



RUPTURE

Policy aim: Gun down the vulnerable – AUTUMN 2015

Scum like us?

Send stuff to rupture@headfuk.net

The online archive can be found at
randomartists.org/rupture.shtml

It was that time of year again...

Halloween always brings with it the ensuing mayhem of huge raves up and down the country – and this year was no different, with at least three large parties in the parts of the country where the rave scene is at its largest (London, the South West and East Anglia-ish).

However, once again, it was Scumow-

een and the chaos surrounding it that had both the national and social media lit up like an early bonfire. Controversy has tended to follow the Scum parties around fairly consistently during its ten or so year history of huge London raves; but this year has perhaps raised the bar.

In recent years, Scum organisers would appear to have thrived on creating con-

frontation with the authorities in London. 2010's Squat Monster's Ball, in a former Royal Mail depot right on New Oxford Street in central London, similarly ended in pictures of running clashes with riot police with accompanying appropriately disgusted headlines across an outraged media – 'Rave hordes in 18 hour spree of
Continued inside...

IN DEFENCE OF THE SCUM: EIGHT ARGUMENTS REFUTED

"They're not part of the scene" – Untrue, Scum Tek's go back years, and have been huge, amazing parties with loads of well-known rigs. They have attracted new people – and that's clearly upset some heads – but it doesn't not make them part of the scene.

"They're glory hunters" – Yes and so what? That's what made the parties so big and inspired the new wave of more mainstream kiddy crews to give it a go. You don't have to like those parties, but don't be a dick about it: it's great they exist. Rave is for everyone.

"They organised it on Facebook" – This indeed brought the parties to the attention of the cops, but it also brought 100s of working-class kids into an underground, subversive scene; kids getting an idea that the existing property relations can be beaten if you have strength in numbers and are bold – and not just buildings, but in general.

"The kids they attracted don't get the scene and its values" – It's all very well for the wealthy to drop out and do something a bit off the beaten track, squat or live on site, but their interests ultimately lie with the way things are. In the end, it's the kids in the new trainers and neat hair that have an interest in changing society completely – encouraging and channeling their rebellion is a good thing.

"Trouble was inevitable with that location" – Who are we blaming for the riot, the kids or the police who attacked them with batons for attempting to walk past them into an empty building for a dance? Also at the current time an anti-establishment party opposite Westminster is just what we need; see next point.

"It caused a riot" – No, the police caused a riot; but yes – it was likely and lots of anti-government messages were posted before the event. Good. Austerity, the completely bullshit idea that the world is 'in debt' and money for schools, hospitals, and job creation 'isn't available' should mean riots just like Thatcher's neo-liberal policies caused in the 80s. On the frontline I told a kid to at least put his hood up to avoid identification.

He said, "I don't care mate, I've got fuck all going for me. No job, no home, fuck all."

"It makes things harder for parties" – Though there was a central London party the week before maybe it will be harder for a while now, but overall the number of new people brought in by Scum Tek and its copycats far outweighs the police attention.

"Trouble puts people off" – Really? Then why were they 5,000 people attending on the Facebook page despite it being quite clearly confrontational and the last event was a riot? Surely if that puts people off it would have been smaller? The truth is people want to rebel as they party; and actually that's what the scene is about as much as hedonism – right back to our origins in the anarcho-punk squat gigs 30 years ago. Unlike the past decades, despite the fact that capitalism is increasingly discredited, unemployment is at 3 million and homelessness and social cleansing are wrecking our cities, we don't have much of a rebellious culture. Anyone attempting to build one should be applauded. Scum Tek is dead – long live the Scum!

Read more red rubbish at:
facebook.com/redlondon17

Continued from the front...

destruction' read the Daily Mail.

This years Scumoween, openly promoted on Facebook, once again resulted in widespread clashes with police. With meeting points in Kings Cross and Waterloo stations, 4000 people pledging to attend on Facebook and a location in a deprived inner-city area, some level of confrontation was probably inevitable. Witnesses describe fairly serious violence on both sides; there's videos in the media of heavily suited-and-booted Old Bill smashing an unarmed girl in the head with a baton – which according to a journalist who witnessed the incident appeared to provide a 'trigger for the subsequent trouble' – and multiple accounts of riot cops attacking unarmed and peaceful attendees. Even mainstream media reports have described the police turning very violent very quickly, not particularly surprising in itself for those familiar with the Met.

The scale of the violence and destruction meted out by the crowd however is perhaps the surprising – and more controversial – part. Scaffold bars, fire extinguishers and, according to a sensationalist media at least, a petrol bomb were hurled in the streets and from the roof of the party building by a small minority of people intent on serious violence. Many inside the party tried to stop them and halt the violence, from inside the venue at least, but with little effect, as gangs of kids simply ran around the building causing havoc with little regard for what anyone from the organisation side thought. Out on the streets, in running battles with the Old Bill, a local warehouse was trashed as well as cars totalled on the street.

MAP THE LOT

As a historical project, we are mapping squatted social centres for West European cities. London currently has 263 projects dotted all over the capital, but there are of course many more still to be added. Tekno party venues were normally not added since there have been so many, although places such as Waterden Road and the Odeon Parkway are listed since they did turn into social centres in a way (the term is used pretty loosely). It's sometimes been a bittersweet feeling to read about all these amazing projects which have existed and then got

evicted, but it's also inspiring for future plans. Check out Bzigeuleuschmeuldeu, the Cambodian embassy, Dis'ASDA, the Spiky thing with curves, the Wages for Housework Campaign squats and many more at maps.squat.net.

To add a squat or correct the information already on the maps you would be welcome to either send an email addtomap@riseup.net or use the comment system on the site. Note that for a new project the minimum required information to get onto the map is: Address / Date begun / Date ended (if ended). The more information on top of that the better, including links, photos etc.

Whatever the exact details of what happened, it would certainly appear that the police were fairly keen on a fight when the opportunity presented itself. At best, they created an easily avoidable public order situation by blocking off the entrance in the face of huge crowds; and at worst deliberately engineered a riot. After 2010's Scumoween, and given the long and varied history of huge Scum raves in London, it would be of no surprise if the Met and local authorities were keen for an excuse to crush Scum – and the wider, now somewhat declined, London squat party/rave scene. Conversations officers had with those outside made it clear that they'd been monitoring the event, and the number due to attend on Facebook, and had the riot squad prepared in advance.

Certainly, after whipping the national media into a frenzy in the last week or two they now have that excuse. In the face of police cuts and cutbacks, the Met now have the

pictures of Halloween events to wave in the faces of politicians the next time they're prioritising their spending. Like after 2010, its probably going to get fairly on-top when it comes to doing raves in London for a bit.

But then, wasn't it already? As London becomes more and more of a playground for the super rich, squatting becomes harder and underground culture continues to feel the pinch, were Scum right to attempt to make some kind of stand?

It's debates over questions like this that seemed to dominate Facebook (for about a week anyway) and raver-related social media. Slightly ridiculously, many people took the view that Scumtek organisers encouraged the violence; seemingly taking the right wing's headlines a bit too literally.

As several apparent Scum crew took to the pages of Time Out several days later to point out, they had called out in their communications before the party for people to 'stay peaceful, stay calm' and 'do not antagonise the police'. The violence that ensued on the night was far more a reflection of doing openly Facebook-promoted raves in deprived inner-city areas, where some people hate the police than anything else.

Yet it cannot be denied that the choice of venue and the way it was promoted created a huge confrontation, the results of which were, if not inevitable, at least likely. Whatever your views on what happened – for now the violence that occurred at Scumoween seems to have played fairly well into the hand of the authorities. But after all, it is London, and we're sure that in one incarnation or another Scum and the various crews involved will be back to cause chaos once again.



Syrian Subotnik

I was just standing up from dinner when I heard the first two gunshots. The unmistakable 'pop pop' of rifle fire; higher and quieter than a handgun or the crack of countryside shotguns we knew from our European homelands.

"That's not even a block away – that's definitely gunfire – right there – other side of that building – gunfire" I said quickly but relatively calmly to Hanna, who remained seated. She didn't seem to return my concern until a YPG fighter rushed past us down the road, pulling his camo vest over his pajamas, AK in hand.

"Okay" Hanna conceded standing up, "Okay."

The area began to come alive with shouts in Kurdish, and families started peer out of their doorways down towards the city centre. Some boys took position on the roof overlooking the area where the shooting started, as more YPG arrived and took position on the corner. I went to my container, a metal box with probably the only sit down toilet in Kurdistan, and noised up Fiks. Fiks, like most of the brigade at one point, had fallen ill due to a combination of dodgy water, dodgy food, and working in 40° heat. All of my German comrades could speak some English, but me and Fiks had a special bond: through his love of Brit culture he could swear in English.

"Fiks. Fiks. FELIX!"

"Argh what the fark do you want you blardy barggah?"

"There's shooting. Nearby."

He groaned and rolled over, moving the damp towel back over his head.

"...Vot? Farkov. No."

Pop pop. Two more shots, a cacophony of shouting and a maelstrom of pointing and peering in the darkness.

I thought through the evac drill we had been over only that morning; and just like at primary school we were having an alert the very same day – the wiser kids would be rolling their eyes, same as every year. They knew there was never a real fire. But this wasn't primary school and in the last attack 220 people had died. We were lucky to be on the other side of the city then with enough time to move, but our drill didn't provide for fighting starting in the same block as us.

And what was I going to do with Fiks? And all the other, bigger, iller comrades? We'd struggle to carry them. I remembered of course we had four wheelbarrows. Some were way too tall, Germanically tall, to fit in a wheelbarrow – but I'd easily dump Fiks in one. The foulmouthed Bavarian bridge troll; I'd rather be kidnapped with him anyway.

I kicked off my sandals and pulled on my snide Syrian Nikes – already coming apart, but a steal at 9 euro, and probably the best days business the shoe shop had seen in years. 'Popop pop – pop' rang out from the same place again. Was that an exchange of fire? It sounded like the same gun, but then again everyone has Russian AKs; our side and ISIS.

We had survived the June 25th massacre and decided to stay, making us now the only big group of internationals in Kobane. We were a great target, but well protected; how did they know where we were and how did they get so close?

I stood alert as around me the camp went into evacuation mode, waking the ill, checking the route.

Shouting came from behind the wall now.

Then laughter and more shouting.

Three YPG fighters lowered their rifles as our neighbour came round the corner looking sheepish, carrying his own gun by the barrel as he made his explanations; something in his other hand I couldn't make out. Mehmet, our most regular guard, came over, trying to explain between laughter to one of the Kurdish comrades in our brigade.

She listened and frowned. "There was... A snake?" Mehmet spoke again. "Yes, there was a snake. The neighbour, he was shoot at the snake." More Kurdish. "The snake is dead."

"He shot it? With an AK? Jesus! I'm not surprised it's dead. Jeeesus." We all broke into laughter as the tension in our chests dissolved.

Fiks stumbled from the door of our container, half clothed, wrapped in bedding. "Vot the blardy fark..." he reeled slightly, taking in a headrush, "is going on, you liddle wankahs?"

I gestured to our neighbour who was now proudly brandishing the dead snake.

"Meingott. This explain nothing." He said shaking his head and grasping in his sheets for a cigarette.

Gary Oak

www.facebook.com/redlondon17



Fuck Fuck Fuck, subject immaterial

Starting off with a bang – the firework explodes – looks like there's enough civilian explosives in the crowd to make this a lively one.

The first Fuck Parade took up the banner of the 'poor doors protest' at the No.1 Aldgate high-rise, which unashamedly boasted a secondary entrance for the less salubrious of its tenants; no red-carpet valet service for those minimum-quota-satisfying affordable-housing-units shoved off to the side.

Another bang, and the camera toting lay-media types crowd round in excitement. Now there's smoke bombs and Gabba as another sound system turns up with massively-distorted dance music blaring; and die-hard fans chuck out some shapes.

More purple smoke, more cans and more chanting sees the street taken over in a critical mass of people who are a little bit pissed and just want to dance. Familiar faces in the crowd; the masked contingent of trouble-makers we hear about hijacking 'peaceful' demonstrations eager for destruction and rampage.

The pseudo-organic process of anti-kettling street-party-conga-line begins – a direction-less mob, perambulating though the city; a 'critical mass' on legs; a bipedal noise-machine that stretches from the eager keenos to the lagging types, who just stopped to have a wee.

A torrent of smoke bombs spurt their wares as traffic on Tower Bridge screeches to a stand still. Banners unfurl and many a photo opportunity is there to be taken advantage of; lean back on a railing and crack another can; a little bit of dancing and the surely it's time to move on as the flashing blue lights multiply.

See, the British police are, controversially, very clever compared at least to what we see on the mainland – those cops armed with their water cannon and various gases to employ tactics of dispersion; running battles with cops whilst getting a drenching/exfoliation service pisses people off, heightens blood pressure, heightens tension – and possibly lowers cholesterol – but ultimately ups the game in the next clash; the red queen hypothesis encapsulated.

Whereas the massively-reserved British poo-lice work on a system of containment (how many times have you been kettled for hours and hours?); bored-fucking-straight

premeditated suppression tactics. Who wants to protest when protest means getting tea-potted, tea-bagged or spooned by the TSG? It was during the student riots that a lot of lessons were learned. Now you don't stop moving ever – ever, unless there's a lovely / dogmatically British view to look at, and a media circus to placate.

Pandemonium ensues – there's a fight over some banner-connected polyprop. Happy protester types and baton-waving, smiling Bobbies implore each other to fuck off. Clearly, they want their bridge back and so finally it's time to move on – on and on, though the streets of south London. Taking on a more carnival atmosphere, a lovely day out for the kids; and on, pissheads stumble by the wayside and those cardiovascular exercises start to pay off; and on, speakers continue to peak 808 kick-drums and happy fun-times turns into the Anarcho London Marathon/Drinkathon 2015; from Aldgate – Tower bridge – Tooley st – London Bridge – Holborn – Soho. Bollocks to that, but better than a tour bus and a fuck lot cheaper; solidarity and comradery swell the hearts of those few who finish the race.

Ultimately, the proof of concept had

worked – Fuck Parade 1 had a tick in the box. It is true, subject immaterial, from phantom-baseball to an elongated strolling riot – if you build it, they will come.

And come they did; north London this time, to a battle ground very much lost – the gentrification of Camden. You see, every Fuck Parade has a different flyer, a different motto and a different single issue. Focusing on single-issues works; it's really easy, it lets people relax, unwind and not have to get bogged down in a quagmire of manifestos. Q: So what's this all about then? A: Well, the rich don't pay their taxes and they steal our homes and they cut down forests and wear fur and buy electronic goods filled with child blood and war minerals; plus my dole's been halved... The single-issue cause shines through; the single-issue MP, the single-issue campaign group and, of course, the single-issue mini-riot / 12v DIY boyracer-sound-system-penis competition.

This time, Fuck Parade single-issue issued-ness was strolling down the Mecca of shame, the corporates' take on the 'alternative scene'; the racks of Nirvana t-shirts bringing on alternating waves of nostalgia and disgust.



Camden is surely the police's nightmare – everyone is wearing black. This time we see bigger and better banners dropped, lamp-post to lamp-post; traffic blocked and purple smoke (back by popular demand), a distinct lack of Gabba – as a house blows its tops, but festive merriment ensues. As the bridge over Camden Lock is parted, Phoenix is told to fuck off and the party continues; mutual love and respect for all.

On later reflection, a serious opportunity was missed – with so many passers by, so many rent-a-mob out for a good time – to not somehow utilise this energy for the forces of good; but I guess it did turn into an anti-fash-glassware-exchange-scheme – though more out of anger for a lack of 1970s style Dub than anything else. How it was arranged, for a token handful of skin-head types to appear on cue, remains a mystery. But given the lack of police to harass they seemed like a much more deserving target. Bare-footed anarcho-Luddites punched, got punched and punched back; as the air became lousy with solidified molten sand. Then the rozzers turned up and Fuck Parade 2 ended with the

tinkle of broken glass.

See, what everyone really wants is for RTS to come back – banners larger than any banners have the right to be, truck loads of sound systems, tripods on motorways, free food and jack-hammers; thousands of people, proto-CJA fuck-you-very-much-parties that were genuinely a lovely day out for all the family. But rekindling those embers in a different time, a different technological era and under a different Conservative government is surely a humongous task.

Through the analogue-social-media-network-grape-vine Fuck Parade 3 (Single-issue: Shoreditch, grrr) was set to be big – spectacular even. With more purple smoke, more fire breather/dancer/poi/staff types, more carnival-balloon-clown types, more die-hard Gabba types, more camera-phone-toting-media types – and definitely more mobile sound system types.

There was 1970s style Dub to keep people chilled out, there was non-stop Gabba to chew people out. Fire was breathed and a window got a little red; the Parade gaining in size as it meandered past esoteric-wine-

bar after esoteric-wine-bar. Distressed party-goers 'chaired' estate agents' windows and elated rugby fans quaffed cheek-by-jowl with skankin' punk kids alike.

Thud-thud-thud! Noise cascaded across the crowd in an impromptu sound system link-up; Silicon Roundabout brought to a dead halt as car horns mingled with piercing hi-hats. Fires started, effigies burned and it's really time to keep moving. More fire, more smoke, more Gabba and down a different street; way more cops at this point and things start getting heated; tussles, de-arrests and one sound system gets a kicking. Getting tired, slowing down now, breaking up, dispersing, returning from whence we came.

More of an army of zombies wreaking havoc than a formalised protest. More of a gaggle of voices shouting "fuck!" than a political statement. More of a noise than a song. More of a wing than a prayer. More of a Fuck Parade than an RTS.

But these are the times we live in, this is where it starts. Just like in FernGully –Help It Grow... and who gives a shit about breakfast-foodstuff-emporiums?

23 Weeks Later... UK Teknival Update

Six months on from the chaos of May's UK teknival and the police investigations into the weekend's ruckus are still ongoing. Despite a several month long Linconshire CID operation into what happened, and comically announcing that they were on the hunt for a 'Mr Uktek', no arrests or charges have yet been brought against anyone for organisation of the event.

Instead, presumably under pressure to show results after such a long and costly few months, and with (at the time of writing) the majority of sound equipment having been returned to its respective owners and hire companies – although with the condition that it could be retaken for use as evidence if necessary – the focus of police repression has shifted onto those they can charge with public order offences relating to the struggle with the cops.

In September, publicly announcing that they were now working on the investigation with Avon and Somerset Police – and widening their search for those they wanted to arrest to the West Country – the Old Bill released in the media pictures of 25 people they 'wanted to speak to' in connection with the rave. These quiet, friendly chats have re-

sulted in detectives knocking on doors from Wales to East Anglia and at the time of writing they'd gleefully announced that half of those pictured had been identified. This was presumably due in no small part to the role of social media in the investigation, where a cursory glance showed people actually *tagging on Facebook pictures of their mates* that had been released in the papers... the mind boggles! While (as far as we know) the majority of those arrested are still on bail awaiting charges/trial, hopefully any criminal trials that do take place will at least attempt to highlight the excessive police brutality that day, in the face of what was a largely passive crowd; and how the poorly planned, and outright dangerous, police tactics led to an easily-avoidable mass confrontation.

Shockingly, despite happily running up and down the country arresting as many people as they could, the plod have announced that they are totally unable to figure out which of their own number *left a raver permanently blind in one eye* – a 21 year old man who was smashed in the face with a baton by a cop as he offered him a flower. The IPCC, in its usual display of deliberate ineptitude, has entrusted the task of finding

the Lincolnshire copper who did this to... the Lincolnshire police force, who have surprisingly said they're currently unable to find the footage of the attack; and 'cannot put a timeframe' on when the officer will be identified. As usual, this brutal incident seems to be fading into a web of back-scratching and cover-up, with a national media that has displayed no interest in this side of the story whatsoever – yet are happy to repeatedly publicise the pictures of those the Old Bill are still looking for. Unsurprisingly, an arrest is not expected to be forthcoming.

The lessons to be learned from the current police repression are unfortunately going to come too late for those arrested. If you feel the need to defend yourselves from the police, which in the face of the totally unnecessary and unprovoked scale of the brutality they employed was understandable, watch for cameras, change clothes, wear a mask. Protect yourself and your identity, because a moment of unthinking action and putting yourself in the glaring spotlights of the cops CCTV cameras could have repercussions for years to come.

Solidarity and sympathy goes out to all those facing the repression of the law.

STEALTH POSTAGE

Mailing illicit substances

If an individual is in a position where they are forced to send sensitive materials through the postal network, they must do so with the utmost care and due diligence. Sentencing for offences making use of a country's mail system – especially if international borders are involved – is often significantly higher than for the possession of the equivalent amount of contraband within a country's boundaries, and this, combined with the additional threat of theft by observant postal workers, means that carelessness in such matters is seldom rewarded.

Below you will find selected information gleaned from someone else's experience, as well as from several online and offline sources. I would hope it obvious that the careful reader must use logic and reason when considering this advice, making sure to adapt and test the techniques to, as well as take personal responsibility for, their own requirements.

Technologies available to Customs and Police for the detection of posted contraband

Drug Detection Dogs – Trained by Customs to detect anything from trace to considerable amounts of controlled substances, drug dogs are used by virtually all customs agencies worldwide. However, chance is on the sender's side, with the sheer volume of mail traversing the globe each day enabling most to sneak their packages through without detection. Furthermore, rarer or more esoteric substances (e.g. DMT or Ibogaine) are unlikely to be included in most dogs' training. For an in-depth discussion of detection dogs, read my article on the subject, published previously in Rupture (Autumn-Winter 2014 issue).

Drug Residue Detectors – Drug Residue Detectors are analytical instruments that collect traces of suspicious substances via a small filter in the end of a vacuum sweeper hose (previously tested to ensure it is clean). These detectors then ionize the resultant material, measuring the time its ions take to drift through an electric field, and using the resultant data to try to find

a match to known controlled substances.

Infrared and X-ray Scanners – Infrared scanners and X-ray machines are both used to spot irregularities in items of mail, indicating that a specific package merits closer inspection.

Terahertz Ray Scanners – Terahertz Ray Scanners illuminate packages using tuneable terahertz radiation, analysing and cross-referencing the resulting image's absorption spectra with those of a database of substances of interest. Currently taking ten minutes or so to scan each letter, the T.R.S. is likely used only to scan items of mail that have already been flagged.

Other Tools – Traditional law enforcement tools and techniques including fingerprinting, tracking devices, forensic analysis of handwriting, organic, and inorganic materials, and the matching of type impressions and printer ID (search "printer steganography" for more on this) may also be utilised.

Best practice source list for sending

sensitive material through the mail

There are three obvious vectors of attack when mailing illicit items, the first being the accidental discovery of the package by postal staff due to poorly secured or damaged packaging, and the second, discovery or snitching by nosy housemates, family, or those who have otherwise received or opened the package in error. The third vector is that either the sender or the recipient is already under suspicion by the police and/or customs, in which case they will require luck and fortitude to avoid being fucked over in one form or another.

The following list covers most of the known attributes ('flags') considered suspicious by customs, law enforcement, and postal agencies. While a parcel possessing one or two flags may be ignored, for each additional flag there is a proportionately enhanced risk of interception. Consequently, when posting anything of a restricted nature, always do so only if certain



that no one is interested in you in a legal fashion, and that the package looks, feels, smells, and sounds utterly bland. For an additional layer of protection, arrange the contents of the package as innocently as possible, disguising the contents as best you can.

- All stages of the packaging process require gloves to be worn. Use cloth gloves that are tight fitting, covering them with latex gloves when handling your goodies. Once you have vacuum-sealed and/or wrapped the payload with whatever material, remove and destroy the latex gloves, prior to touching the outer packaging, to avoid contaminating it.

During all stages of the process, wear dedicated clothing and a hairnet, all of which is to be put on only for these purposes. Subsequently it is prudent to remove, clean, and store this apparel, to avoid further contamination.

- Package your material as tightly as possible within a minimum of two to three vacuum-sealed bags, washing the outside of the previous layer subsequent to the addition of each new bag. Mylar moisture barrier bags may be substituted. Secure the vacuum-sealed bag to some thin card using heavy-duty tape, to minimise noise while the package is in transit. Do not add masking scents – they will not mask anything, and may even draw unwanted attention to the package.

- Where possible, send smaller amounts of contraband inside standard-sized business envelopes with a thickness comfortably within the maximum allowed under your country's postal system. Standard letters are less likely to be sorted by hand, and thus more likely to escape the scrutiny of inquisitive postal workers. If possible, do not tape up your package.

- Make the package appear as nondescript and ordinary as possible, with nothing obvious to attract undue attention. Do not write 'anxious' messages, (e.g. "Private", "Confidential", "To be opened only by named recipient", etc.)

- Make sure that everything is spelt correctly, including the correct title for the recipient. Type and print the label using a printer with no traceable connection to you.

- Vary the sender name and return address for each new package sent, to avoid profiling. Ensure the name is believable, so no 'John Doe' or 'Foxington Maverick

III'. To avoid involving the innocent should a parcel be discovered, consider using a block of flats as the return address, without including a number.

- Make sure to include the correct postage, paid for in cash, and do not be tempted to recycle stamps! Use self-adhesive envelopes and stamps – if this is not possible, use a damp sponge instead of licking them.

- Always opt for the fastest method of shipping, as long as it is not reliant on the recipient's signature. This will minimise the time for available for a) possible detection, and b) legal and logistical preparation for a bust operation, as well as to provide a red flag should the package be delayed.

- If available without user registration, online delivery confirmation/tracking is a bonus, especially for packages originating from other countries. When tracking such deliveries, use either cash in an internet cafe without CCTV, the TOR browser and a VPN proxy, or another location that is easily available yet difficult to associate with any of the involved parties.

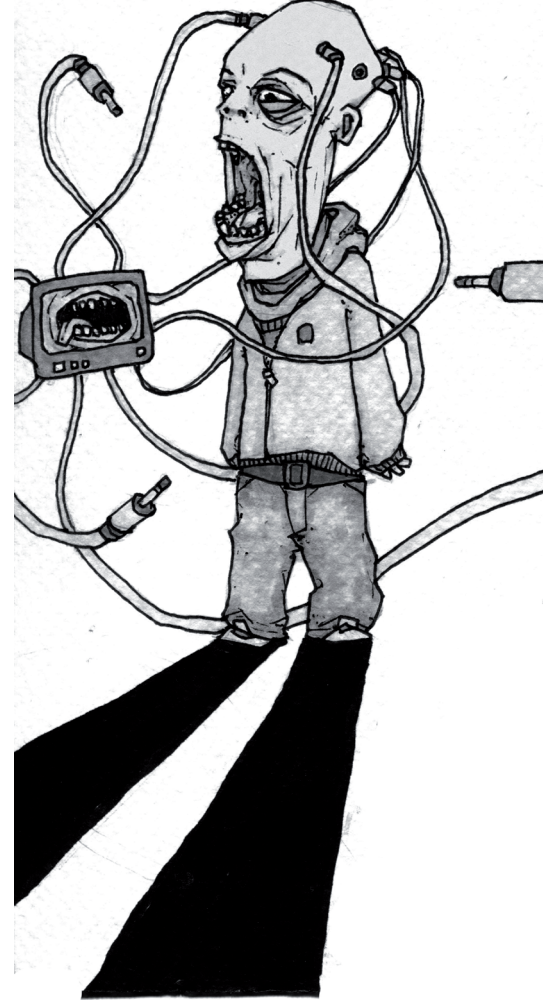
- Some prefer to place a stamped addressed envelope containing the packaged material inside another stamped addressed envelope, in the hope that, should the package be damaged in transit, it won't be discovered, instead being immediately forwarded on. Others believe that using this technique can only invite suspicion.

- Send the package from a random post-box, within a reasonable proximity of the listed return address. While mailing the item, it is prudent to disguise the face and other distinguishing features, and to avoid/minimise coming into contact with CCTV cameras en route.

- Use your imagination – While it's never going to fool the determined investigator, dependent on your material it is worth making some effort to disguise your package (I won't list examples here for obvious reasons), as this can save you from exposure through damage in transit, nosy acquaintances, basic customs scans, etc. Moreover, it is fun to do!

Receiving contraband material through the mail – Security and deniability

- Investigate your options – you have a choice of where to receive your delivery, each with its own advantages and disadvantages. The choice is yours – residential address (keep it clean and free of anything illegal, or that could be construed as devi-



ant in any way), abandoned building (not recommended), or PO box (small independent mailbox companies are less likely to require photocopies of your ID, or to have a comprehensive CCTV system – use disguises and stagger your visits).

- For reasons listed above, when arranging to receive illicit material, ensure the sender uses the fastest method of shipping that does not require a signature. 'Anonymous' online tracking is a bonus too.

- Where possible, ensure that your delivery is from a domestic source – if international; try to avoid items sent from known drug-friendly/producing countries such as Bolivia, or the Netherlands).

- Although of debatable benefit, the truly paranoid might wish to write 'Return to sender' on the package and leave it by the front door for a week or so prior to opening.

- It is relatively rare to be busted if you use common sense and luck is on your side, but, if it does all go tits up – keep it civil, say nothing, get a decent lawyer. Make yourself aware in advance of your basic legal rights and how to handle police interactions (the free Release Bust Card is useful for starters), just in case.

Migrant Crisis

You can't see the fields from the house.
Masser built the place that way
on purpose, so we wouldn't have to see
them dirty field-hands at they work.

We keep this place clean, genteel,
nice just the way Masser likes it.
He say we like refined sugar.
I like the way he say, *Re-fined*.

And he treat us good. Has cook
prepare us meals for when we tired
after the long day
getting the big house ready.

One glory-hot day, I be walking
out near the fields-edge,
so close I could hear the stripe
of the overseers' whips.



Sebestyén Hedvig

BAD SEKTA NEWS - AUTUMN 2015

The label commiserates ten years of **Bad Sekta** this November – big shouts/massive respect to all artists and other contributors – THANK YOU! The future is as yet undecided; keep checking www.badsekta.com or join our mailing list. We do not currently check social media.

Our first vinyl, **BADvinyl001**, is only available directly from the label (although Love Love Records may still have a few) – a limited, 180g 12", featuring five excellent and exclusive tracks from Ascetic, Lastboss, Phuq, Ronin and weyheyhey!! Orders also receive five FLAC/MP3, 38mm badge, A6 print, and info sheet – www.badsekta.com/vinyl.html

Lastboss continues to be prolific during his sojourn in China, self-releasing the nine-part 'Mutations' series of EPs, as well as an ambient album, 'NaL', and an album-length film soundtrack, 'She Owns the Night'. All available via Bandcamp – www.lastboss.bandcamp.com

Oddscene is her usual busy self, working on projects including a mammoth amount of modified Barbie's (doll donations welcomed! Contact via website),

and a video for Ukrainian producer Lec-tromagnetic. She also recently collaborated on the short film 'Have a Nice Trip!' (featured at this year's Sitges Festival), as well as on the Catalan feature 'Antonio Cumpla Cinquente' (premiered in Barcelona) – www.oddscene.com (new website soon)

Will **Phuq** recently contributed a Bad Sekta mix to Music Day UK's Mixcloud series, and is still researching for a comprehensive and up to date book about ketamine. K users and ex-users, fill out an anonymous questionnaire – www.fearcontrol.info/ketaminequestionnaire. You can also email the author at phuq23@gmail.com. Watch out for multiple other projects from Phuq (and a funky new website) bubbling to the surface over the coming months too – www.phuq.net

Finally, check the **Fear Control** website for recent digital and print publications from/featuring Bad Sekta family, including the marvellous '**The Complete Timetable of Missed Buses**' (Hell's Pigeons/Network20p) www.fearcontrol.info

I hears a *psst-psst* and there,
stands a field-hand in her rags,
puffy-raw face, babe in arms
held close to her breast.

She say, '*Please, missy, please
would you take my baby on up
to the big house? Please don't make her
work and work and work these fields*

'till she be bones under 'em.'
I tell her there ain't a-nothing I can do.
Ain't no room up in the big house.
Ain't no place for no field-hand child.

Masser say he gonna build me a fence
two mules high, keep the field hands
from the door. He say, '*Don't you worry,
ain't nobody gonna take yo' position.*'

Masser must build that big fence soon,
must hurry quick cause those field-hands
is getting hungry. Hungry for this big
house, hungry for this life: clean, genteel,
re-fined.

IKLECTIK Zine Library project Open Call

Iklectik Art lab aims to open an international library of zines and is calling out to artists/collectives who would like to participate.

Iklectik Zine library is to display both zines and any other sort of paper based artist publications, coming from all over the world. Iklectik provides artists with a physical space located in the center of London where you can exhibit your zines. Zines can be sold at the library, and all the money goes to the artist.

In order to participate the artist only needs to send two copies of their publications and make a one-off donation of £10 to cover the costs of maintaining the library. In case the book is sold, we will inform you and pay the full amount within seven days. For more information please contact: zinelibrarycall@gmail.com

[tidsoptimist tids·opt·i·mist

(n.)

1. 'time optimist'; A person who's habitually late because they think they have more time than they do.]

We all know at least one – I am one. Its got a good ring to it, but is it actually a word? *Tidsoptimist* is a Nordic word which is not officially included in the current English language, yet. It was submitted on 31 August 2012 to Collins dictionaries and was rejected. Collins said 'We can't find much evidence of this word in actual use. If you find more evidence please feel free to resubmit the word.'

So what constitutes actual use? The word *tidsoptimist* has been made into those attractive looking quotes to be shared, reposted, tweeted, re-tweeted and generally bandied about on social media; proving that many English speakers feel affinity with the word. Does its use in social media make it legitimate? Apparently a word is checked to be in use in context in a variety of forms of both written and spoken word, and social media is now one of these.

"I am definitely a *tidsoptimist*, '*tid*' meaning 'time' in Scandinavian countries..." *Nicole, Bristol.*

Most evidence suggests *tidsoptimism* to be in use in the Swedish language, with its origins being both Nordic and from the Latin – *optimist*.

I first came across this concept in social media a few months ago, although it was worded a little differently; 'a person who is constantly late due to believing that they can achieve more in a given time space than is actu-

ally possible'. As someone who is always 10 minutes late, no matter how hard I try to be on time, I can fully identify with this term and with the concept of seeing perpetual lateness in a more positive light, perhaps seeing it for what it essentially is.

Those who somehow manage to be on time seem to fall into two categories; those who see our tardiness as rude, inconsiderate and as a blatant disregard for the value of other people's time; and then there are those who know us *tidsoptimists* will most probably arrive late, so they take it into consideration or use the 'extra' ten minutes to check their emails or have a coffee while they wait for us to arrive.

I read quite recently that our use of mobile phones and communication technology somehow excuses people and lets them carry on being late. Years ago I suppose mobiles weren't so readily in use and people made more of an effort to be on time, whereas now we can just drop someone a text saying "RUNNING LATE, THERE IN 20 X" therefore wasting nearly half an hour of their time.

But what is really to blame? Is it our *tidsop-*

timistic approach, the ability to let someone know we're running late and therefore not feel bad about it, or is it the pace of western life where we feel we have to cram into the day more things than are humanly possible in order to be productive and also be able to enjoy life...?

Stripped

for M.

You reach your right arm out,
take a deep breath and wait

for a flutter of wings to brush your face
and a crystal clean *columba livia*

to land on an outstretched finger.
You clear your throat and start to sing,

to it, a calm, old-fashioned
song of loss, then smash

its tiny fragile head
hard against the edge

where its brains splatter, stain
with red the baize-lined table,

and I assume
this means that you

intend to raise
as you place

its now very limp body between us.
And, of course, I'm not gonna make a
fuss,

just start a-tugging at my ear;
and when it tears and comes off clean

put it next to the bird.
Then, as both pools of blood

go mingling,
you grin

and place your cards face up.
Hoo boy, what luck, a royal flush.

All I've got is two, numbered, pair,
so it don't take long to infer

I've lost my looks, the pigeon too;
we've got no clothes on. I love you.



Sebestyén Hedvig

MEAT FOR THE MASSES

I hop on and keep my cap low; meet no man's eye, London-style. Lights strobe as we pass a ghost station, fuct up old trains. Thing's ain't right, it's all a bit offkey; no one seems to be lookin' at their phones or even checkin' the Metro. I'm probably just a bit rekt, innit? I look round to see if there's something cray I didn't catch. Nothin' – no aliens from hell or gender-benders with their cocks out. I shouldn't have got blunted before I left my yard; bare paranoia for nothin'. I shake my head and swipe my feed; I'm blatantly just being a mug.

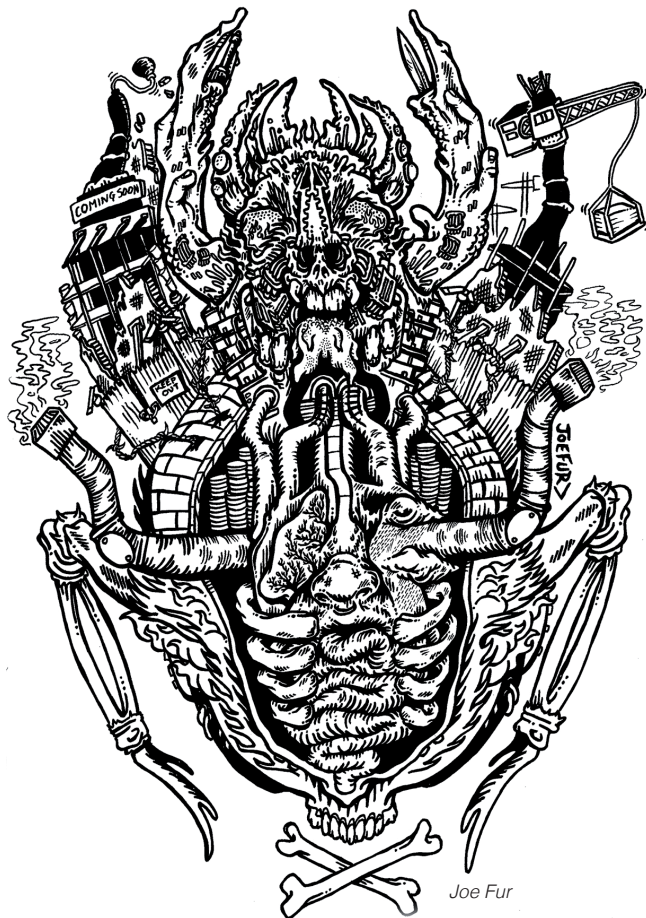
If only Tommy would call, I'm sick to death. Riding his bike when he's so tired; not that I was any different, but that's not really the point. Does life really have to be that fast? All the time? No care for anything anymore, like when was the last time they washed this train exactly? I dread to think! Mountains of dirt – that must be what's making me itch. Focus, focus Stevey, you can do this. If you can lift up your arm, start a ruck, a fight, some confusion; something, anything! It ain't happening – my muscles aren't moving. They know... they know I'm trying to get myself banged up, or better yet quarantined. They know. They're watching and feeding and shitting inside my mind.

EH, EH, EH. THAT'S ONE UP YA; THE SMELL OF MY OWN SHIT. SHIT MYSELF AS A FUCK-YOU TO YOU INSECT WANKERS; YOU THINK YOU CAN CONTROL ME? EH, YOUR FUCKIN' HIVE-MIND DOESN'T FUCKING CONTROL MY ARSE DOES IT? I SHIT, I AM AND THAT'S FUCKIN' ALL.

FUCK ME BACKWARDS I WANT TO DIE. I FUCKIN' MEAN IT. I HOLD MY BREATHE, THE LIGHTS STROBE LIKE A BANGIN' RAVE BUT I KEEP BLOODY BREATHIN', THOSE TINY LITTLE SHITS 'AVE GOT ME AND THEY DON'T WANT ME TO KICK IT. FUCK THEM, THOSE LITTLE FUCKERS – I'LL DIE WHEN I FUCKIN' WANT TO, I'LL SHIT WHEN

I WANT TO, YOU MOTHERFUCKING BUNCH OF CUNTS.

I started off unperturbed, imagining that the momentary loss of my motor-skills was worth the plethora of plaudits I would receive on my discovery of this rare breed. These are, I discerned, surely nothing more than wall lice or crimson ramblers; perhaps with merely a slight mutation, a genetic defect if you will. What a find! If this was a properly documented affair – obviously I must be diligent and not just skirt over the proper research process – but if



done to it's fullest extent this case study could find me showered me with accolades aplenty.

I can't say it was immediate, but it slowly dawned on me that I was paralysed. This was not momentary, as I had first thought, but complete; I dribbled and thought it an achievement. I had completely misjudged the fortitude of the insects' venom.

Now, after some minutes without movement, it strikes me that I have one final experiment before me; one last thing to discover – what it is like to be slowly eaten alive.

They they they call us parasites but we

spread no no diseases they call our off-spring outbreak. We say go go go go forth and multiply. Multiply multiply.

Let me out! A wordless scream as we shoot through darkened tunnels, a screeching of metal on metal. Chained to a ball of darkness as countless mouths suck me dry; sleep paralysis mixed with mutant spawn. Let me go you microscopic hoards of Satan! Let me go, Goddamn you – let me go!

I blame myself for not getting the bedbug problem sorted in the first place; I left it and left it and it spiraled out of control. Not that these were any normal bedbugs; these ones are mutants. I wouldn't be surprised if they're UV and like industrial noise they're so abhorrent. At the beginning I used to joke that they had been drawn to my flat for the techno cock – that's the Wi-Fi, it's a running gag; being as the biggest mast in Hackney sits directly above where I sleep. I think of it as a penis shooting forth it's technological spunk, binding us together in a web of delight; that was back before my little friends came to visit – now I guess the joke is on me. Maybe the critters are even laughing at me, that is in-between munching on my fresh tattoo. This is so depressing, especially as me and my nest, formerly known as Dave's beard, is probably the epicenter of this disaster. My facial hair has given birth to a bug apocalypse – now that's a status. I guess it makes a difference from posting

my dinner; and I thought being a hipster was bad enough.

The ssssucculent juice of a human freshly fed fed fed, fat the sugar content, mmm content so high it makes our mandibles twitch with gleeeeeeee.

Edgware. The doors go shutdown, the lights go cold. No man does one. I try to check the other peeps, but I'm mash-up. I try to scream, but I can't even whisper. My brain goes POW and some hive-mind hooks a man up. It tells me what I don't want to hear – no one here's makin' tracks, we is all just meat for the masses.

Adam Pearson sculpture by DAGMAR Aka Sister Dagger Bli\$\$

Adam Pearson is an Actor, TV producer, Public Speaker and Campaigner against stigma towards people with a visible facial difference.

On the surface it may seem that appearance is equated with success. However, representations of beauty, appearance and disfigurement are conditional. In the UK today, over 540,000 people have a facial disfigurement; many are stigmatised and discriminated against, e.g. difficulties in housing and jobs. Perceptions need to change so that people with a disfigure-

ment are valued as equal – and art can be a powerful tool to inspire such change.

Adam has Neurofibromatosis Type 1, a genetic condition that causes excess body tissue to grow predominantly on his face. After hearing his story, and developing a friendship with Adam I felt inspired by his positive attitude, bravery and determination to break down barriers regarding how people with a disfigurement are viewed and treated. In my portrait I was determined to capture these qualities and show him as an individual.

The portrait will be on display at TAA this November (see listings).

Sister Dagger Bliss
sisterdaggerbliss.tumblr.com

If you are interested in this and want to

find out more check out: Changing Faces Charity – www.changingfaces.org.uk; Centre for Appearance Research – www1.uwe.ac.uk/hls/research/appearance-research



REVIEW: Angeniet Berkers' *15m² of Freedom*

This is a photographic documentation of homes people have created for themselves in trucks and wagons around the Netherlands and Germany. It captures both personal and communal spaces; and offers a unique glimpse into an alternative way of living that remains unseen by many.

The current interest in 'small homes' and self-sufficient living might seem like a middle-class wet dream; trapped in a hard-cover on a shelf full of unread titles. *15m² of Freedom* is in contrast to this trend – it captures the spaces of those who chose to achieve their dreams, with a DIY attitude, rather than just talk about it on weekends.

The traveller movement of the 90s grew from the punk and rave scene and, for those who choose to spend years working on and converting their trucks into homes, this is often a continuation of the anti-establishment ethics of those scenes. These subcultures have more often been documented in the high-energy environments that come with the music — what these photos offer is a peaceful documentation of the normality and comforts that exist even in this unconventional setting.

The photos series shows no people, just the spaces they choose to exist in. The exterior images of the trucks and communal spaces show what the outside world may

see of their lives, if they looked in. It could seem basic from the outside, but the intimate interior images show us their private and compact worlds; the wonky bookshelves full of books, the unmade beds and the unwashed mismatching cutlery; they are all small fuck-you's to the monolithic expectations of 'normal' society.

Having recently travelled through the Netherlands and Germany, visiting many squats and staying at a *Wagenplätz* in Berlin, there seems to be many more well-organised, free and autonomous spaces in comparison to the UK. Despite the higher numbers, each space does have it's own lurking threat of eviction from developers who will eventually turn up and demand their property or land back. This book captures a simpler way of living; outside of consumerism and where although

some spaces are relatively secure, others spend their time anxiously anticipating the bailiffs turning up.

One of the final images of the book is of a hogweed plant – in a way it is symbolic in its similarities to the traveller community. Often dismissed or unwanted; there is a beauty only some can see or appreciate. This life will continue to spring up in spaces that have been forgotten and abandoned; and although not always purposefully, their simple existence represents a resistance to the constrictive grey world we are expected to adhere to. Here we see a refusal to die and the flowers continue to break through the concrete, despite the force against them.

More info on how to get a copy of the book is available at www.angenietberkers.nl



LISTINGS

MODERN PANIC

13-21.11.15

A unique and powerful collection of surreal, controversial & provocative international artists. 11am - 7pm daily, £3 entry. Apiary Studios, 458 Hackney Road, London E2 9EG
www.guerrillazoo.com
facebook.com/events/509503689152410

COMMUNITY PAYBACK

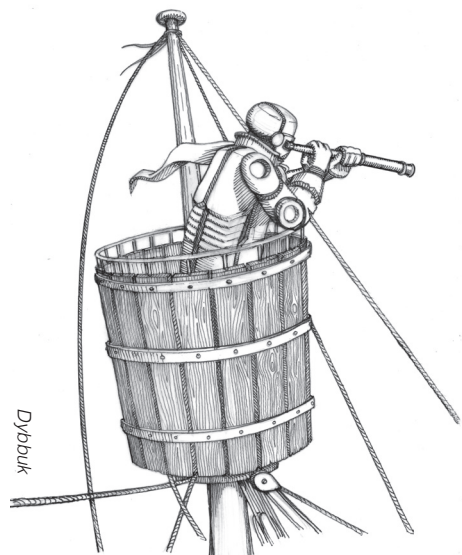
28.11.15

Community Payback return to the Black Swan to bring you our last onslaught of 2015, The Nightmare Before Christmas! 10pm-6am. Tickets £7-12. MOTD. The Black Swan, 438 Stapleton Road, Eastville, BS5 6NR Bristol
facebook.com/events/345436562316643/

PIGS EAR BEER & CIDER FESTIVAL

1-5.12.15

Annual celebration of the raising of the wrist. The Round Chapel, 1D Glenarm Road, E5 0LY London.
facebook.com/events/632995193508818/



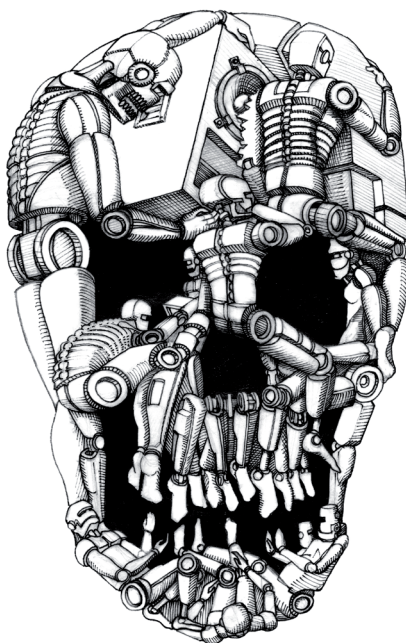
VJ LONDON presents

AV DEPOT

05.12.15

A warehouse full of cutting edge audiovisual performances and interactive art to celebrate the launch of VJ London's brand new website. AV performances and interactive installation playground.

£5 entry. Doors at 6pm, show from 8pm, finish at 1am. ExFed - warehouse space, behind New River Studios, 199 Eade Road, N4 1DN

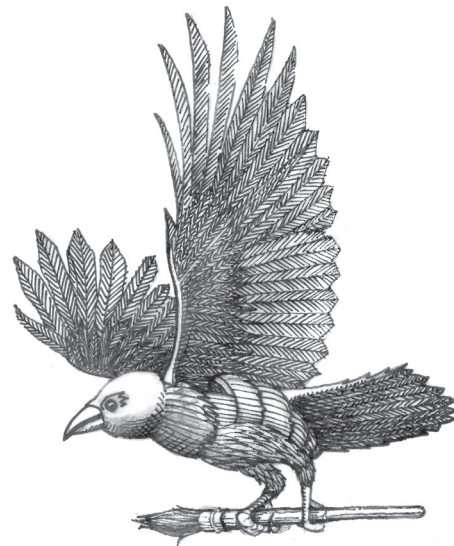


JIGSORE VS. RUTFUK presents

RAVEAID!

04.12.15

Punk vs Rave mashup. Every artist, performer soundsystem etc is playing totally for free to support charadee. Powered by Jigsore, Under Konstruktion and Irritant with performers stage outside. £10 early birds, £12 adv, £15 OTD. The Black Swan 438 Stapleton Road, Bristol BS5 6NR
facebook.com/events/976779332365104/



SLIME CITY RECORDS presents

NAPALM DISCO

11.12.15

Speedcore / Death Metal / Noise / Cybergrind. Featuring 8 acts crammed into one nightmare! 7pm-1am, £5 entry. T.Chances, 399 High Road, Tottenham N17 6QN

MUSIC DAY

WINTER SOLSTICE PARTY

19.12.15

Music Day UK celebrate the turning of the season and the return of brighter days with a right-royal knees-up with live music, cabaret, live visuals, food and drink! 7pm-1am. £5 entry. T.Chances, 399 High Road, Tottenham N17 6QN

facebook.com/events/950945424978474

WINTER SOLSTICE CIDER FEST

20.12.15

Warm up the shortest weekend of the year with a half - dayer of live music and cider put together by New Cross Inn and Firepit Collective. New Cross Inn, 323 New Cross Road, SE14 6AS London
facebook.com/events/1072946792718058/

NEW YEAR PARTY

31.12.15 – 03.01.16

Agadir area, Morocco.
shockraver.free.fr/infoparty23.htm

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

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