

PARTIES + RADIO + RADIOPROTESTS +

26.01.07

YARDCORE

Breaks, electronica, hardcore and beats'n'pieces.

11pm – 6am. £10 entry
Jacks, Crucifix Lane, London SE1

27.01.07

SOCIAL CENTRES GATHERING

A space for discussion, practical workshops, sharing ideas, skills & experience followed by MAYHEM cabaret and cocktails at the 1in12 Club, Albion Street, Bradford, BD1
www.1in12.com

02.02.07

BRAINDROP

4 deck turntablist electro-filth drum & breaks mash-up. £3 b4 9pm, £5 after. 7pm – 3am. The Purple Turtle, Crowndale Road, London NW1

03.02.07

5 1/2 ROOFS

Screening for a film about squatting in London, in a Central London squat from 8pm.
www.datablender.net

10.02.07

A CELEBRATION OF LIFE SEX & DEATH

An all-star cast celebrate 30 years of Ely Muff. www.headfuk.net
The Low Fidelity Disconnect, Constable Crescent, London N15

14.02.07

BLOOD LUST FILM NIGHT

Films featuring tragic romance plus a dollop of horror and food – an evening of sustenance.
www.randomartists.org

16.02.07

DECIBEL BREACH

NFA, ill FM, Red Zero Radio and Adverse Camber combine to make a series of fundraisers for cash-strapped Resonance FM. Vertigo, Grove Green Road, E11
Lineup + info: www.dbreach.fm

17.02.07

DEAD SILENCE / UGLYFUNK

Electro breaks and wonky tek. The Red Star, 305 Camberwell Road, London SE5
www.uglyfunk.com

17.02.07

GENER8R

Another allnighter in four rooms with big sound system linkups and no sound restrictions!
Lakota, Upper York St, Bristol

23.02.07

LIVE EVIL LONDON

Hardcore, just like your mum used to make. 10pm – 6am. Electrowerkz, Torrens St, N1
www.liveevilondon.co.uk

24.02.07

BENEFIT PARTY

Music from NFA and Headfuk in aid of TAA art exhibitions and the Random Artists trip to Prague. From 10pm: 07092 350834

16.03.07

NO FIXED ABODE

NFA ditch the 'slow' stuff for 2 rooms of breakcore, spaz-core and uber-glitch with ill FM hosting the back room. 10pm – 6am. £5 entry. White Post Centre, White Post Lane, London E9
www.nofixedabode.info

16.03.07

NO REST FOR THE WICKED

Live drum'n'bass. £6/8 entry from 8pm. The Rhythm Factory, Whitechapel Road, London
www.nrftw.com

17.03.07

BASHOUT

10pm – 5am. £5 b4 11, £6 after. The Black Swan, Stapleton Road, Bristol
www.bashout.org

17 – 21.03.07

DRAGON FESTIVAL

Near Orgiva, South Spain
www.dragon-festival.com

16 – 19.05.07

LONDON TEMPORARY AUTONOMOUS ART

A full-blown open-access art event with gallery space, cinema, workshops, cabaret, bands and whatever you're bringing! For contributions email info@randomartists.org
The full programme will be on: www.taaexhibitions.org
www.randomartists.org

Adverse Camber have 24 Feb, 24 March and who knows what will happen on 31 March?!
Mp3s of the show, playlists and waffle are uploaded here: dbreach.fm

WW.ILLFM.NET

Live internet radio, Thursday nights from 8pm GMT to midnight.

Come the 13th of April, ILL FM will be a year old and this calls for a celebration in the form of a live outing featuring DJ/live sets/performances from the artists who have featured on ill fm in the past year. Check illfm.net for more as it comes...

RADIO LISTINGS

DECIBEL BREACH is broadcast every Saturday night from Midnight GMT til morning on **RESONANCE 104.4FM** in London and over the internet at **www.resonancefm.com**

Although the dbreach show is continuing into the first quarter of 2007 all programme makers have been informed the station is in a dire financial situation and that unless the station can raise in the region of £60,000 by August that it will have to consider whether it can continue to broadcast.

Of course, we wouldn't let the only non-commercial FM station which lets the likes of us oiks play our music to London and the world go down the pan. Hence the Decibel Breach series of fundraising parties at Vertigo in Leytonstone, East London. The lineups will comprise of the four crews who co-host the show and our various cohorts from the party scene. Check the Rupture listings for the dates. Please come and attend because all proceeds will go to save the invaluable Resonance FM. For the dbreach shows, **redZEROradio** take 3 Feb, 3 March; **No Fixed Abode** take 10 Feb, 10 March; **illFM** take 17 Feb, 17 March;

PARTIES + EVENTS

www.headfuk.net
www.nofixedabode.info
www.dissident-faction.co.uk
www.pitchless.org
www.ketwork32.com
www.squatjuice.com
www.crossbones.co.uk
www.partyvibe.com
www.hekate.co.uk
www.tribeofmunt.co.uk
www.clubneurotica.com
www.ragandbonerecords.co.uk
www.disjunkt.net
www.uglyfunk.com
come.to/shockraver
www.dayliterobbery.org
www.rif23.org

ART + MEDIA + THE REST

www.taaexhibitions.org
www.randomartists.org
www.network23.org
www.resonancefm.com
www.dbreach.fm
c8.com
www.indymedia.org.uk
schnews.org.uk
www.eroding.org.uk
www.squatter.org.uk
www.riseup.net
www.56a.org.uk
libcom.org
en.wikipedia.org
www.myspace.com
www.braindamageradio.com
www.dirtysquatters.com

PARTYLINES

NFA	07092 812259
Hekate	07092 017667
Pitchless	07946 839775
Ill Eagle	07780 986765
Abacus	07974 892670
FUBAR	07984 199768
Disjunkt	07835 175534
Malfauteurs	020 7644 5179
HDFK	07092 230023
PRANK	07870 827511
Unsound	07946 466573
Club	
Neurotica	07788 856941

If you run any of the above infolines please put the date on your messages so that people don't travel to find an empty building!

FINDING THE START OF ANOTHER TETHER – JANUARY 2007



SEND STUFF TO RUPTURE@HEADFUK.NET

NAME YOUR PRICE

a guide to shopping in the 21st century

What can you do if you are skint but want access to good quality foods and goods? Well you could simply steal it, get a job (and a haircut whilst you're at it), or make your own barcodes.

For this you will need a PC, a printer, sticky labels, temporary access to the internet and some gumption.

Use the website listed below to create a barcode or, for the budding professional, get Smartcode Studio 2005 from www.technoriversoft.com and then download a crack for it from astalavista.box.sk. This program makes it dead easy to print off whole sheets of labels, but a quick visit to Terry Burton's website can give you an image file which you can then print out.

Most barcodes in the UK are EAN13 barcodes, which is to say that they are a 13 digit barcode formatted 1digit-6digits-6digits. Find a cheap product, write down its barcode and then take it to the website, pick the EAN13 type and enter the number as a single block of digits. Voila, it gives you a copy of that barcode.

The idea is to then print them off onto some sticky labels and take them into a shop and place that barcode over the one on a preferably similar, but definitely more expensive item. From here, you are on your own. If the original item is similar you shouldn't have too much trouble putting it though yourself in the self-checkout machine.

Obviously it is gonna be harder to put your re-labeled items through a normal checkout because the barcode is usually printed directly on the packaging and not on a sticky label. However, never undervalue the numbness of some of the checkout people's brains, as they don't get paid enough to pay attention all the time. Pick one who looks particularly braindead or who takes a shine to you.

Continued on the inside...

Doppelgangers

When I was a kid I was really struck by this newspaper story about a guy who was found drowned in a quarry lake somewhere in South Wales. He was positively identified by his family and about to be buried when 'he' turned up again, alive and well and wondering what the fuss was about. 'His' family must have been overjoyed to find out 'he' had simply gone off travelling for a while to sort out his head. Meanwhile the police must have been a bit frustrated to have to reopen a case they thought they had closed. Apparently this man and the dead man bore a stunning resemblance, even down to a shared birthmark on their respective legs.

Obviously it's quite rare that we hear about such blatant cases of mistaken identity, but what if they don't happen so often, not because people don't look the same, but more because there are rules governing where the doppelgangers can go, which most of the time prevent them from meeting up? It's possible, but then of course you start to wonder who makes the rules – and does he/she have a doppelganger too?

Definitely I see types of similarity – for instance a girl in a record shop with the same length hair, the same glasses and the same backwards tilt to the head which she adopts when looking at something as an Irish girl I met in another country. Are people really so different? Are we really unique? Or are we just a bundle of behaviour patterns grabbed from the collective unconscious and, as with language, we can unconsciously turn on or off various factors? With so many parameters to choose from that most of the time what results is a real unique individual? Certainly the patterns can be traced and certainly fashion and society consciously allow it to or not.

Well, my childish mind decided that everyone has a doppelganger living somewhere on the other side of the

globe. Although you must bear in mind that around this time I was also trying to pull fully grown oak trees down with my plastic tractor, but still it's a theory which cannot be denied. A problem in my mind was whether the two doppelgangers would be born and maybe even die at the same time or not. The Welsh quarry man could be a counterexample or the exception which proves the rule. I dunno.



Anyway, this squat party in Eindhoven I went to recently also got me thinking about this topic in a different way, for it is weird to see how things such as dress sense and facial composition move in circles. I have seen this a bit, having been to lots of tekno parties in the Netherlands, the Czech republic and England. If you look at people it's strange to see how, across arbitrary boundaries like nationality and location, things such as a look or a posture can be the same. I guess you will only understand what I am droning on about if I give some examples. **Continued on the inside...**

Doppelgangers continued...

It was actually the building itself which gave me the initial *deja vu*, since it was a massive distribution centre; the type where one side of the building has loading bays which trucks back up to. Inside there were huge empty rooms and tiny prefab office spaces, just like a distribution centre where I went to a few parties in London at Tottenham Hale.

Then the people reminded me of other people in various ways. In attitude, in action, in look, in gesture. Maybe the drugs help, the same chemicals twisting faces in the same way across Europe and driving evolution in new interesting ways. Base users do certainly develop a weird sort of reptilian tan. We can say for sure some sort of European wide tekno fashion underclass is developing, I guess as tribes do. Tekno sits in a grand line of cultural movements. The kids are always revolting – since the hippies anyway. So are we talking about some form of universal tekno resistance? In a sense yes, this is a brotherhood of sorts which can be nice to be a part of (things like meeting a French truck in eastern Europe and bonding instantly because we are listening to the same mix tape) but then from another point of view tribalism is fake; it's a lowest common denominator movement, where people are afraid to be different and celebrate diversity. I guess that's the negative side of all tribes.

There is a uniform: there are facial piercings, bomber jackets, combat pants,

mighty hooded tops, dark clothes and caps at jaunty angles which become more and more ridiculous as the night wears on, but it does go deeper than that too. How come the gurl who looks like a drugged up Czech punk I know – in the sense of having the same weird dreads, long grey German army jacket and big boots – also acts like her, drifting around the dance floor mashed up and encouraging men to molest her by bumping into them with the same far-away look in her eyes? Isn't that a bit too weird? Why do those speaker freakers hanging out by the stacks just like their tribal brothers in the Czech Republic manage to have high cheekbones and haircuts which actually make them look Czech?

Yes, part of this is me bending my head on drugs and seeing links where the links exist because humans do resemble each other but I expect there is a bit more going on here. I'm thinking in terms of memes and effects: this notion current in the theory that ideas are virus-like; thought patterns exist as electro-magnetic radiation; the brain is a transmitter and the signals it produces can be picked up by other receivers; and taking drugs probably helps this process either by making us more sensitive or more anaesthetised to it. Hooray for tekno parties, they're fun to go to and give you weird thoughts. I don't have very much more to say than that. Except that we started off discussing doppelgangers and next time you are at a tekno party you should keep an eye out for yours.

Barcode making continued...

Standard barcodes don't have the price information embedded in them, so you can't unfortunately make one which says 'iPod £2.50' on it. The barcode just tells the till which product it is and then the till scans its database for the current price.

Another technique is simply to go into a supermarket, find the reduced section, peel off the labels (things in chiller cabinets are easiest) and then place them on other products. Again, a bit of eye contact and blabber when going through the normal checkout helps to greatly reduce the shopping bill. Best of all, you aren't really stealing and can't help it if the dimwitted staff mis-label the products on the shelves.

Online UK bar code generator: www.terryburton.co.uk/barcodewriter/generator/

OTHER TIPS: If you go for the self-service checkout then make sure you don't run any alcohol through because

you will need a member of staff to approve your age. In some supermarkets the machine will call for assistance if the item going through doesn't match the approximate weight of the real item.

- Do your shopping in the last 20 minutes of the shops' opening hours. This is also a great time for shoplifting – Friday and Saturday nights especially as they will want to get away quickly when their shift finishes.
- An advanced blag to try is to buy something (keep the receipt!), take it home and take the item out of the box (at this point you should replace it with an old/broke/similar weight item) and then using heat-shrink plastic wrap, commonly used to make temporary 'double-glazing', a heat-gun/hair-dryer and a heat sealer device you reseal the packaging, making it look like new. You then take the item back to shop with your receipt and get your money back. Remember to pay in cash in the first instance.

VINYL REVIEWS

Frogs 07 [Frogs Records]

This latest installment in the series of refreshingly cheerful vinyl creations sees label maestro Freddy turning out some tango-tek with his trademark jazz and latin sample flourishes. Dave Stitch pays homage to South Park with a ketamine anthem set to growling bass and a steady and steppy breakbeat. The last track is a weirdy Wevie Stonder-esque little ditty.

Shitmat – Hang the DJ [Wrong Music]

A quirky, eclectic mix of anything and everything. Imagine 'Informer' set to the tune of Thomas the Tank Engine; all the music you love to hate, set to hateful, hurtful and hardcore beatz.

Dr Bastardo – When Dub Plates Attack [Peace Off]

Meaty chunks of amen-laced kick drums ploughing through a synthesised hailstorm. Well crafted soundscapes, tearin' d'n'b, gabba and hardcore complete with filtered 303 noodliness. Guaranteed to break the ice at a breakcore party.

Hellfish – Now That's What I Call Hellfish [Deathchant]

To be honest, flicking through this album I was disappointed 'till I reached the 'Money for Nothing' remix which consists of the original Dire Straits track plus a kick drum... at which point I lost a lot of respect for Mister Fish. Hope that he stops snorting so much coke and pulls his head out his fukin' arse. Now that's what I call a wetfish!

A Toast To Being Lucky

Cheers to my arm!
Cheers to my leg!
Cheers to my eyes ears nose and head!
I'd like to make a toast,
To both my big toes,
Because without both of them it's your balance that goes!
I would like to take a moment,
To celebrate my knees,
And the soles of my feet,
Lest they smell of cheese,
But there's one special person,
I especially want to thank,
She's a veritable goddess,
Worth more than gold in the bank,
Because if I break something,
Or if I get sick,
She's over in an instant,
To heal me quick,
She enabled me to exist,
And be kind to her we must,
Because she can destroy us as quick,
Revert us to dust!
Her name's mother nature,
And every miracle's down to her,
Anything is possible,
If we remember who we are.



The Found

I will try and tell it how it was without too much emotion, the cold clarity of the perfect observer, but how can I? How can anyone? Everyone loses something.

I could feel the day arriving, a tightening of the neck muscles, a feeling that something untoward was rushing headlong towards us. My room was roasting with the warmth of the fire and my old bones did not fancy a walk in the spitting rain; but someone had to tell him, so I put on my waterproofs and set off.

The Founder sat at the top of the steep hill watching all the lost things become found. There were new oceans created that day as the weeping of the mothers; the cries of lovers, as their men, their women came back to them alive, dead, wealthy, crazy. There were tears of joy, of sorrow, of disbelief, and a whole host of people crying who didn't even know why. I walked through the madness ignoring a dead lover I had been glad to get rid of and a mountain of bills I had long forgotten about. Around me, psychotics stopped their babbling and became DJs, helpless jakies put down their special brew, brushed themselves down and wandered off in search of the child they never knew they had.

One by one the government resigned – without any more secrets they were instantly unmasked. Waves of realisation spread like a disease through the law enforcement agency. The country had always been in the hands of uniform wearing paedophiles, junkies, gangsters and racists. There were arrests, counter-arrests, and gunfights but mostly the police were engaged in mass bouts of suicide.

Masonic officers who were unshaken, already being well aware of the dark façade, were quick to take control but soon found power without lies terribly difficult and quickly vanished with most of the countries' collateral.

As I reached the crest of the hill I saw the Founder perched on his bench looking down upon the carnage that had spread through the city like a pay-day Sharon on a shopping spree.

"This has to stop," I said, taking a seat. "One day it all will" he says, miming an atomic explosion and sniggering.

Somewhere deep to the south-west floods from displaced seawater destroyed town after town as the spires of Atlantis sought to reconfigure the atlas.

"This has to stop" I repeat. The Founder looks at me a flicker of a smile playing across his lips.

We sit in silence for a minute. I try a different tack: "Why?" I ask.

"My dear man do you know how many misplaced things there are? Do I get any credit for being the universal cleaner? No its lady luck this, my lucky charm that, and the Founder, the solver to all your crises, the discoverer, where am I?" He turned to face me "Damn it man, I'm as far away as you get from a loser, but is there any reference to me anywhere, any religion, idol or festival? No, nothing. Well I've had enough. Now they will know who I am, just try ignoring me now." He waved his hands over the city, a chaos conductor orchestrating a symphony of the unforgotten.

A corpse's rotten head rolled past the park bench as some dead lovers reached their climax. A tyrannosaurus rex trundled down the hill in search of nourishment.

"What about the Lost it?" I asked.

"Oh him, he was quite happy for his day off, you can't imagine how tiring it gets losing things all the time." Replied the Founder.

"What about having nothing left to do?" He was silent. I stared straight into his clear blue eyes. "What is this, some form of suicide?"

"Do you not think I have thought many times of the final found object, and the peace and harmony that would come with it?" The Founder sighed.

I kept pushing in the direction of his ego "Isn't that just oxymoron, an impossibility in the order of things? Surely you need us and we need you?"

"Where would you be without me?" He said looking for the first time slightly confused; "Perhaps you are right... maybe it is time to put the toys back in the pram." Then he stopped and it seemed as if the whole world stopped as well. After a while he got up to go as cries of the newly departed blared around us.

"So will this day be remembered?" I asked.

"Something's are better off lost." He replied on his way off.

"And this conversation?" I shouted after him.

"There are some things best not repeated" The Founder said as he dissolved into the distance. I just nodded my head, although I wanted to scream. I knew it does no good to offend one of the Responsibles. After that I sat there for a while knowing I should have already left. It was along walk back and there would be a lot to set right before people awoke tomorrow.

