forms. The American equivalent – home improvement – bears a similar, intriguingly tangential relationship to what DIY is taken to mean now, in terms of musical work at least. Bricolage – the French translation – by contrast connotes fusing disparate elements into a potentially subversive structure, and even became a term within cultural theory to describe the construction of subcultural identity, thanks to Dick Hebdige.

Yet whilst Homebase has gone into terminal decline, technology and ideology have ensured that the amount of hobbyist musicians, promoters and producers has continued to rise. DIY musical production, distribution and promotion – like its domestic antecedents – also entails focused learning (learning what buttons to press on my Zoom, or learning the rules of social media based marketing), standardisation (everyone's got the same loop station/Facebook/Bandcamp to work with) and cheap materials (my distortion pedal keeps emitting plumes of smoke/my laptop struggles with writing paragraphs/poor quality cassette dubbing). Disasters can, of course, be virtuous.

This more humble and egalitarian side of DIY is evident here – making processes hitherto denied to most people reasonably cheap and accessible. However, there is a liberating aspect to what DIY means in a contemporary musical sense, hinging on (in my view) a specifically fetishised view of the Y in DIY, and based on intertwined notions of collectively (scene based & locally specific) and individually (libertarian & entrepreneurial) experienced creative freedom. The affective power of both of these tendencies accounts for how DIY cultural production appeals, even as it struggles for space, money and (even) definitions.

Radical Individualism

DIY, like all terms that permeate everyday discourse, can take many meanings and forms – and this effort is only a solitary drop in a puddle. In terms of production and distribution, the DIY enterprise designed to "make it big" and avowedly sell-out is one familiar to students of Detroit's Motown, Edinburgh's Fast Product and indeed Malcolm McLaren's plans for filthy lucre. This form of transient DIY pursuit is honestly and explicitly there to embrace and be swallowed whole by the culture industry, going beyond the hustle of the indie start-up. There are others that seek to be resolutely non-commercial or underground – this can span from doggedly independent bands/labels that possess politics of transcending (or at least mitigating the worst excesses of) capital and oppressive patriarchal structures (progressive DIY), to enterprises that push the envelope of experimental culture without any specific political intent (libertarian DIY).

Both sorts of DIY practitioner can have grandiose sensibilities about their respective approaches – on the one hand, the potential for autonomous organisations of anti-folk fans leading the revolution, or – on the other – the very liberating nature of reifying, niche consumer capitalism (I am the records I buy!). Both tendencies ultimately add much to the cultural and physical landscape of our towns, brightening environments with proliferated chain stores and estate agents. Yet experience of wider political histories suggest that change ain't gonna come solely out of a multi-purpose arts venue, if all that entails is an enclosed & self-congratulatory ethical consumerism. DIY needs to point to a wider political ecology of music making, that involves questioning sustainability, environmental issues and societal structures – not only the buying and selling of bespoke products. The progressive side of DIY does emphasise, however, crucial and unmistakably good elements – always paying bands, widening access, and not skimming off their surplus value for your own enrichment.

Indeed, there is also a perversely individualised DIY ethos at work in both strands – one is the vanguard promoter with good politics, spearheading local initiatives for the greater good, and the other a more entrepreneurial maven. Both are often intertwined roles, and can both bear the solitary brunt of failure – in terms of creative work as well as for promotion and business. West of Ireland micro-label Rusted Rail's founder Keith Wallace speaks of a "do it ourselves" ethos – which in practical terms is unavoidable – but one which is also crucial for spreading the economic/psychic cost of failure amongst many, as well as fostering a sense of community identity (eat/

work/jam out together). This emphasis on the collective – potentially leading to more co-operative DIY spaces – is more often than not loose and ad-hoc, not based on specific corporate models like limited companies or co-operatives.

Indeed, one of the great elements of DIY scenes is this often (apparently) loosely constituted interconnectedness, forming intricate art worlds (a phenomenon famously theorised by sociologist Howard Becker). However, it is also worthwhile remembering that individuals still are elevated as the locus of such independent cultural activity –

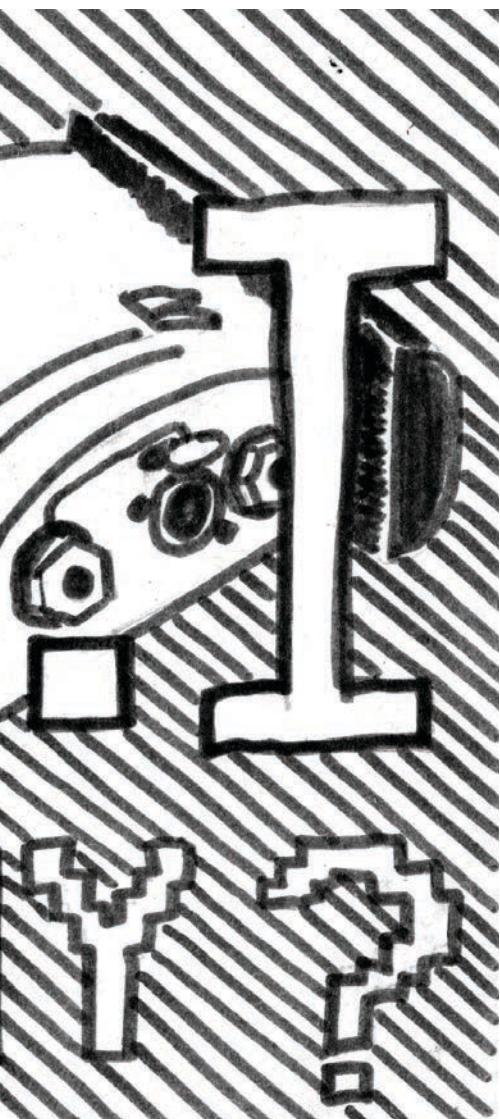


witness the ways in which Geoff Travis (Rough Trade), Sean Price (Fortuna Pop) and Calvin Johnson (K), to name but three who are considered to be synonymous with their label's work.

Gentrification

It makes sense how individuals come to be viewed in this way. In DIY contexts – from the Manchester post-punk rock zine City Fun in the 1980s, to Brighton's refreshingly fresh Dictionary Pudding today – a specific, coherent aesthetic sensibility is crucial. This is often far easier to achieve by one or a handful of people making decisions rather than extensive and sometimes problematic

group-think. The limitations of this auteur-ish could be highlighted by Calvin Johnson and K's recent travails over the non-payment of artists – the aesthetic is ultimately subservient to the bottom line (man). Liverpool's recently deceased community run cafe/gig venue/practice space Mello Mello in the so-called "Ropewalks" district points to this, as well as (to a lesser extent) Edinburgh's Bargain Spot arts space – two not for profit entities swamped by the processes of gentrification they unintentionally helped facilitate.



Genrefication

In perhaps a reversal of how the term lo fi is used (a recording method now taken to be emblematic of an aesthetic), DIY often connotes a rough-edged sound, rough-edged haircuts and a preponderance of guitars. A degree of messthetics are followed; making a virtue out of cluttered limitations and improvising with busted or obsolete technology. Yet this doesn't entirely capture the broad remit of DIY. Scottish new pop band Miracle Strip have described themselves as DIY, but produce a sound that is meticulously constructed and not remotely ramshackle. Likewise,

Stuart Arnott and Susan Fitzpatrick's Acrid Lactations are as idiosyncratic, odd and (indeed) DIY as they come, yet conform to no easy generic definitions. Perhaps their DIY credentials are better summed up in terms of sensibility or spirit – a dedication to a vision, even if not monetarily successful, and in the face of a diffuse audience that may just be entirely indifferent to what you're putting across. The Icelandic music writer Arnar Eggert Thoroddsen makes an interesting distinction between the DIY musician and the amateur - "a DIY person can be brilliantly skilled, a master at his craft, even a 'professional' in his trade", whereas the amateur is more concerned with the struggle for fun. You could also modify this dichotomy and delineate between serious and fake DIY; please bring along an ideological polygraph machine to discern this.

The Totalising Logic of Synergy

This in essence has been bubbling underneath the surface of all the other sections in this piece. As cities become ever more dominated by a narrow spectrum of consumer practices, those who wish to play or put on gigs at venues often need to seek accommodation with lucrative businesses. These are often of the cool capitalist nature and seek to rawly commodify the apparent "authenticity" of artistic production in order to sell more bespoke beers and/or quinoa salads.

DIY consumption is tied up with this – the market's awareness of the desire for aforementioned authenticity, and the awareness that particular consumers seek out DIY's low-key, limited edition and often relatively cheap commodity. "Think Global, Buy Local"! DIY also points to having to do deals with anyone and everyone in order to survive and attempt to "break even". Thus DIY of the libertarian and progressive strands are both inescapably pragmatic – in order to put on gigs or release records that aren't obviously fitting with a hugely popular, market-driven ethos, you have to feed off the crumbs somewhat.

There is a humility about this – labels like Number 4 Door and Soft Power putting out small runs on cassette, Miracle Strip self-releasing a limited run of their debut 7" - that feel like low-key shouts of defiance against the prevailing orthodoxies of streaming and digitisation. This also goes for the (often way over-emphasised) DIY tendency for personalised, home recordings. At the same time, the neoliberal logic that underpins where we're at as of now is at once both actively hostile to and supportive of such ventures, hostile because they make no money, but supportive because they inherently privilege privatised, domesticated

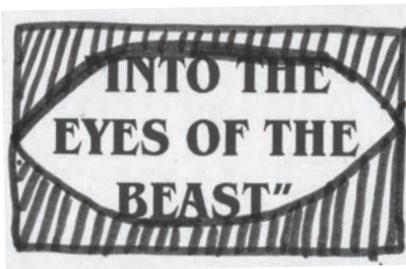
entrepreneurial behaviours – be productive! get on your bike and make a record! It may not need to be said, but taste does not determine ethics. Organisations such as Arika have gone on from DIY music consumption, to production, to promotion, and then onto a more engaged active politics. Their work of late attempts to question and debate the very nature of both artistic work and work more generally in the present conjuncture. Demands for a universal basic income dovetail with this, as the dole has been thoroughly dismantled after 20 odd years of rhetoric about "shirkers and strivers".

Room To Think

However, the actual physical environment in which they exist is crucial if variegated forms of DIY are to have any sort of point. A meeting place or social space – determined (or overdetermined) by economic or market logic – can act to bind together cultural workers, especially those whose conditions of existence are ever-more marked by precarity and lack of public space. Record and video shops (the less hyped, forgotten young 'un) have served this function in the past, but flats, youth clubs, art schools, libraries, university spaces (access dependent) etc can all allow artists some room to think, loiter and be warm. [Full disclosure – I am using the basement electroacoustic studio in Edinburgh university's Music department to record an indie rock album.] If there's resources for hope, there is the tendency for groups of people to improvise and find ways around the strictures that seek to silence us, where possessing money any which way you can is correlated with moral superiority.

by KC





Suicide and self-destruction in Green Room, Victoria and Berardi

CW: This essay attempts to examine two recent films, Jeremy Saulnier's *Green Room* and Sebastian Schipper's *Victoria*, alongside Franco 'Bifo' Berardi's latest book, *Heroes: Mass Murder and Suicide*. It contains discussions of suicide, self-harm, death, mental health, war and violence.

COLLIDE

Green Room and *Victoria* are not similar films. The former is an occasionally gruesome Nazi Punk slasher, cut and condensed into appropriately hardcore energy bursts. It is almost an hour shorter than *Victoria*, which (as every review going will remind you) is a film shot in one unedited 2hr 18min take, careering through a late night Berlin neighbourhood, stumbling between club-space and disorganised crime.

I watched both films recently at a bit of a low ebb. In such a state the cinema becomes for me a strange jolting corrective; dark room, worn armrest, phones off, a few hours invested in a teasing game of empathy, involvement and potential emotional commitment that (if it's not shite) can seem like a augmented sense of shared simulation; you show me yours and I'll show you mine. Similarly, with good 'theoretical' writing, there can be a feeling of standing back, of a viewpoint (foggy, brisk, clear, a fleeting sliver or a panoramic horizon, it depends), more appropriately, a long-shot, which can allow the viewer (me, you?) a moment to re-establish some terms with our surroundings, heightened in various senses of the word. Around the same I was also reading *Heroes: Mass Murder and Suicide*, the latest work from Italian Communist Franco 'Bifo' Berdi, a self-proclaimed "horrible book" about the people who killed other people at Columbine, Virginia Tech, Utøya, and elsewhere. The book and two films quickly spilled over into each other in my mind, particularly when it came to ideas of technology, violence, belonging and suicide.

PIVOT

Both *Green Room* and *Victoria* pivot around a suicidal moment that is not presented overtly as such. The eponymous centre of *Victoria*, an embodiment of our current precariousness—keen, talented, mobile, likable; yet utterly isolated, hedonistic in the face of friendless world, "a smiling, lonely monad" as Beradi might put it—shifts at a key moment in the film from potential victim to instigating force. Let briefly into the tight fraternity of a Berlin street gang, *Victoria* joins them in their secret towerblock smoking spot, teetering at the edge of the roof as they try and contain her spiralling jouissance; with her death and life laid out before her, the group nervously implore her to back away the brink. *Victoria*'s wild evocation of worry helps ungird the viewer's site of concern; suddenly we see her as an actor unshackled and out of control in her own measured way, shrugging at risks and empowered by her own abandon, a stranger without even a second name, a centre and a lack. We worry for her new friends as well as for her.

In *Green Room*, nervous punk Anton finds himself forced by the spiralling violence around him into dwelling on a faux suicidal moment at a paintball game from his past, in which, faced with a resolute massacre at the hands of some ex-Marine pros, his friend goes 'Rambo', running uncovered into the enemy, breaking the rules and, in classic Hollywood embrace of the death drive, surviving by facing mortality with a crazed glint in his eye. Director Jeremy Saulnier recounts in an interview with the Observer how this story was based on a real life event:

"My buddies and I were up against some Marines in paintball. And they were whooping our ass because they were playing by the rules; they were professional soldiers. But when one of my buddies broke the rules of war, and did this goofy Rambo raid—because he didn't fear getting shot, he broke the rules of cover and fire and he was wearing cut-off shorts while doing it—the marines couldn't believe this guy." (Drew, 2016)

Various realities blur into one another with ferocity; Rambo runs into Jeremy, into Anton, into Rambo, into us.

What 'rules' of war and violence does this seemingly innocuous frat-boy story hint at? How far should we expose ourselves in order to triumph against a far greater force?

BOUNCE

These films are clearly celebrating a certain proximity to self-destruction. 'The Bounce Back' is a cliché so strong in cinema, TV and personal

improvement narratives that we don't even really examine it: hit rock bottom, face your mortality, fight it with a vigour that can only come from accepting your ultimate fate. The individualised notion of 'facing your fears' and triumphing through a strength of will is central to an absolute capitalism based on constant competition and a false 'meritocracy'. Yet behind the atomising logic of self-improvement sits a generalised mood of collective suffering. From *Hunger Games* to *Eastenders*, in news reports on Foxconn factories and ATOS assessment centres, suicide is omnipresent, diffused and unavoidable in our friendships and families, constantly depicted, yet rarely discussed or unpacked. In increasingly telling us that we can (and should) recover from a suicidal moment, pop culture is also telling us that this moment is ever more present in our lives.

Anton's survival in the end depends on a sheer loss of self; shaved head, sharpie-pen camo print etched into his skin, he and his conspiring accomplice (Imogen Poots, laconic and worldly, the film's best performance), defeat their aggressors through a dehumanized abandon, accessed only through confronting their probable deaths.

Victoria we leave empty handed in her search for any social connection, facing the death of her nearly-lover Sonne, and with it any notion of a future relationships or life in Berlin. Left sobbing in the perfectly sterile environment of a posh hotel, she is hit with the realisation of her own traceless part in the perfect crime. She too must embrace a lost self, but only very same nomadic urban loner she began the film as. She disappears into the film's final frames, the morning light swallowing her profile, in an affectively ambiguous depiction of anonymity. Like a sinking Leo in *Titanic*, the group of working class, local and collectively bound friends she had stumbled into can never survive, only certain kinds of accrued capital will float*.

By the end of 'Green Room' both the main philosophies at play (white supremacist authoritarianism and "true school" primitivist DIY punk) are dead; shot, beaten, eaten, stabbed, with the two living characters embodying this disavowal. '*Victoria*' has one survivor, but in a social sense, the eponymous centre of that film was never really alive.

Death in both senses then, imposed socially or acted on personally, is depicted as the only option.

STEP

"What can we say about suicide and capitalism that doesn't crassly subsume each individual tragedy to an abstract political programme, but still provides some sort of analysis, and some sort of hope? I don't want to add any too-easy

last words." (Denning, 2011)

Berardi began his new book in the summer of 2012, after becoming worryingly obsessed with researching James Holmes, the 24 year old man who opened fire on the audience of a late-night screening of *The Dark Knight Rises* in Aurora, Colorado, killing a dozen people and wounding many more.

Heroes (2015) examines this and many other acts of harm inflicted on selves and others (more often in a blur of the two) with a mounting disgust for his own morbid fascination, as well as the forms of Social Darwinism, racism, misogyny, homophobia and revenge that animate so many of these young, male killers. Yet he also sees in their discourses an expression of some of the most treasured tenets of contemporary capitalism; a "Thatcherite [...] hatred for Equality" in Finnish High School shooter Pekka-Erik Auvinen, or an ideology based on hatred of Muslims and pro-European jingoism in Anders Brevik's writing that is "not so far removed from the agenda of conservative political movements the world over". Beradi also sees bullied, overworked and empathy-damaged agents in many cases of suicidal murder. He has, in his own words, "tried to breathe normally, while staring into the eyes of the beast." These men express the worst excesses of contemporary capitalisms, as well as its worst failures, a murderous dialectic.

Whether suffering, calculating or both, the killers Beradi analyses also have an acute sense of spectacle. In the manifestos, videos and press kits that come prepared with their violence, they are clearly aware of the societal tendency to "subsume each individual tragedy to an abstract political programme" (Denning, 2016) and keen to control that. Beradi describes how Holmes "wanted to eliminate the separation between the spectator and the movie; he wanted to be in the movie." Derealization, a feeling that one's surroundings are not real and a common factor in periods of serious mental ill health, is here conjoined with a desire to control and 'direct' this unreal world.

Both Anton's 'Rambo' switch and Victoria's steady ascent into an increasingly audacious crime spree evoke a sense of derealization for character and viewer alike. Yet, while for many incredulous reviewers this problem of 'unbelievable' plotting lets the two films down, it is this temporary negation of realism that allows them to work so well, the characters must step into a 'film' of their own in order to survive. No last words.

LEAP

Here is our dilemma: suicide has become the omnipresent expression of 'absolute capitalism' at its most destructive, and, at the level of culture is in its very unavoidableness (because of?)

intensely difficult to discuss. It becomes buried everywhere in the topsoil of pop culture, yet as our lives become increasingly effected by it personally, we're unsure of the utility in excavating it. In this world of economic depressions, downturns, deflations and bubbles, it feels like *late-capitalism* is dying, and we're dying with it.

"According to the World Health Organization," Berardi writes, "suicide is today the second cause of death among young people, after car accidents, which is often a disguised form of suicide." He also cites a report from WHO that indicates a 60 percent increase in the suicide rate over the past 45 years.

Yet, he goes on, "although I am persuaded that suicide is a problem of great importance for our times, my focus is not on the impressive increase in the number of people who commit or try to commit suicide, but on the particular significance that the act is coming to acquire at the social and cultural level"

Victoria and *Green Room* demonstrate how even our strategies of escape and survival are deeply implicated in this mood. The dreams at the heart of both - start a band / move to Berlin – offer a depressing indictment of two very particular millennial fantasies, as well as the gaping lack of political and social futures on offer. *I mean, why didn't anyone tell Victoria about Leipzig?!*

In reclaiming 'recovery' and 'care' from the singular tracks of a system only interested in our bodies, minds and desires as (*not quite dead*)Labour Power, we must also try and help each other find new dreams; not of escape, but of changes here and now.

PUSH

Part of what makes these films so compelling is that they expose these layered fantasies to a wildly violent scrutiny, exposing the hidden subtexts of suicide and loss that animate our impoverished notions of the future, whilst implicitly arguing that it is only in acknowledging the impulse towards self-destruction that could offer some insights into ways out of our impasse.

Without shying from the stratified layers of privilege at play, *Victoria* asks us to weaponise the anomie of *late-capitalism* against its functioning. In sharing our anxieties, loneliness and despair, we can collectively hope for new ways of dreaming, daring and turning our anger outwards. It shows us Jameson's "eternal present" for over two hours, and then it stops, and the lights come up. It is both a refusal accept the various kinds of social death imposed by a capitalism that constantly requires destruction and crisis, and a mediation on those who end up unable to make such a choice at all.

The suspended states of reality (escapism is just a word for people who

never actually go to the cinema) and proxy-wars we find in films may offer momentary catharsis. They also offer a view of culture increasingly preoccupied with suicide and self-destruction, "an epidemic of unhappiness". This does not mean 'embracing death', or nihilism, but instead, in caring for ourselves and each other, acknowledging how far this system has pushed us, and pushing back. *Victoria*, *Green Room*, Beradi, this bloody essay, none even begin to offer a clear solution to our suicidal epoch. But they hopefully do start to stare "into the eyes of the beast"; for it is not the 'fittest' that will survive, but those who can, together, diagnose the condition.

*Thanks to JH for this comparison.

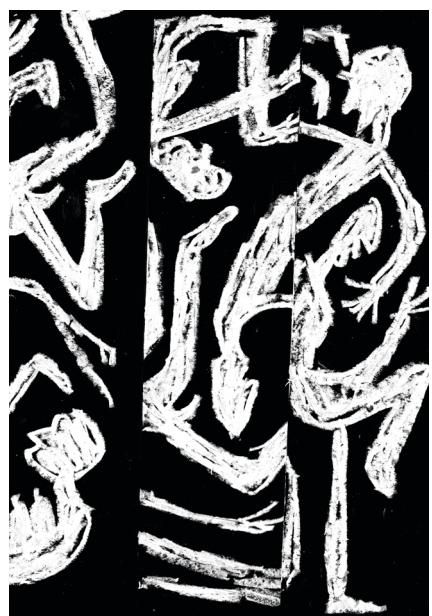
Credit : JW

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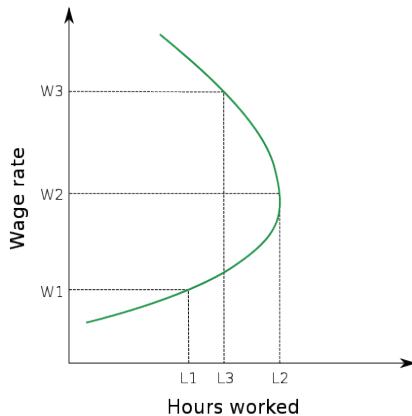
LABOUR VS. LEISURE: A COLONIAL HISTORY

Open the index of any undergrad economics textbook, and you'll find nestled under the letter B the 'backwards-bending labour supply curve'. Just like a lot of economic and financial jargon, the backwards-bending labour supply curve sounds inherently technical, and dull. But excavate its past and you find, first, that it was a key component in the long history of economics as a coercive, colonial science. Secondly, it was a way of thinking about the work of millions of people that facilitated exploitation and expropriation from the Highlands of 18th century Scotland to the gold mines of 20th century South Africa. Thirdly, it was not a benign, retrospectively-theorised concept but a crude device used by colonial elites to maximise low-wage labour, exports and profits - cleaving the days, weeks and years of recently-colonised lives into 'labour' and 'leisure'.

A history of this curve shows that at different moments Ireland, Scotland and South Africa were all newly 'civilised' places, freshly engulfed within an expanding market-orientated British empire, where economic theory justified the perpetuation of a subsistence-wage economy. Integral to the broader colonial project of mapping, measuring, defining, confining, enclosing and coercing the world and its populations, the backwards-bending labour supply curve remains incredibly logical - but - simultaneously, exploitative and oppressive. Put simply, for most of us, it is utter bullshit - in two important senses:

Empirically, like many economic ideas of the Enlightenment period it is complete rubbish - an imagined scenario that historically didn't play out.

But more than this, it is an idea that in practice nevertheless had huge power - justifying wages that barely ensured subsistence, and the immiseration of millions of lives.



Mercantilist economics and Enlightenment Britain

The backwards-bending labour supply curve sets out a scenario where workers prefer 'leisure' over 'labour'. It asserts that once workers have earned a 'subsistence income' they are satisfied, and therefore work less (L3) at higher rates of wages (W3), when it is easier to quickly accumulate a subsistence income, and more (L2) at lower wage rates (W2), when it is harder.

Mercantilist economists after the Glorious Revolution of 1688 first theorised the roots of this idea on the basis of workers' 'depraved' morals. The chief concern of mercantilist economists in this new age of empire was how to maximise net exports - and in order to do so they looked to maximise the 'supply of labour'. Advocates of mercantilism believed that 'the supply of labour' was maximised when wages were set as low as possible (conveniently, low-wage labour also allowed the manufacturer to sell his commodity at a lower price and capture trade for 'the good of the nation'). W2 was not a good wage, but a bare subsistence wage that on its own allowed workers to just about exist. It was believed, however, that if workers (easily seduced by vice, copious eating and excessive drinking) were paid more than subsistence wages, their increased incomes would foster depravity and laziness. Arthur Young in his 1771 book *Eastern Tours* declared:

"Every one but an idiot knows that the lower classes must be kept poor or they will never be industrious; I do not mean, that the poor of *England* are to be kept like the poor of *France*, but, the state of the country considered, they must (like all mankind) be in poverty or they will not work." His contemporary Powell similarly regurgitated: "If a person can get sufficient in four days to support himself for seven days, he will keep holiday the other three; that is, he will live in riot and debauchery."

For the quintessential mercantilist Sir William Petty - statistician, surveyor and the 'father of economics' and the modern census - employers "should allow the Labourer but just wherewithal to live; for if you allow double, then he works but half so much as he could have done and otherwise would which is a loss to the Publick of the fruit of so much Labour." Noting in his 1690 book, *Political Arithmetic*, "It is observed by Clothiers, and others, who employ great numbers of poor people, that when Corn is extremely plentiful, that the Labour of the poor is proportionally dear: And scarce to be had at all (so licentious are they who labour only to eat, or rather to drink)", Petty even advocated keeping up the price of corn during periods of glut to ensure that workers remained trapped in work, and were prevented from enjoying idleness (and leisure).

To justify his proposals, Petty dismissed the 'outdated' use of pre-Enlightenment reasoning in favour of cold-hard number-crunching, and conclusions expressed in 'terms of number weight or measure'. Petty understood "vile and brutish" British workers in terms of abstract aggregation - the new sciences of 'political arithmetick' and 'political economy' - to make observations that even if "not already true, certain and evident, yet may be made so by the Sovereign Power." In reality, the data he used was often defective and incomplete. He invoked spurious numbers to support his conclusions and his dodgy 'arithmetick' was openly satirized in Jonathan Swift's *Modest Proposal*. But Petty nevertheless had an enduring legacy. To measure was to understand, and to understand was to control the futures of millions of workers.

On the one hand the roots of the backwards-bending labour supply curve tells a history of workers' resistance. Appalling urban working conditions and exhausting 13-14 hour days meant that people at all costs avoided work in the wage economy if they could, and did not react when wages fluctuated on a narrow spectrum between subsistence and very low pay. Thus the 'supply of labour' often did not react positively to marginally increased wages - people only worked for wages when they had no other choice, when they needed money just to subsist.

On the other hand it reflects the concurrent enclosure of common land the theory appeared alongside. If they earned more than subsistence wages, and saved, then workers could exist outside the wage economy at least for a few days, weeks

or months. Men like Petty however were integral to shutting this option down - actively destroying alternative livelihoods and traditional practices of commoning in order to create 'modern farms' and a modern workforce. Caught in a 'poverty trap' when employed at bare subsistence-level wages, increasing numbers of workers found themselves stuck in waged work, getting-by from week to week but with no way of escaping employment, saving or earning an alternative income. At the same time the broader nascent capitalist system expanded on the back of the surplus value of their labour. Like many of Petty's ideas, the optimal maximisation of labour supply at subsistence wages was not an empirical finding, but an idealised outcome "made so by the Sovereign Power" of the army and the gallows.

Civilising Mission

Petty's 'political economy' described how people reacted to the encroaching wage economy, but this was only after existing livelihoods outside the waged economy had been violently destroyed. As chief cartographer in newly-colonised 1650s Ireland, Petty oversaw the repayment of Cromwell's victorious army through the mapping and redistribution of seized communal land. Expropriating and enclosing hundreds and thousands of acres, Petty compensated troops on the one hand, and on the other forced Irish to migrate to England en-masse as "spare hands to superlucrate millions and millions", boosting the supply of subsistence-wage labour.

By the 18th century, with the Irish subdued, the military prowess and clan laws of Highlander tribes of Scotland were seen as one of the last remaining threats to Britain's expanding market economy. After the Highlanders' invasions of England in 1715 and 1745, and the two aborted attempts of 1708 and 1719, they were increasingly seen as an exposed rear flank who refused to engage in capitalist relations. Highlanders had to be 'civilised', refined and effeminated. After the defeat of the 1745 Jacobite Rising, the 1747 Heritable Jurisdictions Act abolished the judicial rights of clan chiefs, the 1746 Act of Proscription outlawed Highland dress. The 'civilisation' of the Highlanders, however was not an ideal but a violent act. Replacing Highland *clan* law with Roman *civil* law, Enlightenment intellectuals argued for the homogenisation of legal codes under a process of civilisation, closing down of existing Highland practices of clan law and commoning that posed a threat to British markets. Championing the ideals of Roman

civil law, the modern Scottish legal system, in contrast to the burdensome case-by-case practice of clan law and English common law, provided a uniform process for the buying and selling of commodities, including land, which assured 'freedom' and trade.

Rolled out across Scotland, Ireland and England, civilisation then was a process, integral to broader enclosure movement, through which communal traditions were eradicated, common land was expropriated and commoners across the British Isles lost their rights to strip-farming, wood-collecting, kitchen-gardening, chicken-rearing and pig-keeping - and were coerced into the wage economy. The mercantilists' wage theory in turn ensured that when working they received no more than subsistence wages.

By the late 19th century, the heir's of William Petty dominated the economic thought of imperial Britain. Industriousness and the Protestant work ethic had been internalised by the British middle classes, whilst idleness, laziness and debauchery had been exported to the new 'peripheries' of empire. In recently-colonised spaces, officials were called on by Kipling, the bard of empire, to combat preferences of leisure over labour and:

Take up the White Man's burden, The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of Famine And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest The end for others sought,
Watch *sloth and heathen Folly* Bring all your hopes to nought.

South Africa in the Early 20th Century

By the 1890s the idea that Africans inherently preferred leisure to labour had become "the *idea fixe* of the colonial officers", ideas which by the 1930s "produced the so-called theory of the backward-bending supply curve of labour". Mercantilist ideas, properly codified in a 'labour supply curve', were pedalled time and time and time again - but were refuted by the resistance of South African workers to low wage work, and an emerging cohort of intellectual elites who wrote back against empire.

In 1886 gold was discovered in South Africa's Transvaal region. By 1991 these seams would produce 40% of all the gold ever mined - but the ore was of such low quality that if they had existed in Australia, Britain or the United States they would

have never been profitably mined. With the expense of capital equipment relatively fixed, the cost savings required were only made through extraordinarily 'cheap' black labour whose real wages never increased from the 1890s through to the 1970s. In the early 1890s, the Annual Report of the Chamber of the Mines justified reduced wages through the, now-familiar, assertion that:

In support of a general reduction of wages, if possible by a fixed tariff, it is forcibly argued that the high wages now paid are themselves a principle reason of short supply...it is found that the average period of service among our Kaffirs is much shorter than in districts in which a lower rate of wages is paid.

Again in 1902 and 1903, when the South African gold mines again substantially reduced wages, the line was pedalled: "It is not anticipated that a reduction in the rate of wages will tend to reduce the supply of labour. A native usually goes on working until he has obtained a definite sum of money with which to return to his country."

Finally in 1929, when pressed by newly-formed African trade unions for a minimum wage across South Africa's gold mines, it was argued:

There appears to be no good reason for raising the wages of natives living under tribal conditions and who come into the labour market at intervals. If it were done, it is possible that, as they would be able to save as much money as they do at present by working for a shorter period, it would have the practical effect of reducing the supply of unskilled labour *without material advantage to anyone*.

At the same time, in the metropole, economists were transforming mercantilist ideas about 'labour supply' into theories about 'labour supply curves' that were, at first, 'backwards-sloping' and subsequently 'backwards-bending'.

Frank Knight first theorised the backwards-sloping labour supply curve in his 'ground-breaking' 1921 book *Risk, Uncertainty and Profit* stating, if wages were raised "a man previously at the perfect equilibrium adjustment works as before and earns a proportionately higher income...he must evidently lay out part of his new funds for increased leisure; i.e. buy back some of his working time or spend some of his money by the process of not earning it." Knight's footnote to this point is telling.: "The facts as to the shape of the supply curve of labor from given laborers

are well known to employers of native workmen in backward countries, especially the tropics."

The myth of the lazy British worker had thus transferred across the Atlantic into the myth of the lazy black worker - the British economist PJD Wiles quipping in his 1956 book *Price, Cost and Output* "This backward sloping supply curve applies to nearly all forms of labor. It is not in any way confined to semi-tribal Africans or to British miners...we all have a ceiling to our standard of living, and as we approach it we all fight shy of extra work. The phenomenon is nearly universal."

In 1930, Lionel Robbins broke the "unanimity of expert opinion" to assert the labour supply curves were backwards-bending; sloping forward at lower levels of income, and only bending round to slope backwards at higher wage levels as work is 'substituted' for leisure (as in figure 1). Dismissing Knight's "implicit appeal to the 'law' or assumption of the declining marginal utility of units of income", Robbins asserted that evidence "does not seem to justify the assumption that this curve must always cut a rectangular hyperbola negatively."

But Robert Sambo, a worker in Zimbabwe, offered a far more cutting critique of colonial economics and structural violence in Southern Africa: "In most of the farms my people work from 12 to 14 hours a day. Their quarters are not fit for human beings, and their food is cheap or rotten meal and salt; to get meat is to wait until one beast is dead. If they cry to their masters for being overworked, their masters hit them. When they go to the nearest police station to report and get their assistance, the police officers instead of calling the master to come and answer the charge against him he only talks to him through the phone. Having received the reply that 'The bloody niggers were loafers and that they did not wish to work', the police officer then answers that alright, 'I will fix them up', he then slaps them on their faces and commands them to go back to work or else they will get arrested if you leave your work again."

Indeed, the 'aggregate supply of South African labour' showed itself not only to be positively related to wages, but highly responsive to wage cuts. After the 1902 wage reductions the South African mines found themselves in the midst of the most severe labor shortage in the history of the industry, a shortage which was undoubtedly a response to the mines' wage policy. It turned out reducing wages did not increase

the labour force, but led to a sharp drop off in the number of workers; and forced mine owners to recruit 'cheap' indentured labourers from Mozambique, Malawi and, even further afield, China.

Workers in Southern Africa did internalise ideas about prudent waged work and sought out 'self-improving' employment - often at the cost of huge personal hardship. Clements Kadalie, Robert Sambo's colleague in one of the first black trade unions in South Africa, the Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union (ICU), walked from Malawi to South Africa in 1915 "in search of a higher civilised life" - but the 'civilisation' he found was a colonial society where communal land had been expropriated and subsistence wages were the norm for all workers but a few. In the face of William Petty's 'political arithmetick' they reacted through go-slows, desertion, the forming of trade unions, and writing newspaper articles and tracts calling out the British for their farcical 'civilising' mission.

Kadalie explicitly rejected the "hypocrisy of British Imperialism" and its so-called system of 'free labour', under which thousands of workers were "employed and bridled under the 'Recruiting System'... unable to do according to their conscience for fear of imprisonment or repatriation to their native territories", whilst for Albert Nzula, a fellow ICU trade unionist and one of the first black South African Marxist theoreticians, "given sufficient land, the African population would support themselves by their own farming, and would not go to work in the mines... [For mining to take off, Africans] would need to be dispossessed of their land. The British imperialists could not, therefore, leave the land in the hands of the peasants, and would have to confiscate it." Nzula made clear that the problem was not that Africans had an overwhelming preference for leisure over labour, but that miners were heavily exploited, working conditions were atrocious and living conditions were appalling: "The wages of the black South African miner...are perhaps the lowest in the capitalist world, and bear no comparison whatsoever with those of European and American miners...In 1928-29 the wages of white miners ranged between £251 and £288 per annum, whilst those of the black miners never exceeded £31."

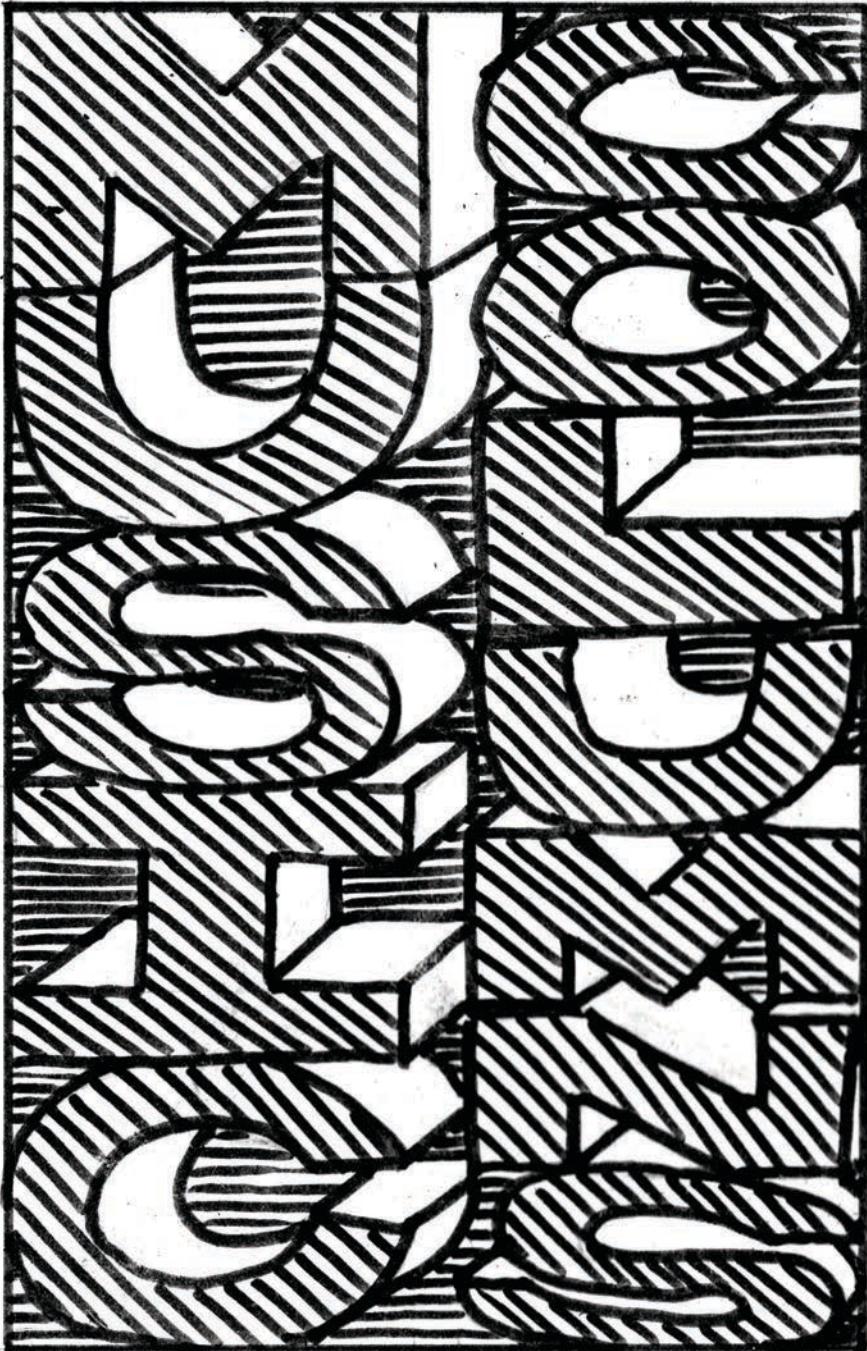
Lionel Robbins' 1930 backwards-bending labour supply curve then had shifted the debate - but only marginally. His curve maintained the illusion that workers choose how much they worked and obscured the structural violence of

the capitalist state, an illusion critiqued by Sambo, Kadalie and Nzula. Colonial era liberals, and the neoliberals of today, have always trumpeted freedom and choice - but they historically have eroded and restricted our 'choices': removing rights to common goods, enclosing common spaces and destroying livelihoods that existed outside the capitalist system. For Scottish trade unionist William Ballinger, South Africa of the 1920s was "merely repeating, with startling clearness and undesirable completeness, the excesses which marred the growth of the industrial state in the Old World." A theory that propped up exploitative employment practices from 17th century Britain to 20th century South Africa, the backwards-bending labour supply curve, was integral to this, and is still a mainstay of undergraduate economics.

Freely undertaken work can undoubtedly be joyful - yet few of us have any freedom to choose whether to work or not. Rather than comprehending how the world actually worked, the backwards-bending labour supply curve obscured structural violence and violently projected a model of how people *should* work, justifying low-wage labour regimes that saw real wages for workers stagnate at subsistence-levels. An essential part of the tool-kit that built Britain's imperial project, and the modern world, the curve was theoretically bullshit - but had huge power over millions of people's lives. Even today, the assumption that, given the choice, people won't work if they don't have to remains an underhand, but influential postulation: our current economic system is still premised on the idea that people *have* to engage in the modern economy and work for wages, that our lives have to be rationally divided between labour and leisure. In our current conundrum, Basic Income perhaps provides the latest and most forward-thinking arguments in a long campaign of the workers against the assumptions of William Petty and colonial officials' backwards-bending labour supply curve. But this campaign for 'sloth and heathen folly', 'riots and debauchery' can look to the histories of dodgy economics, stolen rights and past commons, as well as foresight, to stake out an egalitarian new future.

Credit : HM

*The best introductions to the history of the commons are Peter Linebaugh & Marcus Rediker, *The Many-Headed Hydra: Sailors, Slaves, Commoners and the Hidden History of the Revolutionary Atlantic* (Boston, 2000) and Peter Linebaugh, *Stop Thief! The Commons, Enclosure and Resistance* (Oakland, 2014).*



DYLAN

***It feels like summer,
sort of.***

~~~~~  
Drug problems? Boy Problems? Love woes & WOAH's?

Entrenched in a world of soundbites, hazy ideas of life, pop culture references, occult mysticism, and digital summers?

I know, me too. We're glamorous, artsy, and destitute. The world is our soundtracked oyster-car joyride and next up in the play queue are Saphron Squares, Kokayna, \$waggot, bbymutha, and RAFiA.

When I heard Feels like summer by Saphron Squares, feat. \$waggot, I had it on repeat for a good half hour and haven't stopped going back to it daily since. Hiding in bed, something about

sperm & swallowing, being thirsty, desperation & fantasy. This must be the atelier of the master of bespoke faggotry Jack \$waggot. A beautiful hymn to the altar of presumably some singular boy this song feels like being licked over and over again by an excited young puppy. I hope summer lives up to the standard. Send you GBF audio clips of you walking around New Orleans singing about being addicted to Xanax or covering Drake in a strip club locker room and you might just have a hit on your hands, or at least Kokayna does. \$waggot & Kokayna have been around for a few years now, apparently much to the detriment of "hardcore" vapourware & super mario world fans. One of the latest tracks I'm literally addicted to xanax (prod. LIGHT ☀☀☀) brings us on a dreamy Lana del Rey backed journey through drug addiction, dancing, songwriting, and interactions with older men. Pretty beautiful really, feels

summer 2k11-14 for me but apparently it's 2k16 for others and I'm on board with that.

Boundaries! Right?! They're a difficult one. Read receipt ft. baby colours (prod. Dream\*Eater) is an accurate depiction of the struggles we face living in a world concurrently occupied by others. \$waggot's dilemma of dealing with space and time when it comes to someone you like is a high pitched and bouncy summer love ballad for the emotionally conservative amongst us who prefer an at arm's length goodbye from time to time. \*shoulder tap/edges door closed\*

And then we have Skeleton by RAFiA which I can not get enough of. Starkly contrasting to the above relationships, multi-disciplinary artist Rafia Santana sings us through a journey of longing. "I'm just a skeleton pour your flesh all over me". Same. With beautiful melodies, charming lyrics & a track you can't not flick your hips to this seemingly undiscovered gem is a wave of drowning freshness that I'm going to completely submit myself to for the summer so that when next week comes, summer's over and it's back to hail & splashes from bus pressed dirty pothole water I feel these bips & bops wash over me instead.

If you don't know bbymutha you probably should. "Full moon red lipstick rose petals pussy poppin drop it on a real bitch". Love potion (prod. Fast Eddie) comes off bbymutha's latest 6 track release Fruit Moon. With lavish mysticism emanating from your speakers I'm sure you'll find yourself smoothly under bbymutha's spell. Seductive lyrics and an expert flow give bbymutha a lift above the rest which we're invited to float upon dreamily. We've got ours and you want it.

Summer 2016 may well be a sporadic hot mess but at least it's sure to be full of love, magic, and everything eXtra.

Find these tracks here: <https://soundcloud.com/dylanmeade/sets/communal-leisure> and here: <http://saphronsquares.bandcamp.com/track/ft-waggot>

~~~~~

DICK BASS

Once, not so very long ago, there lived a race of horses called the Tarpan. The Tarpan (*Equis ferus ferus*) was a very special creature indeed; By the turn of the 19th century they were one of only two remaining species of true wild horse (as opposed to feral horses such as the Mustang or the Sable Island Pony), the other being Przewalski's Horse (*Equis ferus przewalskii*), which still survives today, residing throughout Central Asia and parts of the Gobi Desert; The Tarpan had a preternatural ability to seek out rain (no-one knows how or why they did it) and were often to be found grazing under the shadow of a bursting cloud or

wandering through the midst of a storm, manes dripping black water, and as such were revered by farmers, their presence upon nearby pastures a portent of good fortune, but loathed by travellers, for to be greeted by their sight meant you were in for a thorough soaking; Most remarkably, the Tarpan could sing.

The beloved Mongolian author Vanchinbalyn Injinash, sensing the impending disappearance of the species, worked tirelessly between the years 1854 to 1870 collecting as many stories and recollections of the Tarpan as he could possibly find, travelling thousands of miles across Siberia in the process, culminating in the publication in 1872 of the compendium 'Tarpan: The Eighth Wonder Of The World'. Here's an extract from that book: 'Naranbataar is a man of few words but when speaking of his daughter's birth he is carried away on



a great river, "Oyunbileg was heavy with child, which was to be our first, twice before we had lost in birth, when out collecting water thick with worry I became lost in a storm and could no longer separate the earth from the clouds. Not finding my way home I took refuge in a gulley covering myself with a blanket of meagre grasses. The darkness lasted a lifetime. Upon waking I saw standing in the sky above me a silver horse with raindrops glistening on its haunches, and as I slowly came to stirring the beast moved closer to me and started in her singing. Here is what she sang: "I send my daughter to guide your daughter / From the realm of nothingness to the realm of light / To live a life of light in the world of wind / The wind which is my daughter", then she spoke, "Return home, beautiful father".

In 1879 a team of Ukrainian hippologists, in a desperate bid to preserve the species, attempted to capture the last-known Tarpan remaining in the wild but instead drove the frightened animal over the side of a crevasse where she fell to her death.

The very last Tarpan of all, named Sarantsatsral, died of old age at Moscow

Zoo in 1908. They say shortly before she died she sang very quietly to herself, over and over, "We'll see, we'll see, we'll see", and that it was the saddest song they had ever heard.

DJs. But do not fret! The team over at female:pressure have done this for you! female:pressure is an international support network and database with over 1000 members working in different fields of music and digital art. The online database is continually being updated, so next time someone tells you there is a 'lack of women' on the scene, show them the website and challenge this misinformed assumption!

Following from this, here are five sounds released over the past few months from female producers and musicians. Each one is different. Each release has a distinctly different voice. Each one falls into a different genre. But each one is essential listening and much needed in the male dominated electronic music scene.

Mozhgan: *Venom Mix*

First up is Mozhgan's *Venom Mix*, Her second instalment in Honey Soundsystem Potcast series. The San Francisco based DJ and club promoter takes us on a trip through dark disco, deep techno & moody EBM. It's prickly from start to finish with brooding basslines and seductive vocals, a perfect warm up to a cold night.

Powder: *Juno Mix*

Another mix which finds itself spread across genres comes from the Born Free associated, Powder. Based in Tokyo, she invites you in with some weird house cuts, J-Pop and Jon Hassell - all in one smooth mix! Her second 12" on Born Free will be released later this month, the A-side featuring two mellow dancefloor-ready tracks: 'Afrogan' and 'Random Ladder with 40'. The B-side throbs away in a different direction, with analogue vibrations building up and up into some beautiful high pitched squelching. Don't sleep! (As they say...)

DJ Zozi: *Mellow Vibe'*

Also on a fairly mellow tip is 1080p's DJ Zozi with the quite aptly titled 'Mellow Vibe' 12". The track is as typically dreamy as the rest of the 1080p label releases, but it is the gestures towards early jungle and breakbeat that make this release very worthy of your ears (and limbs while dancing!).

Machine Woman: *Genau House*

Russian producer Machine Woman released the very shadowy and stripped back *Genau House* in May on Where to Now?, apparently telling the tale of failed tinder dates and darkened Berlin dancefloors. How often do you hear techno as raw and tenacious as this but also deeply personal and honest? It's rare and wonderful and haunting.

Abra: *PRINCESS EP*

Not a 12" or a release yet but most likely a sign of things to come is Abra's 'Cry Baby', a preview from her PRINCESS EP on True Panther/Awful Records. Abra oozes cool on Cry Baby, think The Jets' 'Crush On You' combined with Janet Jackson and Kelela. Actually scrap that, she's her own, she's brilliant and she's making lo-fi rap exciting.

Send us ideas for your music column to communalleisure@gmail.com, all noises welcome

LUAR DOMATRIX

Landim: *No Drama Mixtape*

Landim, a rapper from the outskirts of Lisbon delivering the smoothest brain melting flow with matching beats. His mixtape 'Assuntus Kentez', the portuguese criolo for 'Hot Matters' is a beautiful piece and a glorification of the equally graceful language. The track 'No Drama' repeats the ethos statement, over an instrumental that defies solidness. The whole thing is a 4.20 spa must.

Normal Nada: *Transmutação Cerebral EP* Normal Nada is a poet, prophet and future identity also from the suburbs of Lisbon. He is behind the most challenging kuduro produced in the past years so/to/say. Referred as 'meta-kuduro', he throws endless rhythm mantras that will align out your chakras on the dancefloor, using a cannibalistic cadence and pure stamina. Self titled 'Qraqmaster' Normal Nada drinks from "techno, house, africa, sensuality, energy, rave, noise, faith, religion alcool, hitting the head on the wall, construction instead of destruction" in his own words. The product is maximal.

Pega Monstro: *Alfarroba*
Pega Monstro are a duo from Lisbon consisting of two sisters Maria and Julia. They compose beautiful pieces that might fall in the indie-rock folder, but that are on instances far beyond that label, beyond the whole cabinet. They are at times rash with distant sounding vocals and droning guitar, or at times crystalline, with pristine vocal arrangements that soothe you into slow ballads about relationships and life in the city. 'Fado d'agua fria' invokes the traditional sound of Portuguese 'fado' music to sing about a sex worker that knows they are going to die by the time they are 34 years old. Pega Monstro have they're own voice.

CLEOSLAPTRA

"But there's just not enough female producers or DJs!" - how many occasions do you reckon you have heard this statement echoed in different ways by a promoter, a club owner, a journalist, a dj, maybe even a friend?

It's exhausting trying to respond to this kind of ignorance but what is more exhausting is attempting to list the sheer amount of female identifying producers, musicians, performers and

CHIN STROKE

Chin Stroke Records, acclaimed avant-garde pan-social sonic-wanderers, present a new work - and a new look at the history of the döñk.



Back in the early 90s, astronomer-cum-DJ, Jeff Mills described döñk as "not just a sound, but a way of life". Erroneously credited for its creation is Bolton-based boy band The Blackout Crew, but as we will discover, döñk has a much more humble and recent history.

The original sound of döñk was discovered in 2014 by celebrated bricklayer, Harry Riddick when he dropped a hod onto an empty oil drum. This led to the creation of his seminal hit Gangnam Hospital in 2014, setting the scene for an ultimate revolution. Since that day, artists as diverse as the XS-Project and Victoria Beckham have staked their claim to this fascinating sonic artefact.

In celebration, Chin Stroke Records has collated a definitive menu of tracks, allowing a fuller picture of this somewhat misunderstood genre.



Part 1 - Alex K, The Raid
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9B6plqs7Nh4>

The Raid is a classic of the early school of döñk. It blends traditional vibes with a fresh use of samples; it cannot however be considered true döñk as it was released in 2004, before Harry Riddick's seminal track, Gangnam Hospital. Although, we can clearly see how the Riddick influence has travelled back in time, to a simpler age.



Part 2 - XS-Project
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y3iVuZwCu9k>

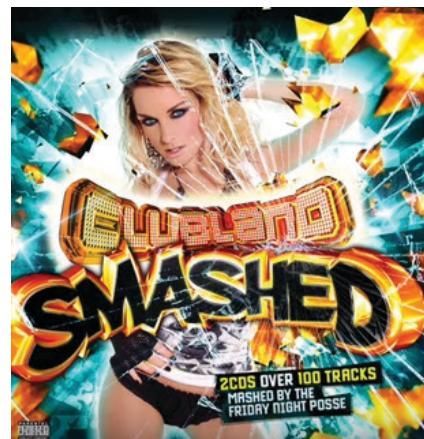
The Hard Bass phenomenon can be easily explained with recourse to the history of the Soviet Union and its ultimate collapse. Defined by its driving beats and off-kilter döñks, Hard Bass is a close relative of but completely distinct to the döñk discovered by Riddick in 2014. The listener is urged to notice the subtle production quirks such as reverse döñk s and vocal samples, while appreciating the absence of baselines, allowing your brain to fill in the gaps. If this was your only experience of döñk, you could easily be tricked into thinking that this is a purely masculine genre.



Part 3 - Jason Born, Fireflies
http://lyrics.wikia.com/wiki/Jason_Born:Fireflies

When Jason Born released the club hit Fireflies, it sent out a rallying call for the dreamers and the hopefuls. It marks a direct response, and an obvious juxtaposition to the barrio-style of the post-Soviet Hard Bass

sound. Instead of linking to the song itself, we've encouraged the reader to explore the unmistakable lyrical sagacity that is sometimes forgotten. If you're ever feeling down, this is guaranteed to lift the lowest of spirits.



Part 4 - Dylan Shaw 4, DONK-WONDERWALL-WE LIKE TO PARTY

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ay-WqEYBYA4&feature=youtu.be>

Back at the turn of the century, Hard to Find Records would have listed this mp3 at £50. Indeed, so elusive that we've had to upload this to YouTube for our readers to enjoy. Beautiful in its abstraction, Dylan exhibits a masterstroke in the melange of two otherwise seemingly disparate genres; constructing a fresh and bold melodic-cacophony which fosters a satisfying sense of self.

Words: Queerhawk
and Edwin Triumph

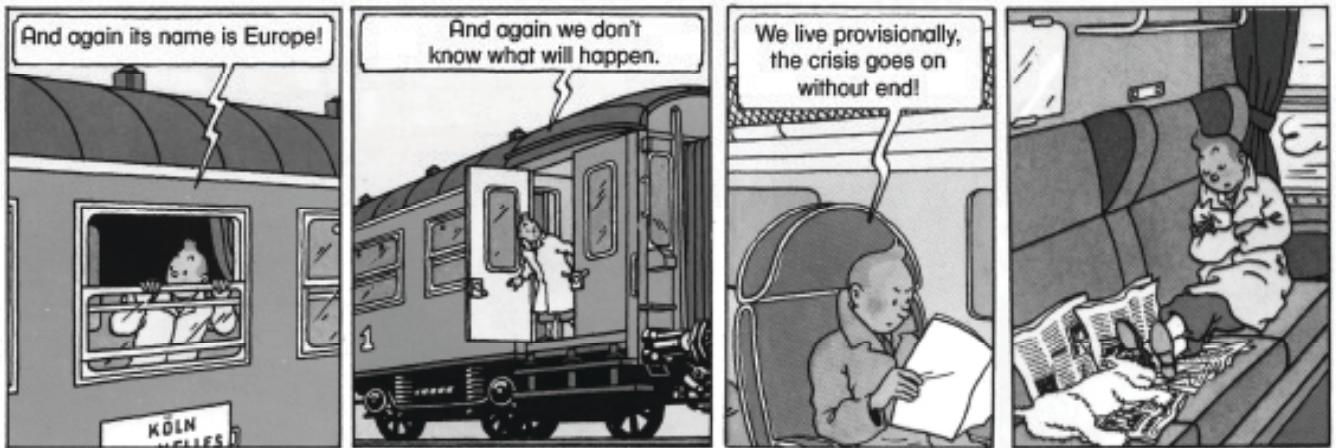
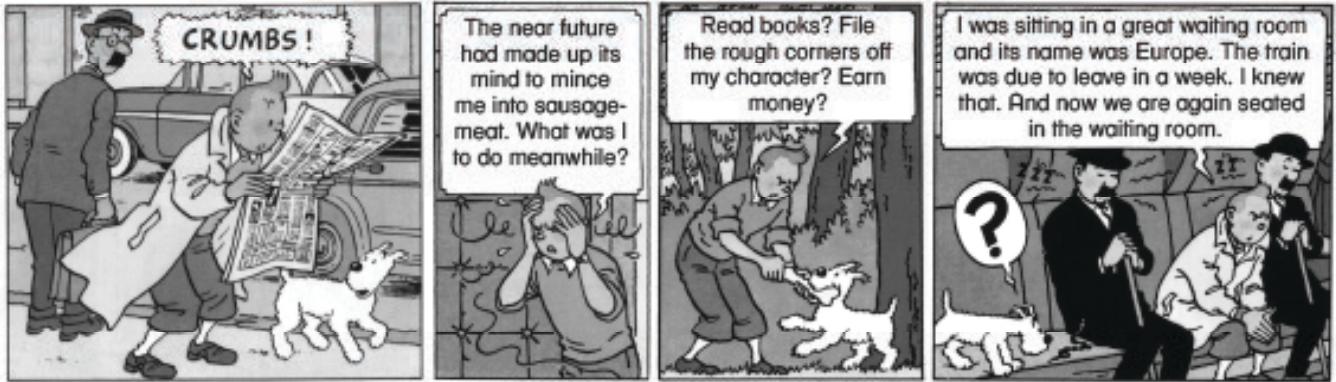
Further Reading:
[\(Editor's Pick\)](https://www.dropbox.com/s/lger5f1bnmt9mh6/The%20Donk%202014%06577366255144273784885.pdf?dl=0)

https://soundcloud.com/virus_upload/avon-rep-a-rhapsody-in-cooncul

<https://soundcloud.com/nbgmusicyt/bomemian-rhapsody-1292-followers-milestone>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BEDvpxD9ls>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=t1aKT7OB8LY>





**THE NUMBER ONES
BREAKFAST MUFF
ACROSS TO
MORDWAFFE**

ON THE FIRST OF MAY, 2016
STEREO CAFE/BAR

IT WAS A STRANGE NIGHT. FULL OF FEAR OF AN IMPENDING BLACK CLOUD OF THE MIND...

RETURNING TO MY WORKPLACE, WHERE I HAD MADE MORNING...

MY ILL FEELINGS WERE DISPELLED BY MORDWAFFE. CUTE FRIENDS PLAYING ENDEARING JAMS...

STUPID STAGE HEARTS

EVERYONE WAS THERE. IT WAS A LOVELY ATMOSPHERE. I WAS FEELING A LOT BETTER.

AND SO I WALKED HOME...

AFTER HANGING WITH LOVELY PEOPLE...

SUPPORTS ARE ALWAYS BETTER THAN HEADLINERS...

THE ILL FEELINGS WERE KEPT AT BAY FOR ANOTHER EVENING...

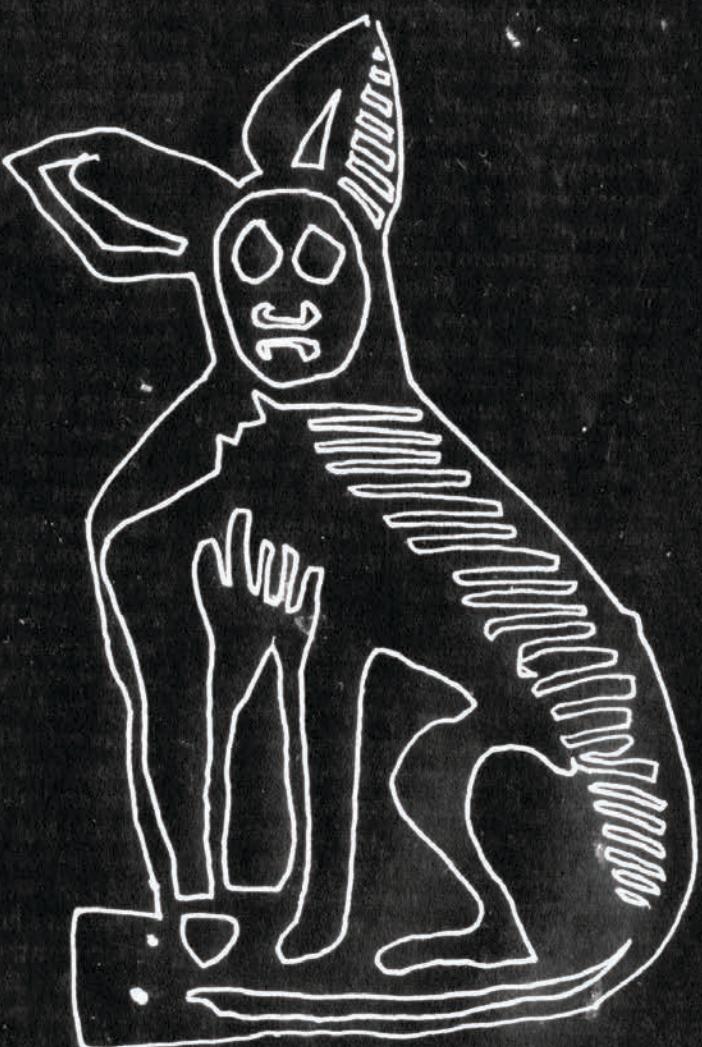
ANXIETY WERE PARTICULARLY RAGING TONIGHT... ALWAYS A PLEASURE.

EVERYONE WAS STOKED. THE PMA WAS STRONG.

THE NUMBER ONES WERE GREAT! I WAS PRETTY DRUNK SO I DIDN'T GET INVOLVED BUT THE TUNES WERE TIGHT!

THEY HAD GREAT SHIRTS

PAGE 2 OF 2 GEORGE GARTHWAITE MAY 2016 THIS WAS A GIG REVIEW BASED ON A TRUE STORY MADE (OR FINISHED) 16/5/16 BY GEORGE 'CLIFFORD' GARTHWAITE.



COMMUNAL LEISURE

Send us ideas, news, articles, comics and images for the next Communal Leisure to communalleisure@gmail.com. Deadline October 1st 2016. Add events and get involved online at www.communalleisure.com