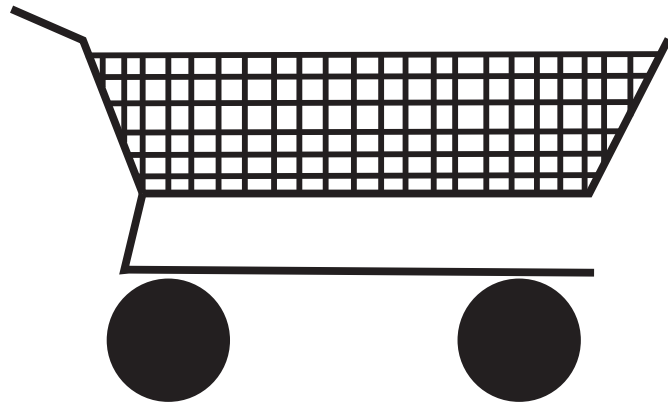
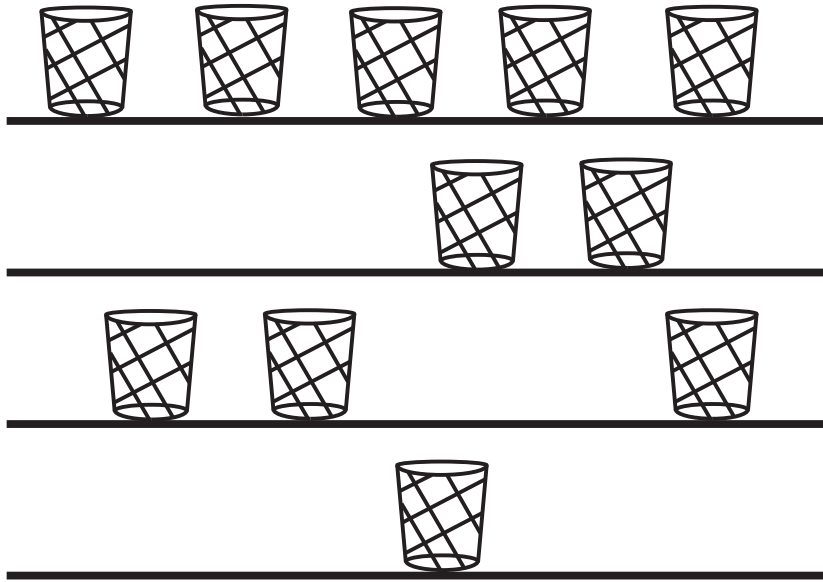




WASTEPAPER



This is the sixth issue and the theme is 'Sell Out'.

Contents

Episode 6 Oral Dreams.....	4
100 Different Adverts.....	6
How to Market Your Life.....	8
On the Road	12
Top 10 Conversation Sell Outs.....	14
Mandela	22
Another Clit on the Wall	30
Certain things you never forget	34
Smooth Talkers Animals.....	38
Reviews Horror, Spoons, Lined Paper.....	40
Match the Faces to the Favourite Shops.....	42
Contributors &	44

ORAL DREAMS

There came a point in the last month when I realised that I'd watched a lot of Oral-B adverts. It had been a long Christmas of telly and I had drunk it all in. I must have watched a fair few before my epiphany; it took a while for those short films to sink in, but it happened alright. "From the way it moves, to the way it cleans." I had been got.

In an office somewhere, the "creatives" had decided that the best way to advertise the "dynamic power brussels" of the Oral-B Power Trizone was to represent them as huge blue and white flags carried by an army of

actors on a shining beach. Vertiginous shots of the flags swaying to mimic the bristles of the Trizone highlight the giddy promises of oral improvement that lay in wait. The film cuts back to the beach and then to one of the flag bearers – a woman of impossible dental brilliance.

Initially, I thought this woman was just experiencing the "amazing dentist-clean feeling," that the Trizone elicited, but my judgement was premature; I had not waited for the final tagline: "life opens up when you do." Her eyes had spoken of more than oral satisfaction; she had thrown open her life to the efficacy of Oral-B and she had been rewarded. Stretched ahead of her was a vista of promise: her myopic existence,

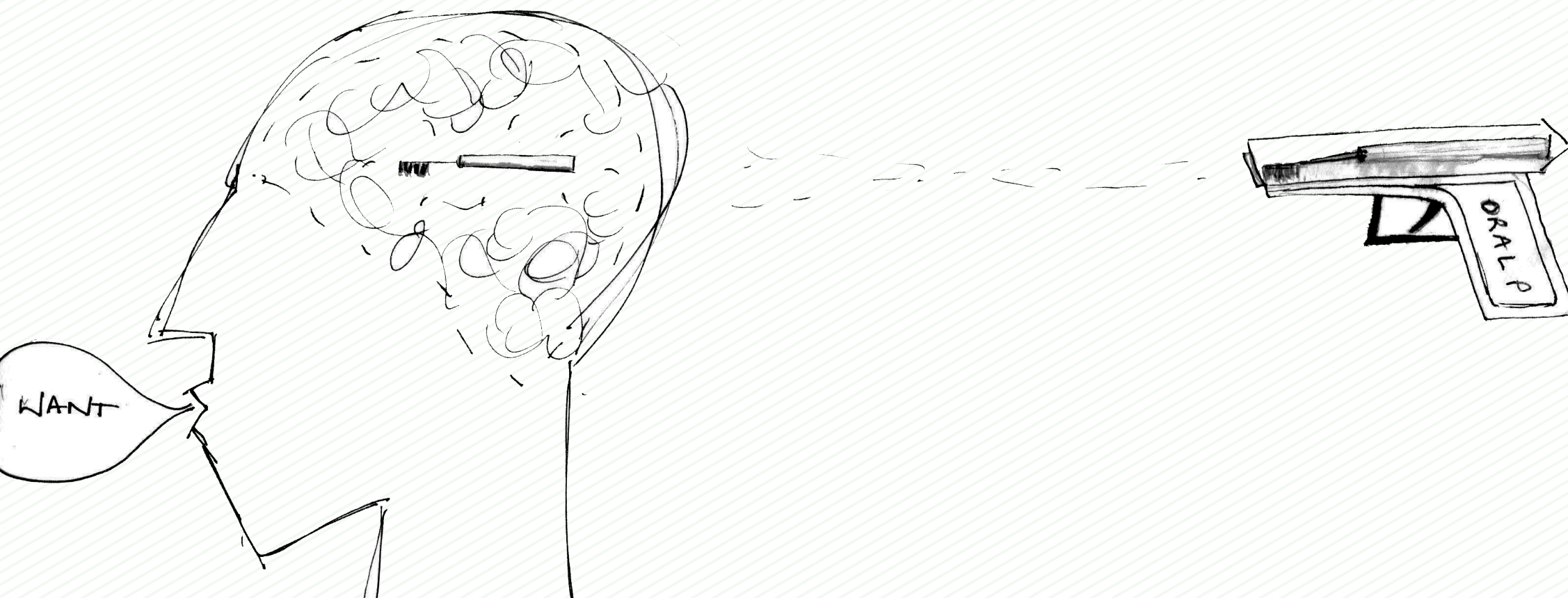
her intransigent ignorance had been burst asunder by the Trizone.

Life for that woman had opened up.

Adverts have long reached that pitch of insanity and, over the holidays, I had been a passive recipient of a good number of them. Some were so bad that they went black and white in your head the moment they finished, some were so good you'd want to see them again; all of them promised everything. At first, watching them had left me wanting to shout, "Listen you idiot, life isn't about your next car or a new toothbrush. Life is about love and loss and all the things the Trizone can't change!" I didn't of course say any such thing. It was already too late.

The egg had been laid, and the fanatical promises of dental improvement, the sweeping shots, flashy graphics and good looking girls had done their work; I began to harbour, deep in my subconscious, a nascent belief that the Trizone was in every way an altogether superior tool for removing plaque. I had seen what Oral-B had done to that flag bearer and I wanted to be with her. I wanted her gleaming incisors and her new life. I wanted the Trizone.

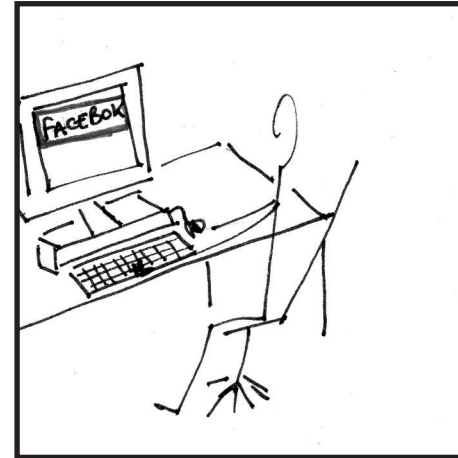
By Milo Hunt





How To: Market Your Life

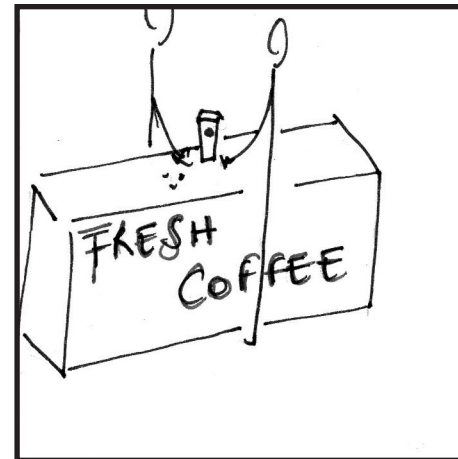
By Issy Dickens



STEP ONE:

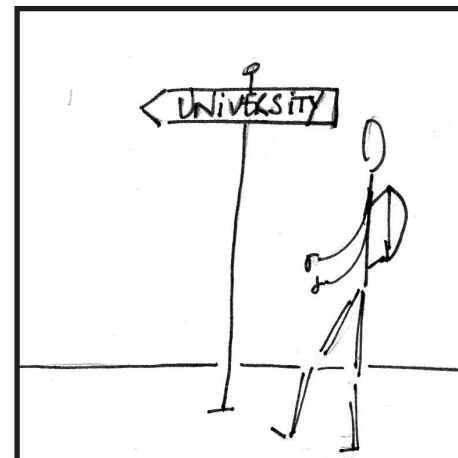
Wake up in the morning; check Facebook.

HINT you can gauge your popularity and personal magnetism from friends and likes on the internet. It's not limited to Facebook; you can make money out of your early morning thoughts with something like A BLOG!



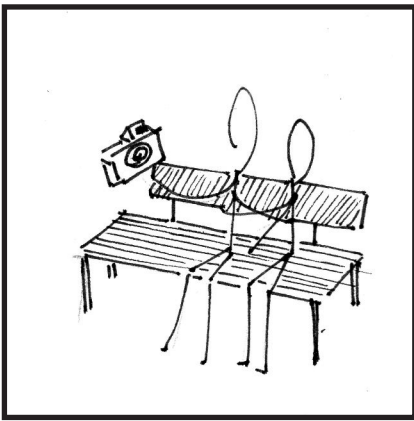
STEP TWO:

Buy breakfast. You're a go-getter with too much to do to waste time on breakfast so you may as well buy it at your local Starbucks, or even better, your local green café. You'll feel better for helping the environment.



STEP THREE:

Go to school/work/university. Remember that everything you do here is just a means to an end; nothing you do will have any value unless it leads to money/a secure job/a house with 2.5 children. You can't invest in experience; it doesn't lead to capital gain.



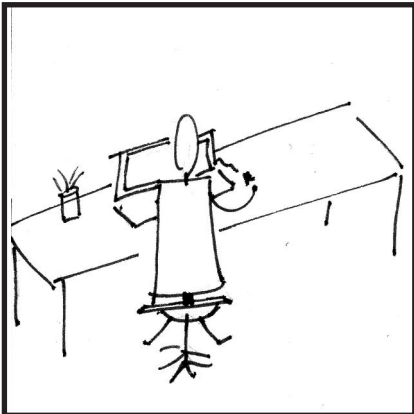
STEP FOUR:

Speak to a work colleague or a friend and think about the really nice moment that you're having. Wouldn't that make a great profile picture?



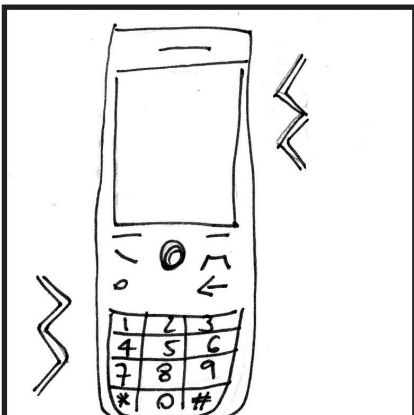
STEP FIVE:

Lunch: super noodles. You can't be bothered to sit in the caff where everyone is on their blackberries anyway; just sit at home and check yours at 30 second intervals.



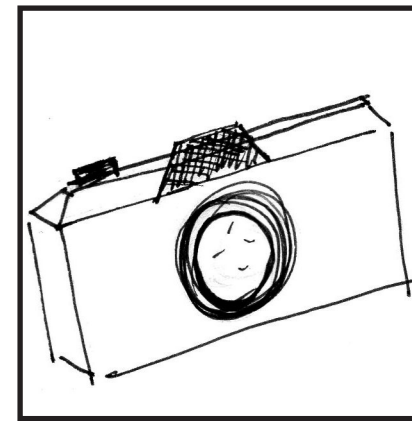
STEP SIX:

Whilst at work, do every task with desk rattling efficiency; be aware that every move you make in the present affects your future career.



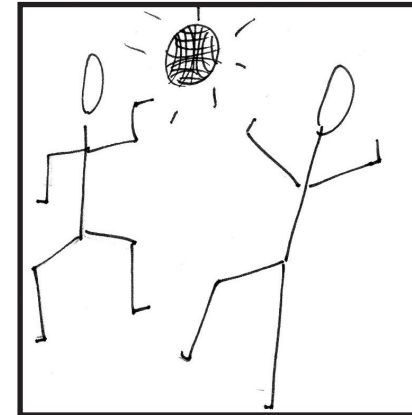
STEP SEVEN:

Evening plans: your loud phone conversation with a 'friend' on the bus got you the gossip on where you want to go out tonight. Dress self-consciously; everyone will see you tonight!



STEP EIGHT:

Leave the house with everything you need to have a great party: some drugs, some booze, a camera and a phone. There might be a few Facebook friends out and about; you want to live up to the party-hard reputation you edited into your profile.



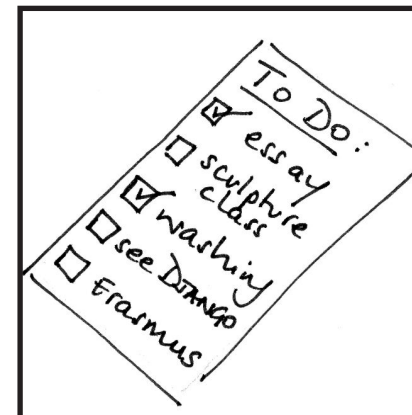
STEP NINE:

Dance like everyone's watching.



STEP TEN:

Making out with someone later, you remember what you read in Cosmopolitan. Maybe try out some of those techniques since you've been feeling like you need to spice up your sex life recently.

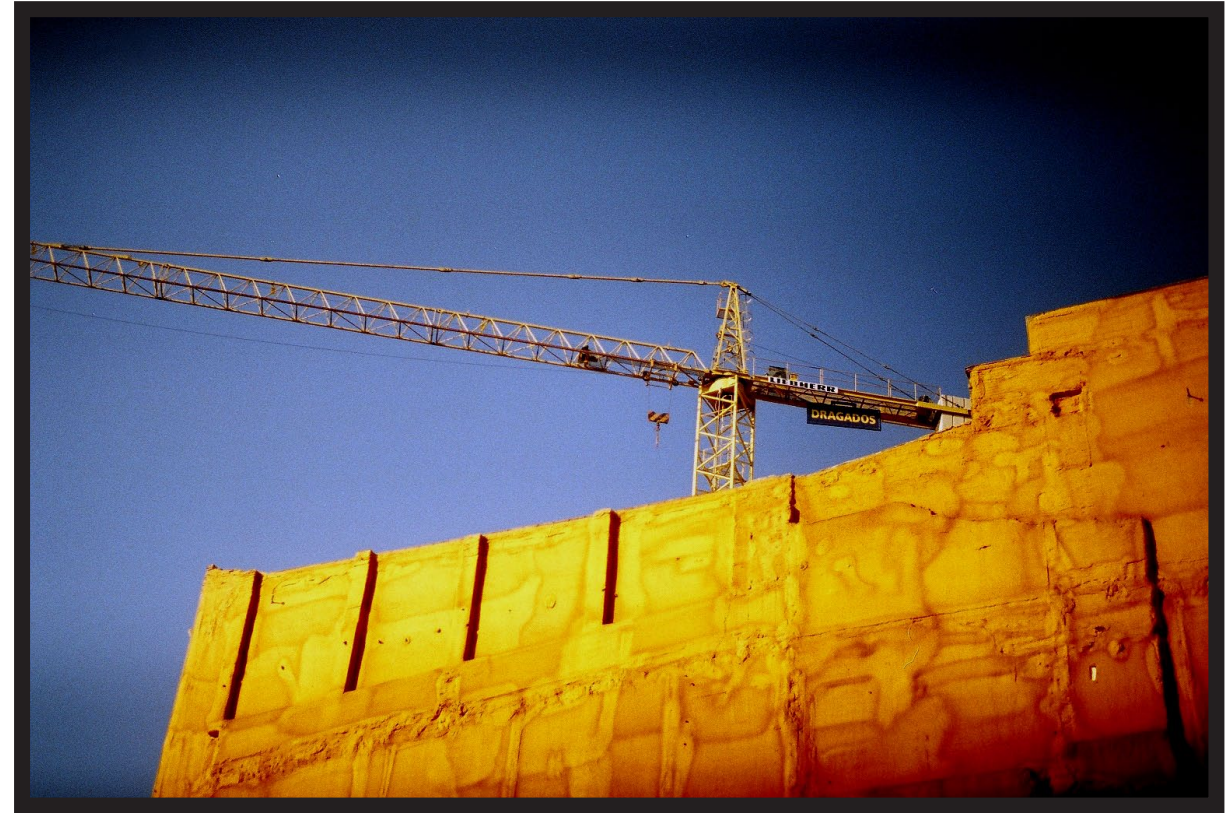


STEP ELEVEN:

Go home exhausted, but feeling like you've achieved something; you definitely ticked off everything on your list of things to do for tomorrow, plus got some excellent shots. It would be perfect if you could start tomorrow and have everything exactly the same again.



ON THE ROAD



TOPTEN CONVERSATION SELL OUTS

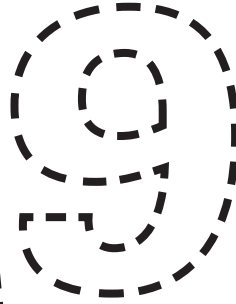
Everyone runs out of things to say. Whether it's with a first date, a friend of a friend you've been introduced to, or one of those distant relations that you have to entertain even if you have no idea who they are. It happens to us all and it is always awkward.

What do we do to get out of these situations? We fall back on a set of 'conversation starters'. Both parties realise what is going on but neither will admit it and back out. Generally these topics reek so much of desperation that, after starting, there is no way to ever return to a normal conversation.

Unfortunately, this situation is hard to avoid; it may be the only saviour from the gaping hole that is an awkward silence. However, there are some things that should never be said. From the passable to the terrible, here are some of my favourites.

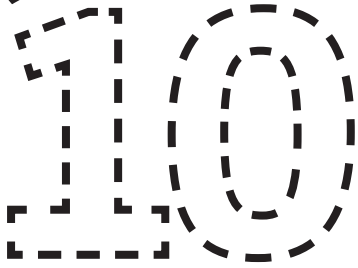
Mouthful/ prolonged drink/ humming

This is just quite funny and actually pretty effective. Either it will actually buy you extra time to think of something to say, or you will be so blatantly obvious about your discomfort with the other person that they will realise and just simply make their excuses and leave. Winner.



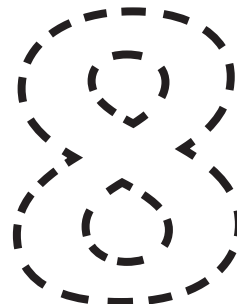
The latest score of the latest game

Ok, as long as you actually follow the sport, and you actually watched the game, this isn't too bad. When talking to someone new you have to find common ground, and sport, or another popular interest (music, films and the like), is a slightly unexciting but nevertheless safe bet. I reckon most people would let this one slide.



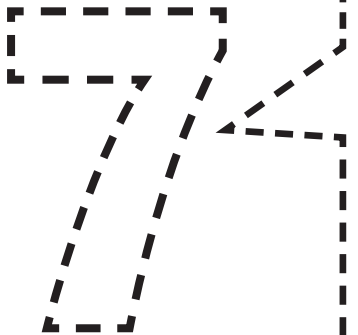
Compliments

Well at least you're being nice. Maybe you do like their dress/ moustache/accents. It's a bit boring, it's a bit obvious, but it warms the other person to you and might even result in the story of the thing you are complimenting. One is enough though – there is a fine line between friendly and creepy.



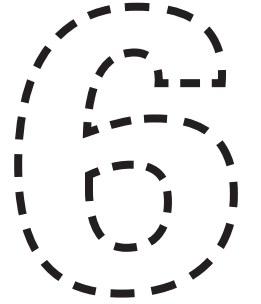
The connecting friend

This is the logical thing to do. Talking about someone that you both know is an undeniable linking factor between you. Don't be fooled though – it's a dead end. You both say how you met/what you do together/what you think of them and then there it is, the conclusion: 'Yeah, they're pretty great.' That's it. After a small stint of mild chat, you're left with another silence and one less thing to talk about. If you're really lucky something will crop up which will enable you to keep talking, but don't count on it.



Asking for information that you are not, and never will be, interested in

What do you study? Tell me about your job? What are your parent's names? Did you ever own a pet? Most of the time, no one cares. If you are genuinely interested in the drivel of life, that's kind. Keep at it. If you're not, these questions are usually an excuse for a Peep Show-style internal monologue/daydream while you think about the next, hopefully more interesting, question to ask.



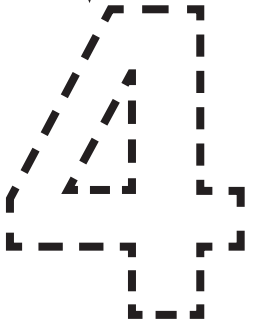
'Ah man, I was so drunk last night'

Self-mocking stories can make for a good laugh with the right person, ie. your close friends, but most of the time you just sound like the obnoxious twat who wants to look like they 'just don't care' about how people perceive them, when really they desperately want to be seen as cool. If you really must go down this route, take a minute to assess how appropriate the story is before it comes out. First impressions count.



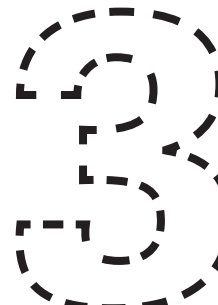
"David Cameron is an arsehole"/ "I think Marx was a cool guy"

Don't get me wrong, politics is a totally legit thing to talk about. However, voicing a not-too-controversial-but-strong-enough political opinion that you don't necessarily believe in, but suspect the person that you're talking to believes in, will not end well. Yes, it might present an interesting avenue for the conversation to go down, but unless you know a lot about what you're saying, you're getting yourself in a lot more trouble than you were in before. Overall: go for it, but make sure you've done your research.



Divulge very personal information

Telling someone something terrible that has happened to you, or a very personal secret, is somewhat acceptable as a quick-fix solution to getting closer to them. They ask you questions about it, you confess your innermost feelings and they help you through it. It's a certified bonding experience. However, it is also extremely emotionally manipulative. On top of that, you're going to need a lot of secrets/sad experiences to satisfy the amount you'll have to use them if this becomes the only way you can establish relationships. It's a rocky road to go down, my friend.

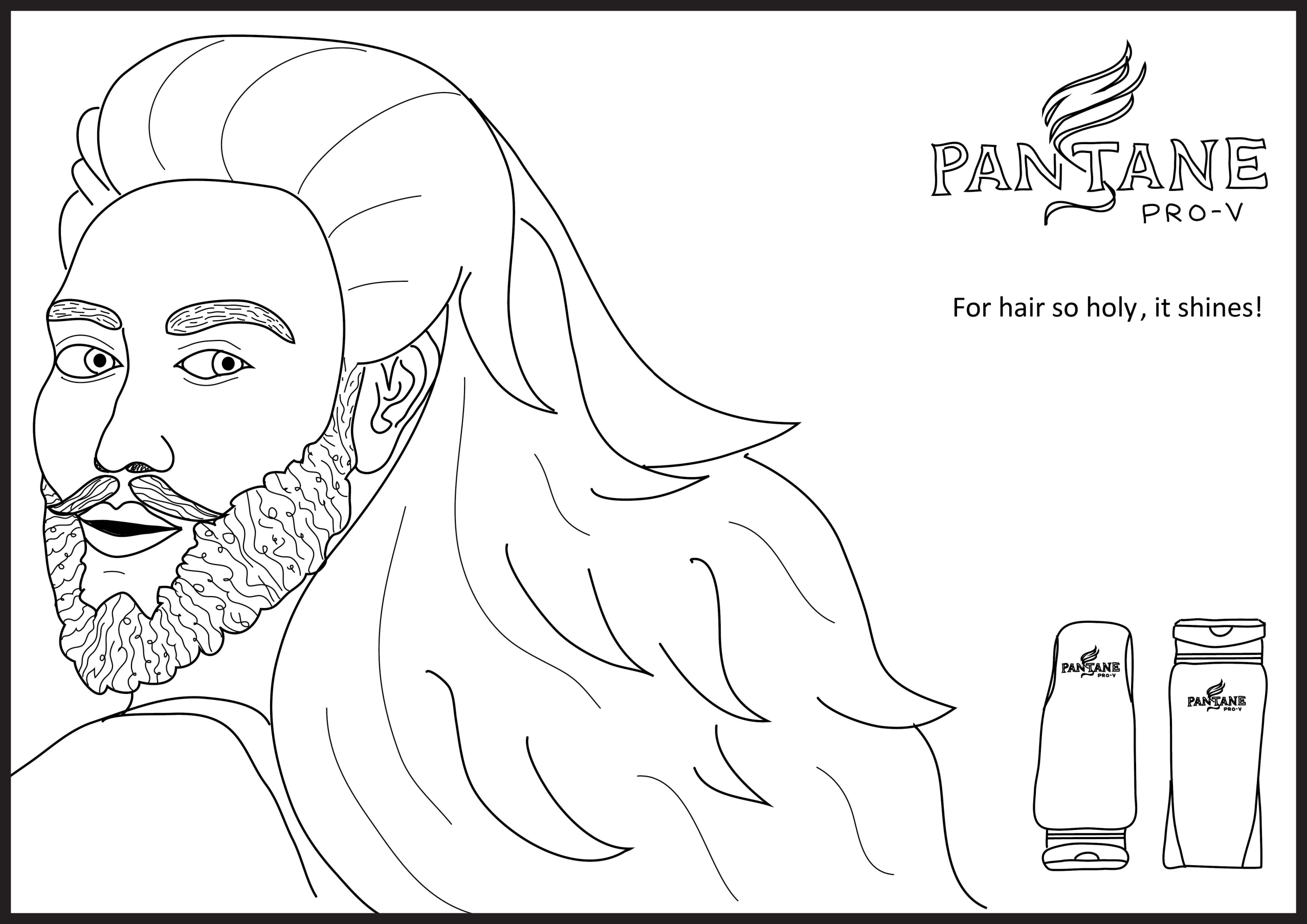


“We should do this again”

NO PLEASE NO! This is usually a guilt thing – you run into a friend you lost contact with or an ex you haven't seen for a while. You have so little to say and you feel so bad that you invite them to see you again. WHAT. NO. There is a reason you don't see them anymore. There is a reason you feel uncomfortable around them. Why would you actively seek out more of that??

The weather

I think it's safe to say that you've hit rock bottom once you start talking about the weather. There's nothing redeeming I can really say about this one because IT'S SO BORING. The worst thing is that everyone talks about the weather. It's a conversation opener, closer and filler for any length of silence in the middle. Even if it's a natural and comfortable silence. This is the one British stereotype that is absolutely true and it gives us a very bad name. Come on. You're better than that. At least I truly hope you are.



PANTANE
PRO-V

For hair so holy, it shines!





Mandela

When I heard the theme for this edition was 'Sell Out', I immediately braced myself for reading articles on Green Day, Ashley Cole, and Eddy Murphy. If we take a sell-out to mean someone who has sacrificed their integrity or principles for personal gain, then these three arguably fit the bill. In recent times, we have realised that politicians can also be labelled sell-outs. I am, of course, speaking of Nick Clegg and those pesky Liberal Democrats.

But what about a man who is regarded as a national icon, a freedom fighter, a Nobel Peace Prize winner- surely he cannot be tarnished with such a derogatory title? The man I speak of is my boyhood hero, Nelson Mandela. Contrary to my perception of the great South African statesman, some people do accuse Mandela of selling-out. Some individuals make this claim without evidence, purely to provoke a reaction on internet forums. Some call them trolls- I call them twats. However, others provide a reasoned defence of their view. They say Mandela sold the future of black South Africans and promises of equality, in exchange for a shot at the big time, for

a Nobel Peace Prize, and for his name to be immortalised in history. Let's establish the context. Nelson Mandela was arrested in 1962, having spent 17 months on the run, on charges of leading workers to strike and leaving the country illegally. He was sentenced to 5 years in jail with hard labour. Less than one year in to his sentence Mandela was back in court, along with 9 other ANC leaders, facing charges of treason in the infamous Rivonia Trial. Mandela expected to receive the death penalty, but the accused were instead sentenced to life imprisonment.

Approximately 25 years later, internal and external pressure had forced cracks to appear in P. W. Botha's apartheid government. They approached Mandela in his Robben Island cell, and invited him to enter negotiations. The ensuing months became known as 'talks about talks', in which both Mandela (acting on behalf of the ANC) and several representatives from the ruling National Party established conditions for more purposeful negotiations. It is here where the accusations of selling-out begin

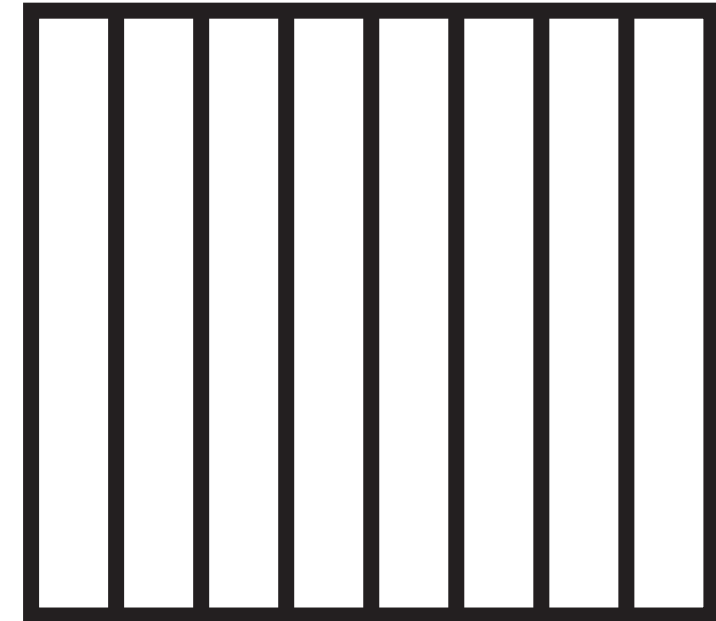
Although Mandela remained a respected and integral member of the ANC during his many years in prison, he was never in-charge of the party. That role was assigned to Oliver Tambo. When the news reached Tambo that Mandela had started secret negotiations with the government, he had a stroke. Coincidence? Probably not. The fear was that Mandela had cracked, that the old man had abandoned the struggle and been bought-off by Botha. With no member of the ANC executive committee at the table, Mandela had sacrificed some bargaining power.

Fast-forward a few years, and the talks had become serious. Mandela and new President F. W. de Klerk were negotiating the future of a new, non-apartheid South Africa. By this time, Mandela was living in a private house inside in the compound of Victor Verster prison. He had a three bedroom house, with his own swimming pool and private chef. Not bad for someone representing the slum-dwellers of Soweto and the shepherds of the Transvaal. During the negotiations with de Klerk, Mandela made compromises. He had to, de Klerk held all the chips. De Klerk captured the moment when he said, “I do not intend to negotiate myself out of power.” The concessions made by Mandela at this time would have a profound impact on South Africa’s future, such that one critic describes

the compromises Mandela made as “cowardly”. Mandela’s second wife Winnie recently reflected that her husband had “agreed a bad deal for blacks.”

In 1993, with South Africa on the verge of its first ever multi-racial elections, the free man Mandela was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, jointly with President de Klerk. They walked to the podium hand-in-hand. For some, this was an insult to the struggle. Reconciliation may have been hot on Mandela’s agenda, but many viewed him as a sell-out for taking the plaudits alongside de Klerk, himself one of the faces of apartheid. Better to snub the award than acknowledge gratitude to the enemy. Winnie Mandela, herself a controversial figure, later said of the event: “I cannot forgive him for going to receive the Nobel with his jailer de Klerk.”

The ANC of course won the 1994 elections, and Nelson Mandela became South Africa’s first black President. This was a momentous occasion in the country’s history, but according to some, it began the era of broken promises and unfulfilled dreams. The Freedom Charter of 1955 had established some of the core principles of the ANC. They included giving the land to the landless people, nationalising the country’s Reserve Bank, and sharing the wealth gained from South Africa’s rich natural



resources. When Mandela crowd-surfed his way to the Presidency many expected these principles to be implemented.

However, due to Mandela's negotiations and concessions with the National Party, his hands were tied from the very beginning. Industry was not nationalised, and the land was not handed-back to black farmers. (Incidentally, this is what happened in Zimbabwe which went from the fabled 'bread basket of Africa' to a land gripped by famine.) The mines remained privatised, as did the Reserve Bank. Notable apartheid-era figures remained in their influential posts, such as Derek Keyes and Chris Stals of the Reserve Bank.

The implications are vast. South Africa's economy is still decidedly "white", and for some, this amounts to a dismal failure. Political freedom can be seen as meaningless without economic emancipation which has, in the eyes of Mandela's critics, ceased to exist. White South Africans still have a disproportionate share of the land, and occupy more than their share of the country's top jobs. The 40 million black population are the greatest sufferers of high unemployment and inadequate education. On top of that, South Africa is also dogged by an astronomical crime rate, HIV Aids, and poverty.

So, is it all Mandela's fault? Azapo Youth League President Amukelani Ngobeni accuses Mandela of selling-out the black people's struggle. Ngobeni, and he is not alone, believes that his country's destiny has been compromised, all because Mandela "could not wait to be the first black President of South Africa."

Perhaps this is the truth. Perhaps we have succumbed to the Western media's all-smiles portrayal, which has "hijacked the Mandela brand." Some voices, silenced by the weight of our adoration of Mandela, feel they are still owed an apology.

I could happily refute all the arguments put forward in this article, but that is not my intention. My intention is simply to remind us that history is never one-sided. Even a man considered by many to be one of the greatest of our time can still be accused of selling out. These arguments do not change how I feel about my idol. If anything, considering flaws in Mandela's character leads me to stronger conviction. Without an alternative view, my opinions would be blind and without substance.

By Pete Buchanan





WORRIED ABOUT WHAT

HAPPENS AFTER YOU DIE?

**WE'LL STOP WORRYING AND GET
YOUR AFTERLIFE INSURANCE WITH**

**DIVINE
COVER.COM**

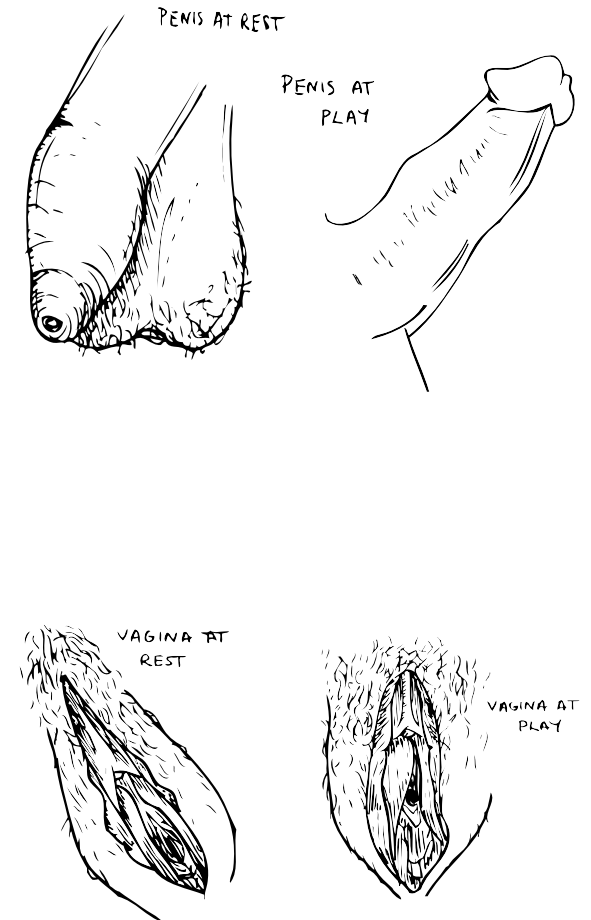
IT'LL BE HEAVEN - OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

Another Clit on the Wall



True story: I borrowed a book from the library. I couldn't finish the 9th chapter because there was a massive cock felt-tipped on the last paragraph. Unnecessary, really. Very irritating actually. I have a tendency to hold insane grudges, so I obsessed over the hypothetical book vandal and their motivations for at least a couple of days. Why *my* book? Why brown felt tip? Why had they chosen a Peyronie's Disease afflicted phallus? But mainly, why a penis and not a vagina?

All this eventually put me in mind of the state of gender inequality in the world. We all know that this is, and will continue to be, a big deal. We still have a long way to go before the women of the future will be able to go to work knowing that they will not be targeted and made to feel inferior by their workmates, before they will be comfortable walking the streets at night wearing the clothes that they choose, before they can stop fearing the mutilation of their daughters' genitals. Also before, hopefully, Fearne Cotton will have fucked off. I feel I am ill qualified at best to discuss the heavier aspects of this debate so for now I'll keep to light and fluffy topics. For the purposes of researching this article and in the interests of balance, I have been drunkenly foraying into male toilets in any bar or club I found myself in over the past couple of weeks.



Once infiltrated, the men's loos were not all that surprising - nearly as many drawings of penises (peni?) as there have been real penises (penes?) in presence there, ever. However, in the ladies'

I found no such preference for representing one's own downstairs business. This eventually caused me to bang my head on the loo roll dispenser quietly, wondering aloud "where are the vulvas?"

Why is it that both men and women seem to have an aversion to scribbling lady bits whenever they find themselves in a cubicle with a pen? The angry lesbian core that lurks beneath my slightly more polite, angry lesbian exterior became incensed whilst I pondered this conundrum. Then I told her to shut up and made the following diagram. I am hoping that the reason vaginas suffer this inequality is because there is no standard, universally recognised image of it.



Making everyone more familiar with crude vaginal shapes might seem facetious and it probably is, but it's also an important tool in the fight against 5000 years of deliberate oppression and obscurantism. Neurotransmitters between the vagina and brain promote feelings of empowerment, strength, energy and other bullshit-sounding things (it is actually true though - I promise). Women who feel on top are difficult to subordinate. So there's that.

Whether you end up in the ladies' or the men's latrine: next time you find yourself steaming with a permanent marker on your person, racking your drunken brain for something novel to draw on the toilet wall, consider making it a vagina.

By Eilidh Brooker

Certain things you never forget.

I woke up and instantly felt the need to **BRUSH** the taste of last night's **CIGARETTES** off my breath. The late hours of yesterday felt distant and blurry, this wasn't good. I needed to get proactive, maybe **COFFEE**, that usually does the trick. I decided to give **JASMINE** a **CALL**, maybe she could help me **PIECE TOGETHER** what happened last night.

We decided to grab a **BITE** to eat, so I put on my **COAT** and jumped in the **CAR**. Turns out we both had a bit too much to **Drink** last night and her recollection was as vague as mine. I don't know why, but I still had a nagging feeling there was more to last night than a simple case of one too many. I got home feeling defeated and no closer to an answer. On the verge of giving up, I decided to check my **messages** and all of a sudden it became clear...

... I'd slept with my **BOSS**, HUGO.

A N S W E R S

1D - 2A - 3F - 4C - 5G - 6H - 7B - 8E

N°5

UNBELIEVABLE





Tiger



Human



Honey Badger



Hippo



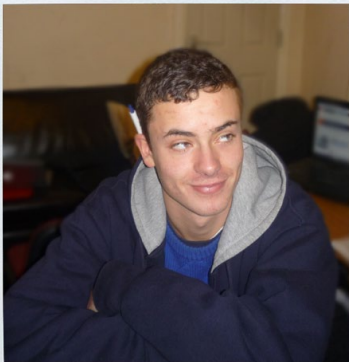
Hedgehog



Elephant



Deer



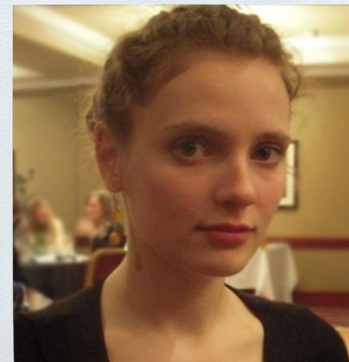
Greyhound



Lemur



Koala



Bunny



Sloth



Seal



Penguin



Otter



Manatee



Kangaroo



Immortal Jellyfish

The horror-film industry is one in which every good idea that comes along is sucked dry. The few writers and directors who achieve innovation then understandably 'sell out' their great ideas to a dozen questionable sequels and countless low-budget releases. This can make finding the real gems of the genre pretty tricky but, nonetheless, is a key part of horror's pulpy charm. Picasso and T.S.Eliot are both alleged to have coined the phrase 'good artists borrow and great artists steal'. In the spirit of this witticism, and the title of this issue, here are my **Top 3 Most Hackneyed Horror Innovations of the Last Twenty Years:**

3. 'Torture' Films – Saw

What happens when you take the moralising killer from 90's physiological thriller *S7ven*, the setting of Vincent Price's *House on the Haunted Hill* and the 2000's penchant for extreme violence? Why, you get *Saw* of course! This sacred cash-cow of mid 00's horror took in huge sums at the box office and has spawned one of the most detestable sub-genres of modern horror – the torture flick. While Eli Roth's original *Hostel* is genuinely scary, the sheer number of gory flicks being spat out probably causes more harm for the industry than good. The famous 19th century Gothic novelist Ann Radcliffe defined the two modes of spooky fiction as 'horror' and 'terror'. 'Terror', the higher art, is the feeling of

psychological, existential uneasiness you feel when something simply isn't right. 'Horror', in the lesser form, is the pang of nausea you get when you leave milk in the fridge for too long: at best it is a physical reaction of pure repulsion. Torture films, no matter how hard they try, can never be truly great unless they hit both criteria. Sell out factor: **7 elaborate traps out of 10**

2. Zombies – 28 Days Later

Zombies are scary, but do they really need to be in everything? Sell out factor: **9 head-shots out of 10**

1. Found Footage Films – The Last Broadcast

Just sneaking in before the equally brilliant *Blair Witch Project*, this 1998 flick sets itself up as a 'mockumentary' on a missing film-crew and heads for a truly terrifying twist ending in the Pine Barrens of New Jersey. Beyond doubt, found-footage films are the most exciting, and probably profitable, innovation in recent horror. Today the gimmick is simply being overused and despite attempts to add new media like youtube videos and vlogging to the mix nothing will ever seem as real or unnerving as the early classics. The blurring of fiction and reality is authentically disturbing, letting the imagination of the audience weave the nightmares. This is the zone where a horror film can be both truly affecting and truly entertaining – who could want more from any movie? Sell out factor: **10 demonic footprints out of 10**

By Rob Lee

THERE ARE QUITE A LOT OF SITUATIONS WHERE TWO OR MORE PEOPLE MAY MUTUALLY FAKE SOMETHING IN ORDER TO UPHOLD AN IMPRESSION, BUT FEW SEEM SO STRAINED AS WHEN USING CUTLERY. WHEN EATING IN FRONT OF (NOT CLOSE) FRIENDS, GUESTS OR RELATIVES, IT SEEMS IMPERATIVE TO EMPLOY THE CORRECT HAND TO THE CORRECT IMPLEMENT, TO SIT UP STRAIGHT, TO SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY MOVE FOOD FROM THE PLATE TO THE MOUTH, AND TO AVOID AT ALL COSTS USING THE WRONG THING AT THE WRONG TIME. FOR EXAMPLE, YOU ARE EATING SOMETHING WITH SOME RICE, YOU ARE USING A FORK AND A KNIFE, YOU ARE HUNGRY BUT CANNOT REALLY GO FOR IT AS YOU MUST DISPLAY A RESTRAINED DIGNITY IN THE FACE OF YOUR STARVATION, AND A **SPOON** LIES TANTALISINGLY ABOVE YOUR PLATE. YOU KNOW IT IS RESERVED FOR DESSERT, BUT YOU ALSO KNOW THAT THE RICE ON YOUR PLATE WOULD BE INFINITELY EASIER TO CONSUME WITH IT. THE PERSON (OR PEOPLE) YOU ARE EATING WITH ALSO APPRECIATE THIS, SO WHY NOT CALL IT UP? I THINK EVERYBODY WOULD BE HAPPIER IF THE SPOON BECAME ACCEPTABLE IN ANY MEAL. IT SCOOPS EXCELLENTLY AND, IF YOU'RE STRONG ENOUGH, YOU CAN CUT STUFF WITH THE SIDE.



NARROW RULES A4 MEMO PADS BY RYMANS

WE MAY LIVE IN A DIGITAL AGE, BUT, SO FAR AT LEAST, EVERYBODY STILL NEEDS PAPER TO WRITE ON. I DISCOVERED RYMANS NARROW RULED MEMO PADS A FEW YEARS AGO AND SINCE THEN HAVE NEVER LOOKED BACK. NOT ONLY DO THEY COME IN AN ECONOMICAL 5 PACK, BUT THEY HAVE SEVERAL IMPORTANT FEATURES WHICH MAY BE EASY TO OVERLOOK. FIRSTLY, THEY ARE NARROW RULED SO YOU CAN GET MORE WRITING ON EACH PAGE. SECONDLY, THEY HAVE NO MARGIN (THUS FREEING UP EVEN MORE VALUABLE REAL ESTATE). LASTLY, THEY ARE 'TOP GEL BOUND' SO IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO RUIN A PAGE WHEN TEARING IT OUT. OVERALL, A GREAT INVESTMENT. **10/10**



MATCH THE FACES...

to the Favourite Shops

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ANSWERS
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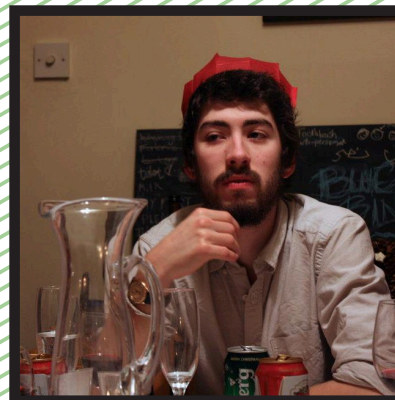
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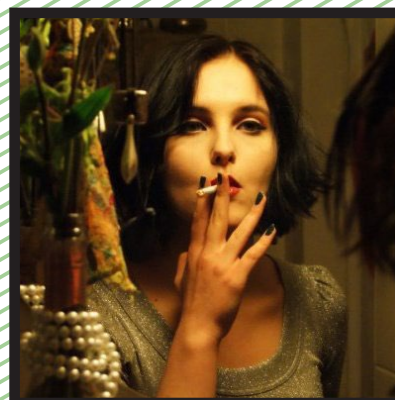
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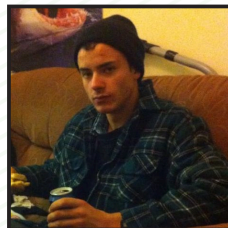


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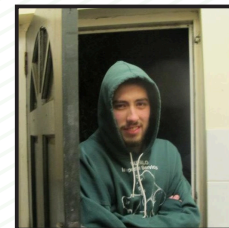
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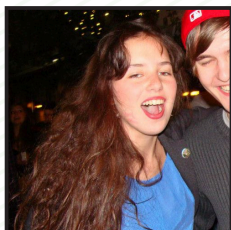
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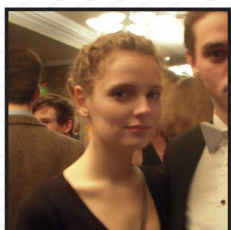
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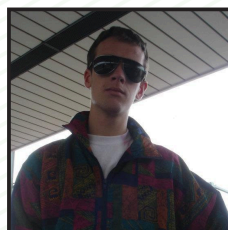
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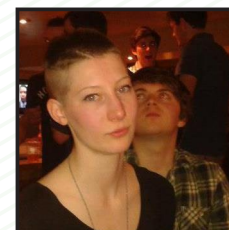
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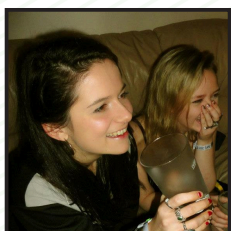
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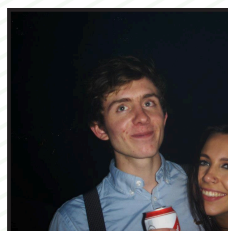
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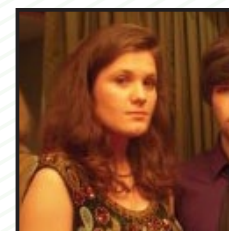
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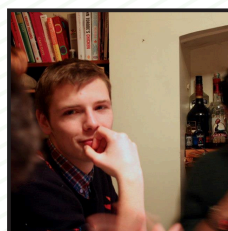
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Top Ten



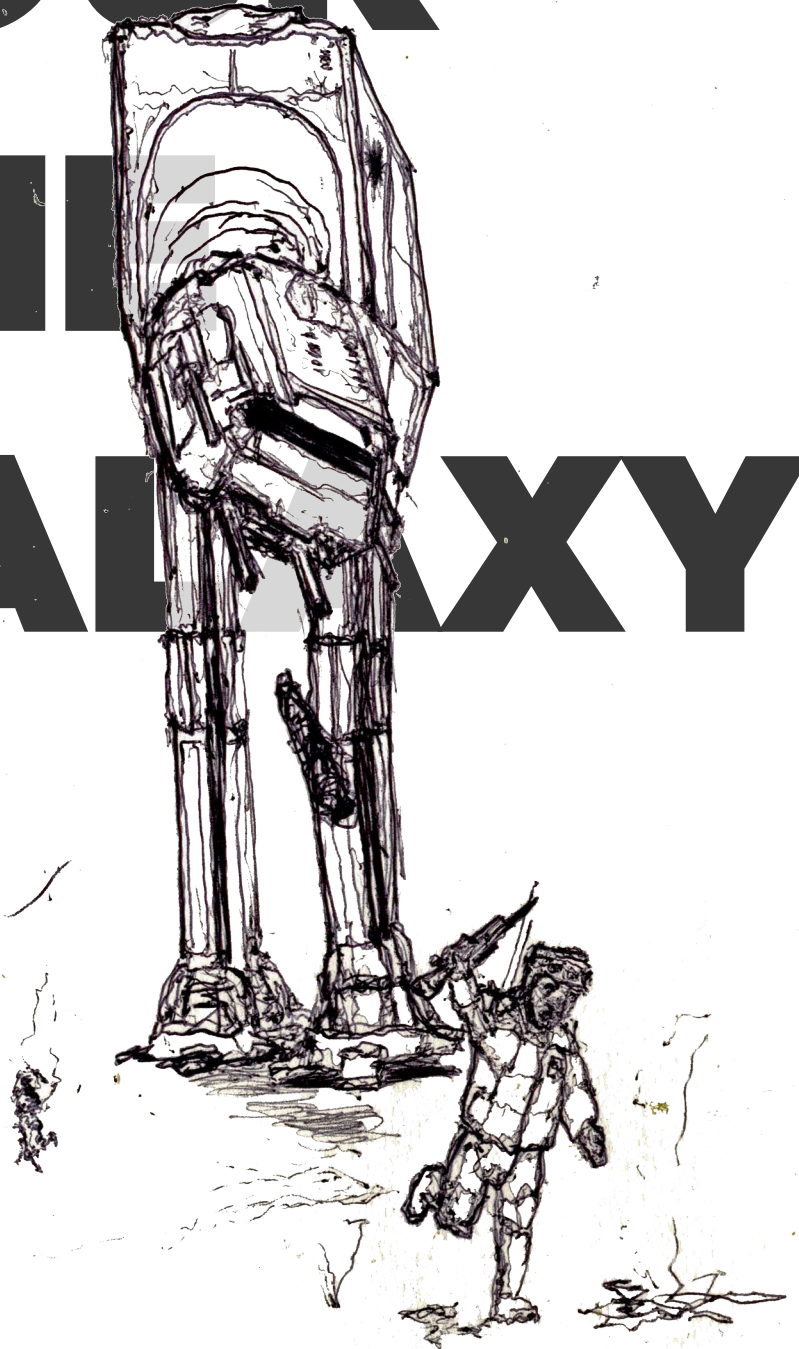
Eilidh
Another Clit on the
Wall
Text and Illustrations



Morgan
Some things you never
forget

contribute@wastepapermagazine.co.uk

TOUR THE GALAXY



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