



***FUEL
FOR THE
MACHINE***

***CASKETS
FOR THE
POOR***

DOPE Magazine is published in solidarity
until everyone has a home and nobody lives in a cage.
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“Every empire tells itself and the world that it is unlike
all other empires, that its mission is not to plunder and
control but to educate and liberate.” –Edward W. Said

ومع ذلك، فإن كل إمبراطورية تقول لنفسها وللعالم إنها تختلف عن جميع
الإمبراطوريات الأخرى، وأن مهمتها ليست النهب والسيطرة، بل التعليم والتحرير.
ترجمه من ادوارد سعيد



CONTENTS

4	The War of Position (Part I)	Matt Wilson	
6	The Good Don't Use Umbrellas	Jay Kerr	
8	Oi, Anarchist! (Come Home)	Bruce Tollafield	
10	Don't Go Wasting Your Emotions	Dorothy Spencer	
12 13		Krime	
Liberation	14	Anarcha-Feminism, Abortion and Liberation	Spencer Beswick
Work	16	Sleeping on the Job	Helen Hester
Prison	18	Demolishing the Bastille	Morgan Trowland
	20	Classifieds	
Vendors	23	Jeff	Bristol

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



Photography

Content page – Oriana Garzon
P7 – Asel Terrorista? Mesedez! Campaign
P11 – Dorothy Spencer
P19 – Morgan Trowland
P22&23 – Emil Lombardo

Artwork

Covers & Centre – Krime
P5 – Rosa Hans
P9 – DOPE Magazine
P12&13 – Krime

The War of Position (Part I)

By Matt Wilson

The power of language has been recognised for a very long time. The radical author George Orwell made language a central theme of much of his work, most famously in the novel 1984, in which a totalitarian state refashioned basic words like freedom and slavery to mean their very opposite. But in the last few decades, the political importance of language has become an established and conscious part of our daily life: the idea of political correctness is, for both its detractors and defenders, entirely mainstream, no longer the preserve of the politically active or the academically curious.

But none of this is to say that the way language functions is well understood. Indeed, political correctness is commonly framed – again, by both its detractors and defenders – as being primarily about the possibility for language to cause immediate and direct offence. On this view, political correctness is about ensuring that no one gets upset if we use a certain word in their presence. But however valid this aspect of political correctness is, it is not the only – and arguably not the most important – issue. What is really at stake is the way language shapes the way we think.

On one level, this is easy enough to understand: we talk and write through words, and so it makes sense that the words we have available to us would in some way affect what we say and write. But it's also extremely difficult for us to fully grasp what is a very complex relationship. On a cultural level, the idea that language shapes our thought is contrary – and even offensive – to the commonly-held view that we are entirely rational animals. Language is supposed to be a neutral tool that we use – it allows us to express our thoughts, but we are meant to be firmly in control of the process. When we think about something – anything – we have a very strong sense that these are our thoughts, that they make sense, and that they couldn't really be different. Think about your views on sexuality, gender, race, immigration, for example: we obviously use language to express our thoughts on these issues, but it's hard to accept that language plays any part in how we think about them.

But however rational we may be – or think we may be – humans are fundamentally social animals, and societies always develop a patchwork of ideas about the world and how it should be that are commonly shared by most – though never all – of its members. That's what's meant by common-sense – things most of us tend to think about a variety of things at any historical moment. That common-sense is developed and maintained through a number of social mechanisms, but an absolutely central role is played by language. Now, one of the reasons it's so hard to grasp the social power of language is because, as I suggested above, it's very hard for us to imagine that we would think any differently

about an issue if we switched one word for another: and that's because we wouldn't. Language is extremely powerful, but its power is not immediate or direct; in fact, its power is incredibly subtle and complex, and its effects work over and through generations, as a society's common-sense is slowly shaped by particular words and phrases; even here, no word works alone, but exists in relation to countless other words, which work to establish that patchwork of meaning.

What this means is that as well as the direct, immediate offence that we might cause by using certain words, we need to think about the long-term and systemic consequences of the language we use. And this means opening up a much larger field of political action as we struggle to make the world a better place. This is part of what the great socialist thinker Antonio Gramsci called 'a war of position.' For Gramsci, the pen might well be powerful, but it was the pen that ultimately guided the way swords might be used in any one society – who they were used by, and who they were used on. But swords are not enough to change the way a society functions: coups and revolutions often fail because controlling a society usually takes more than brute force. A war of position seeks to challenge and reconfigure the way a society thinks about every aspect of life – and part of that means thinking about how seemingly neutral or natural words and phrases might be part of this struggle. This means thinking about where language is helping maintain a capitalist, sexist, racist culture – and thinking about how we might shift such language to support a postcapitalist future.

This is far from an easy strategy – but it is an absolutely vital part of any effort to try to change the world. Even if we think of our activism as primarily direct and physical – helping out at a shelter, blockading a road, or whatever – we can never escape the way language plays a part in everything we do; we can choose to ignore this, or we can make it a conscious part of our political practice. In the next issue of DOPE, I'll be discussing how the word democracy ought to be a prime target for radicals, but there are any number of other features of our culture that we should be thinking more critically about. One of the challenges we face is that language seems so natural to us, and when we consciously try to change it, the result feels correspondingly unnatural and strange. But we can sometimes use this to our advantage. For example, awkwardly referring to King Charles as Charles Windsor can highlight just how ridiculous the notion of there being a man we call a king is; conversely, continuing to call him king, even when we do so critically, re-enforces the normalisation of this absurd and disgraceful feature of our society. Language alone won't change the world, but it is a powerful weapon that we should be harnessing to our advantage whenever we can.

Matt Wilson is the author of *Rules Without Rulers* (Zero Books, 2014) and part of the LUCOOP project.

re-organise.org



The Good Don't Use Umbrellas

By Jay Kerr

Imagine yourself relaxing at home on a quiet Sunday afternoon when, suddenly, there is violent banging on the front door. Loud voices yell for you to open up. You are confronted by a squad of heavily armed police brandishing sub-machine guns which they are pointing directly at you. This happened to Asel Luzarraga in a tranquil suburb of Chile.

Sadly, it is not uncommon in many countries around the world today. We often hear horror stories like this from the US. But this was no drugs bust or the result of a tip off; nor was it the final moment in a police hunt for a high-profile criminal, or a case of mistaken identity with tragic consequences. Asel was a foreigner and the heavily armed Chilean police were at his door looking for someone to blame.

News of his arrest hit the headlines across Chile and spread rapidly across the Spanish-speaking world. Each description of Asel in the press was analysed with suspicion... A Basque man has been arrested, what was he doing in Chile? A punk has been arrested, no doubt a low-life criminal guilty of the crime. The Basque punk they arrested in Temuco was an anarchist, here to corrupt our youth with foreign extremist ideas. Is he a member of ETA? Each fantastic notion the media published was more salacious than the last. The report that caught more attention than any other was the one that put Asel in the most jeopardy, for when the police cuffed him and bundled him from his home to a waiting car, he had been branded a terrorist.

The true reality of Asel's case could be found in elements of the press coverage. He was, indeed, a punk who had moved to Chile to be with a woman he'd fallen in love with. He was, indeed, an anarchist who, prior to his arrest, had been stopped by police with a group of other punks while taking part in the painting of a mural as part of a festival, along with its characteristic vegetarian food and heavy music.

However, one fact that seemed completely out of character with the media's portrayal of Asel as a menace to society was that he was a writer. This 'dangerous anarchist terrorist' blamed for a series of bombings across Chile, was a noted novelist in the Basque Country. He was even a Basque representative of PEN International, the world's foremost association for writers, and prior to arriving in Chile he had attended their international congress as part of the Writers' Commission for Peace. Hardly the work of an underground terrorist. Clearly, things did not add up.

The arrest and trial of Asel Luzarraga makes for a political thriller, a story filled with police corruption, media manipulation, and the struggle for truth and justice. Asel's story has been published for the first time in English by Active Distribution. *The Good Don't Use Umbrellas* is part prison diary, part courtroom drama, combined with meditations on anarchist politics, all set against a backdrop of post-dictatorship Chile and the ongoing repression of the indigenous people, the Mapuche.

Since his arrest and trial in 2010, Asel has been struggling to clear his name and highlight the plight of political prisoners in Chile, particularly members of the Mapuche community whom he met during his short time as a free man in the South American country. It is strongly suspected that it was Asel's blog posts in support of the Mapuche's struggle for freedom and justice that made him a target of the Chilean state. However, remnants of Pinochet's dictatorship that were clearly still active in the security forces at the time had not reckoned on the wave of international solidarity that would follow his arrest. The campaign 'Asel terrorista? Mesedez!' ('Asel Terrorist? Please!'), launched in the Basque Country brought together some of the region's foremost writers and artists, including Itziar Ituño Martínez, a Basque actor famous for her role as Inspector Raquel Murillo in the Netflix hit series *Money Heist* (*La Casa de Papel* in Spanish). Moreover, the case against him was shot full of holes – doctored documents, unreliable testimony, and very obviously planted evidence.

Nonetheless, the power of the state was strong enough to turn this peace-loving anarchist punk writer into a hate figure in the eyes of the Chilean media, a wild-eyed terrorist desperate to blow up society. It is a terrifying prospect for anyone who tries to challenge the status quo. As the anarchist thinker Ruth Kinna puts it: "Asel's story is a powerful reminder of the vindictive, arbitrary power of the state and the vulnerabilities of anarchists and others to persecution and oppression."

As the campaign to clear Asel's name enters its fourteenth year, times have changed in Chile. A democratic wave has washed over the country, starting with the protests in 2019. A young, progressive president has been elected, and there is a concerted effort to make a clean break with the hangovers of Chile's brutal past. Despite this, the oppression of anarchists and Mapuche activists continues.

Asel's story is just one of hundreds of unwarranted arrests, legal miscarriages, and false imprisonments, but it marks an attempt at justice. His story is an important one, made all the more so because it passed the English-speaking world by. Raising the voice of one person wrongly accused by the state opens the door for other political prisoners to fight back. As Asel says himself in his book, when the rain falls on the corrupt police and the revolutionary alike, the only difference is 'the good don't use umbrellas...'



Jay Kerr is a member of Punk Ethics, a UK collective supporting the 'Asel Terrorist? Please!' campaign. *The Good Don't Use Umbrellas* by Asel Luzarraga, with a foreword by Penny Rimbaud, is available now on Active Distribution.

activedistribution.com



Oi, Anarchist! (Come Home)

By Bruce Tollafield

Upon being released from prison in Moscow in the spring of 1917, Nestor Makhno rushed to the university to enrol in a vital PhD program, with dreams of becoming a member of the new revolutionary professional-managerial class to lead the workers! Though he was convinced of the urgent necessity of his work, he lamented the lack of organising taking place in southern Ukraine. He needed to act. Sitting in his new swanky armchair, he whipped out some paper and wrote down the words “organise” and “join a union.” By writing these heroic slogans, he felt elated knowing that he had contributed to the surging tide of revolutionary action all around him!

Except he did not do this. He got his arse on the first train back to Huliapole, the village where he was born, and succeeded in creating one of the most significant attempts at an anarchist revolution in history.

In the UK, the ‘middle class’ is massive. Its boundaries blur into the ruling class at the top and the working classes at the bottom. The poor tend to stay poor and the rich stay rich, but the ‘middle classes’ are socially mobile and their desires and frustrations shape their politics.

In his new book *A Nation of Shopkeepers*, Dan Evans argues that the contemporary ‘Left’ is dominated by a New Petit Bourgeoisie (NPB). The NPB encompasses clerical white-collar workers and people in low-level supervisory roles. It includes many people who expected to enter the ranks of well-paid professionals, tenured academics, journalists, researchers etc.

Arguably, this was possible for a brief moment in the early Noughties. But the Blair ‘bubble,’ piling youngsters into universities on the promise of a “knowledge economy” career, has burst. The current Left comes from those four million graduates who hoped to receive non-existent jobs they are qualified for but instead work behind a till. Though we may one day inherit a house when our parents die, we will spend decades bouncing from one privately rented hovel to another. The NPB is thus characterised by “downward social mobility.” But social mobility is not just about employment, it is also about migration.

“By being here today, you have each made the decision to leave North Devon.” Peter Christie said this to every group of 17 year-olds who took his Geography A-Level class at North Devon College.

Way back in 2009, I was one of them; soon after, I left my hometown and would not return for a decade.

Youth emigration has a long, depressing history in rural Devon. To explain it would require a wearisome monologue about its history, political economy, regionalisation and peripheralisation, but suffice to say this tradition is alive and well. If you want to get a ‘good job’ you are compelled to leave. It is not a choice: you *have* to leave to go to university and/or find an employer who will pay above the minimum wage.

Those left behind see loads of their schoolmates disappear forever. A few will be accepted into apprenticeships and rake in the cash grafting as a carpenter. The rest will achieve all that they were told to expect when at school: to get whatever job is going and try not to think too hard about how desperately dull life is.

For us who left, the act of leaving our regional hometowns is an attempt at upward social mobility. It is not entirely negative; it can be liberating to experience the vibrancy of a big city, and many of us are the first in our families to go to university. But that distance changes us, for better or worse. I am a product of the distance I put between myself and my hometown many years ago. Leaving home at 18 gave me the space to think for myself and relate to people from very different backgrounds. But it also eroded older relationships, it formed a chasm between my university-world and North Devon. I would argue that, controversially, becoming an anarchist was a part of my own New Petite Embourgeoisement!

The desire for upward social mobility, which itself is a cruel lie propagandised to ‘aspirational’ rural kids, breaks our connections to working class communities. We adopt markers of distinction to make ourselves feel different, even superior. This personal experience parallels the broader Left’s estrangement from the working class.

In the wake of the race riots in Knowsley, many “Leftists” tweeted about how people need to “organise” in working class areas. But no-one expressed any intention of moving (back) there and getting rooted. Sending the Tweet was enough. Their own comfort, career and class position was not up for debate. It was a sad example of how left-wing politics has degenerated into ineffective, passive online reaction.

To me, the return seems to be a matter of utmost urgency. We need to embrace downward social mobility. We need to echo the Makhno spirit.

But to achieve this we need to reconcile ourselves with

the places that we ourselves left behind. It is easy to say “I will never be friends with someone who watches GB News” when living in a gentrified neighbourhood, surrounded by like-minded people. But what about when it is your own family? What about when actual fascists are leafleting your old estate? This, to me, is a total abdication of responsibility.

What is to be done? What we are lacking are boots on the ground. We need more anarchists to come back to their hometowns to get stuck-in.

There is very little trade union density in ‘left behind’ areas. Small workplaces predominate and seasonal, zero-hours and part-time work is abundant. Hospitality, tourism and social care are major industries, whose workers are badly exploited by crap bosses for shit pay. Rank-and-file unionism could scale enormously here. We need creative unions that can support locals to take direct action and form democratic unions at their own workplaces.

Similarly, due to the lack of well-paid salaried work, regional areas have massive numbers of petit bourgeois trades people. Many of them are skint and solo-self-employed, workers who loathe the State and being told what to do. We should lean into their libertarian instincts (Make Libertarian Socialist Again!). We need to re-establish relationships and form dynamic new Industrial Unions with these workers. The same goes for tenant unions or community solidarity networks; we need institutions that can resolve problems and build alliances and power.

The perception that peripheral places are cultural deserts is deeply connected to youth-flight. The demands of tourism, demographic ageing and toff immigration shape the dominant North Devonian ‘culture.’ It promulgates depthless, twee images that appeal to bougie tourist sensibilities. So, we need an alternative! We need to form new DIY media collectives to communicate anarchist perspectives on relevant local issues. Your humanities degree is useless for a job, but plenty of those skills can be put to use in your hometown. Write stuff, make videos, zines, music. Participate in local discourse, support an unpretentious intellectual culture, foster a pride of place. Most importantly, study how and why our peripheral regions are in the situations they are in.

So, log-off, come home, be reconciled, and get organised!

Bruce Tollafield is an anarchist and downwardly-mobile graduate from North Devon. He organises with IWW, makes local media with Dead Grockle and follows Barnstaple Town FC home and away.



Don't Go Wasting Your Emotions

By Dorothy Spencer

I never thought much about getting married. In lots of ways it seems to go against the things I believe in: state sanctioned love, being given from one man to another, being legally bound to a person you should be magnetically and freely drawn to. Partly I'm marrying Sam because it seems the natural thing to do, our relationship is way beyond being temporary or transient. We want to build a life that is sustainable and lasting together and mark that intention. It would also be almost impossible to get you all here together unless one of us died. Aside from weddings the only majorly well attended collective rituals are funerals. We mark the transformation of death with a ritual, but people transform each other and the world through coming together in love also, so it seems right to mark that with a ritual too.

The wane of religious belief in our culture has been liberating in lots of ways but left a gap in collective ritual and celebration as well as ways of understanding the world that transcends our own individuality. To live as an individual, consciously aware of our separateness, is the condition of humans, and much of our spiritual and religious quests as a species have been about unifying with nature or a higher power. Today our culture has, beyond trying to overcome our separateness, super-accelerated it into its own reason for being, which has left us stuck in ways of thinking that are based on domination, competition, and control – whether that is of nature, animals, or each other – in clearly destructive ways. To live trapped in individual ego is to experience the world as an external resource or threat, to be alone, to suffer an existential anxiety that can never resolve because you cannot combine. To both of us, and Sam in very obvious ways, freedom is precious. But rampant individualism is a prison of its own, where you are trapped like oil floating on water, unable to give over your substance.

To love is not to fall but to practice, and without this approach you move from person to person, as if from object to object, waiting for someone who represents a good deal on the market of desirability, someone who will cause you no challenge, no compromise, and you will never change, and experience the joy of being transformed. People say 'I love you' to each other all the time, without having a mutual understanding of what that means to them. It is as if we are all colour blind, pointing out red to each other while some see orange and some understand blue. Our culture is obsessed with 'finding love' or 'the one', yet simultaneously unable to

speak seriously about love or act on it. We simply expect it to happen to us, and so it is no surprise that so many of us are lonely.

Today is not just about me and Sam but all the people who have made our lives possible and good. Often marriage marks a type of enclosure, the building of a picket fence around a licensed love that is not well shared beyond children, withering the further away it gets from the ideal household. People create their own private worlds of care and affection, based on necessity as much as anything, with modern life leaving little time to nurture more than one truly intimate relationship. But these private worlds often suffocate the energy they were founded on, and I go into this aware that I do not want that kind of life for me and Sam. Love is not a finite thing, and it should beget itself. The more you love the more you are capable of love, and a strong and loving relationship should radiate outwards like a pebble dropped in a lake. It is true that loving Sam has helped me love others better, and the years we have spent together so far have been spent building a community around ourselves that gives us life and joy. In the weeks leading up to this, and in this moment, it is so clear to me that we have that in abundance.

The loving relationships I have been able to build in my life are thanks to the original gift of my parents. I am truly lucky to be able to say that I have never once doubted that I am loved. And I have never been asked by my parents to be anything but myself, and this has led me here today – able to be vulnerable because I am not scared, able to give and able to take.

So today is important because we make public promises to all of you, and I feel bound not by any legal document but by saying these things aloud to the people that create and sustain us. And we will not love each other alone, as much as 'all I need is you' sounds good as a lyric, it isn't real. Sam is substantial, but I need more than him in my life, and he needs more than me, for each of us to be individually happy and for that to translate into us being happy together. So, I also ask today for the help of all of you in our mission to stay together forever: love is powerful but fails when it isn't honest. It's difficult to work with a person, to be committed, to change and to allow yourself to be changed. I don't think life with Sam will always be easy, and I'm grateful to be able to say that I don't doubt there are lots of people in this room who will help us with those challenges when they come.

I will say a few things about Sam. Most people will tell you their partner is not like anyone else. But I'm confident in saying that Sam, to anyone who's met him for more than five minutes, really is a strange and exceptional person. From the day I met him in the anarchist love portal of 56a I felt incredibly drawn to his energy, his enthusiasm for life, his genuine interest in other people, his warm and open smile. What Sam feels he feels strongly, and I've never been so sure of someone's love as I am in this relationship. To make someone feel loved is an achievement, and that is his. He is more capable of change than anyone I've known, and despite what can seem like a strong and unbending attitude he adapts to what life serves him with commitment and die-hard bravery. He isn't an easy person, and in lots of ways our relationship has been the most challenging of my life. But when we run on love together, we find a perfect tension and build an energy that both of us can climb on. And it's fun, and life together is an adventure. Being with Sam makes life feel too short. Like the oaks we are surrounded by today – said to take 300 years to grow, 300 years to mature, and 300 years to die – I feel like I need three lifetimes to get to know this man, to do and see all the things we would like, and then to say goodbye to the world together. But we don't have 900 years here, and so I promise today to Sam to try always to enjoy this life, to be so grateful for the time we get here together, alongside all of you – because it's so obvious that despite being skint we are rich, and I would like to ask Sam today, because I can make requests as well as promises, to live always in a spirit of generosity, and to find the strength of water, which will always overcome the hardness of stone. I want more than anything for you to be the best man you can be, I know you better than perhaps anyone alive today, and I have seen the most incredible and beautiful potential of your soul. I'm here for good, forever, I love you and I always will.



Dorothy Spencer is a poet and the author of See What Life is Like I and II. This speech was delivered at her wedding.

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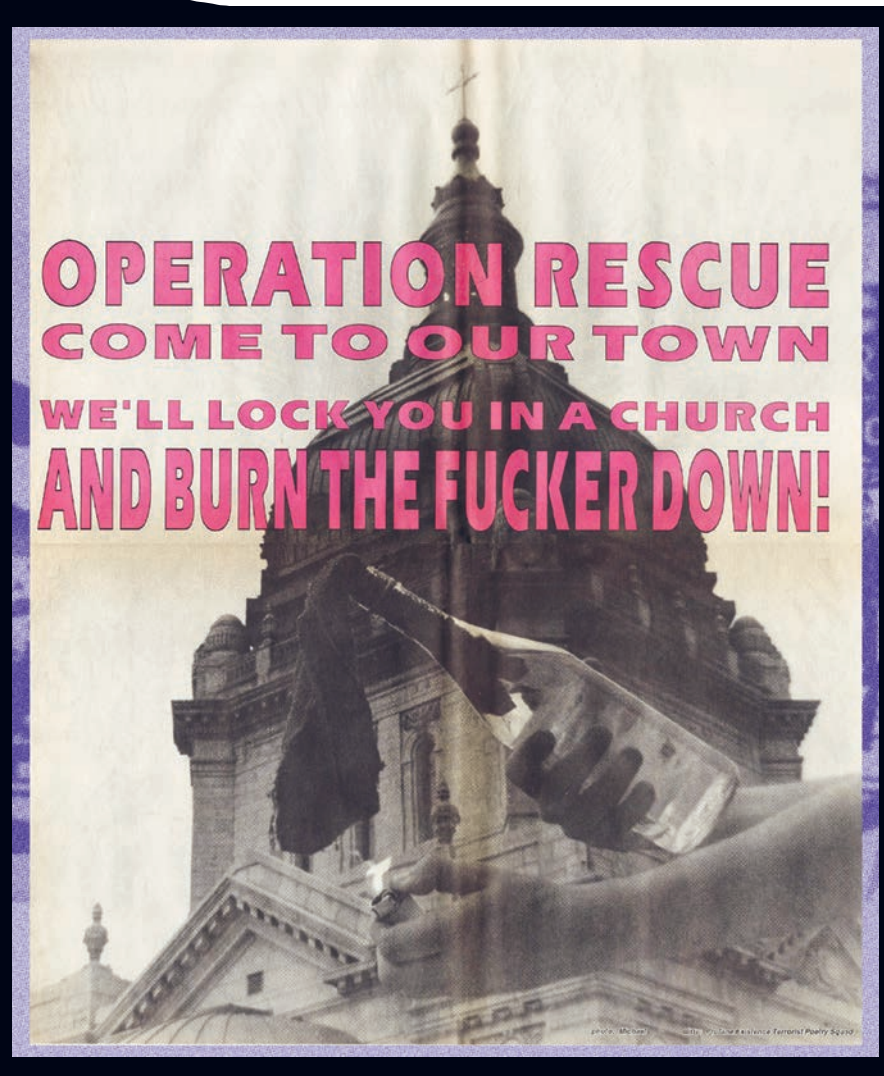
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Anarcha-Feminism, Abortion, and Liberation

By *Spencer Beswick*

The Christian Right waged war on abortion in the United States in the 1980s-1990s. Anti-abortion activists in Operation Rescue took to the streets to shut down clinics, advancing the slogan “if you believe abortion is murder, act like it’s murder.” Operation Rescue was met by a new generation of anarcha-feminists across the country. Anarchists in Love and Rage (1989-1998), the most prominent US anarchist organisation of the era, established grassroots women’s infrastructure and dual power institutions while defending existing abortion clinics from the far right. They promoted direct action and dual power as alternatives to mainstream feminism’s legalistic, state-centered approach. While they often focused on abortion access, they framed it within a broader struggle for reproductive freedom and women’s liberation.

Anarcha-feminist women fought to take control of their bodies and communities. Feminists in the women’s liberation movement had already begun to do this in the 1970s, as cultural feminists in particular established counter-institutions like health clinics, rape crisis centers, and women’s bookstores. Anarcha-feminists in Love and Rage believed that women needed to learn their own bodies and how to take care of themselves and each other. In a 1991 article titled “Laws and Outlaws,” two anonymous Love and Ragers argued that the state, capitalism, and the male medical establishment have attempted throughout the ages to break the autonomous power of women by attacking their control over health and reproduction. The authors linked this history to the present-day medical industry, which denies women their autonomy: “the medical industry is motivated by profit and, like all institutions, is founded on social inequalities: racism, sexism, homophobia. Medicine is something we must take into our own hands. Because how can you smash the state if you’re still walking funny from a visit to the gynecologist’s?” Against the oppressive medical system, the authors urged women to take control over their health. They highlighted the example of midwifery, which “puts power back in the hands of women giving birth; takes away the doctors’ authority, anyone’s authority which isn’t her own.” This approach to women’s health is emblematic of the intersection between feminism and anarchism.



Love and Ragers saw abortion as a question of women’s freedom and autonomy over their own bodies. Even if abortion were legal, women would not have true autonomy and self-determination if they could not control their own reproduction. Thus, anarchists collaborated with existing women’s health clinics, but they also spread the knowledge of how to care for their bodies. An anarchist named Sunshine explained in 1990 how women formed self-help groups in San Francisco in which “women learn the basics of self-cervical exams, do pelvics on each other, and learn how to do menstrual extraction.” This was crucial in developing autonomy and community. It also demonstrated a commitment to reproductive freedom in its fullest sense, rather than a narrow focus on abortion. Sunshine reflected that:

“Being in a self-help group has had a very strong effect on my relationship to my own body, as well as my understanding of women’s bodies in general. Women who go through this process together develop a very strong bond. We are truly taking control of our own bodies: learning our cycles of change, learning what a uterus feels like inside another woman, and becoming intimately familiar with the look and feel of the inside of a woman’s vagina. ... We have learned that if the time comes, we can and will do home abortions. ... We are now able to repulse the state from our uteri because we are gaining the knowledge that enables us to control our own bodies.”

This was a quintessentially anarchist approach to women’s health: not relying on trained clinicians, but rather taking one’s body into one’s own hands – and doing it with friends and comrades.

Love and Rage advocated building feminist dual power institutions and directly attacking the structures of the state, capitalism, and patriarchy. The organisation was clear that “our freedom will not come through the passage of yet more laws but through the building of communities strong enough to defend themselves against anti-choice and anti-queer terror, rape, battery, child abuse and police harassment.” Thus, instead of petitioning the state to protect abortion, “we need to follow the example of projects like the Jane Collective and develop strategies to provide women-controlled health care and abortions.”

This anarcha-feminist infrastructure, they argued, was key to women’s autonomy and laid the foundation for building revolutionary dual power – radical institutions that challenge the hegemony of the state and capitalism. If women controlled their own bodies and institutions, this could provide the basis for a new world in which they did not depend on the patriarchal state to “defend” them.

Anarchists advocated an anti-state perspective within the broader feminist movement. They argued that petitioning the state for reforms was a dead end because, as Love and Rage’s draft political statement put it, patriarchy “operates as a foundation of state power, used to justify a paternalistic relationship between the rulers and the ruled.” The state reproduces at a higher scale the father’s rule over the family, which is “disguised as protection and support” but “often enforced through violence and sexual terrorism.” Anything it gives – including abortion rights – can be taken away, for it is ultimately a tool of sexual and class violence in the hands of the patriarchal, capitalist ruling class. Instead of the liberal feminist slogan “we’re pro-choice and we vote,” anarcha-feminists often marched behind a banner reading “we’re pro-choice and we riot!” Disruptive action challenging patriarchal state power, combined with the establishment of autonomous women’s infrastructure, formed the building blocks of a revolutionary feminist movement. Ultimately, women would only gain freedom by overthrowing the state and constructing a

libertarian socialist society. Love and Rage also confronted anti-abortion militants in the streets. Anarcha-feminists won a major victory in 1993 when Operation Rescue tried to host a training camp in Minneapolis. Multiple anarchist groups including Love and Rage, the Twin Cities Anarchist Federation, and Profane Existence created an ad-hoc organisation with other leftists and feminists called the “Action Coalition for Reproductive Freedom” to confront Operation Rescue. The Profane Existence collective set the tone when they vowed, in a widely distributed poster, that if Operation Rescue came to town, anarchists would “lock [them] in a church and burn the fucker down.” While things did not go quite this far, anarchists physically confronted Operation Rescue, blocked them in their church, vandalised their materials, and ultimately ran them out of town. Although some liberals opposed these tactics, anarchists prevented Operation Rescue from shutting down clinics or even holding meetings in peace. Reflecting on the experience, an anarchist

named Liza wrote that “it seems like no matter how hard activists fight, we rarely win. Except this time we were victorious. We fought against these fascists... We saw the demise of Operation Rescue in the Twin Cities, partly due to our unprecedented aggressiveness and opposition, and partly because their movement is losing, big time.” Militant confrontation of Operation Rescue was a turning point in the development of a new anarchist feminism: feminists went on the attack in order to defend women’s autonomy and build a new world. In their uncompromising struggle for reproductive freedom, anarchists helped build a fighting, revolutionary feminist movement.



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Sleeping on the Job

By Helen Hester

Recent research suggests that napping may be good for your health. A study published in the journal *Sleep Health* this year found a causal link between habitual napping and larger total brain volume. This builds on earlier studies showing that afternoon naps boost the brain's learning capacity; a 2010 study from University of California, Berkeley found that people who enjoyed a post-lunch siesta performed better in tests than those who stayed awake all afternoon.

These apparent links between daytime snoozing and cognitive function have been swiftly seized upon as a way of increasing productivity in workers – boosting attention, sharpening minds, and reducing slip ups. This has led to calls for employers to facilitate napping at work. Articles on the World Economic Forum website, for example, explore the business case for workplace napping, pointing to increased efficiency, improved alertness, and fewer employee errors.

Indeed, business has begun to take this idea seriously, with several big tech companies offering (some) employees the chance to nap in the office. While such privileges are certainly not evenly distributed – the knowledge workers in Nike's US headquarters may have dedicated rooms for sleep and meditation, but that's clearly not the case for those labouring in its garment factories – this is nevertheless an intriguing development. In principle, a move toward napping represents a rare instance of employee's needs and employer's priorities coming together. If you want happy, healthy workers (and reduced costs from turnover and staff sick leave), simply allow your workforce to sleep on the job!

I would like to sound a note of caution, however. This interest in workplace napping falls against a backdrop of chronic overwork. We work too much. Studies show that the average working hours of a male full-time worker in the UK is one of the highest of all European countries, at an average of 43.7 hours a week in 2019. Plus, England has fewer public holidays than any country in the European Union, and the second lowest amount in the world (8 days a year versus Mexico's measly 7). Twenty minutes in the office sleep-pod is hardly adequate compensation for this general culture of long hours and work intensification.

Furthermore, this turn toward sleeping on the job could also form part of a wider injunction to "take care of ourselves," "increase our wellbeing," and "build resilience." The author Emma Dowling calls this the 'self-care fix' – the idea that the ills of the modern world can be managed via things like healthy eating, exercise, and sleep hygiene. This insistence on self-care is, of course, a handy way of presenting systemic issues as individual failings. If you're feeling rundown, don't blame mass overwork in a 24/7 culture. Instead, get a blue light filter, eat more kale, and try yoga before bedtime. Seize the opportunity to maximize your downtime like the girl-boss you are!

More fundamentally, though, I object to the very framing of shut-eye as a productivity tool. It strikes me as telling that, in these discussions, the supposed purpose of sleep, its *raison d'être*, is to make us better employees and more useful tools for capital. There is a certain strategic utility to this kind of productivity talk, of course – it gives rest-hungry workers a hard-headed rationale for napping, allowing them to better make the case to their bosses – but it's a capitulation to a certain logic, nevertheless. The work ethic wins again; even rest itself is immediately put to work.

This is something we need to bear in mind when it comes to other forms of anti-work activism, too. Take the recent surge of advocacy for working time reduction. This is an exciting development, given that a shorter working week has substantial progressive potential. Today's campaigns are a reactivation of a historic transformative demand of working-class movements the world over; the opportunity to work less would no doubt be particularly welcomed by those who are most time poor (namely, those who are not rich, white, cis, male, healthy, able-bodied and dependent-free citizens of a recognised polity).

These campaigns, however, often adopt a similar logic to calls for workplace napping. That is, they couch their demands in employer-friendly terms, stressing that any reduction in working time will be offset by increases in productivity. Benefits for companies include better worker retention, reduced staff absences, and employee-led efficiency savings. There is nothing for bosses to be afraid of.

Again, there are very good reasons why we might choose to make the case for working time reduction in this way. After all, a four-day-week asks for a reduction in work with no loss in pay; pointing to potential productivity gains offers a suitable justification, and serves as a way to bring employers (and indeed, the wider public) on board.

However, we must never lose sight of the fact that, from our point of view, productivity gains are not the point of working time reduction. We are not pushing for the shortening of the working week for the sake of employers. Indeed, if we think about the issue on these terms, we lay ourselves open to calls for people to work harder and faster, to do more in less time. This kind of squeeze cannot be allowed to worm its way into ideas around working time reduction. People should be working fewer hours and therefore doing less work, not being pressured to cram more labour into a tighter timeframe.

Rather than thinking about being productive, then, we should understand challenges to long-hours work culture as an effort to extend people's free time, with all the increased and renewed opportunities for human flourishing that such an extension might mean. Less work can mean greater community and civic engagement, more time with friends, more relaxation, more adventure, more hedonism – not just more profits. Rather than lending credence to a society that puts rest to work, we must instead fight for a world that puts work to rest.

Helen Hester is Associate Professor of Media and Communication at the University of West London, UK. She is author of *Beyond Explicit: Pornography and the Displacement of Sex* (2014), *Xenofeminism* (2018), and *After Work: The Politics of Free Time* (2020, with Nick Srnicek).



Demolishing the Bastille

By Morgan Trowland

What on Earth does that infamous French prison have to do with the price of fish in 2023? And why is your fate bound up in its demolition? To explain, I first need to recount a little story. Thankfully, I've got plenty of time to tell stories, because I'm still in prison for stringing up a Just Stop Oil (JSO) banner over the M25 on the QE2 bridge last October; it's these small blessings in life which keep us going.

In a delightful stroke of synchronicity, a few weeks ago I happened to be reading Thomas Paine's Rights of Man on the same day that JSO activists peacefully stormed the stage of Les Miserables in the West End of London. While 21st century rebels were disrupting actors playing 18th century rebels, I was reading about the OG Parisians in Paine's account of a pivotal moment in the French Revolution in 1789. To recount the bare bones: that July, a new form of government, the National Assembly, had met at the King's palace of Versailles, nearby Paris. Some plotting aristocrats had assembled an army of 30,000 soldiers, including foreign mercenaries, and surrounded the palace. The plotters intended to arrest all the members of the Assembly and put them in prison – in the Bastille – thus re-establishing the tyranny of absolute monarchy. Thankfully, people in Paris got wind of this plot, and at first were dismayed, knowing that they could not fight such a huge professional army; however, they quickly saw the weak point: the Bastille stood in the centre of Paris, comparatively vulnerable. So those Parisian rebels promptly captured it, and demolished it. When the plotting Dukes and Barons at Versailles heard that their precious prison was no more, they realised they'd be foiled; some threw away their curly white wigs and donned servants' clothes to gallop off in disguise, hoping to out-run the news. That scene always warmed the cockles of my heart.

What are the parallels between then and now? I can see three: firstly, those who demolished the Bastille (the Demolition Wo/man) recognised that there was no hope in waiting for a 'nicer' King to come along, that the old form of government was utterly unfit for the new era. If you can watch an hour of Parliament TV and think 'this is fine' (with the cartoon dog, and coffee mug, and flames) then perhaps this article is not for you. Secondly, the Demolition Wo/man saw a new form of government waiting in the wings. Waiting in the wings today is participatory

democracy (or direct democracy): ordinary people doin' it for themselves – governance, that is. One form of this is citizens' assemblies, which have begun to mushroom across various countries in recent years; these are randomly selected groups of citizens, like a jury, brought together to decide a thorny policy question. It turns out that ordinary people can rise, as a collective mind, to become very wise when they are given the responsibility. Daily Express readers love their children, too. However, climbing a bridge doesn't qualify me to lecture you about democracy, so take a look for yourself and decide what method of governance might steer us through the deadly mess we're in.

Whatever that new form is, the old regime will do its damndest to stop it, because a powerful elite do very well under this old regime. This brings me to the third parallel: the Demolition Wo/man recognised that the Bastille was the stick used to beat them back. Break the stick and progress surges forward. Sadly, the Bastille, the stick, is still with us – prison. Although today this 'stick' is nearly all bark and very little bite (the UK prison system has the capacity to imprison just 0.3% of men and 0.01% of women, and typically almost none of that capacity is spare) fear of the stick is the true power.

So how do we demolish our Bastille? Or break the stick? Please don't dash up to Pentonville with a floppy French hat and a sledgehammer (seriously, don't do that). The stick is fear, so demolish the fear and the stick becomes a wet noodle. What is most frightening? The unknown and violence. For me, the reality of prison has been far less frightening than my pre-conception, founded mostly on ignorance, and TV and film. Most importantly, I've personally not felt any menace or threat of violence. On the contrary, I've experienced a surprisingly amicable atmosphere, perhaps because half of the guards are women (do you see that on TV?); by and large the prisoners I've been around have been respectful and considerate, generally polite; far more so than, say, high school students (the other institution that most of us have been inmates of). On the practical side: I have my own cell, with an ensuite bathroom, which receives afternoon and evening sun, a landline phone and a desk. During weekdays I do very relaxing gardening work or attend philosophy classes delivered by university professors. During weekends, I'm usually found by the flower beds memorising my favourite classic poems, or writing

my own. Obviously, we get locked up overnight, but I deal with it by imagining I'm living in a Zen monastery. The time can be used for learning and creative growth. The idea that these conditions are more frightening than hot-house Earth is farcical.

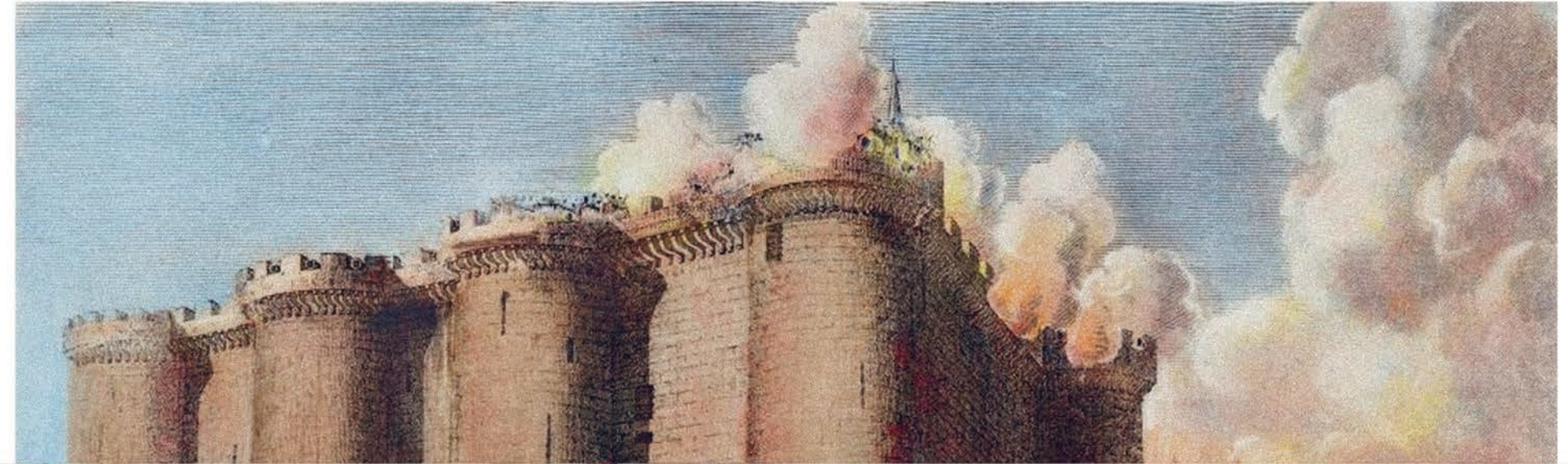
I don't want to white-wash the fact that prison deeply damages all inmates. It takes many of our most damaged people, damages them more, and every day releases them to walk alongside you. Prison is self-harm on a societal scale, so perhaps this demolition is a beautiful task; we begin it to stop the old regime from marching us deeper into climate and ecological collapse, but in the same stroke we have to confront our self-hatred, in its institutional form, and pull apart prisons.

How can you help me demolish the fear of prison? There are two ways, one gentle and one scary. The gentle you are already doing: learn and share the stories of actual prisoners. The scary way is to demonstrate by your actions that fear does not control you; one way to do that is by taking action with Just Stop Oil.



Morgan Trowland is currently serving 18 months in prison for climbing the Dartford crossing as a protest with Just Stop Oil.

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VENDORS

Name: Jeff

📍 Location: Bristol



Photos: Emil Lombardo

How did you start selling DOPE magazine?

I started selling the magazine probably a couple of years ago. You know, the staff at People's Republic of Stoke Croft (PRSC) is good, they are loving and caring, and help people on the street, they give us clothes, tents, sleeping bags and everything. And they gave me and others the magazine to sell. It's helping a lot, you know? If I sell the magazine I can eat.

Is it hard to sell an anarchist newspaper?

Some people love it, some people don't love it. I'm not a reader, but you know what? I get the magazines and I sell them. People love them. I sell The Big Issue too. People would buy anything from me, because they love me, you know? I sell the paper but it's not all about the money. Some people sell the magazine just to get the money, and once they get it they are gone. They don't want to know anybody. Do you see me? I talk to my people, my customers, every day. And I deal with everybody, white, black, brown, young, old. Even if you can't please all of them. Some people want DOPE magazine, some people want The Big Issue and some people want to see Jeffrey because Jeffrey is loving and caring. I'm unique, you know?

What do you think your clients love the most about you?

I love to move and dance around, and sing, you know? People love to see me active and in good spirit. When you are spreading love, and talking to everybody, people support you. If you want money alone, and you don't want to know people, people won't buy from you. You have to love people because it's not all about the money. Here people worry if they don't see me on the streets. We look after each other; sometimes people cry at me and I cry at people, and it's great. When people call for you you know they love and care for you. And I love Stokes Croft and the street. I love to be up there and see people and witness adventurous things. It's amazing.

What makes you unique?

The Lord sent me here for a purpose and a reason, to get here and talk to every nation. No people can want to be like me. If you see me out in the streets, I'ma do like me, you know? Being like me is only for me. With this, I mean that you need to be genuine, that if you do something, you have to mean it. It has to come from the bottom of your heart. Love is the key to everything. And when you got love you can conquer the world. Love is the answer and love is the key. I judge no one, don't look upon no one, no matter what they do.



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