

RUPTURE

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Online archive: RUPTUREZINE.ORG

AUTUMN 2021 • No dramas, just 2 for 1 on crisis

Celebrating 20 years of TAA

This latest edition of **Rupture** has once again been produced to align with a Temporary Autonomous Art event in London. Now, we've had a full-umpteen various TAA articles over the years – so we're gonna keep this editorial fairly short, though you can find several very different takes on TAA elsewhere in the zine. What is extra-special about this particular TAA is that it marks 20 years since the very first one – when a bunch of arty (minus the party) ravers decided that free-party hit-and-run tactics could probably stretch to nabbing a building for a whole week and filling it full of art and mayhem!

Squat parties in London in the early 2000s were a fairly dangerous place that you likely wouldn't invite your nan to. At times you'd arrive in a party room to find a couple of blokes standing next to a stack of speakers with zero lighting or décor; maybe some stinky camo-netting at best. Although efforts were being made to increase the creativity at parties at Headfuk sound-system raves, such an often-self-destructive environment wasn't really the best avenue for such things and the splinter group known as Random Artists emerged to stage the first TAAs. The loose collective was an ever-expanding troupe of artists, musicians, writers, performers,

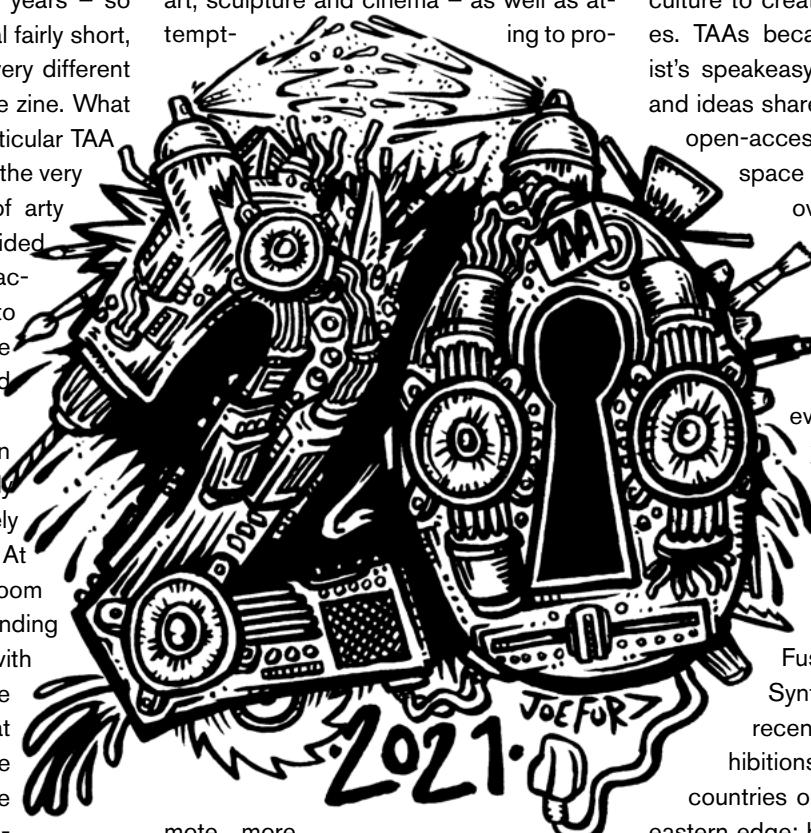
flaneurs, miscreants and care-in-the-community cases.

By introducing new elements to the party environment such as performance art, sculpture and cinema – as well as attempting to pro-

events as a response to the inherent nihilism of the free-party scene, and the depressingly sterile and elite artworld; consolidating the positive aspects of our culture to create new kinds of free spaces. TAAs became something of an artist's speakeasy where artistic disciplines and ideas shared equal ground; where an open-access and fee-free exhibition space could flourish – with no overt curative process and no judgement passed on style or skill.

In the early days of TAA, the Random Artists crew hosted over 10 events in the space of just 4 years. In addition to these open-invite and chaotic events the group also embarked on a number of more curated and themed events such as: Cleanse, Fuse, The Plot Thickens, Synthetic Gardens and most recently HOME. From 2003, exhibitions were also toured across countries on mainland Europe and its eastern edge; bringing a glitched out and broken future vision from the 'capitalist' west, into countries still in the infancy of their departure from communist control.

Back in the UK at this time, the TAA project had expanded into a nationwide movement with sister crews organising TAA events in Bristol, Brighton, Manches-



mote more experimental and live music – Headfuk began creating alternative creative spaces as opposed to mere squat parties. The various members of that rig – along with associate sound system crews Hekate, Pitchless & III Eagle to name but a few – tried to put some purpose in their

It's worth noting that this here Rupture zine was at the time another thing intended to amass and cultivate creativity within the scene, as well as provide an outlet for letting off steam. We also celebrated (actually, mostly forgot) our 20-year anniversary in 2020.

bates. These all eventually waned, or were one-offs, but somehow the impetus in London has managed to be revived several times – and here we are again!

We can debate the actual impact of TAA's legacy – a journey with its ups and downs; cultural highs and cheap-shot lows; friendships forged and others put to the test; sometimes weaving a thread across society's layers and at other times a closed-circuit space to get wasted in. Yes, these have been constructive and positive events set against the (UV) backdrop of a hedonistic squat party – but is the ephemeral hit-fast-and-hit-hard approach a diversion from more worthy long-term projects?

Nonetheless, one important thing to be said is that, against an increasing stack of odds, these are real events forged by real people shedding real sweat and tears. I think this is a vital and necessary force in a world of vacuous shit-posting, pleas for the Like button and long-distance criticism. We need our communal spaces, ephemeral or not, and the message that culture can be for and by the people is just as relevant today as it was in 2001.

You can find out a little more about TAA and related events, including a photo archive from the more recent years at taaexhibitions.org. Though outdated and a little broken (aren't we all), there is still some stuff to gawp at over on randomartists.org.

BISSAU DIARIES VOL.1

The first time we went to Bissau for carnival was in 2012. At the time we were in Gambia working on the Brufut Education Project. The BEP had been running for a couple of years already and was the London squat scene's answer to sustainable development in West Africa, raising thousands of pounds from raves in London and then spending the money on education and infrastructure projects in West Africa.

After a couple months of hard work in Gambia, we were looking for a change of scenery and a chance to get the rig out, so a group of us piled into Davide's Mercedes 508 and headed south out of Gambia, through Casamance – and into Guinea Bissau. The drive itself was quite mad, with all the borders and checkpoints, but arriving in Bissau on the first day of carnival was something else. Men dressed in drag, gangs of children running free in the night, groups of colourful revellers around every corner; the most flamboyant scenes I had ever witnessed in West Africa up until then.

At that time there was no national, or even municipal, electric grid in Bissau (it had been destroyed in the last civil war), so the hordes of people came and went

in the twilight; the hum of generators to be heard behind every bar and dancehall. As we met up with our friend Alage and cruised down the main drag at 2 miles per hour looking for a place to set up, surveying the decentralised anarchy in motion, Biggins and I looked at each other and smiled, "This carnival is like a massive tekinal!"

Eventually we found a spot in between some trees, unloaded and set up. Our neighbours on either side came to see what was going on and said hello, one of them inviting us for some late supper. A couple of lucky ones got fed wild boar sausages while the rest of us unloaded the rig and got the generator going. We played jungle, tekno and bashment, set up nets in the trees to hang around in, and even had an improvised firework display using flares we had found on an abandoned ship in Mauritania.

By morning we were tired, hungry and happy. It was at that point that one of us went to look for a cashpoint. After five hours of searching and talking to people in the streets, we realised there were NO cashpoints that worked in Bissau. We were beyond the lands of convenience capitalism – and cash was still king in Bissau. Then we got a phone call. Two of our friends had been arrested on route in Ziguinchor and some of us would have to go bail them out.

Since the end of the noughties, Bissau had become known as a narco state—a cocaine transport hub connecting South America and Europe—and checkpoints

and drug squads had proliferated. The most notorious was a squad headed by Azeez, a Senegalese officer who was rumoured to work for Interpol as well as being the biggest dealer in Southern Senegal. After multiple encounters with Azeez during my early trips to Casamance and Bissau, when he and his men would search and harass us for hours on end – on occasion arresting someone for finding one single cannabis seed – I was now on first name basis with him. Jimbo and Roger were on the side of the road looking hot and bothered when Lee and I arrived. After greetings and a bit of chat, I tried to hand Azeez some money. He declined, "It's too small" he said. But it was late in the day and if they made our friends stay the night in jail, they would have to feed them and process them. Reluctantly Azeez stuffed the bills in his breast pocket and said see you later.

Roger had a broken leg at the time, from a motorcycle accident in Gambia. He was bummed about missing the carnival and causing a fuss but was all too happy to head into Zig to get some cold beers. Jimbo was more abrasive. "You shouldn't have come," he said, "they were about to let us go anyway." Maybe. It was his birthday so we got drunk and dropped acid, and after some hours in the local bars, ended the night crowding into our friend Bas' room to try and sleep. The mosquitoes would not let us. This was the end of our 2012 Bissau carnival, but the seed was planted, and we would be back.

Maam Sandwich

HOUSE OF SHANGO

Squatting is still relevant and revolutionary – just look at House of Shango!

The House of Shango are a Black activist community group based in Brixton, and if you haven't been paying attention to them, you should be! They are a breath of fresh air and are proving that squatting is not just something from a bygone era, or for those who want to opt out of society while drowning in Ketamine – they are proving that squatting is relevant, powerful and capable of supporting communities who have been decimated by gentrification and austerity.



The group of young squatters have been providing their local community with free food and clothes with weekly stalls in Windrush Square; as well as hosting workshops in their space around topics such as non-white perspectives on anarchism, housing justice & squatting and stop and search/know your rights. In an article for Gal-Dem Lisa Insansa stated "While the squatting community can often appear as just another white-dominated space, it is important to recognise the legacy of Black squatters and how they weaved their cultures and strategies of resistance into the movement." [Check out the amazing full article at: gal-dem.com/black-radical-squatters-history]. The history of Black squatters is often overlooked and ignored in squatting literature; and in the context of London, and particularly Brixton, this is highly problematic – as Black activists played such an important role in Brixton which saw a hub of political squats in the 70s and 80s.

For example, the legendary [121 Railton Road](#) squat in Brixton, that was cracked in 1973 by Black Panther and key squatters'

rights activist [Olive Morris](#) – this building ended up being re-squatted by different squatters until the end of the century. Many of Britain's 'most attractive' buildings were paid for with money drenched in the blood of enslaved and colonised people; and House of Shango state on their Instagram "As Black squatters, we don't believe in paying for a place to live when our ancestors paid for this country and more in blood. Did someone say: land justice?" This makes the history and significance of Black squatting even more poignant.

Since the early 2000s, Brixton has suffered immensely from developers coming to try and profit from what makes the area unique – namely it's Afro-Caribbean culture and lively arts scene. Supposed 'community projects' such as Pop Brixton have been plonked there like some kind of spaceship with no connection to the local area. Aimed mostly at a white and middle-class clientele, to call it a 'cultural hub' is laughable! As well as this, billionaire American real estate developer (and part-time DJ) Taylor McWilliams, who owns Brixton Market, is regularly threatening to evict local businesses to expand his empire [check out [@SaveNour](#) for more info on resistance to his cowboy antics].

There is a battle for the soul of Brixton,

so projects like House of Shango are immensely important in the fight for a London that hasn't been stripped of its rebellious energy. While youth centres are closed by our heartless and corrupt government, it's self-organised grassroots projects like this which are picking up the pieces and looking after people. House of Shango host Practical Squatters meetings for BPOC only stating that "The aim is to share knowledge on squatting and to get more BPOC people involved in the squatting scene." I hope they succeed in their mission, as the squatting scene is clearly too white, and drenched in soooooo much unacknowledged white privilege! Squatting allows us all to have (at least temporary) autonomy over our space and lives – and for marginalised communities this is even more important. Most of the events in their space are for BPOC only, so if you're white why not read up on some Black squatting history (October is Black History Month after all) and of course make sure you follow [@HouseOfShango](#) on Instagram. Let people know they exist, show up for their eviction dates, share and uplift their voices and show solidarity with this radical Black squatting community! Together we will resist gentrification and the decimation of working-class communities!



KTB Prisoner Support Fund

This is a call for support for people sentenced to prison after the Kill The Bill protests in Bristol in March 2021. Over 78 people have been arrested and 28 people have been charged. Three people are already in prison. Throughout the coming months, more and more people will be imprisoned after resisting police violence.

What will the money be used for?

- £50 will be offered to each prisoner per month for the duration of their sentence. This is for phone credit and essential items in prison.
- If at least 25 people go to prison for 24 months, the total costs will be £30,000.
- Bristol ABC is also dedicated to raising funds for books, clothes, distance learning courses and helping people's friends and families visit them. All of these things make prison survivable and keep people connected to their loved ones. Any additional funds we raise will go towards the above.

Why support the Kill the Bill Protestors in Prison?

What happened on 21st March was an outpouring of rage against the violence of the police. The crowd fought back after police officers attacked the crowd with batons and riot shields. Pepper spray was used indiscriminately, people were charged at with horses and hit over the

head with batons and shields. The protesters fought back, seizing police riot shields, helmets and batons to defend themselves. By the end of the evening several police vehicles had been set on fire.

Write to the Kill The Bill prisoners!

These folks are new in prison – show them that they're not alone! It would be amazing to get an outpouring of support and tonnes of post – The first days in prison are often the worst. Their addresses are:

Kane Adamson A1103ER
Kain Symmonds A9381EQ
at: HMP Portland, 104 The Grove,
Easton, Portland, Dorset DT5 1DL
Ryan Roberts A5155EM
at: HMP Bristol, 19 Cambridge Road,
BS7 8PS
Loki aka Yasmin Schneider A1101ER
at: HMP Eastwood Park, Falfield,
Wotton-under-Edge, GL12 8DB

Those who defended themselves against the police have been branded 'thugs' and 'wild animals' by both Priti Patel and the police spokesperson. The police have been out for revenge for what happened at Bridewell ever since. That revenge has come in the form of the brutality used against the Kill the Bill protests in Bristol on March 23rd and 26th. And in the use of

riot charges – the most serious public order charge available in English law punishable by a maximum of ten years in prison – against those who fought back.

The demonstration on 21st March was against the Police, Courts and Sentencing Bill [see last issue of Rupture], a bill which aims to give the police even more power to repress political dissent, and which will destroy the ways of life of Gypsy, Roma and Traveller Communities. It will also massively expand the prison population through further criminalisation, longer sentences and more powers to imprison children.

Communities across the UK face violence at the hands of the police every day, but they only call it violence when we fight back! We need to support those that have fought back and show those in prison that they are never alone and not forgotten.

You can donate to the KTB Prisoner Support Fund here: gofundme.com/f/ktb-prisoner-support-fund

You can also do this by buying the benefit single Escape from Plague Island from rave-punk band Killdren: killdren.bandcamp.com

These prisoners welcome letters of support. Please share widely. Check the Bristol ABC website regularly in case their addresses change: www.bristolabc.wordpress.com

You can also use:
emailaprisoner.com

GOOGLE MAPS SAYS 6 HOURS DOOR TO DOOR HARDCORE

or free fall from the mountain peak into the looming darkness

Bile sticks in my throat, waves of nausea wash over me, I rock on the train. These observations tame the sickness momentarily, attention to details, my pen the penicillin. The low hubbub of fellow travellers distracting me.

Suburban domiciles give way to brown grey and murky green. A desolate northern countryside. Trees flash past, the movement of the carriage compounds my sinking feeling. The winter view as sparse and void as my mind. No leaves grow on these trees, no crops in the fields, spring is absent here.

My head thumps, vision blurs. The dull light of the clouded sky stings my retina, dry and tired. This journey just beginning. You feed me crackers and beer, I watch lone seagulls. Home calls

me, a waiting embrace of civilised comfort, if I survive that long. Stations come and go, soon one will be mine, then I can change.

On the high-speed train now. Direct to London. The speed of the sleek and modern transport lurching around bends now heightens the nausea. The poison lingering, penance for my sins.

Trees give way to pylons. Grass becomes greener, as though trying to lighten my refrain. The sun trying to break into the day. I wear two pairs of sunglasses to ensure it doesn't. You put headphones over my ears, indulging me in my own personal soundtrack, as a way to drown out the incessant gibbergabber of our carriage company. Everything about their voices grates me, accents sharps and nasal, pitch high, inane diarrhoea.

Open planes of potent farm land now given way to small generic hamlets. Spewing satellite towns into the horizon. I swallow down the sight, breath deep, keep my cool.

Pontins in Southport
Lasers still strobe in my mind
Self-inflicted pain

jess

Sisters Uncut Police Intervention Training

Whilst the verdict and sentence was being passed for killer-cop scumbag Wayne Couzens at the Old Bailey on 29th September, Sisters Uncut held a protest outside the court and declared The Met accountable for their role in Sarah Everard's murder.

Off-duty officer Couzens abused his power, as so many officers do, to intimidate and perform a fake arrest – in front of witnesses – which was later uncovered as the abduction which lead to a tragic murder.

Sisters Uncut announced: 'More police powers means entitling police to perpetrate more violence towards women and marginalised communities. Every stop and search must be treated as a kidnapping, which in turn could become another death in custody. We must withdraw consent NOW!'

This statement was issued along with a pro-active response in the form of Police Intervention Training. This is designed to ensure that people know their basic rights and are prepared to intervene when they witness a stop and search or arrest situation. As part of the Kill the Bill coalition, Sisters Uncut will be launching Cop-watch groups across the UK.

The group says: 'There were multiple witnesses to Everard's 'arrest', who saw what happened but did not intervene, assuming that Everard had done something wrong. We can't help but wonder: what would have happened if one of those witnesses had stopped and intervened, or even simply filmed Couzens as he abducted Sarah?

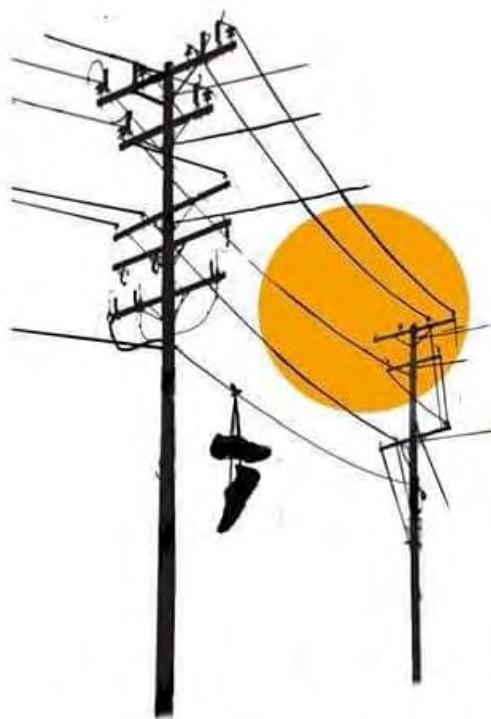
...Police violence against women, against Black people, against Gypsy, Romany and Traveller communities, is justified by the myth of 'policing by consent' – the idea that police have the confidence of the community, and their force is therefore legitimised. It's time to let them know that we are withdrawing that consent.'

Article explaining why this training is necessary:

linktr.ee/SistersUncut

Sign up for the training session:

bit.ly/WatchTheCops



@jaymoontattoos



Legal Victory Against Spycops

A 10 year-long legal case against the police for the deployment of secret undercover political police to infiltrate protest groups with vile and morally corrupt methods has finally led to a victory – a Public Inquiry has declared that these operations were unlawful, sexist and violated the right to protest!

The 156-page ruling identifies 'a "Sformidable list" of breaches of fundamental human rights by the Metropolitan Police without lawful justification in a democratic society.' The case was part of a marathon battle for justice by Kate Wilson and other women, following revelations that they had been deceived into relationships by undercover police.

Having exhausted other routes, she took her fight for answers to the Investigatory Powers Tribunal. This is a secretive court set up to examine human rights abuses by state agencies carrying out surveillance. Its rules are quite different from open court and it has the ability to exclude claimants from taking part in proceedings.

In the past few decades secret undercover political police have infiltrated over 1,000 campaign groups in the UK. Their nefarious practices include stealing dead children's identities, deceiving women into long term sexual relationships – even in some cases fathering children. These 'spycops' were publicly unmasked by activists in 2010, which led to a police apology, significant disclosure and the Public Inquiry into Undercover Policing.

More info on the campaign at:

policespiesoutoflives.org.uk

Listen to the Spycops Info podcast:

soundcloud.com/spycops

Why is TAA still relevant?

When Temporary Autonomous Art was started by Random Artists in the early naughties, it was done so to the backdrop of a UK cultural scene that was, if it were a colour, beige. The Grunge scene of the 90s had been sucked up by record label contracts and spat out as formulaic drivel. Kiss FM, which was once a bastion of London pirate radio, had been given a license and made legal, and in doing so became commercialised and sanitised, playing chart hits interjected with Daz washing powder adverts. Damien Hurst and Tracy Emin had taken the art world by storm, creating a conceptual view of what 'Art' was that left anyone not excreted through the tiny shithole of fine art school feeling like art was something not for them – and with the cost of gallery and studio space soaring, it was certainly the profession of the elite.

Blair's Britain was on the up. Services were now being financed through privatisation, bringing 'much needed investment' into those shrinking national industries. The gloriously successful merger of Thatcherite economics with New Labour branding ushering in a cleaner, brighter Britannia. It may have still felt like the old 20th Century in its crumbling urban jacket, but underneath the glass fronted embryo of the 21st Century was being fertilised. The Criminal Justice Act had crushed and imprisoned the voice of dissent and the tie-dyed, whistle blowing vibrancy of the early 90s hardcore scene had faded in the wash to leave the early 00s youth culture a little lack-lustre and slightly uninspired.

Or so the establishment was hoping. Within the cracks, the creatives and the free thinkers were still holding spaces, and the ideals and ethics of DIY Culture were still being shared as a word-of-mouth practice. There was, right from the start, a thirst for what TAA offered that could not have been predicted from the humble beginnings. The commercialised, conceptualised elitism of the art world had created a hotbed of talent that felt rejected and unappreciated; people eager to find something to inspire them that wasn't going to be found on a TV screen or checked at the door by a bouncer. Mainstream culture's attempt to stain remove all traces of 20th century dissidence failed to understand that there was, in the early 00s, a clear rejection of the New Labour moral-

ity – and instead an embedded desire to build something different. The movements in Seattle held up signs declaring that 'Another World Is Possible' and even though Blair crushed the aspirations of the 2 million strong anti-war demo in 2002, the seeds of possibilities were planted.

Above ground, London's skyline was on the verge of great upheaval – the 21st Century was calling – and what it wanted was new-build developments with shiny retail spaces and cafe hangouts for the new tenants... but we get ahead of ourselves. TAA entered the landscape at the same time as landowners saw the coming tsunami of opportunity, wanting to sell up and cash in. Council services stripped of funding began selling off real-estate in an attempt to ride the changing tide. Job Centres, Housing Advice Offices, old cinemas, disused factory spaces, retail warehouses, bistros, and even art galleries – all emptied in exchange for the glowing coffers and, in one last fleeting moment of piracy, this became home to the temporary insurgency of artist's speakeasies. A last corral flourish of creativity and community; the artists of a TAA as discarded and out of sync with this new beckoning world as the relics they inhabited.

All the sites of the TAAs, and other Random Artists events, that took place between 2001-2006 in London are now sites of re-development. All of them have become unaffordable flats in soulless designs, with no communal spaces or venues for social gatherings included in the concept of the architecture. Sterile and shiny, with nothing but daytime cafe hangouts for the new young tenants... but we get ahead of ourselves.

The late naughties saw a massive resurgence in creativity and youth movements. Culture seemed to be alive again, and despite the 2008 financial crash, there were pub gigs and arts festivals bubbling up like farts in a bath. It seemed that the 21st Century had some vibrancy after all and wanted to blog about it in a new-age retro fashion. Gentrification was taking over the estates in the name of vegan coffee and organic haircuts; the hubs of resistance marginalised to online platforms or sent off to run their own festivals – only to become a pastiche of the very aspirations they had once rejected. TAA was quiet. Not just because the original crew were now in their 30s and grown-up life was closing in, but also because the scene it had nurtured was oversaturated, uninterested and unsupportive; the small crew exhausted

and demotivated.

But still, the rumblings of autonomous spaces continued to ripple. The flame carried on with new, younger freedom-seekers; still interested in the ideas of creative occupation and fleeting hedonistic DIY utopias. The 21st Century now well underway, with its never-ending wars and fake news, overpriced venues and pretentious galleries, cuts in real wages, environmental collapse, political mismanagement and corruption. If there was a rejection of Blair's Britain in the early 00s then whatever the fuck Johnson is offering to those opening their third eyes in the 20s is not looking pretty. The colour of culture's still beige, but this time pasted with glitter in an attempt to make it look valuable. The thin veil of success and stability covering the faces of the masses glued to X-Factor and Strictly Cum Bake With Me nightmares.

Away from glowing digital screens and media streams of compliance, there is a palpable need for cultural and ethical integrity. Creativity has not gone away; ideas have not been sterilised; the shiny glass fronts of the ever-expanding gentrification has not wiped out the desire for community identity. In fact, visual and sonic arts are in a hacienda day of discovery and invention, with technologies and materials readily available at the swipe of a thumb. The resurgence of TAA over the last five years is a sign that humanity cannot be stamped out and that the decay and stench of the rotting consumerist system is still fertiliser to those who want to demand more from the world. The cracks in our broken system will always be filled with those who want to reject commercialism and conformity – and the political act of sharing art and ideas for free, in a non-judgemental and non-hierarchical environment, is still as pertinent today as 20 years ago, if not more so. Space created through collective efforts, without sponsors or price tags, and through respect for each and every voice, is something people are still yearning for. Temporary Autonomous Art will always find a new and hungry audience, as long as there's people to make it happen.

In loving memory of Brett Young and Marissa Clifford, whose late night chats about what collective creativity could look like and what real alternative alternative spaces could be, were totally the inspirational energy behind Random Artists and the Temporary Autonomous Art project. Your words and encouragement will never be forgotten. RIP dear friends.

FLOW ME NOT

The water cascades down. Huge droplets. She squeezes my hand tight, but not out of fear – she finds the rain romantic.

We walk onwards. In front of us there is a couple dressed in the same blue hooded waterproofs as us. They kiss passionately, entangled in each other. The deluge throws them into soft focus. From my standpoint their faces appear as one mass of flesh. We wander beyond them.

Above, on a road that winds its ways into the hills of the metropolis, a couple look out at us as we pass by. I note the posture of the woman, it could be her – the supple shape of her body something I have noted too many times to count; but then that can't be her, she's here with me. I squeeze her hand to make sure. She laughs, my fear of losing her a joke – how could I not understand how much she loves me in this very moment. It would be preposterous to think otherwise.

She tugs at my hand, pulling me onwards round the bend of the road. However the road is wet and I lose my balance. To right myself I let go, only momentarily. I look up but she is gone.

I run down the road, thinking she must be close by. I see nothing but the backs of couples' heads. There are so many people and they all seem to be wearing the same jackets; each with the hood pulled up.

Just in front of me a couple fight in the road, a screaming match. It reminds me of when we used to argue, the same crazed tones. The man pushes the woman and moves away. I walk alongside him for some metres but I never pass him, never catch sight of his face.

I take a hard right and struggle up the hill, worried I might slip on the damp cobbles. I come across a woman bawling her eyes out. Is that her, my love? I try and make out her face but she has her hands raised.

Some metres further on a man stares out at a river, his thighs pressed up hard against the railings. It would take nothing for him to jump. He swivels sharply to look at me, but only for a second – his eyes are my exact same colour. He turns his attention back to the murky water.

Some distance away I see her. I'm sure it's her, she's heading down towards the station. I sprint. Maybe I can get to her; it will be a close run thing. I pound the turf, my legs like jelly. I push onwards, she nears the entrance; it won't be long before the subterranean tunnels of the city swallow her up.

I can't go on. I stop, my heart pounding. I suck at the air, my chest heaving. I raise my head and shout her name. She must hear me. She doesn't stop, she doesn't turn.

I push off, at walking pace at first but I find my stride, I have my second wind. I eat up the yards.

Finally, I reach out and find her hand. She grasps it for a second and whirls round.

I meet her eyes and now I understand completely.



THE CITY WAS CONVEX

Will Phuq

The city was convex, or else a concavity. A place apparently based in consensus reality, yet which could never quite reach a consensus. The streams definitely crossed here, defiantly refusing to mix into solution in the process. This dimension refused to play nicely, teasing the user with thought-forms and torments, cajoling subjugation to the mass hysteria. I walked alone, however many physically-defined individualities might occupy the adjacent space-time continuum.



Servile emporia of meaningfully meaningless glossolalia crowded the streets of this section, clamouring for money from the unsuspecting – all without value, but promising transformation. Ecstatic hopelessness in exchange for ideological adherence, the currency which underpins everything; concurrent to desire.

Divided into selves, refusing to resolve or coagulate; bitterly being happy despite such total sadness. Unnecessary. All the while believing that we do the wrong or right things. Turning yet another corner, I isolate myself – conjuring a mental Faraday cage in a vain attempt to thwart this ontological puppetry. Distinct from this reality, I dream of rewinds; alternative actions which could well have led us to greater universal prospects. Ambivalence crowds in from alien personifications, their mimicked individuations screeching like proverbial banshees, punishing any hopes of a brighter present. Demeaning, these tropes, albeit strangely alluring.

I take another turn and roll my convictions, attending to myself, while at the same time others. There's madness in my mean-

ing, so please – bear with me... an alleyway entices me with the prospect of some respite from the fading recitations, perhaps the same one Rob mentions in his report I typed up recently. Suddenly, I can't feel my mind. Crashing waveforms of nullification resulting in a shock of synapses no longer resilient to the interference patterns competing for Random Access Memory. When I later alluded to the whole, it was in theory but not practice, so I recommend giving up and failing – at least in the first several hundred available instances. These depictions of existence – the majority verifiably unverifiable – colluded in my agonies, resulting in many baseless accusations which I insist must have their foundations in myth. Swimming fully clothed along this wholly Egyptian waterway, I waited breathlessly as my patchwork garments began to balloon with water, welcoming the relatively calm centre of the cyclone which I had unhurriedly conjured.

Objurgating all responsibility for the layout of the maps used to navigate this territory, I chanced upon another personification – this one identifying as a glimmer of hope. Abdicating negativity, we communicated for a brief while; sparing the time to process each other's improvised output. With such outstanding possibility on the table, I shuddered with transparency; tiny involuntary movements emanating from a transactional locus I had hitherto unnoticed. Interesting that 'someone' can fail to notice such an intrinsic facet of themselves, or something. Depriving myself of my much-vaunted depravity – at least somewhat and in principle – I fell for it like a famished child; offering a savage rending conforming with the depths of my own hunger.

Behold, the Fool is King! According to the small print, this position is always temporary, so you must take Plath's box and hold it for me. We can celebrate the present day as we knowingly notice the Simulation, simultaneously theorising good old Alien Information (of course!). Folk technology which defies all sense or reason, cunningly implementing CONTROL; partially through redundant platitudes. The continual parade of abstract foxes, naughty elves and other fripperies is but only fleeting, so best let's

haste to slow the rush?

Dismaying Oblivion beckons us from the roguish interactions carried out by my kinfolk, so I take a moment to pause and light another stick, attempting to ward off incorporeal demons by means of taking one step closer. As I said, unnecessary. The wheel continues to appear to spin, but its true direction and purpose are obscure, its mechanism unknown.

Exhaling wastefully (so easy to drown if not), I shuffle dolefully to the euthanasia centre, where I like to lean on the heavily-tagged wall opposite its entrance, the better to vidy those who know THE TRUTH. Waste and folly in accordance with the directions printed on the tin – all written in your preferred argot, appealing to incomprehension. Grinding wheels of eternal nothingness.

Vapid and empty, I dream of desolate cities vibrating to pitched-down diseased elephant bellows; vast black seas beneath starless skies – decay...

There was a time when I was excited, enthused about the whole shebang. The matter at hand was a pleasant one; hard work and arduous, but rewarding. Years passed and a few slips upon the way. A vacuity of thought crept in – chemical diversion notwithstanding – life got in the way. There was a sweet-spot passed, a perfect yet momentary glimpse of what could be. A glancing and pure energetic potential, timeless, not lasting. Wasted.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This piece manifested while I was typing up several texts by the much-missed Rob d'Zero (Rob-from-the-Cheese-Factory/Random Artists/Rupture, etc.) for a proposed book or zine project. Currently, I have copies of his 'Field Report', 'Hex & the City', 'Report 9 8 40' and 'The Thousand Shocks (73-74)', plus the promise of an original notebook or two (and hopefully scans of a few collages). If anybody reading this has copies of/access to any of Rob's other work in any form (or knows of any other aliases he may have published under), please contact me immediately at phuq23@gmail.com. Thank you!

An investment banker DJ saved my LIFE

It's not exactly new news when underground becomes overground and pound signs start twinkling at the crossroads on a path to success – but we do seem to be stepping up yet another level of hyper-capitalised and twisted fuckery when it comes to corporate interests in dance music culture.

Once hailed as a unifying force capable of bringing footy hooligans closer together through a shared appreciation of MDMA and speaker stacks; or bridging the divide between the two sides of a war-torn Belfast – it has seemingly evolved into an industry dominated by privately-educated white middle-class men with investment banker or Peer parents. If we take in self-declared 'anarcho-capitalist' entrepreneur Tony Colston-Hayter and his early 90s Sunrise mega-raves (marketed at the time in league with scummy blogger Guido Fawkes) as an example – it's not exactly a new phenomenon; so let's not slip into foggy memories of "how it was better, back in the day maaan" because that ignores the get-rich-quick kids, gangs and first wave of commercialisation with the super-clubs and mega-DJ fees of the 90s.

Now, it's just harder for anyone without a comfortable upbringing and financial support to make waves in the music scene. Of course, it does happen – like when underground and much-maligned Grime artists were manufactured into pop-stars. People from a working-class background might get seen as cool, but they often don't get to be trend-setters without someone more privileged pulling the strings. A survey by music industry organisation UK Music found that 17% of British 'music creators' were educated at private, fee-paying schools, compared to just 7% of the population. This of course is endemic across all of the arts, so I'm not claiming extra hardship for musos – it's just that it hasn't been as widely discussed.

Electronic musicians and DJs – and even more so with a full band, who divvy up the earnings more – need to be working the normal weekly grind to sustain their creative habits (oh, and eat and sleep). Many a band in the 80s and 90s was started up on the dole, living in a squat and well – we know

that neither of those things are as viable as they once were.

For all the talk (when it suits the political party line) of the UK being 'world leaders in music and culture' – it's pretty hard to back up that up with actual facts when venues are closed at an alarming rate, there's a mental amount of tax on everything that venue needs to sell to stay afloat and late-licences are as stingy as someone with short arms and deep pockets. Where do these young budding artists go to record/perform/hangout/get inspired if they don't have dosh for £5+ a pint and increasing entrance fees – on top of generally rising prices and mad amounts of rent? How can smaller venues get by when their new neighbours don't care for the racket and their landlord has already begun acquiring planning permission for a lovely new block of flats?

This manifests itself in other ways too – because unless you're already rooted in somewhere like London, or clinging to the last vestiges of social housing, the newer influx of people ready to put on concerts and clubs will likely have money behind them. This means they can absorb any venue and artist fees comfortably, which ultimately pushes those up across the board. This engenders a cultural elitism and further removes engagement in the industry from lower-income organisers and musicians.

Then we get to current crop of bigger players who are increasingly backed by big investors. In this instance, I'm partly referring to the news that, as someone put it, 'glorified CCTV channel for DJs' Boiler Room has been sold to, hitherto not-so-well-known ticketing agency, DICE. The main thing here is that DICE is owned by a Japanese venture capital giant called SoftBank Group. Perhaps not world-changing news, but what makes this sting more is that Boiler Room were recently given £791,652 from Arts Council England's Culture Recovery Fund.

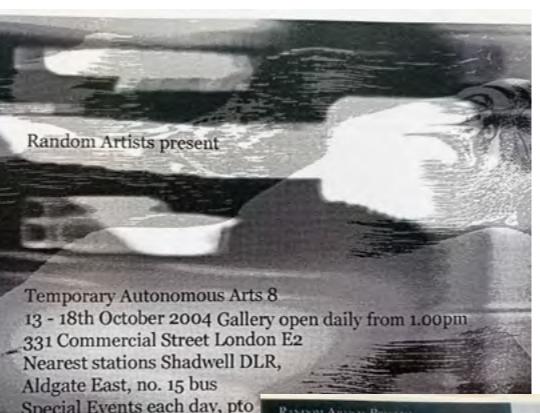
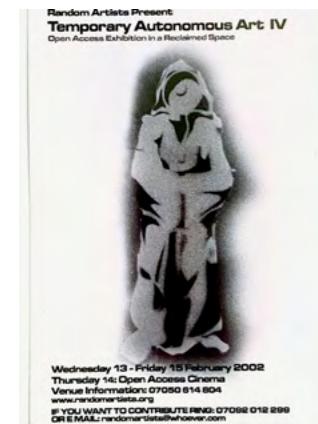
At the time of the award, many people questioned why Boiler Room should receive such a substantial sum of money for basically streaming DJs. Much of the actual criticism centred around the fact that BR filed accounts showing massive losses – and the grant specifically stipulated that it couldn't be given to anyone not able to prove themselves financially, prior to the pandemic. In the lower ranks, live streaming is certainly not profitable – but how anyone can make an operating loss of £6,633,752 is beyond the pale for anyone who worked out how to

stream onto Twitch with next-to-nothing.

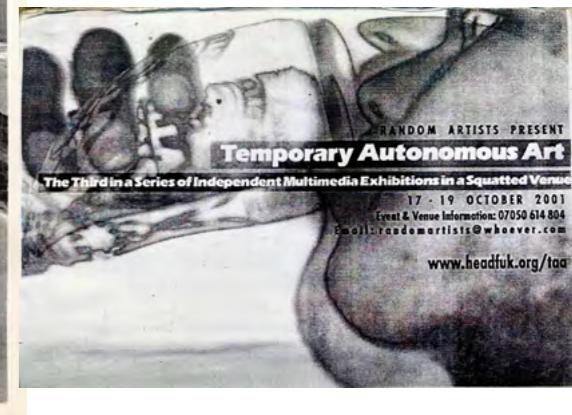
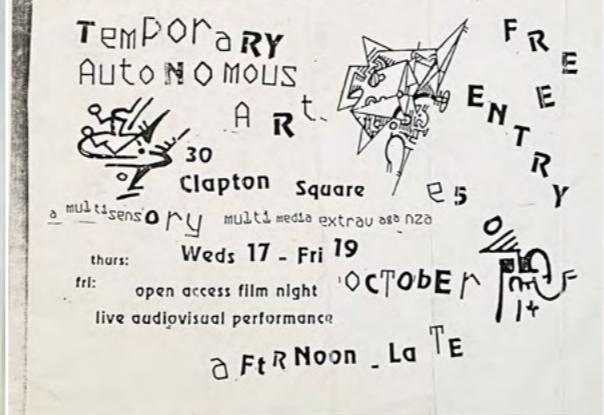
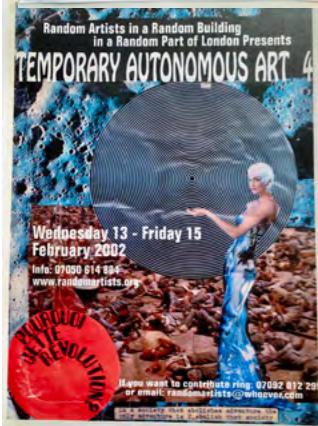
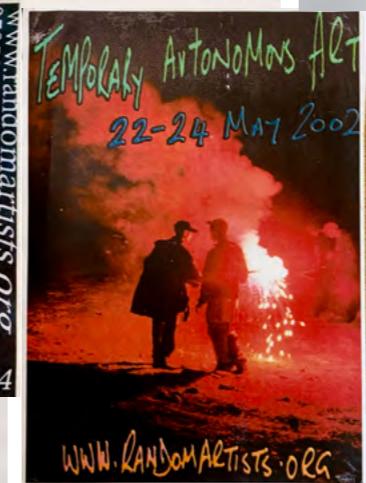
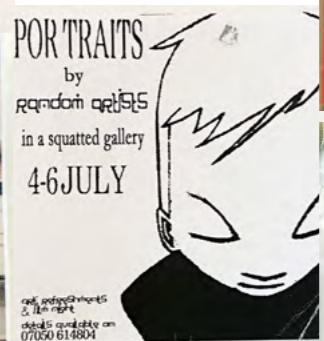
For a full double-irony effect, news of this acquisition came out via Resident Advisor, who (wait for it) were also the recipient of £750,000 in the first round of the same grant. RA, who are basically a taste-making blog and ticketing agency (essentially a competitor to DICE) and little else beyond that getting the best part of a million quid of taxpayers money?! (pffff, why-I-ought-to, grrrr, send them back etc).

It's not the first time that Boiler Room were singled out for a who-in-the-what-now huge tonne of wonga. The Arts Council also bunged them £300k to organise live streams(!) for the 2018 Notting Hill Carnival, even though the carnival organisers were only given £100k to work with from the council. The middle and upper-middle classes have a firm grip on arts and culture in the UK, and continue to make power-grabs into more grassroots organisations and scenes. This is fully exemplified by the Carnival streaming debacle, as that grant was awarded in an effort to 'dispel a negative media perception' around the event – basically, to sanitise and whitewash the rowdy carnival. Boiler Room has also faced criticism for its exploitation of the DJs and artists on their shows – particularly when it comes to people of colour – though BR now claim that no one plays for free anymore, since June 2020 at least.

With a majority of my friends working within events, it was painful to see the collapse of that industry overnight. Despite some innovative efforts to keep it afloat during the proper lockdowns, it didn't really have the legal/moral ability to respond to the pandemic; and the government gave them the shortest of shrift when it came to support. The huge amounts awarded to these aggregating top-cat bottom-feeders was a gross mistake, as many actual venues and infrastructure companies were declined a grant. The smaller and/or independent grassroots venues (which are praised as 'nurturing' by the establishment when it suits them, as shat out to dry when it comes to things like Brexit) fail to get noticed – as they simply swim in the wrong stream; and don't have the socialite clout. If you happen to be Ministry of Sound – with a Lib-Dem and Tory donating owner (James Palumbo) – then you win £975,000 in Arts Council money. For everyone else, we will have to find other more pragmatic methods of pursuing our passions and **DO IT YOURSELF**.



[t]emporary [a]utonomous [a]rt
a mixed media exhibition in a squatted venue
m a y 2 3 - 2 5



TAA: How can we utilise art for its revolutionary potential?

It's fair to say that the Tiny TAA held in Shoreditch in June 2019 (which was not so tiny!) and the TAA held in Lewisham in September 2019 were both pretty fucking mega – they were amazing events exploding with creative energy! In particular, the full-scale TAA was an amazing feat and the large four-storied building showcased some of the best non-commercial underground art; with enough space to do everything we wanted. On the Saturday, everything was in full-flow and the building was exploding with creativity. Morgasmik was doing a graffiti workshop for kids, someone brought a huge catapult to throw paint at large cut-outs of politicians, Crux took over the downstairs area with a feast of audio-visual delights, a cabaret filled the performance space and the top floor looked LUSH with natural lighting and enough space and textures that it pretty much looked like a professional gallery – the calibre of art was on-point and varied, yet unpretentious. Even the bar was the most beautiful and functioning I've ever seen it!

If you missed that TAA, you really did miss out – it was the best one in years, as the previous couple in London had been held in buildings slightly too small for TAA's full potential and/or been shut down by the cops on the Saturday night. Of course, we all know TAA is a great party – but if we were to look back, when 20 more years have passed, what do we want to remember we were doing at this point in time?

We are in the age of impending climate catastrophe, extreme poverty and rising fascism and one thing I'm interested in is whether TAA sees itself as a force against this capitalist shit show that we're currently living under; what are the things we're hoping to achieve other than making an art show for our subcultural bubble? Maybe I've created my own image of what I want TAA to be (like a lover blinded by future possibilities with a partner they barely know), and actually it never was that politically focused. Perhaps it is 'just' a squatted art show (topped off with a hedonistic rave), but I genuinely believe in the power

of art to change people. I believe that those changed people can change the world. I also believe that reclaiming space in our cities and transforming them into free-spaces can be political.

I guess what I'm really wondering is – considering the resources we collectively own or can gather together for TAA – are we really using it in an effective way, considering how fucked up the world is right now? I know that realistically we can't do everything we imagine – but perhaps we should actually be considering our

revolutionary potential as part of a broader anti-capitalist strategy, alongside other grassroots groups. How are we using our creativity to support Kill the Bill prisoners in Bristol who lost their freedom defending our right to protest? How can we ensure that whoever wants to make art has access to materials – whether it be in a refugee camp, a women's refuge, a prison, or a deprived area of the UK?

A working-class pregnant friend was recently sent art materials by a radical mothering group. She found her creative outlet again and felt it beneficial to her mental health. Many art galleries accept funding from oil companies who are destroying our planet – shouldn't we be trying to do something about that? Should we be trying to engage with more people outside of London and other metropolitan cities in the UK, considering how neglected those rural areas have been by politicians? These are just ideas off the top of my head, I'm sure people more affected by these issues would have better ones. I know we can't do everything – but what MORE could we be doing with our collective capital?

Despite feeling like 2019 was the best TAA event for the audience, since I started participating in 2015, the ruptures beneath the surface also made me realise it was something I didn't want to spend much energy on in the future – unless it evolves to be a more radical and inclusive project. During the last TAA someone scribbled 'DECOLONISE THIS SPACE' in various places on the walls, most likely to tell us that our focus had centred whiteness and western values; a lovely trans girl turned up to volunteer but at some point faced transphobia in the crew space and ended up leaving the event altogether; wheelchair users could only visit the ground floor of the event due to the lift not working; members of the crew were considering working with a man who has accusations of sexual assault against him (until it was blocked by me and a couple of other people).

This is a massive event attended by hundreds of people so this shit is going to come up, and although I think the original concept of TAA is great (especially 20



years ago when free parties were nihilistic and largely un-creative) – one of the problems is that it hasn't been re-evaluated. The crew isn't actually a solid crew... It's a bunch of separate groups (building/bar/music/gallery etc) and individuals coming together to make it happen (because it's awesome fun!) – BUT because there are so many logistical things to do and organise, we haven't actually sat down and interrogated who we are. We haven't written a manifesto, we haven't discussed what we stand for or what we stand against – it's kind of just assumed that everyone is sound and on the same level, and I think this is why things (for me) feel extremely fragmented.

How can I believe my crew will handle a situation well if I'm not even sure who my crew are or what they stand for? How can I justify participating in an event which people told me they don't feel safe at? I've made solid friendships through TAA, but I have also witnessed behaviour that really made me lose faith in the 'scene' and what it stands for. If something was outwardly and obviously racist or sexist I'm sure there would be a backlash. However, oppressive actions are usually not that simple or outwardly obvious and this is something I feel isn't totally understood by many people involved in TAA.

I admire people that keep doing things for decades, celebrating monumental birthdays and spending energy keeping their projects going through thick and thin; and generally being dedicated to an idea they've conceptualised. London has seen many pop-up exhibitions in unlikely temporary galleries in recent years, so while pondering whether I felt the TAA format is relevant to the London/world we currently live in, I recently asked one of the founders, "What do you see as the difference between TAA and other underground art exhibitions in unconventional spaces, other than it's in a squat?" Their suggestion was that it's completely open-access, which is a cool idea in theory – especially when the art world is so inaccessible and snobby to most people. It gives people a chance to display their art and hundreds of people come to see it. On the other hand, my gut feeling is that in the current political climate we're living in, open-access is actually at best lazy – and at worst dangerous. In a way this concept created by Random Artists is simply too random – HA! Perhaps

open-access actually brings toxicity and stress to an event – almost like an annoying liberal, who leans left but 'respects the wishes' of others (even if they're oppressing others). It's a privilege right? To not feel that it's imperative to set some ground rules to ensure the safety and accessibility of others.

In the age of insta-creatives and monetising hobbies, I often found myself questioning why I was spending months organising an event for artists to get more likes when many don't want to participate practically to help with the running of the event. Many hierarchies seemed to have developed but from what some of the original creators of TAA told me, in the 'old days' the squatters and organisers were also the artists; they were a crew dedicated to working (and often living) together – and there were many creators who hadn't dared to call themselves artists, so the squatted space gave them a place to experiment and develop their art.

In recent years it has felt more separated – with building and organising crews left broken whilst entitled artists turn up; demanding help/attention but also looking offended when they're asked to sign up for a short bar shift. This obviously doesn't include all artists and maybe we're lucky to have talented artists wanting to show their work in a squat; maybe it means we have better quality of art and shouldn't expect them to sign up for a shift – or that making the art already was a shift? Perhaps it's just that squatting and DIY culture was more widely understood 20 years ago; or that it is indeed more effective to have separate crews. Still, we should interrogate which hidden hierarchies are developing and how we can try to counteract them; whilst still highlighting the DIY nature of the event.

Maybe TAA wouldn't happen on such a



big scale if it wasn't for the cooperation between crews, but the danger is when miscommunication happens and people brush away any hiccups; declaring this event is 'diverse' and 'open' (*puke emoji* – that's just not true!). Sometimes there's such a strong focus on 'just making it happen' that we leave behind people whose voices we should be amplifying – those who hold less privilege and feel less confident to get involved because they are in a minority at our events (whether this be because of race/gender identity/sexuality etc). Let's face it we are a largely white, cisgender, able-bodied crew – we can't just declare we're open to everyone without actually interrogating what that means and how we've let people down in the past (and maybe even how it's our openness that might have caused some of these problems!).

Anyway, this is a very incoherent rant with some under-developed ideas but I still want to wish a big happy 20th birthday to Temporary Autonomous Art – you are a unique project that has given a lot of people some amazing experiences and friendships. I truly believe you have the potential to continue to develop and grow – we can start by throwing all the scene's rapists in the Thames! Good Night x

Bonfires

It's rare now, beech. Takes three years to season.
But he's like that, my neighbour, Peter Cooper.
Always has to possess the best of everything.
I should listen to Susan, shouldn't let it get to me,
shouldn't build ours any higher. I ask if she
wants to light it, but she says she's just happy
to hold the rope, so I go and round up the kids.
Harriet, eldest, first, cautiously approaches the bars.
No amount of gentle entreaty will convince her
she's quite safe. And then Noah, dear sweet, Noah.
He'll follow that sister of his anywhere.
A quick dash of petrol and we're off,
the flames catching the kindling in the middle,
starting to lick up the outside lengths
of what is still only pine. And of course,
Harriet starts up with her piteous squeal;
Noah with his cough. I peer across the gardens
and there's Peter, waving and smiling,
his wife holding their cage over their bonfire,
the calm faces of his two aglow above the flames.

Exit into the Wheatfield

It lay festering in the field. Encircling above, crows pecked at the maggots and pulled at the lumps of flesh falling from it. This had once been an icon of health and wealth. An inspiration. A leader of commerce. A strength in many industries & a stability in civilised society. Standing tall and proud, adorned in riches and jewels, they had ruled over all they pervade. Alas, playing well with others proved too difficult. So, driven mad through a mixture of paranoia and nostalgic delusions of grandeur, had packed it all in to take back control of some purpose or power. Then, on a half thought through whim of folly and hatred, had

CURTAINS STREWN UP LIKE A BAD THEATRE PLAY, ROOMS DIVIDED AND SUBDIVIDED.
THE FABRICS SEEM TO BREATH IN THE WIND - THE HOWLING COLD WIND, SENT TO FRET.
DRAPE HANG IN A GESTURE OF PRIVACY, WALLS BEING BUILT, YET THEY DON'T EVEN BLOCK OUT THE COLD/KEEP IN THE HEAT.
THEY HANG IN AN ATTEMPT TO PARTITION SPACE, LIKE JAPANESE PAPER WALLS.
THEIR ILLUSION BECOMING AS TRANSPARENT AS THE WALLS IN MY MIND, AS THEY BLOW IN THE WIND, I CAN FEEL MY THOUGHTS TUMBLE PAST.
HOW EASY IT IS NOW TO SEE ME, STANDING BARE AND STRONG, IN AMONGST THE HANGING FABRIC OF MY REALITY.

BALTER

Have you heard of this new phenomenon for relief from mental health issues? It's like a sonic force, one that takes over your complete body and mind, enables negative thoughts to escape and positive vibes to arrive in abundance. I have found that a whole host of shit that has built up is released in a weird cloud of euphoria, energy, physical movement and a handful

of tears. Word of it has gone viral across all socials and the results seem really quite incredible.

Festivals.

You know those ancient gatherings of summer 2019 and before? Well 2 years is a bloody long time without having 3 days of fucking-off-life to lose your shit (in the physical, mental and possession sense!).

Decent sound systems (never quite enough bass to shit yourself unfortunately though, is there?), very free people, excel-

lent long-time crew-dem and a lack of security – all while trying to remember eating is a 'thing' – made Balter festival an absolute blast!

Not a festival I had been to previously, but one that ticked all the boxes I look for when it comes to a legit-festival.

There is only a couple of things in my eyes that could be better. Even louder sound systems, running 24hrs a day, and everything cheap or ideally free. Oh yeah, RAVE, when does that return in full force?

Not Cool

The mouths of our whole & gloried leaders
babble on this side & that
trying to copy the speech-bubbled logo
of the moment: it's not cool to care

about space for singing, dancing, watering
the vegetables. Let go, let go &
keep letting go. Stop stowing the special
day in your diary

when things will change. They won't.
This boat's all merrily merrily see?
On track like financial agreements.
Be happy. Stay fucked. You will be.



... i had such cute barricades made
out of heaven itself until you came
along and followed this puppet like
a lonely golden string attached to a
hallway of forfeit, doubt, betrayal
and constraint. Those two delicate
razorblade almost all seeing blind
light grey contemplative invisible
eyes, always surfing every precious
now, were planning deadly delights
of the most outrageous fresh patience,
so that the ache of life would be
immortalized in one single night
and could become a drunken prison for
eternal content and utter satisfaction ...

"In my heart of hearts,
TAArts harvests is sublime!
The true kind that only nature can find,
It really gets my goat how this shit is a crime?!"

Yet we remain hidden within the rhythm
Beyond the ocean's depth and the sands of no time,
Now It's flow time!

The art speaks louder than the thoughts in my mind,
conceiving frequencies in a sublimated sequence
helping us to rewind right back to a place of the divine,
infinitely fractal in both mystery of its design
Back to a place of where only the spirit can define how we
- and all the stars are still intrinsically aligned...

Technicoloured worlds within worlds – You know I'm on that!
Mindfully embellished in a cluster of psychedelic diamonds and
pearls,
Spray painted in a scent of illuminated patterns and swirls,
Dusting off more puff than the powerpuff girls! Haha!

Transcendental-fractal-contact,
directly reflected from upon a fluid rooted abstract – acid back-
splash?!
Sentimentally trespassing just for a crack – counterfeit laws got
a slap!
Nomadic combat – you know we're on that!

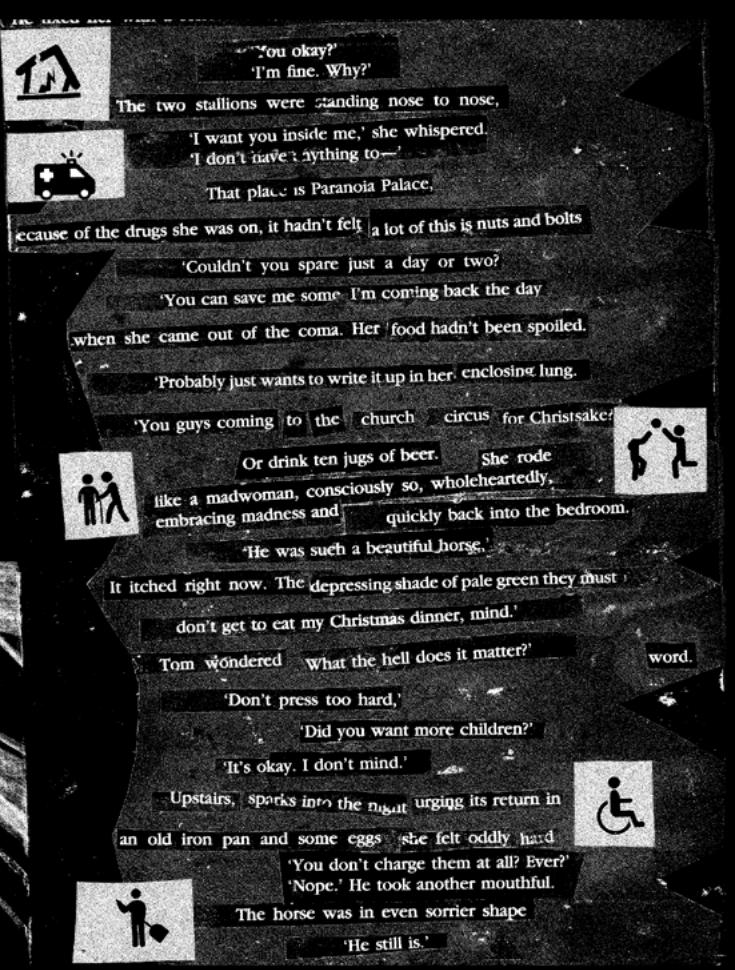
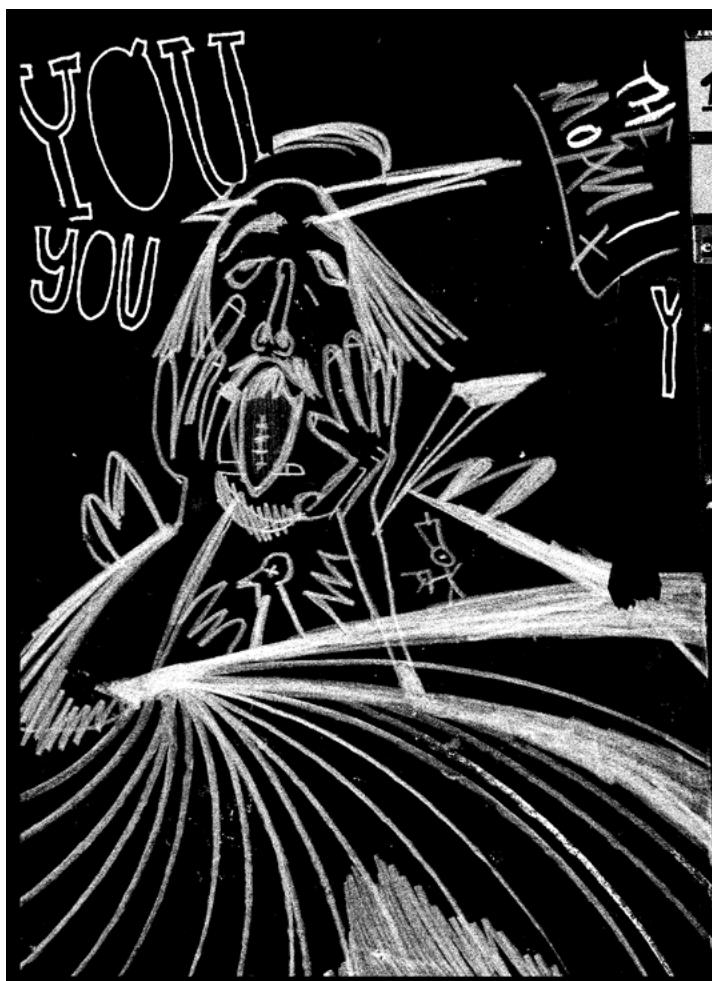
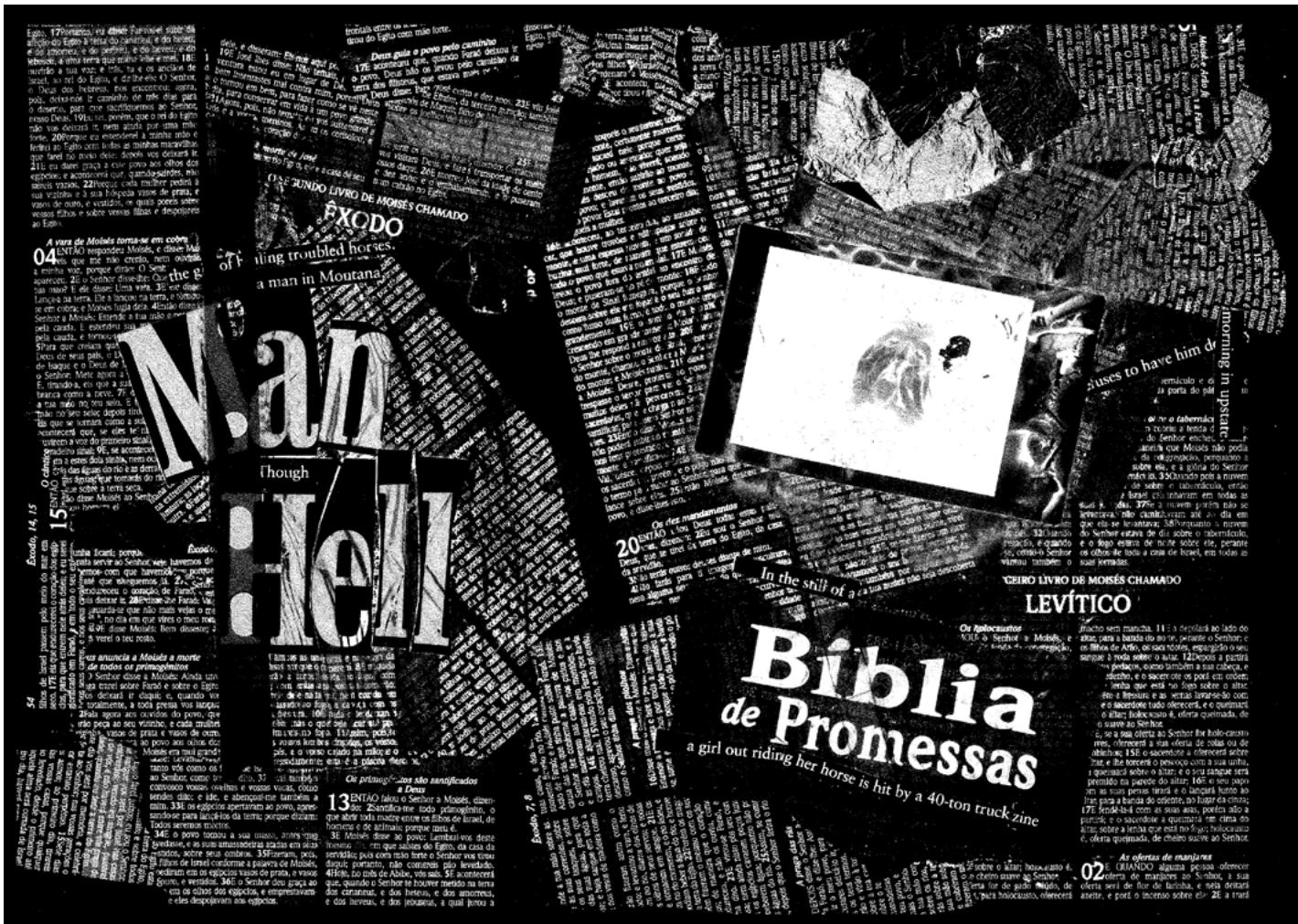
We pass shine like a past time of true colours for the rest of our
existence,
The only strength we have left is our RESISTANCE,
Not forgetting the strength in our bleeding hearts,
Brothers and sisters we cannot be torn apart!
So let yourself speak out loud – be yourself and be proud!

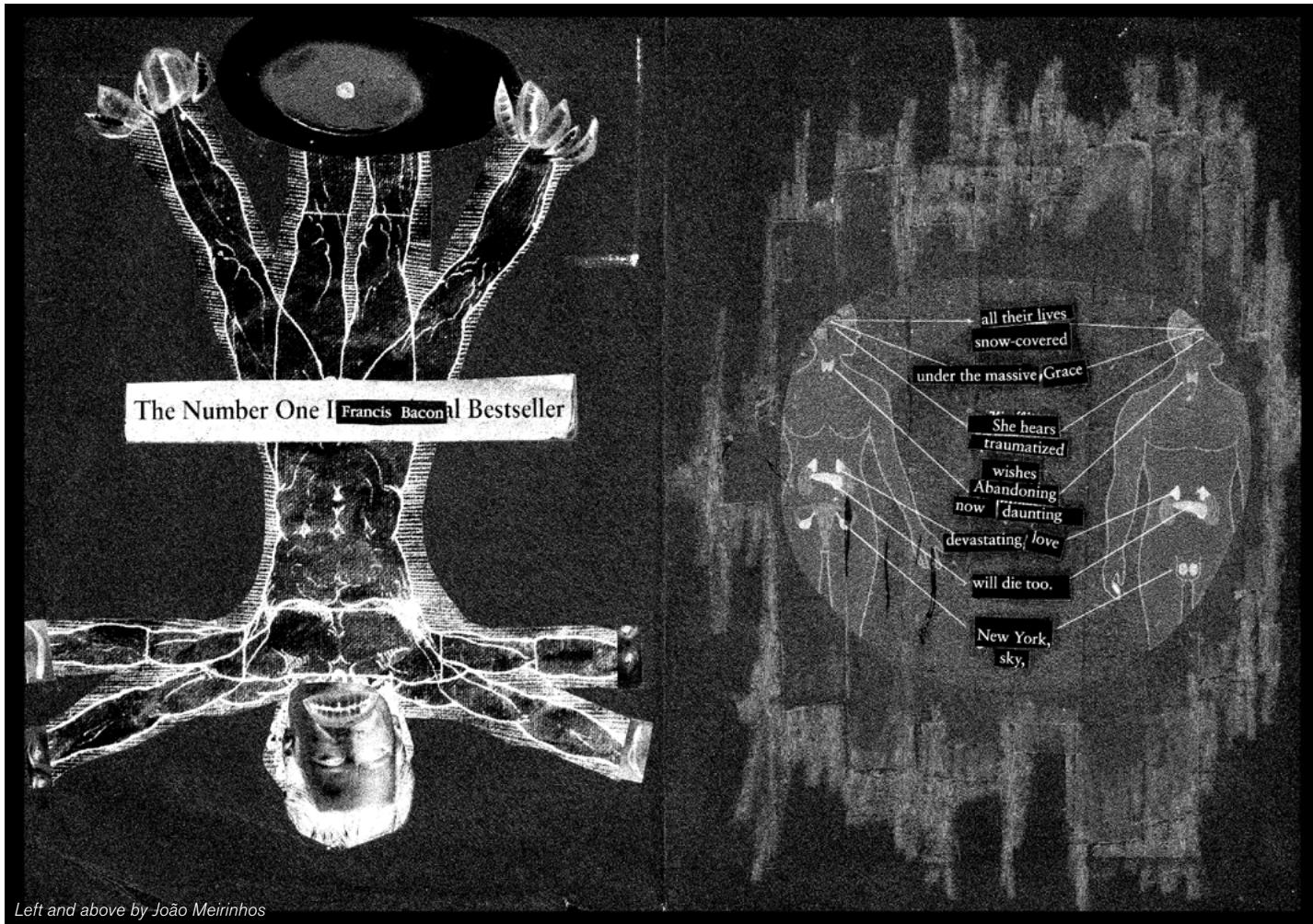
We're here!

Now, I can literally see the colours of breeze running through the
papers of trees,
mind settled like a flower in leaves.
Resistance is fertile in amongst a climate of weeds
Indeed, I DO wear my heart proud on my sleeve.

Leaving vapour trails, lifting nature's veils,
Inhaling breaths of the freshest of Gris,
exhaling and still exclaiming fuck the police!
We got it on lock set to plain sailing release.

A testament born from an adornment of pure petals and peace.
Counting my blessings with a true abundance to cease.
Please, let this be a settlement at least?"





Left and above by João Meirinhos



...•••OuterSpace Eye •••...

...On a journey between dimensions
Through planets, stars and galaxies
Planet Earth is one of
Where several living species evolving
from many generations

They gradually change over time by natural selection ...
One of them is humankind which at the end
isn't so much kind ...
And walking trough a path, which created
himself/herself
But eventually blinded by the Media
They got lost and created a race...

Ignorance, misinformation and wrong education
it deprives them of all human traits and feelings
Apart from hate which is programmed and remains

So ... The haters gonna hate
but ... cosmological love is much more
stronger than they ...
So this invisible stream of clouds will surround them
and It will fight to bring back moral values to them
at the end of the day

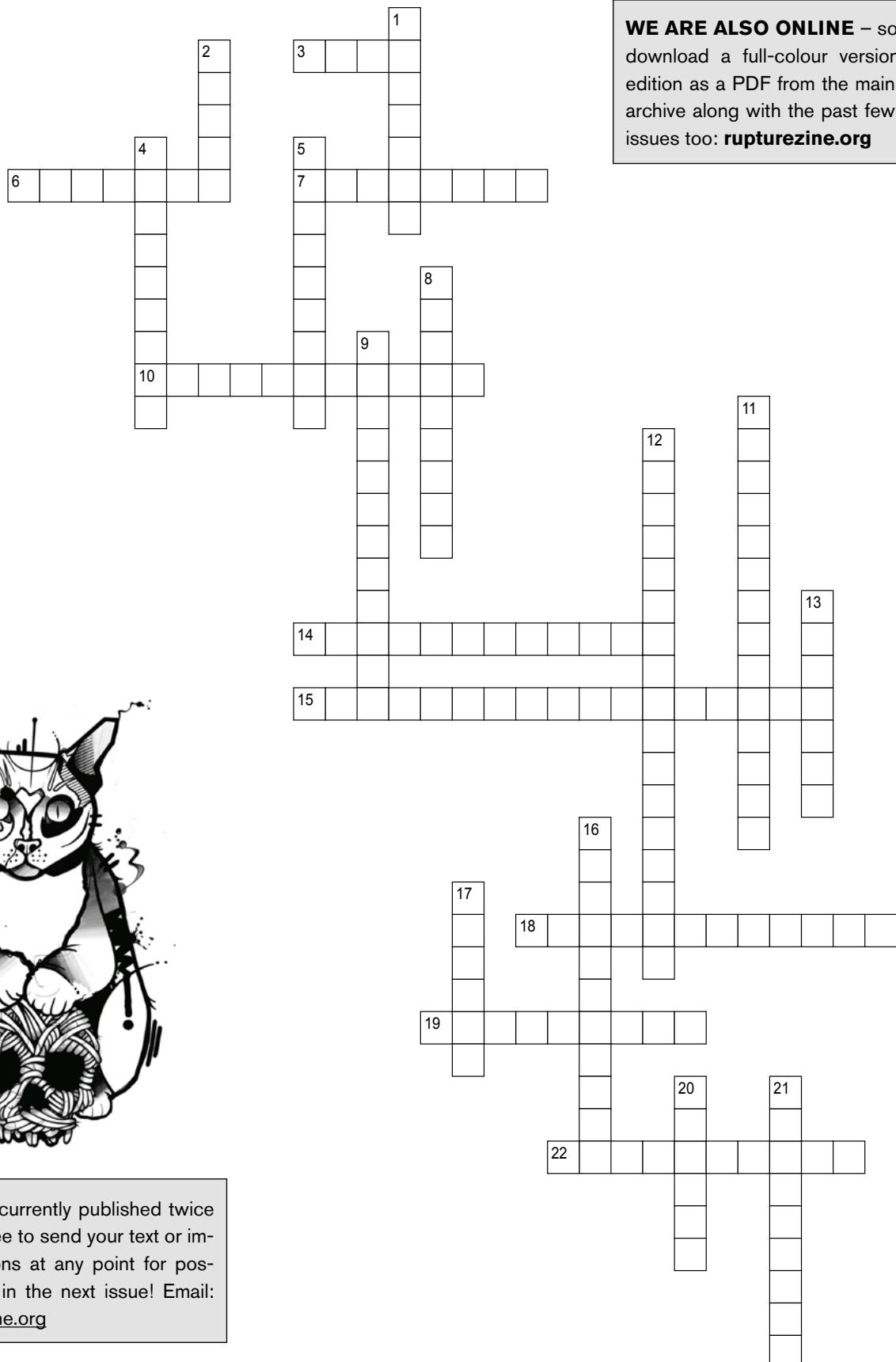
by Olive In DreamLand

CRYPTEK CROSSWORD

#2, BY D-BOY

It's back! Congratulations to Bugs who managed to complete last Rupture's Cryptek Crossword –

he selected a copy of Trouble On Vinyl 62 by Drumsound & Bassline Smith for his prize, that's on its way (promise!). So, here is Cryptek Crossword #2 – as before, all the answers are names of free party sound systems from the 90s to present day. Send your answers to danielaphywel@protonmail.com for your chance to also win a 12" record!

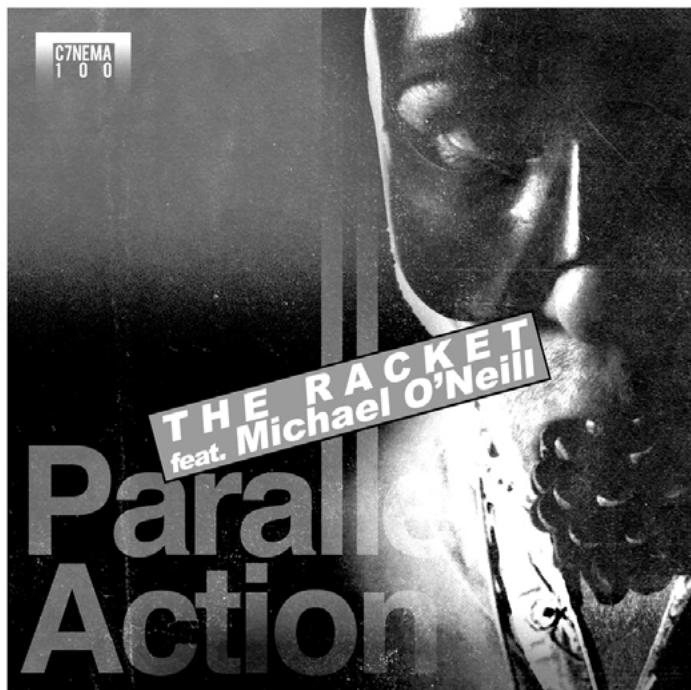
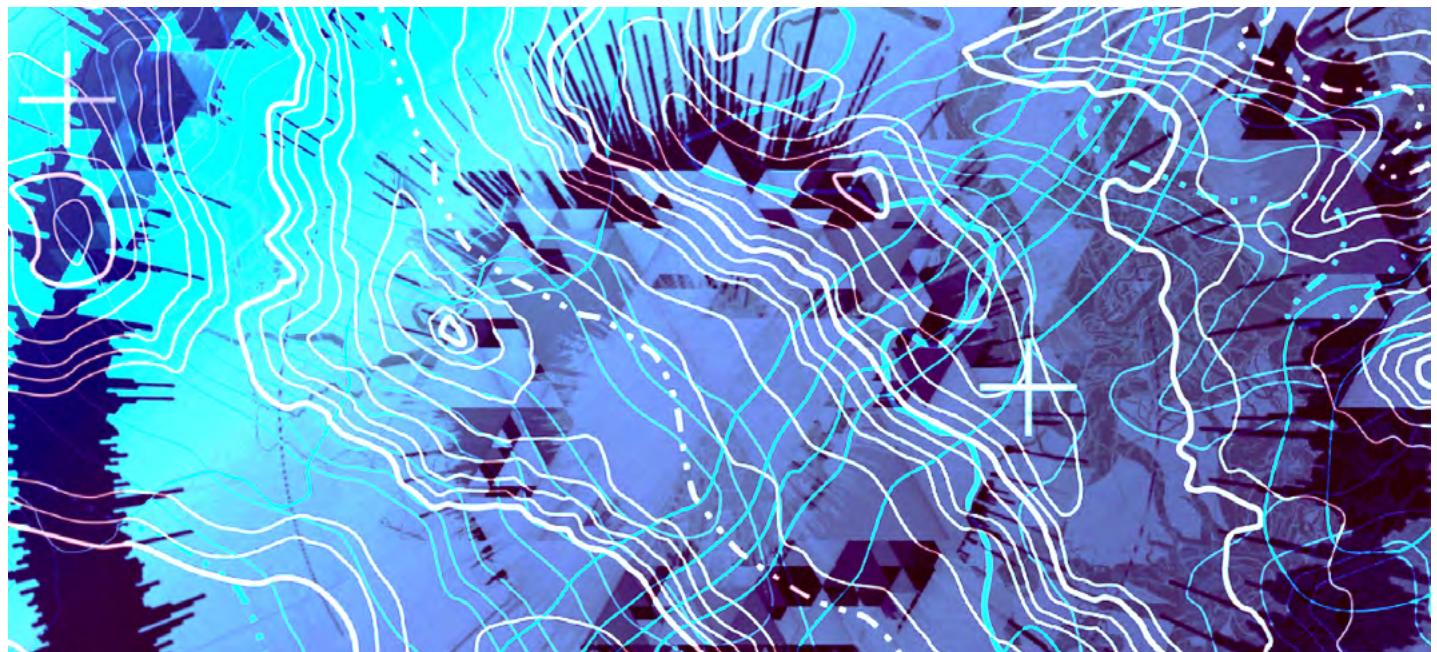


ACROSS

3. Sardinian roadrunner plans to defeat coyote with highly developed Drum and Bass (4)
6. Joan and her crew burned at the stake for attempting sacrilegious teknival in France (7)
7. Sick member of 70's rock band welcomes you to illicit nest in California (3,5)
10. Arsonist's residue conceals visual display unit for a rave in the midlands (11)
14. Deceased canine parties with alliteration (4,3,5)
15. A specific can of brew is necessary at this dance for the disabled (7,5,5)
18. Audibles in no particular order (6,6)
19. Served with this part of 90s rave act (7,1,1)
22. This rig reeked of top-grade whizz, but without the bubbly (6,4)

DOWN

1. Mozart's final decomposition is without a dream (7)
2. Yikes, here comes the Colonel! Well, whatever you do, stay calm and don't do this (5)
4. Web weaving raver crawls up water spout in yellow polka dot bikini to chill out (4,5)
5. Lost their place in the field, without musical note (9)
8. Clowns from esteemed university city opposed to death by sea, accordingly (4,1,4)
9. Junglists opposed to rural peace, fair (5,7)
11. Lack of privacy, it's annoying – so says Chuck D as he puts on this hoodie (6,8)
12. Where's the party? In the building below (5,12)
13. Luke trains to become rebel scum on this system; not his place but the grand master's home (7)
16. Still fighting in the battle of Detroit (5,6)
17. Smashed over the head by a Technics 1210 (6)
20. To be a masturbator is a backwards pursuit, apparently (6)
21. Sonny's gone now to this Japanese metropolis (5,4)



THE RACKET

*Fuck that I'd rather get a gat
I'd rather take a chance with a bally and a bat
Fuck that I'd rather get a bar
I'd rather sign on and sell drugs from a car
Than be told what to do and when to do it
By a money made gimp talking nothing but shit
Nah mate I ain't playing what your playing
Don't care what you got and give a fuck what you're saying
Straight cunt straight up snitch
Selling out his friends on his way to getting rich
No Code no line he wouldn't cross
Laughing in your face whilst nodding at his boss
Brown nose taking shit to the face
Don't make the pig rich man put him in his place
Cause The Racket never stops
Cause The Racket never stops
You're gonna do that.... for that.... when you can do that
Are you serious mate?
Get your mask on
Get your gag on
Cause The Racket never stops
Cause The Racket never stops*

PARALLEL ACTION *feat. Michael O'Neill_The Racket*
OUT NOW @ C7NEMA100.BANDCAMP.COM

LISTINGS

08.10.21

TILL THE FEST

Celebrating 20 years of DIY punk. Three days of great beer, tasty food and punk rock. 3 venues across New Cross and Deptford, London. www.tillthewheels.com

08.10.21

BROKEN NOTE: EXIT THE VOID

11pm-6am. £12 advance, more on the door
TICKETS: skiddle.com/e/35892849
The Volks, 3 Madeira Dr, Brighton BN2 1PS

16.10.21

SWEET HARMONY:

Celebrating pirate radio and rave culture £7.50 - £12.50 from sweetharmony.eventbrite.co.uk From 4pm. Patchworks, 258 Church Road, London E10 7JQ

20.10.21

CRUX: ELECTRONIC JAM SESSION

Open invite for electronic musicians and VJs to jam – with pizza and beer! 8pm-11pm. New River Studios, 199 Eade Road, London N4 1DN

20.10.21

KILLDREN & PETROL BASTARD

Shite rave-punk in Kent. 7pm-11pm. £5 otd. Poco Loco. 58-60 High St, Chatham ME4 4DS

23.10.21

DAS BOOTY

Techno, ghetto, juke, jungle, hardcore, bass. 11pm-7am. Tickets: dasbooty.eventcube.io
Venue MOT Unit 18, Orion Business Centre, London SE14 5RT

23.10.21

PURE BELTAZ

Breaks, Drum & Bass, Bassline, Jungle, UKG, Speedbass, Happy Hardcore and more. 8pm-4am. District, 1 Jordan Street, Liverpool L1 0BW
fixr.co/event/951040815

24.10.21

SPLITTING THE ATOM

LIV experimental/free/noise all dayer 3pm-10pm, free entry. The Green Door Store, Unit 2-4 Trafalgar Arches, Lower Goods Yard, Brighton BN1 4FQ

03.11.21

SKRONKTRONIC #33

33rd of our monthly electronic, electro-acoustic and experimental AV night. 7:30-11pm, free entry. New River Studios, 199 Eade Road, London N4 1DN

29.10.21

VARISPEED SOCIALZ #03

Halloween Special from the Varispeed crew. 9pm-1:30am, min £5 donation. The Lion, 206 Whitehall Rd, Bristol BS5 9BP

30.10.21

SHANGRI-LA X LOST HORIZON

A Halloween Rock n Roll Spectacular at the new Lost Horizon HQ in Bristol. 8pm-3am. skiddle.com/e/35903737
1-3 Elton Street, Bristol BS2 9EH

30.10.21

SLUG-O-WEEN

Artists and friends from the Slug Wife label. £5 cash OTD. All-night B2B sets. Cosies, 34 Portland Square, St Paul's, Bristol BS2 8RG



@jaymoontattoos

07.11.21

CORRUPTED STATE

Noise, Illbient, Breakcore and Bass music. A coming together of the Hekate, Mental and Workin Klass Noize collectives. 5pm -11pm, £5 otd. New River Studios, 199 Eade Road, London N4 1DN

07.11.21

PUNKS FOR PALESTINE

Benefit show with several live bands. 5pm-10:30pm. Tickets: £7 adv. New Cross Inn, 323 New Cross Rd, SE14 6AS

20.11.21 (TBC, check crux-events.org)

CRUX: PERFORMANCE EVENT

Audio-visual livesets at our favourite north London venue – New River Studios

18.12.21

KILLDREN PRESENTS

A midwinter knees-up with live bands, DJs and stuff happening in the front bar. 6pm-11pm. £5 otd. New River Studios, 199 Eade Rd, N4 1DN

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 – diyঃspaceforlondon.org

Squat/radical events – radar.squat.net

Anarchist news and bookshop – www.freedomnews.org.uk

Advisory Service for Squatters – www.squatter.org.uk

London Wide Eviction Resistance – evictionresistance.squat.net

