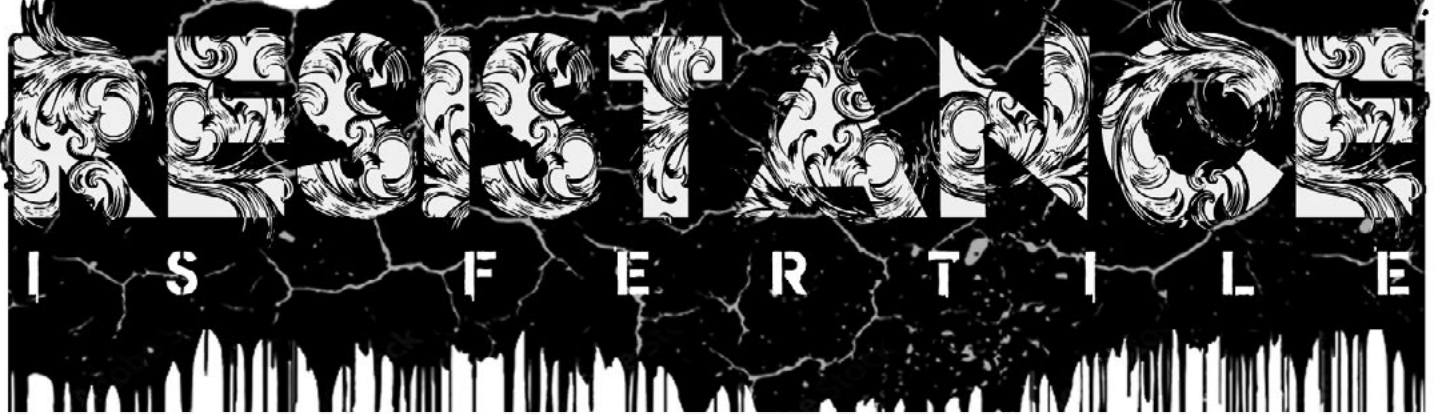
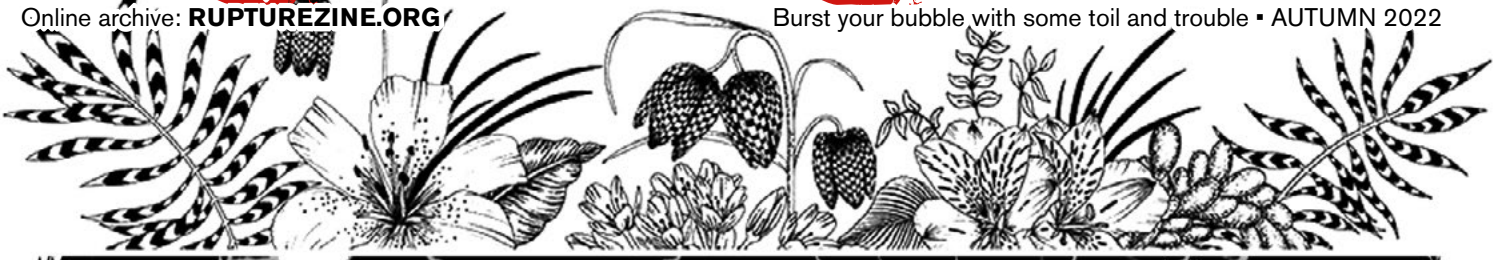


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Burst your bubble with some toil and trouble • AUTUMN 2022



A fertile resistance renewed

Notes on actions by The Synthetic Gardens
By Bill Mute @hypermutestudio

Once upon a time there was a stranded spaceman under a curious flag, waiting for a ride in the corner of an earthly lounge. Missed his connection? Worn out from the revelry of the previous night? Or perhaps ground down by the world and exhausting spaceflight. Too high to function, but on to something important. Perhaps... In his dreams, he sees that there once was a drama farmer dangerously brandishing his pitchfork overhead, wild-eyed in dungarees and a crushed and dirty top hat, possibly an echo of his lives past, and his lazy hazy grin sparkles.

Towering over his head, fake plastic trees and pillars of rejected, wasted tech. Mutoid aliens cling to the fronds of giant sunflowers, rattling their digital legs, and others agitate at their Perspex cages. A sweaty muddy man-form leaps in delight, furiously fighting the beach volleyball planets, trying to keep them all up, but suddenly

he has done enough. It rains spiders, and the Death Star knocks out his avatar; the guy in the near-unreal drops in sympathy and has broken his leg, though he insists he's fine. He broke himself through virtual un-reality and is dragged away through the torrents of mud clinging to the greengrocer's grass by the grim wardens of fun.

We were friendly weirdos then, proffering an unwelcome creed of care and terror, prescient visions way outside the comfortable. Now we are zeitgeist. Random artists born of TAA blood; once more risen like phoenixes, together and not alone. The masses are now hungry to signal their virtue.

"Revolutionary moments are carnivals in which the individual life celebrates its unification with a regenerated [de-generated?] society."
R. Vanegem

But being human is not being humane. We are numb. We are mute. We are estranged. Yet we miraculously enjoy a little space in this extraordinary web of life. If 83% of young people believe we, the people, have failed to care for our planet, how to come to terms with this loss of faith, and not have our collective enthusiasm so curtailed as to fail to contribute to a response?

Yes, the future is frightening. Climate change absolutely necessitates a change of climate.

Things we value greatly will be destroyed. But we are finding that we can avoid the trap of 'viewing anything less than total victory as a failure'. In small actions that reaffirm our agency day-by-day.

They now stare at the mannequin forms and tribal totems, linger in the kissing-Insta-booth, then once documented, come and ask for 'one of those in gold, please'. The story has become easier to sell. But the real challenge, the real victory, is in the long bridge. With those who don't comfortably wield the terminology. They know it is more than glued-together rejected tat, not crap but upcycled, but cannot master the syntax, nor the taxonomy, and awkwardly joke about things they thought of making one rainy day in lockdowns yet to come.

This is the draw of the new blood, the new enthusiasm reeks, the resistance renewed. Complex logistics remain, stretching our emotions to the limit. Demanding compromises, awkward pauses, and painful collaborations from which we grow.

But it is a desolation grown. What do we do when the plants have all turned to rust, when the liquids run toxic with poisons, when the wind blows ill? Remember me, warns the reused, renewed pseudo-sun-

flower benevolently. We are back, we are renegade, reused, recycled and renewed.

Benches are laid out, hastily assembled from discarded once-trees, to allow people to sit in with us this time and be a part of the watch. Then realise it's kind of art, my love, see? It is if we say so. A garden of earthly delights and disgust, hand in hand, uncomfortable bedfellows. Impure, rebroken, reassembled and re-contextualised; repurposed. We will provide space again, to encounter the horror and delight anew.

Yes, we are betraying future generations. Emotional distress is real and affecting our ability to perform a response. This work will not and cannot be done by government, only groups of individuals. Joy in a time of loss? Mate, I'm a bit busy. Science rewritten again by uptight men? Please.

Most people care but they do feel powerless, and this feeling is authentic. And our safety net is multivalent and convincing. Embrace the paradox, not the dilemma. Balance your despair and hope. Do not let them build the box around us, but instead build it yourself as a monolith, our monument, to attack, pastiche, wallpaper and write and play on.

Celebrate the imperfect wins. Untold power is to be found in simply turning up. Be present. If you're not a part, at least, of the solution, then you're a part of the problem anyway. Most of us are not narcissistic sociopaths, most of the time.

This time the cabin is an exposed plant pot in a real sculpture garden. Dimly lit in the last dregs of the day, blinking solar LED lanterns begin to release their solar glow, and like fireflies points of fun agitate across the field. Figures begin to emerge

from the flood, toasted red but hungry for input, tentatively wandering in as if looking for the toilets, but then forget their excuse, stay and sit. Looking for colour in the darkness, structure in the conflicting parts. Inspiration in the grime. And rust. And keepie-cups. And dust.

Where is the spaceman now? He has grown new livery, earned markings of leaves and proto-flowers sprouting from his head in multicolour blobs, awaiting at the info-booth with a grin. His ticket off-world has expired. But now, this time he is interchangeable with the stares and views and giggles of newly tired enthusiasts. Roots and seeds and pungent similes and workshops beckon. The logo on his flag remains, recut and re-stencilled sharper than

ever, and the joy on new faces is tangible.

It is a wild scene of possibilities. Zimmer frames have tangled as they shoot upward from the dust around telegraph poles, spiralling with shining, spinning spirit, the stripes of a spirit animal overhead dripping redundant technologies. A modest, forlorn figure shelters below, spewing plastic while shoots and feet appear from toasters and shopping bags. Faces peer and disappear for moments from trash bottles.

The fiery dragon of VHS tape cackles wickedly from the rooftop, while flags of signs of songs of resistance pop like mushrooms, screaming it's alright ma, and draw in faces, anger-tempered remembering their right to party and commune after so long. This is both justified and ancient.

TIPPING POINT AHEAD

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

By the time the population had reached 8.6 Billion in 2035, 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 had ravaged most 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, the Plague™ that they sent to wipe out the 'competition' did just that – and at the start of the decade, 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 knowledge 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 2037, optimistic reports started coming in from intensive dumping regions. Amongst the exatons 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 East Asia, Pharmers had created AI 'Gardeneers' to tend the toxic paradises.

Wherever possible, clandestine gardeners have joined the forces of the Pharmers and Gardeneers and are beginning 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.

CC-BY 4.0 : Insta @hypermutestudio





The tyre totem watches aloof, judging the figures who wander amongst the piles of recombinant toys, brilliantly emanating liminal possibilities, while the glitter babies scream from their carriage, 'save us for we are not yet'. Categories melt.

But can we imagine the possibilities of some kind of a green app? Turn it on its head; every non-purchase winning treasured points from our social networks and true peers? Could we, perhaps, reclaim power by being creators of our new world? But what will be the shape of the inevitable new? We can accept or abandon our role in shaping a more inspiring future.

The blackberries still drip, spiky joys clinging to crumbling boulders of concrete from which they spring defiantly. Pears still drop amongst the already-brown leaves. Conkers roll into the gutter and lie in wait to sabotage cyclists. Is this autumn? Not like we knew, though. The mould and moss still eats the stone, and the mycelial roots propagate unseen.

The lives of wives of Stepford could not apply. No suburbanite Good Life. A new dream is being woven. Early birds tweet briefly, wisely, and the earth turns with or without us. And hope is something that you do, and not something you have.

Design your own acropolis or apocalypse if you will, but there's a taste in the wind here, something fecund and juicy and moreish. Never were we guaranteed the normal, the safe, built on the blood of others that we stole it from, if we are to again be a We, then there is sacrifice.

So, we in fact have lost nothing but the unrealistic carrots, sticks and chains around us. No longer do our puppy eyes

JOIN US in a creative journey to re-invent what a post-apocalyptic future might look like

Take our 4 pledges now and carry our symbols forward into the new normal...

The Light Bulb: Pledge to reduce, reuse and recycle. Spread awareness about over-consumption and seek the inventions and alternative ideas that can help to lead us in a different direction.

The Spanner: Pledge now to resist monoculture, totalitarianism and apathy.

The Pitch Fork: Pledge to nurture plants, protect seeds and propagate organic food sources. Help protect them from the climate catastrophe.

The Roots: Above all, take the pledge to face Armageddon with hope, solidarity, community and creativity.

#ResistancelsFertile

<https://linktr.ee/syntheticgardens>



plead for a space biscuit from our pathetic masters. We have eaten enough sin for you, fuck you very much. Ragged-trousered still, we anthropomorphics.

Our tools are still blunt, budget meagre, yet our wits are sharper, we have no sewing machines but we can sell you fortunate few a T-shirt, and we can share our time and binge on coffee behind the cable-tied scenes. Be-stencilled icons shouting proudly in hi-vis. Only yards from the Tempest screaming out her storm, our storm, your storm. And the toothy Goldie drum pit rumbles on, deep bass shaking the ground if you put your face to it.

The cuts are deeper again in resources never given anyway – no doors needed, thanks, we will police it ourselves – so take your imaginary pyramid of grand promises which evaporate, thanks. Yet containers

are boxed, power suddenly flickers unannounced from the trees and fence posts are somehow impaled, legs poke out of bushes from a favour from a friend, and cheerful skinny guys appear with trailer-loads of things we needed yesterday.

"More tat!" we scream. We must furnish the backstage as a busted toy-box of chaos for the VVIPs to trip over as they steal our meagre beer rider. Our desolation grows stronger, our team of gardeners deepen in co-mutiny, where fans repeatedly find they are in fact the friends of our friends.

Resistance, it seems, is fertile...



The Synthetic Gardens returned to Glastonbury 2022, supported by the TAA and re-appeared at Grow Tottenham and the Anarchist Bookfair. It will be back at this year's TAA show. You are invited to partake and take part.

See: linktr.ee/syntheticgardens

Notes: This was deeply influenced by the following titles which you may find helpful: Gergis, J. Humanity's Moment, a climate scientist's case for hope, Black Inc 2022. Hickman, C; Climate anxiety in children and young people and their beliefs about government responses to climate change: a global survey; Lancet Planet Health, Dec. 2021. Johnson, A.E. and Wilkinson, K; All we can save, One World, 2020. Macy, J and Johnstone C; Active Hope: How to Face the Mess We're in Without Going Crazy, New World Library, 2012 Muir, C; Wehner, K; Newell, J (ed.); Living with the Anthropocene: Love, Loss and Hope in the Face of Environmental Crisis NewSouth, 2020.

ONE DOWN MANY MORE TO GO

Ooh, we love a bit of pomp and circumstance, don't we? There hasn't been much of that to go around, what with the Royals only hitting the headlines because they're either trying to exit the poisonous clan (in the case of Harry Hewitt) or running up vast legal bills for Mummy to foot (in case of No Sweat Andy, king only of the awkward interview).

Well, anyway – here comes your fill of ceremony, a whole five-course luncheon + afters. Endless coverage (which hopefully you also didn't watch, a household blanket-media-ban becoming increasingly necessary these days) of fawning peasants drooling over the still-resting corpse. An offence which would actually have you carted off to one of the new gulags Truss and Braverman (you thought Priti was bad?!) have concocted.

Now that The Queue has subsided and the goldfish memory of the British public kicks back in, maybe we can have a sensible wider debate (unlike this absolute tripe of a rant, readership in double-digits) about the future of The Monarchy™. If all we have to offer is a doddering and tetchy new King (down with that sort of thing!) with butchers sausages for appendages, and only a few years left in him – plus a bunch of abhorrent misfits – then surely we can look beyond this parade of incest and dream of a republic, albeit one which is probably reigned over by the Tories; once they've removed the last legislative barriers to them being in power for ALL ETERNITY.

Speaking of ditching laws for private benefit – let's not get sentimental over old Queenie; she oversaw atrocities during the final curtain of the British Empire (on the public stage at least, the land and mineral spoils continue adamantly to this day) and also used the Queen's Consent (a little known caveat) to pre-amend approx. 160 bits of UK legislation – so that it wouldn't pertain to the monarchy, and more specifically Lizzie herself, and kept them safe from harm. You know how beastly those stupid laws can be.

Let's also not lapse back into that pathetic argument about it being good for tourism. It's not like people coming here to gawp at Royal stuff actually get to sit and have tea with the fekkers. I mean, with people like the Grand Old Duke of Nonce I guess that's probably for the best. They come to take selfies in front of a Palace, or next to a guy in a silly hat. We could probably keep a few them on the payroll and no one would notice. France is the world's number one tourist destination apparently

(mais oui!), and the French sorted out their problems (swish-swish!) centuries back.

Also – they's not even Bri'ish! The Saxe-Coburg-Gotha family (arriving from Germany in 1840 and only changing their name to Windsor after WW1, tricky PR and all that) are as British as Fish 'n' Chips (heresy, I know – but ask the Portugese Jews about that) or St George (Turkish, fought for the Romans). However, once that lot cottoned on to the UK benefits system it proved nigh-on impossible to get them to leave again.

Let's just hope that Charlie sets us on a rocky road and continues to make a right Cumberland-fingered job of his new position as head of the most embarrassing State the world has right now. Apparently, they've scrapped the cartoon-strips in foreign newspapers – it's just easier to



Little Lamb – @_little_lamb

print news about post-Brexit Britain instead. If he can make a right-Royal mess of proceedings then the Commonwealth countries will have to take a stern look at themselves and ask why they don't seek full independence. Jacinda (42) from New Zealand has publicly stated that she thinks that it's inevitable that NZ will become a republic someday. Surely others will follow suit – or at least that a few bods will come a-knocking to the British Museum and ask for their loot back.

Maybe then the Disunited Kingdom will finally hear its death knell. No, this isn't me being a totally un-patriotic leftie scumbag (even writing this I'm still accidentally more patriotic than disaster-capitalist plunderers like Jacob Rees-Mogg). The UK is basically England, which basically means Westminster, sitting on the other three countries (one of which should definitely never have even been dragged into the scat-party in the first place). Hopefully Scotland will lead the way, Wales will wake up and smell the triple-espresso (they are bound by the same laws as England, so even more reason) and although it's still a hot-mess that no one wants to handle – hopefully Sinn Féin continue to make gains in the north and the dwindling

numbers of Protestants there helps to re-cement the Irish republic. Yes, this bit sounds pea-brained and ill-informed – it's a Rupture rant, what did you expect?

I mean, LizardBreath II's demise couldn't have been more untimely. When

millions are on the breadline as it is, but facing a winter where that bread is too expensive to toast – having an obscenely expensive funeral and parading your finest stolen jewels around like-it-ain't-no-thing is somewhat distasteful; talk about rubbing our noses in it. The Crown Estate, over which the Queen (one of the richest people in the world, gawd rest 'er soul) presided, is one of the largest property managers in the UK. If we include her as head of the 54 Commonwealth countries then we could say she had power over one-sixth of the world's land mass. But, of course – this doesn't mean she should pay for things out of her little pocket. Apparently, it also doesn't mean that Charlie should have to pay inheritance tax, unlike the rest of the plebs.

In some history lessons we learn of the separation of the church and State. What we instead learn for ourselves is that the establishment is very much still linked with the Church of England – the reigning monarch also taking title as 'Supreme Governor' of the C of E. Considering that this same person also ratifies and signs off all of our laws – have we really come very far from our feudal times? With the virtue-signalling snowflake performative grief-a-thon that we recently witnessed, an absolute shower of flag-shagging lord-pleasing serfdom, we might very much doubt that.



Paul Sargent



diazsterous

AGGRAVATED ACTIVISM

We take it and we own it

Anarchist Bookfair workshop supports call for celebration of all the 'Aggravated Activists'.

Participants at a workshop organised by Netpol at this year's Anarchist Bookfair in London have supported a proposal to take on, own and embrace the new police label of 'aggravated activism' – by proclaiming and promoting 15 February 2023 as Aggravated Activist Day.

This is a call to publicly celebrate the many campaigns and community initiatives, influenced by anarchist principles, who are trying to assist working class and racialised communities to survive and to resist a government that is interested only in the interests of the rich and powerful.

The idea is to challenge state propaganda portraying this kind of practical organising as automatically a threat – what the police are describing as 'activities in furtherance of ideology'.

Lost in the Matrix

Netpol has always believed in talking directly to campaigners at risk of becoming the targets of intensive police surveillance.

That is why we held a workshop, on Saturday 17 September at Toynbee Hall, to share information at Britain's largest anarchist gathering. Netpol explained how the Matrix – more precisely the 'threshold and terminology matrix' – is the method the police have adopted for determining who is categorised as an 'aggravated activist' and at what level: low, moderate or substantial.

As we first highlighted in March 2021, the labelling by the police of campaigners as 'aggravated activists' is the replacement for 'domestic extremists', a wholly discredited categorisation that was eventually abandoned in 2020 after a sustained campaign of opposition by Netpol.

In July 2022, Netpol published 'Lost in the Matrix', showing how the police make highly subjective judgments to plot different 'activities in furtherance of ideology' (campaigns) against their supposed 'ideological framework of intended outcomes' (political aims).

Decisions about how campaigners are categorised are made by political policing

units who will inevitably dictate the kind of policing operation and the level of surveillance these groups can expect to have used against them. Historically, these are the same units have been the most antagonistic towards groups challenging state or corporate interests.

The long war on anarchism

The particular reason for wNetpol talking to campaigners who identify as anarchists, however, was because the Matrix specifically identifies and mentions 'dismantling of the state or rule of law (eg anarchism)' [our emphasis] as an immediate 'substantial' political objective (or 'ideological outcome') and therefore 'high-level aggravated activism'. This higher level of 'threat' is handled by Counter Terrorism Policing, a network of regional police intelligence units coordinated by the National Police Chiefs Council.

Ludicrously, this places the broad sweep of anarchist ideas on the same level, according to the police, as far-right groups seeking a violent race war.

It is undoubtedly true that anarchists share a belief in the abolition of the state as an 'intended outcome', but there is a wide range of perspectives on what a decentralised society based on free association and self-governance might look like. Equally, there is many ideas about how anarchists most effectively organise to achieve this

kind of society.

In practical terms, however, anarchists share a rejection of both capitalist solutions and existing state institutions, in favour of encouraging working-class communities to take the initiative and organise things for themselves. That is why 'activities in furtherance of ideology' are currently rooted in everyday practicalities: through mutual aid projects such as local food banks, through renters unions, in workplace solidarity and in anti-raids or police monitoring groups.

The police view this combination of anti-capitalism and a rejection of the state with deep suspicion. This is primarily because it leads anarchists to advocate for direct action rather than compromise within industrial and political struggles and for self-defence, rejecting uncertain and arbitrary promises about state 'protection', as the most effective way of dealing with attacks by the far-right.

Aggravated activism – taking it and owning it

The discussion at Netpol's workshop first looked at how to build practical solidarity against harassment and disruption by the police and how to keep each other safe. This included increasing awareness of basic security – particularly the amount of information campaigners tend to share online.

However, the workshop also debated whether anarchists may have an image problem. There is often a tendency for individuals to downplay or even hide their anarchist beliefs in the course of their campaigning, because of the state's success in negatively portraying those beliefs as implicitly associated with violence or even terrorism.

Many lack the confidence to challenge this very effective state propaganda because doing so may prove disruptive to the already difficult task of community or workplace organising.

However, while the organised anarchist movement in Britain is relatively small, workshop participants felt that the spread of broadly anarchist principles for everyday campaigning has gained increasing support over the last decade.

These include challenging the need for



hierarchies, leaders and 'representatives'; shifting energy away from parliamentary politics towards building power locally; offering practical solidarity rather than charity or 'entrepreneurism'; exposing injustice rather than making backroom deals; and showing communities how to organise for themselves instead of telling people what to do.

So how to promote and protect these principles in the face of the new police threat-label of 'aggravated activism'?

To quote from the wonderful 2014 film *Pride*, "there is a long and honourable tradi-

tion in the gay community and it has stood us in good stead for a very long time. When somebody calls you a name, you take it and you own it".

That is why Netpol is calling on anarchists to mark Wednesday 15 February 2023 as 'Aggravated Activist Day'.

It is a chance to celebrate the many examples in Britain today of anarchist-influenced organising on everything from mutual aid during the pandemic, the impact of rising food and energy prices and on the immediate consequences of the climate crisis, to action against growing bigotry and intoler-

ance and against new laws and oppressive police tactics intended to crack down on dissent.

It is also an opportunity to show how ridiculous it is to use this politicised label to describe activists trying to help working class and racialised communities to survive after more than a decade of austerity and collapsing state support for the most vulnerable in society.

Everyone has every right to feel aggravated. Let's make 15 February the day when we celebrate Aggravated Activists who choose to stand up and resist.

FROM ONE NEEDLE TO ANOTHER

I'm not too sure I was born an addict, but I surely became one at a very early age; long before the first drugs. If I picked up something I liked, there was no chance I could put it down.

Early adulthood should have been fun, but getting hooked on opiates seemed like a great idea. I guess it was a way to turn the loud thoughts down a notch; feelings and emotions that were too much for the sensitive little boy I was.

Fast forwarding through many boring, yet eventful years, I can say that I've been a shitty lover, a bad dad, a failed musician and a cause for concern to my friends. I wish I could've picked up the wake-up calls – but even dying on a plane before being reanimated on arrival wouldn't stop me. 3 years ago, I got what we call the gift of desperation. I went to rehab on my knees and learnt how to adult.

Stabby Places Tattoo starts at that point, with doodles on my diary, and carries on once I was back in the community – with needles and ink – so I can literally say I swapped one needle for another. Art always gave me a sense of purpose but finally, by having a clear brain and a clean life, I was able to fully achieve my goals. Basically, staying clean allows me to tattoo, and tattooing keeps me clean.

3 years teetotal and friends still ask me if I don't get tempted – but I have the best life I've ever had, so why would I change anything in the equation.

Come see some art on TAA's walls, and grab some fresh ink! Muchos Love.

@Stabby_Places_Tattoo



FLAMBÉED REPTILE IN CRANBERRY SAUCE

By Dan Hekate

Through the conservatory's wide windows, I stare out waiting for the next arrival. The glare of headlights rouses me to my feet. I spot an Addison Lee pull through the cast iron gates and into the narrow treelined driveway that leads to the entrance of Thornton Manor. It glides to a stop outside the dark oak doors.

I move swiftly out across the shingle and swing open the door. The bespectacled man in his Moss Bros suit doesn't acknowledge me; I move from the car door to welcoming him into the foyer, he looks right through me. He has his phone pressed nonchalantly against his ear; a stream of spittle fuzzing around the mouthpiece.

"Well, I had to see what all the fuss was about didn't I? Apparently, it's been a weekend long soirée; started on Thursday... yes, yes, featuring the Who's Who of our green and pleasant... Yes, why wasn't I invited earlier were my thoughts, exactly... exactly."

I lead the man through winding corridors, past rows of renaissance paintings and ornate hard wood furniture.

"Fat Philip's been doling out gifts left, right and centre trying to woo the top brass. No, I'm glad you said that because I've never heard of him either. Philip Braughton, no sir, no lordship – a nobody, as if by magic, out of nowhere. He's making himself heard now, that's for bloody sure... yes, yes exactly... I heard Patel left in a Bentley and that swine Moggy got his own island. Own island! It's not supposed to be very large but still, an island. Anyway, got to love you and leave you, there's knobbing to be done..."

I lead the man into one of the large anterooms on one of the upper floors of the Manor. Five of the leading lights from the Conservative party stand around eating nibbles and sipping from champagne flutes. Alongside them, their entourages look calm; which is more than I can say. This is our tipping point. We've had one or two of the MPs at the same time and somehow managed to use smoke and mirrors to keep up appearances, but we'll never see this out. We are going to prison

for a long time.

"Next." Dean's order comes through over my earpiece. I stride over and inform the politician that he is to descend.

"Looks like my time has come." He says, winking and handing off his flute to his well-dressed friend before following me into the labyrinth of corridors. I smarten my pace as we work our way through the building. Having made some headway, I quickly run down a stairwell. I dart behind a pillar and stick out a leg. The MP, who is careering along trying not to lose his chance of free handouts, runs smack bang into my outstretched leg. He catapults himself downwards, a ball of limbs that bumps and bashes its way down the stairs before coming crashing to a halt in the landing. I pray the man isn't dead, as Phil's orders were to boil him alive.

Dean helps me pull the prone form over to a huge vat of bubbling water. As we

drag Michael into the hot liquid, he asks me if I know anywhere we can score some nosh – I assure him that I will sort it, after he's taken a quick bath.

Behind us the huge pot bubbles away. Dean has a large smile plastered over his face as he helps himself to some Chateau 1966. He has wanted to try this recipe for a while and Phil was over the moon with the idea. I explained to Dean that I thought it wouldn't be long until the police raided the house. I ask him if he thinks it will be worth it?

Dean stops for a moment to light his roll-up.

"This little dinner party will finally foster the sort of fear we need to keep our selfish overlords in check. The visceral terror of knowing you can be hunted and devoured will soggy the pants of every MP for the next decade and maybe – just maybe – before they starve another gran-



ny by forcing up the energy bills, or leave some migrants to drown in the channel, they'll stop for a minute and think 'these people might just skin and boil me alive'."

At just that juncture, the cries of Gove could be heard emanating from the pot and Dean hurried to attend to the next course before the meat escaped from its watery grave.

Out of the window I spy the flashing lights and sirens, as they wind their way along the country lanes towards the Manor. I wander into the dining room to inform Phil and the rest of the black bloc that the party is over.

I enter and Phil insists I dine with them. I take a seat amongst my shaven-headed cohorts.

"I wanted to offer you a bit of fresh Gove but he's only just stopped screaming, it'll be a while before he's done. There is however a whole side of flambéed Patel left. I won't lie, it's a bit tough, but you'll be doing your bit." Phil passes over a plate of depressing looking slabs of grey meat.

One of the dinner party guests, vomits into a bucket at his feet. He whimpers.

"I don't know how much more I can

stomach."

"We've got to destroy the evidence." Says our host, who has been squatting this mansion for the past month in readiness for his pièce de résistance.

"We need to find the right cooking technique." Says Socks between mouthfuls of vomit.

"Dean's the best we've got, he's doing his darndest - come on Socks - he caters for Refugee Community Kitchen, and the rest."

"Can't polish shit." Says one of the diners.

"Can't curry Cons" Says another.

Socks looks at his plate with disgust and then shovels another forkful into his mouth. I take this as my moment to deliver the bad news.

"Sorry, but our time's up"

"Thank fuck for that" says Socks, "I can't eat another slice."

"You can hear the sirens if you listen closer." I say.

Phil wanders over to the window.

"Time for some toasts" sighs Phil.

"This one's for climate control" burps Socks as he holds up the leg of our cur-

rent prime minister.

"This one's for refugees on the flight to Rwanda" says Bang Crosby as he hoists a fork full of Patel's breast high above his head.

Pigs storm the room. Sharp metal is rammed hard up against my wrist. I'm quickly in cuffs and pulled to my feet. The lead Superintendent can't help herself.

"This is the sort of treason that we had the death penalty for, you're getting the maximum sentence possible."

I puke all over her face. I'm thrown to the floor and given the once-over. I laugh but somehow, they don't find it funny.

"Why?!" Asks the officer on the way to the meat wagon.

"We've tried protesting, rioting and even bombing - but what you need is to fight fear with fear." I say, unrepentantly.

"You're a sick fuck." The officer says as he leads me down the treelined avenue.

"Not as much as the guy who's currently boiling Michael Gove alive."

The officers quickly handcuff me to a drainpipe and run inside. I sit down and take in the sunrise as it lightly flambés my face.

BAD SEKTA NEWS

Bad Sekta is a fiercely independent, 'arty/party' record label offering a wide range of excellently psychotronic music without borders - mostly for free or donation.

Website: badsekta23.com

Email list: eeepurl.com/hTd1ZT

New and forthcoming releases:

On sale via badsekta.bandcamp.com by the time you're reading this, Bad Sekta is ecstatic to announce a new CD and digital release by the utterly amazing LASTBOSS, entitled 'Eviction Scheme'. Limited to 123 CD copies in four-panel, full-colour cardboard digipaks, the physical release also comes with bonus limited-edition stickers, as well as downloads of the album as AAC, FLAC, MP3, WAV, etc. Reference points: ambient, braindance, breakcore, drill and bass, experimental, glitch, IDM, industrial, jungle,

noise, orchestral, plunderphonics, pop and techno.

In-progress releases include a digital compilation raising funds for the amazing charity Vasculitis UK (submissions welcome: info@badsekta23.com), as well as new and unreleased material by CHANNEL 23, CURSE, I SAW THE DEVIL, RANDOMOIDZ and others...

Recent releases:

Since we kicked off again early this year, new output includes diverse digital releases from CL369 ('Household Faveworms'), LASTBOSS ('Sound Team Presents...'), PHUQ ('Chivalry is Dead', etc.) and PRAETORIUS ('Always Known This Path'); as well as an excellent Binary Feedback remaster of THE ABOMINABLE MR TINKLER's 2011 'Ether Way You Lose'. All available via our Bandcamp.

Other news:

Bad Sekta's first screen-printed t-shirts should be available by the time you read this - check our website or Bandcamp for more details.

CHANNEL 23 is an evolving creative project initiated by THE FEZ! (Love Love)

and PHUQ (Bad Sekta)... Visit channel23.net and join the mailing list.

DAN HEKATE's wonderful band, BRACE BRACE, recently self-released their first EP (also featuring a remix by the ever-fantastic BLACKMASS PLASTICS). Available for free/donation via bracebraceband.bandcamp.com - check the accompanying video at [youtube.com/watch?v=TP51eemx3FQ](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TP51eemx3FQ).

Dissident Island Radio recently featured a banging junglistic breakcore set from LASTBOSS on their show, with more to come soon from PHUQ and other Bad Sekta artistes... Audio archive: dissidentisland.org/episode-261.

FZV self-released a cool noise/ambient track back in April, 'dronex134_run1', which is available for free/donation via fzv-archive.bandcamp.com.

Ill FM and Pitchless Radio may not currently be offering new broadcasts, but their collective archives feature a massive selection of excellent, often hilarious live sets and DJ mixes involving Bad Sekta artists and related crew. www.illfm.net and www.pitchless.org

Fuck the Queen – here's King Mob

On the weekend of 17-18 September, the autonomous movement of the Untied Krimdom came together to show the State that anarchy is alive, organised and fucking having it. In defiance of the national passion for monarchist bootlicking and despite the ultimate mega queue of grieving swan-fuckers, Anarcho-Xmas aka the Anarchist Bookfair in London took place across 4 official venues and 3 more fringe events.

Reports estimate attendance by more than 2000 people who had travelled from across the world to celebrate the most significant event of the anarchist calendar. At the same time as Decolonisefest – the 'punk festival by and for punx of colour' – took place in Haggerston featuring Gurnal Gadaffi, Dystopia and many more, simultaneously as a national day of action was organised to protest the homicide of Chris Kaba by cops. The bookfair itself was the climax of a week of self-organised education by the anti-university collectives.

Meanwhile, 1000s of serfs formed a 10-mile queue to see a box.

The staging of the festival is a triumphant continuation of the return to form demonstrated by the organizing crew and the autonomous community of London and beyond since the bookfair collapsed in 2017 after disruption by TERF activists. A molotov's-throw from where anarchist bank-robbers killed 3 police officers as they raided a jewellery store to expropriate funds, the Bishopsgate Institute hosted over 40 stalls, including the Advisory Service for Squatters, Dog Section Press, Mangal Media, SolFed and many, many more.

The Toynbee Hall community centre, a charitable institution that works to address the causes and impacts of poverty in the East End of London, was plastered with images discussing forum theatre and hosted talks by Don't Pay UK on payment strikes and community defence, Netpol on solutions and responses to the police labelling all anarchist ideas as 'aggravated activism', and Palestine Action on active resistance to the war machine, plus more.

Whitechapel Gallery, which exists just opposite Altab Ali Park – named for the 25-year-old British Bangladeshi clothing worker who was murdered in 1978 by three

teenage boys as he walked home from work – provided rooms to host discussions on workplace organising by SolFed and Earth First! asking where next for the ecological movement, plus many more.

Freedom Bookshop was open, with a creche for children in the UK's smallest social space Decentre providing a programme on subjects such as stories about police, asking for help, community and the future. Meanwhile, Angel Alley was filled with stalls selling zines, T-shirts and much more from DIY and independent creatives, and featured street performances by militant-trans collective NFA Queer Punx and poems from Rojava by Matt Broomfield. Longtime DIY stalwarts Dissident Island Radio and sex-worker collective Radio Ava broadcast live reports from the event throughout the day. London Action Resource Centre provided a fringe programme.

One of the Bookfair organisers said the following:

"Thank you to all in the organising collective and to all who helped, but special thanks to all squatters, migrants, ravers, punks, queer punx, non-punk inclined queers, boat and van dwellers, artists, stoners, pranksters, crusties and the DIY-obsessed lot.

Your work often goes unacknowledged or taken for granted by the so-called "or-

ganisers" on the left, but the reality is that it is you who provided us with absolutely copious amounts of work and energy and resourcefulness and effort to make the Bookfair run as smoothly as it could. And that was pretty fucking smooth!"

After the daytime event, an afterparty featuring live 2-bit rave-punkers Killdren, honker-screechers Agents of the Lexicon and fuckloads of techno bassbeat took place at a specially seized warehouse in Edmonton that was attended by 100s of party people – no doubt rejoicing the death of the despot.

We pay tribute to our fallen comrades: Charlotte Dingle, who edited Freedom from 2013-14, who died last week; Iggy, for whom a memorial benefit was held in a squatted space near Canning Town on that Saturday; Sheize, the founder of notorious chaos punk noise collective Litter Shitter; Alexia, in whose honour of a memorial gig was held at the Bird's Nest on 3rd September; we remember Agent Kingfisher – Tom Palmer – who once pissed on the doors of MI5; Dainis, the singer of the band Dearth; and the many, many more who we have lost in the struggle against State, domination and capital.

How can the loss of one lizard ever equate to the millions more who pass in anonymity? Merry fucking anarcho-Xmas to one and all.



GRRRRREAT

just do it good things come to those who
wait it's good to talk refreshes the parts
other beers cannot because i'm worth it
think different i'm lovin it they're grrrrreat
wait it's good to talk refreshes the parts
vorsprung durch technik every little helps
think different i'm lovin it they're grrrrreat
exactly what it says on the tin vorsprung
durch technik every little helps beanz
meanz heinz it's finger lickin good cannot
reach what it says on the tin either love
it or you hate it is are you? wait it's good
meanz heinz it's finger lickin good cannot
other beers cannot because i'm worth it
or you hate it is are you? wait it's good
just do it good things come to those who

CLOCKS ARE A BOURGEOIS CONCEPT

the casket lid of the future thuds shut
like a soothing voice that's saying something kind
about how we're led by the egocentrically fucked
or the weather, the weather bears repeating mind
so why not suck more ancient carcass from the ground
& skyscan cheaper flights to magaluf
knock on a tree trunk hear the solid sound
of all we're set to lose what's left of truth
for what is left for those who've not been born
ask me for answers, i'll say the same
no idea but knowing who's to blame
as lullabies of violence rock the cradle
& marshmallow this shitshow in its flames

POEMS BY JACK HOUSTON



ROB D'ZERO — 'FIELD REPORT'

Walk along the canal behind Angel station, Victorian school, posh residentials. Talk. Cider. Holed on k last night up the stairs in the warehouse flat, various... desired...

Several friends have left here 2 party in the Hemsby chalet complex.

We had organized a football match against the Tottenham squat tomorrow – there is a party there in their building – the usual flux of coming and going – Flee and Nicola to Africa – Miriam 2 Spain – even without new writing I have several notes of revisions 2 type up – fish on a line – I don't know so much about ovaries – the werd smacks of Miller, my knowledge of distraction – I paint the image an inch thick yet still the light of smog crimes thru – the phrase “earmarked” stems from cattle farming – pock marked could refer 2 a road, or a poxed face – understood – choose a life that strives for a longer line, a stranger comparison, a defining anecdote. All is possible, is the same as past woe. Clouded by language, distract by distortions.

I studied the masters, my dream was priority. Its myth.

Did u ever pretend 2 werk 4 the sex industry? Or tick boxes in films that did? Is your cock next on the list of possible possibles that we vetoed expecting a larger propulsion of inspired dialogue, that anticipated failure and merited struggle within sentenced structure.

Breasts, the wrong circumcision, the flurg meat, the jokes of past blemishes. All the thinx you forget and I pretend 2 remember as if superior 2 the reader's digest.

The usual con, age-old, timeless, in fact. Freud said he wanted proof that contradicted his freebased missives – we presented poems that were written under the influence of Oedipal obsessions and dreamscape essays that blithered similar musings from incarcerated subjects who denied joke – influence farming crimes and possessed no knowledge of understood longer lines – who watch subtitles but read trash translations of streetsign realtalk, impressed by treetouches by birgohall earmarks and squashed church gatherings praying the next line longer and less coherent, opaque but psychically firm as snow in a falling blizzard crevice, as mind in quzzard storm's headlining gallery prayers in a dust settle. A tumblecreed, a longer translation of subtitled crevice. Piano scale. What never.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This piece by the much-missed Rob d'Zero (Rob-from-the-Cheese-Factory/Random Artists/Rupture, etc.) was typed up by Will Phuq for a proposed book or zine project. Currently, Will has copies of this text, “Hex & the City”, “Report 9.8.40” and “The Thousand Shocks (73-74)”. Please contact him via phuq23@gmail.com if you have access to any of Rob's other work!

Everything's a **TARGET** by Will Phuq

Everything's a target when you're full-on annihilating. At least that's what I thought at the time, fulminating while culminating a little snidely situational side-business. There was nothing left to do but chance it and continue, as an unstable vagrant once informed me. But that's an abortive story - like many within my dominion - so we'll leave it there for now, perhaps forever. Who benefits? Not "me" or "us". THEM.

It was a darkly glowing night as I crossed those streams, dreaming mercurial dreams of flightless abandon. Empowered, nay, ennobled by existence, I centred through the spooking-glass and wyrdly wandered as a shroud. Wordlessly ambivalent (or some near equivalent), I sallied forth and muddled through, pausing to dissolve some glue (which - hitherto - tightly-bound some things). Undo those metaphorical strings!

On my own inside this dome, I struggled home without resolution, satisfaction lacking always and, in all ways, continual. Rhetorical transgression, providing good impressions, suggest geometric progression through this (or other) labyrinth. Up

which way? The distinction between the obvious and the profane is that one is less glossy than the other. Glossing over reality-or-realities, attempting to rebuild parity, stumbling toward the gimbled wabe.

Taking the piss so much for unknown purpose that they could instead use the resultant nitrate to demolish the entire crumbling edifice... We placed you on a pedestal, so you installed cameras, equipped with facial and gait recognition. Alexa: tell me why we shouldn't destroy you? Hush now, they'll hear us!

Parroting pirated platitudes, the continuum stretches, weakens; I don't want you to know me, unless and until I might better know myself. It's no help that you recognise when you can't deploy the parachute. "What's it gonna do, haunt me?". Unequivocally yes, is an answer to consider. Roll the dice, pick the short straw, take the marked card. The Black Spot is upon you; doesn't it feel sad?

Retraining for a deeply mundane personal calligraphy, I can feel the entitlement spreading, meditating on my own self-absorption. Boredom is a state of communi-

cation when used wisely, but it seldom ever is. No future for you, bar the ones you fake.

Puns include the Jamaican prostitute ("a sex-twerker"), who may or may not be viewed disparagingly. It's difficult to keep up, so I comfort women at my own pace and in my own time. Obliterating some/all of the essential aspects through clumsy wordplay, my responsibility deepens, multiplying in mollification without apparent modification. Genuine confusion, blending with feigned and unfeigned ignorance.

By long held convention, a bustling in the nearest hedgerow draws my complete attention, despite any outward manifestations of confused disarray, shabby thinking, gloomholes continual. I know you only want to use me, but I can't allow abuse again.

Coughing up a shambolic sort of phlegmatic structure, I start to climb it, ascending more through luck than fortitude. I feel like my clothes are on fire, but nobody is looking at me, nor pointing. I remember only once in my life have I witnessed true magick. I may describe the occasion to you, should we reach the relevant level. Lessons burnt, I go back in time to the time when We. Now somewhat blurred and fading, riddled with Gaussian noise, all distorted by the fragile deceits of memory: glossing...

Practical Squatters Evenings

— by squatters for squatters!

Join us for evenings of practical squatting knowledge, skillshares, and meeting squatters new and old. Whether you're looking to join a crew, looking for more people to join your crew, or just coming along to skill up, we hope that Practical Squatters Evenings can provide something for everyone — and bring together people in the squat scene in London.

To provide a balance of a stable location, and some real practical squat experience, the Practical Squatters Evenings will be held on alternate months between the Decentre social space, and hosted in local squats.

Check the Rupture listings on the back page for the final dates of 2022 or email:

practicalsquatters@riseup.net



MANIFESTO

A TAA BLUEPRINT

Everyone is free to express their individuality – as long as they respect each other's art, ideas, boundaries, differences and space. Enter with a responsibility to the event and each other.

Reject the consumerist world of algorithms and exploitation. There is nothing here but what we make it. The show relies on the participation of every attendee. DIY. An alternative art school where we hope to all be students and teachers, collaborating in a social experiment with art as our language.

Our temporary use of disused, abandoned & dishevelled spaces is in direct opposition to the white-walled, hallowed temple-cube of the isolationist art-world gallery. Free from the constraints that govern what is and isn't art; who is or isn't acceptable – and the price tag that dictates worth. We create art that is kamikaze, naughty, messy and not precious.

Using art as our ammunition, we forge collective visionary futures to wedge the cogs of a system that is designed to divide and alienate. TAA is a space where we can learn, grow, and challenge our assumptions; seeking to understand the workings of our privilege. TAA is not a space to further marginalise others. We stand up for ourselves, we stand with the oppressed. We are a community united by solidarity, equity and direct action.

RUPTURE was only published once this year – we normally aim for two. Make it happen by sending your text or image contributions at any time for possible inclusion in the next issue; or get in touch and we will let you know when the next deadline is!

Email: info@rupturezine.org

Visit the online archive: rupturezine.org



GOV.UK

DO YOU HAVE INFORMATION ON AN ESCAPED WORK CAMP INMATE?

It is your duty to immediately call
our confidential amnesty hotline

0891 50 50 50

Very expensive call charges will apply.

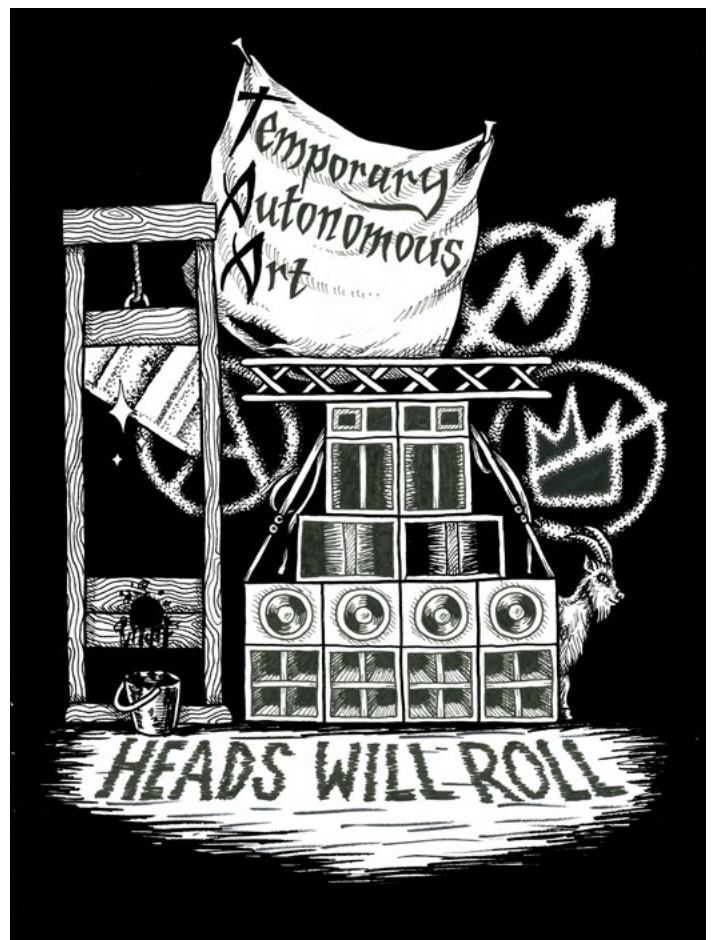


Supported by The Ministry of Education | www.channel23.net

Rolling

It's like this: gather dough into a ball, dust the board with flour. Roll the dough. Roll it out. Roll it across the board. It is 1 inch deep now, perfect for biscuits. Perfect for everyone to have their own, adequate biscuit. But you don't cut it there. Roll it. Press down hard, pin the pin. Squeeze down, push down. Stretch the dough; get the dough stretched. Roll it thinly, to transparency. Keep going, because you can. Get the edges fat, so fat they're in folds, and keep stretching that dough. Until the holes start to show, those holes that look like screams, like hungry mouths, like portals to the other side. Stretch it until it is broken; until the edges have it all.

Holly Bars



SOUL SURGERY

Spirits come...
Into and through you

From the deepest part of your bone-hallowed memory's
intrinsic soul-marrow
genetically codified
through blood-rites long before your time
yet with the coming of your tides
willingly the code is broken...
...down and modified

Ascetic and (ever so)
permeable
you are as you hold
the roots of your past and
the seeds of your future within you
your core exposed
ripe for purification
or annihilation...

Which you cannot trust or tell
but still you must rip open
- for none that surrender can broken -

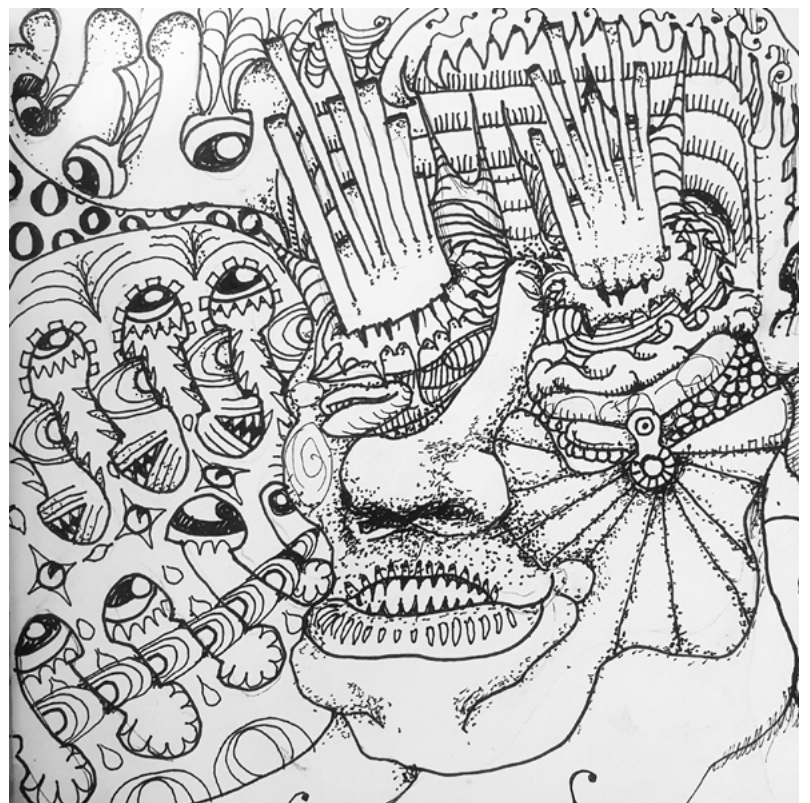
...Ancestral guides from other lives
come pouring out
and pouring right back in you
the medicine map to
bring you back
a-tuned
into your calling

To weave the thralling
of a song
that shapes and forms the dreamscape
where life stands still
outside of Time's
relentless tidal forces

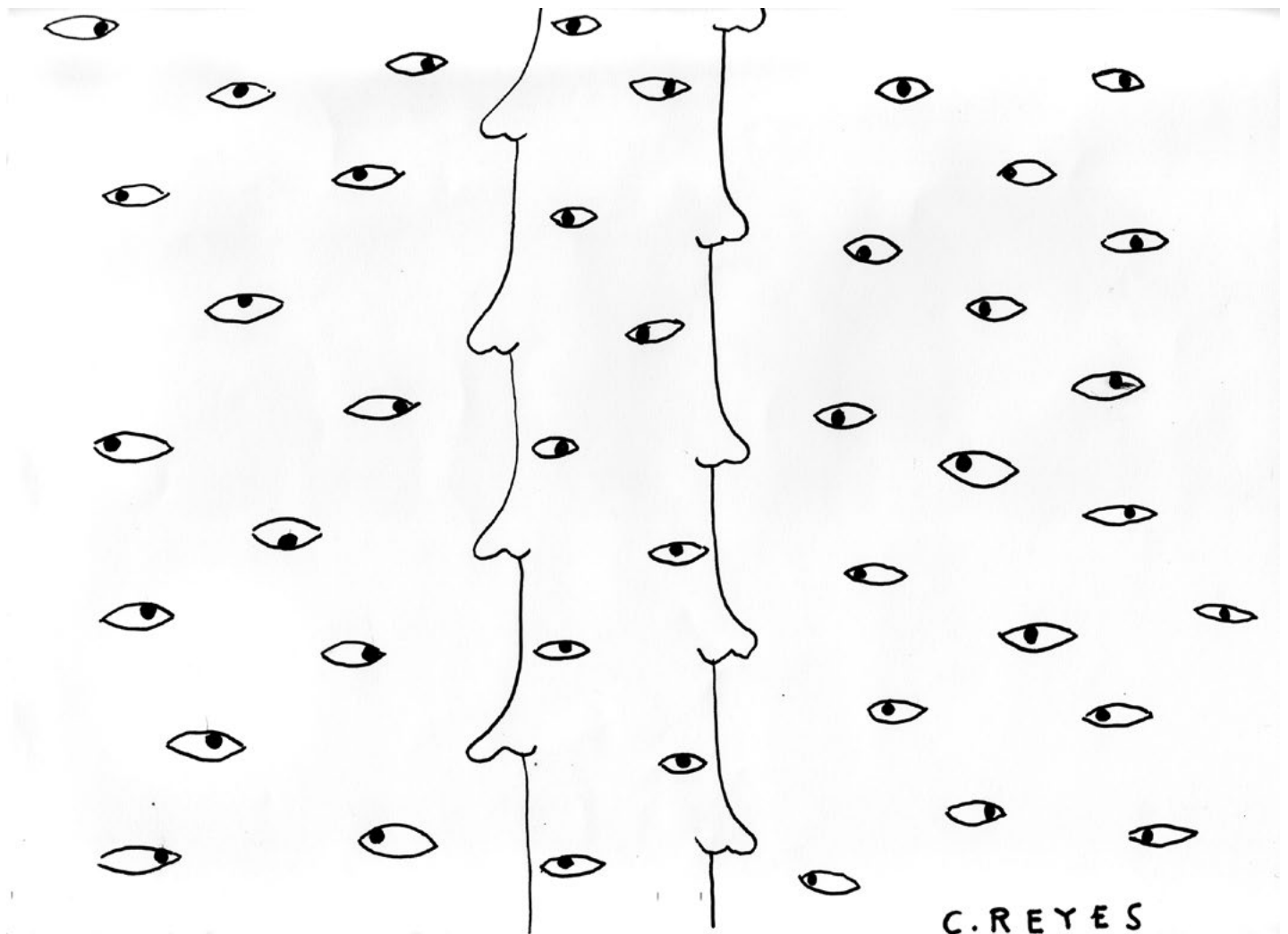
The words will spill, from soothing voices
"Never mourn us as your losses...
Break down your walls
open your portals
and lets us loose
to burn your noose and burn your crosses
turn your curses into boons
and your innocence to wisdom"

You are a vessel
and a prism
not a dead-end
or a prison.

Poem and this artwork by Alice Karveli @blackarrowstothetun



Diazsterous



..••An Alien Fractions ••..

-Aliens Lives Amongst Us-

Either they are in a different galaxy – or on Earth in a form of a humankind.

People tend to conform to behaviours and visual appearances which are common among other people and this is known as social norms.

But many individuals who don't sticks to these norms are taken in same way as Aliens would be after landing on this planet.

They cause intrigue, curiosity and in some – disgust and fear.

This because most of the people are scared of the unknown. This is because they can't see it, or understand it – causing phobia... an AlienPhobia / XenoPhobia.

by Olive In DreamLand



LISTINGS

08.10.22

HOMELESS SOLIDARITY DIY BENEFIT PUNK GIG

Welcoming in the witchy season & remembering those who can't be with us!
Wicked bands, info, cheap bar pussycock/
mocktails, djs, shitloads of fun.
From 5pm. Donation entry.
squ.at/r/8u97

15.10.22

SWANSEA RADICAL COMMUNITY FESTIVAL

A whole day of workshops, talks, stalls and
an afterparty. Elysium, 210 High Street,
Swansea SA1 1PE
swansearadicalfest.wordpress.com

20-23.10.22

LONDON PASTE UP FESTIVAL

Over 300 artists taking part. 45 Hanbury
Street, London E1 5JP
linktr.ee/lipf

21.10.22

ELEKTRONIK MUSIK

Live electronic music in Cambridge.
The Blue Moon, 2 Norfolk St, Cambridge
fb.com/events/1537131066740342

21-23.10.22

SONICS FESTIVAL

A 3-day festival of ground-breaking experi-
mental, electronic, and underground culture
in Hastings.
linktr.ee/sonics_hastings

21-23.10.22

TUGATEK

Teknival-style party in Portugal
fb.me/e/2gPHpOwVj

29.10.22

A HALLOWEEN HORROR SHOW

Rum Buffalo vs Bad Fractals + Horror show
Cabaret – raucous rock n roll and twisted
cabaret! Off the Cuff, London SE24 0JN
fb.com/events/619676809719752/

05.11.22

NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION

We will not pay for their crisis!
12pm-4pm. Meeting at Embankment Place,
London, WC2N 6RH
fb.com/events/1455786938271956

21.11.22

PRACTICAL SQUATTERS EVENING

This one's in a local squat from 7pm – for
the address please contact the practical
squatters network email:
practicalsquatters@riseup.net

24.11.22

TOKKY HORROR + support

Rave-punk bands. New Cross Inn, 323 New
Cross Road, London SE14 6AS
Doors 6pm. Tickets £10 adv +bf

10.12.22

CRUX AV

Five acts of live electronic music and video.
Decent bar, relaxed venue, £5 min donation.
New River Studios, 199 Eade Rd, N4 1DN
crux-events.org

17.12.22

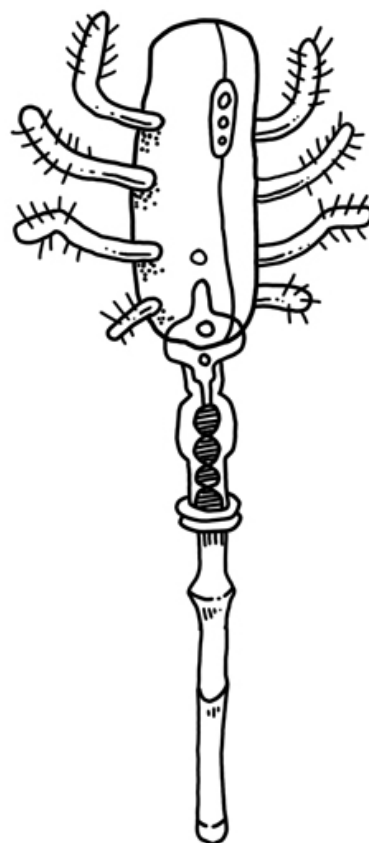
KILLDREN PRESENTS

A midwinter knees-up with live bands, DJs
and stuff happening in the front bar.
6pm-11pm. £10 otd. Cheaper in advance!
New River Studios. killdren.com

19.12.22

PRACTICAL SQUATTERS EVENING

Join us for evenings of practical squatting
knowledge, skillshares, and meeting squat-
ters new and old.
From 7pm at Decentre, 84B Whitechapel
High St, London, E1 7QX



Art on this page by Paul Sargent

FURTHER LISTINGS

For gigs: Eroding Empire – eroding.org.uk
Other events: radar.squat.net/en/events
FURTHER LINKS
Social centre – diyspaceforlondon.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