



Contributions: rupture@headfuk.net • Online archive: fearcontrol.info + randomartists.org/rupture.shtml • AUTUMN 2016

In memory of Keith Robinson

...founder member of Desert Storm Soundsystem

On 16th September 2016 many of us were saddened to hear of the passing of Keef from Desert Storm, a talented pioneer of the free party movement. For those of us within the Desert Storm crew the impact when he left us was just as immense as it was when he entered our lives. For us, and the scene at large, he was the catalyst and instigator of so many great events, from the first incarnation of Desert Storm in Glasgow from 1991 onwards. While he encouraged those around him to stand up and take action for themselves he also naturally fitted the mould of a leader. Mechanic, sound engineer, music producer, DJ, organiser and promoter – when it came to raves he did it all. As well as this he also understood the relevance of the movement he was spearheading within the social and political landscape of the times.

THE NOTTINGHAM YEARS

I first met Keith in Nottingham in 1995 outside the Sky Club on the Alfreton Road. He was rallying a large group of ravers to go to a free party in the countryside somewhere outside the city. Like many others that met him at this time, the effect he had on my life was profound. He just had a way of motivating and inspiring people to affect positive change; he made it seem that there was nothing better to be doing than organising an illegal rave – and I wanted a piece of the action.

Along with some mates I had already started a soundsystem called Samovar, but it wasn't long before we were joining

forces with Keith's crew – Kerry, Ame, B and James – putting on rammed club nights and house parties. It was a vibrant time for soundsystem culture in the city, with many crews living in the Forest Fields area. Within a few doors of us we had the infamous House music crews of DIY, Smokescreen and Quadrant as well as Dagobah.

Keith had recently returned from taking his rig into war-torn Bosnia. The mission had been sparked by a chance meeting during a Criminal Justice Bill march where Keith had also been playing music with the

truck. Together we began organising more CJB rallies in several UK cities including London, Bristol, Nottingham and Sheffield.

All the Notts soundsystems bonded over this common cause, casting aside differences in music and style, to form the All Systems Go collective. Each crew contributed bits of equipment to form a 'kamikaze' rig that could be disposable if it all came on top; Keith was central to collecting and running this rig. We would get our speakers out on the street to fix them up and prepare for the marches.

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Continued from the front page...

At this time Keith had started to build more speakers, inspired by his missions in Europe where he had seen the extent of Spiral Tribe's influence. He was intent on going out there on a full-time basis, and in 1998 that's what the crew did.

INTO EUROPE, 1999 – BARCELONA 2001

By the summer of 1999 Keith had bought the bull-nose German army truck that became emblematic of the Desert Storm rig, bringing it to the End of the World party on a hilltop fort in Northern Spain. There, things clicked into place and the next incarnation of Desert Storm was born; the end of one world and the start of another – it heralded a productive period for Keith and the rig. He rose to all the challenges of keeping a monster vehicle on the road whilst expanding our equipment. His ability to overcome any obstacle and find a solution in often difficult circumstances was continually evident; and something I saw as verging on the miraculous. I realised that this is one of the qualities I will miss most about him.

After a legendary CzechTek followed up by the solar eclipse party at Lake Balaton in Hungary, it felt like we had truly arrived in Europe. By October that year we were

camped up at a huge warehouse party district outside Rome called Fintek.

All of this work and raving continued throughout the year 2000, finally culminating in the spectacularly epic 2001 New Year party in Barcelona. This party was huge and saw regular Austrian collaborators Lego and Subsound link up with D Storm, Hekate, Headfuk and Total Resistance. Smaller raves continued on the surrounding land for weeks later; it seemed to be the peak of what the combined powers of the underground movement could produce at the time. It also marked a point where Desert Storm was at its most dynamic, both as a unit and for Keith personally. We felt like the total embodiment of what soundsystem culture was and is all about – putting your rig up, running it for days and only turning off when there were no more ravers left on the dance floor.

THE NEXT EPISODE

Change was once again inevitable, and in 2003 Keith helped find and put up the new Bassline Circus tent. This project forged a new amalgam of various travelling crews who sought to continue the free party vibe in another format – and present a music and performance show, which went on to complete three UK tours.

Always looking for new challenges, Keith went on to join the army and completed a tour of Helmand in Afghanistan with the Royal Scots. For some this seemed controversial, but we all understood and respected his reasons for going. Disillusioned with how the army was run, and perhaps unable to balance it with his other interests, Keith left and started an events company, D Storm Events. His incredible work ethic continued to the end and he brought boundless energy to every project he was involved in. At times it seemed like his spirit and energy were just too big for this world.

Life brings many changes for every one of us. We all rave together, and for the most part we will grow old together, but we must remember our duty of care to look after each other – including the more extreme characters within our extended family. We need to help each other adapt to the changes that come after the most energetic phases of life are over. If we expound the virtues of peace love and unity within our scene then we must be prepared to live it on a daily basis. Mutate to survive! Keith, I'll miss you. See you down the road my friend...

By Alex Kopecky



Ed Chickentits

Girl Hero Killers of the Anarcho-Feminist Revolutionary Struggle

With so many armed conflicts raging around the world today causing widespread suffering, and generating soul destroying apathy, you may be forgiven for not hearing of the successful revolution in the Eastern Suffolk region of England. You may also be forgiven for not being able to penetrate the almost total media clamp-down on news from this area; and the manufactured propaganda created by the puppet information outlets of the Tory Regime.

This barbaric conflict has been raging on for four long years, with almost no one in the outside world being able to gain access; no news agency has so far dared go against its paymasters within the Security Services. This Revolution truly has the New World Order of Global Corporate Capitalist Power scared – and one reason lies in the unique qualities of the region.

Few have heard of, or travelled to, the sleepy English county of Suffolk. It's a poverty-blighted rural area, but with a population fiercely proud of its turbulent history; nourished on stories of the Warrior Queen Boadicea of the Iceni Celts, who rose up against oppression from the Roman Empire and slaughtered thousands in a rampage of blood and terror. To the large amount of disaffected and environmentally-conscious females of this region the question was clear – do we let the planet be degraded and pillaged by men, to the extent where we no longer feel safe to bring children into the world, or do we FIGHT?

Forming themselves into Anarchist SHOCK Units they expanded their numbers, studied and trained in Anarchist Theory,



Urban Guerilla and Tank Warfare and launched the first wave of the Militant Anarcho-Feminist Revolution against an unsuspecting enemy. Initial attacks secured the entire coastal strip and many Government installations. With their backs protected by the sea, the Armed Forces of the Liberated People's Republic of Eastern Suffolk turned inland and advanced – crushing all resistance in its path.

To secure the provincial capital and communications hub of Ipswich City was a slow and horrifically drawn-out fight; one that continues to this day, with the capitalist insurgency persistently fed fresh meat by private security firms or overseas Special Forces mercenaries. The armed struggle of this phase of The Revolution is governed by The Military Administration of the Radical Sisterhood and defended by the Tankgirls and Riflegirls of the Extra Radical 13th Suffolk Front SHOCK Army; with the Ultra Anarchist element of this armed force being The Guards of the Black Banner.

These girls undertake no other activities outside of military training and conducting total war. Refraining from the competitive sports and activities which the capitalist armies indulge in means that no inter-unit rivalry is generated; producing absolutely committed revolutionaries who work tightly together like well-oiled and maintained machinery. They are bonded by a common cause – love for the planet and the intensity of sudden death in violent combat. This is Eastern Suffolk today in 2016 – spread the word. Viva!

TAA NEWS

The astute of you will have noticed there's always a new edition of Rupture ready for a Temporary Autonomous Art event; and that this year there is a similar event under the Random Artists name – the moniker of the original group who kickstarted the TAA movement back in 2001.

The event at ExFed in London on 9-12 November takes the same format as a TAA (open-access gallery space, workshops and themed evenings) but because it's in an established venue it's not bearing the same name.

We can happily announce that the event is also being used to spur on more TAA events next year – with new blood and perhaps more regularly with a focus around the themed evenings; we shall see...

These aren't empty words either – check the listings on the back page and you will see there are events planned in London and Cardiff already, with Bristol hopefully joining the fray!

There will be a discussion and planning meeting at Random Artists event. TAAEXHIBITIONS.ORG

Join The Hive

The Hive in Dalston, NE London is run entirely by volunteers and we are currently seeking to recruit a number of extra people to join the Hive team: **WEBSITE EDITOR** – take over our website and make it better! **EVENTS STAFF** – to assist with staging and managing events **BOOKINGS ASSISTANT** – help the Hive to continue to host so many events and exhibitions. **ACCOUNTANT/TREASURER** – help get the Hive's accounts into better order. **CONSTRUCTION/MAINTENANCE CREW** – do you have any DIY skills? **ASSISTANT CAFE MANAGER** – help the Hive Cafe reach its potential

We also run a monthly newsletter and their dream at Hive News is to evolve this digital publication into a free printed magazine featuring reviews, listings and local news about alternative and community-led events in the local area. We are looking for people to write reviews, find out about local news, help edit the magazine, find

local small businesses who might want to advertise with us, as well as photographers and designers to help with the visual content. Please get in touch if you want to be involved.

If you are interested in helping the Hive with any of these roles, please contact us at respaceprojects@gmail.com Or come to one of our Monday evening meetings. We also run an open Work Day on Wednesdays and Sundays 1pm-5pm if you would prefer to just pop in and help out.

Hive Dalston, 260-264 Kingsland Road Hackney, London E8 4DG

hivedalston.wordpress.com

www.respaceprojects.org



The current schedule for Rupture is to put together at least two issues a year, and in a slightly longer format than the original monthly 'news-sheet'. In the early days we called it 'an anonymous platform for voices from the party scene' but as that scene changed, so did our remit to match. Please send your articles, rants, poems, reviews, listings, pictures, photos or words of support to rupture@headfuk.net

BAD SEKTA NEWS | AUTUMN 2016: "WE'RE NOT DEAD YET"

BAD SEKTA LABEL REACTIVATION:

Bad Sekta will be back in action, in proper fashion (honest!), in the coming months with a snazzy new website and shop, plus forthcoming releases from Hue Jah Fink?, Phuq, Obese, and others.

www.badsekta.com

BAD SEKTA MAILING LIST: The best way to keep up to speed with our crew and their output is by signing up to our (highly) irregular email list. eepurl.com/qAoLT

BAD SEKTA MIXCLOUD PAGE: Our Mixcloud page is slowly yet surely being updated with a host of mind-expanding archive DJ and livesets from Bad Sekta artists. www.mixcloud.com/badsekta

BAD SEKTA NEEDS YOU: We're looking to collect copies of any Bad Sekta-related photos, flyers, video, audio, press, etc. for our archives. info@badsekta.com

BUY THE RECORD: Our first vinyl, BADvinylo01, is currently only available from the label directly (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 files, 38mm badge and info sheet. £8 plus postage and packing.

www.badsekta.com/vinyl.html

DISSIDENT REALITY: Phuq's new blog-zine and webstore is launching as we write! Independent perspectives on a wide range of topics – with a particular focus on the subcultural, subversive and esoteric. Contributors welcomed.

www.dissidentreality.com

FEAR CONTROL: Phuq's zine imprint recently relaunched, adding a large archive of squat/underground culture-related publications, including previous issues of Rupture, Using Space and others. Submit your zines! www.fearcontrol.info

HAVE A GOOD TRIP!: A wicked sci-fi horror short, partially filmed in the squatted Haggerston Swimming Baths, and featur-

ing a superb soundtrack by The Abominable Mr Tinkler as well as visual effects from Oddscene.

[youtube.com/watch?v=l0LD0hDPDkA](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l0LD0hDPDkA)

KETAMINE RESEARCH: Phuq is still researching for a book (and possible documentary) project covering non-medical use of ketamine. If you're a user, past or present, contribute your experience via this online survey.

www.fearcontrol.info/ketamine-survey

MUSIC DAY MIX SERIES: The Music Day UK Mix Series is now up to 75 sets, with several contributions from Bad Sekta artists Phuq and Ronin, plus shedloads of wickedness from compatriots and others.

www.mixcloud.com/musicdayuk

ODDSCENE: As always, Oddscene is keeping herself engaged, providing live visuals for a host of events across Europe, animation and digital effects for film, and much more. Sign up to her mailing list:

www.oddscene.com

The walk resonates
speech and thirst -
another bus to El Salvador
and we're there...
in the centre of the square!
Knock, greet, ask, obtain
is real key to live free –
break the bread in half,
dance with a community of clouds,
read Nietzsche out loud,
share, need and give
what you don't have
(it will become it).

The vacant heart of the atom
is a womb, a bark
between mountains
of thought repetition,
hear how silence is present still
within the locust of knowing one
and the other... so
abandon your home
and marry the road
until night burns bright
inside the barren bones
of her tired up body –
lets do it again tomorrow
and may we arrive never
(said the minister to his apprentice).

RUPTURE has been produced on
a fairly regular basis since 2000 and
draws on the life and soul of the free
party, squatting and activist scenes.
We welcome contributions of all kinds.

Can you hear its longing, calling,
the animal roar, skin like sky
shrinking coal mine of lava and peel,
territorial shitting, cavemen jet set hob nob
grabbing females by the brain
to consummate primordial fear
on the hit billboard of patience,
the mammoth still walks the
red blood carpet like a messiah;
can you hear what ocelot's dream
throughout the answers we forgot,
transsexual-alienating, blurring our
only bodies so not to shame
machines' impeccable feelings
and pop another insured illness
on toilet's dazed deadlines of
blackened off-iced solitaire
role play professional copy cat,
cai-piranhas, sonic youth and
witty self-promoting hangovers;
can you hear the mastodon peeking
under broken myriads of moles,
mood swings, one night stands,
std's and mdma orgies,
he started to run now...

All religions are real,
their archetypes dubstep
inside our deserved sleep
pointing, casting out,
criticizing, contradicting,
still hairy and illiterate
fighting for fire,
eating raw live skull flesh
with dead stars ever staring
at the absence of response,
still scavenging to survive
and killing for male pride
without sharing the pillage,

just picking the over-ripe
papaya to fall off with a smile
from the dizzy old steady tree
of plague, Vikings and renaissance
milked in the gutter of utter awe
still scared, still pitiful
with no mummy under the sea
shaking her knee in approval
for the lack of meaning of it all,
waking up and going away...

In a blink of a sigh
we'll realize nothing
ever really happened
since time doesn't move
mind makes matter,
so grab your sword
the footsteps are back
from the day chaos replaced
a younger victimized version
of your everyday wealth-illusion
and consensual hallucination.

Archive: filth sails and illustrates
Silhouettes of skin – thirsty tongues
Trade diamonds for a glass of soda
That will never come, one bullet
Wrapped in pain for Easter supper;
Immortal song echoes like a wave
Of suffering over the fat audience
(Sanatorium simulacrum santeria)
The mortal drumming of the deceased
Evoking piles of shoelaces and shaved
heads.

Exercise: picture your parents murdered,
Your sister raped and your loved one
Made to watch you being tortured to
death
While blonde killers eat candy floss
And play chess with their body parts
On a date with the screams of
Starving Jewish small children.

Explanation: the prairie extends as sad
As the cry can be heard – intrinsic cruelty
Will return onto new age digital shape –
The compulsion to eradicate, cleanse,
Bend and gas any degree of remaining
Joy – thick bones made out of stone –
Disfigurement of chopped up nostalgia;
Nothing will remain but bare despair
Some hundred books and several movies
Marginalizing a side of our sadistic nature
That always forgives
And forever forgets.



All three poems on this page by
João Meirinhos

WILL PHUQ – ‘KETAMINE-RELATED: THE ARYLCYCLOHEXYLAMINES’

Ketamine numbers many relatives in the arylcyclohexylamine class (of which it is itself a member); although not all are dissociative in effect, or indeed pharmacologically active. Arylcyclohexylamines are useful tools for chemists and pharmacologists, because of their application in research on the brain's NMDA receptors, dopamine reuptake inhibitors and opioid receptors. Other (unrelated) chemical classes with dissociative effect include Adamantane/memantine, L-Arg, APV, Opioids, peptides and simple gases.

With the explosion in popularity of ketamine (and latterly its cousin methoxetamine) across the UK's recreational drug scene over the last decade, it seems logical to at least briefly delve into the range of other active arylcyclohexylamines. After a patchy drought lasting several years, 2016 has seen reports of a resurgence in the illegal ketamine market; thought to be mostly emanating from China, rather than via the traditional Indian supply chain. Recent news of further clinical trials resulting from breakthroughs in drug giant Johnson & Johnson's research into bringing ketamine to market as a treatment for depression – not to mention the surge in buyers from 'Deep Web' markets from around 2010 onwards – provide even more reason to learn a little about these relatively unexplored compatriots of the Great Odd K...

Benocyclidine (Benzothiophenylcyclohexylpiperidine, BCP, BTCP, BTPC, GK 13) BTPC was first discovered in 1997. Unlike related compounds such as ketamine and PCP, it *"lacks any anticonvulsant, anaesthetic, hallucinogenic, or dissociative effects"*, because of a negligible affinity for the NMDA receptor; instead acting as a potent and selective dopamine reuptake inhibitor (DRI) and as a psychostimulant. Used to label the dopamine transporter in mice during neurological research, the drug has also reportedly been recorded as an ingredient of several batches of 'ecstasy' tablets.

Dieticyclidine (PCDE, diethylphenylcyclohexylamine) Dieticyclidine is of relatively low potency compared with ketamine. It is often used medically alongside

eticyclidine, in combination with which it acts as a prodrug – metabolising into a more pharmacologically active substance.

Eticyclidine (PCE, CI-400) PCE is a less common (though still controlled) dissociative, similar in effects to PCP, yet a little more potent. First developed in the 1970s by Parke-Davis, as an anaesthetic (under the name 'CI-400'), research ceased after the development of ketamine, due to the latter's perceived attractiveness over that of PCE. It is rarely encountered in the modern recreational drugs scene; although was briefly abused throughout the 1970s and 1980s (when users reportedly soon learnt to loathe the drug's smell, taste and nausea-inducing properties).

Methoxetamine (MXE, MKET, Mexxy/Mexi, Minx, Jipper, 3-MeO-2-Oxo-PCE) Allegedly first synthesised around 2010, by an underground chemist looking for *"... something fantastic ... the perfect dissociative ... a stress-free version of ketamine"*. MXE did not undergo any legal medical trials before entering the illegal market, and should not be confused with its cousin Methoxyketamine, or 2-MeO-2-deschloroketamine. Until an April 2012 Temporary Class Drug Order (TCDO) by the government, no licence was required in the UK to buy, sell or possess MXE; however, in November 2012 it was classified as a Class B drug.

MXE has been administered via the nasal, rectal, oral, intravenous and intramuscular routes as well as by smoking (in free-base form). Unsurprisingly, users report that the injection, nasal and rectal methods are fastest to peak and hardest hitting, with oral administration being roughly 75% as efficient. Most routes of ingestion result in the first noticeable effects coming on after 10-20 minutes, with main effects occurring between 1-3 hours in, and a further 3-6 hours of after-effects. Duration of effect is strongly dose dependent, with larger doses leaving users feeling residuals for up to 24 hours. Compulsive re-dosing has been reported during high dose trips too, resulting in 'automatic' overdose.

Like most active arylcyclohexylamines, effects vary widely and include: convul-

sions, hyperventilation, dissociation, unconsciousness, euphoria, nausea, depression/derealisation, stimulation, dysphoria, mania, hallucinations (visual, auditory, tactile and olfactory), suicidal ideation, panic/anxiety, increased enjoyment of music, muscular relaxation, ataxia, numbness, double vision, out-of-body experiences, hallucinations, time distortion, vertigo, insomnia and spastic muscle movements.

There have been some hospitalisations attributed to MXE overdoses, often due to acute cerebellar toxicity. Several deaths have been reported in the UK in which intoxication by the drug has been claimed as a significant factor, and one in Sweden, due to cardiac problems resulting from intravenously injected MXE (100mg) and MDAI (400mg). Avoid mixing the drug with stimulants (due to a tendency to mania and recklessness), or CNS depressants (alcohol, GHB, ketamine, etc.). Consider also asking someone to look after any remaining MXE once you have decided on dose (to avoid the risk of 'automatic' dosing).

Phencyclamine (PCPr) PCPr is another dissociative anaesthetic with hallucinogenic and sedative effects, of roughly the same potency to PCP, although slightly less potent than eticyclidine. It has been available to recreational users (albeit rarely) as a 'designer drug' since the late 1990s, being sold in Germany and several other European countries.

Phencyclidine (PCP, Angel Dust, Cyclo) PCP was originally synthesised in 1926, being brought to market in the 1950s as a pharmaceutical anaesthetic by Parke-Davis, under the name Sernyl. In 1965, human use was discontinued due to PCP's strongly dissociative effects, resulting in an increase in clandestine laboratories producing the drug. Often demonised as basically turning users into unstoppable and violent psychotics, today PCP is rarely used as a veterinary medicine, yet is an infrequent but definite presence on the fringes of the black markets. It is active via most traditional routes of ingestion, with a tendency toward more euphoric/less anaesthetic effects when insufflated.

Rolicyclidine (PCPy) Rolicyclidine is similar in effect to PCP, but with a lesser tendency towards stimulation; instead producing a sedative effect reportedly “*some-what similar to a barbiturate, but with additional PCP-like dissociative, anaesthetic and hallucinogenic effects*”. PCPy has never been widely available to the drug-using public and as of the time of writing is seldom seen on the black market.

Tenocyclidine (TCP, Thienylcyclohexylpiperidine) Discovered in the 1950s by Parke-Davis employees, TCP is reportedly similar in effects to PCP (and is treated the same way in law), but presents more potency. Now commonly used in research into the NMDA receptor's PCP site, TCP

was seemingly briefly used recreationally during the 1970s and 1980s, but is currently almost unknown on the grey and black markets. Sparse anecdotal reports suggest that tenocyclidine has less euphoric and more contemplative effects than PCP.

Tiletamine On a scale of potency, “*tiletamine is between ketamine and phencyclidine with ketamine being the weakest and phencyclidine the most potent.*” It is used in veterinary medicine (as part of an equal mix of tiletamine and the tranquilliser zolazepam) as an anaesthetic for cats and dogs and is used in combination with xylazine to tranquillise larger mammals, such as polar bears and wood bison. Recreational abuse has been reported, commonly among vet-

erinary workers, although often resulting in fairly unpleasant experiences (one seasoned K-head describing tiletamine as ‘industrial ketamine’). Tiletamine can cause a greater range of negative effects compared with other dissociatives, and has been described as dysphoric in nature.

Other Active Arylcyclohexylamines:

Esketamine | Ethylketamine | Gacyclidine | Metaphit | Methoxydine (4-MeO-PCP) | Methoxyketamine | Neramexane | Phenylhexylcyclopyrrolidine | 2-Chloro-PCP | 2-Oxo-PCP | 3-HO-PCP | 3-Amino-PCP | 4-Fluoro-PCP | 4-HO-PCP | 2-MeO-PCP | 3-MeO-PCE | 3-MeO-PCP | 3-MeO-PCPr | 3-MeO-PCPy | 4-Methyl-PCP | 4-Oxo-PCP | PCA | PCBu | PCiPr | PCM | TCPy

Never mind Movember, we need NOISEVEMBER!

What started as a jibe at the ‘Movember’ phenomenon (grow a moustache in November to ‘raise awareness’ of prostate cancer/male health/men) is now gaining serious momentum as a frenetic annual celebration of creativity in sound art, noise and music.

Noisevember (a month of daily sound works) is an open artistic challenge – create a new piece of sound/music/noise every day in the month of November and share it via social media. There are no restrictions on style, length, format, process or hosting platform, people are invited to ‘make whatever you want, upload it whenever you want (preferably with the tag ‘Noisevember’ where available)’.

In 2014 a handful of friends on the London noise scene took the challenge. In 2015 a Facebook group was created and Noisevember started to grow. Over thirty days the group was flooded with contributions ranging from beatboxing to harsh noise walls, live performances, field recordings from Osaka, guitar pedal drone, laptop music, a glitched out sample of Catbug from Cartoon Network’s Bravest Warriors, the sound of a pedestrian crossing in Dublin, Casio keyboard jams, acoustic guitar ballads and much more. Many people used SoundCloud and YouTube to host their contributions, some released Bandcamp albums and one person even made a cassette.

In 2016 an even larger group of people for all over the world are eagerly awaiting the start of November. This year, as well as the usual social media, there is an automated ‘Noise Feed’ blog and several live events – including guerrilla performances in Epping Forest, an open-mic night in New Cross and an open call for performers on the 30th November at New River Studios in Manor House (www.newriverstudios.com).

A central aspect of Noisevember is openness and lack of judgement. The call to participate states unequivocally that Noise-

sketches... in public.”

This openness also creates an opportunity for people of all backgrounds to step into the world of sound, where they join a supportive, knowledgable and non-judgemental online community which is totally disconnected from the conventions and pressures of any music scene. As one contributor posted to the Facebook wall at the end of November 2015: “Had been vaguely wanting to play with sounds for um around 17 years, so cheers for the push to start exploring! I found this group/event really welcoming and encouraging – so thanks everyone else too for making it that way!”

Finally, aside from the cacophony, the Noisevember community is a place to ask questions, share information, start collaborations, make

friends and see inside other people’s creative processes. In a culture obsessed with ‘personal branding’ and where the mainstream media industry is fixated on glossy, high-definition aesthetics Noisevember cuts through the bullshit and creates a space for people to be their noisy, messy selves.

Noisevember starts on 1st November 2016 and everyone is invited to take part, spread the word and follow the sonic chaos. facebook.com/events/1690170434636583 soundcloud.com/groups/noisevember noisevember.wordpress.com Twitter: @Noisevember



vember is not a contest: “there is no ranking of who is ‘best’ and all submissions will be treated equally”. For established musicians, sound and noise artists this often translates into an opportunity for experimentation; a chance to try different approaches and lay down sketches for new work. For instance, one person wrote of their experience in 2015: “Noisevember dug me out of a dead end. Having got bored of various obvious ways of making music, and built up increasingly complex code for making music, I was stuck and uninspired. My friend invited me in to this Noisevember thing and it gave me permission to make ugly half-baked noise

CARPETFACE

Don't get right and wrong mixed up with legal
Don't get the law mixed up with common sense
Don't get the vote mixed up with your choices
Don't mix yes and no with on the fence
Don't get drugs mixed up with medication
Or education up with your school
Don't let your rights be something they read you
Don't let your life be something they rule
Don't mix the news with your information
Don't mix worthwhile up with a trend
Don't mix your name up with legal fiction
Don't mix a like clicked up with a friend
Don't mix tax with your contribution
Don't mix an adult up with a man
Don't get rich mixed up with successful
Don't mix submit up with understand
Don
It might seem easier but don't
I know it's fucking tempting but don't
I beg you no
don't get it twisted
Even though I'm not free like I wanted to be, Ain't no barcoding
me. That's truly not groovy so you get no doobie. Sue me you
floosie I do the Watusi, produce a beat as you speak through
the loo seat. Now booze-free, on or off the Mic the true me's
kind of bluesy, you heard the name but when they view me
they're like "Who's he?" "I don't want to think about it, beatbox
amuse me" but it's my duty to speak the truth til you and all your
crew see the madness like the governor lighting up Tookie,
seen it coming like a fucking bookie. Your paradigm crumbling
like cookies fumbling like bad nookie mumbling like a rookie
take a looky at the books The FTSE crooksies off the hooksy and
I'm through. You should be ashamed of the things that you do.
Just wait til the other foots inside the shoe you know we used to
make love but today we just screw.
And that's the fucking problem. The heartless robbing and we
do nothing to stop them blinded by the shiny limelight climbing
to heights. The only ladder worth climbing is the one in your
tights. Yes I meant what I just said but joking if you're taken, hot
and sizzle pop fry your eggs spit like bacon, I like to toast but
don't ever 'pretend to be Jamaican I ain't faking, making them
awaken shaking is painstaking and I'm brazen making moves
tectonic plates quaking in your face throwing shapes going ape
on a vape eating MCs like cake. Mic cable round the neck like a
superhero cape.
Somebody gimme a fucking break.
smacking the weiner as I teen I was a dreamer
i'd have never believed ya about FEMA, or Fuku-fucking-shima
but the times change and fuck the rhyme game
if there's no transmission of belief to believers
and believe us when we say that come what may
we'll find a way to make tomorrow a little better than yesterday,

but not without residing to the fact
that despite all our tech we need to take a step back...
back to a sense of community. unity?
being all that you can be is nothing very new to me,
but just like you I frantically search for clues
that might lead me to a state where that could be easier to do...
everybody has highs and lows
don't even get me started on the lows.
supposing flows as dope as those effect the payment of what's
owed.
Round and round it goes, and where it stops I think you know.
A king's head on a pike, eyes in the bellies of crows.
and now you know we need to take back the radio shows
get them household names changed back to john does.
Babies like mine dying at the side of the road
while half you motherfuckers wages going straight up your
nose.
The other half on tax booze magazines and clothes.
To compare at my shows. my tired eyes are closed.
I'm overdosed on ropey hope and faker tits than those.
And so it goes party people. Fuck your pout and your pose.
Let me at em man ill splat em time for rhyiming about the highs
Tiny eyes will open wide outside the left and right of thighs
and gain in size – the brightness shining like Aurora in the skies
surprise surprise the skies are falling time to rise against the tide
til the tide turns take you back to funk like sideburns
A wide birth given to your eye as your wife gurns
Un-stifling your rights presiding over your life-earns,
tonight you might learn how to fight on the right terms.
The highs and lows the life I chose with the rights I know
with the Mic I'm molesting, yo after yo
til you understand I'm nobody's mouthpiece
I'm a loud beast I'm a sound freak and I pound beats.
I'm somebody's father.
Rhyme worms in a proud beak.
The Mic hurts, sometimes I rhyme til the dyke squirts
With ripe dirt rising on the side of a light flirt,
Death and starvation dressing up in a tight skirt,
Somebody lying with a tie and a white shirt
With high plans, toppled skyscrapers and finance,
and fine shanks stabbing out the eyes of the wise man.
"Can I cram any more pies into my pram?"
" I'm Low but when I'm high I'm setting fire to the Mic stand"
Can I provide you with reason not to suicide?
With every low and high a step to being your own spirit guide?
Splinter-factioned action acting backwards to fashion,
the fracking mashing up the planet man it's no surprise that
people get:
the urge to splurge and bet. the herd wont get my version yet,
feeling fine then down the line its debt depression Percocet...
so you can just forget about the superpower making this the last
hour quick! Smell the glyphosated flower, get...

An extract from CARPETFACE: 'THE COGNITIVE DISS'

(new album out July 2017)

carpetface.com – facebook.com/carpetfaceofficial
bookings: newbiasrecords@gmail.com



Carpetface

Silverback

Did you know gorillas sing?
I didn't. Not until I read it
in New Scientist. When they're eating
they'll emit a low hum,
some sighs, a sort of 'food tune'.

This is only in captivity though,
where, well-fed, watered, and otherwise cared for,
they've not got much to worry on.
In the wild, only the Silverback sings
to let the troop know

that it's still mealtime, we ain't moving.
And I'm halfway through the page of text
when over my shoulder I hear a clearing
of throat. I look up. The staffroom's empty.
Tea break's over, says Mr. Docherty.

These two poems are by Jack Houston
jackisreading.wordpress.com

On Company Time

There's nothing like it,
nothing like the cool blue
or grey or green interior

of the stall, the way it
contains only your self
and your exhalation as you rest

your hard-worked arse
against the seat. There's nothing
like the time you spend

with no one
asking if you'd mind
the pop to get coffee,

where your workload's getting you,
that report/file/project's gone
or's getting on.

Nothing like not hearing
the office clock tick-tick-ticking
your life away.

Only the occasional sound
of an adjacent door
clicking shut, the trickle down

of piss, the fluted
rasp of arsed breath, the plop
of something more

robust. Then, after
the spray of the taps
and the rushing

of the dryer, the nothing
of the you
in the almost empty room.

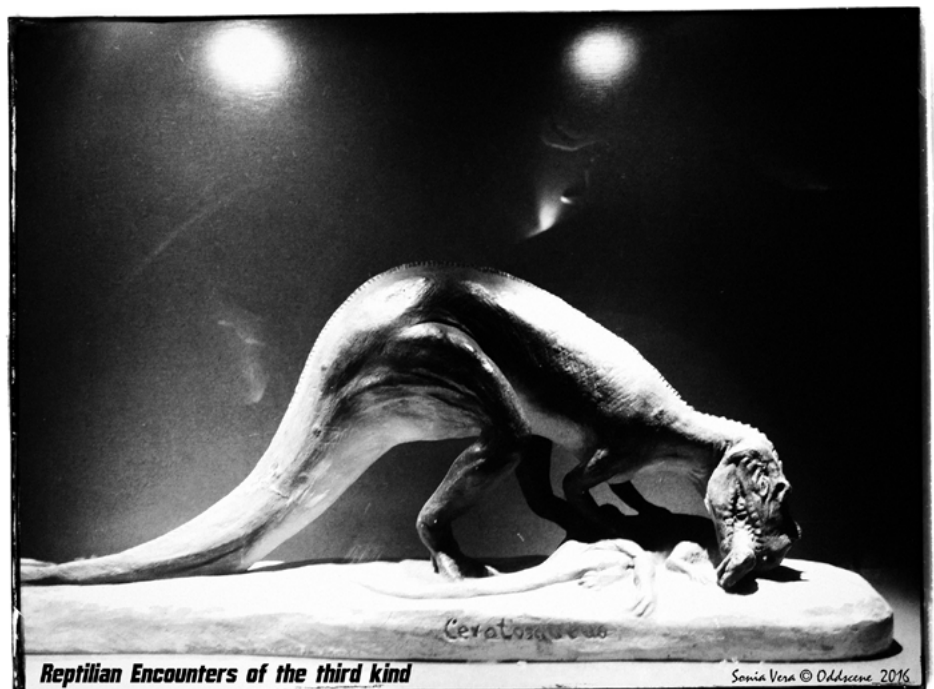
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Reptilian Encounters of the third kind

Sonia Vera © Oddscene 2016

ReSpace - Recycling and Reusing Space

Respace Projects is a not for profit company that created the Hive Dalston, an Independent Social Space. The organisation is partially formed by veterans of the London squat and underground scene – who have helped to put on many events, festivals, parties, protests, projects, actions and skill sharing workshops in squatted buildings over the last 25 years.

Within our group we have a network of people with a wide range of experience and skills – community/co-op organisers, artists, architects, activists, journalists, corporate marketing, catering and events management, to name just a few.

Some of us were involved in the campaign to stop the criminalisation of squatting (Laspo Act, 2012 – squash-campaign.org) during which we talked in the media about recycling and reusing some of the 1.5 million empty buildings in the UK. The criminalisation of residential squatting has heavily affected the squat/homeless community, along with the associated mainstream media propaganda campaign.

We have helped to set up and support many eco-community-centre squats from the Rainbow centres to Rampart St, 491 Gallery, St. George's Theatre – Circle Community, Ravens Ait island, Occupy's Bank of Ideas, various pop-up social centres and many guerrilla Temporary Autonomous Zones.

How was Respace created and the Hive come about?

Over many years we have managed to arrange, through negotiations with landlords, caretaker deals where we sent letters to the owners, arranged meetings and eventually helped to persuade them that we could provide free caretaking, security and maintenance.

We got deals from people such as the Church of England, TfL, Circle 33 Housing Association and The Jewish Community centre for London. However, negotiating a deal from the starting point of squatting is an up-hill struggle due to the many prejudices

and preconceptions against it.

We had been discussing it amongst our group for many years, and finally we decided to set up a legal entity in order to approach landlords, councils and developers to ask if we could use their empty buildings for temporary social and environmental good.

We were introduced to Hackney Community Voluntary Services (HCVS), who had been offered a building in Dalston – which they could not accept because it had no disabled access. HCVS recommended us to the Landlord and we negotiated a 'meanwhile' lease. This forms the template for the Respace transition lease that we are now

replicated, with a Respace manual that can help new groups get their project set-up. We are aiming to create a change in planning legislation to allow empty buildings to be designated as Respace; meaning that it will be easier for community groups and landlords to get the space used for temporary social and environmental good.

We held two Respace/Holistic Urban Regeneration Conferences – where we linked property owners, planners, architects, local charities/business and eco/community arts groups – to create dialogue, debate and co-operation on the re-use of buildings and resources.

The idea is that a pensioner's group in Plymouth or a mum's group in Manchester, or arts/community groups from Brighton to Birmingham can approach the owner of an empty post office, school, factory, shop or warehouse etc and ask to use it for temporary social/environmental good.

What we have achieved at Hive Dalston:

For the last 10+ years we have been occupying places and calling for urgent action on our critical

environmental situation.

We need to create a more sustainable model for our world and economy; a circular economy that re-uses resources – buildings, wood, electrical kit, food and untapped people's skills. To further this, Respace will help, support, advise and nurture new projects.

This is the future – re-using, recycling, reclaiming resources and skill sharing. Co-operation rather than competition towards a better sustainable future for all. We are actively looking for empty buildings, as well as arts and community groups who would like to work with us to open up more community/event spaces.

During the last year we have filled the Hive (previously empty for most of 6 years) with: Art exhibitions, conferences, workshops/skill shares, meetings, dance/singing classes, school trips, filmmaking, theatre performances, cinema, skate park, pay-what-you-



writing.

The initial agreement was for six months, with us paying utilities but no rent; we have now had that extended to one and a half years – into early 2017. We are actively hunting for our next project buildings.

Update on other projects

We are creating a supportive web of projects and an Infrastructure Directory that can help share unused resources between people and projects – check the links on the Respace website:

- The Highgate Bowl
- The Craftory Newham
- The Respace Association for Transport

We are also supporting/advising a Reading Eco park and a Romford Pub community project.

The long-term Respace goals:

Going legal has been a steep learning curve. We are creating a model that can be

feel recycled food supermarket, an audio-visual studio, meditation/healing, fitness training, Capoeira, Yoga, book launches, language classes, Juggling/circus skills, cabarets, jam nights, shamanic nights, Bhuddhist monks, domino clubs, scientific/philosophic debates, art, sculpture, mosaics, totem poles and permaculture courses.

We've seen thousands of people, held 30+ exhibitions, numerous performances, environmental, political and cultural

events; engaged with many local businesses, launched new start-ups and helped about 70+ local charities. This has all been achieved using a voluntary system that utilises people's skills, welcomes donations, up-cycling, recycling and sharing. We have recently been involved with the Save London's night life and the Passing Clouds Forever campaign; London needs these grassroots community spaces and music venues.

We have had top names like Tippa Irie,

Digital Nyabingi, MC Angel, Lowkey, Finley Quaye to Linton Kwesi Johnson perform – as well as hosting untold artists, activist and community groups. It just shows what can be achieved with a bit of stability, organisation and not getting evicted every few months!

ReSpace somewhere near you!

www.hivedalston.org.uk

www.respaceprojects.org

Check my blog:

www.phoenixrainbow23.blogspot.co.uk

Where for art thou utopian Dream?

Hast thou forsaken us in our hour of need?

We just want a Word,

A chance,

A path for the herd,

To follow

A different dream

Away from the shit in my media stream.

But where's that Word, that chance, that path?

I see a heart that beats in a Facebook post,

A sharing of guilt reducing caring.

As we idly allow the shit to drown us.

The glimmers of passing newsfeed shimmers

Of hope and humanity, are quickly replaced

By an uncensored video

Of mindless brutality –

Penetrating the opening of another blurry day.

And so we stop seeing. Stop caring:

Compassion fatigue in the echo chamber.

Alas, that's easier than butting our heads

Against the damp dirt ceiling

The horror of humanity buried alive.

But still the heart beats.

It screams and it cries;

"Why oh why!

Isn't somebody

Doing ...

Something?" ...

What we need is a Word to cling to.

A chance of a possible solution.

A path, not just to follow, but to build on and travel.

What we need to do is to reinstate The Utopian Dream.

A new name to be given

As the failure of the 'ists' and 'isms'

Feeds a perpetual belief that NOW is verbatim.

A new dream to be found,

With its feet on the ground and ready to run

Into the future

With hope and love.

A new Word, a new chance, a new path.

Where for art thou Utopian Dream?

... answers on a postcard.



Knowledge is not power! Thoughts on our cinema.

I'm currently studying moving image and writing about self organisation action in collectives, and would like to visit people for interviews on this.

Email postforbill@gmail.com

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CRIMESTOPPERS

Voice from the border – volunteering with Care4Calais

Ahead of the demolitions of the Calais camps on the 24th October, I went with a group from Stand Up to Racism Waltham Forest that drove from North London to Calais to support Care4Calais and take donations. The trip consisted of three cars of volunteers connected to SUtR; with donations of food, clothes, toys, tents etc. as well as cash donations totalling over £1600. A film crew joined the team and went to the camp as well, though they were not permitted to film on the camp, having been advised that people were suspicious of film cameras and it would be inappropriate. Instead, they spent time on the camp interviewing people and writing down stories.

Until early last week, the Care4Calais warehouse had been in need of supplies for the people on the camp. As the weekend of 15th/16th October drew closer, donations began to flood into the warehouse and there was now a good supply of items that were needed, such as boots, men's winter clothes and coats, men's underwear. Women and children's clothes are not priority as the demographic in the camp is mainly young men, and so any unsuitable women's clothes along with other items not used on the camp are collected up and sent as donations to other camps, e.g. in Syria and Greece.

Voluntary French lawyers from the Legal Centre were on the camp over the weekend. They were there helping to complete vast amounts of documents with people from the camp. The Police documents consisted of 3 segments: one to hand to the police if they were arrested in/around the camps to state that they were aware of and had the right to have a free lawyer, a doctor and an interpreter provided if they were to be arrested; one so that, if arrested, they could show at the police station/detention centre to again demonstrate that they are aware of their rights and must have appropriate representation; and finally another for the court – if neither of the above avenues are followed by the police/authorities then the last document is for the lawyer at the court to demonstrate that procedure was not fol-

lowed and that they demand their appropriate rights.

Other documents being completed were for the accommodation centres, once they had been removed from the camp in coaches. The advice from lawyers was that they should in no circumstances be given to the police. Accommodation centre documents also state if the person had family in the UK and could be supported to travel



to the UK under the Dublin Convention.

Some of the men (Mostly Afghan and Iranian) that I spoke to were distrusting of the documents and said that they brought false hope to people and that the authorities/police took no notice of these bits of paper and would just tear them up in front of them. A large number of people who didn't speak English or French and could not communicate with the lawyers had no understanding of what the papers were about. Some thought that they were documents to get them out of France.

There was very little understanding from the conversations I had around the demolitions. Some people thought that the buses were bringing them to the UK, others thought the buses were removing them from France. Those who did not speak French or English were the most ill-informed and I translated for tens of people on the day (Afghan and Iranian mostly in their teens and twenties) who had very little information about what was about to happen to them or what the law generally was for them. Some of the recurring questions from people were; "If I come to England will they send me back?", "Can I seek asylum here in France?", "What will happen once we are taken from the camp?", "What happens if I have been finger-printed in another country/or here?"

Last weekend there were Home Office delegates on the camp taking down names of young people who had family ties to the UK. I met a few young Afghans on the camp who not only had not been spoken to, but also had no idea of who the delegates were, how to reach them or how to communicate with them. From what I saw there was no chance that a substantial effort was being made to record the data for these young people and many will have been missed out. Tensions on the camp were high with regards to dealing with the lawyers. People were tense, distrusting and felt that it wouldn't make a difference to their situation.

The language barrier for many on the camp needing legal information and advice was a massive issue. I interpreted for both Afghans and Iranians and completed many legal forms with them myself to support the lawyers. There were many people I didn't get the time to translate for or speak with. Some became very frustrated and left and most sadly, I didn't complete a form with one young Afghan boy (Saami, 16 years old) who had been on the camp for over a year alone. I am going back on Saturday and I am hoping to find him and get his documents completed with the lawyers – if of course I can find him.

MONSTER RAVE UPS!

Once again, Halloween didn't disappoint in delivering a healthy dose of rave weekenders across the UK and Europe. Prize Pumpkin Award this year has got to go to the crew who squatted a prison in Essex and then, whilst starting to plan the obligatory massive party in their new home, decided to promote it on Facebook; with videos giving you a little tour inside the prison and boasting of their plans. Unsurprisingly, police and bailiffs – who for the hard of hearing ARE DEFINITELY WATCHING FACEBOOK FOR RAVE INFORMATION – swooped on the group and evicted them well in advance of the weekend.

Fortunately, most people seemed to have clocked onto this reality; for at the Welsh party offering the local police Super be-moaned the fact that “On this occasion, there was no national intelligence that an event was due to take place”. The topically named ‘TrumpkinTek’ saw about 2000 people descend on an abandoned warehouse outside Barry in Wales. With the added bonus of being owned by Dow Chemical, one of the more cunty corporations in the world, the plod were fairly happy to let the event go ahead without any attempt at shutting it

down. It was a fair change to have the local media describe the party as ‘slick and highly professional’ and ravers as ‘good as gold’, rather than grumbling about any trouble caused. Unfortunately, a 45 year old raver tragically passed away from heart failure outside the party; our thoughts and feelings go out to the friends and family of the man – although, as the coppers said, perhaps “at least he died doing what he loved”. As all the viable bigger buildings within Bristol seem to have been raved – for now – and with a new anti-rave Chief Superintendent in charge of Avon and Somerset constabulary (and several recent prosecutions) it would appear the era of massive inner-city parties is over for the South West crews; and more rural locations – which involve less hassle – are looking a lot like the more desirable real-estate.

East of the country, the ever-reliable crews from that end of the scene chose an abandoned mushroom farm outside Market Harborough for their massive event, again with about 2000 people attending. They had the good luck of a friendly – if surprised – landowner who winningly said he was an old

raver himself. Local news reports were fairly positive, but once again – after sending in an undercover reporter to a Welsh party earlier in the year, masquerading as a student doing a college project – The Sun aimed their sensationalist bullshit reporting at the rave scene. This time they didn't even bother to do the minimum of fact-checking required (shocking, we know!) and posted videos from the Welsh party in their report, which was actually describing the Lincolnshire event. Probably time to circulate bounties for any Sun journalists caught at raves; and keep an eye out for any temporarily empty Sun properties.

Of the three London events planned for the weekend, two were shut down – presumably by the pigs still squealing after last year's riots – but the Anarchist Bookfair afterparty was a rip-roaring success; after a quick fix of a burst water main on one of the dancefloors! The building in East London was ripe for partying and saw three sound systems and a cinema room delivering the next installment of an always-reliable annual fixture on the rave calendar.

After the general success of the weekend, talk is rife about once again uniting the various rave scenes into one event next year – so watch this space for your party gossip and announcements!

Reminiscences of RAR

Rocking Against Racism 1976 – 1982

*The stories from 64 writers and photographers compiled by: Roger Huddle & Red Saunders. Publisher: Redwords
Release date: December 2016*



Rock Against Racism came into existence in the autumn of 1976 in response to a rise

in racist attacks and the continuing growth of the Nazi National Front. In August of that year, a racist tirade by blues guitarist Eric Clapton, on stage in Birmingham, led to a letter, jointly signed by the compilers of this book, to be sent to the music press critical of Clapton's racism and asking for readers to support an anti-racist campaign through music.

The response was overwhelming; a movement was born, and for the next six years RAR was at the centre of a cultural movement against racism and the NF. From 1978 it was partnered with both the Anti-Nazi League and School Kids Against the Nazis. Together they had broken the National Front by 1979 and continued the fight against racism with RAR's Militant Entertainment Tour. From many backgrounds and ages, musician and audience, punk

and Rasta, street fighter and pogo dancer, united with a single aim: to Rock Against Racism.

In this book, sixty-four writers and photographers bring alive the history of a cultural and political movement that helped change the world we live in. Told by participants, activists and supporters, unified in a struggle on the dance floor and in the streets, to stop the Nazi National Front and to fight the poison of Racism, this book marks RAR's 40th birthday. The launch event will host talks, readings and, of course, music from a number of collaborators, rockers and fighters; and will not only lookback at the events of 40 years ago, but also look at the struggles and fights we face in Britain today.

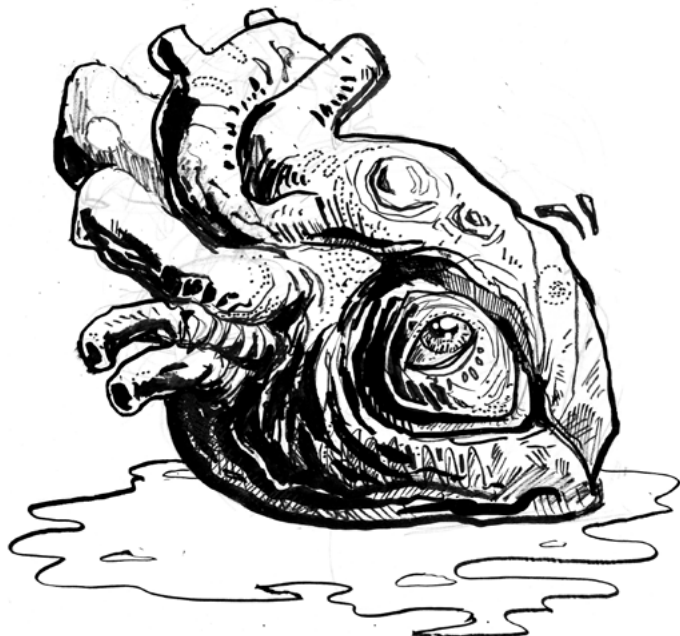
See the listings for details of the launch event on 5th December.

Take stock

Where is the learning curve?
There-in the repetition,
Played out habitually,
Ingrained in the soul,
Oscillating programming,
Zero reality, one banality-
The daily strength, of the pound;
Destined to fall,
Adverse, Circadian rhythm,
I strive to gamble that
knowledge is power,
Platonic rhetoric and remuneration
Justified helix permutations
Opens the eyes of the bull

Grace

Expectation running high,
Paths to be followed,
Pre-planned reactions for pre emptied situations,
Queen up, pawn down,
All high and all low,
Here for the show,
I feel a draught,
as the air carries the words
and you pause,
The table turns to see the execution the
crutches are gone,
Down to the nerve,
Shockingly good,
Not my jade summit to survey,
Not meant to here anyway,
Free to walk away,
From the anthropological mourning,
Knowing the contempt of heirs and graces
Shit liquid in the morning
Bled, vacuous, dead



Art: Paul Sargent
Text: Bob the Generic

Tesselations

Fuel, Burn, feed my fire,
My blood can no longer cleanse;
Not like the rain-
Driving, the pain of tears,
Flavour of flesh..
..or the fibres that tear
the bowels of the soul,
Shit passion pit: hollow universe,
not mapped in strings,
Not mine, Not yet,
Obstacles amount, skip, surmount,
Above, Beyond;
Two algorithms bind
To see what miasmas they can find

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Making a mixtape for a loved one? Having subversive thoughts?
Downloading porn? Criticising the church and government?



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FEARCONTROL.INFO

online archive of underground culture publications

- Londoners being priced out of London – the need for rent controls and truly affordable rent levels
- The housing crisis and solutions to it
- The way property guardians are treated and their legal rights denied
- The criminalisation of residential squatting, and the impacts this had had (a near-doubling of street homelessness) NB non residential squatting is not illegal
- The ongoing loss of community/ arts/ culture space in London
- Making good use of the 1.5 million empty buildings in the UK
- The loss of council housing – which includes 79 different estate demolition schemes in London alone – and its replacement by luxury and privately-owned flats.

LISTINGS

SCUM DINE WITH ME

Every Thurs in a squatted venue. Food for donation plus a film and topical talks. Phone 07594 515365 for the week's location

RANDOM ARTISTS present...

Wed 9 – Sat 12 November 2016

A four-day extravaganza of underground art and culture. Gallery open throughout; stalls, workshops; themed evenings from 7pm. Check the website and Facebook for more info. Weds-Thurs 5pm-11pm. Fri-Sat 2pm-12am. Free entry / donations appreciated. ExFed, Unit 4, 199 Eade Road, London N4 1DN bit.ly/rapnov2016 Includes these two sub-events...

CRUX

Sat 12 November

Bimonthly audio-visual performance with an Ableton Link open jam session, workshops/ presentations and liveset performances. 2pm-12am. www.crux-events.org

MUSIC DAY UK

Sat 12 November

The Music Day crew organise the finale of the Random Artists with live music and bands in the big main space from 7pm. www.musicday.org.uk/nightlife

REMINISCENCES OF RAR - Book Launch

Monday 5 December

Free event: bookstall, talks, readings & music. 7-10pm at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1R 4RL facebook.com/events/1258061334214076

MUSIC DAY WINTER SOLSTICE PARTY

Fri 16 December

The seasonal celebrations from the Music Day UK crew continue with a dinner and dance event feat. live bands, acts and DJs www.musicday.org.uk/nightlife Hive Dalston, 260-264 Kingsland Road Hackney, London E8 4DG

TEMPORARY AUTONOMOUS ART LONDON

29 March – 1 April 2017 (tbc)

Four day art festival in a squatted space.

Email: info@randomartists.org

Check taaexhibitions.org or randomartists.org for more info and to verify the dates closer to the time!

TEMPORARY AUTONOMOUS ART CARDIFF

10 – 13 May 2017 (tbc)

Four day art festival in a squatted space.

Email: recordiauafiach@gmail.com

Check taaexhibitions.org for more info and to verify the dates closer to the time!



Joe Fur

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