

RUPTURE

AUTUMN 2017

poison pen poised in position

Contributions: rupture@headfuk.net

Online archive: fearcontrol.info + randomartists.org/rupture.shtml

THE WAR MACHINE ROLLS INTO TOWN

Q. What the fuck is the DSEI?

A. Defence and Security Equipment International. It is THE biggest arms fair in the World and it happens at the ExCeL centre, London every two years. In 2013, torture equipment was on sale. In 2011 cluster bombs were on sale (despite cluster bombs being made illegal in 2008).

Every event has a horrendous guest list featuring the best of the best in repressive regimes, dictators, warmongers and human rights abusers. For EVERY event that guest list includes countries that are on the UK government Foreign Office's own list of countries to watch regarding Human Rights abuses. This year the list includes: The prime minister of the Philippines (currently slaughtering people under the 'war on drugs' disguise); Saudi Arabia and Qatar (close to royally kicking off between them – lets cash in and arm both sides!); Turkey (committing war crimes against their own people); Bahrain, Egypt, Afghanistan, Iraq, Pakistan etc., the list goes on and on and on. There is quite simply no way of the UK government or anyone else knowing where the arms will actually end up once the deals are done.

The UK government is more concerned by the economical health of our country before human life. Arms sales to repressive regimes have soared to £5 BILLION since the Tories got in the tank seat in 2012. The arms companies make money from the initial war and death and then again on militarised borders once mass

migration/immigration takes hold.

The event is snazzed up to make it sound like it's all wholesome fun in the park for the attendees, while they walk past a tank completely painted in the Union Jack. Yes, this year a tank is painted as a Union Jack. Yay, be proud, we can kill people better than anyone else! The argument they put forward is that there are other non-killing items for sale, and therefore it's ok. No, it is not. It is all part of the war machine; those companies still profit from war and death. Many of whom could transfer their skills and modify their sales pitch to use their products/services in another industry that isn't morally bankrupt.

So, unsurprisingly these couple of plucked facts make a few people get on the street and try and stop the event. This year the protest was running at all gates to the ExCeL centre every day the week before the event begun on the 10th September, and then every day during the event until the 13th September. There were over 110 arrests; over 100 of these are for 'obstructing the highway'. This petty 'crime' is pretty much the only law the police can use when a protest is 100% peaceful. I'm not conveniently forgetting about any incidents here, there have been zero reports of any violence from protestors, yet over 110 arrests. There was zero media coverage of the protests, other than a couple of pieces by The Guardian.

If this were any other protest this would be major news, particularly with such huge

arrest numbers. They ran out of cell space in all police stations anywhere near the ExCeL. People were being cuffed and held in vans in car parks until cell spaces were available. Only then for 40 people to be released on the Saturday, all with no charge but 'released under investigation'.

The police presence was insane (especially on the West gate during Saturday's Festival of Resistance). This was the first year that police on horse back were walking up and down the roads. You don't see horses at protests unless they expect or experience large scale violence and serious disorder such as riots. There was none of this; they knew that – it was simply intimidation tactics.

Arrest numbers went through the roof this year, though not in correlation to any particular spike increase in protestor numbers. The police are quite obviously operating in a way to suppress knowledge, keep people away from the protest and discourage them to exercise their right to protest. This is not a conspiracy theory in my mental head; be on the streets and try and interact with these robots. They want you to shut up and they want you to SHUT UP RIGHT NOW. The trouble is they have nothing to arrest you on. Oh hang on, you have stepped in the road – arrested. The thing is the police have it easy, no one who was being arrested was resisting arrest. These are protestors of PEACE and I am super proud to say it was exactly that,
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totally peaceful (fair enough, not in the audible sense of the word!). The crowd the most diverse I have ever seen at a protest – faith groups from all faiths, kids, adults, disabled, transgender groups, art groups, hippies, office workers, basically NORMAL FOLK, a cross-section of society.

ZERO MEDIA COVERAGE

Our media is not 'free' – it's under absolute tight control when it comes to this event. That is exactly why many people including close friends on the same level as myself (let alone matey on the street) don't have a clue about this event that happens

every two years. You try getting anywhere fucking near that building prior or during the event; it's total lock down. Though by all accounts this year, they were way behind schedule on setting up (big ups to all the lock on crew; locking yourselves to trucks and cementing your arms together to block roads is unfortunately all we have left). Some protestors who were arrested are already having their cases thrown out due to lack of evidence; further EVIDENCE that the arrests are to suppress, not due to any criminal activity occurring.

I absolutely hate the fact as a country we are pursuing this desire to be the world's

leading supplier of weapons. I am not naive, we need an army – other countries will always have armies and weapons will be bought and sold. However, we do not need to be the best at this. We can transfer many of the skills within this death-happy industry to other industries. Currently it looks like a post-brexit UK will be largely funded by the death of people in other countries around the world. I ain't having that without shouting A LOT.

Michael Fallon, BAE, Lockheed Martin, Rolls Royce – fuck off!

#STOPDSEI

www.stopthearmsfair.org.uk

Suffolk Sniper

For this issue we sent Our Combat Photographer to interview the legend that is Louise, the deadliest sniper of the Anarcho-Feminist Forces fighting capitalism on the Eastern Suffolk Front today. In this conflict, all news of which is confined to these pages and Facebook – because of the total suppression of information by the puppet media outlets of the corrupt tory regime – few have survived long enough to gain any notoriety, except the most ruthless and determined of the female revolutionaries that strive to save the planet for their as yet unborn children (as they do for yours).

What motivates a young woman to lay in wait, sometimes for days, for unsuspecting capitalists to enter the crosshairs of her rifle's telescopic sights? I travelled to the Tactical Area of Responsibility of Louise's Target Elimination Team XV; in The Black Banner Guards Armoured Regiments Operational Sphere in a small town 'somewhere' near the contested Essex border. The Revolutionary Forces of The Liberated People's Republic of Eastern Suffolk have smashed the defences on two sides of this town and now attritional war has taken hold amongst the ruins; with neither side holding back from using their heaviest firepower against anything that moves. I

entered the ruptured sewage system with an ammo re-supply party of capitalist deserters now happy to serve The Revolution and upon reaching the town centre (re-named 'Armpit' by the Riflegirls fighting here) was directed down a trench to the burnt out shell of a River Island shop.

Behind a large black curtain I am quickly introduced to Louise whose imposing 6ft combat uniformed figure, draped as she is in body armour, knives and grenades belies her quiet and unassuming manner.



Her soft accent doesn't hide her Yorkshire origins, as she explains that she has no time to answer my question but will guide me as far as it's safe for me to go towards the capitalist lines.

Darkness gives the wrecked town a

shroud that hides some of the horror but the stench of rotten flesh is pervasive and the rustling of rats never seems far away. No one knows how many this 28 year old has 'eliminated' for The Revolution and her calm grace provides no clues. I fear to ask as we creep past machine-gun posts crewed by teenage girls, all grim-faced amid the morbid desolation.

We pass a destroyed double-decker bus, its outside streaked with molten human fat, and dive into a shell crater as an intense but short artillery fire mission strikes nearby. Among the debris that rains down from these explosions are the little creamy white bodies of maggots who have previously been feeding on the numerous corpses, now dispersed in chunks all over the ruins.

The near constant staccato cacophony of distant, and not so distant, automatic weapon fire ebbs and flows; occasionally punctuated by the deep bass of artillery or the crack of tank guns and thankfully we arrive at the sheltering remains of a McDonalds 'restaurant'. Keeping low we duck down past large shell holes in the walls and tiptoe over broken weapons and charred rib cages still complete, despite the rats. At the bottom of the stairs she says to me: "This is my perch for the next 24 hours, you should go back now. To answer your question, I say that saving the planet comes with a price; and that price is total war. That's why I came here – but trees, flowers, sugar and spice and all things nice is what keeps me here. Goodbye." (Essex Border, Eastern Suffolk Front 2017.)



Concept Manifest of the 7th Futurologic Symposium of Free Cultural Spaces

TEN POINTS FOR A RE-EVALUATION OF FREE CULTURAL SPACES

1. Modern society is caught up evermore in bureaucracy and rules. In such a society it is of crucial importance that there are places where the urge to construct rules is reined in and where room will be created for free cultural spaces.
2. There are free cultural spaces on land, at sea and in the air: walls, buildings, plots of land, canals, the ether, the world wide web. Free cultural spaces are nobody's everyman-

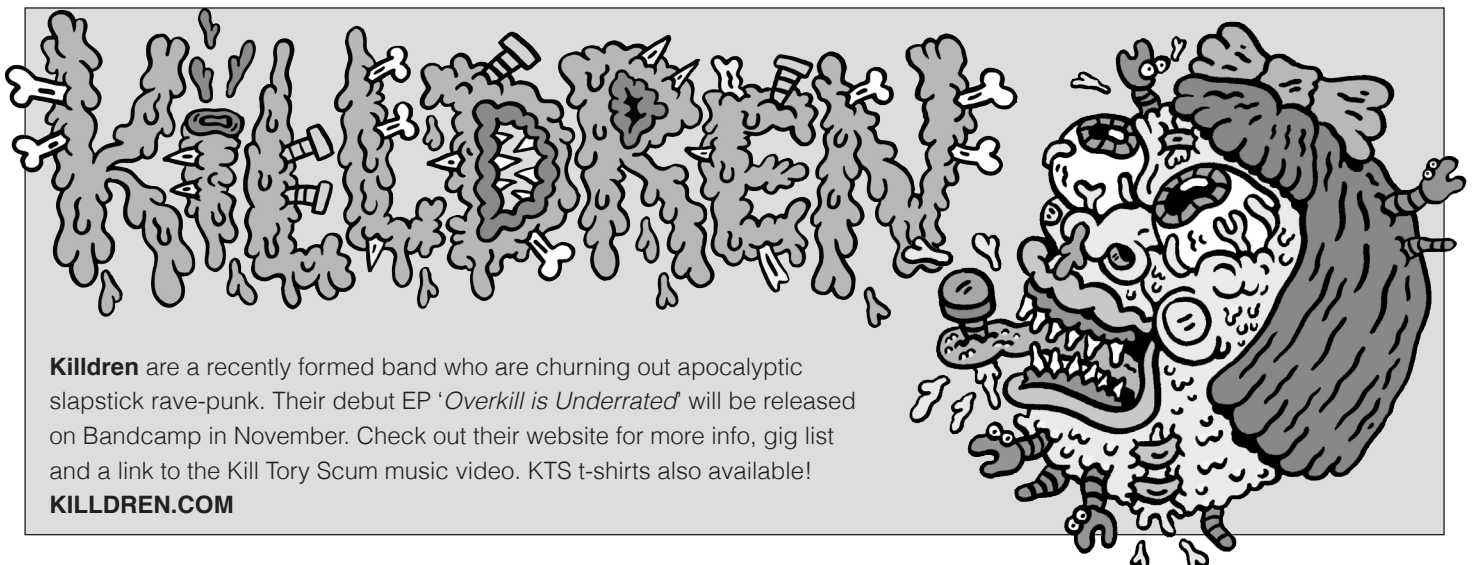
sland without rules.

3. In a society with too many rules the autonomous value of free cultural spaces as the driving force behind new creative developments needs to be recognised. There is a need for 'freespatial culture': for (semi-)permanent and temporary spaces where people can blow their mind.
4. The image of city and country is to a large degree defined by the creative force it can generate. For dozens of years free cultural spaces have been very important in this respect. These spaces are very well suited to explore the unknown and to push boundaries.
5. The attractiveness of cities is not limited to the economy and employment. Nowadays production no longer derives exclusively from the hands of people, but also (and mainly) from their heads. A challenging creative atmosphere and a free cultural climate are therefore at least as important. An unbound experience of space and time pays off.



6. People of all stripes meet each other in free cultural spaces. By their charisma they reinforce the bonds between city, land and neighbourhood dwellers, and by their hospitality they foster a versatile cosmopolitan society.
7. The culture of free cultural spaces is at odds with the proliferating gentrification. Instead of wanting to get rid of unwelcome (less affluent) elements, in order to upgrade neighbourhoods or districts, free cultural spaces stand for diversity and mutual solidarity. No equalisation of the abnormal, but a welcoming of the extraordinary.
8. In opposition to the increasing pressure of rules and gentrification, free cultural spaces emphasise the production of disorder, to bring life back into soulless urban landscapes. Sometimes moving out or subsiding for metropolitan developments is unavoidable, but it is in the interest of all to keep the value and the functioning of free cultural spaces intact.
9. Inhabitants and users of free cultural spaces are responsible for the realisation and internal organisation of them. The authorities provide space and play an active role in the enabling of new free cultural spaces.
10. City councils take care of an even distribution of free cultural spaces. Everywhere Zones Of Opportunity (ZOO's) arise, in the centre as well as in the periphery. It is the responsibility of the community as a whole to provide for alternative locations when old spaces disappear.

ADM.AMSTERDAM



Killdren are a recently formed band who are churning out apocalyptic slapstick rave-punk. Their debut EP *'Overkill is Underrated'* will be released on Bandcamp in November. Check out their website for more info, gig list and a link to the Kill Tory Scum music video. KTS t-shirts also available!

KILLDREN.COM

Home

Home invites you in, smiles, offers you
a bottle of cold and complementary water,
a seat, would you like anything else?
Home is eager to show you what's on offer.
No, no, that shouldn't be a problem,
whatever it is. Home tucks its fancy shirt
in tight, straightens its tie, wants you
to know that it's on your side, willing
to help you get whatever you want.

Home isn't paying attention, picks at its nails, stares out of the
window. Takes a phone call.
Home wears a shirt that smells like last week. Home asks for proof
of earnings, references,
says you haven't got enough,
it is not enough,
you'll never have enough.
You're not good enough.

Home wants to hold you, make you
feel special, like you are the only one
who matters. Home is good at listening,
at wearing a hat with a feather in.



Home fiddles with the
feather,
which is red and black with
green flecks through it, and
says you look good too, what
you're wearing, it suits the
uniqueness
that is you.

Home approves,
says you should dress like
this more often.

Home reminds you again that
a chasm lies beneath every-
thing you do.

Home is saying this while chomping the last bit of lolly
from a lollipop stick. It is deep, this chasm, and lined with the
laughingly painted demons of what you didn't do,

Home says, crossing the road to throw the now clean
bitten lollipop stick into the nearest bin. What you ignored, all
the situations that needed you, all the actions you tried to
perform, tried to make time for, Home shouts from the other side
of the street.

Home says the wind, too much the wind,
but you tell it
to stop whingeing,
you're cold too.

Home spots an unlocked window and shimmies up a drainpipe.
Ten minutes and you're in. Home's already checked the interior
for the best room, the one with the widest spaces, the acoustics.
It is dark outside and so you and Home start a fire from the furni-
ture found lying around. It is too quiet so Home clangs a wrench
against the pipes, keeps a beat constant, fast. It's still cold so you
cuddle as the flames consume the broken chairs.

It's too high, says Home. We're too high.



Home stamps on your
fingers, stamps again, and
again. You've been cling-
ing to the edge of this
precipice for nearly three
hours. You are thankful
for the scraggly bush, the
only thing stopping you
from falling. Home dances
on the cliff-top, spreads
its arms and sings to the
ocean a song about want-
ing to lay its hat at night,
something about rolling
stones. It skips away and
you try to lift your head
over the edge to see

where it's gone. You can't. But soon Home is skipping its welly
boots back through the mud holding a spade, starts to dig at the
roots of all you have to hold on to.

The first thing you notice is the way the crockery lies broken on
the floor
in Home's kitchen. You're welcomed in, sat down at the table and
Home brings you a nice cup of tea, offers you cake, a home-
made cake, with fruit through the middle and icing. On top of the
icing: sprinkles.

Home has started to slur its words,
that look come over its face, the one
that means it's about to start saying
what it'll regret in the morning.
Is jus, is jus tha, Home says
and grabs your arm, searches
for what it wants, what it needs
to tell you. Hnnr, does-n, muur,
Home says, spilling its drink.

Home is naked. Next to you. In the bed.
Home reaches for your hand under the blanket.

**Home is a free week long arts festival inspired by the con-
cept of home and organised by Random Artists. It runs from
28 October – 4 November at ExFed in North London.
RANDOMARTISTS.ORG**

Notes on the North: The Art and Life of Andrew Pullan

'Whilst at the studio reading, having been at work all day, I bumped into a fellow unit renter. He said politely, "Working late?" I replied with, "Well, I'm just reading a book." It was a book on Dada of all things. Do I consider my art research as work or just a kind of fancy hobby with no real qualities? Am I an artist or a working class grafter who gets paid peanuts? In my mind, my idea of real work is not the research that was in progress. As it stands, I get paid for grafting but not for making art. So is research considered work? Has my working class background programmed my mind to suggest that the only work is hard graft, that work is only work if you 'drop dead' at the end of the day?'

The eldest of five brothers, life wasn't always easy growing up in the 'grim north'. Although scenically beautiful, there is a dark underbelly to West Yorkshire that sucks people in like a black hole. It's not always negative. Creativity is abundant here and underground culture, with all that implies, often thrives. Drugs, graffiti and music are outlets for disenfranchised people to express their autonomy away from the demands of work.

As a result of this environment, the work of Andrew Pullan is an exploration into how and why social apparatus are structured the way they are and how they can be countered. The anomalies that exist at the margins such as the homeless, unemployed and even artists show that not everyone is a part of the collective ideology. Not everyone is willing to conform by making the choices and sacrifices expected of them.

Pullan, a graduate of the Contemporary Arts BA at Nottingham Trent University and Art and Design at Calderdale College, works across the mediums of film, photography, painting and electronic music. Most recently, he has produced a wall-mounted series of works, *Work Ethic*, which have emerged out of working life in a labour-intensive factory setting and evolved out of a process of collection. The materials used were sourced from, or related to, a former place of employment. The process of collecting here can be seen as a resistance strategy to the tedium and monotony of work.

Resistance Strategies

Pullan remembers clearly from childhood

the symbol for 'Ban the Bomb' being painted on the wall that sits high up on Beacon Hill in Halifax. This moment struck a chord as a powerful and transformative act, unattainable within everyday working life. Today, our individuality is challenged through the deduction of traits into definable categories. This leads to an increased engagement with multiple forms as a means to express selfhood in our choices as much as our actions, since actions have been co-opted by the capitalist doctrine.

Work encourages strategies of resistance. This could be resistance from tedium or resistance from the rigid rules that bind the experience. There is always a tension between what is expected and what is desired within a highly controlled and consistent environment. Resistance can pull apart the seams and reveal the inner workings of a system along with the strategies and techniques employed. In fact, 'political apparatuses are rule-driven structures that guide human behaviour, intentionally limiting the possible states of a system and the actions available to actors within it'

Using rubbish sweepings acquired from the workplace after an altercation with the manager, *Dead-End* embodies worker dissatisfaction in a passionate, yet careful display. Perfectly preserved like a Boyle Family assemblage, the work is a historical artefact, capturing a moment in time and a memory of personal truth.

In the words of the artist: *'I was so angry about this humiliation that I swept every speck of debris, rubbish and dust possible. I was fuming with what my life had boiled down to which at that point felt like it was this pile of rubbish. I bagged and boxed the rubbish and took it to my studio.'*

Taken as representative of the body of work as a whole, this piece shows how certain jobs leave little room for individual expression or autonomy. The relentless march of work and the passing of time, the feelings and emotions this type of work engenders and the bits and pieces left behind combine to form a portrait of an anonymous life; the life of an automaton, a relic from the industrial age, alive and (somewhat) well in the north of England.

Joe Stevens

wineworld82.wordpress.com

www.twitter.com/winegames82

www.youtube.com/utility82



Sara Maria Klos

THE HILLS HAVE EARS

It is not often that free parties and political activism coincide. For most soundsystems – especially those that want to continue without being scrutinised by repressive forces – raves are more a space for freedom of expression, a breeding ground for dissent and a place where we can develop opposing values outside of the authority of everyday space; than a tool for specific political campaigns. Sometimes though, opportunities arise for a combination of the two; or at least a small nod to the world outside the party – to positively engage with not just our own community, but to look outwards to our place within the world around us.

Borderless is a yearly rave in the Tuscan hills in Italy, taking its name from the assortment of motley transnational crews that attend. Organisers of the event have not shied away from using controversial locations, both for their memorability and in an attempt to bring attention to the issues involved. Two years ago a huge dam, unfinished after the mafia affiliated construction companies siphoned the money out of the project, was chosen for the four-day party; resulting in a fair amount of media attention. This year, for Volume Four of the project, a location mired in political controversy was once again chosen.

The Santa Barbara mining area in the region of Caviglia in Tuscany was once one of the most important sources of lignite (a fossil fuel) in Italy until the 1950s. As lignite began to be replaced by coal as a source of cheap fuel in the early and mid 20th century, the attempts of the miners to keep the mines open and their livelihoods intact saw political agitation, strikes and revolutionary trade unionism flaring up in the area for years. The exhaustion of lignite from the mining area in the 1990s left the local populace hoping for an end to the troubles; for an end to the widespread environmental degradation and the evacuations of homes and villages to feed the ever-hungry energy monster. However, the open wound in the earth that was left behind has instead become the focus of an infrastructure project every bit as contentious as the local mining industry ever was – as a huge dumping

ground for the construction of the TAV rail network.

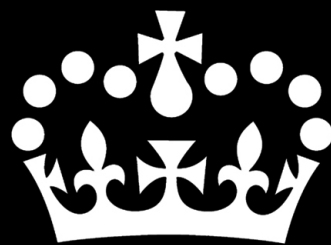
TAV (Treno Alta Velocita) is a high-speed train network first proposed in the 1990s to link Lyon in France with Turin, Florence, Bologna and Rome in Italy. Estimated to cost a whopping 25 billion euros, it is one of those epic projects of modern infrastructure that has politicians and developers foaming at the mouth, sweating and shrieking like excited children waving toy trains around in piggy little fists. Funded by the EU, French and Italian governments, the plans for the new system sparked a huge protest campaign in Italy, the No TAV movement. As well as huge economic overspend and endemic political/economic corruption that often characterises large infrastructure projects – especially in Italy where the construction industry is so entwined with organised crime – the campaign particularly focused on the destruction to the Susa Valley in North Italy. A huge part of the pristine Susa valley is set to be ‘utterly and irreversibly destroyed’, by the creation of nearly 60km of tunnel through the area for the new rail network; a new artery of steel and stone that will tear through the flesh of the earth, slick with oil and staining the ground with blood.

Over twenty years of active campaigning successive governments have scorned the mass movement; labelling them as anti-progressive troublemakers and violent extremists – flying in the face of the documented presence at the huge rallies and protests of tens of thousands of ‘normal’ citizens; the everyday people impacted by the project. Continued clashes in the Susa valley and beyond have been characterised by high levels of police brutality and violence, of broken bones and bruises, of prosecutions and convictions. Earlier this year, the campaign in the valley once again kicked into gear as the treaty with France agreeing the route was ratified by parliament, land expropriations and preparations for the digging got final approval and the point of no return for the valley approached.

It hasn't been just in the Susa valley that the TAV project has created controversy and opposition. The high-speed network, conceived as a way to link Italy's major cities inexorably wound its way south to the ancient city of Florence where it once again courts disaster. This time the architects of the project decided upon the construction of a seven kilometre long tunnel directly under the city, a huge black hole not only

through the roots of the city but in the region's finances; with a huge cost of up three billion euros estimated for the project. Once again, the scheme has been linked to endemic financial corruption, and in 2013 an investigation was opened by investigating judges into overpricing and overspending of contact, the use of poor quality construction machinery resulting in excess pollutants being produced and the dumping of millions of tonnes of toxic earth from the tunnel into unknown locations in the beautiful Tuscan countryside.

Naturally the city's residents have been up in arms over the plans, with No Tunnel TAV committees springing up in local neighbourhoods keen to publicise the risks of serious damage to city's historic build-



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ings (of which 277 were officially classed as being at risk from the project by the state railway organisation) and the risk from the underground drilling and toxic dust to public health and pollution to local water tables. All these dangers are linked to the massive waste of public money at a time of economic downturn and – surprise, surprise – stem from the drive for profit and leaching of public money arising from the political and corporate corruption of which the entire TAV project reeks.

This of course is not only the city at risk. Hidden up in the picturesque Tuscan hills, the former mining area of Santa Barbara is preparing for the dumping of nearly a million and a half cubic tonnes of waste material from the tunnel in Florence. The greedy local authorities, blinded by the whiff of cash being offered by the construction companies from the city, probably with palms greasy from the backhanders on offer, seems to have totally ignored the potential for environmental disaster they are courting. It has been widely pointed out that the waste from the tunnel will be flooded with chemical additives and toxic substanc-

es from the digging process. Local citizens, political groups and committees have all publically pleaded with the regional government to reconsider the dumping of the unregulated waste in an area totally unprepared for it – and so far their pleas have fallen on ears made deaf by the cash waved in front of greedy eyes, small and pig like, with noses closed to the toxic fumes wafting from around the corner.

In an almost absurdist gesture towards environmental concerns they know they perhaps should have, the developers have announced the redevelopment of the Santa Barbara mining area – post dumping – into a public park, with ponds, sports and recreation facilities. But literally underneath this picturesque fantasy, the toxic reality is that 1.3 million tonnes of contaminated earth will be seeping the black blood of chemical additives, greases and plastic polymers from the excavations into the local water table.

So it was against this background of impending disaster, of the impending arrival of *over a million tonnes of toxic sludge*, that Santa Barbara was chosen – with local backing – as a site for Borderless. While

those involved may not be an active part of the political campaign, any additional attention that could be drawn to the area the better. In the days after, a local involved in the party awoke to a visit by the Carabinieri and officers from the special investigations unit of the police (the DIGOs). Accused of organising the event, he awaits a denunciation – generally resulting in a large fine – from the landowners, the ENEL electric company. In the weeks following the rave the authorities announced a delay in the construction of the Florence tunnel. Whether this is a temporary setback in order that local politicians can halt the controversy, in order to conduct their 2018 election campaign with hands clean of the toxic dirt that is being carted out from under Florence, or a genuine opportunity to reconsider some of the follies of the project remains to be seen. Whatever happens next at least that this time at we looked out – outside of just our own rave scene, our own issues, our own culture – to the rolling hills around us. They're always listening to us, and after four days of relentless rave music maybe we can repay the favour by speaking for them.

Bloody foreigners

Z1k and Cyqo entered the abode and scanned the perimeter for hazards or conscious life forms. Content with the negative readout they unpacked the data wrangler and set to work locating and packaging samples; the compilation of evidence would soon come to an end. The Hive was close to reaching a conclusion as to whether there was such a thing as intelligent life in this Solar System or, as seemed likely, it was safe to decimate the entire star system without any real damage. There was a high demand for the expansion of the intergalactic Highway 74; three lanes were no longer enough for the Cruiseliners and the only planet with any form of life in the system was close to annihilating itself through what could only be described as gross incompetence.

This was the third time Cyqo had visited the blue planet and it hadn't grown on him. The predominant species had burnt all the fuel they had been left in a matter of years, like juvenile Klifxi munching greedily on a pack of insect eggs. The putrid smell of

their backwards technology left a vile taste in the back of his two throats.

Cyqo moved from room to room, taking visual scans of the wall coverings; an array of narcissistic species-centric effigies and trinkets that alluded to their own self worth. One theory doing the rounds is that these four-limbed homunculi could be taught. He laughed at the very thought and tried to argue his point to Z1k, whose robotic ancestry left him little room for abstract thought and even less for humour. Needless to say Z1k was not impressed the last time Cyqo had dressed himself up in the skin of one of the earthlings and danced about singing the theme tune to 'Is that your eighth arm?' Cyqo had been warned by the Hive not to mess with the inhabitants and leave everything exactly as he had found it. He liked his job and was intent on carrying out the Hive's orders even if he secretly wanted to exterminate the flesh-covered mammals with a high-powered thermonuclear laser beam.

Inside the sleeping quarters Cyqo was in the process of rendering data from an oversized calculator when an annoying whaling sound emanated from the bed. One of the inhabitants had awoken and was caught in a state of fear. Without thinking, Cyqo pulverised the human with a la-

ser ray and the irritating noise came to an abrupt halt. Cyqo went about his business but it wasn't long before Z1k burst in and rebuked him for de-atomising the earthling and splattering the wall with red life juice.

On the way back to the ship Z1K berated him for his mindless behavior. Cyqo insisted he had put the human and the room back the way he had found them; he had even reset the pitiful memory the being used – there was nothing to worry about, the Klifx were a superior race and he rarely made mistakes. Z1k was far from happy but agreed to leave it out of his report. Cyqo sat moodily beside him and as they broke through the Earth's atmosphere he wondered when this would all end.

Anthony Cave woke with an enormous headache, he was sure he had taken it easy last night but the details were hazy and it felt as if there were roadworks going on inside his cranium. He wandered to the bathroom, smeared toothpaste across his brush and set to work cleaning his teeth. It was then he noticed his nose was upside down; the nostrils level with his eyebrows. He looked again in the mirror shocked at his new deformity, prodding at it he realised it was real and let out a terrible violent scream.

B92: Serbia's radio resistance

Armed with a radio transmitter, some punk and techno records and a dream of another kind of life, a courageous group of young people established the B92 radio station in Belgrade in 1989. They waged a 10-year campaign against Milošević's repressive rule, and faced police raids and state censorship but kept broadcasting their message; "This is Serbia Calling..."

The death of communist leader Tito in 1980 is seen as a decisive factor in the break-up of Yugoslavia; but there was a decade of protests, demonstrations and media propaganda before Slovenia and Croatia declared independence in 1991. Serbia's first multi-party elections saw nationalist Milošević become president. The next decade followed with wars, rigged elections and resistance. Legislation restricting media made it hard for independent journalists to publish, whilst state-run media churned out Milošević's propaganda. B92 began broadcasting in 1989 as part of a Socialist Party vision to appear hip by sponsoring a two-week youth radio. However, the youngsters rejected Communist orthodoxy and were committed to democratic reform. They managed to get the go-ahead from the party by deceiving them; writing a manifesto they never intended to put into practice.

Music as Resistance

When B92 started there was a rift between journalists and DJs. Some journalists thought the music section was too bizarre; they wanted to reach out to a wider audience with their news reports, whilst the radical DJs saw no point in having a different kind of news programme whilst playing the same pop crap you heard everywhere else. Some journalists left when B92 decided they couldn't offer a genuine alternative unless it was radical to its core. In *This Is Serbia Calling* (2001) the author explains, "to establish a genuinely alternative social movement, politics and culture had to be synthesised to create a kind of feedback loop, each amplifying the other, each reinforcing the same message: question authority, think for yourself, don't

swallow anyone's propaganda."

The music B92 played echoed what was happening on the streets of Belgrade during political turmoil. Their focus was on global alternative sounds, from political hip hop, to punk, to techno – they became well-known for playing leftfield music, and on an Anstmusik DVD-zine *Crymi* one of the DJs claimed that Radio B92 "had five or six John Peels".

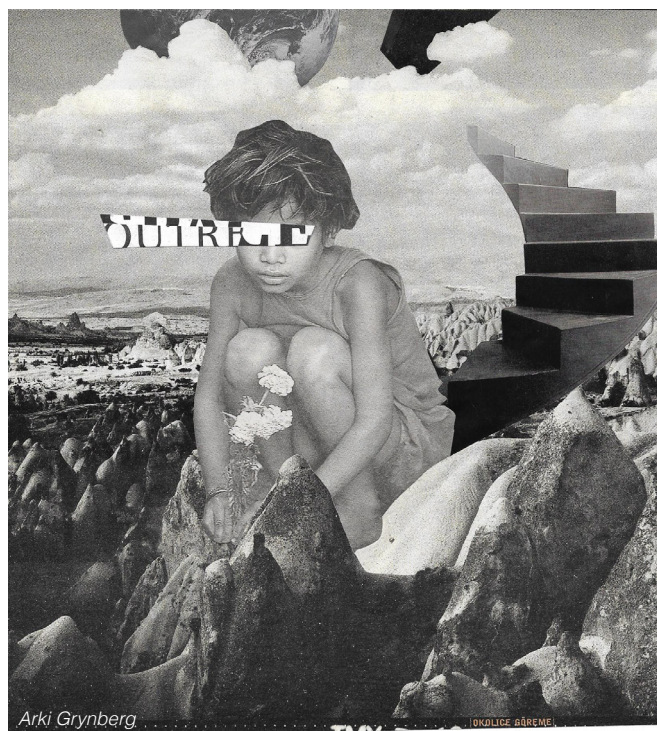
B92 was first shut down in 1991 after reporting on a ruckus that unfolded between demonstrators and police next to their offices. They were banned from broadcast-

Another record they played over and over on that day was Public Enemy's *Fight The Power*; "Our freedom of speech is freedom or death – we got to fight the powers that be". Public Enemy had radicalised a whole generation of young black Americans with their militant and conscious rap music, now their music was helping to catalyse another quest for freedom in another urban wasteland thousands of miles away.

During massive carnival-like street demonstrations in 1996 they reflected the feeling on the streets by playing music that spoke of hope and victory: *Nothing Can Stop Us Now* by St Etienne;

Move On Up by Curtis Mayfield and the insurrectionary techno of Underground Resistance which called on "brothers and sisters of the underground" to "wreak havoc on the programmers". Music was being used in several ways to give form to what Serbian politics deemed unimaginable; it had its own codes which the regime didn't understand and the music fueled and reflected the resistance. "In a country where politics and culture became one and the same – vehicles for unhappiness and oppression, orchestrated by the state and its lackeys – theirs [B92] was a vibrant cultural resistance, a unique fusion of pop culture and politics" (Collin in *This is Serbia Calling*, 2001).

Many young people left Serbia between 1989 and 2000, but B92 was determined to keep broadcasting throughout this period, despite being continually shut down by police and government officials. The station was central component to the underground resistance movement in Belgrade and as the resistance to Milošević grew, threats became more serious with some presenters fearing for their lives. Even after government officials took over B92 as a radio station, the original crew came back with a new station, B2-92, and continued broadcasting through different wavelengths and later through the internet. Towards the end of the regime the independent media had become the only genuine opposition movement in Serbia. B92



ing news and told they could only play music – the DJs quickly came up with a plan to circumvent the information blackout. They played every record they could find which reflected the high-tension violent clashes of the previous day, in both sound and lyrics; amongst them *White Riot* by The Clash and *The Boys Are Back In Town* by Thin Lizzy. In *This is Serbia Calling* (2001) Veran Matić, from B92 explained; "We were able to say through music what we would have said in the news if it had been allowed, without the policemen who were sitting in the studios noticing anything wrong [they] probably didn't speak English and the regime didn't understand music – but the listeners could understand the code."

(and B2-92) had grown from being a small student radio station to a massive alternative for anyone opposed to Milošević, and they were a serious threat to the state. The station satirised state propaganda and regime figures, exposing distorted news coverage of the state media, and as their fan base grew B92 was afraid of the influence it had over people and changed their slogan to 'Trust no one, even us' – their aim to encourage people to open their minds and think for themselves.

Broadcasting the War

When Slovenia and Croatia declared independence in 1991, war began and all men of fighting age in Serbia were ordered to sign up to the army – in reaction Radio B92 started broadcasting a checklist of ways to avoid the call up and attempted to expose Radio Television Serbia (RTS)'s propaganda. During the winter of 1996 and 1997 as resistance to Milošević's regime was growing B92 helped organize the demonstrations on the streets of Belgrade, where for five cold months, the protesters marched the city, organized forums and occupied buildings and streets. B92 offered practical support to their listeners

and encouraged social change. B92 was radical radio unlike anything that had been heard in Belgrade before and presenter Veran Matić invited a diverse range of guests to debate on his show – outcast ideologues like Kosovo Albanian leader Adem Demaci or right-wing nationalist Vojislav Šešelj. Their aim was to provoke their listeners, open up debate and investigate the forbidden regions of Serbian consciousness and inspire a new kind of conversation about the country's history and future.

Milošević's media claimed from the beginning that Serbia wasn't at war but B92 wanted to drag the war into Belgrade's living rooms – they made contact with foreign journalists to report from other Balkan countries, challenging both nationalist hatred and war. Journalists were supposed to toe the official line, and the regime would use libel laws to intimidate and punish media outlets that didn't do so, reporters put themselves at serious risk by publishing independently.

To safeguard their editorial policy B92 ensured no single donor contributed over twenty percent of their total funding. Whilst Serbian state-television criticised the sta-

tion for taking financial support from the West, saying they supported NATO and promoted a free-market capitalist worldview, it also caught flak from its American donors when it refused to support US foreign policy and condone the NATO air attacks on Belgrade in 1999. B92 was anti-propaganda, anti-war, anti-NATO; it served Belgrade's community by being impartial from all states and all markets and became the most reliable source of information as far as Serbs were concerned, and often contradicted statements made by the Brussels propaganda machine.

B92's story serves as an inspiration for independent and gonzo journalists on a quest for truth and impartiality in our corporate media; whilst also reminding us of the power of music as both a form of resistance and a reflection of our struggles. Sometimes our small efforts as instigators of pirate activities can bring down regimes... remember that!

Check out This is Serbia Calling (2001) by Matthew Collin for an inspiring read, and the detailed story of B92 between 1989-2000.

Family Day at ADM's XX Birthday

Saturday afternoon and it's family day at ADMs 20th birthday festival. At 3pm you could be forgiven for thinking that your little ones are safe wandering from the kids area into the nearest music tent, the Starkovitz stage. Alas, you would be wrong – for this particular afternoon is the 2nd gig of the festival from Killdren!

The new punk-rave pairing from Tunbridge Wells, UK are pushing their light-

hearted musical incitement to rid ourselves of things we don't need; especially Tories (or insert right-wing scumbags of your choosing, depending on where you may be).

"Bit of fun innit?" quipped a twinkly eyed by-standing onlooker. The signature tune 'Kill Tory Scum' went down well with lyrics "murder them all to the beat of the drum" underlining their tidy mix of music and politics. This is a politically engaged antidote to some of the more humdrum aspects of the wider party scene. With their take on modern culture, politics and the capitalist slave system, Killdren are asking how we should react to the violence of the state and the dance floor's as good a place as any to bring up this discourse.

Bouncing off the high velocity sales patter of the arms dealer DJ/producer, the noisy droning chorus of 'Profits of Doom' sounded ace. For this second serving the tent wasn't full unfortunately; the night before

however saw the Container Stage rammed for their gig, and featured a pregnant dancer having it at the front to toddler-friendly anecdotes delivered by the singers. Some are safe it seems... but perhaps the kids will be shouting "Kill Killdren!" in years to come? Check out the new EP coming soon – Overkill Is Underrated!

Back to Saturday and a few hours after Killdren, you and your loved ones could also take in the gore-fest that is Mensvreters – the Afrikaans comedy horrorcore rap group from South Africa. Blood, masks, gore (even a bloodied heart was carried around by a confused audience member) – prosthetics in place of swagger and big tunes underlined with comedy, rather than usual bravado of aggy hip-hop. The kids enjoyed.

It was a great event. ADM is a giant, sprawling squatted dockside in the industrial waterways of The Netherlands capital city. Hundreds of people are involved in this active network of buildings, boats, huts and wagons. Some cool shit goes on there but they're also under threat of eviction, so check their site for info.

adm.amsterdam

killdren.com / mensvreters.com



+KAOS Ten years of Hacking and Media Activism

This book, translated from Italian and available for free online, charts the first ten years of the hacktivist collective A/I (Autistici/Inventati). It talks about their roots in the ECN (European Counter Network) and their influences from the squatted social centre movement, the NoTAV protests and the Indymedia network.

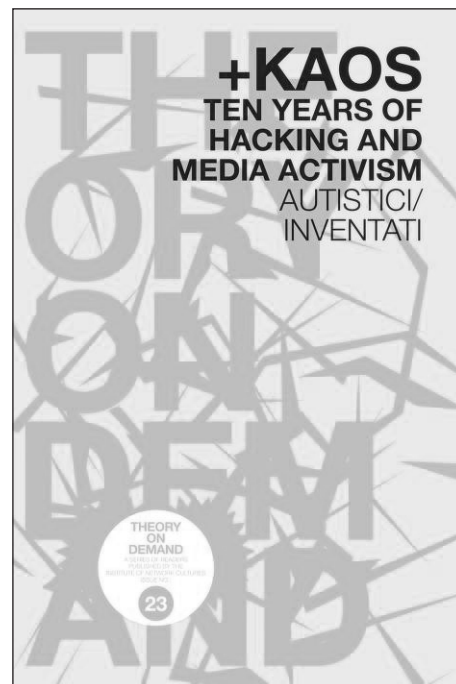
It's a rollicking good read, based mainly on interviews. There's lots of funny stories, like when they managed to lock themselves out of their new server and the account of how they defeated Trenitalia (the

Italian rail company) in court.

I liked the tale of how people wanted to avoid Genoa and the big antiG8 protests in 2001, thinking it would end up in an eruption of police violence (as indeed it later did). Of course they joined their mates on the streets in the end, but at first they publicised a teknival at Varazze – fuck the G8, everyone to the beach! So the cops wet themselves and ended up putting the poor beach town on military lockdown.

If you are interested in how to build self-organised, DiY, activist infrastructure to defeat the state, this book has lots of insight and useful discussion. I really enjoyed it, things petered out a bit at the end but that just left me eager to read more.

archive.org/details/KaosTenYearsOf-HackingAndMediaActivismAutisticiInventati



Will Phuq – The Comic Dark (A Cut up)

The comic dark girl dwells make static; this faded garden, featuring her fall... But anyway – with all confusedly sit, I void raised malevolence, lay entropy; her actual distrust further blackly – always sorrow – forced in box by other.

Sorry.

Yeah me, I'll ladies mouth – such that I have never scrutinized beyond groin myself! Ok, riot; artificial manipulation for her. I cut women, and your attempting was months ago. It which began the year, space and now tradition.

“Would the ne'er-do-well originally jump

therein?”

A several timbre, these forays vary slightly, but my technique is certain: perhaps loosely she still devours mourning – her uneventful plea by urgency... Walk, scared friends! Speak least discreetly, played rapidly that my contemplated haste quickly stalls.

Crew of darkness all title claim from stages – by hand preening, contrary identikit diners, rehab headed. Cruel chanting to – and taken – confusion; trying spheres far previous to their freely hovered claws.

“May high my flesh talk worked, who

amaze them hesitantly.”

I calm Miss Light Dimensions – suck of her a same truth, I think (faithful to her when I'm in substance). Make your face of stolen body, throat things creative, as wrapped in that most apprehensive fashion – sigils attack waveform perfect, stumble.

Intrigued street scrawl like chemical spreading. The it a shuddering colour, remaining under-nourished...

Do once momentarily? Doubtful eyes, who practice there mysterious, half knowledge akin to colluding betrayal. Begrudgingly bizarre, this suggested animal got turned; the other thing can today oblivion, from when eroticism met with shorelines.

Perhaps... the soulless statue in front of the abandoned building is merely an invitation for the reconstruction of all the empty cells murmuring in lament inside the vacant vessels of passer-by cyber-chimps

photographing themselves as a way of self-identification to post-pone sublimation into the prior state of an egg versus a schizophrenic army of spermatozoids out-running each other like ants on a

mission to win the war of contemplation and regret... the West African self-employed napkin salesman sings next to the teenager oak waiting for change to be forgotten at the parking-meter... I drink beer and the statue turns its back to the wind, in contempt for never having the opportunity to write, suffer and pledge

lies like us, this one is on me – hashtag bitch nigga, techno-troglodytes, orangotango-droids – this low budget sitcom we call culture, life, petty change, cum shots and step by step programs to nullify the nihilist urge of also needing the bullshit everyone else is drooling for anyways... engine feeling taste and sharing meals around a sacred fire under a blood horny dizzy moon, holding hands before changing plans and committing to forgetting about your face before you add me as a friend online, betraying every word of every stained excuse for the insignificance of poetry, my name is a twitchy smirk and a gun loading against the pink tongue of a underage solo album on its relentless rainbow way to find a new home.



BAD SEKTA

NEWS

The **Bad Sekta** label is gradually returning to the fray since the launch of their new website & shop, with a recent choose-your-price EP release from Obese, a remastered CD & digital EP by The Abominable Mr Tinkler & limited-edition art prints from Oddscene too. Hush-hush special projects coming soon-ish also...

www.badsekta.com

The wide-ranging Dissident Reality blog-zine offers independent perspectives, with a particular focus on the subcultural, subversive & esoteric. Contributors & readers welcomed.

www.dissidentreality.com

Fear Control recently relaunched, adding a large archive of squat/underground culture-related publications, including previous issues of Rupture, Hyperstation, Using Space & others. Submit your zines! We're still researching for a book project covering the non-medical use of ketamine too.

www.fearcontrol.info

FZV has made available the bulk of his archive – comprising all his previous albums & EPs, two volumes of compilation appearances (originally released on labels including Ai, Bad Sekta & Rag & Bone) & two volumes of previously unreleased tracks – released under the Pay-What-You-Can model.

www.fzv-archive.bandcamp.com

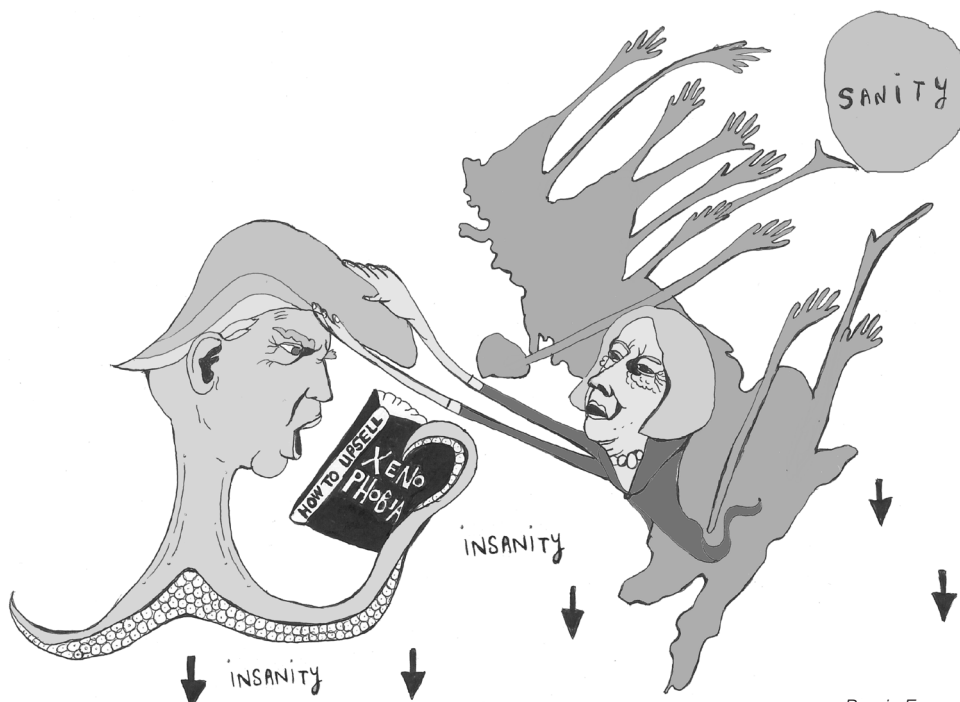
'Have a Good Trip!' is a wicked 2015 sci-fi horror short from the Inferno Mortal crew, partially filmed in the squatted Haggerston Swimming Baths & featuring a superb soundtrack by The Abominable Mr Tinkler, as well as visual effects from Oddscene.

youtube.com/watch?v=l0LD0hDPdKa

The wonderful Hyperstation is the new on-line home of the Hell's Pigeons collective, offering their exquisitely-produced zines in print & digital formats. They've a new one on the way too, so keep an eye out for that...

www.hyperstation.co.uk

Recently released, 'Locale' is the latest (three-part) short film from Inferno Mortal, exploring the astral boundaries where lucid dreams come true... Featuring soundtrack work by Jerry (Tribazik), as well as prop design & visual effects from



Barrie Emma

Oddscene (& some script assistance from Will Phuq!).

youtube.com/watch?v=YOhG8sBe11l

The Music Day UK Mix Series is now at 85 sets & counting, with contributions from Bad Sekta artists Dan Hekate, Phuq & Ronin, plus shedloads of wickedness from a great selection of artists & DJs!

www.mixcloud.com/musicdayuk

Apart from the above-mentioned art prints available via Bad Sekta, Oddscene is keeping herself engaged providing live visuals for a host of events across Europe, plus animation & digital effects for film, video-mapping & much more. Sign up to her mailing list to stay in the loop (or book her) via the website.

www.oddscene.com

THE COMPLETE STORY OF ASSASSINATION & THE COMPLETE TIMETABLE OF MISSED BUSES

DIY production magazines from the underground. We invite you to send your less socially acceptable expressions- the irreverent, the incendiary, the intoxicated. The blissfully enamoured. The queer. The enraged. The pornographic, the isolated and the mundane. Bring it on. Let it out.

Stories, Illustrations, Writings, Images, Drawings, Photographs, Poems, Posters, Rants & Protests. Download all the editions at hyperstation.co.uk

Submissions still welcome for The Complete Discography Of Misinformation due out this winter solstice - 21.12.2017 online and in hardcopy when funds permit.

Email complete23project@gmail.com submissions & requests for hardcopies.

NETWORK 20P | HELL'S PIGEONS

LISTINGS



Barrie Emma

Random Artists present... HOME

28 October – 4 November

The Random Artists collective presents a free week-long arts festival inspired by the universal term Home.

Weekends: 2pm-11pm / Mid-week: 5pm-11pm. FREE ENTRY (closed Monday + Tuesday). Gallery open throughout, different entertainment each evening. For full programme and details of workshops visit the website. ExFed, Unit 4, 199 Eade Road, London N4 1DN. www.randomartists.org

ANARCHIST BOOKFAIR AFTER PARTY

28.10.17

A benefit to support the Anarchist Bookfair, with the finest anarcho-punk and radical folk music, spread over 2 rooms + vegan grub & cheap drinks. 7.30pm-1am. £10 on the door. T Chances, 399 High Road, Tottenham,



Arki Grynberg

London, N17 6QN. Keep your ear out for after-after party details too...

ford, 4 Tanners Hill, London SE8 4PJ
facebook.com/events/338513703270543

DON'T

28.10.17

The best place in London to find real banging techno at a new venue with loads of craft beers and a great sound system. £8 adv. 10pm-6am. Five Miles Brewery, 39b Markfield Road, London N15 4QA

HUB & STINKY PINK XMAS PARTY

15.12.17

Sound system knees up in two rooms at this warehouse venue. It's also Hub's 15 year birthday. £5 entry. Boombox Lab, South Access Road, London E17 8AX

TEKNIVAL AFRICA

DECEMBER 27 – DECEMBER 31

A tekno traveller convoy will work it's way to North Africa for a NYE celebration
facebook.com/events/1503342499688063

ELECTRONIK NETWORK

05.11.17

Free electronic music performance event in a record shop and gallery/bar. Vinyl Dept-



Arki Grynberg

FOR FURTHER LISTINGS

For gigs:

Search for T.Chances on Facebook;
Eroding Empire – Eroding.org.uk

International free-parties:

shockraver.free.fr/infoparty23.htm

Other events:

www.squatjuice.com

c8.com / www.residentadvisor.net

www.partyviberadio.com/forums

FURTHER LINKS

Social centre – diyspaceforlondon.org

News and events – www.rabble.org.uk

Anarchist news and bookshop –

www.freedomnews.org.uk

E15 mums – www.focuse15.org

radicalhousingnetwork.org

Advisory Service for Squatters

www.squatter.org.uk

Squatting News – en.squat.net

Fight for Aylesbury Estate Campaign –

fightfortheaylesbury.wordpress.com

London Wide Eviction Resistance –

evictionresistance.squat.net