

hello!

cheers for picking up issue 5.

i hope you are all enjoying the summer, i sure am. theres nothing better than sitting outside with good people and good (but usually bad and cheap) cider. things feel pretty exciting at the moment, alot of things in my life will be changing soon, hopefully it will all be for the best.

as usual, please get in contact. i love letters of all sorts, so, go ahead punk make my day!

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currently lovin: jawbreaker, the new defiance ohio record, warm weather, mischief ~~brew~~ brew, lambrini ripoffs, apples, hounous as always

THANKYOU aaron&richard for finding me the staff photocopy card! rock!!!

## cheap and easy stamps

### what you need:

foam (the type you get from cheap shops, they're usually colourful and aimed at kids)  
cardboard  
craftknife  
any glue  
fountain pen ink cartridge  
pen or pencil  
old paintbrush

### what to do:

1. draw your design onto the foam.
2. cut out your design with the knife.
3. stick your design onto the card, again remember this will be backwards when printed.

comes out like  
this **VEGAN**

stamp looks like this  
to you

**WAGOV**

4. open up the ink cartridge, get some ink onto your old brush and paint a light coat onto your stamp.

5. stamp it\*\*

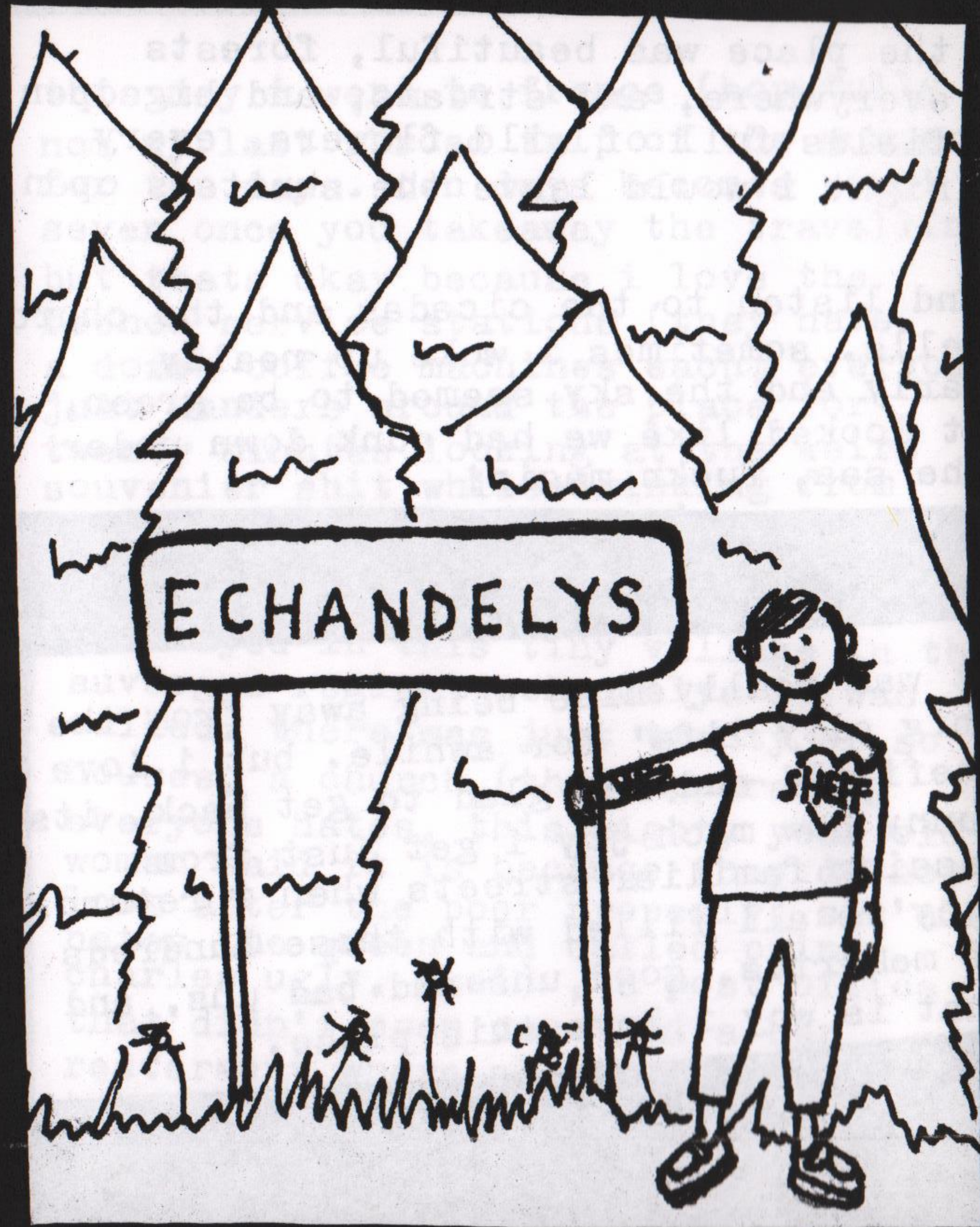
this may i went to france (hopefully not my last abroad trip of the summer) for ten days. ten days becomes about seven once you takeaway the travelling, but thats okay because i love the french service stations (they have a dozen coffee machines each, everyone just wanders around the place for twenty minutes looking at the weird souvenier shit while drinking from their little plastic cups).

we stayed in this tiny village in the auvergne region, echandelys it was called. there was just twenty or so houses, a church (that apparently everyone hates, this eighty year old woman said it is because they do not look after the poor properly. she also hates the queen and called prince charles ugly, ace!) , a post office that didn't open once and a bar resteraunt where all the farmers x take their lunch (i didn't go, vegan food in french resteraunts is really hard to come by, although i had the most lovely cheesless veggie pizza in orleans).

the place was beautiful, forests everywhere, and streams, and big open fields full of wild flowers. every night i would leave the shutters open

and listen to the cicadas and the church bells. sometimes i woke up really early and the sky seemed to be green, it looked like we had sunk down under the sea, fuckn magic!

it was really nice being away from the 'big city life' for awhile. but i love sheffield and was glad to get back. its funny how much joy i get just from passing familiar streets when i return. they're all filled with these hundreds of memories, good uns and bad uns, and that is why i love this place.



## LETTERS TO PRISONERS

For ages its been somthing that I thought was worth doing, somthing that we should be doing.

Sometimes I just forgot. Others I had no idea what to write. Sometimes I actually wrote the letter but ended up not sending it as I felt what I'd written was so stupid.

Finally I've got past those wee distractors and gotten some sent out. It feels good getting a reply bak, knowing that they've actually got your note of support. But don't be put off if you don't get a reply, different prisons have regulations on how many ~~prisoners~~ letters a prisoner can send out each week etc. same goes for what can be accepted, if you want to know you can find the contact number for the prison and ask. Remember anything you send will be looked at by the staff first, so you might want to put ~~xxxxxx~~ any incriminating evidence in there.

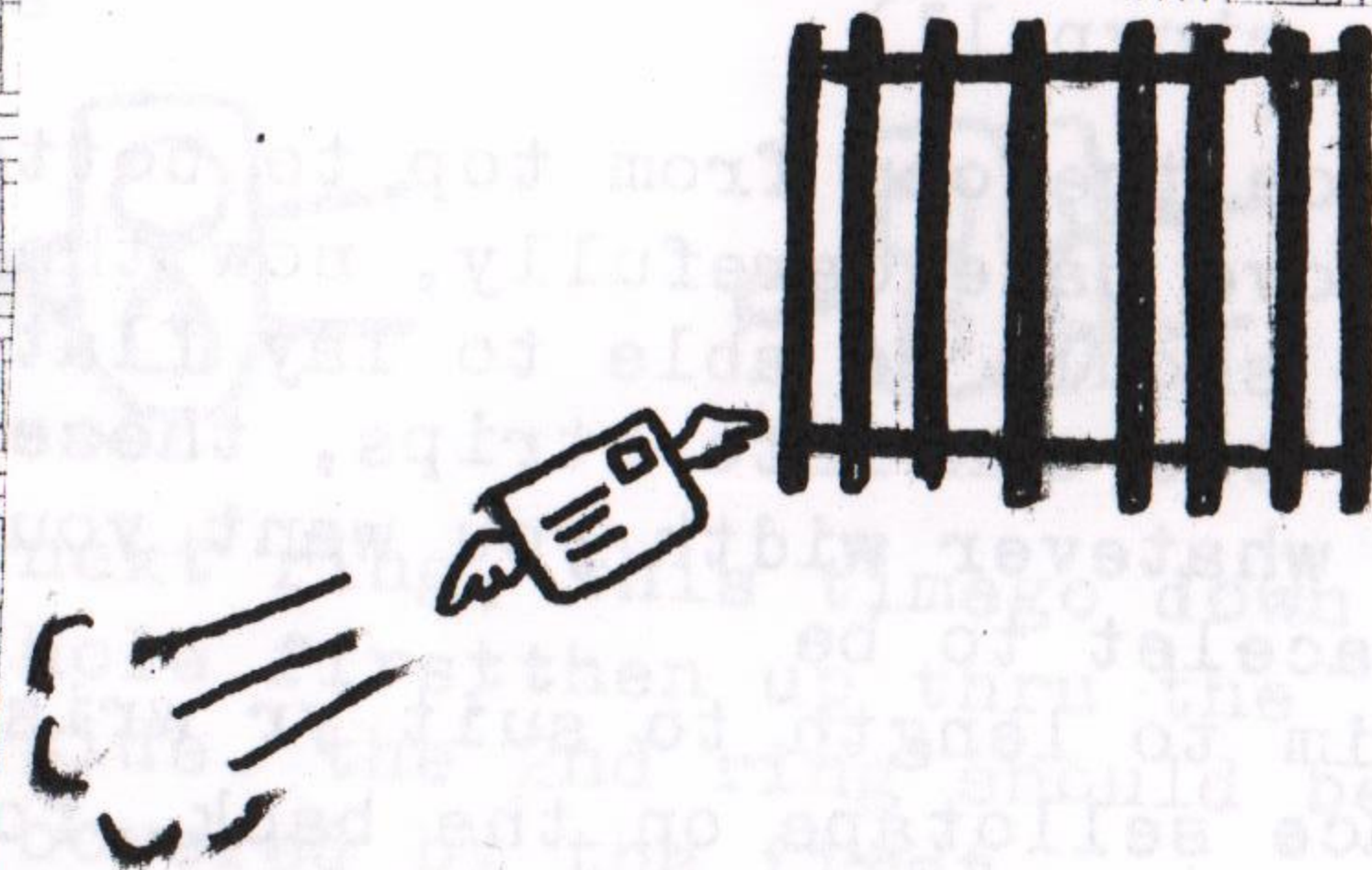
make sure you put a sender address on ,  
if you don't the prisoner won't get it.  
If you really don't want to give yours  
then just pop a fake one on.

For what to write I'm not full of  
advice really, I still find it quite  
hard. If you're really stuck just send  
a postcard with a message of support.  
~~ixjusttryxandxixagine~~ when I'm getting  
silly about not knowing what to write  
i just remember that if i was in there  
then any letter, no matter how nervous  
it sounds, would raise my spirits.

For the most part we all like human  
contact, we don't really want to become  
isolated. By sending something in  
we're giving a bit of that contact,  
even if its just a small note.

write where you got their details  
from, introduce yourself, tell  
them about whats going on outside

sending stamps or a s.a.e. is a  
good idea too.  
if you aren't certain about some-  
ones politics then its best to be  
upfront about yours, you don't  
want to lead someone on by pretend-  
ing to be something you aren't. ~~xrxx~~  
really stck? write jokes or draw!  
get some mates to all write a wee  
message. just do something! getting  
locked up isn't something any of  
of us want, so lets support our  
prisoners instead of forgetting  
them.



Ready yet? Now you need to find a  
prisoner to write to, check out these  
websites - [www.spiritoffreedom.org.uk](http://www.spiritoffreedom.org.uk)  
[www.brightonabc.org.uk](http://www.brightonabc.org.uk) they have lots  
of addresses and some info about the  
prisoners so you can get to know  
about their case.

making bracelets out of cans!

or... an excuse to get drunk (or drink lots of fizzy pop?)

type 1- what you need

can  
utility knife  
sellotape  
stapler

- cut top of can off carefully (save the ringpull)
- slice the can from top to bottom
- remove base carefully, now the can should be able to lay flat
- cut the can into strips, these can be whatever width you want your bracelet to be
- trim to length to suit yr wrist
- place sellotape on the back, fold a little tape over the edges so you don't hurt yourself.
- staple joint so you have a circle

done! that makes a plain one but you can do loads different- paint em, stick drawings/writing/ whatever on and then put tape over, glitter, anything you like!

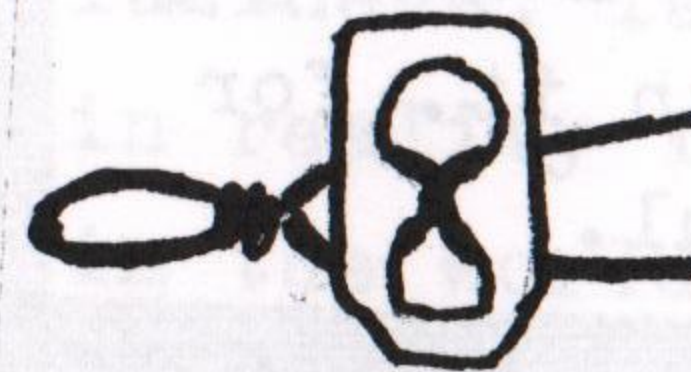
type 2 - what you need

string  
ringpulls

- cut piece of string about 4x the size of yr wrist
- double of the string and knot end like so



- add yr first ring pull, put string up thru hole, crossover and down thru the other so it looks like this



- add next ring, this time go down thru the hole first then up thru the otherside. the 2nd ring should be half covered by the first.
- keep doing steps 3 & 4 until you have a length you like. tie end of string and yr done!

\*make sure you sand any nasty edges off from the back of the rings

two weeks of lessons left, then the exams then that's it - a levels are over - college is done with. two yrs of doodling, people watching, giggling and skiving are coming to a close. the time does seem a little wasted, i can think of more things i've learnt from reading on my own or listening to an interesting person than i've learnt in those lessons. but i met a best friend - a truly amazing person who has made it all worth it. for that i am really thankful.

so what comes next? university. all the people i know in my position are trotting off to uni, ~~am~~ excited to live the student lifestyle of clubs, drugs, booze, sex and beans on toast. it's definitely not for me, i do not get on well with this academic lark at all. ever since i was eight my attendance has been appalling, i just

don't like it so i don't show up. i do the bare minimum amount of work and somehow manage to do okay in the exams. i'll miss my friends as they move off to study in different cities, but i'm pretty sure that i won't regret not joining them.

so if you aren't going to uni what's your other choice? WORK!! as you may have guessed, i do not want to work. some people will say this is due to laziness, lack of commitment etc. but in reality it's just common sense. who in the world wants to spend forty or so hours a week doing something they (usually) don't like ~~doing~~ - sitting at an office desk or a supermarket checkout, helping 'the Man' get even richer.

it's not that i want to sit around all day doing nothing. i want to make stuff, read, write, learn, sing, sew, grow,

build, knit and paint! i want to wake up in the morning, pack a little bag and walk out in the country all day, not be stuck in some gloomy factory!

i want time to be myself, do the things i enjoy, to be free! i don't want to become part of that work-tv-sleep-work cycle that i hate so much. i've seen it happen so often (haven't we all?), the job slowly takes over until the job becomes the person. only leaving the weekend where she gets drunk to try and black some of the weekdays out.

i realise that its hard, not all of us have the option to not work. if i want to keep on living here after the summer then i'm going to have to find some sort of income. i think that most of all its important that we keep our interests, beliefs and desires alive through the shitty

periods. that we keep that little voice in our heads screaming 'quit your job!' nice and loud. so we can use our money to support our interests rather than money becoming our only interest. its about staying strong, keeping hope alive so that some day we can live rent-free, grow our own food, make our own clothes, brew our own beer ~~xx~~, ~~going~~ go beyond this world of work and money. this is about staying active, doing what we can, and not letting the bastards bring us down!



# Spanish Chickpeas

## ingredients:

- 1 can chickpeas (drained)
  - 1 onion, chopped
  - 1 clove garlic, minced
  - 1 red pepper, chopped
  - can of chopped tomatoes
  - can of sweetcorn (drained)
  - a tsp of hot chilli powder
  - 1/2 a tsp oregano
  - tsp salt
- melt butter in a frying pan
  - saute onion, garlic & pepper
  - when the onion is soft add everything except the chickpeas. let this cook for 5 mins.
  - add chickpeas, simmer for 20mins
- serves 3-4. eat with couscous.

I'm a Spanish chickpea

against all oppression!

i am sick of anarchists who refuse to recognise anything but the class struggle. people so caught up in that one aspect that they ignore all the others. if any of us want to successfully fight oppression then we must listen to other people's points of view, listen to people's experiences, not dismiss them as taking focus away from the 'real' problem. these are real problems! take a look around, racism, sexism and homophobia are all bloody real! and although smashing the state would be a good place to start, it wouldn't necessarily rid of these problems too.

i think sometimes we get caught up into ~~xxx~~ feeling threatened by these views. if a person of colour talking about white privilege makes you think they're hating you for being white. a woman talks about patriarchy makes you think s he hates you for being male. this is not the case!

instead we need to all own up to our privileges, realise in our own heads that yes, i am privileged. then we can decide to use our position to start dismantling this ~~xxxx~~ harmful privilege. waking up and acting against it rather than ignoring or denying it.

we must take a strong stance against the discrimination that goes on. lets be honest, at some point we've all turned a blind eye to someone's bullshit. boys, if you're with your male friends and someone tells a sexist joke, don't laugh, don't just let it fly. these little things may seem like nothing but they do mean something, they keep it in our heads that women are inferior. tell people you have a problem with what they're saying, they may not even realise what they're doing.

question yourself too. think about what you say and the way you behave towards people. look at your ideas on race, gender, sexuality. rethink them. constantly. read up on things from a different perspective than your own. learn from others experiences. a womans will be different from a man's, a person of colour's will be different from a white person's. if we only look at one perspective then we are overlooking important issues. the more we learn of other ideas ~~the~~ the more we can shape our own into truly unoppressive ones!

at the top of my road there are allotments, well actually there are allotments behind my back garden too. but the ones at the top of the road are different, they're surrounded by woods full of huge old trees and beautiful wild flowers that fill the air with the ~~xx~~ sweetest scent i know. i'd forgotten how amazing these woods were. today is the first time i've been there in years. i've missed it.

ever since i could walk my mum has been taking me there (actually, she probably carried me there before i could walk, thanks mum!) we used to walk there everyday. i had a particular tree that i loved, i called it the 'peter rabbit tree', i used to leave stuff for peter rabbit there. my

~~xx~~

mum would tell me poems about the different trees and flowers. then when i got older we used to go there there with friends, we would ~~xxxxxxx~~ scra<sup>m</sup>ble about in the bushes, dreaming about building secret dens so we could live out here. we'd run around on the tiny paths, making up stories that we were all a part of.

then we got older and we stopped going. we went shopping instead, or watched movies - watched someone else's made up stories instead of living our own. the closest we got was going to the park occasionally, but even then the surroundings were just an unimportant backdrop for our gossiping. we had lost our interest in nature, we didn't see the beauty in it any more, or the

possibility for adventure. all our adventures were made up of drink, drugs and the opposite (or same) of sex. no room for trees in there.

walking through there today made me realise that this is what i want. i want nature, i want to feel a connection with it. maybe this is sounding like some~~xxx~~ weird hippy crap, but it's true! we have become so disconnected with everything natural (well really i'd say we've become so disconnected with EVERYTHING). we live in a grey concrete world where we do everything electronically. everything can be solved by buying some new product. we never even think about how things work, instead we trust the companies to fix everything for us. we want to go on ho

we want to go on holidays where we can sit round a manmade pool and get pissed. we don't want to get out into nature - its boring. its slow, nothing happens. but its where everything happens - its where life happens! look around and see the plants, the trees, the birds, the bugs! life! life which isn't as messed up as our own. just being away from all the shitiness of city life seems like enough to give some purpose to your life, even if the purpose is simply ~~to~~ to live. it reminds me that life can be beautiful, we don't have to be so caught up in our problems of money, jobs and the general alienation of modern life, sometimes we can just get out there and be free!

i think theres a great sense of freedom when you are outside away from city life. our manmade ~~xx~~ laws seem just that - MANMADE. they don't apply out here.

i want to feel that freedom more often, and i will - i want to get my hands dirty, my elbows bruised and my knees scraped. i want to escape this 21st century for awhile, live away from the television set and discover a better way of living. i think its possible. i think i'm excited.