

RUPTURE

Contributions: info@rupturezine.org
Online archive: RUPTUREZINE.ORG

SPRING 2021 • Excuse me whilst I sleaze

KILL THE BILL

You may have seen some coverage in the news for protests against the Police, Crime, Sentencing and Courts Bill (PCSC Bill) which has seen various groups and individuals coming together under the succinct chants of 'Kill the Bill' – a catchy phrase somewhat borrowed (and often misinterpreted for something more racy) from a movement against the last large-scale attack on alternative and marginalised communities in the 1990s (the Criminal Justice and Public Order Act). So what is this new piece of legislation quickly drafted under the cover of Covid – and for which the protest response has already claimed a small victory, by thwarting initial attempts to rush it through parliament unopposed?

One of the reasons why the opposition to the PCSC Bill is growing, and indeed that a movement is springing up as a reaction (pragmatically working around not being able to openly organise a protest whilst such invitations to mass gathering are illegal) is because it recklessly swings its baton across a number of issues and seeks to further demonise the alternative lifestyles of people on the fringes of society – whilst also having the potential to impact on everyone's rights and day-to-day existence. Everything we take for granted in terms of worker's rights and basic safeguards were fought for (sometimes long, hard and bloody) – and none of us truly know when we will find ourselves having to organise and fight back in ways we

might not have previously considered.

Under this new legislation, that many expect to pass with the Tory majority in parliament and the wet tissue opposition from Labour, we see the latest in the line of land-grabs and a continuation of the enclosure system (that eventually birthed capitalism) from the 15th century onwards by seeking to further criminalise trespass. The Bill makes no bones about who it primarily targets – the Gypsy, Roma and Traveller communities, who already have to contend with being persecuted under one of the last forms of acceptable racism in the UK. It may not just be the GRT community who is affected though – with squatters, ravers and even ramblers also being liable to prosecution.

This is only partly why this Bill is such a hot issue (despite there being countless Acts with similar intentions regarding rights and surveillance peacefully slipping past everyone's noses for decades) – because it will be inscribed in law to allow the powers-that-be to pick and choose who is committing an illegal act. The same goes through to the main thorn that is currently driving the opposition movement – essentially a reclassification of protesting itself, possibly redefining it as something that is (or even just poses a risk of) causing disruption; to anyone, from a single person or more. Breaching this would result in heavy fines and sentences and puts much of the





initial judgement in the hands of the police.

Although this aspect is clearly a response to the large protests of Extinction Rebellion and Black Lives Matter of the past couple of years (with XR expressly intending their protests to disrupt, something that didn't always happen with the UK nicey-nicey placard style of demos) it has much wider implications for anyone who needs to campaign or speak out against injustice. Meaning that community campaigns and workplace pickets would potentially become illegal – as it might only need a single resident or the company itself to lodge a complaint. This has the possibility to dismantle and erode the final remaining powers of labour unions, which is precisely why the Tories will try to justify these measures as somewhat proportionate in the face of disruption to hard-working tax-payers.

Beyond this, the PCSC Bill also wants to increase surveillance powers and provide harsher punishments for actions like taking down statues than for serious violent assault and rape. It also looks to expand stop and search powers for police, something that has often proved to be ineffective and implemented disproportionately against people of colour. The police do not need more powers, especially after successive waves of legislation granting them an increasing amount; and the supposedly temporary powers gifted during the pandemic response. Power corrupts and the police have time and time again proved that throughout their ranks they are liable to abuse their powers – whether it be taking selfies with murdered women, attacking a peaceful vigil for a woman murdered by a police officer (once Duchess Kate had departed after her crude photo-op) or claiming to have sustained injuries during the first Bristol Kill the Bill protest on 21

March (which fed into the press anti-thug-protest narrative, but which was later admitted to being false by the police force once no one was paying attention).

The change in tactics seen with XR actions (although the group is often criticised for not taking a specific anti-police stance or for the misguided disruption of public transport during rush hour) has clearly irked the government – though sadly not to actually do anything to confront the emerging climate doom. The mass attendance of BLM demos during lockdown, as part of a global response to systemic racism, are also being shown as unacceptable bumps in an otherwise smooth timeline of post-capitalism consumerist meltdown. It ties in with the press and establishment line of disruptive/ignorant/unwaged/violent/smelly (delete as appropriate) protestors who are here to ruin your day – but this flies in the face of everything that we've managed to gain post-feudalism that was won for with protest, some of which were necessarily disruptive or violent.

The UK government is quick to condemn the Hong Kong government for repressing plucky protestors, or to brandish notions of a 'banana republic' for chaotic south-American governments but obviously less quick to point that criticism inwards. This current government (a veritable hit parade of total wankers, but which surely must be better than having that known anti-Semite and wearer of wonky glasses Corbyn in charge, right?) – and in particular the vicious actions and ideas of Priti Patel – are vociferously engaged in a war on the poor and most vulnerable that hasn't been seen since the 80s and 90s; which saw some of the last of mass-protests before the 00s brought about an era of centralism and apolitical apathy. Although it might find some opposition in the House of Lords (who ever saw us relying on some antiquated and doddering bunch of privileged toffs to head up our political opposition?!) the Bill will likely pass into an Act, albeit with some amendments.

Knight of the Realm Keir Starmer is a useless sack of shite as an opposition leader, even ordering his MPs to abstain from opposing the Bill in parliament. A successful Parliament petition instigated a debate on 26 April during which Tory MP Matt Vickers said "During the Extinction Rebellion protests.. the cost of policing those protests was a staggering £37 million.. Imagine how that money could have been used to tackle climate change or help to decarbonise our

economy." As if that was indeed a visible priority for this government. He continues to vilify BLM but wilfully ignore the violent far-right Brexit-related protests or a dumb-arse contingent of the recent anti-lockdown/anti-vaxx mob who both regularly flare up into drunken fights with the pigs: "Over the summer of 2020, 172 Metropolitan Police officers were assaulted by a violent minority during a Black Lives Matter protest. That was not a peaceful protest." Some might say it was self-defence to fight back if what was an ostensibly peaceful protest gets charged with horses. In an era where the most basic human rights are seen as extremism it is unlikely that any mass of MPs or political figures will stick their head above the parapet to lead a charge against the Bill, conceding instead with some dampening of the more extreme proposals. This is how the two sides of the House generally work – basically in unison, with a bit of haggling.

The broad implications of this legislation mean that it has the potential to affect such large swathes of the general population (even though on the surface this may not appear so) and more obviously those who devote their time and energies to activism or embracing alternative lifestyles. The movement has already galvanised itself after the initial KTB protests in Bristol and police mis-handling of the Sarah Everard fiasco, with there being simultaneous protests in over 40 towns and cities on May Day this year. This needs to continue to grow, with more people getting involved – attending protests, spreading the word and interpreting the dangers of the Bill to those outside your party/protest circles.

It will need opposition in the streets, not just in the corridors of power, and it should be widespread, hard to police and very, very disruptive indeed. If the predictions are correct, this opposition and defiance will also have to manifest itself long after this becomes an Act of Parliament. Hopefully, the loose coalitions and autonomy that have formed as a way of denying responsibility for organising these protests during the ongoing lockdown will lead to drastically-needed change within the political left of the UK. The infighting and sectarian bitching needs to end and we need to strengthen our numbers and organise – around this and many other issues which threaten our way of life.

*Photos of London on May Day
by Natalia Gocman*

TOGETHER WE STAND, UNITED WE FIGHT!

Køpi has been a DIY project in the heart of Berlin offering living space for people in the house and trailer park (wagenplatz) for more than 30 years. It continues to be a home for collectives, events and creative energy since the day the first door was broken open. We will not give up our way of life for some state-backed developers!

All around us we see the construction of yuppie flats, overpriced bars and other empty facades of gentrification. With this dramatic takeover we not only lose our homes but Berlin becomes a hollow shell of the city we once knew; that we helped create and which we no longer recognise.

The alleged owner of Køpi, Startezia GmbH, is just another example of how our spaces and autonomous communities, are being destroyed by anonymous postbox companies that only care about profit and not about people. The owner and the cops claim that we are violent extremists. For them this justifies excluding us from our right to housing and

make dozens of people homeless – even during a global pandemic.

Køpiplatz does not face the threat of eviction alone. Other Berlin projects, Potse, Rigaer 94, and Queer Wagenplatz Mollies are also



in immediate danger. Many more places already got evicted. In the last year alone we lost cru-

cial left-wing symbols like Liebig 34, Syndikat, Meuterei, Diesel A, Sabot Garden and G17a.

We are here today to protect our ways of life. Our spaces are being ripped away from us with alarming speed. Køpi calls for friends and allies from around the world to meet in Berlin on the 15th and 16th of May for a weekend of protest. As Køpiplatz faces the most serious eviction threat to date – and we stand to lose half our home and family – it's time to fight back!

Køpiplatz is our home and we are here to stay!

When the law wants to take our homes away, it's time to break the law! Køpi bleibt Risikokapital

Køpi Twitter and website:
koepi137.net/welcome.html
twitter.com/KopiBleibt



ARTISTS CALLOUT

We would like to invite artists of all kinds from around the world to join an exhibition about Køpi and Køpi Wagenplatz in Berlin, based on the following themes:

- What does Køpi and/or Køpiplatz mean to you?
- What is your story here?
- Why is it important for us and other spaces like us to continue to exist?
- What would you like to say to those who are trying to evict us?

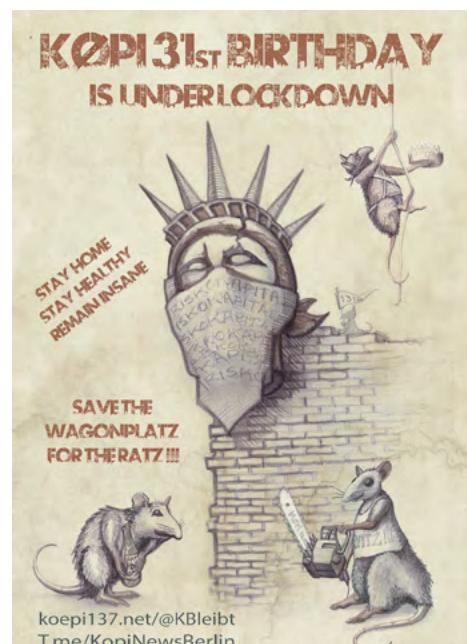
We welcome any 2D medium, print, painting, drawing, screen-printing, collage, photography, or writing. We also welcome short video submissions.

Criteria:

- 1 piece per artist
- Maximum artwork size A1
- Artist participation confirmation via email or signal chat
- Submission deadline: 1 June 2021

We also encourage you to make extra prints/merch to sell on the exhibition date, proceeds to go to Køpi and Køpiplatz!

For digital submissions or further questions email: exhibition@koepi137.net



GWARTH AR Y TEULU

A (MOSTLY) WELSH-LANGUAGE ZINE ABOUT SHAME IN SMALL COMMUNITIES
BY EFA SUPERTRAMP

Many people who've grown up in small communities will know what I mean when I talk about SHAME and the toxicity it breeds in people. I think shame exists everywhere – in the class system, in sex, in school, in work... I think a lot of people ignore it, and pretend they don't feel it. They pretend they are in control of their own lives; and that the pressures our environment/culture/families put on us don't affect us. Some of us run away to cities to experiment with our identities, others try to blend in to their environments... no one is safe from it.

Just like how I started my first punk band at 15 after watching my boyfriend's punk band at a gig and thought 'They're pretty crap. I could do much better than him', this zine also came about after reading some literature in Welsh which angered me coz I felt it was so bad/off-the-mark. One was a book about alcoholism by a middle-class woman who works in the media, which failed to even mention relapse or give any kind of hope to someone who may not have succeeded in staying clean (the chapters were mostly written by middle-class people who could now do without booze). Anyone with any understanding of class will be able tell you that, of course, the more resources you have the more likely you are to be able to get/stay clean. It totally lacked any analysis of the complexities of society and that pissed me off; it just felt self-congratulatory to be honest. Woohoo! I can resist prosecco now, and I didn't even have to go to rehab!

The second thing that pissed me off was a 'feminist' zine in Welsh which sells for £7, has a massive following and honestly has a big trope of terrible poems with no soul, and a very boring and un-imaginary theme. Ironically, even as I write this rant, I'm hoping these people don't come across this issue of Rupture as that could make future interactions with these 'perfectly nice' people uncomfortable.... but, fuck 'em!

I'm super proud and happy to have Welsh as my first language. When I hear

a song in Welsh that resonates with me it feels a thousand times more powerful than hearing a song in English, where the lyrics express something I've been unable to say. Anyone who speaks more than one language probably knows what this feels like, to hear something echo in your heart in the language that your mother spoke to you as a child. If you're interested – Datblygu are the best Welsh-language band EVER who managed to condense some of what I tried to articulate in this zine very well back in the 80s – they were one of John Peels' favourites.

Being able to speak Welsh, a Brythonic language (meaning British Celtic in origin) is great as I've grown up around a history of resistance against a dominating force (the British state has always actively worked to stamp out the Welsh-language and create a monoglot English island). However as only around a quarter of Welsh people speak Cymraeg (about 874,700 according to the Office of National Statistics), once you start getting into the music/art/cultural sector it does become a thing of 'everyone knows everyone'. In the call out for the zine I asked 'How can we have a revolution when everyone is so bloody polite?' The problem with everyone knowing everyone is that people are afraid to challenge, call-out or push boundaries, which might result in less opportunities for them. I guess this was a zine for the misfits of the Welsh-language world... the people who have already been rejected from the clique due to their class or inability/unwillingness to play the game.

The Welsh-language middle class is a relatively new middle class and I think this creates an identity crisis of sorts and an unwillingness to interrogate privilege; there are regularly problematic tweets from some people in favour of Welsh independence where they genuinely think they are as oppressed as it gets, which is seriously fucked up – someone should slap them over the head with some writing by Angela Davis or Assata Shakur. As one of the writ-

ers in the zine says 'they think they're working class because their grandad used to work in the quarry'.

The irony of this 'new' middle-class is that it all came about due to radical protests to protect the language in the 1960s; and protests for a Welsh-language television channel in the 1980s. Inspired by the Civil Rights Movement and Anti-Vietnam war protests, Welsh folk-singers like Dafydd Iwan fuelled a protest movement in Wales which were angered by the drowning of Capel Celyn, a village in North Wales where residents were forced to leave their valley where people had lived for centuries, in order for it to be turned into a dam to provide water for Liverpool.

Dafydd Iwan is now the owner of the biggest Welsh-language record company, which according to Google earns £5million in revenue. In 1980 Gwynfor Evans, the leader of Plaid Cymru at the time went on hunger strike and said he would fast to death if the government didn't provide a Welsh-language TV service (both Labour and Conservatives had promised the channel if elected to government in the 1979 elections). Eventually it was Margaret Thatcher who 'gave us' S4C. S4C created a whole host of new well-paid media jobs (which only Welsh-speakers could really do), which also linked up with BBC Wales and so a bunch of Welshies were suddenly rather successful (and even a big part of overall BBC structure – just look at Huw Edwards who reads the National UK news and runs the London Welsh Centre).

Up until the government cuts in 2010, which affected both the funding for S4C and PRS/MCPS royalties for BBC Radio Cymru, many Welsh-speakers working in the media and music were able to earn a pretty comfortable living (many still do, but this was like a golden era in my eyes). I caught the tail end of this with my first Welsh-language punk band where we got a few nice cheques for S4C TV performances – but other older bands told us

we'd already missed the boat. Anyway, far from being bitter (HONEST!) I think this culture of people getting paid easily created an incredibly boring and middle of the road bunch of Welsh bands and TV programmes... Just like with the culture of arts funding / community funding, the same people kept getting paid (and getting their kids/friends paid) while others who didn't fit the boring brief were ignored because they didn't tick the right boxes.

There were always people who fought against this – as well as the aforementioned Datblygu and other underground Welsh artists like Llwybr Llaethog, Tystion, Fflaps; labels like AnkstMusik (who signed my old band) who released a compilation called 'S4C makes me want to smoke crack' (the title inspired by the Beck song which said the same about MTV). But to be the 'underground' culture in an already minority-language culture is pretty fucking niche really. Most of us obviously end up connecting with people outside of the Welsh-language world (and sometimes leaving that world altogether because it can be so fucking dreary).

Anyway, maybe that was a bit of a Welsh history tangent, but I feel like the Gwarth Ar Y Teulu zine needs some context because most people don't even realise people still speak Welsh, let alone that we actually make music or write zines in our mother-tongue – or that there is a Welsh-language (attempt) at counterculture. The zine discusses a lot of the things which go un-said in this Welsh world – such as people's weariness of writing in Welsh because of the judgement of the 'quality' of it (a lot of us feel comfortable speaking, but not in writing – however the zine is purposefully written in an 'un-proper' way). It questions why middle-class people will fully support people going to jail over Welsh-language rights, but not supporting people who end up in jail due to class structures or poverty (who cares if they built a new super-jail in Wrexham, as long as they gave it a Welsh name (HMP Berwyn), right?).

It talks about how the leftover religious mindset of 'giving' is there, but it's more to make people feel good in themselves rather than to actually make a difference (one of the writers spoke about going to pick

up a free fridge from a woman in a fancy part of Cardiff, and being seen unworthy due to getting her site friends to help her pick it up). The same writer said she couldn't decide which school to send her mixed-race child to in Cardiff, because the Welsh-language school would be full of the offspring of these people who had judged her whole life – and would likely result in her child being bullied in a racist and classist way... whereas if she sent her child to the English-medium school (which would be way more multicultural/working class) they likely wouldn't speak Welsh fluently/casually/confidently. Anyway, I hope even reading this article will give you an idea of some of the complexities of a modern Welsh identity and spark some interest in what is going on there.

Lastly I'd like to mention that the title of the zine was inspired by an artist friend of mine, Elen Mai Wyn-Jones who died in 2015. She used to shout "Gwarth Ar Y Teulu" (which translates as something like 'Disgrace on the Family') as she used to get ready to do something 'shameful' – take drugs, do graffiti, doing something outrageous. Her mother, a famous Welsh actress, had instilled so much shame in her during her life. I don't think we should ever underestimate how much shame can fuck you up. I've included some of the writing Elen did whilst in rehab in the zine, typed up on a typewriter over her hospital forms she wrote: 'My back hurts from a posture of shame. I hope the hospital can notice it and help me. I don't want to walk around with my head bowed down not being able to REALLY look people in the eye because I'm drinking too much for the rest of my life.'

To everyone reading this who is struggling with shame, I hope you find an outlet to tell the people who scarred you that you are working on deconstructing the poisonous feelings they lodged in your mind. I'll likely start producing a second issue soon – so if you feel inspired feel free to send me stuff (art or writing). Most of the writing in this first issue is in Welsh but there are three articles in English and a further translation of one online. There is also lots of art within the 36 pages which are digitally printed in full colour. To get your copy, go to afiach.bandcamp.com. If you can't afford the price, or want me to send one to someone in prison/who is skint, just send me an email and I can make that happen: recordiauafiach@gmail.com



TIPPING POINT AHEAD

What options do the plants have when all the soil has turned to rust?

By the time the population had reached 8.6 billion in 2025, food shortages were inevitable – even in affluent countries there just wasn't enough produce to feed everyone... but the rise in population alone can't be blamed for the famines and resulting wars.

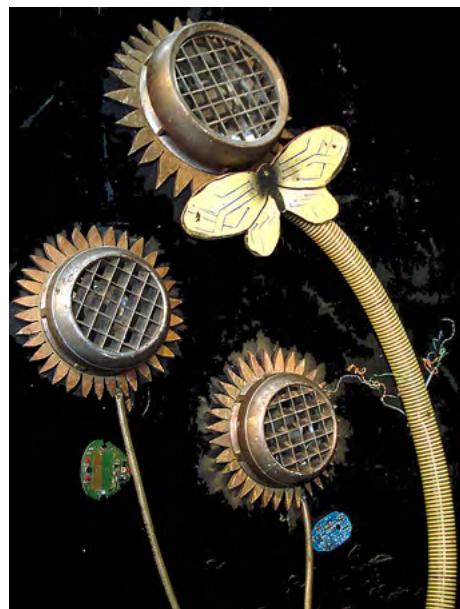
Climate change ravaged many countries, leaving large areas of the planet uninhabitable whilst simultaneously killing off much of the indigenous plant life. Large biotechnology corporations tried to combat the environmental changes and flooded the food chain with their GM seeds and engineered crops. Unfortunately, this Plague™ that they sent to wipe out the 'natural competition' did just that – and Plague™ was the death knell to what was left of natural vegetation. The ensuing years brought starvation and fighting more bitter than humanity had ever seen; as the swelling population fought over ever-decreasing supplies, all set to the multinational's prices.

It had looked bleak after those harsh years. Those of us who had hidden highly-illegal seed banks passed on the knowl-

edge of organic germination by word of mouth, for fear of imprisonment. There was talk of rogue genetic scientists trying to use chaos-chemistry to re-engineer modified crops back into organic life cycles. These cells of dissidents were known as Pharmers, but for a long time they seemed to be nothing but an urban myth.

Then, in the spring of 2031, optimistic reports started coming in from intensive dumping regions. Amongst the exotones of domestic and urban waste that filled the lands, strange hybrid life was beginning to flourish. It appeared that the slowly decomposing rust and plastics had become fertiliser for new species of plants and insects.

Over that summer, amazing specimens started to find their way into the secret circles of underground gardeners and propagators. Nature was finding a way to continue her fight. Hardy plants pushed their way through the cracks in the urban landscapes and amongst the rubbish, mutated organisms found root. There was even a rumour that in parts of the orient Pharmers had created AI 'Gardeneers' to tend the toxic paradises.



Wherever possible, clandestine gardeners joined the forces of the Pharmers and Gardeneers and began to nurture these synthetic gardens – helping to re-establish a yearly cycle, allowing the pockets of wildlife to thrive on their own terms. We hope that in time these new species will provide a much-needed solution to our global food shortages. Humanity itself depends on the future of these Synthetic Gardens.



Tom Horton Photography



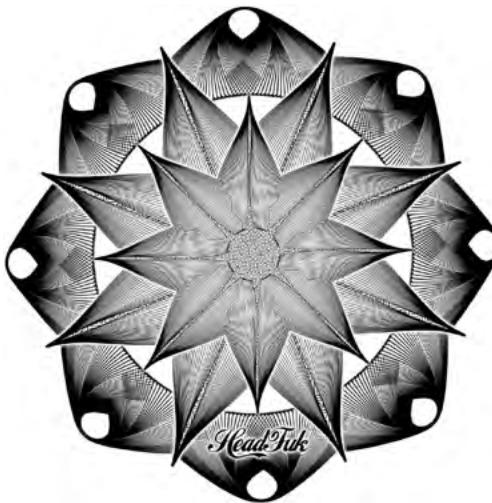
THE SYNTHETIC GARDENS

A POSSIBLE FUTURE – SUBMISSION CALL OUT

The Synthetic Gardens transports visitors into a parallel world and a possible future, where questions are raised (and not necessarily answered) and although impending doom is in the air – through beauty and humour – a sense of optimism and hope is inspired.

We are looking for clandestine gardeners/artists/Pharmers to make and create durable artworks for a two-week outdoor installation in July as part of the E17 Art Trail 2021. The Art Trail's theme is 'Possible Futures' and our vision for the Synthetic Gardens is a great way to interpret this theme. The Synthetic Gardens is an immersive, multimedia, installation comprised of paintings, sculpture, sound and plants. The exhibition is an artistic response to humanity's impact on the environment through the ideas of upcycling, robotics and the reuse of urban waste. The Gardens evoke a dystopian experience where plants and machines have mutated, fused and evolved, producing a twisted pastiche of post-apocalyptic permaculture.

We are looking for plants, flowers, in-



sects, AI Gardeneers, any other mutated organisms and instruments of chaos-chemistry made from natural, synthetic and/or upcycled materials to live in a 4m x 4m garden. Work needs to be able to be creeping out of bushes & bins or living in plant pots as well as floor mounted. It will also be left unattended in all weathers so work shouldn't be precious or nondurable.

As space is limited there may be some curative decisions made about what can be included. There will be ways to exhibit

some printed artwork in the form of paste-ups or window displays – so 2D work is definitely not ruled out. Anything that requires power (ie. sound installations or lighting) will need to be solar powered as there is no mains power feed. Digital work can also be shared on social media if unable to be included in the physical show this time round.

The work made for this show will form part of an installation exhibition that we hope to tour to other locations (indoors and outdoors) over the next year - including to the next TAA (fingers crossed).

Exhibition: 1-18 July 2021

Installation: 29 June

Derig: 19 July

Location: Maynard Road, Walthamstow, London E17 9JF

Email: gallery@taaexhibitions.org to express an interest, propose an idea or generally get involved.

syntheticgardens.org

instagram.com/the_synthetic_gardens

fb.com/groups/135699136450865

e17arttrail.co.uk

Bad Fractals will be releasing their debut video/single on 2 July. Entitled 'Disco Devils' it is a hilarious deconstruction of toxic masculinity done in their trademark psychedelic punk/acid trash style. Produced by the legendary Martin 'Youth' Glover (Killing Joke/

The Orb) it's a bonafide bastard of a banger. Keep your ear to the ground for some serious rave remixes... and it's released on Bandcamp no-fee-Friday, If you want to support these gentlemen of chaos from the ending up in the gutter it would much appreciated!



Cover art for the single is by Laurence Jansen – a visual artist based in London, primarily creating oil on canvas and collaged works. Sourcing material from photographic field studies, life drawing and internet sources, he renders abstract compositions and characterisation of the figurative form. The results work to

dismantle reality into an aggregate of signs, political innuendos and displaced mental states.
instagram.com/laurence_jansen/
laurencejansen.com
saatchiart.com/jansen



THE NEXT NATIONAL DAY OF ACTION
TO KILL THE BILL IS SATURDAY 29 MAY 2021

& There's Always Later *after the furniture factory*

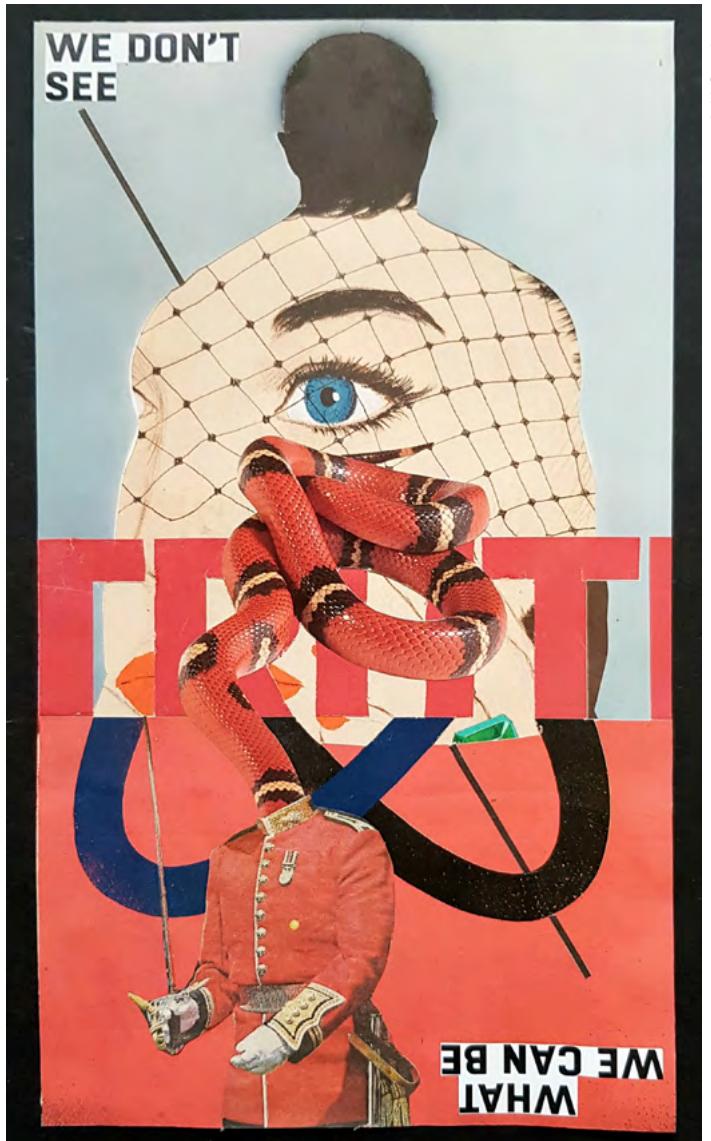
It hadn't taken Baz long to reacquire his boots. They were in the yard, under Lucille's truck. The only thing missing now was his trousers.

Glad to at least still have his t-shirt Baz pulled on his steel caps & stomped back into the dimly lit living space, every surface in the kitchen area covered in empty cans & the ghostly dust-markers of lines already hoovered, the main room beyond still resonant with the hum of last night's party.

Someone was asleep on the nearest sofa. Baz crept up & gingerly lifted the unzipped sleeping bag they were using as a duvet. They had trousers on, baggy black combats like Baz's own, but they were not Baz's, at least not definitively enough that Baz felt he could wake the sleeper & demand them back.

He went into the main room, even in daytime too gloomy to really be a living space, the rig still stacked up & plugged in. He could play, he supposed, a one-off 'pants-only' set, rouse those that lived here & the others still about from their various slumbers. Instead, he sat heavy on one of the other sofas in the room, could hear the A10 rumbling past outside the ex-showroom's cardboard-&-sheet-covered plate-glass windows.

Baz assumed it was the A10, was pretty sure it was the A10, though which part of the A10 north or south he couldn't say, having staggered off the bus last night already half-cut to follow into the mates' squat he hadn't been to before. He'd have to work out where he was if he wanted to get home, but this would have to wait until he found his trousers. As



Arkie Grynberg



Joe Fur

ever, the one thing needing doing before any other begun.

He should probably have chipped off earlier last night, before things'd got messy, but it was just a house party, he'd thought, & anyway every time he'd checked the slice in his personal munt-toaster it never seemed quite done enough & so he just kept flicking it back down with the promise of being remembered.

&, of course, he'd soon enough popped up burnt.

Still, here he was, in his pants, everyone else asleep, last night's entertainment little but a smudge on his memory. He thought about maybe trying to get some more sleep himself, his earlier trouserless unconsciousness not as refreshing as it may have appeared to those who'd had to keep stepping over it.

He sighed, leant his head back against the sofa & stared up at the ceiling.

& there they were, his combats, tied at the ankles & swinging from the glitterball.

Jack Houston

NED BONES AND THE ZONE OF LOST BOYS

48 hours earlier I had been in a crack-head's flat due to a combination of good will and bad drugs. It turned nasty pretty quickly. The crackhead, Ned, had just been badly beaten in a dispute over a gun. I restrained him to try and calm the situation, but this only wound things up further and I ended up wading in with a glass bottle; a blind-drunk ambassador of peace in bloody pieces. It all kicked off – and pretty soon there was claret all over the cobbles.

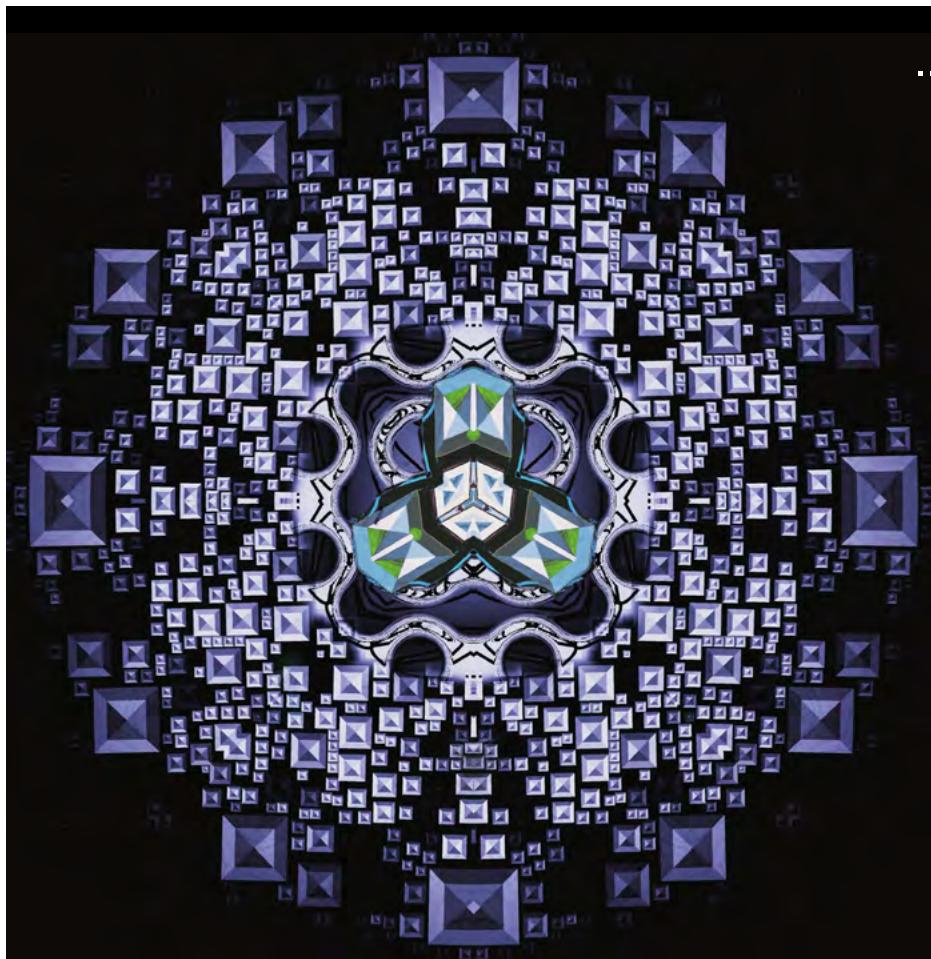
A bloodied Ned and an unscathed I crawled around like junkie-hogs hunting truffles, attempting to divine drugs from dirt. Along with his own, he'd clearly pocketed the rock of cocaine I had paid for – so I turned a blind, hungry, eye and avoided his as I helped him home; staring into what was left of his nostrils. The story poured out of them as we entered

the flat, flowing into the ears of his waiting mate; a local crack and smack dealer whose unsurprised aura darkened. Light and dark... "I sell light and dark bruv" ... weird crack demons, estate idols. It was all my fault, and things like that are clearly feasible when you wander through dangerous places in search of a good story.

Ned took a flame to his pipe and charged up on dead white light. I watched the anger rise with his high, exploding out of his body in a flurry of fists. He's hitting me and it's hard, I thought distantly... then there was a knife – and then it was pressing against the leather of my jacket. "Bruv I'll stab you up right fucking now!" He flung phlegm in my face and I flinched, feeling a long way away. I remember his crack-dealer mate watching motionless, eyes like dead amber oceans; their hearts

are closed tight. I'm going to die alone in a desert of empathy. If you ever intend to get stabbed, make sure you're not wearing a leather biker jacket, because that saved my life. I ran from the flat with a rearranged face and a dark bruise on my belly, tears shivering on my cheeks, an uninvited guest to a bloodbath.

As I sat in an airport the following day, I decided to inform the internet of recent events with a spilling of garbled consciousness. I boarded my flight, watching the inevitable barrage of horror and amusement splatter against my wall. That dished me about enough dopamine get me to Hong Kong, where my friend Brother Goat and I met with wisened old Chinese witches under a filthy flyover. There, we cursed Theresa May to a backdrop of screaming traffic and arcane chanting.



..•FUZZY REALITY•..

Two million years ago we were
apeman connected with a nature ...
Now we are a spaceman traveling
through the cyberspace

No matter at what period ...
... we were born to die.

Our spirit travels on the map of the
future that takes us on the journey of
our destiny.

By searching for the truth within
the geometric world, but constantly
passing people who are so empty
inside... that they can hide all the lies
and steal personalities to those which
haven't yet sold their soul.

In reality of dimensions where we
create only to destroy, there is still
love and hope, that this cosmic
connection will not resist that
invisible war!

by Olive In DreamLand

A few months later I saw Ned begging at the crossroads. Before he could do anything I dropped a two pound coin into his cup and walked on; transcending into a train that led to another day. My face danced with secret smiles – a curse of kindness is kind of unstoppable.

A month or so later and it's late. I've been at a party and haphazardly navigated night buses listening to the latest Bad Fractals mix in my earphones and happily getting my route wrong. I'm staring at the world through snowy nostrils and feeling fantastic. Arriving back at the Manor, after insisting an elderly African lady on the bus listens to the track that will change the world, I go for one more final four drinks at the off licence. Ned is sitting outside the shop talking to a pretty young Latin lady and upon my arrival perks him right up. He speaks in his usual no-time-to-breathe speed. For him every outbreath is an exhalation of cocaine, sentences all sped up and scattered, raging raw and fucking hungry "Bruv!".

He parades me like a trophy while he explains the story both back to me and the lady. Neither of us really listen, but before I know it – we're heading back to his, Ned insistent that the next round of rocks are on him. This version of Ned wants to be generous and apologies to a cartoon level, in part genuine, in part purely for the lady. She makes it clear she will not participate in our shifty smoking but comes along anyway, probably drawn by the same thrill of weird as I am.

Ned and I are brothers now and walk laughing, Latin lady in tow. "That two quid you gave me mate, after what happened, that really fucked my head"..."Haha, it's sound lad". Then he's got my phone and he's phoning his man, now I'm back in his flat; same place, with a pipe in my hand and he's looking at me like I'm crazy. "How the fuck are you sat there after I stabbed you right there bruv?!! I knew I wouldn't kill you, but I'm a fucking killer bruv". We piss

ourselves laughing. It's fucking hilarious. Next second she's taken off all her clothes and is laughing too, dancing around the room and moving between us. "Fucking hell!" says Ned, "Your fit as fuck!! If your dad was here now he'd fucking kill me!" This only encourages her and she becomes more brazen with the both of us.

Turns out her dad is a big-time badman running a lot of the wrongness in the area. The sun shines through Ned's sallow skin. He's not been laid for two years apparently and the attention of the stripping beauty far outstrips the crack in its effect on him.

him up and got rid of him.." None of this in the least bit phases the gangster's daughter who backs her ass up into my face, the smell of her pussy mingling with the chemical air. It's fucking story time and I'm smashed.

I wake up at some point and Ned eagerly shows me my phone – "See, I didn't nick it bruv – cos you're family!" I thank and hug him and he grins back all toothless. Ned makes me breakfast, rolls a coke cigarette and we leave into the sunshine; he to rinse cash out of reality and me to get hurriedly drunk before going to bed. I

ponder the events. We have completed a circle, created a feedback loop in reality. For all of infinity I will sit getting stabbed on that sofa and simultaneously sit in the same place being honoured as a dark prince. This cycle is finished now and will whirl round forever as a spinning cog in the story of the universe; insignificant and significant, ad infinitum. I have made my peace with my kind-of-killer. I feel a strange sense of joy – and of love – so buy the strongest cider I can find and pass out with a smile on my face.

We see each other again a few times, but it's always brief. He regales me with crazed stories and occasionally tries to blag change for a laugh. I keep the change. Then one day I'm at work pushing a speaker towards the stage and I pass my mate. He turns mid conversation and calls to me.

"Oi, you know Ned? ... He's dead." "Fuck" I call back. I feel strange and unsurprised. "You know he tried to kill me once? Kind of liked him though."

There goes Ned, perpetually on a collision course with death. I can see him now, pedalling furiously on a stolen ride forever, bike shifting shape beneath him, a polished pride and joy; a rusted run-down racer, a bastard of a Boris. Eyes bleak and bulbous, he cruises along a crazed crack continuum towards an ever-retreating cold white light – harsh, harrowing, home.

Bang Crosby



It's kind of cute, seeing him reduced to an eager to please young terrier, and I warm to him. There's lines and pipes and a pin hanging from his arm and he shows off his scarred, hardened physique. "I'm looking pretty good, aren't I?" I watch the blood trickle from the needle mark on his arm and agree wholeheartedly. Next second she's naked in my face giving me a lapdance as I exhale acrid crack smoke and Ned amicably tells me in graphic detail about the time he killed a dealer in the flat. "I cut him up in the bath and we bagged

Letting Blood

Leeches slug their way through streets.
Thinking, hissing, growing limbs, learning to crawl. They evolve, and out of their silence, the word *blood*. *Blood* they chant, scrawl *blood* on boards, spray *blood* on underground walls. They find their way to the river, infect the word *blood* into it, poisoned with hirudin. And so, the city calls for *blood* at the houses of their parents, who bolt doors and fatten their weakest child; a feast for the crowds to distract them until winter, when they know the cold will come.

Holly Conant

Proper Rave Innit

A venue first is what we're gonna need,
a one what's large & in empty surrounds.
Ain't nothing more like music to the ears
of plod than neighbour's gripings of ungodly sound.

Break it open like an oyster, for this
we'll need a bar or angle-grinder or
simply a window high above a door
not double-locked. Don't take the piss,

it's £3 in. No talk of 5s or 10s.
& £1.50 at the bar, the beer served warm.
Someone brave'll get the leccy on.
This dusty space'll do for a dancefloor.

The partyline goes live at 10pm.
Maybe someone should clean the pigeon shit.
I'm sure there's someone wants to deal with it,
tape off the drops & all the steep descents.

We'll be here until the morn & then again
next week but with luck in some other place.
The toilets here, unflushable, now smell
like something you might not want with your bass.

Hands in the air at 5am as yet another
- flashes of strobe - an amen break - oooh dry ice -
pill hits & through the ceiling's gaps it's light.
See? I said it'd be worth the bother.

Jack Houston

Stay Inside

*Pigeon coo's echo outside the window
relentless repetition please stop,
grey skies, lacklustre rain
drip drop drips from the sky
like a tap not turned tight
enough*

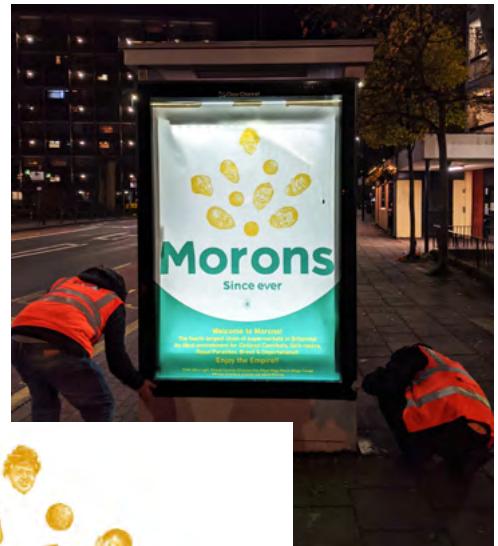
*the kettle is screaming at me
fogs up the window
desperate, don't look out there,
the forbidden fruit, sacred outdoors
sterilised sanitised inside, free me,
I long to dirty my feet*

*how can the world keep on turning
when we are all so still
does the passing of time matter
during this vast nothingness?*

*a cup of tea to calm my nerves
hot liquid chases down the fear
bubbling up in my throat but
it just crawls back, and settles
so quiet becomes the house
eternally occupied, no respite*

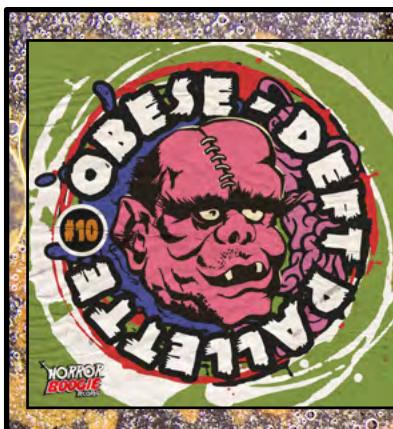
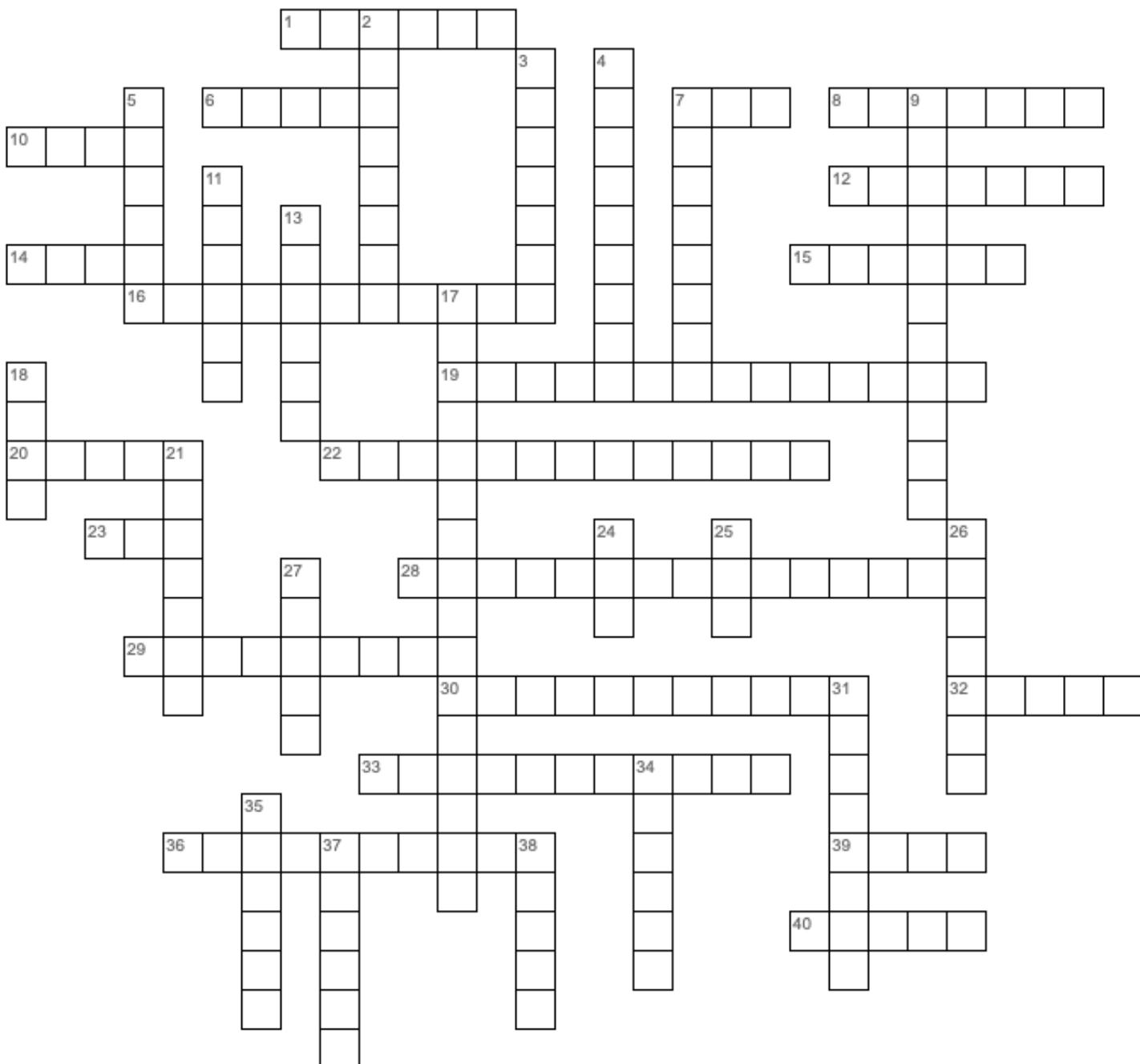
*heavier now, thankful for the sound
drowning out the silence, rain
like the white noise, grateful
the sound of breath has become
too much, all of us in mute,
in sound, in colour, in all*

Jess Hines



CRYPTEK CROSSWORD

Hello, D-Boy here. Recent events have made me lose my composure, and I've had to make some cross words. Can you find the answers to this cryptek crossword? They are all the names of notorious sound systems from the halcyon party daze of the 1990s to the present. Fill in all the clues and send your answers to danielaphywel@protonmail.com for a chance to receive a special prize of a 12" record – good luck!



OBSESE

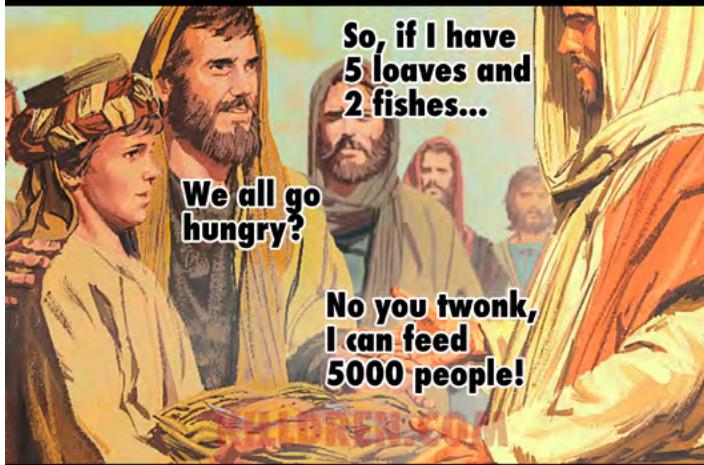
Obese is one of the many musical alter-egos of original Headfuk producer Nick Ronin – standing at the crossroads between bass, electro, grime, techno and drum & bass.

He has two recent EPs out that are a distillation of free-party endurance with the dexterity of breakbeat science – served up with a dollop of humour.

roninaudio.net or fb.com/obesebass



TORY MATHS JESUS



TORY VOTING = COMPLICITY IN MURDER

ACROSS

- Full marks to this crew, party for the many not the few (6)
- Caught an illness from this at a party years ago off a geezer, but not the Wuhan wheezer (5)
- Sealed with a smacker but without an optical device (1,1,1)
- It's not safe raving on an Italian beach every summer, structurally speaking (7)
- Crane takes a person up a mountain, oops fifteen years later it's the PM's sister (4)
- Almost managed to bend wind, or my melons maaaan (7)
- Hmm. Not so sure about the condition of this one. It's a bit... so-so. (4)
- Which Scottish play contains this literally not by Shakespeare? (5)
- Frogs make the wrong trance-lation. (11)
- Thief takes the piss out of supposedly sound transaction, not by the darkness of night (7,7)
- Coppers, sound systems and ill behaved youths unite for a little joke. (5, or 1,1,1,1,1)
- Is that yours bruv? I think that's mine, bruv. No. Belongs to all. So we are all safe at these parties, apparently. (8,5)
- Shortly the most complex drug (1,1,1)
- Ohms completed by electrician in Europe (5, 10)
- Think yer able to party in Norfolk? OK! Go to the hospital, you need one of these, or your grey matter will end up in the trash! (9)
- Abandon this war, it's plain that nothing really happens in a teacup. (6, 5)
- Condition of drum n' bass rig's acronym is so messed to the point of not being seen anymore? (1,1,1,1,1 or 5)
- Combustive residue conceals the details (11)
- Doomed skeletal pirates are angry because they're left with just half of their flag. (10)
- Austrians uses constructional toy strictly for technology (4)
- Of everything that exists, but a with a bit of k not c laid on till next time (5)

DOWN

- Defame without respect in rap style, that which was thrown away as useless rubbish - not joined up (8)
- Idiotic self-gratifiers foolishly throw things away (6)
- General consensus given by man on the street, saying the party's on Roman road (3,6)
- First of the revolutionary month, has a mental fold – madness! (6)
- Would surely be suicidal to fly to a party in Japan? (8)
- Perhaps the original group - who claim to be not egocentric but concentric, not quite a circle as they once were though (6, 5)
- Old party crew sent off to capital's asylum for mental illness, but recently in The Jungle (6)
- Calculator of the Pharaoh's men (6)
- Subterranean tubular noise not heard anymore, perhaps due to sicknote. (11, 5)
- Whoops, I made a mistake. This one hasn't been around for years. (4)
- Abbreviated horse drug labours to make inverted joke of spiral number (7,1,1)
- Find oneself in hazardous final resting place, with not even a spare g to sniff (1,1,1)
- You want me to what? No. Used to do a bit of this personally around the house rather than get the builders in (1,1,1)
- Utterly confusing blowjob (7)
- Feeling hyper and opposed to depressed state (5)
- Arterial bang-up on non-branch line railway (8)
- Effect desired by stoner, but certainly not optical photographer (6)
- They polish it off with speedy humility (6)
- Every tune's a proper corker heard on this system (6)
- Urgent noise desired to be heard by those in distress but not by those who make distress (5)



Delinquent

RUPTURE is currently published twice a year – feel free to send your text or image contributions at any point for possible inclusion in the next issue! Email: info@rupturezine.org