

CLASS WAR

BRITAIN'S UNRULIEST TABLOID IS BACK!

MAY 2017

£1



BILLY KNOX

THE WORLD OF

CLASS WAR

YOU know what, folks? I'm tired of hearing about the class struggle. I'm done with struggling. I'm done with A-to-B marches that achieve fuck all. What do they care if we ponce about and shout a bit? The state can say they've allowed us our democratic right to protest and people can go home feeling they've 'done their bit' when the reality is sod all changes and the government carry on regardless. It's time we moved from pointless protest to resistance. Talk is cheap and actions speak louder than words.

Our class is under direct attack from the Tory scum. People are dying! This is no longer a struggle - it's a fucking war and we need to start fighting back. The attacks on society's most vulnerable are relentless. They don't even try to hide it any more. The rich are becoming super-rich while the poor are being shafted - being penalised, vilified, sanctioned, uprooted, socially cleansed and attacked everywhere.

The NHS is slowly being privatised and huge swathes being sold off to the likes of Richard 'nice guy' Branson. The gentrification of whole communities goes on apace with little opposition or resistance. Property developers sit down to ten-grand-a-table awards parties while working-class estates and areas are decimated and the heart ripped from them to be replaced by soulless money wankers that need ten coffee shops instead of a local pub. They don't know or care what community means.

Labour offer us Jeremy Corbyn as the alternative to this Tory nightmare. But the truth is, while he's a nice bloke with the backing of the unions, he just doesn't appeal to the working class and is about as popular as piles! Do we really believe the institutions that oppress us would change under a Labour government in the extremely unlikely event of them ever gaining power? We have years of Tory rule ahead and we need action now, not promises of a future that will probably never materialise. Let's not forget that a lot of council evictions and estate demolitions are happening right now under Labour-run councils.

Farage and UKIP have made a big enough impact to force the referendum and we are now out of the EU. The swing to the right all over Europe is very worrying but was predicted by many years ago. Brexit though has left many of our European friends who have settled here fearful and unsure about their future - and who can blame them, as the politics turn ever further to the right? They have every reason to be scared.

The country is fucked, the world is fucked. President Trump - need we say more? We might not have the answers or the all the solutions - but we sure as hell ain't gonna sit by and do nothing. People need to start getting off their arses and out from behind their keyboards and get active and angry again. The workplace, the streets, the avenues where the idle rich bask in the ill-gotten gains made from the sweat off our backs - these need to become our battlegrounds. This is Class War - and as long as they keep us divided and fighting among ourselves by it identity politics, intersectionalist or sectarian shite, they will win. We have to come together and fight back!

NO WAR BUT THE CLASS WAR!

- The Editor

HOROSCOPES FOR HIPSTERS



ARIES You're thinking of opening a beard-trimming business in your local Boxpark. Don't fucking try it or you'll find your kidney on Ebay.

TAURUS With the sun shining out of Uranus, more business opportunities open up for you in areas that used to have social housing and traditional pubs. But you don't see the connection, you selfish prick.

GEMINI, THE TWINS Open any more fucking cereal cafés and you'll get a Fuck Parade trampling on your smug, designer-bearded face.

CANCER You'll carry on eating away at our communities if we don't fucking put an end to you. You'll find you need to keep looking behind you on dark nights. And watch your step down deserted alleyways.

LEO The moon in Jupiter shows that now is a good time for a shave.

Don't stop at the beard. Try the skin too. Use a cut-throat.

VIRGO You are looking for business opportunities that will delight the middle class and be long-lasting. You'll be long-lasting when you find yourself encased in concrete and an integral part of the foundations for a new block of luxury flats.

LIBRA You'll think life's unfair because you can only charge 15 quid a bottle for your home brew. We'll add balance to your life though by showing you just how unfair it can get if you don't fuck off.

SCORPIO A troubling time as Mars and Mercury align causing you to doubt your instincts. Maybe the people of Dalston don't want your artisanal bread and gentleman's chutney service, you dickhead.

SAGITTARIUS Danger is a recurring theme in your chart at the moment. And it will be until you get your yuppie arse out of our community and stop spoiling everything.

CAPRICORN You are feeling a little stubborn and don't want to compromise on your lifestyle choices. Let us help you. A 30-minute chat in a pub car park or on some waste ground should help you make better decisions.

AQUARIUS I bet you think it's your age: the Age of the Hipster. Don't get too settled. We won't be satisfied until the last of you has been hung with the entrails of a yuppie estate agent.

PISCES, THE FISH Get in the fucking sea - it's where you belong, you cunt.

WELCOME BACK!

Congratulatory messages from our adoring fan base

'So good you're back, Class War - without you, life has been a tedium of A-to-B marches and tired old lefty rhetoric by the same old recycled humourless has-beens. Kronstadt!

Lindsey German & John Rees, Trot Bores

'Welcome back, Class War - I love your humour, and that banner telling me to fuck off back to Oxford had me creased up with laughter! Your

wit cuts through the liberal lefty bullshit - good luck!'

Owen Jones, Reformist Twat

'Hello Class War - I'm so pleased to hear your newspaper is back out on the streets again. I do hope that your sales in London aren't too thin on the ground as the poor working class are being socially cleansed out of our fine city by my good self.'

Patrik Schumacher, Fascist Architect

'Dear Class War, we are pleased to hear you are in print again. Thank you for highlighting the appalling way we were treating our catering staff at Harrods. We have now beheaded them all.'

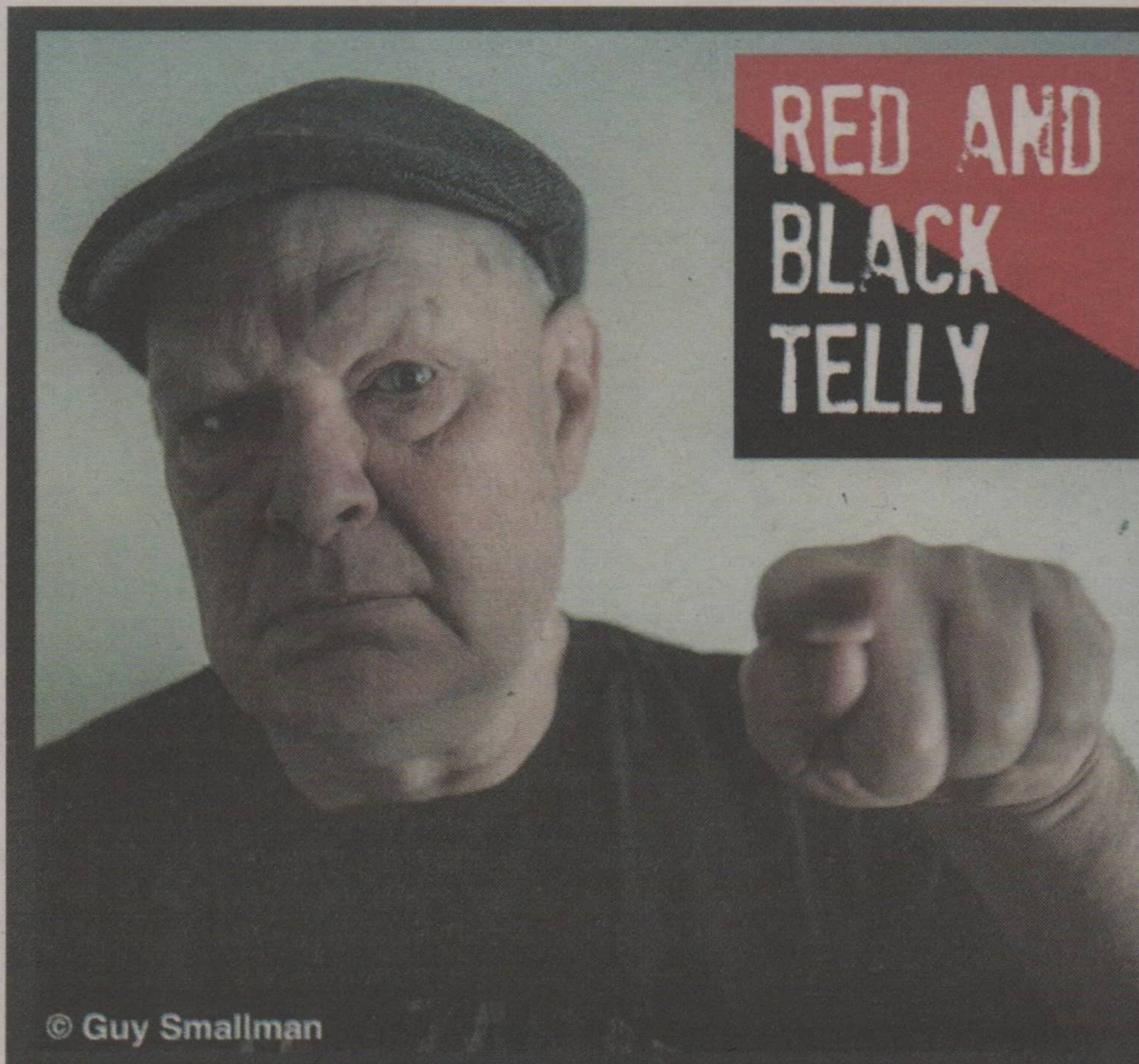
The Qatari Royal Family

'I am so pleased to hear that Class War will be back on the streets. Your Women's Death Brigade protesting at the Festival Hall made me wake up and realise I'm a privileged middle-class woman who hasn't got a fucking clue about the struggles of working women. So next year the Women of the World Festival is going to be only for privileged middle-class women so we don't cause offence to those not in the same boat.'

Jude Kelly, Southbank Centre

'Good to see your paper is coming back. Thanks to you, my misogynist Jack The Ripper Museum is having to rip down its illegal fascia - and I thank you for highlighting the fact that I'm a sociopathic cunt.'

Mark Palmer-Edgecumbe, Owner, Jack The Ripper Museum



© Guy Smallman

EVERY WEEK
THE HARD-HITTING
ANTI-AUTHORITY
VIDCAST FROM
**MARTIN
WRIGHT**
CHECK IT OUT

[youtube.com/user/
RedAndBlackTelly](https://youtube.com/user/RedAndBlackTelly)

UP YOURS, YER MAJESTY!



ANAL PENETRATE BELGRAVIA

SQUATTING MASTERMINDS SEIZE MILLIONAIRE MANSIONS

IN the first three months of this year, the AUTONOMOUS NATION of ANARCHIST LIBERTARIANS (ANAL) occupied a series of grand houses in the toff heartlands of SW1, edging ever closer to Buckingham Palace as they highlighted the parallel rise in empty properties and people sleeping on the street. First taking Eaton Square, then Grosvenor Gardens, they ended up on the Queen's doorstep at Buckingham Gate – until an eviction notice was rushed through the High Court at a suspiciously accelerated rate. Currently at work in Hackney under the banner of the ORDER of the RAMPAGING ANARCHIST LUNATICS (ORAL), here is an exclusive missive from the Class War newspaper from the squatting legends.

Wheezing, sneezing, in the fucking freezing, Crackheads sprawled out on concrete beds, In plain sight, yet not seen in the light, Drowning in a stream of hot urine

London workers walk on by. Risk getting stabbed on a London slab, Behind a church is where the dead lurch, Fuck it, get on the chronic, become an alcoholic, No money, no family, in Spice alleyway

Life's a drag smoking yesterday's fag, Get warm tea and a biscuit if I get nicked So put me in a cell, cell, cell I will sleep well, well, well

London workers walk on by... murmuring:

'Get a job.' All I want is a few bob. 'The country is in debt.' Do you want a bet?

'There isn't enough homes.' Only thousands of empty ones.

'They'll just buy crack.' I fucking will – and smack.

Yeah, and wouldn't you?

A London worker gives me a McDonald's burger.

Yet swarming around me, Apparently a society of opportunity That creates iPhones and really cool drones, Flatscreen TVs – just hand in ya CV.

And don't forget all those affordable and luxury homes.

But I'm too fit for benefits, Too berserk to work But not psychopathic So I know I won't make it Yo, Labour won't save ya

I don't want to create The homeless state The poor estates, The wars. The hate

So yeah, I found a crew In a public loo It's called ANAL And we...

Get into really, really plush, fuck-off houses worth millions of pounds, let in all our mates, let in all the druggies, criminals, the homeless, the reckless, babies and pitbulls – and we all plan how we're gonna throw that bitch off the throne and get our mates through the palace gates



Occupying the avenues where the wealthy live. Photo: Lolly OI

Try ya luck, rob Starbucks, Or not... or not?

Are you comfortable Sitting behind your office table

Becoming mentally unstable

• Why not like our Facebook page – we love ORAL! [facebook.com/ORAL23](https://www.facebook.com/ORAL23)

COMPO JACKPOT BAROMETER

Cops pay out big-time for wrongful arrests

Tom R

Arrested under Section Five
Detained 18 hours
CPS dropped case before trial
£9,200

Betty L

Arrested for arson
Detained 12 hours
Judge dismisses case to avoid police perjury
£7,000

Paul T

Arrested for assaulting police officer
Detained 23 hours and refused meds
CPS dropped case before trial
£5,000

TIMES are hard and we need every penny we can get. So why not get the rozzers to help out? Unfortunately first you need to get arrested and then avoid conviction for whatever they're trying to fit you up for. Even then you aren't guaranteed money as you must show on balance of probabilities that the police behaved unlawfully. Fortunately the filth do that a lot – it's how they got the name.

What's on the table?

People sue for two main types of thing: false imprisonment and malicious prosecution.

Payouts depend on how long you are held. A couple of hours is worth around £1,500 to an arrestee with no previous convictions, rising to about £4,500 for 24 hours. There may be aggravated damages for especially bad treatment and exemplary damages to highlight police misconduct. Malicious prosecution payments start at around £2,500 for a case abandoned early, rising to £12,000 for a case going to a crown court trial two years later.

The Met pays out on average £1.5 million a year in compensation to people they've abused. And this year has been a bumper one for activists, with payouts given or forthcoming for the 179 people falsely arrested for the Olympic Critical Mass bike ride and 285 from the 2013 Tower Hamlets anti-fascist demo. ANDY MEINKE

Have you been treated like shit by the filth? You've got six years after the incident to make a claim – so have a word with our list of recommended lawyers to see if you can get your paws on some filthy lucre: netpol.org/civil-solicitors/

For prisoner support, see Anarchist Black Cross: brightonabc.org.uk; bristolabc.wordpress.com; leedsabc.org



GET TOFF MOI LAND!

CONOR MACLEOD on why sabotaging hunts still matters

THE Hunt Saboteurs Association was founded in 1963 and has since become one of the longest serving direct action groups. You'd think that because fox hunting with hounds was made illegal that we'd no longer be needed. In fact, we're more active than ever.

The Hunting Act 2004 made hunting live quarry with hounds illegal. But of course, if you're a pompous twat that likes to ride around the countryside in silly red coats you can do whatever you like. Well, until the sabs show up that is!

Before the ban, the Countryside Alliance tweed brigade pledged 'civil disobedience' if it came into force. They even encouraged hunts to sign a declaration to carry on hunting as usual – but as soon as they found a loophole, this list and declaration quickly disappeared. Funny that! Using the false alibi that is 'trail hunting', hunt scum still routinely get their kicks by tearing innocent animals to pieces. Hunters routinely claim that hounds are just following a pre-laid scent and that any kill or chase is 'accidental' – but of course that's just utter bollocks.

How do we sabotage fox hunts?

Usually you can put them off illegally hunting by simply turning up and filming. They know that if they do anything dodgy then that footage is going everywhere!

If hounds do pick up the scent of a fox we use citronella to mask the

scent and – much to the annoyance of the hunt – we can use horn and voice calls to take the entire pack of hounds and allow the fox to run free (and give the hounds some much needed attention, because the hunt couldn't give a shit about their well-being!).

The past few years have seen a surge in hunt violence, illegal hunting and, of course, police bias as they act as the hunts' very own private security. We've seen police drive slowly in front of sabs to help the hunt get away, give out ridiculous dispersal orders and quite literally arrest sabs for saving lives!

The police became so threatened that we were showing them up by doing their jobs for them that in came Section 68 of the Criminal Justice and Public Order Act: aggravated trespass. Even after witnessing hounds chasing a fox, the typical response you'd get from a copper is: 'I saw nuffink... Wait – ARE YOU TRESPASSING? YOU'RE NICKED!'

Often when confronted by vast amounts of video evidence of illegal hunting and hunt violence, the hunting community will completely ignore this and hit back with the same old rhetoric about trespass. To them, property is more valuable than life – and that says it all.

It's clear that our efforts to disrupt these wildlife killers is having an impact as more hunts



Hunt sab Ollie Richmond was brutally attacked on a hunt in February

are now hiring in stewards to attack sabs. Sabs have been left with fractured skulls, broken ribs and cracked jaws among a whole host of other serious assaults... Reasonable force? Is it bollocks! The countryside has become a bloody battlefield. When they can't get their kick out of torturing wildlife, they turn their aggression towards the sabs. If they think this will deter us they couldn't be more wrong – an attack on one is an attack on us all.

A few months ago I witnessed the most horrific kill I've seen to date by the Old Surrey Berstow and West Kent hunt (supported by that fascist prick Nigel Farage) – we were seconds too late, and that's why more sabs are needed to stop these bloodthirsty bastards from killing off our beautiful wildlife. They're still hunting – so we're still sabbing!
• **Join the action out in the field – contact the HSA at www.huntsabs.org.uk**

THE SHITE ON THE RIGHT

BENNY GOLDSTEIN rounds up the latest fuckwittery from the master race

A RISING tide might lift all boats, but the rising tide of nationalism and racism which helped make Brexit and Trump a reality isn't helping the British far-right. They're as fucked as ever, whatever they might think.

This is partly because they're lacking a leader – or 'Führer', as they like to call them. Former BNP leader Nick Griffin has announced he is going to flee to eastern Europe, presumably to steal jobs or to live off the generosity of the Hungarian welfare state. Cocaine dealer turned ex-EDL leader Tommy Robinson is more interested in hanging out with yuppies in Chelsea wine bars than returning to the EDL. Why's that, we wonder?

So the search for a new leader on the far-right is on. Fascists have even been holding secret meetings in Soho pubs to discuss who could be the leader for a new unified British far-right. They're trying to copy what happened when a load of shitty little far-right groups came together to form the National Front in the 1960s. Not everybody experienced the Summer of Love.

The man selected as a potential leader by the last secret meeting will surprise readers. It was none other than former Youth BNP leader Mark Collett. Yes, the same Mark Collett who was famously reduced to tears by Leeds neo-Nazi and rimjob obsessive Tony White. While White has packed in the Nazism and found God since then, Collett has just got more Nazi. To boost his profile on the far-right Collett was invited to lead workshops at a secret neo-Nazi training camp in March. Organised by Northampton-based failed financial adviser Larry Nunn, the camp was a disaster. Only a dozen fascists turned up – and one of them was an undercover reporter for ITV.

Collett has taken to YouTube and social media where he shares his thoughts on topical issues to the tiny audience who follow him. Watching him trying to use alt-right terms and memes, to appeal to a new generations of far-right dickheads, is like watching your dad dancing at a wedding.

Another reason the far-right are struggling is because so many of their key street

activists were given lengthy prison sentences for Dover. South East Alliance leader Paul Prodromou's shockingly poor planning led to a mob of fascists taking part in five hours of street fighting with anti-fascists. Nearly all the fascists got jailed. While that was happening in the coastal town, just up the motorway in Maidstone the Chelsea Headhunters were getting smashed all over a service station by a load of Goldsmiths students. We thought the Greek Cypriot's attempt to lead the far-right ended in December 2014 when he led a bungled assault on the Clapton Ultras in Southend. Prodromou shat himself in a ditch after passing out and being battered with bricks by anti-fascists while he was unconscious on the floor.

Prodromou had been being backed by ginger Essex dork Kevin Layzell who wrote his speeches. Layzell is well known in far-right circles for inviting a young woman home after a night out, then ignoring her advances to play a Lord of the Rings computer game while she watched.

Behind the attempts to find a leader and unify the far-right is plumber Jez

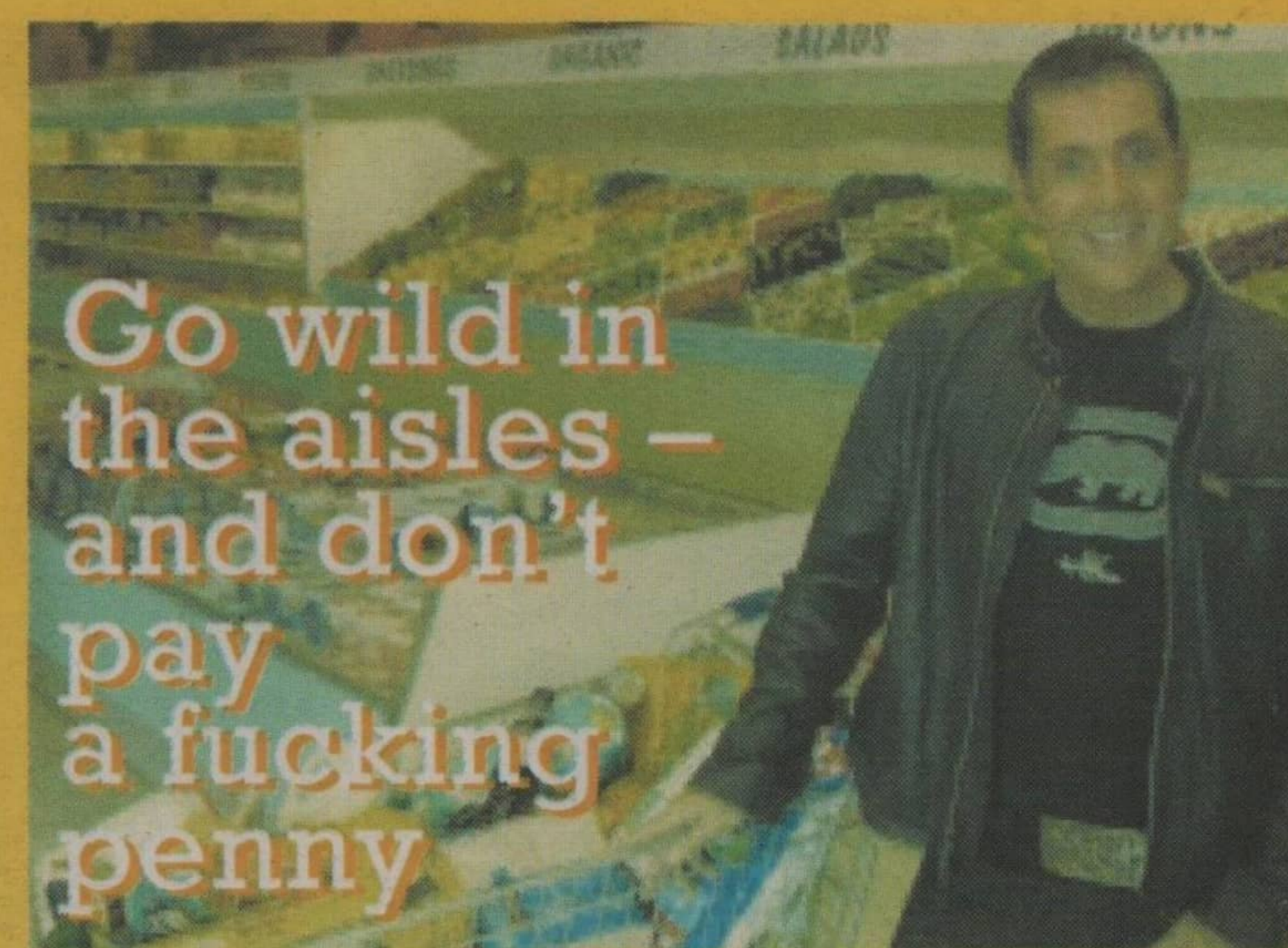
Turner, the main organiser of the London Forum neo-Nazi meetings network. One aged Nazi to have popped back up around the Forum network is ex-NF leader Martin Webster. Turner joined the NF as a teenager around the time Webster was inviting teenage recruits, including a young Nick Griffin, over to his home where he plied them with alcohol. Maybe Turner and Webster are closer than we might think?

The expansion of the Forum network hasn't been plain sailing. In January a Bristol meeting was smashed by anti-fascists. Portsmouth-based fascist Adrian Romilly told a local rag that the anti-fascists looked like a 'special forces unit' who gave the 'impression they'd done this sort of thing before'. Romilly added: 'Their silence, dress and general "professionalism" added to the sense of menace.' Top work, comrades!

• If you want to get involved in the fight against the fascists, contact the Anti-Fascist Network at www.antifascistnetwork.org. There are other organisations out there, but mostly they're shit!



The fash get seen off at Dover – protected by their friends the filth. Photo: Guy Smallman



THE JOY OF SHOPLIFTING

MONEY too tight to mention? Finding it hard to pay the bills and make ends meet? If you're on minimum wage or work zero-hour contracts or trying to survive on your Theresa May cheque every other week, then we recommend shoplifting! We don't need to tell you the price of food has gone through the fucking roof. The greedy bastard manufacturers are knocking out smaller portions for bigger bucks, taking us all for mugs while laughing all the way to the bank.

It's the same story with the cost of everything soaring as we struggle from one pay cheque to the next, never having quite enough to make our lives more than a wage slave existence. There are still a few boozers where you can grab a bit of knock-off gear, but fuck it! Why not help yourself and join the growing legion of shoplifters that are fed up of struggling and have decided a bit of wealth distribution is right up their quality street.

Shoplifting has been about since... well, shops have been about. We at Class War are not suggesting you ply your trade in the smaller local shops (unless of course it's some poncey hipster-run boutique or similar, in which case fill your boots or bags). The big supermarkets make millions in profit and budget for losses to shoplifting. They expect it! Don't be put off by any moralistic shite about what's right and wrong. Thou shalt not steal? Fuck that bollox. It's OK for them to rip us off though, is it? Help yourself to help yourself.

Some things to know before deciding on a trip to the shops. Don't be worried about barcodes – they don't set off any alarms. 'Security protected' stickers on items can simply be torn off and tossed behind a shelf. The seriously pricey stuff has bigger security tags and call for a bit more imagination. Teeth, scissors or a small pair of pliers will usually take care of these. Many stores have blind spots for cameras. Keep your wits about you and act naturally, and it's a piece of piss to stash stuff inside a jacket etc.

My personal favourite is the new self-checkouts. Thank you very much, I think I will! I've managed to not scan many big-money items, leaving them aside or by your feet then simply sticking them in the bag once you've paid for the cheaper stuff. If you're feeling especially brave, try this one. Pretend you've started scanning stuff, then go through the motions of swiping your card and just walk out with bags full of free shopping. I've done this several times with no bother. If it's very busy or there are no staff manning the checkouts, they won't notice. And if the camera person is ogling the area, they'll just see someone scanning the goods and looking like they've paid. It's all about looking normal and confident.

As for store security, I feel a lot more confident if I see the security camera panel is unattended. It means no one is monitoring them. You may get plain-clothes security in some of the bigger stores but again watch for body language and stay alert. Security are also on shite wages and don't get paid enough to be a hero. You'll always get the odd jobsworth but a lot of guards' hearts are just not in it. Check the body language again. The one time I was caught I was simply banned from the store. No police involvement. This is common. The police usually have better things to do than deal with someone who has just nicked their lunch or a few quids' worth of shopping.

So good luck – and be a happy shopper!

NICK DELODOFVIDT

POSH TWAT CORNER



JAMES BLUNT

TO James Hillier Blount, son of Colonel Charles Blount, husband to the granddaughter of the Eighth Duke of Wellington: ARE YOU HAVING A FUCKING LAUGH? Not only are you delusional but it's more sinister than that: you're a liar. You think being born into privilege with money and status doesn't have advantages. Really? So you made it big in the music business due to talent and hard work? I might be poor but I'm not an imbecile, you arrogant fool. I suppose having a pal who's good friends with Elton John didn't help your career – oh, wait a minute, you supported Elton John on his tour, what a bloody weird coincidence. When you started out on your musical adventure, you lived with Carrie Fisher the famous Hollywood actress – but that had nothing to do with your stupid watery face being on every major American TV network. 'Fisher was very supportive of Blunt's aspirations...'

Of course it's harder for the working class/poor to get into the music industry. See, when you want a guitar, do you think people just go and pick one from the fucking guitar tree? You probably don't know how expensive guitars are, cos ironically the more rich and famous you are in the music biz the more freebies you get; you probably have a warehouse full of gear that cost you fuck all. It costs a lot of money to hire rehearsal space, wanker, but you had the use of Carrie's bathroom to record your first single. Then there's the problem of travelling to practice or gigs – you try going on a bus* in Glasgow with an expensive guitar, with the fear of getting mugged and your face chibbed. (*A bus is a large communal vehicle that plebs get around in.) I knew a guy who swapped his old car for a decent second-hand guitar and then pawned it when he was skint to buy his son a birthday present. He never managed to get the cash together to redeem it. He was an excellent musician but he never had a hope... or a guitar.

When you were a teenager and you were getting taught the violin and piano, I was stripping old derelict houses for copper, brass and lead pipes so I could get enough off the scrapper for a bottle of cider and a fish supper. I wanted to work in the zoo but it was the other side of Glasgow and the careers officer told me not to waste my time cos the bus fare would take up most of the (YOP) 'wage', known today as workfare. Did you get inspired when you watched MTV in the games room? Well, proles like me had a meter on the back of their hired TV that would conk

out if you didn't keep topping it up with 50 pences. So if my parents were skint (which was a lot, since my da was a mostly unemployed alcoholic), there'd be no TV. Kind of pay-per-view, Seventies style – funny, eh? Naw mate it wasn't, it was embarrassing, humiliating and stigmatising.

You people make me sick with your insulting suggestions on how the poor should live and spend their money when all the things you take for granted use up of most of our income. You think you're a big tough guy and you've slumped it cos you were in the army, but actually it's only because you're a shitebag and didn't dare break the family tradition of military service that goes back to the 10th century. And you did what all toffs do: made sure you got a good public-school education behind you before embarking on your jolly into the music biz, just in case it went tits up and you had to ask one of the old Harrow boys to get you something cushy in the financial sector. You can have a tantrum and write open letters to newspapers knowing that your insulting and ill-informed opinions will be heard by millions. But no one listens to ordinary people like me – we don't have a voice, just an endless struggle to survive, living on our nerves from week to week, worrying about our children's future. Do you think our children dream of growing up and working in Tesco most of their precious hours? Maybe those young people that serve you wanted to be in a band and live off their art. There's masses of poor musicians who'll never get the opportunities you had because they're driving your taxi, or being your waiter, or sitting behind a counter all day trying to make ends meet.

I'm not writing this cos I'm working class and proud. I'm not even working. I'm a scrounger, a skiver, I'm the undeserving poor, I'm not working hard and doing the right thing – well, that's according to this fascist government and the right-wing press. In reality I'm a full-time unpaid carer, a granny, and working hard to fight the cuts. You see, being poor isn't character-building, it's character-destroying, it's not a badge of honour, it's a badge of stigma...

If you see me in the street, look away

Cos I don't want to catch you looking at me, Mr Clean

Cos I hate you and your wife

And if I get the chance I'll fuck up your life

Mr Clean, Mr Clean

Is that seen! – Paul Weller

JANICE DICK

GET VOCAL DOWN YOUR LOCAL

It's your pub – use it or lose it

NOW we at Class War love a wee drinkie down the rub a dub dub. Before and after we head into battle with the scum that make our lives a daily misery, we can be found propping up the bar oiling the old liver and making merry with a sing-song or a lively debate. In fact many of our dastardly deeds have come from a decent session in the boozier. So as you can imagine, the news that pubs are closing down faster than a pop-up shop selling authentic Prince Philip merchandise has left us somewhat disturbed.

Everywhere around the country, the heart of the community is being torn down, left empty or in some cases revamped into some gentrified shithole for 'new' people who have moved into the 'regenerated' area – usually turning a once-vibrant meeting place for locals into some soulless fucking theme bar devoid of any character and full of wankers glued to their laptops drinking craft beer at five quid a pop.

In most towns the small pubs are often soon replaced with a Wetherspoons or a JJ something-or-other chain pub that while cheap are again usually devoid of music or any 'events' that contribute to the local community. What you get is all the old boys and girls going in for a cheap beer and bit of scran, which in itself is OK but nothing like the pubs they all knew and loved. You try having a sing-song in a Wetherspoons after parting with your hard-earned all day. They'll happily take your money but then you'll be out on your arse!

Certain pubs like the Grosvenor in Brixton were more than just a watering hole for the locals. It was a vibrant live music venue playing host to many groups who would raise money for various causes etc. It now sits empty and gutted because the shitehead property developers want to turn it into flats as part of their ongoing general gentrification of the area. This scene is being played out all over the country and we are sick of it.

The scum in parliament couldn't give a toss of course. They'd like nothing more than seeing normal working people sat in at home of a weekend with a cheap carry-out glued to the fucking X-Factor or some other mindless shite. They don't want us getting together meeting each other and our neighbours and forging friendships and the like. Better to keep us apart, apathetic and not causing them any nasty problems. They know the ridiculous prices keep a lot of folk away so they do nothing to help change things.

Now we know times are hard, but what we say is: get your arse down to your local and meet the locals before there are no locals left. Let's not let the fuckers rip the soul out of our communities without a fight. Who knows – before you know it you might be in a lock-in leading a rousing chorus of You're All a Bunch of Cunts with your newfound friends and neighbours. You'll find us at the bar of whatever demo/protest we are on next. Come and say hello! SEAN CREGAN



CUM CLEAN AND CALL A COPPER A CUNT



WE ARE EVERYWHERE

NEWS FROM LOCAL CW GROUPS

Dundee

Dundee Class War have been agitating across the East Coast of Scotland for over four years. We started Dundee Against Welfare Sanctions and currently Dundee Against Austerity. We conducted a sustained campaign against benefit sanctions outside Jokecentres in Dundee, Perth, Arbroath and Blairgowrie. We created a support group during the Ninewells Porters Strike, and called for a picket outside the Scottish Health Secretary's office. This proved successful, as the strike was won two weeks after our pickets started. We coordinate with London Class War the protests against Greedy Green outside Topshop in support of United Voices of the World. We have regular street stalls in the schemes of Dundee and recently used the showing of the film I, Daniel Blake as a vehicle for CW politics. We might be numerically weak but we are politically strong and are involved with the Scottish-wide Action Against Austerity. This gives us the opportunity to network with like-minded groups and cooperate in Scottish-wide actions. We are working with 10 other groups under this umbrella. We've had plenty opportunities to raise the Class War banner outside the courts of Forfar and Dundee in solidarity with an activist who was nicked twice for doing advocacy work, as well as pickets of Amazon when Dundee CW and others blocked the main road into the Amazon Poorhouse. And so to conclude: nae,

much swearing but plenty fucking anger in Dundee.

Nottingham

Wot we've been up to in Nottingham... We put on a gig – it was the usual eclectic shindig that people have come to expect from our nights.

We've also been working closely with a local group called Pro Choice Nottingham to help deter a particularly wanky bunch of Christian shitcunts called 40 Days for Life from holding a 40-day vigil on the grounds of the Queens Medical Centre, in a blatant attempt to try to intimidate vulnerable women attending the various clinics there. They rarely managed more than four people (the same sour-faced four people) – they often didn't even turn up – but when they did, we made sure that there were people there to screen out their hatred and lies. Things would have been more interesting, but on hearing that Class War were involved the Christians shit themselves and called for police protection – there's real fucking faith in action there.

South Essex

As we've been supporting London Class War actions for the last few years, most notably the Poor Doors pickets outside One Commercial

Street, we thought it was high time we set up a group in south Essex... It would be rude not to!

As what happens in London with gentrification/regeneration (aka social cleansing) affects us out here on the estuary, a large amount of what we do focuses on housing issues. Not only do we get people displaced from London being moved out to the estuary, as the 'regeneration' of towns along the estuary gathers pace, people on the housing waiting list in our area find themselves being shunted out to decaying seaside resorts further up the east coast.

What we're trying to do is get parochial locals worried about housing issues to start joining the dots and see the bigger picture. A lot of this involves telling the various divide-and-rule merchants out our way to shut the fuck up with their reactionary crap!

Here's where we are online: www.facebook.com/cwsouthessex; southessexstirrer.wordpress.com/

London

We get on well with United Voices of the World (UVW), Disabled People Against Cuts, Fourth Wave Feminists, ANAL and the Revolutionary Communist Group – everybody else hates us!

We've acted with UVW at Topshop, Harrods and the LSE. At Cable Street we walked in the road while the Left walked on the pavement to celebrate

the greatest road-blocking ever. We stormed Festival Hall to stop a rapist speaking, and threw horseshit and cockroaches at the Property Developers Awards. We attacked Foxtons at every given opportunity. We chased the fascist architect Patrik Schumacher down the road. We swanned round the squats of Belgravia with ANAL. We put the boot into Tariq Ali in Grosvenor Square. We blocked Boxpark in Croydon. We nudded UKIP in Croydon. We tore up the Jack The Ripper Museum and heckled everyone everywhere.

We are easily distracted, with low attention spans – if we see something en route to our targets we'll dally until they're done over – it takes us years to walk down Bond Street.

We're with every fightback against gentrification, every community against demolition and every market that shouts 'pound a bowl' in defiance against regeneration. We sticker and plaster and we have fucking fun. We have alliances with crows and are diviners of portents.

WE ARE INSOLENT, WE GO WHERE WE ARE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE, WE DO NOT KNOW OUR PLACE.

Year highlight: pressing the buzzer at Biobean where the Duke of Westminster hangs out. 'Who is it?' 'Class War for Hugh Grosvenor.' 'Oh come in...' YIP-FUCKING-EE.

WE ARE NOT LIKE OTHER GROUPS.

Cornwall

Our top tip for rioters: wear a top hat and shout 'Buller buller buller!' while committing criminal damage – the Prime Minister, the Lord Mayor of London and the Chancellor of the Exchequer will leave you alone. And always look in Poundland for cans of car spray paint

For our readers: think Chavski are a bit worried about Spurs now – didn't ever think I would say 'well done' to the red cunts.

www.classwarparty.org.uk

TOP TIPS

SANCTIONS SURVIVAL

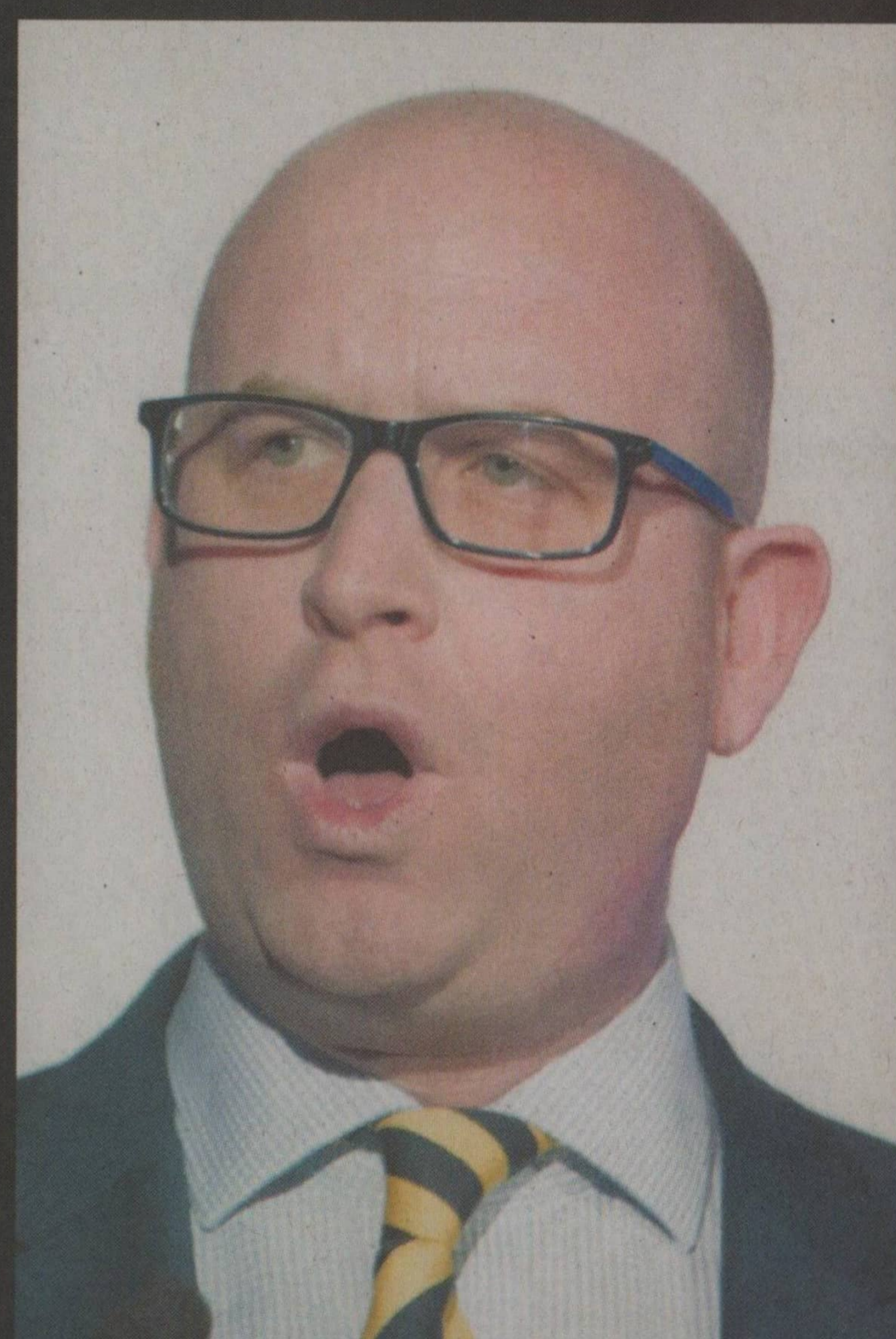
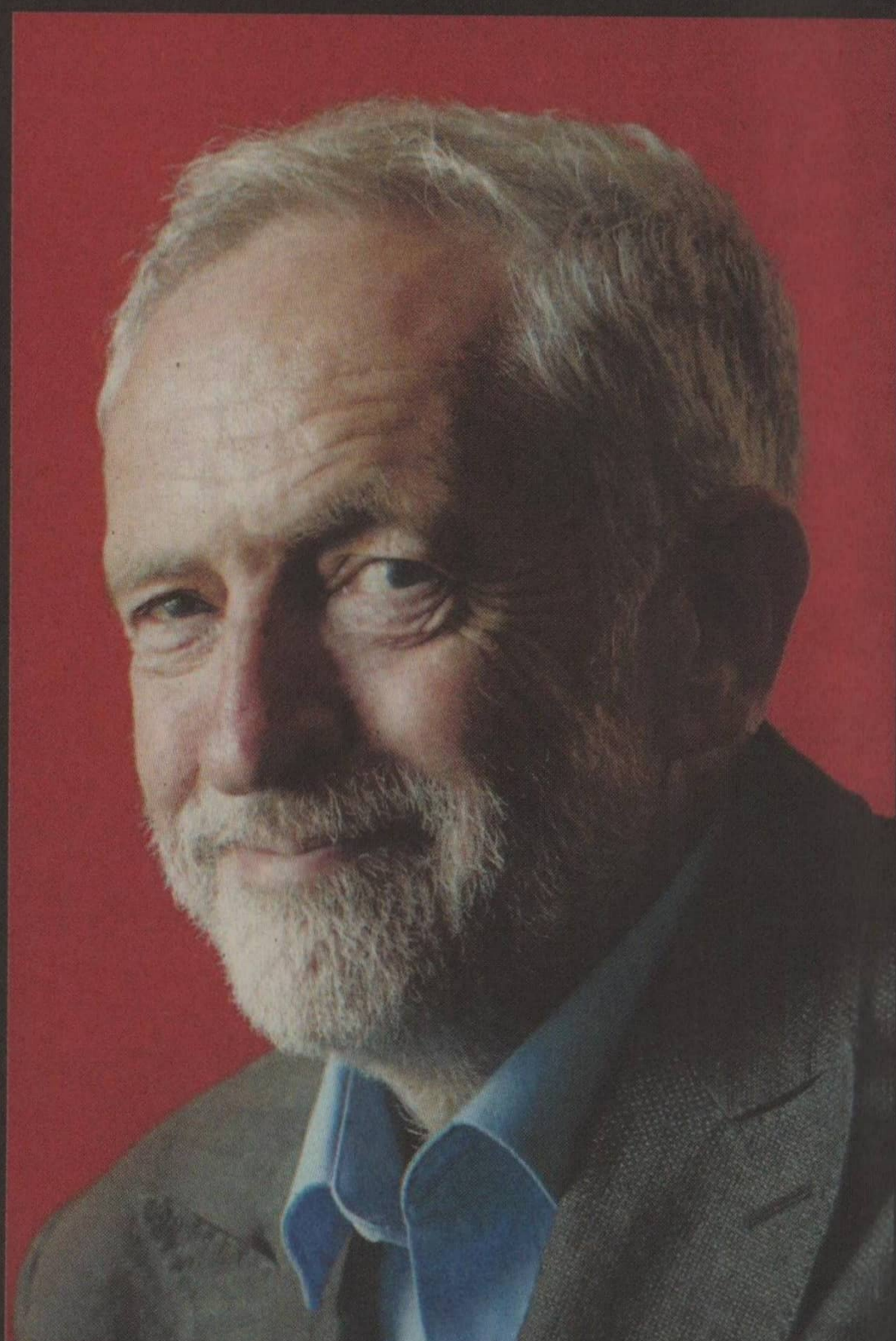
Share this valuable information on benefits sanctions as it is NOT made readily available by the DWP

If your benefits get stopped, go to your local council and ask for a **NIL INCOME FORM** to reinstate rent and council tax payments. It also allows access to meter credits, food bank vouchers and emergency cash

If you don't ask your scumbag council they won't tell you about this – they'd prefer to see you left starving without light or heat and then evict you!

CLASS WAR

ELECTION LATEST: **ZZZZZZZ...**



ALL FUCKING WANKERS



There's nothing too good for the working class

Our desire for the loud and garish, our angry politics and our vulgarian humour – these are things we should be proud of, writes Dr LISA MCKENZIE

THE middle class are defined and valued by what they own, their successes in business, their rise through the tiers of the education system and their 'good taste'. The class war has too often been measured through the narrow distribution of wealth, education and the economy. Meaning that when working-class people enter into higher education, or become entrepreneurial and innovative, setting up local businesses serving their community, or entering the creative industries of art, drama or literature, they must immediately deny their working-class identities, lives and families. To be working class has too long been used as shorthand to mean failure: they are the ones that were not good enough to rise and become middle class.

It appears almost impossible to describe yourself as a working-class academic or a working-class artist in the UK today. The common misconception is that we – the working class – cannot appreciate the arts or literature; or engage in critical thinking. Instead, to be working class is to be poor and shabby, unhealthy and always connected to dirt. George Orwell in *The Road to Wigan Pier* told us that the middle class despise us and think of us in four frightful words: 'the lower class smell' – and I trust his first-hand account from the playing fields of Eton.

Even though class difference and inequality is often seen only as connected to wealth and the economy, it is class snobbery that ensures that working class people feel an eternal shame of where they come from and who they are. Culture and 'taste' constantly keep those class

boundaries and class inequalities visible and legitimate, in the ways that the middle class define themselves against working-class people and use culture and cultural preferences to make sure they remain in their prime class position – while at the same time demeaning and ridiculing working-class people for their lack of good taste.

Class snobbery judges what is high culture and low culture, and that snobbery filters down to our personal taste and image. Lazy shorthand markers of taste are used to quickly point to our class position. For women, wearing big gold hooped earrings is used to explain 'how common' or 'how

Opera House to sit through four hours of an operatic production of the French Revolution as having good taste and a critical and interesting mind and manners.

Despite the constant propaganda that the culture of the middle class is that of high and refined knowledge, it is the working class that are the innovative and creative class, taking risks and enjoying life. The British working class are multicultural: we share our ideas, our family life and our class struggle at school, in the pub and on the street. Those shared ideas of an international working class in the UK then transform into exciting and interesting

of work they do in order to stay in that one place. Their reading of all culture has to be 'disinterested' because it has to appear to be 'as natural'. Showing emotion, being emotional, being angry, being passionate, being spontaneous are not traits they are allowed to show. These are the traits of the working class that they must distinguish against.

Our working-class pride of who we are and what we like, our desire for the 'bling', for the garish, for the loud and the emotional, our angry politics and our vulgarian humour is something to proud of. Our love of bawdy seaside postcards, our obsession with a big telly, the money we spend to be glam and to look sharp is nothing to be ashamed of. Our plain and direct language need not be watched or monitored or policed by those who believe in our inferiority and their superiority. The very fact that they need to define us means they fear us.

Class traitor George Orwell told us their secrets. In *Down and Out in London and Paris*, he tells us what we all knew: part of our drudgery is about their fear of us as a mob. If we are kept busy worrying about the rent and how we feed our children from the minimum wage, it is difficult for us to organise, to stand in solidarity with each other. Therefore when it appears we have the time or money to live it up and get the glad rags on, we become a threatening force.

Working-class hedonism, bling and vulgarity is a resistance to a humourless and terrified static group of grey people. So enjoy yourselves: there's nothing too good for the working class.

rough' we are. In his *Daily Mail* column, Richard Littlejohn described Carole Duggan, the grieving aunt of Mark Duggan who was shot and killed in Tottenham by the Metropolitan Police in 2011, as looking like she had 'wandered off the set of *Benefits Street*' with her big gold earrings. Despite the middle-class attempts to demean our 'taste' we have always loved 'bling', and to us wearing our big gold earrings is a sign of our glamour.

They laugh at us watching and enjoying soap operas on our 48-inch flat screen tellies, and use this as an example of our simple and low culture. Yet they think of themselves going to the Royal

subcultures. From West Indian working-class people in the UK came Ska, Two Tone and Lovers Rock music. Our Jewish brothers and sisters brought us anarchy, literature and well fitting suits. Working-class Asian families brought colour and a sense of passionate and loyal politics to our grey streets. We have been generous with each other, although it might not always be easy.

The British middle class are mostly white and are culturally homogenous; they are static. The whole point of being middle class is to be static and not to move, not to be mobile but to stay still. Although staying still needs to look effortless despite the amount

RADICAL RANTS

LAURA TAYLOR hails from Rainhill, Merseyside. Currently gigging all around the country, with her ability to have you one minute seething with anger and the next weeping like a baby she is in our opinion the best working-class poet on the scene at the moment. And we at *Class War* love her. Here's a poem she wrote specially for us. Thanks, Laura!

Remedy

See the darkness.
See the flame.
See the candle burning bright.

See the camera.
See the angle.
See the way they skew their lies.

Feel the hunger
start to simmer.
See society divide.

See the mansions.
See the poverty.
Be the remedy. Organise.

Feel the anger
boiling over.
Keep your powder dry.

Feel the darkness.
Feel the flame.
Feel the rage rise up inside.

Be the hunger.
Be the anger.
See the greed of parasites.

See the kindling.
Be the tinder.
Feel the incandescence rise.

See the candle.
Smell the petrol.
Feel the raw and fierce night.

Be the darkness.
Be the phoenix.
See the avenues ignite.

Be the freedom.
Be the fighter.
See the world turned upside down.

Be the freedom.
Be the fighter.
Be the remedy. Organise.

© Laura Taylor

To watch or read more from Laura, visit www.writeoutloud.net/profiles/laurataylor or www.facebook.com/Laura-Taylor-Poet-61196395559471/

WHO ARE THE WOMEN'S DEATH BRIGADE?

• YOU WON'T find us marching politely from A to B, then going home.

You won't find us chanting repetitively tedious stuff like 'whose streets our streets'.

You won't find us tolerating misogyny and sexism.

You won't find us putting up with asshole nazis and fascists.

• BUT YOU WILL see us challenging any cuntin' man who offends us or any other working-class woman.

You will hear us swearing.

You will hear us reclaiming our anger.

You will hear us upsetting the middle classes.

You will hear us expressing our class anger.

• YOU WILL see us attacking the Jack the Ripper Museum.

You will see us storming a building where a rapist is allowed to speak.

You will see us supporting our comrades in United Voices of the World.

You will see us protesting at Poor Doors.

• WE CHALLENGE the left with their boring male-dominated Trot tedium.

We challenge middle-class feminists for not being our sisters.

We challenge Pro-lifers who can go fuck themselves.

We challenge anyone and anything that gets in the way of women and the class war.

We'll be out there shouting at the gentrifiers to

fuck off.

We'll be out there confronting the social cleansers.

We'll be out there supporting our comrades in squats.

We'll be out there doing stuff nice women don't do.

• WE LAUGH, we drink, we swear. We don't give a fuck what people think about us, cos we're angry and passionate and fighting patriarchy and capitalism by any means necessary.



SOUNDTRACK FOR THE REVOLUTION

From punk rock to grime, music across the generations has always touched on the class war...

A PUNK'S TALE

DUNCAN DISORDERLY'S STORY FROM THE EARLY DAYS OF CLASS WAR

My relationship with Class War began as a young, snotty-nosed punk with a good heart and a bad attitude. I often found myself walking from the Crown and Woolpack (the pub we squatted in Angel, London) down City Road to Housmans in Kings Cross, one of London's anarchist shops. I'd pick up my copy of Class War and some stickers to decorate my area, plus I could get a hot meal from the Hare Krishnas. I'd walk about with my fucked-up stereo blasting out Class War's track Better Dead than Wed. What a tune that it was – and it really fucked off the yuppies!

Punk rock and Class War have had a close relationship since day one. In part, that may have been due to the timing. Class War started in '83 and appealed to the punks who already had roots in civil disobedience, as I did. The famous Class War logo that has become

War from bands such as the Dills, The Exploited, The Destructors, Slug, Deprived, DOA, English Dogs, Class war and many, many more?

In 1988 Class War did a national tour alongside Joe Strummer called Rock against the Rich, and as Islington started being gentrified, the graffiti and sticker war went on. Maybe punk and activism went more hand in hand in those days?

Then, one of the biggest protests Central London had seen occurred on the 31st March 1990, later known as the Poll Tax Riots. Class War images were held aloft by angry individuals with dreads or mohicans. Pissed-off punks could be seen everywhere among the rabble as London had its day of chaos.

As life took its toll on me, I took time out from being an activist until I found myself joining my comrades on the Poor Doors demonstrations in



Duncan (left) supporting a UVW action at Harrods. Photo: Peter Marshall / mylondondiary.co.uk

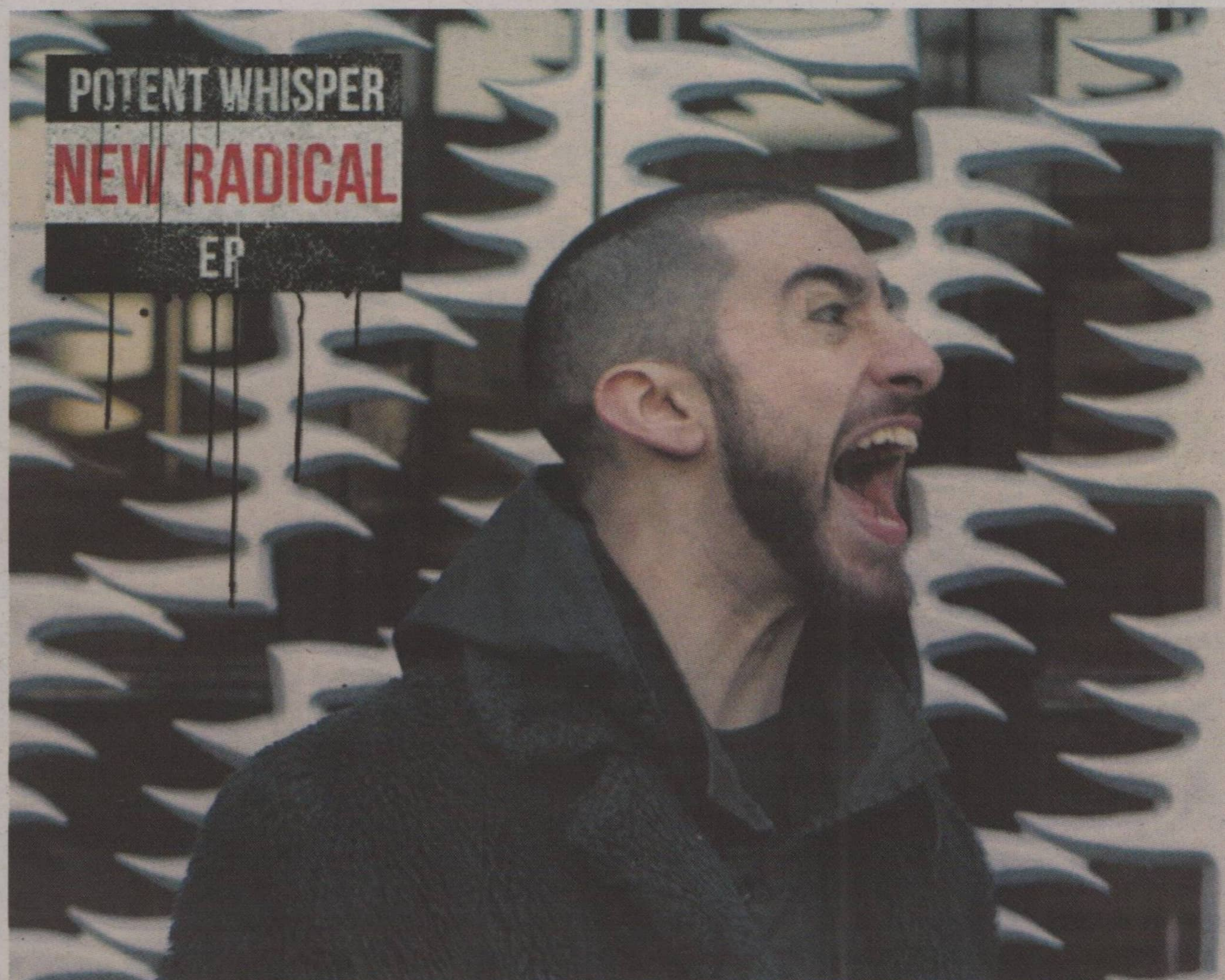
the scourge of the rich was copied from Welsh band The Soldier Dolls, who gave their permission for Class War to use it.

Chris Low, an early Class War supporter and member of bands The Apostles and Oi Polloi among others, quotes: 'In the early days of Class War, while most punks were still pacifists, The Apostles supported Class War and wrote the Class War anthem Pigs for Slaughter, which Oi Polloi later covered' – the lyrics to which featured in the first issue of the Class War paper.

In 1986 Class War released the single Better Dead than Wed and Rap'n'Durge on Conflict's Mortarhate label. How many safety-pinned ears have listened to songs named Class

2015. This was a new multi-million-pound housing development in one of London's poorest boroughs, where they segregated the 'poor' tenants from the rich by forcing the poorer tenants to use a separate door hidden up a side street. Many nights the streets of Whitechapel would be filled with hearty choruses of You're All a Bunch of Cunts and We Gotta Get Rid of the Rich!

Over the years, many a spiky-haired person involved with the punk scene has made up the numbers of Class War because the relationship between the punks and Class War has been like that of beloved siblings. At times we've hated each other but most the time we love one another. WE ARE FAMILY.



HAIL THE NEW RADICAL

Brixton rapper Potent Whisper on how his latest EP got its name

I'm going to try and explain what I mean by the term 'New Radical'.

When I say the word 'activist', what do you think of?

Perhaps you think of a weed-smoking hippy, or an aggressive militant. Maybe you imagine somebody waving a placard, shouting through a megaphone or rioting in the streets. Whatever you imagine, most people would describe an activist as somebody who chooses to fight, to make some sort of change in the world.

But in this exceptionally violent political climate, there is another type of activist on the rise: the 'Accidental Activist' or the 'New Radical'. A New Radical doesn't fight out of choice, they fight to survive. They become active out of personal necessity, to defend themselves and secure their own immediate existence. They don't choose resistance, nor is activism their vocation. If they aren't successful in their struggle, they lose their life – not their job. For this reason they fight efficiently, not gloriously. They move with urgency and secure victory by any means necessary.

New Radicals are disabled people who fight the cuts to their disability benefits, or the terminally ill who are being declared 'fit for work' by the DWP. They are the families opposing estate regeneration, forced to fight to stop the demolition of their homes and the ripping apart of their communities. They are the young people being made

homeless because of cuts to housing benefits, and the women who continue to live in violent households because domestic abuse services are no longer being funded. They are the young black men who organise to protect themselves from murder at the hands of the police. They are the one million people who access the NHS every 36 hours, who will soon have to pay for healthcare and die if they can't afford it. They are the one million people who use food banks every year because working

want to become involved with.

But New Radicals understand that they are already involved in politics – whether they want to be or not – and they don't live under the illusion that they are less powerful than those who sit in parliament. They don't accept the narrative that only the privileged in society are deserving of a voice. They don't consider themselves inept or unable to resist, just because they haven't got a masters or a sound grasp of Marxism, for example. They aren't disempowered by the circumstance they were born into; instead they take strength from it and use what they've learnt from their experiences to change the system that put them there in the first place. They don't wait for change, because they don't need to. They engage with politics on their estates. They represent themselves, as themselves. They don't wear suits, they wear scars. They push prams and do the school runs. They don't say 'hear, hear', they shout 'brap brap!'. They spit bars and bun zoots and get waved and skank out. They march in wheelchairs. They didn't necessarily buy their balaclava for the demonstration...

The definition of 'radical' in the Cambridge Dictionary is 'believing or expressing the belief that there should be great or extreme social or political change'. So it would seem that in Britain in 2017, the belief that everybody should be entitled to a home, to healthcare and to have our basic needs met, is radical. WE ARE NEW RADICAL.

A New Radical fights to survive

40 hours per week doesn't pay them enough to survive. They are your friends. They are your neighbours. They are you.

When I say the word 'politics', what do you think of?

Maybe you picture the prime minister or old white men in suits. Perhaps you imagine the houses of parliament – filled with MPs who speak in a complicated language that no normal person actually uses. Maybe the word politics makes you think of a faceless, powerful class who all speak in the same accent, wear the same clothes and studied at the same schools. Whatever you may imagine, a lot of people – especially young people – view politics as something that they're not qualified to talk about, or something that they can't/don't

LABOUR'S SHAMELESS

Council housing is being destroyed – and it's Labour councils sending in the bulldozers. All part of a social-cleansing masterplan to drive the working class out of our cities, writes LOLLY OI

WELL, where do we begin to untangle this clusterfuck of an issue, that began with Maggie introducing the 'right to buy' and blocking any cash generated by sales from being used to build new homes? Yes, we know there's a lot to blame Maggie for – but there's a lot more blame that actually falls directly at Labour's feet. In 1997 Blair and his asset-stripping cartel quietly started dismantling council housing using a two-part mechanism. It was carried on by Brown and is maintained to this day by Labour-run town halls.

A few hours after winning the 1997 election, Blair turned up at the Heygate Estate near Elephant and Castle to make his inaugural speech (packed full of lies) promising to help the so-called 'forgotten people' living on council estates. The only people Blair actually helped were the banks, property developers, housing associations and Oxbridge graduates who dominate council-estate and housing-trust management and write policy papers. This privileged elite have asset-stripped our council housing and displaced the working class – while making obscene personal fortunes in the process.

On 15th April 2011 the lies of Blair's inaugural speech unravel as the demolition of the Heygate Estate gets started. 1,212 council homes are destroyed, scattering a working-class community of over 3,000 to the four winds. Southwark's Labour leader Peter John sold the 25-acre estate to the notorious global property developers Lendlease for a paltry £50m... It cost Southwark £51.44m to just to get rid of residents and demolish the buildings! Lendlease will be generously providing a total of 79 homes at social rent. Meanwhile we suspect the total number of private homes built on the ruins of the Heygate will be quietly nudged up from the currently stated figure of 2,535 – to create bigger profits.

So much for Blair's 'forgotten people' speech. What happened at the Heygate was the mass social cleansing of a working-class community by a Labour council. And this is being repeated all over London, and beyond: handing over publicly owned land and building homes for the rich to create huge profits for offshore property speculators, the middle class and the wealthy.

A forked attack on the working class

Labour's two-part mechanism for asset-stripping and displacing working-class communities, part one: a multibillion-pound **PROPERTY GIVEAWAY**. A council will deliberately withhold repairs and maintenance on an estate – 'managed decline' – to create a reason to push through the 'stock transfer' of that estate to a housing association or trust, without any caveats safeguarding

tenants or publicly owned land. These housing associations have successfully lobbied the government to let them morph into hardcore predatory property developers, demolishing estates and displacing communities to rebuild mainly private housing while reducing the level of social housing in these new schemes. And it's much easier for a housing trust to evict tenants than it is for a council!

Part two: **REGENERATION**. Again, a council practices 'managed decline' and then promises residents it will replace the run-down estate with much better shiny new homes. But these new developments built on council ruins consist mainly of private and unaffordable housing. The paltry token amount of social housing will be badly built and shoebox-sized, and comes with further problems such as the loss of a secure lifetime tenancy, rent increases of over 35%, much higher (uncapped) service charges and expensive energy bills thanks to locked-in contracts with suppliers. These conditions have driven those tenants who actually manage to return to their estate after regeneration deeper into debt.

'Regeneration' is social cleansing

London's intergenerational working-class communities and small businesses – be they white/black/brown/other – are being eviscerated to build homes for the rich and retail units for corporations. And what has been going on in London is spreading across the UK. Don't be fooled by councils' 'regeneration' promises – they're a pack of lies! Don't believe the offers of more homes (they'll be unaffordable) and jobs (on minimum wage/zero-hour contracts).

Let's debunk these lies spouted by council regeneration officers. It's actually much cheaper to refurbish existing homes and build additional housing – look up Architects for Social Housing to see how this 'infill' method works. Good housing improves people's well being, it creates less damage to the environment than demolition, and it allows councils to retain their assets for future generations as well as generating additional revenue. Preserving existing communities is imperative. Which means that developers need to be 'educated' by us – by any means necessary! – to fit in around us, as opposed to being enabled by councils to displace working-class communities hundreds of miles away from our neighbourhoods. Only to then slap crappy light-blocking towers of concrete and glass with badly built, overpriced shoebox flats as and where they fancy, that only **INCREASE** the housing crisis. Don't forget that many MPs are private landlords – and they won't act against their vested interests.



Warning: gentrification in progress. Southwark Council send the riot squad in to the Aylesbury Estate. Photos: Guy Smallman

Now here's the thing. When property developers – many of whom are also offshore tax-dodgers – build private luxury homes on the ruins of council estates, they get government subsidies and incentives. The rich and middle class who buy these properties also get government support through the 'help to buy'

scheme. And it's the same two groups who look down their nose and sneer at us living in council housing as if we're scroungers... when the reality is quite the opposite!

From Haringey to Hackney to Croydon, in London it's Labour-run councils that are proving to be the most enthusiastic social cleansers.

In September 2016, help for estate residents came from an unexpected quarter when the Tory Secretary of State Sajid Javid refused to allow Southwark Council's compulsory purchase orders that would pave the way for the demolition of 2,400 homes on the Aylesbury estate. And guess what? Southwark's Labour council has chosen to challenge Javid's decision in the High Court. The case begins hearing on 9th May and the outcome will affect the future of all estate demolition programmes. If the court finds in favour of this evil Labour council, it might be your estate that's next for a visit from the bulldozer!

Where the fuck is Saint Corbyn of Corduroy in all of this? If you think the Labour leader will save you, you're in for a bitter surprise. Jeremy Corbyn has remained totally **SILENT** on the subject, refusing to support or engage with London's estate communities. Worse still, he has openly supported and posed for photos with London Labour councils' villainous heads of regeneration.

You might have been fooled into thinking there'd be a little help from a former human rights lawyer whose dad was a bus driver and who boasts about growing up in a council home: the Labour Mayor of London. But unbeknown to the general public, Sadiq Khan's housing policies have been written by elite thinktank the Institute of Public Policy Research and toff estate agents Savills – who have both called for the demolition of every council estate in London. In the run-up to his election, Khan made repeated promises to 'fix the housing crisis' – while his campaign was quietly being bankrolled to the tune of £92,000 by property developers. He promised that estate regeneration would only take place with resident support demonstrated by full and transparent consultation, and that demolition could only then go ahead if it did not result in a net loss of social housing, or where all other options have been exhausted, with full rights to return for displaced tenants and a fair deal for leaseholders.

But he was offering false hope. Fast-forward to 2017 when the Mayor released his Good Practice Guide to Estate Regeneration, and hey presto – the promises are nowhere to be seen. Khan's actions since taking office clearly demonstrate that he will **NOT** defend working-class Londoners' homes from demolition.

The bigger picture

At the same time that they're trying to knock our estates down, we're faced with reforms in the name of 'austerity' and multilayered lies spouted by the Tory government – lies that are then parroted and joyfully executed by Labour MPs, mayors and councillors, and reinforced by TV and national and local press (mainly owned by five tax-dodging media barons). The purpose is to distract and divide the nation by laying the

COUNCIL ESTATE RIP-OFF



The Labour leader poses with Lambeth Council's then head of housing Matthew Bennett to launch Homes for Lambeth, its private house-building operation. The 1,000 homes promised on the ruins of council estates will NOT have any council tenancies

blame on the poorest in this country while keeping the heat off the guilty who actually created this entire toxic situation: the politicians... who've got off scott-free and who continue to steal and carpetbag OUR homes, money, NHS etc for their mates in the banks and private corporations!

In April 2017, a new wave of deliberately cruel welfare legislation came into force. It got rid of housing benefit for 18-to-21-year-olds; limited child tax credits to two children; slashed bereavement allowance; scrapped the 'eldest child premium'; reduced ESA payments for claimants in the work-related activity group; requires women

who have conceived a child due to rape to fill in an eight-page 'rape assessment' form to stop their tax credits being withdrawn; and rolled out the disastrous Universal Credit. What we are witnessing is an active joint-enterprise class war from the Tory and Labour elites designed to push the working class out of London by removing estate homes and destroying our workspaces. If it's not stopped it'll leave us deeper in debt and trapped in minimum-wage, zero-hour contract jobs... effectively making the working class slaves to banks, rent and corporations.

There is ZERO political opposition, ready to right any the

heinous wrongs unleashed on us in the wake of the financial crash of 2008: the state-backed mass euthanasia of the disabled, poor and vulnerable. The removal of legal aid now allows the powerful to screw us even harder with impunity. So fuck the Tories, and fuck fucking Labour too. Both of them have their snouts buried so deep in the trough of the lucrative public gravy train that they'll lie, maim, destroy and kill to keep hold of the power and financial privileges that come with being in public office.

Remember, there's only a year to go till the next round of local elections. A great time to kick the political elite's arses... and have some fun! Did you know there is only one Labour-run council in the entire UK that has NOT imposed cuts to local services? It's in Scotland, where Labour only have one MP left. Ayrshire Council has been forced to ringfence services, cut councillors' vanity projects and focus instead on doing right by the people there.

All this is very different from those parts of the UK where Labour dominate local councils and treat working-class constituents with total disdain, imposing barbaric cuts and then having the barefaced cheek to swan off to swanky property fairs and shameless town-hall champagne jollies at our expense, where they sell off council estates, parks, libraries, schools, community spaces and our future generations' community assets to international tax-dodging speculating property developers. Oh yeah, and don't forget the billions that councils waste on vanity projects fawning and pandering to the middle class, while the most vulnerable in our communities are denied essential services to pay for this rubbish.

Everybody out!

Just imagine if people in London and other Labour strongholds started to organise strategically against the party's tyrannical cuts and asset-stripping. It's time to remind these council members what they are:

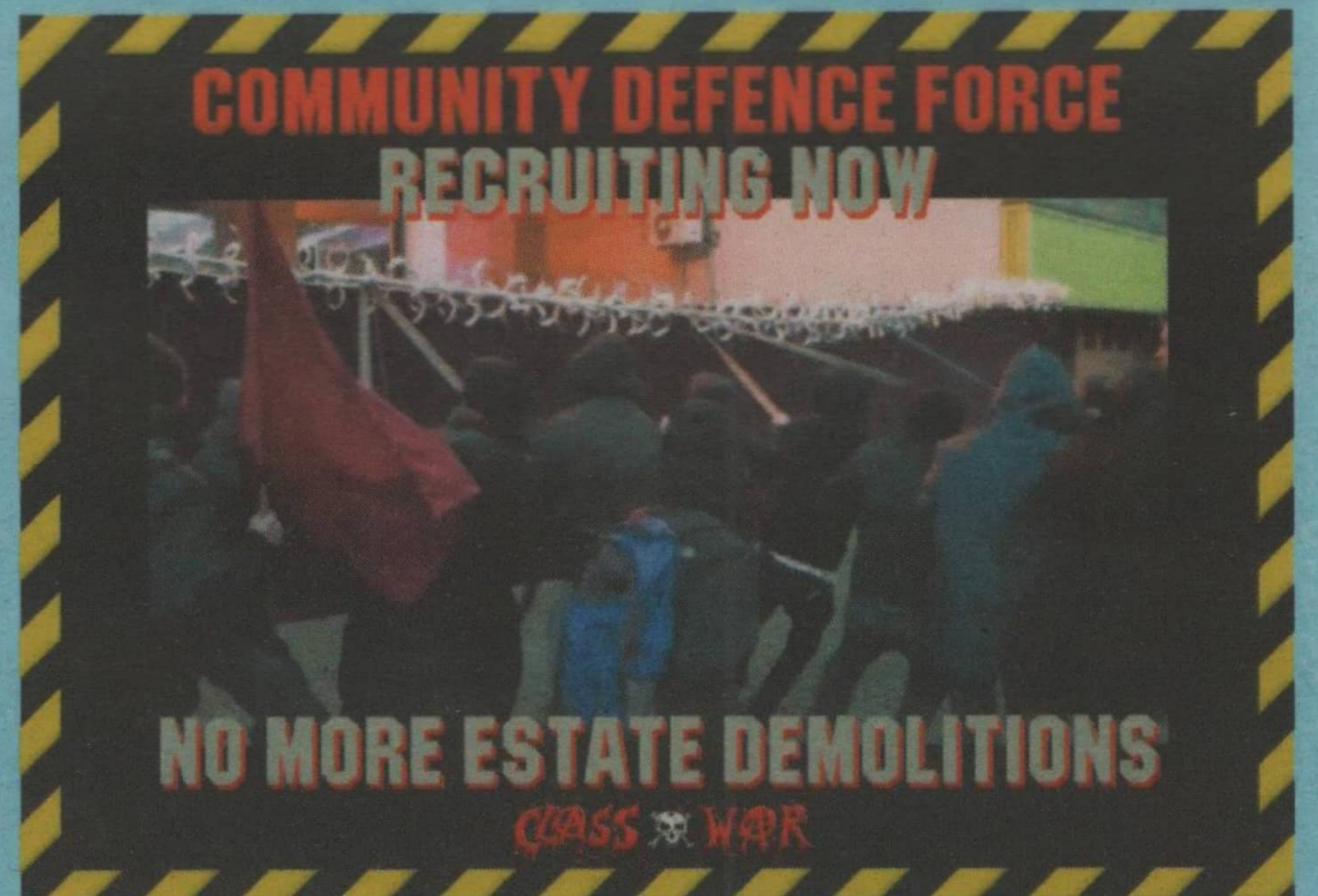
public servants. Time to make them sweat. Time to get the piss-taking Oxbridge toffs that have taken over OUR fucking town halls sacked and give them a good, long taste of OUR reality: zero-hours contract jobs on minimum wage, or off to the job centre for state-backed DWP abuse!

There's a long, hot summer coming... So get off the sofa, switch off the lobotomising TV propaganda and get out. If you're going to a housing demo – or any demo – make sure you bring your own placard or banner with what YOU want to say. Do NOT under any circumstances accept or hold any branded placards. There are lots of dodgy predatory political distraction merchants out there – and they're part of the reason we've seen no real change in politics other than growing inequality over the past 35 years.

Remember, if you live on a council estate, the middle class want you out of your home so they can demolish it and piss all over your manor. So keep an eye out for the tell-tale signs. It always starts with an invasion of hipsters and (f)artists, overpriced craft beer and poncey coffee shops: before you know it, your local market is destroyed and replaced with some bullshit 'farmer's market'. These moves are usually funded by the council to serve their gentrifying agenda. And before you know it, your estate is up for 'regeneration'. Ain't nothing wrong with change, but not if it excludes the local community.

Fight for what's yours, by all means necessary – and do not allow yourselves to be excluded from your own neighbourhood.

GET READY TO FIGHT



TIME to get angry. Don't be afraid to find your voice and shout and curse the Tory government, bent Labour councils and politicians. Get out there and make some noise, have a laugh and take the piss out of them. For too long the political elite, mayors and town hall dictators have been laughing at us and robbing us blind in the process. The only way out of this political sea of shit is to do things ourselves. Class solidarity, mutual aid and self-determination are the solution.

1. As working-class people we must look out for each other and stick together irrespective of race, religion, gender

or sexuality. Put aside any cultural differences to look at the bigger picture: this is a fight for the future of our communities. Divided we fall – but united we can and will win this raging class war.

2. Support any neighbours who are facing eviction, and encourage others to join in when it comes to resisting bailiffs and any other forces intent on throwing us out of our homes. Remember – it could be you next.

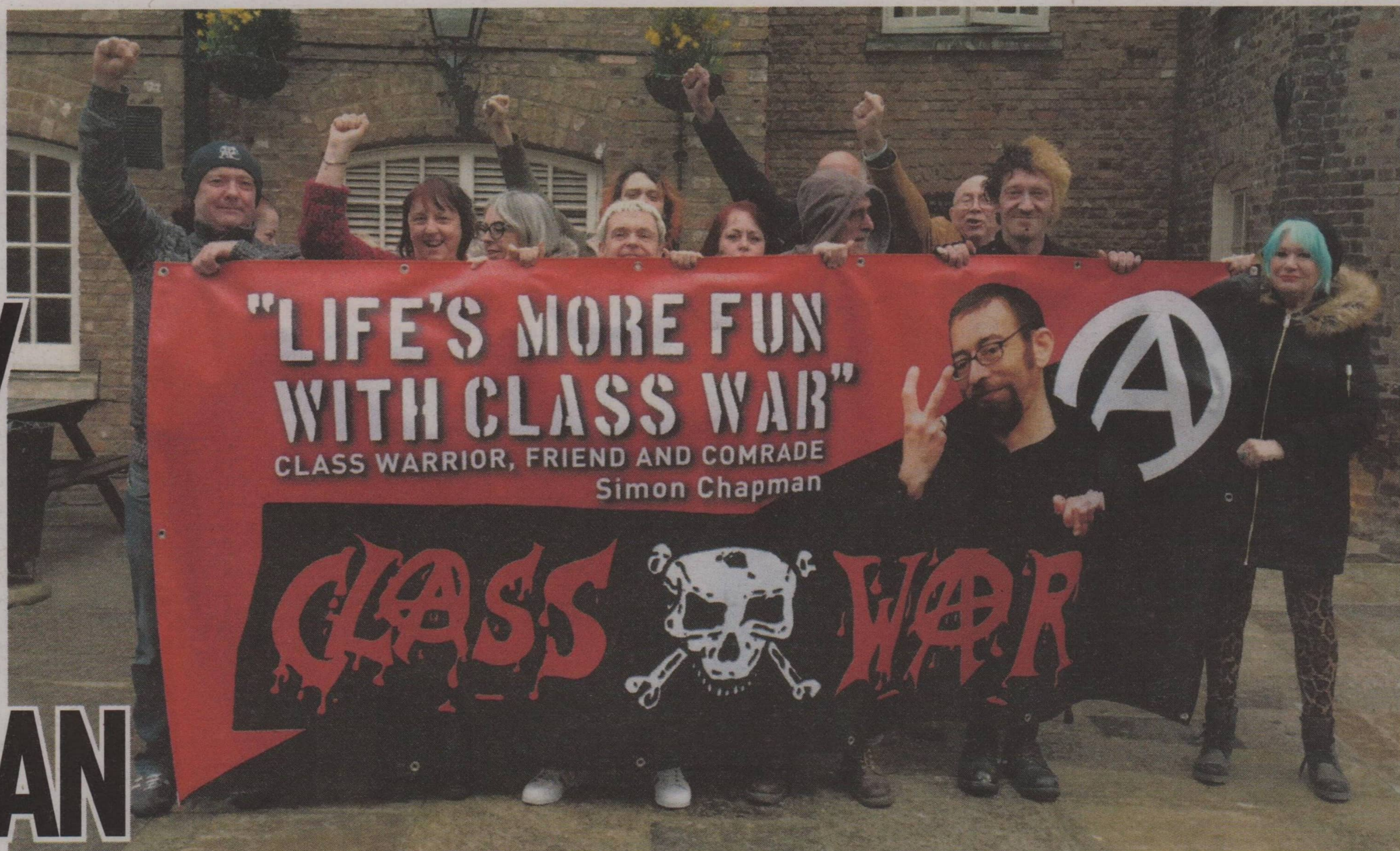
3. Get involved with the local Community Defence Force on your estate – or set one up with trusted people where you live. And if you catch councillors or developers eyeing up your area, see them off!



This was a question from a 'consultation' by Lambeth Council, led by Lib Peck (left), on regenerating one of its estates. Three years later she oversaw the decision to demolish it

TIME FOR HEROES

A eulogy for SIMON CHAPMAN



OUR comrade Simon Chapman sadly passed away on 10th February 2017. Simon was an active anarchist for almost 20 years in the London anarchist scene and well known and loved by many people.

I first met Simon after the J18 Carnival against Capitalism in London on 18th June 1999 – we became close friends and comrades, involved in organising May Day demonstrations and occupying buildings for social centres.

A few of us including Simon had formed a collective, the WOMBLES, after we spent a week in Prague in September 2000 at a demonstration against the World Bank. That moment in Prague really solidified us and our bond grew stronger.

The WOMBLES was to become,

due to its uncompromising attitudes, the group the media liked to blame for everything, and the repression that followed – including infiltrations, punitive arrests and trials, eviction of social centres, surveillance and beatings – carried on for many years.

But perhaps the thing that cast Simon into the spotlight was when he was arrested, tortured and imprisoned after the mass riots against the European Union summit in June 2003 in Thessaloniki, Greece. Here, away from the relative safety of activist cultures in the UK, Simon and his other comrades were faced with a choice: to languish in prison or attempt to force the hand of the Greek state. It was also a challenge for the growing Greek anarchist movement outside, and so Simon and the others decided to start a

hunger strike for their freedom. During this intense period, huge anarchist demonstrations and actions escalated. As time was running out, with the hunger strike approaching 60 days, the Greek state finally capitulated. It was truly a victory.

That period of 'summit hopping' – which started with J18 and continued through the shutdown of the World Trade Organisation (WTO) meeting in Seattle on 30th November 1999, to the London May Days, 26th September 2000 in Prague against the World Bank and IMF and subsequent EU and G8 summits – pretty much ended after Thessaloniki. For many of us who were in our early twenties at the time, it was the moment which formed and conditioned our lives, what we felt was possible and what we felt was needed to be done.

It was what brought us into this movement, and those memories are inevitably tied up with meeting and becoming friends with Simon.

I know that this experience, as well as his getting married and becoming a father, continued to dominate Simon's life, with the Greek state consistently reopening the trial – which led to him having to return to Greece in 2011 to face both the same cops that had abused him and the system that had so brutally mistreated him. Simon was finally acquitted.

Simon had over the past few years reconnected with his comrades in Class War, having been involved in the original back Movement Against the Monarchy (M'AM) in the early 2000s, and used his talent and humorous design skills to produce agit-prop.

Sadly, this paper is one project he didn't manage to complete.

He will be sorely missed by all of us. But we will ensure to take care and support his young daughter, and keep his memory alive, to celebrate his life. Simon could have had a different life, but he wanted to take the fight against capital and the state; he wanted to bring this brutal system down – and for that alone, we salute him and his rebellious spirit. ALESSIO

A fund for Simon's daughter has been set up which will be placed in a trust for when she turns 18.

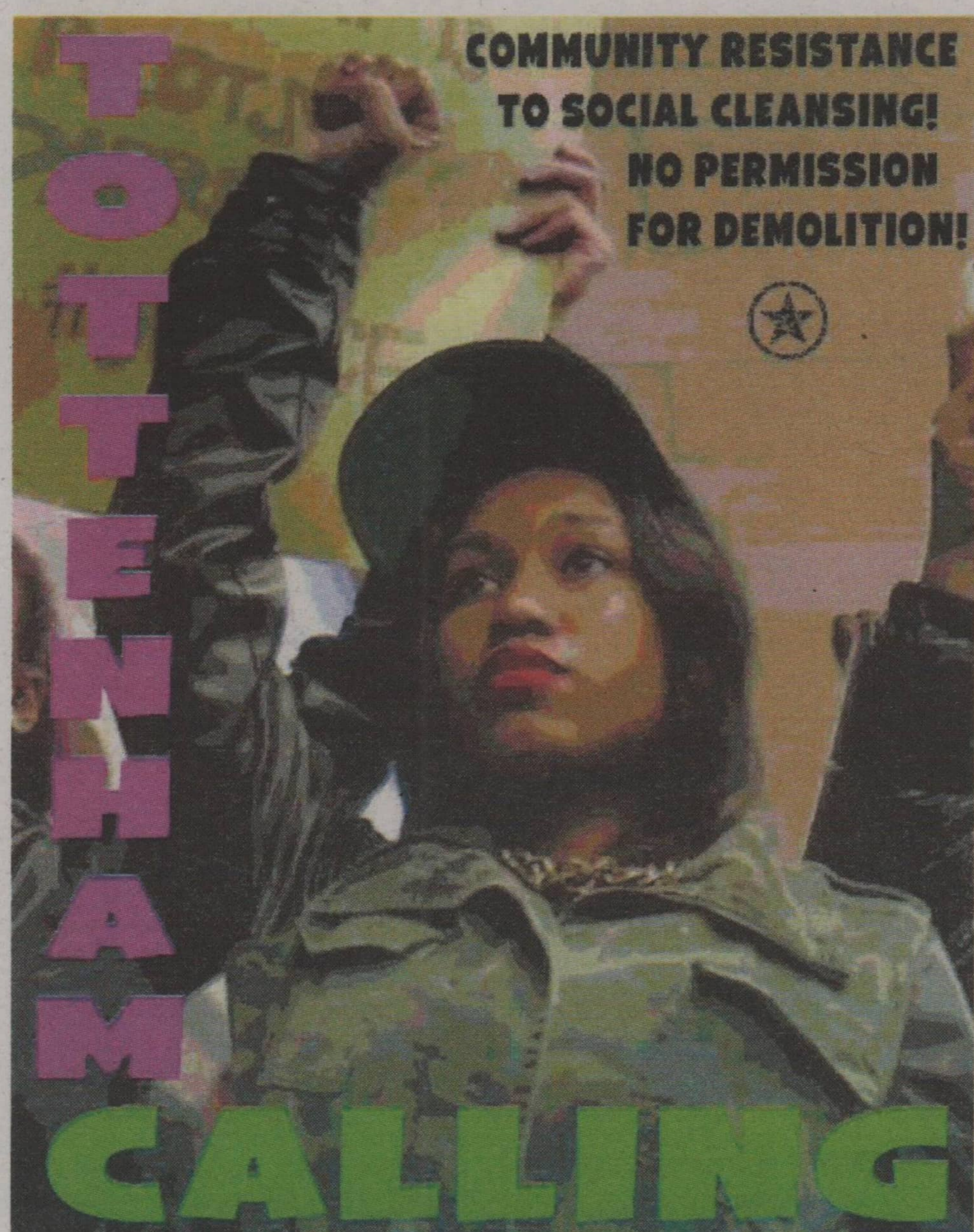
SIMON CHAPMAN FUND

Sort code: 11-04-22

Account number: 10829763

IBAN: GB03HLFX11042210829763

BIC: HLFXGB21M15



GENTRIFICATION TOO MANY WORDS, NOT ENOUGH BRICKS

The sad fact is that the only resistance to gentrification has come from the squatters of the Aylesbury Estate in Southwark.

Class War aims to rectify this. We will be setting up community defence squads to fight demolitions and evictions. Tenants are often isolated or lack the physical support to resist. We believe **THERE ARE NO OUTSIDERS IN THE WORKING CLASS** and will physically fight, regardless of whether any of us live there or not. One telling act of resistance is worth a thousand articles. One successful fight will inspire our class to combat and take the fight to the evictors.

Peaceful ways have failed again and again – now it's time to **GIVE MOB VIOLENCE A CHANCE.**



CLASS WAR

CLASS WAR Sport

PUTTING THE BOOT INTO FOOTBALL WHY THE MODERN GAME IS RUBBISH

Q: HOW do you kill the atmosphere at a football club?

A: Turn or move the club into a circular 'sports' arena with no ends or sides (or terraces). Price out the average working supporter and replace them with Johnny-come-lately middle-class tossers or coach loads of visiting tourists. Outlaw swearing, standing, smoking, drinking etc until you're left with a sanitised safe space and family-friendly environment where appreciative polite applause replaces any real passion or soul – *and there you have it.*

West Ham supporters have reportedly hated the move into the Olympic stadium. Why wouldn't they? Their home was Upton Park and they'll never reproduce the intensity that the Boleyn ground held. It's like a corporate wankfest over at Stratford. The fans have been barred from one posh canal-side pub. The stewards that had built up a rapport over at Upton Park have been replaced by new faces that haven't got a fucking clue. The filth have had problems there too, their radios not working etc. There have been a few serious incidents over there which will no doubt lead to the convenient banning of 'undesirable' supporters.

Arsenal fans of course know all about moving into an arena, being the first London club to do so. It was always quiet over at the Library, but now it's like a fucking morgue! The old stadium at Highbury has inevitably been turned into luxury flats – a fate that is no doubt going to be repeated over at Upton Park.

Meanwhile down the road at Tottenham, a massive regeneration scheme is underway to build on the existing hallowed ground at White Hart Lane. With a capacity of 61,000 it will be the biggest stadium in London, but that famous atmosphere will be lost as The Shelf, Paxton and Park Lane get consigned to the dustbin of history. Like the Emirates, it's all corporate boxes, hotels, luxury flats and restaurants, all built into the regen scheme. Real fans

don't want or need any of this shit.

Talking of the fans, there is now a move by many away from the big clubs. The success of teams like the fan-run AFC Wimbledon and FC United are seeing numbers at their games swell. Other non-league sides like Clapton FC and Whitehawk FC in Brighton have also seen an upsurge, both with a strong antifascist presence. The Green Brigade at Celtic and Brigada 1874 at Aston Villa are also notable in their community-based work and antifascist stance. The Green Brigade recently raised over £130,000 for Palestinian charities.

The other aspect that these three 'super' stadiums share is the inevitable land grab coincides with these new builds. Local businesses and homes are swept up and claimed under compulsory purchase orders backed up and given the nod by corrupt council suits who no doubt get their palms greased and a few season tickets thrown in. There is little or no consideration for those who are displaced with no say in the matter. However down at the Den, the grubby property developers didn't get it their own way after strong resistance and a huge lion's roar from the local community. With some input from Class War the day was won and the club are going nowhere. Now that's the kind of result we can all relate to! SEAN CREGAN

The community strikes back

WHAT was really tragic about the West Ham move was the players and fans walked away from Boleyn Ground to the new stadium which received £323 million of taxpayers' money – without supporting the local Boleyn Development (@BoleynDev100) campaign group, who fought tooth and nail for a legacy for West Ham's community to get 100% social housing

built on the grounds... in lieu of the millions West Ham got off the taxpayer via tyrant Robbin' Wales, the head of Newham's Labour-run council. West Ham secured 'the deal of the century' at the expense of the taxpayer and stayed silent about the future impact of developers only building private luxury housing on the ruins of the West Ham stadium.

Corporate raiders have hijacked the beautiful game and are hell-bent on 're-educating' football fans to sit down, stop chanting and basically behave like fucking muggy serfs. The corporate agenda is to turn UK stadium football into a US-style experience: *a sedate, big-brand fizzy drinks, burger and popcorn-guzzling purchasing extravaganza designed to pump up their corporate profits – while mugging off football fans in the process.*

Due to the regen of Tottenham's stadium, two estate communities – Love Lane and Northumberland Park – are set to see their homes demolished and be displaced for luxury hotels, retail outlets and private housing which, thanks to Haringey Council assisting the fat cats and their social-apartheid monstrosities, will be built on the ruins of council estates. The only way the local community will be rehoused in this development is if they get lucky and have a multimillion-pound win on the lottery! It's a disgrace that WE the taxpayers are being fleeced in the process. The cherry on the top of this clusterfuck is that Haringey's Labour-run council is making massive cuts to local essential youth services while councillors Clare Broke (Kober) and Alan Landricks (Strickland) chuck £27.5 million (and rising!) at Tottenham Hotspur – a privately owned football club which is also set to receive millions from central government. The club already makes enough

profits – we seriously need to challenge a PRIVATE fucking company SCROUNGING off the backs of Tottenham's hard-pressed working-class communities!

Now let's have a little looksie at the raging battle around Millwall. On one side we have fans, the local community and small businesses; on the other, Lewisham Council, the developers (consisting of one former Lewisham Council chief exec and one former Lewisham mayor's involvement) and a peculiar charity that was used to push the 'Renewal Regeneration' (ie, demolition) project agenda. The notorious leader of Southwark's Labour-run council, Peter John – famous for the scandal surrounding the demolition of the Heygate Estate – was on the board of that strange charity... until he conveniently resigned. (There's so much more to this story than we have space to print, so take a look at the Association of Millwall Supporters' feed on Twitter (@A_M_S_Group) to read the full rotten extent of malfeasance and corruption involved behind this scheme.) Looks like AMS have enough dirt (and the dodgy papertrail) to take down the Labour Mayor Stephen Bollocks and his town hall cabinet, including all those lickspittles in power that have fully backed this gigantic scam!

Got to give credit to AMS for standing shoulder to shoulder with the council-estate communities that would lose their homes, the local businesses that would also be destroyed and Millwall Football Club, who were looking at being displaced out of London to Kent – all for an offshore development company backed by a Labour-run council to socially cleanse the area and give it a total rebrand as 'New Bermondsey'. The fucking cheek of these tax-dodging wankers

wanting to wipe the name Millwall off the map – just to build more homes for the fucking rich. Nice one, Labour – allowing tax-dodging fat cats to get even fatter off a working-class community's backs!

We encourage others to support AMS and the community of Millwall to settle for nothing less than a COMMUNITY-LED regeneration plan – one that has NO demolition of council homes and NO displacement of businesses, with concrete legal safeguards enshrined in the contractual details. Developers need to learn to fit in and councils need to be hammered at the local elections next May, so that they respect existing communities and small businesses who have been the heart and lifeblood of the local economy. It's these people who also pay the wages of the out-of-touch Labour metropolitan elite in the Town Hall!

Should your local football stadium come up for regeneration, DO NOT be seduced by big-business promises of a shiny new stadium, jobs (always minimum wage on zero-hour contracts) and new homes (as always, only homes for the rich). Think about the devastation these schemes bring to working-class people's lives, homes and work places. Just look at Arsenal and West Ham, who forgot about their local communities and small independent businesses for the sake of a shiny new stadium. These local communities stood by their clubs through thick and thin. It's the same loyal people who get totally shafted in the regeneration process – as do the fans, who are forced to pay extortionate prices for season ticket. Love them or hate them, but be inspired by Millwall's stance. Stand up for your local club and community, and fight off these predatory, corporate, land-grabbing parasitic bastards! LOLLY OI



The fucked-up future that never was: 'regeneration' is cancelled at Millwall

ELECTION BOTHERERS

DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT

STICK THIS IN YOUR WINDOW
AND KEEP THE FUCKERS AWAY

