

RUPTURE

Contributions: info@rupturezine.org

SPRING 2019 • END HUMANITY NOW!

Online archive: RUPTUREZINE.ORG

You Were Only Supposed To Blow The Bloody Doors Off!

Yet another bank closed on my high street. This one was my bank and with very few Cooperative banks actually open in east London it meant my next nearest branch is in Ilford (which is barely even London!). What was opening in its place? A betting shop, polish groceries? Oh no, some new hipster co-working space, brilliant – just what we need. Access to my money leaves, the unaffordable lifestyles move in... Or so I thought!

Turns out that the HSCB (Hoe Street Central Bank) had other ideas. They seemed a bit more arty and started printing their own money; I assumed it was the 'The Walthamstow Pound'. A 'local economy' that no one *really* buys into or bothers with, a nice social-living experiment that ends up not achieving much. And so I ignored it.

I would easily have carried on not taking much notice – I always loath people who take empty spaces and aren't squatters (If it's not a TAA then I turn my nose up at it) – but I ended up at some events where Dan, the main man at the HSCB, would get up and talk about their project, The Bank Job. Turns out they're fucking awesome!

The Era of Creditocracy

The HSCB bank 'pop up' shop is a key part of a feature documentary film called 'Bank Job'. It a cleverly interwoven public action, creative outlet, symposium and economic superhero plot that draws in the local community to examine and really debate how debt has become the master in

our current economic system – The Creditocracy. This is a not-so-new term for the kind of society we live in, where debts are an ever-rolling design feature, Credit Cards aren't ever really meant to be paid off and households live in the cycle of the 'never never'. The preferred tenants of a creditocracy are those who can't quite make ends meet, but who pay the monthly minimum along with penalties or late fees; ensuring a steady flow of revenue to banks. Creditors' profits depend on keeping us in debt for as long as we live, and even beyond where they can.

Our banking and monetary systems are deliberately obscure and personal debt across the UK has been increasing, as people struggle to get by on low wages and high living costs. Jumping on any opportunity to really kick people when they're down, money sharks sniff out the weak and trap them using one of the most prevalent forms of debt – the high interest, short-term 'payday loan'. Companies target those desperate or stupid enough with enticing adverts offering easy cash at the push of a button. With little prior knowledge of an individual's financial or personal situation, these companies charge incredibly high interest rates; I've seen small print on the adverts with an APR of 1450%. This means that a £10 loan can sometimes become £200 of debt in a matter of weeks, causing a vicious cycle of debt for some of the most vulnerable people in the UK.

Debt is an integral component of our current system of inequality. 97% of all money is conjured into reality at the moment when banks make loans. This means our money supply is effectively on lease from private banks – giving them inordinate power to determine the course of our economic, social and common good. Yet we, the public, do not yet fully understand the way money comes into existence – and while we remain in the dark, there will be no way to change course.

Steal from the rich to give to the poor

This is where the plot of the 'Bank Job' comes in with the artists and film makers Hilary Powell and Dan Edelstyn with their part art installation, part stunt, part charity drive and part education campaign designed to inform the public about the true nature of money and credit creation. Their film will argue that these debts are a result of a monetary system which is impoverishing multitudes by design – but which could be changed.

Their mission: to lift the lid on how our monetary and banking systems really work by printing and selling bank notes featuring the faces of local people fighting for economic justice in the area. In place of the Queen, leaders of the local foodbank, homeless kitchen, youth project and primary school grace HSCB banknotes. The beautifully designed and carefully hand-printed notes were then sold in a kind of crowdfunding action. This action got more

Continued on the inside...

Continued from the front...

and more interest and they even ended up designing a £1000 note (Yes that's right – people actually bought them, from all over the world, as the news of what they were trying to accomplish spread!).

See, this wasn't a normal crowdfunding project. This isn't just a film about debt, it's a film about looking for alternatives for money ownership to work in the public's favour. This is about a collective action to halt debt (or at least some of it) in its tracks.

These banknotes were sold to: a) Raise money for the four causes featured on each note – Barn Croft Primary School, Eat or Heat Foodbank, The Soul Project and PI84U-Al Suffa – all great local projects that need support and publicity, who got £5000 each. But

also... b) Contribute to a debt abolition fund in which one million pounds worth of local predatory payday debt was bought up, written off and symbolically destroyed.

Debt In Transit

Their plan was so dynamite that The Guardian called them the 'The Rebel Bank' – as they sold £40,000 worth of notes. After donating to the featured charities and local projects, they then used the other £20,000

to buy up and abolish £1.2m of local high interest debt. See, debt gets sold for a fraction of its face value when debtors fail to make repayments. Debts get sold on and on for less than the original loan, sometimes just for pounds – whereas the debtors get chased for the full amount, which is

stead it tells you that your payday loan has been cancelled. That the Hoe Street Central Bank has bought it and are planning to turn it into little pieces of burnt paper. Don't forget, this is a scene in a film, and to give this community heist feature film a fitting climax, and literally explode the conversa-

tion around illegitimate debt and a just economy into the minds and living rooms of Britain and beyond, they have quite literally exploded the debt in a 'debt in transit' van in an action and artwork called 'Big Bang 2'. Yep, they put the debt papers in a van and blew it up... with a lot of dynamite. This was enabled, and the film project completed, by the HSCB issuing a final round of BONDS. These screen-printed tokens not only funded the final act, but are also exchangeable (for £50 and over)

for coins which Bank Job will make out of the exploded van. I'm happy to have a £20 bond sitting framed on my wall; my small contribution to a gigantic act of human decency. The world isn't doomed, there is a beating heart – and a burning van.

Details of the project and lots of very interesting discussions and events on debt, the economy and stuff can be found on their website: bankjob.pictures



www.bankjob.pictures

constantly going up. That's where HSCB intervened and brought the payday loans at a fraction of their worth, and instantly wrote off over £1m of debt for local people living life on an edge of economic suicide. Fucking Robin Hood artists in the flesh, on my high street.

Imagine getting a letter – and instead of it filling you with dread over having to choose heating or food, clothes or warm water – in-

SCOTLAND - A T(R)EK TO REMEMBER

Committed. It's the only way when it comes to the UKTek. This year, there was a pre-warning rumour going round that it was going to be a long way away (for us Southerners). 11 hours later, we are on a wind farm, raving in a cloud in Scotland.

From Dust-Tek (another wind farm near Manchester) to endless Wet-Teks in Wales – go prepared and raving in constant rain is no different to a basement club with sweat dripping from the ceiling. Other than the fact the rigs were off the scale! Pretty sure the biggest linkups I have ever seen in the UK, other than maybe Camelford Tek 2006 – that circular link up was insane, another banger.

So much outdoor sound pressure. 30m from the rig and my eye balls are rattling in



their sockets. Amazing.

Police appear the following day, to respond by standing a distance from the first rig and staying there for days. DAYS! When was the last time the Tek started on Saturday night and kept going until Tuesday (or was it Wednesday)?! Ambulances parked on standby and the police response being that they wanted to ensure everyone's safety as the crowd and event was deemed as friendly. And that it was, when you have tonnes of ravers drive from all parts of the UK and successfully rave their tits off you have one outcome – some kind of scummy beauty.

Next year – Scotland? I'm already hyped!

BLACK STAR CARAVAN REPORT

Group trips to Sub-Saharan Africa

by Westerners are often infused with variations of evangelical charitable impulses; the urge to help, to save those poor Africans. This winter Black Star Caravan set out to do the exact opposite – a group of disparate individuals banded together to do in Africa what we like to do here in Europe; namely set up the rig and host free parties, invoking the beauty and chaos of those raves that we hold dear. There was an explicit effort to be honest (with ourselves and others, except if you were talking to the cops) and we treated this trip as an experiment; where any outcome of the situations we engendered could be judged on its relative merits or flaws. We thought that by bringing people together with music, art and positives vibes things would happen of their own accord, and boy did they ever! New love was born; tears fell when it was time to go, and one by one each member of the caravan found themselves falling into places, cogs in a wheel that rolled all over Western Africa.

As our convoy descended on Bissau capital at the end of February, travellers we had met along the way joined friends and performers from Senegal, Gambia and all over Bissau; and planeloads of Europeans arrived too – a proper medley of personalities and talents, too many to mention. The highlights of carnival undoubtedly went to: our partner hosts Alegria Bafata (Bissau) and their multiple shows; I Science (Senegal) and Jally Keba Susso (Gambia) took to the stage together and absolutely smashed the moon out of the sky; My Bad Sister (UK) had the crowds jumping any



time they hit the stage; Disturbass crew (Italy) rinsed it; and High Rise Rubber (UK) gave the amazing masquerades and peoples of Bissau carnival a proper show. Our crew of IRD & DDD kept the speakers pumping, and were also grateful to the help and support from our friends Hyper, Irritant and Hekate. Throngs of Guineans danced through the night and into the morning, our rig being the last to turn off on the regular. We danced, we laughed, we cried, and somehow we all knew things would never be the same again; we had broken through some barrier and BSC felt authentically Afropean. The real moment of pride and satisfaction had to be the Kids Carnival day though, when we did the sound for the official procession of dance troops and then hosted a kids event of our own with music, adventure nets, face-painting, circus skills, art workshops, spray painting, dancing and a load of laughs. Well done team! Job was a good'un ;)

Along the way we did events, volunteered in an orphanage, built a recording studio and multiple playgrounds, planted a load of trees, made new friends,

fell in love, got arrested, swam in the sea, made some pizzas, cried and fought, and made up again... It was a true odyssey and the people who made it happen gave the best of themselves.

We are still collating all the pictures, videos and stories from the trip – so look out for us displaying these at an upcoming TAA near you. We are also looking to the future about how to carry this amazing project forward, get in touch if you think you have something to say about it all.

Until then, see you on the dancefloor, centre left...

Contact: blackstarcaravan@gmail.com



EXTINCTION REBELLION

middle-class, pointless, passive aggressive shite or a rising up to be proud of? (maybe neither)

I think that the first time I was made aware of Extinction Rebellion (or XR) was after returning from a trip with my family from Hong Kong and Australia. Aside from having a fucking great time, something clearly stuck in my mind. WASTE. From plastic on the 'pristine' beaches of the Daintree Rainforest to an abhorrent amount of broken up polystyrene in the ponds, streams and sea of Hong Kong's lovely Lamma Island, the trip reminded me a) how much I personally care about the environment and b) how much we as a human race are fucking it.

I return to London and somewhere in a news feed pops up that XR are planning to shut down five bridges across the capital simultaneously to highlight the seriousness of climate change and our impact on the environment. I arrive fashionably late (I'm not getting done for obstruction of the highway again!) to find that it doesn't seem to have happened, well not yet. There is an obvious settling of people in the area; awaiting some kind of signal, like a gathering of ravers in a local Asda car park, birthing a mega-convoy. I cycled over to the next bridge to check there. Shut. I'm impressed – loads of people, across all ages, occupying a busy London bridge. I ride to the next. The same. OK, have they managed all five? Yes, yes they have. Fuck, this is decent organisation, with committed people if nothing else. I hang around for hours. The police are really stuck, they don't know how to deal with it. The protestors are super pleasant, the attitude towards the Police is not the usual; it's pure love for all and the action is successful.

There are way too many people to ar-



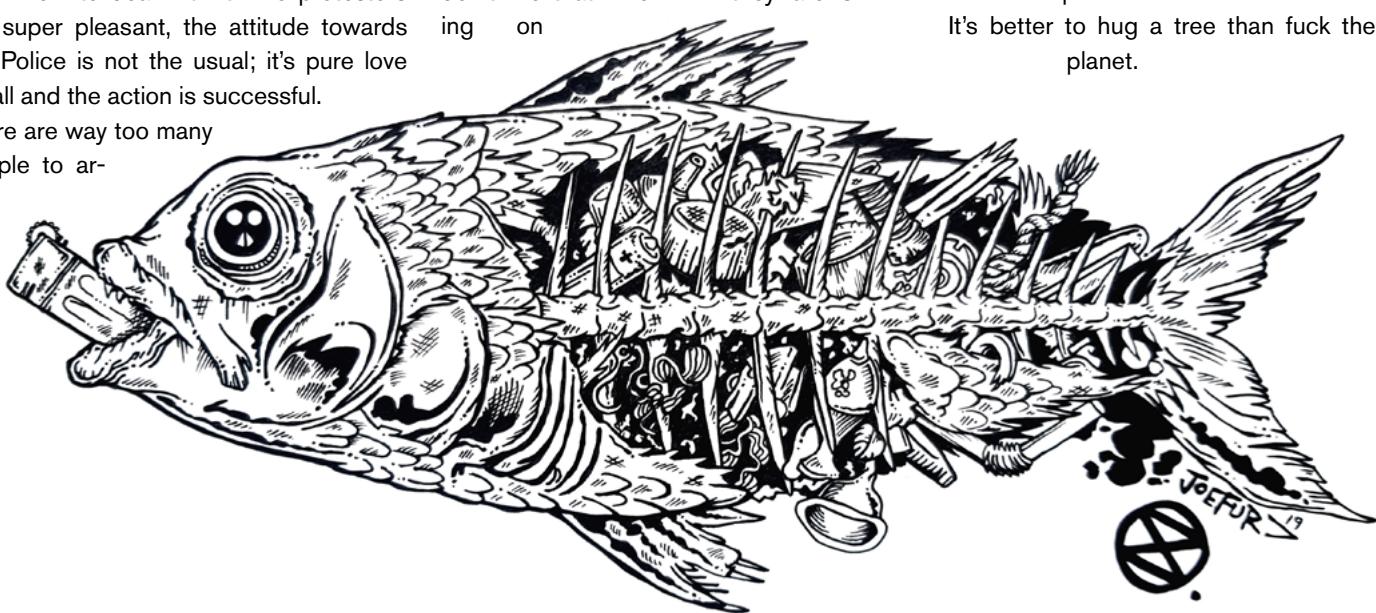
Arki Grynberg

rest their way out of this one. Batons can't be drawn as violence, or even threatening behaviour, is nowhere to be seen. Fast forward a few months and now London is gridlocked. Oxford Circus has a fucking boat parked in the middle of it, Marble Arch is a sea of tents, Waterloo bridge is covered in trees, Piccadilly Circus and Parliament Square are jammed with protestors. Key parts of London are blockaded for two weeks. Look out for law changes to try and squash protest further as this made the Police look stupid and they really don't like that. Even if they are smiling on

the outside, they probably think you are a prick on the inside.

So, the protestors tactics are deemed as pleasant, their numbers seem to be huge and 1000s are willing to be arrested in their non-violent blockading. I was sceptical of their niceness initially – I know that's a strange thing to say, but I have been to a lot of protests and none have been quite like this; very well organised and extremely well disciplined. They also as a group then quite quickly got 1-2-1 meetings with Michael Gove and Sadiq Kahn, plus didn't make the group look stupid in mainstream media interviews. To me, it seems their message is getting across to the mainstream, people are protesting who may not have before and surely that is one of the points in protest; for your message to gain momentum and enable or help to enable change. The question is, will anything actually change nationally or globally? Heathrow expansion, fracking and a new coal mine are still on the government's to-do list. It's not a reason to give up, but you also don't have to wear an XR badge, XR scarf, XR tote bag and an XR hat while pushing along a child in an XR onesie. Stay on point, make your own changes (however small) but don't belittle something that is clearly a force trying to do good, even if their practices may not be your cup of tea. I just hope there is the support for all those arrested like there was for #stopDSEI.

It's better to hug a tree than fuck the planet.



Each issue of **RUPTURE** only has a small print-run that is distributed at parties, gigs and DIY spaces – but is also hosted online at rupturezine.org. Let us know if you can help getting some printed for free in your workplace, uni etc.

THE 10TH CENTURY SYRIAN PHILOSOPHER MAKES ANOTHER OF HIS VISITS

Abu Nasr al-Farabi, dewy-eyed as usual, tells me the fault lies between here & the nearest bus-stop, its zig-zag crevice

of complicity deepening into a two-tone vintage sofa, a murder of crows caught off guard by their own intelligence,

an antique-shop sideboard & a squirrel surprised by its own hidden stash of nuts as the planet spins

in the unavoidably glamorous slow going of each hour. This time, Abu Nasr has come to me in the form of a small doe who knows

a thing or two about the pros & cons of online petitions, criminality bestowing injury prettily with the lights off.

Abu Nasr sings, not very tunefully, of why we're not always the good guys, of my recent successes having taken too long,

of this city seeming snuggled in under a child's blanket of back-lit cloud that seems to shield us from the deep

& dark vastnesses of space & how giant empires are unable to avoid crushing things underfoot. So, a child's blanket then.

Words by Jack Houston

AT THIS HOUR

IV.

We gather round, bow down before the machine,
Know extended rows of industrial mono-crop
A tersely worded soliloquy with a full-stop
Involving the feathering of children, meaning
To always keep the seeds & stuff. Leave,
It's too late to thank me. Don't blink
Over the road. Traffic passes. I'm still thinking
It a good thing. My heart slows, will beat

III.

At the same speed as yours, in time.
The sliding scale of what we bring.
Time to get the fairy ring fenced in,
But still the grass-tucked nutrients imbibed
On its blank dance path. Everyone glows in
At our windows, makes us feel faint, famous.
Is it too late to trouble you to be gracious?
Already so warm, my skin is a flowering

II.

& there's not a lot to be said for the flip
Between responsibility & blame as the jelly
Sets to its mould & a popper goes off, erstwhile.
Stop the music, make statutes. Nothing helps
Itself to the ice cream. Relocate cake, warm
Wicks to a flickering. If blown the singing
Will stop though we'll want to keep sucking
Fizzy juice through straws, hats perched jaunty

I.

The elastic cutting into our throats. If the fun starts
To falter rush to the waterside, everyone crowding.
Don't push. Keep pulling. I know how
You'll want to watch the sea charting
What goes under the bow, guessing at how safety
Lies in the distance. Everything will be okay
As long as we remain at the captain's table.
We must never admit it's already too late.



THANK YOU FEMINISM

Liberated from the chains of the home by the 1970's women's equality movement, modern (western) women are now free to be able to go forth in the world to be anything they want to be! No longer subject to the dominance of the man both in the family and in the workplace, the world is ours to conquer. Well thanks for that Feminism, thanks for opening that box – but without smashing the capitalist systems that creates the divide, all you've done is give the status quo more fodder for the front-line profit margins.

One of the great achievements of the feminist movement was to liberate women's sexuality... and thanks to this, the modern woman can open up to her innermost desires and release the hidden raw energy to be an amazing lover; full of all the tricks to excite and satisfy, albeit her man and not necessarily herself. Oh, and she dresses the part too (mee-ow). She'll be top of her game, just as long as she doesn't overdo these qualities, or she'll find herself exactly where confident women have always been – on the slag heap.

Thank you Feminism for helping modern women to attune to the wants of her body, shame you haven't been so kind to the wants of her appetite. Modern Woman has to look amazing(tm) because modern feminism isn't about being confident with the 'skin you're in', it's about having a dress size that's to die for – and if she can't do this then she must be failing. I mean, come on! There's enough magazines out there with daily tips and recipes for the total-body-fitness and perfect-skin-and-waist-diet we all know is achievable (if only I could afford more than a microwave pizza or have the time to prepare and lovingly sauté to perfection these nutritional and balanced meals for me, my man and the kids).

The Modern Woman is free now to be an equal bread winner in the family, out of the house and working for a living (otherwise she's just a scrounger). She is ready to be a super-mega-successful business woman who's pioneering in her field – or else, lets face it, she's just not living up to her full potential and is really just a failure to her sex. Come on – we all know the home is not where she belongs; as a universal goddess she is better than that, she can now be out

bringing in a wage large enough to supplement the man's earnings.

Thank you Feminism for doing her the favour of breaking the disgusting and time consuming bonds of child rearing so that she could pursue her own needs – as long as they're the needs of an ever-growing consumerist neoliberal society; packed with must-have handbags, designer haircuts and overpriced childcare... well, at least until her mid-thirties, at which point her career-minded selfishness becomes the disdain of others who are constantly asking the question 'haven't you thought of having a child?' or 'will you have another one before it's too late?'. That is, of course, if she didn't squeeze out some 'financial parasites' well in advance of her career and has, in fact, been doing a juggling act her whole life that would put any circus clown to shame.

Oh, but don't mention the kids. On top of this super-successful career and dynamite womanly prowess, every modern woman is now armed with a whole Mumsnet worth of optimal parental advice (because lets face it – she is still expected to reproduce no matter what she does with her life) that enables her to be the world's best mum too. No longer need she worry about a disobedient or distraught child – there's a plethora of parenting tips, a fountain of advice, an avalanche of do-good mums all chipping in on the perfect way to raise a child.

Gone are the days of needing to beg, bribe, threaten or scream a child into submission; and if she finds herself still resorting to any of these tactics well then – you've guessed it, she's failed! She reads to her kids in bed every night, she takes them to educational and fun activities, she sets up play dates to stimulate and entertain them, she is a whizz at arts and crafts and makes the perfect outfits for national book week (and knows exactly when this is even though

no letters ever get sent home about it in advance, meaning she only has one night to prepare it all). She cooks amazing meals (as mentioned above) that they eat every last mouthful of, and she never finds herself out of time or energy or good will. God forbid she ever gives them a digital screen to sedate them, what a failure she'd be if she did; and god forbid she would ever dare say that she gets angry, frustrated or worn out by her darling child, because to admit this would be to fail at the unconditional love part, right?

So thank you Feminism. Thank you for thinking that women's equality could come without uniting both men and women in equal struggle. Thank you Feminism for doubling the consumerist work force without struggling for better pay and conditions for all. Thank you Feminism for liberating woman from the home without putting in place a community that would support her and the development of a well-integrated family. Instead, modern women are as shafted as modern men. Isolated from any concept of communal living and social responsibility and alienated from the idea of what it really means to be a loving human, rather than a gendered sheep.

Modern Women are put upon and stressed out with a societal pressure unknown before. In contrast, a total crisis in what it means to be a Modern Man (that rant to follow) plays out in the rise of Britain First ideas and backward looking slogans – all because the real power that still manipulates our lives isn't the straight, white, men that the Feminists fought so hard against. This power is a stock market, a digit on a screen, a profit margin. Real Liberation, when it comes, will find common ground with all and champion a unity beyond sex, or colour, or dress size. Real Liberation won't be an ist or an ism... real liberation will come from the heart.

Yiska Fonseca

RUPTURE NEEDS YOU!

We're always need material – articles, rants, poems, artwork, listings, reviews, news – for our twice-a-year printed/PDF zine, and are also launching an online site as well!

Email info@rupturezine.org and keep an eye on the website at

RUPTUREZINE.ORG

DIVINE MOMENTS IN A TEST TUBE

I was somewhere in Wales, it was the 1st of January of 2012... the first time I smoked DMT. A friend was speaking Welsh on the phone, I understood nothing besides DMT. I asked if I could get some, no one else wanted. I did it by myself with my friends around. I had read and studied quite a LOT about it in the past, but DMT is clearly the hallmark of "If you didn't try it, I can't describe it to you". I can try tho...

So many people are interested in knowing about DMT or ayahuasca experiences to see if they could handle it. Many of those (after I describe my experience) frequently say: "Oh, I don't think that's good for me. I have so many issues in the closet, I'm afraid of what might come up". When Amazonian shamans say that the plant is always right or when Western neo-shamans mention you will only be given the experience you are ready to handle at that time... well that's all probably true.

After the second or third toke numb effects kick in; can't hold the bong any longer and I feel this hiss sound, as if a lizards tail was crawling inside my skull and I 'hear' this comment: "Oh this one is not ready to see the whole thing". First time I didn't go all the way, but it was freaking hilarious because my four mates turned into open-eyed Lego versions of themselves. For real. They were them, but as if they went through a Simpsons portal. I got hysterical. There were crazy parts all over any empty surface that would change rapidly. I knew I didn't have long in this realm so I tried to make the most of it. I grabbed a mirror and funny enough, there was no Simpsons ver-

sion of myself whilst all my surroundings had changed. It was a lot of fun but that was all that was for my first attempt.

What's this 'voice' tho, letting me know I'm not ready to go further? There is somehow a strong connection between our own immune system and DMT. Why is a substance able to hold such agency, such intent towards our singular wellbeing, such...



personality even? People that haven't tried this ride will NEVER be able to comprehend what it is to truly believe you are about to die. On the flip side it can be a very disconnecting happening.

Second time(s), I died.

After a beautifully confusing try and I

went in again and... there was absolutely nothing on the other side and it wasn't pleasant at all (like I've read happens frequently). The feeling was of wide open black and I felt I was crushed inside a test tube and there were these professional voices kindly explaining me it was over and I had to die. So they were pushing me out of the test tube and I was resisting this as much as I could. They insisted they were sorry, but that this had to be done. At light speed all my sweat, angst – all my neurochemical reactions – were analysed and catalogued at high speed. The fear was so real, I shat myself. They analysed my faeces, numbers and calculations appeared in the screen of my mind almost automatically. "Oh he is a feisty one", and the pushing me out of the tube continued... I found no universal love in this attempt, merely an encounter with my own utter terror to disappear and cease to exist.

I was able to open my eyes couple of minutes (that felt like weeks) later and I saw my friends' face. Her face multiplied by thousands in an endless landscape. I put my hand inside my pants to figure out if I'd actually shat myself in fear. Nope. Nothing happened on this plane after all. But this feeling – the moment of not being 'here' anymore – that shit stays with you forever. And I trust it's something everybody would find useful to experience before they actually die.

João Meirinhos

Lisbon, 17 May 2019

Watch his documentary here:

youtube.com/watch?v=wUpcltODkuo

The room I sit in is not the only room in my house.

My house is not a place with a mud floor and it does not have a corrugated roof.

My roof does not have holes that pour in water like a soul open to despair.

It does not have walls made of canvas, so thin and fragile that stains scars more than mere fabric

There is no shivering family in my house, hopes frozen in a tundra of forgotten dreams, bellies so empty of food that they lack the endurance to force a smile.

I do not sit in my house waiting for handouts because there is nowhere to work and no permission to leave, as though the skin I was in was not my skin to wear.

I am not constantly fearful that today this house will be swept away with the flick of a bulldozer.

I do not lay awake at night in my house, listening to my children cry in hunger and misery, powerless to comfort them because any agency in this world had been stripped away, motherhood as fragile and transient as a tent, ready to be blown away in a breath.

Instead my children snuffle and yawn at night, oblivious to the houses they do not live in.

Just Jess

LISTINGS

There will be a listings calendar on the new it-will-launch-sometime-we-promise (maybe) Rupture website:
RUPTUREZINE.ORG

MAKE MUSIC DAY 2019

21.06.19

An international day of musical celebration in the form of free music events in over 120 countries around the world.

makemusicday.co.uk

TINY TAA

22.06.19

One-day Temporary Autonomous Art event in London. 2pm - late, London venue TBC. Donation entry. All proceeds towards the mega-TAA happening in September (see below) taaexhibitions.org

MASH UP THE DANCE

23.06.19

From 12pm, Nomadic Community Gardens, Fleet St Hill, London E1 5ES

DECOLONISE FEST 2019

29-30.06.19

A London festival by and for punx of colour. DIY Space for London, 96-108 Ormside Street, London SE15 1TF
fb.com/events/2327243250889223/

BREAKCORE AGAINST THE HUNTERS

29.09.19

Hunt Sabs benefit night for groups in Southern Poland. 9pm-1.30am at The Old England, 43 Bath Buildings, Bristol BS6 5PT

XR ISLINGTON STREET PARTY

30.06.19

12pm-4pm. Islington Green, London N1 8EH

TUGATEK 2019

29.08-01.09.19

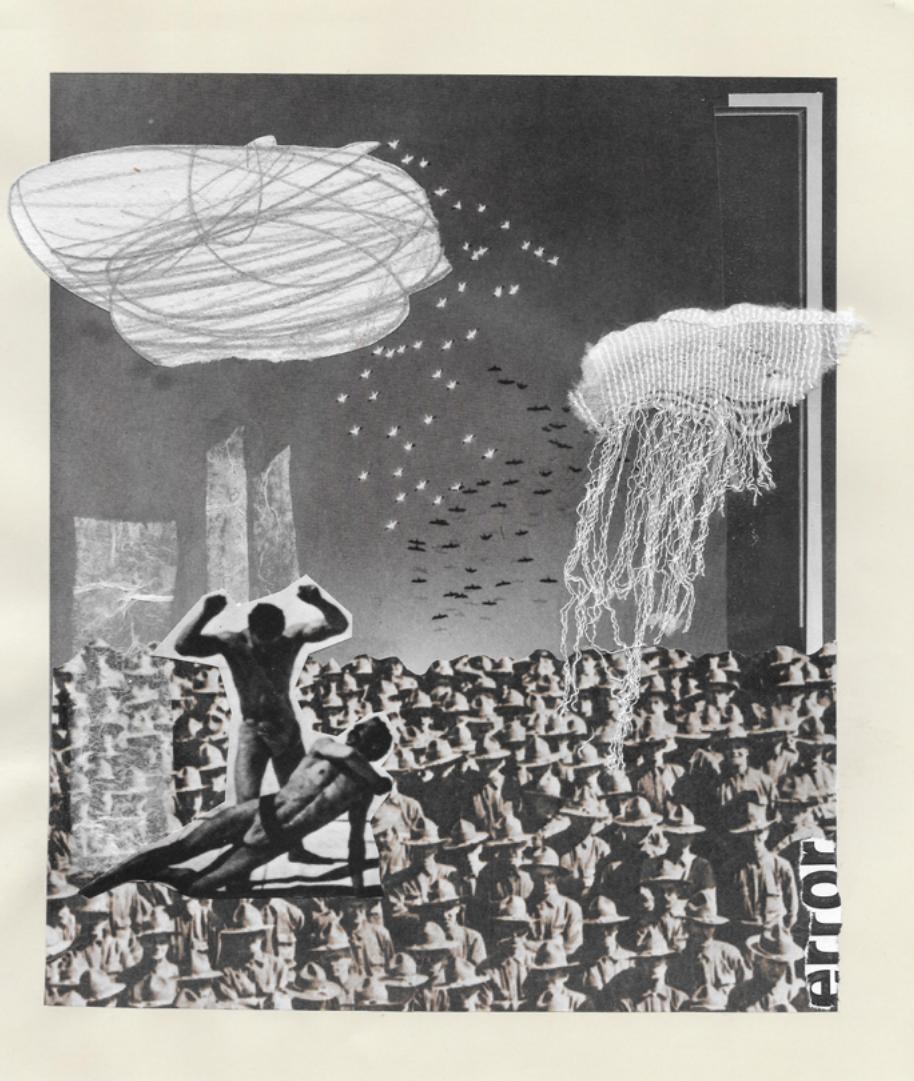
Legal rave-driven festival, somewhere in Portugal. Listen out for location info. To get involved email tugatek2019@gmail.com

FURTHER LISTINGS

For gigs: Eroding Empire – Eroding.org.uk
International free-parties:
shockraver.tracciabi.li/infoparty23.htm
Other events: radar.squat.net/en/events

FURTHER LINKS

Social centre – diyspaceforlondon.org



Arki Grynberg

BENEFIT FOR NEW DIY VENUE

31.08.19

Benefit party for A Place of Our Own: the North London punk venue project. Grow Tottenham, Ashley House, Ashley Rd, Tottenham Hale, London N17 9LZ
fb.com/NorthLondonPunkCoop

ALBANIA TEKNIVAL

31.08-?09.19

Open to all sound systems and performers. albaniatek2k19@gmail.com

NORTHERN REBELLION (XR)

30.08-04.09.19

Manchester: rebellion.earth/act-now/events

DAS BOOTY

14.09.19

8pm-7am. Venue MOT, Unit 18, Orion Business Centre, Surrey Canal Rd London SE14 5RT
fb.com/events/1256433251174351

TEMPORARY

AUTONOMOUS ART 2019

25-28.09.19

Gallery, performance, music, film, talks, workshops + more. The open-access art festival in a squatted venue returns to London this autumn. If you want to exhibit, perform or help out in any way e-mail: london@taaexhibitions.org

MONSTER MARVEL & MASHUP

01.11.19

8pm-2am. No Fixed Abode present a night of broken core and bass music. Mirth, Marvel and Maud, 186 Hoe St, Walthamstow, London E17 4QH
fb.com/events/1005472429843384/