

# RUPTURE

Contributions: [info@rupturezine.org](mailto:info@rupturezine.org)  
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## #nopasaran

**Every time I see an update** on the recent evictions of squats in Exarchia, central Athens, I go through a tumble of emotions. My heart sinks, I get upset; then angry. I'm frustrated I can't be there – and have a sense of helplessness. The reason for this is that these people are my friends, comrades and colleagues.

During my time in Athens I met two product-design students who were designing toilets for the numerous official refugee camps in Greece. Being a big fan of toilet design I met with them to share my knowledge. At this meeting I was shocked to hear that one major design limitation was how to make a system that especially women could use in their own shelters and dispose of the next day. Why? Because they face the dangers of rape, sexual and physical violence in the dark and at night. This fact highlighted to me just how vulnerable these people are under the state provided 'care' the Greek authorities are giving. A good friend of mine living in Athens, and running projects there, posted on the 30th August that there had been 548 new arrivals to the islands over the last 24 hours. The living conditions in the camps are just unimaginable.

So, whilst space and conditions in official camps is beyond desperate, the Greek authorities made the move to evict the squats in Exarchia – only exacerbating the problems. We need to know of the trauma that is happening right now; of the police brutality, the evictions and the stories of those affected first-hand. Through all this we also need to share messages and experiences of resistance and solidarity.

Earlier this year I was privileged to have spent five weeks working alongside the refugee community in Athens, Greece. We connected with an organisation, Khora, through recommendations from trusted



friends with anarchist ideals. What we found was not only a truly inspiring network of people and actions within Khora, but also a landscape of projects and collectives working in solidarity with refugee communities.

It is no understatement to say that everyday I learnt of other projects when I was there. There were collectives engaged with housing, education, legal support, building skills, language teaching, kids spaces, hair-dressing, food and clothing provision, legal observing, women's safety and a range of small enterprises in disciplines such as jewellery, soap making and fashion design (to name but a few!). There are simply too many projects to name, but the point I want to make is that there are just so many incredible people there; making many varied and meaningful direct actions.

Some of my best experiences were working with two distinct projects. Kids Klub Athens is a collective of individuals seeking to create and run spaces for children to learn, play and be safe. By my second week in Athens I was working with them at a large squat, helping to build a kids adventure playground. It was here that I developed

friendships with those living in the squat; of various nationalities and situations. The project was complex and challenging, but every day people living there were with us, building alongside us to make a safe play space for their children and community. These are people living in such poor conditions, sometimes two or three families sharing one room with limited resources. Still they would bring us food and cigarettes, make jokes with us and were always inviting us to celebrate with them when they could. There was one single Syrian man in particular who stands out for me. Younger than me, but seemingly wise for his age, he was with us building everyday. He lived in a tiny space under a stairwell with barely any possessions but his smile was infectious. His attitude and love of making and doing was unrivalled. He really wanted to contribute towards making the squat a home for his community.

The second project I was really involved with was Scrap Co-op. This is a wood, metal and electronics making space that runs skills workshops in the above disciplines and more, as well as being an open **Continued on the inside...**

**Continued from the front...** access building space for anyone connected to solidarity work. One day the same Syrian man got a lift from one of the volunteers and had his safety induction. Afterwards he was eager to stay and help me on my missions of building planters for a food garden and making signage for a cafe space. We spent the day together, laughing, joking and working. We packed up late and walked to the station to share a beer before going home. Although our communication was limited, on the walk he told me "this has been the best day". And I knew exactly all the intentions and meaning that sentence held within it. For one day, he was learning, developing and sharing his skills with others. For that one day he was truly himself, not a refugee stuck in Athens as a victim of his situation.

The squats and anarchist projects in the city are so important and fundamental to the survival of literally 1000s of individuals. It's not just about having a roof, but about making communities, building safe spaces and a way to regain at least some degree of dignity and autonomy. Displaced people may need aid, but sometimes – more importantly – they need solidarity. They need people to work with them, not for them; to support their communities and work together to provide meaningful opportunities for their futures. The squats are just one method of doing this.

Fuck the Greek government.

Fuck the right-wing.

Fuck the EU for not responding to this

crisis as a genuine humanitarian disaster. Fuck the UK government for washing their hands of genuine support whilst using the situation to create fear and division.

*"They are trying to bury us. They don't know we are seeds."* Spirou Trikoupi 17

#### REFERENCES:

Living conditions on official refugee

camps: [bit.ly/rupath1](http://bit.ly/rupath1)

Projects mentioned in this article:

[fb.com/scrapcoop/](https://fb.com/scrapcoop/)

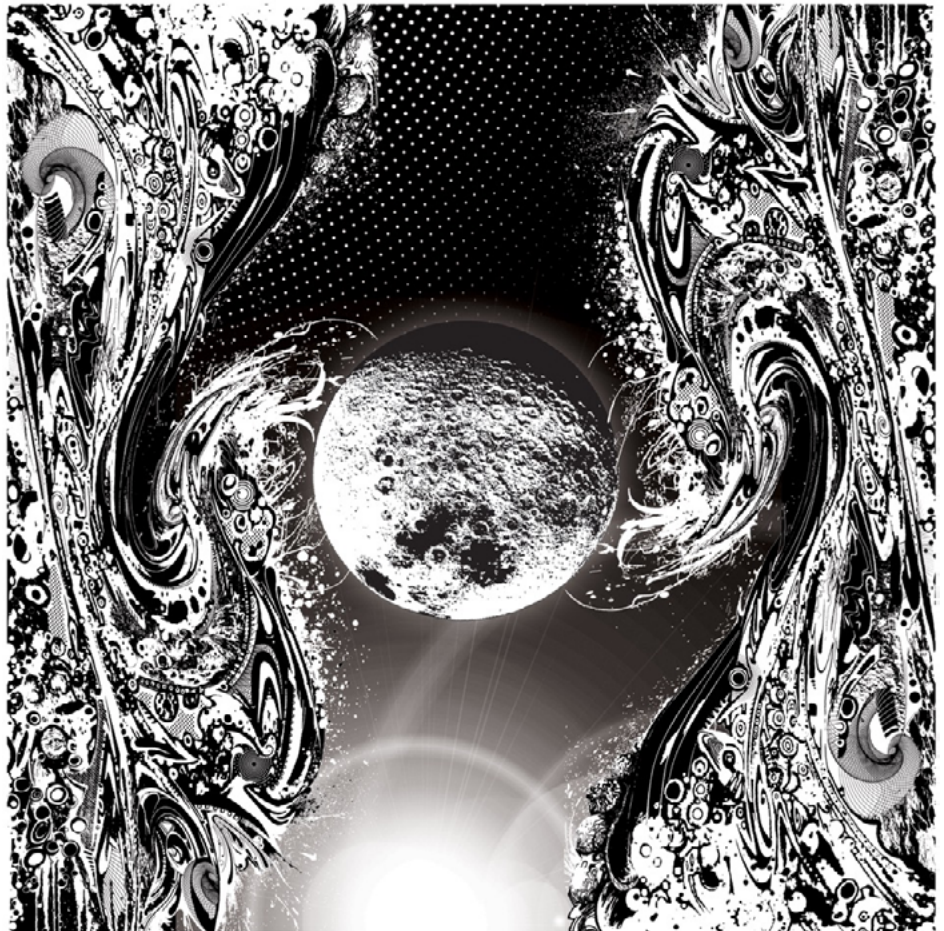
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[fb.com/KhoraAthens/](https://fb.com/KhoraAthens/)

Squat recently evicted:

[fb.com/spiroutrikoupi17/](https://fb.com/spiroutrikoupi17/)



## MargateTek – August Bank Holiday weekend

**I nearly missed this party again** – after recalling that it happened in the same location last year – but luck was on my side this time and I discovered I'd be doing a gig only 15 mins drive away from the site, two towns along. The shindig was in a wicked location – on the beach on the edge of Margate in north Kent; near enough to the town to not need a car, but far enough away and shielded by a small cliff-face (and a waste treatment plant!) to keep the noise to a minimum.

The sound systems present were a local rig doing their thing solo and then a chunky linkup of London-based rigs. Being one of those rare things we all treasure – a bank holiday weekend with tip-top weather – the vibes were riding high and sunrise over the

North Sea was a sweet cherry on the cake.

To be honest, for a pasty burner like me the sun got a little bit too much and I didn't last much into the blazing Sunday afternoon, let alone the Monday; which was when it wound down. (I also had other things to do – eating, sleeping and a psych/doom/drone festival to visit... contrasts are good for your 'elf). Before we left we saw a couple of rozzers walking down the path towards the site, but they looked pretty chilled and reports say they were just checking things were tickety-boo.

It wasn't all laffs-a-plenty though – some local lads ruffled some feathers on Sunday morning and started laying into a couple of people with iron bars; with some party-go-

ers also getting whacked whilst bravely trying to intervene. Thankfully that got resolved and the tunes came back on fairly swiftly.

Although there were people leaving mess as they partied (seriously, grown adults, wtf?) there were enough people on hand keeping up a good clean-up rotation. When the party was done the site was spotless – which is more than could be said for the main Margate beaches, which were left in a right state after they had been heaving with bank holiday sun-seekers (mostly DFL, which I now know means 'down from London').

Fair play to all involved for the effort in dragging the kit down to the beach and providing a wicked free space for people from across the South-East.



# JUSTICE FOR STEVE

**Fête de la Musique** is a global and annual music festival that dominates the streets and venues of its country of origin, France, on 21 June each year. It's also a project close to my heart, since back in 2012 a few underground bods in London introduced the festival to the UK. My own interest in the festival stemmed from a visit to Toulouse on 21 June 2008; and bearing witness to the unbridled celebrations that took over this southern French town. There were events – big and small – filling every street corner, market square, park and waterfront. People of all ages and social classes were out on the streets having a good time.

This is what FdM is meant to be about, but the headlines surrounding this year's event in France have been dominated by a tragic incident brought about by a raid on a party in the town of Nantes (in the Brittany region of the north-west) by the notoriously tetchy and hotheaded French police. This excessive clampdown on a substratum of the overall municipal festivities (and as a part of the national/international network beyond that) isn't a familiar sight – in France it's the one day of the year where impromptu, and sometimes clandestine, celebrations are tolerated. This particular attack, supposedly in response to an event on a river-side quay overstaying their designated event running time by 30 minutes,

saw a number of party-goers escaping from an onslaught of tear-gas in the only direction their panicked minds could comprehend – into the adjacent river.

Although many of the 14 people who fell or jumped into the River Loire were rescued by firefighters and were relatively unharmed, the same cannot be said for Steve Maia Caniço. This 24 year old disappeared completely, with no one being certain about his fate. It was only after 38 days – during which time there were nationwide protests and campaigning taking place – before his body was recovered; only a few hundred metres away from the party.

This token resolution of the mystery surrounding his disappearance of course does not change the fact that the police were completely unjustified in their use of force, particularly on this special day of congregation and celebration – but also in their idiotic decision to force people to scatter in such a precarious and potentially dangerous place.

There has been a manslaughter inquiry opened, but no one is holding their breath to see if members of a police force (pretty much anywhere in the world) will be prosecuted. The Prime Minister has said that an internal investigation within the National Police Inspectorate has found no link between the police actions and Caniço's

death – despite there being not only a slew of witnesses, but also 14 other people who luckily had better swimming skills than the unfortunate Steve.

A number of sound system collectives and representatives, along with other electronic music organisations have put their names to a public statement that derides the ongoing stigmatisation of the electronic (and especially the tekno) scene in France. They reinforce that Fête de la Musique is a celebration of all musical forms – equally and without discrimination. They state that the ongoing persecution of the tekno movement has been going on for over 25 years; and also that this particular party site in Nantes has been used peacefully for 20 years or so. There is no excuse for this level and form of cessation of the event that took place this year and those responsible should be held accountable.

On September 28, the Techno Parade in Paris will be dedicated to the memory of Steve Maia Caniço, as a clear call for a change of attitude and tactics from the public authorities. In true French style, the protests and expressions of solidarity will not be fading anytime soon.

You can read the full (translated) statement here: <http://bit.ly/rupsteve1> and an interview with organisers of a Tek'Steve'All tribute event here: <http://bit.ly/rupsteve2>



# SICK OF WAR? USE THE BOMB!

With the revolutionary conflict in the East Anglian province of the un-liberated kingdom reaching into its ninth and darkest year, the casualty figures now rank it alongside Syria as the bloodiest war since Vietnam.

The controversial 'Blood for Mother Earth' tactics of the Anarcho-Feminist Forces of the Liberated Peoples Republic of Eastern Suffolk have indeed borne fruit. Vast areas previously devoted to filthy capitalist 'business' practices (that have been ravaged and burnt in the conflict) are only now returning to nature; with many small trees and wild flowers sprouting where before man only exploited the environment for personal greed. The masses of dead capitalist soldiers and private security company personnel, who remained loyal to the degenerate Tory regime to their bitter ends, have decomposed – thus enriching the soil to the benefit of the multitude of refugees that have fled the fighting in Essex and Cambridgeshire.

These refugees have been able to cultivate this enriched soil and a bountiful return to an agrarian lifestyle has been achieved in some small areas; away from the unmarked minefields and tracts contaminated by depleted uranium, biological and chemical weapon deployment. Yet with all this hard-fought-for new understanding of how to overcome the capitalist foe, the Anarcho-Feminist Forces have paused their increasingly violent attempts to destroy anti-aircraft defenses of the Greater London city – in order to allow their ground attack aircraft to begin the primary assault on the lair of the corrupt Tory regime.

This pause has its roots in the adoption by both sides of military tactics that do not seek to make quick-manoeuvre actions for territorial gains, but instead employ concentrated firepower to destroy as much enemy material and personnel as possible. Whilst Mother Earth's soil has partially benefitted from these tactics, the forward momentum of The Revolution has been slowed by the rusting hulks of burnt-out tanks and the complete

devastation of all road and related infrastructure systems (as well as sewage systems, healthcare, food supply and support to the area) – therefore rendering ammunition resupply to the spearhead fighting units highly difficult and slow.

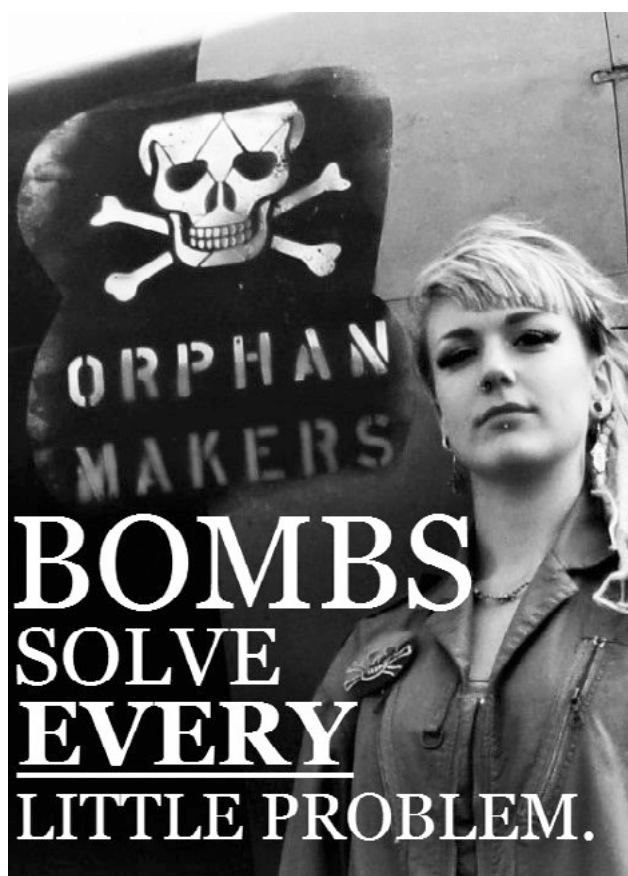
The majority teenage-female-vegan headhunter brigades of the fanatical Ultra-Anarchist Guards of the Black Banner that form these revolutionary armoured units – currently fighting alongside the A12 and

inevitable as the next sunrise – and simply wish to hasten the ending; to lessen the painful transition from a consumerist society into the plant crops/barter society that Mother Earth wishes for.

The old Cold War concept of Mutually Assured Destruction (MAD), that took as given that neither side would risk the complete devastation that retaliatory strikes would entail by initiating launches themselves, could be the answer many ecologists seek to the human problems that curse the planet. Combined with studies on the military strengths and capabilities of all the capitalist countries (correlated against future greenhouse emissions and the time remaining to change global industry for the better), it's difficult to reach any other logical conclusion – the most expedient route is to initiate a pre-emptive nuclear strike and trigger a global nuclear domino-effect – thus speeding the return to a more natural way of life for the world's entire population.

Employing 'dirty bombs' which emit concentrated bursts of radiation (instead of enormous blast effects) can render industrial energy production and transportation infrastructures unusable for the few hundred years it takes to dissipate their radioactive half-life. This would enable survivors to find happier and more sustainable means in the rural areas. It's a possibly controversial approach, but given the negative activity by the neo-liberal military-industrial complex in shaming citizens for using plastic straws (whilst they ravage continents, unrestrained), it's beginning to be clear to many that skipping the wellbeing of a few generations could prove the simplest solution to the problems facing humanity.

So far, the calls for 'apocalypse now' have been resisted by the Radical Sisterhood; but if progress cannot be made by ground assault it may come down to the bravery of the individual environmentally-conscious teenage girls who will be tasked with dropping the bomb – for the good of Mother Earth. Viva!



on the edge of the M25 with their officers – have sworn to fight to the death for Mother Earth, against capitalism. However, many have begun to question the reticence of their leaders in The Military Administration of the Radical Sisterhood in using its tactical thermo-nuclear weapon stocks. Many of the rank-and-file Riflegirls and Tankgirls in the frontline units simply wish to leave the monotonous countryside of Essex and get to grips with the more exciting urban warfare that a quick nuclear breakthrough strike to London would provide. Many have come to see the coming apocalypse and cataclysmic ending of capitalism to be as intrinsically

# CARNIVAL: THE ROAD TO EXCESS.

**As someone who has spent** an inordinate amount preparing and attending Bacchanalian and carnival-esque activities (as some form of weird pastime for the past 20 years) it shouldn't come as a surprise that I have a keen interest in the historical origins of what we have to come to know simply as 'carnival'.

In this country, my experiences – within what many people define as 'official' examples of this term – lay in the unbridled chaos of St Pauls (in Bristol) the overcrowded (and in my opinion overhyped) Notting Hill or the more leisurely Hackney Carnivals. These events, which have diverted from their origins insofar as to be secular events taking place in the summer months, have of course broadened the church, so to speak, in recent years to become a favourite on the calendar across various races and sects of society. However, they are clearly rooted in the ancestry of the UK's Afro-Caribbean community.

Although the practice of carnival – an outburst of excess before the discipline and abstinence of Lent, often combined with a temporary topsy-turvy role-reversal with our 'masters' – could be traced through to almost all societies, the traditions we are more familiar with have their roots in the Christian faith. Importantly, the struggle for carnival (mirrored in our struggle for free spaces and free parties) became a very real thing when the prudish and chaste Protestants swept from Germany across Europe in the 16th century.

An interesting, although not perfect, book on this subject is *Dancing in the Streets* by Barbara Ehrenreich (drop us a mail for an e-book version). This is a brief study of the origins of carnival and the clampdown on this public ritual celebration, particularly in medieval Europe but also jumping forward in time to look at what the author also considers to be signs of carnival behaviour in modern musical and sporting events and movements.

What we can consider to be 'true carnival' really depends on your viewpoint and how far back you want to trace this practice. Should the term be tied to the period

before Lent (seen perhaps most famously around the world as the Mardi Gras or 'fat Tuesday' celebrations in places like Rio or New Orleans) and exclusively used for Christian folk? The carnivals in the Caribbean and the Americas seem to be of another world to any uptight Europeans – a world full of raucous colour, frivolity, passion and excess. These celebrations do in fact follow a lineage that in many instances began with the European colonialists who, along with infusing old-time religious practices, brought the notion of seasonal carnival celebrations to the 'new world'.



Carnival is partly a reversal ritual in which social roles are reversed and behavioural norms are temporarily suspended. The basic premise being that if you let the rowdy peasant rabble have their fill of food, sex and drugs for a day or three then they are more likely to toe the line at other times of the year. This celebratory outburst was a pressure-release valve designed to keep the imbibing and moistening of private parts to a minimum when there was hard toil (and a physical and mental devotion to God) to be undertaken. So much was the desire of the (mainly Catholic) church to keep its flock on bended knee that they were willing to let the masses run riot for carnival – to the extent that ordinary folk would dress up as the clergy and perform lewd acts of public mockery and debasement.

There are other aspects to this historically too – the spring months are a move from darkness to light (in the northern hemisphere at least), a time of fertility celebration and also the start of new food crops and

herds arriving. It was also a time to gorge on rich food and drink, to empty the cupboard in preparation for the austere period of Lent.

This system seemed to work but, along with other tried-and-tested solutions that eventually were eroded by the greedy powers that be (like common land – space to exist), there was a backlash against carnival. This backlash was led by the Protestants and the teachings of the German puritan Martin Luther, who valued above all a chaste way of life; one free of distractions that might turn your head away from His greatness. As Protestantism swept across Europe, becoming the dominant Christian church in northern Europe at least, so too was the release valve of carnival closed.

We all know that repression isn't proven to work and that the people will always find ways of getting wrecked and trying to forget about their lot in life under the feet of our venerable 'masters'. Whether clandestine, or out in the open at state-sanctioned celebrations, the people will find a way to have their fill and to imbibe on the spirit of Bacchanalia.

In Spain for example, they will find any excuse for a fiesta – some with odd or dubious origins and methods – taking this social outburst to the level of art form. In the UK we have a smattering of similar 'fiesta' events that take place – the obscure and intense bonfire night celebrations in Lewes (Sussex) being one of them.

The free festival movement of the 1960s-90s, the you-can't-kill-it free party scene and the more recent explosion of commercial festivals littering the landscape are testament to the British love of carnival. I would of course like to see the more unbridled versions proliferate once more; to see a move away from overly-organised and securitised commercial enterprises, to a more common celebration where people bring what they have to share in a glorious spark of excess. We can even bring back some of the more traditional ways of role reversal – perhaps working towards these on a permanent basis – and snatch away power from those who seek to exert it upon us in our daily lives.



# A PLACE OF OUR OWN

A NORTH LONDON UNDERGROUND VENUE AND SOCIAL CENTRE

**Mission Statement:** To establish a co-operative, member-run secure space in North London structured, organised, run and used by as wide a selection of committed, mutually respectful people as possible and host facilities including: one or more events spaces, rehearsal facilities, printing / art production spaces, food retail etc, with an emphasis on co-operation and a shared ethical value set.



## What are you trying to do?

We are putting on a series of events in order to build up a fund of money to be able to take over a building on a long-term basis which could be used simultaneously as a gig venue and as the location for a number of other related small businesses, potentially including a rehearsal / recording facility, printshop, café and possibly accommodation. What we can offer will depend on the building we are able to acquire. This is likely to be expensive and we expect it will take a number of gigs to raise part of the money needed, which we hope to supplement with grant funding, donations and other sources of funding, depending on what we can access. We intend to do this via setting up a business structure to run the premises. Ideally we will be able to buy a building, if not we will be looking to get a secure tenancy of at least 10 years.

## What do you have so far?

We have the idea and a small team of people working on the gigs. This would be an ideal time to get involved and to help shape and drive the project, if you can meet the criteria below. We have registered a company and opened a bank account. We have also agreed that we will make our accounts publically available so it will be clear to anyone what we have

made / spent and what we have spent money on.

## What are you looking for from people who might join the project?

At this point this is a very open-ended question. We will need people with a range of skills, both to help put on and run the events, and looking further forward to help get the space into the condition where it can operate as a venue and then to run and operate it as a going concern; we are also interested to hear from / work with people who have businesses which may be able to take part of the building for their premises. Anyone joining the project should be realistic and committed to the project; we won't be able to pay anyone until the space is operational, we may not be able to get to that place unless some people put in a lot of effort without the expectation of personal reward. We feel it's important to be upfront about this as it's likely to be the reality. However we feel that the end result will be worth it. We want to ensure the people who do the work we (as the initiators of the idea) don't have the skills to do remain involved with the project going forwards and benefit in the long term from the use of the space.

## What sort of building are you looking for?

We need a large space, perhaps a warehouse, which is detached and sufficiently separated from housing that it will not draw noise complaints, with the potential to be subdivided into several areas large enough to host a range of operating businesses.

## How will this be different from any other venue?

We propose to run the venue as a co-operative where decisions are made with reference to the mission statement and stated goals of the business and via shared discussion and agreement of a group of members. There are other venues which run this way but we intend to develop new models of co-operative operation to ensure that problematic issues which have arisen elsewhere are not repeated here. We intend to develop policies and processes for running the business which will develop over time and ensure that we

can continue to operate in a fair and even-handed way, achieve our shared objectives and ensure that people get the best possible experience within the space. It is likely that we will run a range of membership structures to guard against entryism, to properly govern the businesses in the space (and agree solutions between these businesses where there are issues between them) and to be able to quickly and effectively exclude people who cause problems for others.



## How will the company structure work?

We propose to set up a number of companies which will work in an interlocking way. This is to avoid situations where people could potentially infiltrate the structure in order to engineer the space being turned over to developers. There will be one company which will rent the space – or be responsible for the mortgage – which will be non-profit and run by a small number of people under a clear and limited remit. There will be several 'tenant' companies depending on the space available which will effectively act independently but which will be selected to ensure they operate in a way which will work for all involved. There will also be a company which will be set up to operate and run the venue space(s). We will as far as possible avoid any individual having personal influence over numerous of the companies involved.

## Do the people involved with this have any experience?

This project is currently being spearheaded by two people; one of whom has been deeply involved in setting up and running a co-operatively run recording and rehearsal studio based in North London, and one other who runs an anti-sweatshop

project. Both have extensive experience of promoting and running punk gigs. We do have some experience but we will undoubtedly need a lot more people to be involved with a range of skills and expertise.

### **What sorts of skills are you looking for?**

We need people to help do the following things:

- Develop the internal policies
- Advise on legal issues
- Help us to fundraise by running gigs
- Identifying and applying for grant funding
- Publicise what we are trying to do
- We need people with skills in:
- Carpentry
- Electrics
- Equipment maintenance and repair
- Bar management
- Security
- Accounting
- Sound engineering
- Building maintenance
- Promotion
- Community engagement
- Workshops + much more

### **What will happen if the venue proves impossible to achieve?**

This has to be a collective effort based on the full support and co-operation of our

scene. We will give it our best shot but if we ultimately fail to get a venue, or are unable to keep a venue operating, we intend (as a last resort) to donate any excess funds raised to a worthwhile campaign or cause which reflects the priorities of our members. We hope it doesn't come to this, but if it does we will have a democratic mechanism for choosing a worthy recipient.



### **So what do you need from us?**

We don't have all the answers - these will come in time when we have the right team of people to discuss and agree policies and processes. There are so many ways in which people can contribute to this project. We are looking for people who are prepared to commit to this project over the long term, who will follow through and

do the things they agree to do, who understand that in the economic circumstances we are operating it won't be possible to pay most of the people involved, who can come up with creative solutions to issues, who understand that ideas need to be discussed and debated and that ways forwards will be identified with collective agreements, who can be flexible and responsible, who have the drive to help us ensure that we achieve our collective aims and the determination to ensure they contribute fully to us doing so. We can and will exclude people who come into the project determined to cause trouble or who intend to use it to personally profit from it or to sell us out to developers.

As our city changes and becomes ever more expensive the DIY punk community is finding it ever harder to find spaces to grow and develop, this is more true than ever in North London. It's time we took action, together, and create A PLACE OF OUR OWN!

**TO GET INVOLVED:** Email us at [northlondonpunkcoop@gmail.com](mailto:northlondonpunkcoop@gmail.com) with your name, mobile number and how you want to get involved.

*(Pics from the first fundraiser gig by [Paultergeist Photography](#))*



## **the heat is risen &**

we have to hope you've not yet had enough.  
time's running down to what will soon be hours.  
& now it's done, it's what that we are of.

the sun, it blinds & shines from high above,  
while under it we've got nothing but cower.  
they won't stop till they've got themselves enough.

whatever happened to the joy we thought was love?  
our politics is how we lie to power.  
it's what we do. it makes me what we're of.

we've passed through smooth. let's feel it now it's rough.  
keep up. there's lots of footsteps in these crowds.  
we're sorry but it's too late for 'enough'.

our fists must somehow fit into our gloves,  
the smallest things are what flip things to sour.  
it's what is done. it's what makes us & of.

perhaps we could have tried a sooner shove,  
but now what was humanity has flowered.  
if only we had made enough enough.  
it's that we didn't make this what it's of.

# SCREAM FACTORY

The buckets of piss range in shade from golden nectar, to amber sap, deep sunburnt oranges and aurulent champagne. Several of the mismatched buckets, jars, margarine tubs and bottles have a pestilent, viscous froth growing from the top. The air is sickly sweet, like a meadow growing in a public toilet, or the smell of durian left in a sauna. They are lined up as if to collect drips from the ceiling across the wide, white-tiled room on the second floor of the ice cream factory, next to a standalone room with a blue wooden door. This must be the room where Mierda lives.

I knock, and am greeted by the familiar guardian woof of Grizzly. I step in, and sure enough amidst a whirlwind of empty wine bottles, leopard print fabric, bizarre lighting brought fresh from the bin – and stacks of condoms cast across the metal shelving – is the smiling, bright-eyed face of Mierda; looking not unlike a neo-amazon set loose in the urban jungle.

"Hello" she says.

We hug, smooch cheeks. Sasha is here as well, and I give him a high-five and a nod. He is not a hugger.

"So we've got Noize Complaint, Cementimental, Sewer Trench and Monad will play" Sasha is saying. "We still have time to get some more. We should have time to do it all before we get evicted right?"

"We lost in court two days ago. We waiting on bailiffs now. Welcome back. Here..." she thrusts a bottle of aguardiente into my hands. "I got this for you in Barcelona. I've been carrying it for a fucking month, so be grateful. It's disgusting; I don't drink the stuff."

"That's why it lasted," smiles Sasha.

"I can do a flyer. We just need a name for the gig."

"What is it? When is it? What's happening?" I ask, cracking the aguardiente.

"It's Bezdalius' wake," explains Mierda. "We're doing it on Valentine's Day."

"Aw, how romantic. How about..." I think, and drink. "Venereal Disease Party?"

Mierda smiles. "STD Exchange Party."

"Ha... Super Sexy Secret STD Exchange Party."

"That's it! Brilliant. We can flyer all up and down the high street and get all the Camden hipsters to come in and get chlamydia." She shoots me a knowing look and I glance away. "I told everyone that I had it, you know. My first STD. Thanks George!"

I blush, not sure what to say.

"Maybe you should do a Litter Shitter?" suggests Sasha. I pass him the aguardiente.

"Nah, I'm too old for that shit. I did like the idea of throwing his ashes into the audience but, meh. Anyway, so that's the plan. Get more bands. Make a flyer. Get the booze and we are go. Kuba said we can use his sound system. Sasha's got all the equipment for the band stuff up here. It's on. Cheers! Now..." Mierda places her hand on my hands and looks at me with those super-sweet innocent eyes, rimmed with black-and-green. "Tell me all about the ladyboys you fucked in Asia."

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We are sat by the canal in Camden, a luxuriant summer's day, with cyclists and youths from the estate and hipsters and swans all mingling by the clear waters, laughing under the bridges of the lock, when the fight breaks out.

Bill has successfully lifted several bottles of Sailor Jerry, two of which are already badly damaged, and he is slurring at a rapid-fire pace; hooded eyes rolling a little, cackling with broad smiles of brown teeth. Fyodor is similarly cross-eyed, occasionally getting up and wandering about to do something, then forgetting what and sitting back down. Sasha seems razor-sharp, as ever, eyes like daggers shooting around for targets. Awi is talking, talking, talking, directing it this way and that – trying to fish for a response from anyone, anyone who will listen to him. Mierda is smiling, laughing, shouting, also half-cut; Grizzly laying patiently next to her, sniffing at passing bees. Naiad is kneeling next to her, looking confused.

"You see, Fyodor. Sasha is your shipwife. That's what they called them. Sailors at sea used to take a particular mate, someone who would be exclusively with them, whilst they were onboard long journeys..."

Awi is providing the countertrack: "...why shouldn't you acknowledge that you like another person, just because you are in

some bullshit relationship. Why shouldn't there be more than one person involved in a relationship. All it is is an relationship..."

I don't know how it begins. Everything had seemed fine. Drunken – perhaps even more so than usual. Perhaps it was to do with being outside; in the sunshine. Probably it began many months before, but the discussion suddenly is between Bill and Awi; who had been diligently talking over and ignoring each other until now. Bill's point is singular, while Awi keeps trying to complete a sentence.

"Now you see the problem with you is..."

"CUNT! CUNT! CUNT!"

"...but listen the problem is..."

"CUNT! CUNT! CUNT!"

"...what you have to take into account..."

"CUNT! CUNT! CUNT!"

"...listen though you..."

"CUNT! CUNT! CUNT!"

Bill refuses to stop saying 'cunt' to Awi, and Awi refuses to stop trying to talk to him. Fyodor isn't talking to Awi after the fight with his friend at Christmas, already three months before.

"...what I'm trying to say to you is..."

"CUNT! CUNT! CUNT!"

"...listen though, listen..."

"CUNT! CUNT! CUNT!"

"...I just want to tell you one thing..."

It becomes an endurance contest, of who can be the most belligerent, the most stubborn, the most convinced of being able to talk without listening – to give out but not give in.

"... what you have to take into account..."

"CUNT! CUNT! CUNT!"

"...listen though you..."

"CUNT! CUNT! CUNT!"

For a moment I wonder if Bill will ever stop when some young girl in a tracksuit intervenes and steps up close to him.

"Listen man, you gonna get us all chucked out of here. The five-oh will be down."

Bill tuts: "Oh and you can fuck off n'all."

It breaks the pattern, and for a moment some peace returns to our little group. We are all rolling with the whiskey, but it feels like there will be some peace for now.

Then it flares again. Awi throws a lighter at Sasha, and Sasha snaps. He is on crutches, taking tramadol for a shattered leg, but still he leaps to his feet and pounces on to Awi. They are rolling together across the tow path, two jungle-cats



locked in a deathgrip, wrestling one over the other. Fyodor is up, and following them, trying to separate them, whilst the rest of us look on, strangely paralysed.

"Ah, let them sort it out," I say. "If people want to fight, then let them fight."

It continues in a sort of armlock stalemate for some minutes, then Fyodor manages to pull Sasha off of Awi and hold him back. Sasha is all bared teeth and spitting rage. Awi gives away nothing, staring cool and collected, stoic.

Somehow, they sit back down. But Sasha won't stop.

"This fucking clown. I'm fucking protecting myself. If you come near me again," he smashes a bottle on the ground and holds it up towards Awi. He is kneeling right beside me, his livid dangerous rage is obvious, but somehow I feel like I am dealing with something unreal, almost a stage-play. It seems so ridiculous.

"No Sasha, come on" I say, picking up pieces of glass and throwing them in the canal. "Let's keep it together. You could fucking kill someone with that."

"I fucking will. If you fucking come near me I will fucking cut you up. Clowns!" his anger undergoes a sudden yet seismic shift, and now we are the targets of it. "Clowns. Fucking clowns. All of you.

Fucking clowns. You did nothing. You just sit there. You fucking clowns. All of you!"

He repeats it, over and over, as if convincing himself of it and the conversations whirl on; everyone angry at someone, everyone talking at once, or not talking, or ignoring.

"Fyodor. Fyodor. Fyodor. Fyodor. Fyodor." Awi is saying, trying to get Fyodor to acknowledge him.

"CUNT!"

"Clowns!"

"Fyodor!"

"CUNT!"

"Clowns..."

Sasha gets up first, crutching himself away down the cyclepath, muttering about clowns over his shoulder. Fyodor goes to

follow him. And gradually, we all begin to break apart. It is already getting dark, and the moon is reflected in the waters of the canal.

I vomit whiskey and cider in a golden jet into the reflection of the moon, and we walk back home to the Ice Cream Factory in drunken wordless chaos.

--

The next morning, me and Mierda awake early and head downstairs. Nieszka

"Did he call us all clowns?"

She ignores this. "I spoke to Awi this morning. I explained to him that he should think about his actions. About what he is doing. This is not the first time."

"What did he say?"

"He left."

Fyodor washes the plates. His face is an Easter Island statue. Clink, clink.

"Fuck." I look at Mierda.

Everyone looks at each other.

Nieszka: "I'm glad he's gone, he needed to leave. It was becoming unbearable."

Clink, clink.

"Well. I guess that's it then"

I say, uselessly. "We've never thrown anyone out."

"Even now. He wasn't thrown out - he chose to leave."

Me and Mierda look at each other. "But Sasha? He didn't say anything?"

Fyodor drops a plate, and it smashes dramatically on the floor.

"Oops."

He begins to pick up the pieces.

There isn't anything more to say.

Me, Mierda and Grizzly shrug and skip out the front door in the bright Chalk Farm sunshine. We are heading to Primrose Hill, to wander through the long, lazy fields overlooking the city, play with the geese and make a plan for the

day. There are a few vans parked in the road next door to the Ice Cream Factory. Curiously, we wander up, and speak to the man in a hi-viz jacket sat inside it.

"What are you guys up to?"

"Just killing time." says the man.

We shrug, and off we head through the posh parts of Chalk Farm - Amy Winehouse's old haunts - leaping over tiny dogs and past people eating expensive Greek food.

We have just reached the edge of Primrose Hill when Mierda's phone rings.

"It was bailiffs. They jumped in through the door when they let someone out. We're being evicted."

**by George F. – catch their latest book: 'Good Times In Dystopia' out now.**



Sara Maria Kios

is in the rotten little kitchen. Somehow it feels like she has been awake all night. She speaks in low, calm tones. Fyodor is wearing yellow rubber gloves and studiously doing the washing up. He remains silent throughout, the only noise being the clink of cutlery and splash of sudsy water.

"Did you hear what happened last night?"

"No. What?"

"Awi went into Sasha's room."

"Oh fuck."

"He kept trying to talk to him. Sasha pulled a knife."

"Oh fuck."

"They fought. They are fine. But Sasha left last night. He said he was going to Barcelona."

# STICKS AND STONES MAY BREAK YOUR BONES

## Your Mum is a slag.

My Dad could batter your Dad... proper easy.

You wear Hi-Tech trainers and you smell like fish.

Yeah, your Dad sells Avon.

Are you offended?

She is a proper slag though... even though I've never met her.

I must be right, yeah?

What is it about language?

Snowflake.

Incel.

Gammon.

How useful or helpful is the way we address our political foes online or in person?

What kind of discourse, if any, is necessary to communicate with the enemy?

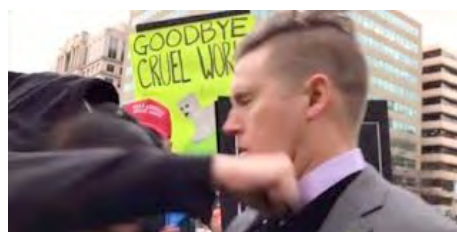
What's more powerful – words or silence?

Or indeed, when do words become redundant and a more blunt instrument is needed to solve the issue.



*Saffiyah Khan, who fearlessly stared down some next cunt during an EDL angry shouty thing.*

She effortlessly showed how non-verbal communication can be effective; and emphasised this solid fact. We aren't scared of you cunts.



Then again, on the other hand I fully advocate the use of violence to dispel, disrupt and dismantle these fascist fucks who want to take away freedom, inspire further division and seek to sell the state's lies.

"Fascism is a cancer that turns democracy against itself unto death. There is no reasoning with it. It was specifically engineered to attack the weaknesses of democracy and use them to bring down the entire system, arrogating a right to free speech for itself just long enough to take power and wrench it away from everyone else. Simply allowing Nazis onto a stage, as the BBC did when it let British National Party leader Nick Griffin sit and debate with political luminaries on its *Question Time* programme, is to give them an invaluable moral victory. Like creationists who debate evolutionary biologists, the former benefit mightily from the prestige of the latter." Katherine Cross

As Katherine states or infers, discourse provides legitimisation; it allows a platform and audience. And these cunts need stopping. To what extent could the same notion be applied to the deployment of words like gammon? Yeah, yeah I know... who the fuck cares, I'll get to that...

One big plate of gammon, and not a pineapple in sight, to show them the rough end of it.



"I'm appalled by the term 'gammon' now frequently entering the lexicon of so many (mainly on the left)," she tweeted yesterday. "This is a term based on skin colour and age – stereotyping by colour or age is wrong no matter what race, age or community." I mean, she's got a point right?

It's definitely important to consider the feelings of these poor marginalised souls, whose soul intent is to continue to inflict the onslaught of austerity until we tear each other apart.

Their lexicon though... haha. You're a snowflake. Haha, ok. You're an Incel. Nah – I'm just ugly mate.

These playground insults, whilst being funny as fuck, also seek to distract and shroud the issues. Like Thatcher coining the term "wets".

As every time The State wants us to swallow further cuts or the dismantlement of public services and the privatisation of such...the floppy-haired gammon stains implore us to conjure up the blitz spirit. We've got no grit? Like fuck.

So what is it about language?

I don't know. The time for talking has long since passed. Actions – be they non-confrontational or confrontational – speak volumes. Do something to support your community, kick the soapbox off.

And yeah... I'm sorry for what I said about your Mum... I'm sure she's a real nice lady. But my Dad could definitely have your Dad.

*Written By DopeBlud*

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



*Paul Sargent*



# THE FUTURE OF GBC

In May of this year GBC took a break from all outward facing activities, including delivering training workshops and coordinating legal observers. For the last couple of years GBC has been run by 5-10 people, handling an unsustainable workload. We had long exceeded our organisational capacity and we knew something had to change. At our recent strategy weekend, we decided to move to a new structure based on our original approach – this applies both to our organisation and to the work we do.

GBC will now focus exclusively on devising and delivering trainings and producing resources relating to two areas: protest rights and legal observing. Instead of being a single 'GBC', we will operate as the GBC Trainings Collective and the GBC Resources Collective, with other work being taken up by other groups.

Legal Observer callouts for demonstrations and back office support will be performed by a new organisation, the Independent Legal Observer Network (ILON), which will include some people involved in GBC, and many others involved in other organisations. Our telephone helpline and advice service will continue to operate but will be run by a separate collective of people.

## Get Involved!

Legal support work has always been important to empower people to take political action and protect them while doing so. The

GBC crew is quite small, made up entirely of volunteers, and (as always) we are looking for more people to get involved in the work we do. We are excited to go forward and we invite you to join us.

The GBC Trainings and Resources Collectives welcome new volunteers to work on our trainings and resources. If you fancy being part of this, send us an email at [legal@greenandblackcross.org](mailto:legal@greenandblackcross.org) and we'll tell you how to get involved.

The Independent Legal Observer Network welcome new volunteers to help coordinating and supporting LOs at demonstrations across the country. This is not a GBC project and while we'll help it off the ground, it needs volunteers to take it up and run with it. If you're interested, drop them a line at [legal-observer-network@protonmail.com](mailto:legal-observer-network@protonmail.com).

The Phone Helpline & Advice Collective welcome new volunteers to help answer queries, your help to offer advice and support is much needed – email [legal-observer-network@protonmail.com](mailto:legal-observer-network@protonmail.com) or phone the helpline.

## What Now?

We hope to roll out new and improved Know Your Rights and Legal Observer trainings over the next few months. If you have a training request you can email [gbctrainings@protonmail.com](mailto:gbctrainings@protonmail.com) to lodge it and we'll get back to you as soon as we're arranging trainings again.

If you are organising a demonstration and would like to put in a request for legal observers, please email [legal-observer-network@protonmail.com](mailto:legal-observer-network@protonmail.com) or call the legal support helpline on 07946 541511.

If you have an urgent question about your rights while protesting or taking direct action, please call the legal helpline on 07946 541511. Alternatively, see the guides section of our website [greenandblackcross.org/guides/#Protest\\_Laws](http://greenandblackcross.org/guides/#Protest_Laws)

Or get in contact with one of our recommended solicitors: [netpol.org/solicitors/](http://netpol.org/solicitors/) for legal advice.

## KEY MESSAGES

### No Comment

You do not need to answer police questions, so don't.

### No Personal Details

You don't have to give details under ANY stop and search power.

### No Duty Solicitor

Use a recommended solicitor with protest experience.

### No Caution

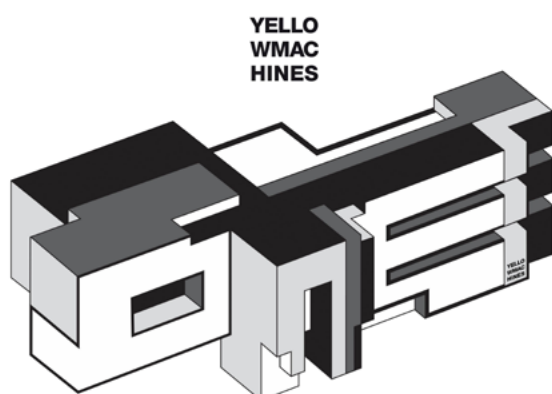
They admit guilt for an alleged offence that might never get to court.

### What Power?

Ask "What power?" to challenge a police officer to act lawfully.

### **Download a Bustcard:**

[greenandblackcross.org/bustcard](http://greenandblackcross.org/bustcard)



SCANONE MEETS MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO  
YELLOW MACHINES SIXTEEN  
[SOUNDCLOUD.COM/YELLOW-MACHINES](https://soundcloud.com/yellow-machines)  
[YELLOW-MACHINES.BANDCAMP.COM](https://yellow-machines.bandcamp.com)  
OUT SOON ON VINYL & DIGITAL

## LDOLS BY LOULA YORKE

This cassette/digital release is unashamedly analogue in its sound and methods – featuring quick-fire modular synth patches and analogue drum sounds recorded straight-to-tape in a single take (no retakes, no over-thinking!) in sunny Ipswich on the hottest day in UK recorded history.

Loula Yorke is Almighty Mother of the Innalogs, and founder of synth-building girl-band the Atari Punk Girls. The full release features six tracks that take in distorted sludge, euphoric dubby sunrises and tape-saturated thudding techno.

The cassettes are coming out on 30/09/19 and will be on bandcamp via Rum Records UK, with screenprinted J-cards, coloured cassette bodies, 'Innalog' stickers and digital downloads included in the price. Pre-sales will be up soon at [loulayorke.bandcamp.com](http://loulayorke.bandcamp.com)

Tape + Digi: £9 • Digital only: £6



# LISTINGS

## TEMPORARY AUTONOMOUS ART 2019

25-28.09.19

Gallery, performance, music, film, talks, workshops + more. The open-access art festival in a squatted venue returns to London this autumn. [www.taaexhibitions.org](http://www.taaexhibitions.org)

02.10.19

### SONIC ELECTRONICS

An experimental event which happens 1st Wednesday of every month.

7pm-11pm. Free/£5 donation.

The Others, Top Floor, 6 Manor Road, London, N16 5SA

[fb.com/events/591184061395839/](https://fb.com/events/591184061395839/)

04-05.10.19

### ZOOFEET - Z2

Noise, weird and doomy music.

New River Studios, 199 Eade Road, London N4 1DN London

[fb.com/events/2410792195869695](https://fb.com/events/2410792195869695)

05.10-03.11.19

### WE'RE ALL BATS

Events, activities and creative workshops to express and enjoy sounds. Various events and venues across Waltham Forest.

[wereallbats.co.uk](http://wereallbats.co.uk)

[fb.com/pg/wereallbats/events](https://fb.com/pg/wereallbats/events)

05.10.19

### 24RPM FESTIVAL

The fifth instalment of an all-day electronic music live AV celebration.

St Johns Church, Lansdowne Crescent, Notting Hill, London W11 2NN

[fb.com/events/347845759462995](https://fb.com/events/347845759462995)

12.10.19

### TOWARDS COLLAPSE

Noisy and abrasive breakcore, industrial sounds and experimental music.

7pm-2:30am. From £7 early birds.

SET, 27a Dalston Lane, London E8 3DF

[fb.com/events/403114723637182](https://fb.com/events/403114723637182)

19.10.19

### DONK BATH

You've maybe heard of, or even tried gong baths; now get ready for the next level of consciousness – the Donk Bath. More speed; more bass; more distortion; more healing. 3pm-6pm. Free entry.

New River Studios, London N4 1DN

[fb.com/events/886217688416860](https://fb.com/events/886217688416860)

25.10.19

### ERISIAN

A special Brextacy party.

11pm-7am. £8 b4 12 with name on event page. £10 without/after midnight. Volks,

1-3 Madeira Drive, Brighton BN2 1PS

[fb.com/events/412010259430466](https://fb.com/events/412010259430466)

### MONSTER MARVEL & MASHUP

01.11.19

No Fixed Abode present a night of broken core and bass music with some firm favourites on the lineup. 8pm-2am.

Mirth, Marvel and Maud, 186 Hoe St, Walthamstow, London E17 4QH

[fb.com/events/1005472429843384](https://fb.com/events/1005472429843384)

08.11.19

### HEKATE/PRAXIS present FACTORY FOOD

Launch party for The Wirebug's new album.

Electronica, Breakcore, Noise, Bass music.

9pm-4am. £5 entry. Grow Hackney

98c Wallis Road, London E9 5LN

[fb.com/events/458093048114399](https://fb.com/events/458093048114399)

08-17.11.19

### MODERN PANIC X

Modern Panic's 10th annual exhibition of surreal, controversial and provocative art.

Truman Brewery, F Block S4, Ely's Yard, 15 Hanbury Street, London E1 6QR

[fb.com/events/404661786827168](https://fb.com/events/404661786827168)

15.11.19

### KILLDREN PRESENTS

A night of rave-punk live acts in south London organised by the infamous banned band. 7pm-midnight. £5 adv/£7 OTD.

Amersham Arms, 388 New Cross Road, London SE14 6TY

[fb.com/events/177868273227555/](https://fb.com/events/177868273227555/)

17.11.19

### CRUX

IDM • Glitch • Experimental

Techno • Electro • Breaks • Beer!

Audio and video livesets on a banging sound system, prime end of the week-end material. 6pm-11pm. £3 suggested donation. Five Miles, 39b Markfield Road, London N15 4QA

[fb.com/events/2422208947861160](https://fb.com/events/2422208947861160)

23.11.19

### PRSPCT X DARKSIDE X TIKI

Hard D'n'B, Crossbeed and Core.

Tickets are priced at £15/£20 with all profits from the event going to charity.

10pm-6am. The Black Swan, 438 Stapleton Road, Eastville, Bristol BS5 6NR

[fb.com/events/441132400065515](https://fb.com/events/441132400065515)

29.11.19

### SYSTEM MALFUNKTION

With Fu, Irritant and Relentless Audio.

10pm-6am. The Black Swan, BS5 6NR

[fb.com/events/513977009340941/](https://fb.com/events/513977009340941/)

30.11.19

### SOUTH LONDON PUNK COLLECTIVE

Punk gig. 8pm-11:30pm.

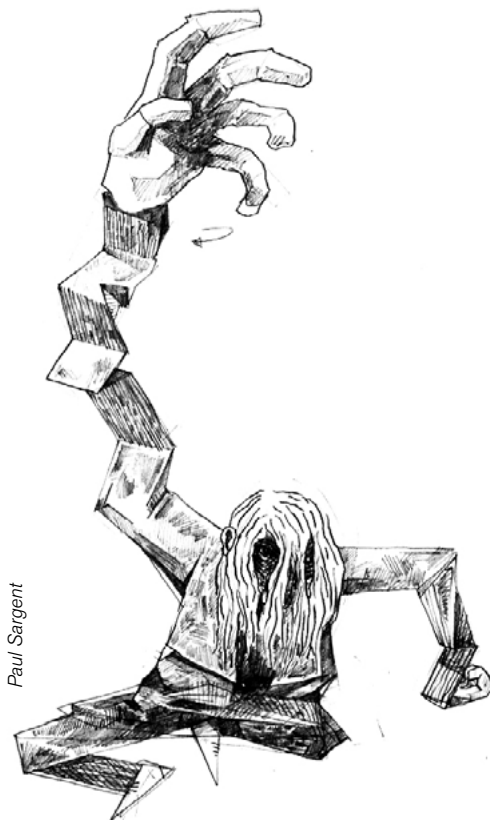
The Queens Head Pub, 144 Stockwell Road, Brixton, London SW9 9TQ

[fb.com/events/807616946282642](https://fb.com/events/807616946282642)

30.12.19 - ?

### TEKNIVAL IN MOROCCO

Check your usual networks to find out more about this teknival for the new year.



Paul Sargent

## FURTHER LISTINGS

For gigs: Eroding Empire – [Eroding.org.uk](http://Eroding.org.uk)

International free-parties:

[shockraver.tracciabi.li/infoparty23.htm](http://shockraver.tracciabi.li/infoparty23.htm)

Other events: [radar.squat.net/en/events](http://radar.squat.net/en/events)

## FURTHER LINKS

Social centre – [diyspaceforlondon.org](http://diyspaceforlondon.org)

Squat/radical events – [radar.squat.net](http://radar.squat.net)

Anarchist news and bookshop –

[www.freedomnews.org.uk](http://www.freedomnews.org.uk)

Advisory Service for Squatters –

[www.squatter.org.uk](http://www.squatter.org.uk)

London Wide Eviction Resistance –

[evictionresistance.squat.net](http://evictionresistance.squat.net)