

RUPTURE

Blah dee blah dee, we likes to party – SPRING 2015

Clapton alternative

The modern football industry can very effectively disillusion fans. Those who enjoy playing or watching the game can hardly be impressed by the professional side of the sport – the amount of money that circulates in and around the game is just mad. The source of this money is often dubious, whether it comes from Middle Eastern oil, Russian oligarchs' businesses or from American tycoons. The wages of players and agents are inflated to exorbitant amounts and the TV rights to show the game are counted in billions of pounds. Scandals, bribes or money laundering are business-as-usual. This also trickles down to the fans as prices of match tickets are unaffordable to those on an average wage. Does this mean that you are resigned to meeting up with friends and kick the old ball around a park to get your football fix?

Luckily, there is an alternative provided by a certain team in East London. That club is Clapton FC,

based in Forest Gate, and it competes in the Essex Senior League. It is a football club with history, and it certainly is an amazing history too.

Founded in 1878, Clapton uses The Old Spotted Dog ground; which is said to be the oldest sporting venue in London in continuous use. Clapton was the first British team to play abroad in continental Europe; that happened in 1890 in Belgium and ended with a victory over a Belgian XI.



In the 1920s the team featured three English and one Welsh internationals. Walter Tull, the first black professional outfield player in English football played for the team too. The club has won five FA Amateur Cups.

However, during its more recent history Clapton has been hanging around non-league football's Essex Senior League without much success or attendance. That is until 2012, when a group of local fans disengaged with decaying modern football started to attend. Adopting the name of Clapton Ultras, the fans show resentment to the culture of discrimination and far-right politics present at so many other

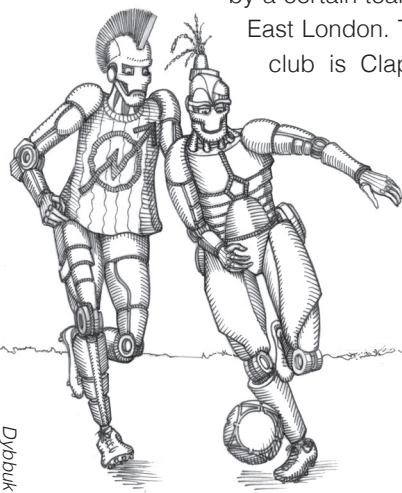
football grounds.

At these games everyone is welcome, barring the intolerant, racist or fascist. Here you can see antifascists, punks, leftists, feminists, London based fans of FC St. Pauli, Rayo Vallecano or Livorno. As well as those, who simply want to watch the game in a non-discriminatory and tolerant atmosphere.

This year the record attendance amounted to over five hundred. For an affordable price of six quid you can enjoy the atmosphere of a real football match; joining in the vocal support of the team and sing your heart out while sipping a beer. The support is being appreciated by the players as well, who often join in a tune or two at the end of the game.

Among their many initiatives, the Ultras organise food collections for Refugee and Migrant Project or donations for Food Not Bombs. One of the games this year witnessed a Football Against Homophobia action. On another occasion the team of FC Romania was greeted with a 'Romanians Welcome' banner after that very team was subject to racist abuse in the press from a manager of another rival team in the league. The Ultras participated in support of the E15 Mothers Centre, a squatted social centre for single mothers in Newham and they took part in a Stop the EDL March in Walthamstow.

Whether it is to rediscover your love of the game of football or embrace a match atmosphere where there is no place for discriminatory, intolerant and alienating behaviour you are very welcome to visit The Old Spotted Dog and meet the fans. They are sometimes anti-social, always antifascist.



Dybbuk

The System

We are religious, and once we start looking for the hand of God we see His work everywhere. Our God is the recession – the ‘To Let’ signs appearing

on buildings like a semaphore that signals: here. Here we can do what the fuck we like, here we can turn the derelict

into a paradise, a sybaritic Shangri-La. The means of acquisition – unlike lawyers, surveyors and piles of money – are the crowbar, the car-jack, the window shattered

to glittering pieces. Alarms always a constant opposition. That too familiar ring follows us as we creep back

through windows and gates to retire and wait. But then at other times the buildings welcome us, as if they will us

inside. Gates left unlocked, windows swinging

in the breeze.

Sometimes we just walk up and the door is set wide – the heating already on.

Maybe Dionysus, Teshub, Soma or Nin-kasi, watches

over our shoulders, willing

us to success, wanting us to flourish. Or are we like the gods Agwu, Dian Cecht, Eeyeekaldu? So where large warehouses stand

agape like gangrenous wounds, we become surgeons. Operating on the patient: fixing up, stitching together, making do. Administering anaesthetic, counting down

from ‘ten’ to not hear the

‘one’ – already under. The body politic unconscious on the table, spread-eagle under the knife. Sometimes killed. Always cured. The queues: massive: a squirming, shunting mass of people

willing their way inside. Where else can

you buy freedom, and so cheap? The call goes out, like a howl, and the pack converges, descends

on the corpse of another capitalist failure. We sink our teeth in and rip away at the flesh of industry, commerce and capital. Where manufacturing flees

we ride into as makers, start production lines of our own. Everyone employed turning the rusted hulks of previous business

into a constant

adventure. Here we are rulers of a sub-bass empire that stretches until sunrise, an empire that flies its flag

in intended tatters. Here we can fashion things to be in our own image. Old cinemas a favourite. The theatricality

of the space feels

like it lends itself to our purpose. The screen, the stage, allow us to be whatever we want to be

in the smudgy, laser-lit darkness. Watch us dance. This is the payback, how we make good: the swirl of the lights, the rhythm’s insistence, the laden bass. We are frequency, vibration itself – the light at the end of the long dark tunnel

of the week. We are arsonists, lighting a fire that can be seen from space. Perhaps this fire is only within ourselves, but come the morning

one of us, whoever, will drag pallets into the yard, rip them apart, put them ablaze to warm us until we’re ready to hit it

again. We can’t wait to be back in the centre of the maelstrom, swirling, twirling. Sunlight comes up

through the holes in the building, the echo of bass off the walls seeming different with the morning. Some of us begin to couple up, drift apart, start new alliances, find new ways of having it. I’m stood in the centre

of the swirling twirl, when from within the crowd someone comes and stands in front of me, catches my eye, then walks past

so I

follow.

The Tories are in power. We’re basically fucked. I mean, it’s not all bad... you’ll be fine if you aren’t poor, or ill, or old, or unemployed, or disabled. It’s a bit like the 90s again. Everybody loved the 90s, right? We had Adidas, poppers and Ace of Base and Paul Gascoigne and Keenan & Kel and that advert where the Tango man slapped people in the ears. I guess on the bright-side, at least UKIP didn’t win. Like, it was never actually going to happen (although 4 million fucking morons still voted for them – the kind of morons that start sentences with “I’m not racist, but...”, watch Top Gear and don’t realise that Al Murray ‘The Pub Landlord’ is a satirical character), but their rise in popularity was genuinely quite worrying. UKIP’s election campaign was pretty LOLworthy at times. A LOLocaust, if you will. But while Nigel Farage smiling too much and drinking the weight of John Terry and Jim Davidson and Katie Hopkins in pale ale in order to make himself come across as a ‘regular British bloke’ is pretty funny, it doesn’t come close to the news that UKIP’s Bristol candidate John Langley works as a pornstar under the name ‘Jonny Rockard’. I suppose we should be refreshed to know that a politician (term used very loosely here) has been honest about the work he has done outside of politics. I decided I would help the 59-year-old racist out (yes, really – 59!) and come up with some names for his future smut flicks:

The House Of Commons

Erection Campaign

Gagging Order

Poling Station

Erection Campaign 2: General Erection

Number 10 Going Downing Street

(his gay porn debut) Coming Out Of

The Cabinet

Hung Parliament

British Babes: Straight Up The Ballot Box

British Babes 2: Labia Government

British Babes 3: Young, Dumb and Full

of Misguided Views on Immigration

NERVES OF TIME VOL 3

New compilation from Kaometry, the Berlin-based IDM/electonica/breakcore label is out for free download on 01.06.15

WWW.KAOMETRY.COM

Greetings from Reality – 40 years of ASS

The Advisory Service for Squatters is celebrating 40 years of existence this year – Happy Birthday to us! We win: A steep decline in any feasible level of possible hope! Awesome. But never-the-less, our cheeks have wobbled their way across 4 decades and we have been guffing out legal and practical advice to poor unsuspecting squatters for just as long. We are also celebrating the long-term survival (20 years and counting) of the cynical excellence of one particular member of the office pack who need not be shamed here, but who does demonstrate a level of tenacity (or insanity) that we could all probably use a slice of.

In true ASS style, it all began in the February of 1975 and after 'just one more beer' we finally opened our doors a mere 8 months later in the October. We have existed without ever squatting a single building ourselves, for purposes of the office at least, over those 40 years – hooray for us! But thankfully, lots of much cooler folks than us are still squatting in the face of all that tries to stop them: law changes, constant-fucking-development, skyrocketing property prices, landlords and their assorted goons, wayward policing, overly-amped PCSO dingbats and everything and everyone in-between.

Recently at ASS we have witnessed a shift in attitude that has seen pigs, councils, courts and other authorities bend over backwards to facilitate the hyper-gentrified social cleansing of anything that breathes goodness within the M25. In the office we have noted that there are more IPOs over standard Possession claims, attempts at using S144 (though it rarely sticks), the use of old writs or warrants illegitimately, or violence; and we have apparently entered,

or re-entered, the era of the siege where councils imprison buildings or entire estates and their residents (squatters and tenants alike) behind fences guarded by dogs and the Orcs of Mordor.

Generally the Courts aren't buying anything much either – even water-tight defences aren't working; you know the ones where we prove they don't even own the building that they're evicting people from! (Cough, cough Lambeth County Court, may the flaps of the ASS beat down on you for all eternity).

We have also seen the mutation of bailiffs and assorted idiot security guards, whom have apparently now morphed, matrix-style, into pseudo-paramilitary forces of occupation in marginalised communities. Violence and the threat of violence is also on the up (and not the kind of state-targeted violence we love and

adore); so much so that it has become run-of-the-mill to anticipate or experience it amongst the squatting community.

But has this buried us? No. In the words of Sweets Way Resists and many before them: "They thought that they could bury us; they didn't know we were seeds." Squatters, (like single mums, tenants or any other inadequate description of those in housing crisis) are not getting beaten into dank submission but are forming new types of mutually-supportive communities, continuing our vast history of solidarity, and have branched out and 'looked up' – together. Squatters have proved instrumental in other housing struggles and tenant-led occupations also; becoming excellent co-conspirators, most infamously perhaps during the occupation of The Aylesbury Estate where squatters and tenants came together and ripped Southwark Council's siege fences down.

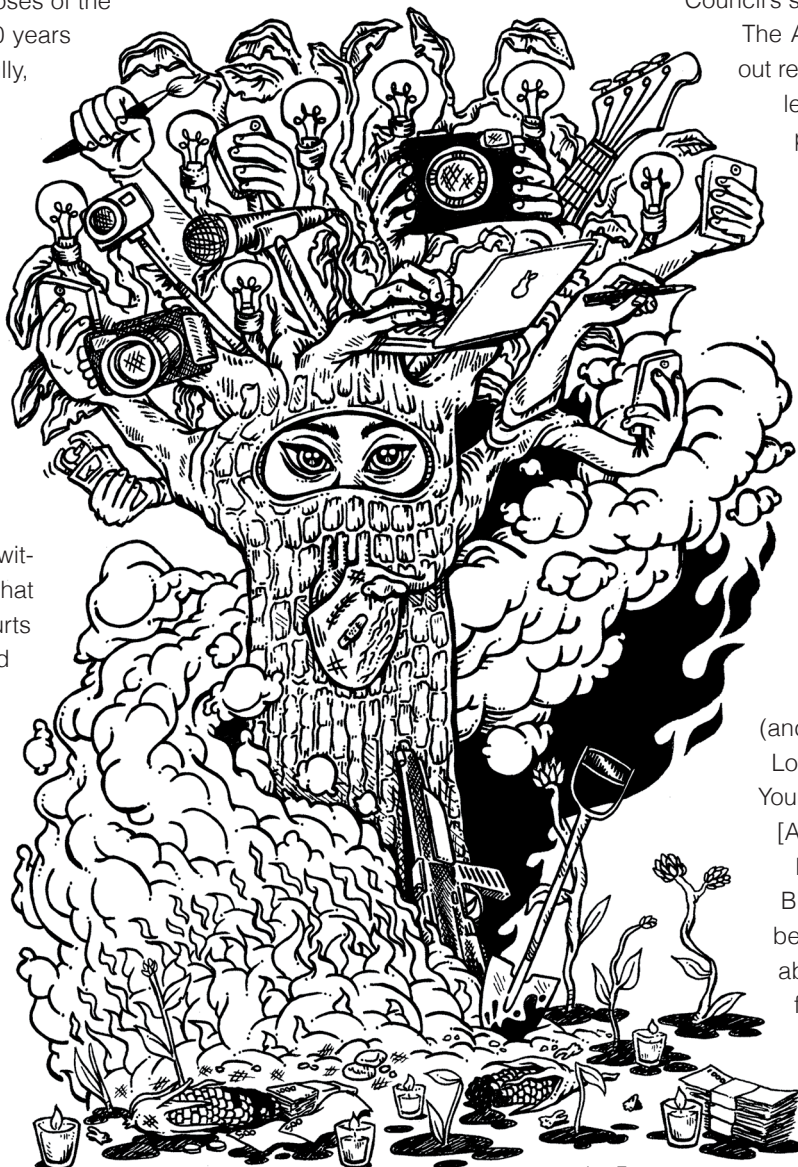
The ASS has also been branching out recently to play a key role in the legal support of many occupations including The Aylesbury and Sweets Way – and this is how we like it, this is how it works; the many-headed Hydra. But now, more than ever, it has fire in its eyes, a hungry tummy and it's coming to bite the scrotum clean off of all the heinous bullshit that attempts to engulf it; and for 40 more years we will happily be its ASS. Alone we can do so little, together we can... totally fuck shit up properly.

Fuck the Fucking Fuckers
(and everyone on Facebook)!

Lots of Love,
Your friendly Asses

[Advisory Service for Squatters]
Ps. we are celebrating our Birthday around 12th September with an event to reminisce about the past, strategise for the future and... well, get drunk.

We are also open as usual
– 2-6pm every weekday,
above Freedom Books on
Angel Alley, E1 7QX.



Joe Fur

A Dick Pic Is Worth 1000 Years

*or Plausible Deniability Through Shitty Poetry for Fun and Profit
or How to Make Encrypted Files Properly*

We are living in dark times for privacy. In the wake of the Snowden revelations, and with the new Conservative government promising to legitimise the interception of civilian electronic communications and scrap the Human Rights Act (the Right To Privacy), learning how to keep your communications and data secret and secure is more important than ever.

We have been assured that these invasions of privacy only target 'extremists'. The thing is, even Googling certain topics the author feels to be quite benign can tag you as an 'extremist', meaning all your data is fair game. [1]

IMPORTANT NOTE ABOUT DOWNLOADS:

Only download any programs from the URLs given. If you download them from other sources the programs could be tampered with. If the URLs listed in this article have expired by the time you read this make sure to only download the files from the sites of the developers. (Advanced users should verify the hash of any files downloaded. We do not have space in this tutorial to cover this but those who are interested should read Link 1, found on the back page)

The purpose of this tutorial is to show you how to make encrypted files so 3rd parties cannot access your data. This is useful in itself and is also an important foundation lesson that will be built on in later tutorials; all you will need is a computer, an internet connection and maybe a USB stick or two.

Space is a limitation, so we cannot go through all the caveats. These methods are solid but do not rely on them blindly without doing your own research. If security and privacy are important to you or if you are at great risk if they are compromised then I highly recommend you research everything here thoroughly. I have tried to keep everything as non-technical as possible, but these are technical matters.

The links and refs for this article are on the back page!

How to make an encrypted container with a hidden volume

An encrypted container is a volume that is locked with a password. Think of it as something like a folder or a removable hard drive – unless this container is decrypted by someone entering the correct password its contents are inaccessible. When unlocked you can work out of an encrypted container much like you would use a USB stick. When locked, this volume will appear to be random data. If done properly, this should keep your data very secure. With a long password, it would take thousands of years at least for anyone to break into the file.

I would recommend your password should be at least 32 characters long. 16 will do, but you should really have more; no lower than 16. Do not use a password you have used anywhere else.

Remember this container is only as secure as its password. Serious attackers can try at least 200,000 passwords a minute. Government funded organisations have a lot of resources for this sort of thing. The good news is a password over 16 characters that isn't obvious should take somewhere between a thousand and a few million years to crack. So a 32 character password is probably secure for your lifetime or "until computers are built from something other than matter and occupy something other than space" [2].

Note that the quality of the password is also important. Obvious passwords are obvious. It doesn't matter how long they are. A good method for a long and memorable password is to choose a few random words or a phrase and put a symbol or number between each word and spice it up with a random capital letter or two.

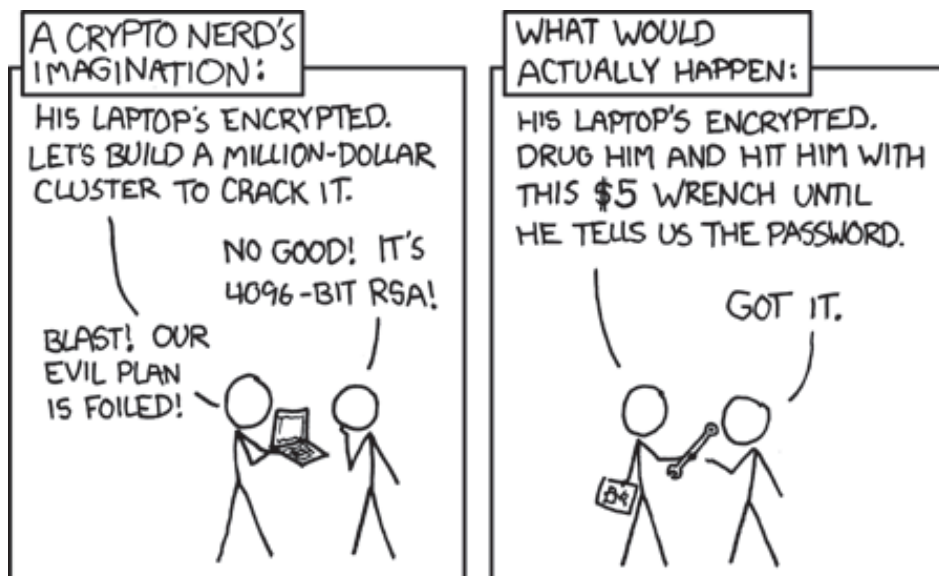
See Link 2 for an article with advice on choosing really good, but a bit harder to remember passwords.

So now for the clever bit

Sure, your encrypted file may not be crackable but when someone with intent can't break the password they will try to break the human.

This is macabrely referred to as 'rubber-hose decryption', ie. decrypting a file by beating the password holder with a rubber hose until they give up the password. It is not that likely you will be beaten with a rubber-hose or equivalent implement in the UK, but it is a criminal offence not to decrypt a file when asked to by government representatives with a court order (punishable by put to 2 years in jail). This has been used against animal rights activists in the past [3]. If you live in another jurisdiction than the UK it may not be a criminal offence but it will certainly not look good.

For this reason, we are going to make our proper encrypted container a 'hid-



Right, so we have explained the reasoning behind this. Here is the recipe:

Before we begin you should prepare the files you want to put in the dummy volume (outer volume).

1) Start by downloading TrueCrypt v7.1a from Link 3 (it is near the bottom of that page). NB. Do not use any version of TrueCrypt but version 7.1a.

I have had some reports of some virus scanners flagging TrueCrypt as malware. If this happens and you are downloading from the link above, ignore it.

2) Install TrueCrypt

3) Click on 'Create volume'

4) Select 'Create an encrypted file container'

5) Select 'Hidden TrueCrypt volume'

6) Select the location and the name.

7) Use the default Algorithm or any of the others. They are all sufficient but AES is the standard for a reason.

8) Choose the size of the outer volume. This will have to be larger than the hidden

volume since the hidden volume will be contained in the outer volume

9) Choose your password and follow the onscreen instructions

10) Your outer volume has now been created. You will find it where you would normally find an external drive like a USB stick.

11) Copy the dummy files to the outer volume

12) Follow the on-screen instructions to create the hidden volume. It is almost identical to creating the outer volume. Use your longass password on this one.

13) You should now have created your plausibly deniable encrypted file. Test it out with both passwords

14) Mount the hidden volume and copy what you want into it. Remember, you can take out and put things in the hidden volume at any time. It is only the outer / dummy volume you should not alter.

15) Conceal the file. Rename it and give it another extension type. It will mount fine

with TrueCrypt whatever name and extension you give it. Use your imagination here. If it is a 10mb file maybe give it a random name and disguise it to look like an mp3 by giving it the extension .mp3. If it is really big maybe use an extension related to video. Maybe store it with some broken incomplete .rar files in your download folder.

It can be a bit tricky and confusing making these sort of encrypted files the first time. I would recommend you do a few practice runs before you work with important files. If you run into problems the TrueCrypt User Manual is pretty good and there are a lot of guides to creating hidden volumes on the internet.

Important Disclaimer

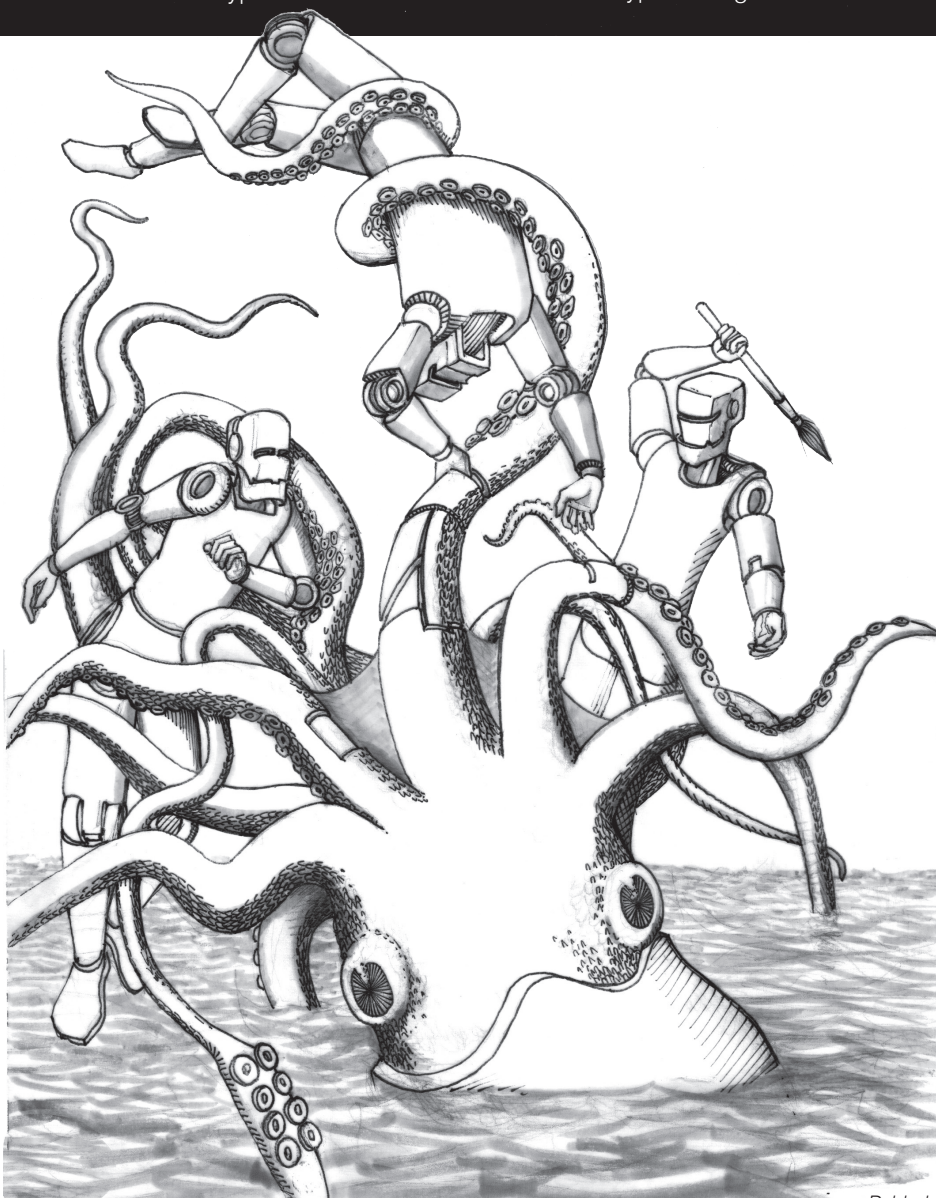
If you are travelling abroad check the legality of encrypted files in advance. There are many countries where you need a licence to import encrypted files or they are outright banned. This site is a good reference: www.cryptolaw.org

den volume'. What this means is that one password will open a dummy encrypted container full of things we don't really want to hide and a second password will open our proper encrypted container full of all our sensitive data. This gives us plausible deniability. If we are forced to, we can give up the password to decrypt the dummy file while keeping the hidden volume secret.

It is a good idea to put mundane personal data in the dummy container. Think payslips, bank statements, an embarrassing diary, your shitty poetry, dick pics – that sort of thing. Anything you wouldn't really give a crap about someone seeing but which is plausible. Use an obvious password for this container; if someone is cracking your encrypted file you want them to rumble this container first and stop looking. Maybe use the same one as your email or Facebook or something since any serious adversary trying to crack this file probably has those passwords already.

Important note: You can't copy, remove or edit any of the files in the dummy volume once you have made it without risking damaging the hidden volume so choose the contents of the dummy volume wisely. You may want to make new dummy containers from time to time to keep things plausible.

- Dr Colossus



Dybbuk



TEMPORARY AUTONOMOUS ART CARDIFF

29 April – 2 May 2015

At the beginning of the year a small group of us decided we wanted to hold a TAA in Cardiff and started trying to work out how we could make it happen. The quote “If you really want to do something you’ll find a way, if you don’t you’ll find an excuse” was scribbled on our walls and kept us going. None of us had ever been to a Temporary Autonomous Art event before but we were keen to see a more radical art event in our city and thought the TAA idea we’d heard about was perfect. In our minds, it makes complete sense to reclaim unused space by squatting and then invite people in to create an art exhibition in the space.



Cardiff is a small city, with around 350,000 people living here. It is definitely not a city where there is a lack of art but sometimes the art scene feels a bit too safe, with most artists/curators doing stuff with a nice bit of funding from the Arts Council behind them! We have great contemporary galleries and a National Museum full of art that is free to visit, but it’s all a bit clean, perfect, measured and curated.

We wanted to show that art can be more exciting, dangerous, spontaneous and participatory than that.

In the month leading up to the TAA we put on a couple of fundraising events at The Wells Hotel; not just to raise some cash but also to raise awareness of the project. A lot of random people we’d never met before came to these events – people from all around the world who are living in Cardiff and who wanted to help or contribute. It was pretty cool in such a small city to meet new people and get a dialogue going about why more free and autonomous spaces are needed in Cardiff.

We squatted a building at the end of April – an old office block in the heart of Canton, not far from the City Centre. It was quite a small space and suited us perfectly for our first TAA, which only had a tiny crew behind it. There were two staircases, which gave the exhibition a nice natural flow and encouraged people to explore the whole building. We occupied the space for around 10 days in total and throughout the week the building was transformed from

empty, white, soulless offices into a colourful playground of different art and expression from Cardiff residents.

I think the idea of challenging the traditional passive audience model is one of the most important parts of TAA for me. I first came across this idea at Nowhere Festival in Spain (a Burning Man Regional Event) and it’s pretty interesting to see the parallels between Nowhere & TAA – DIY ethics, temporary element, no spectators – everyone participates etc. I really enjoyed seeing children, and people who wouldn’t call themselves artists, interacting with the space, alongside street artists, site-specific installations and paintings by more established artists from Cardiff.

The day times were very quiet, but the evenings picked up and we had lots of different music; from Perkies piano punk songs, to local hip-hop boys, to live techno and weird experimental shit. We also had a poetry night, life-drawing class, laughter yoga workshop, subverted adverts projected onto the bank opposite, up-cycling and more!



We also had three great talks on the Saturday afternoon, including one about the history and future plans of TAA from one of the London crew. People really enjoyed hearing these insights to make sense of what was happening at the first Cardiff TAA; and our interpretation of a temporary, free and safe social space. There was a really healthy, creative vibe and, although much smaller than TAAs in other cities, the feedback we've received has all been positive (apart from the landlord, obviously!).

The space continuously changed and evolved; unlike 'normal' galleries, which are usually pretty stagnant and quiet. By the Saturday night, the space was completely unrecognisable from the office it once was. All the art that people had put up, combined with Ronin's projections and Cassandra Tigg's geometrical floor painting and Lembo's massive sticker combo in the main room, created a massive amazing collaboration between everyone who'd taken part! We were really happy with how it had turned out.

Although it was pretty stressful during the event (especially after the landlord turned out to be a bit of a psycho busi-


nessman and attacked us) this was something Cardiff had never seen before; people are already asking how they could do something similar and when the next one is. I really hope the idea will grow here in Wales and that we can build on this first

event, find more people to work on the next one and hopefully visit other TAAs – to learn more skills and get other ideas and inspiration. Thanks to absolutely everyone who contributed to the event as it wouldn't have been amazing without you!



The TAA in Cardiff was largely due to the Afiach collective – www.afiach.co.uk
You can also check here for other events at The Wells Hotel:
www.facebook.com/pages/The-Wells-Hotel/326430187464835

**THE COMPLETE
TIMETABLE OF MISSED BUSES**
hosted on: badsekta.com/fearcontrol
complete23project@gmail.com





A DIY production magazine to convey and inspire creativity; to celebrate and unify diverse artistic activity and expressions from the time-travelling space-imagining real hallucinatory underground; to provide a much-needed platform beyond commercial interests and control.

Featuring:
Stories, Illustrations, Writings, Images, Drawings, Photographs, Poems and Posters; and including 'Star Spores: The Book of Layers'.

Click on the host weblink >badsekta.com/fearcontrol< for:
Versions to read on electronic devices / To print out in hard copy;
Our preceding publication 'The Complete Story of Assassination'.

Please email us to connect for hardcopies.

Network 20p / Cosmo Amoebas / Hell's Pigeons / Standard & Co.



We need to keep the momentum of this recent TAA going!
There will be a TAA in London from 3-14 November 2015.
This is in a legal social centre space which will provide a great opportunity to re-generate and involve new crew!
Fresh blood – get involved via info@randomartists.org

ALIVE AND KICKING (OFF)

UK TEKNIVAL 2015

It had been a while... The last 'proper' UK teknival, an attempt at a truly national free party, was on Dale airfield in Pembrokeshire in May 2010. Although a brilliant rave, it ended – as some of the largest do – with mass seizures of equipment and prosecutions of the 'organisers' (pretty much just the drivers of the rig vehicles). In November 2010 ten people pleaded guilty to the obscure, and almost never used, charge of holding an event without a suitable licence. They received Community Service Orders (although the charges against those six who pleaded not guilty were dropped).

So, we all knew what we letting ourselves in for as, generally speaking, the 'open invite' nature, huge crowds and total chaos that accompany raves on the scale of a Teknival – both in the UK and Europe – have always invited large-scale police action, repression and investigations. At very least, the containment and roadblock tactics developed by UK police forces in dealing with raves have been fairly effective in controlling the size of many parties; if not actively shutting them down.

But fuck it... the UK rave scene, while enjoying a fair renaissance in the last few years (at least outside of London) has been lately growing in a fairly splintered fashion; with different areas of the country keeping fairly separate and rarely linking up. A whole new generation of rigs and crews has sprung up, encouraged by the older generation of soundsystems and coming into their own with the usual mix of free parties, club nights and festivals. This energy, and the increased crowds at raves that have come with it, made us think it was a good opportunity to take another shot at an open-invite, national teknival – a chance to welcome in the Tory government, unify the UK scene somewhat, hold an absolutely massive rave and, at the very least, if it all went tits up, cause absolute chaos!

UK Tek was publically announced as close to the 23rd May as we could get away with, to minimise chat on a now heavily police monitored Facebook and social media, while allowing us to build up enough hype across the country to make it as big

as possible. We chose Twyford Airfield for our main site; a Forestry Commission site in Lincolnshire, a county with easy access from many different parts of the country and that, although it has been heavily raved in the past, maintains a fairly poorly funded police force across a large force area.



After much work and little sleep, the night finally arrived. Initially everything seemed to be going well, with several of the largest linkups and dozens of vehicles converging on the site at Twyford airfield at the same time in a well timed – if chaotic – feat of logistics. However, once on site, things suddenly started to move very quickly for the worse. A local biker gathering had meant that a force of already mobilised cops – with riot gear in tow – was there hardly fif-

teen minutes after we got onto the site, followed by a police chopper moments after; its spotlights silhouetting the set up against the runway before any of the rigs had managed to turn on.

It was from this point that the chaos really began to unfold. As more and more punters and rigs started to arrive in the area, police started to set up a huge exclusion zone around the party. Nevertheless, with multiple entrances to the airfield for vehicles and pedestrians, numbers began to swell on the site. Eventually the police went so far as to close the A1, the main artery up from London to the North East, in an effort to limit numbers, closing off entrances as they were created. Dozens of vehicles were abandoned in laybys, surrounding fields and even on the hard shoulder of the A1.

Inside the party, things were not going so well. A roving column of ten police riot vans were going from linkup to linkup, informing us that they planned to seize all the generators on site and then allow everyone to stay 'til Monday to sober up and leave with our equipment (not that we believed them). By setting up spread out across the site, the different soundsystems had inadvertently left themselves open to being picked off one at a time.

The police operation, under the supervision of one incredibly incompetent Chief Inspector, was one of the most publically dangerous we've ever witnessed. The column of riot vans ragged it around the site in the dark all night and well into the morning, emerging in full riot gear to seize the generators they wanted with little attempt at negotiation. At one point, facing a large crowd in front, they all started to reverse back into each other; crushing one raver's neck between two vans and breaking his collarbone before one after another reversing into each other like dominos. It would have been hilarious had they not managed to run someone over in doing so. Unmitigated brutality was happening all over site, with heavy-handed violence being dished out without discrimination to anyone in the cop's way.

By the morning only one large soundsys-

tem remained, the rest having had their generators taken and packed up – although still on site. It was at this point that the tide turned. The roving riot squad, clearly made up from poorly trained officers inexperienced in dealing with public order situations, and with numbers nowhere near enough to tackle the size of the crowd in front of them, again attempted a generator seizure from this final rig.

This time they did not find it so easy. Over the mic on the soundsystem, the cry went up to defend the generator, stand up to the police and repel the cops, as peacefully as possible. Despite incredible brutality on their part – the local news reports the generator that was behind the rig, and where some of the worst police violence took place, as being 'covered in blood', with much use of batons and pepperspray – in the face of a majority of people who were not using violence, the police were forced to retreat by the large crowd standing up to them. I saw coppers close to tears at what they were doing, spurred on by their superiors from behind, but clearly unsure of what they were supposed to be doing in the face of such a large crowd and, when questioned by ravers, of why they were doing it. The crowd followed as they retreated, forcing them back into their vans and cheering as they drove off.

For the rest of the day, that appeared to be that. Knowing full well the scale of the police operation that was waiting for us on the way out of site, the party continued on all day, with one unified linkup, a huge crowd and beautiful weather. Slots were cleared for DJs and producers from the other generator-less rigs, and the variety of

music made a fair attempt at representing the diversity and difference across the UK rave scene.

It wasn't until around 8pm that the cops returned. They had already issued a Section 63 notice at the other end of the huge airfield, where pretty much no one was there to hear the decree of only twenty minutes to leave the site, and a police helicopter observed the crowd thinning out as evening set in. It was now that an absolutely huge police force moved in to clear the airfield, reinforced by cops from across the East Midlands and their new private policing partners, G4S. Forcing everyone off the site on foot, no one was allowed to retrieve any belongings from their vehicles – no money, phones, clothes, anything – and were funnelled out of the entrance through a huge stop and search operation.

Several of us plunged into the forest to retrieve our money and possessions from a car at the other end of site by working our way round police lines; eventually slickly emerging smack-bang into the middle of a huge police presence we casually told the cops we had authority from their senior officers to grab our bags. As nonchalantly and calmly as possible we walked out the back route from site, past the biggest line of riot vans, dog units and operational vehicles we'd ever seen, with the cops inside looking at us in puzzlement as we tried to hold it down and not laugh at the absurdity of it all.

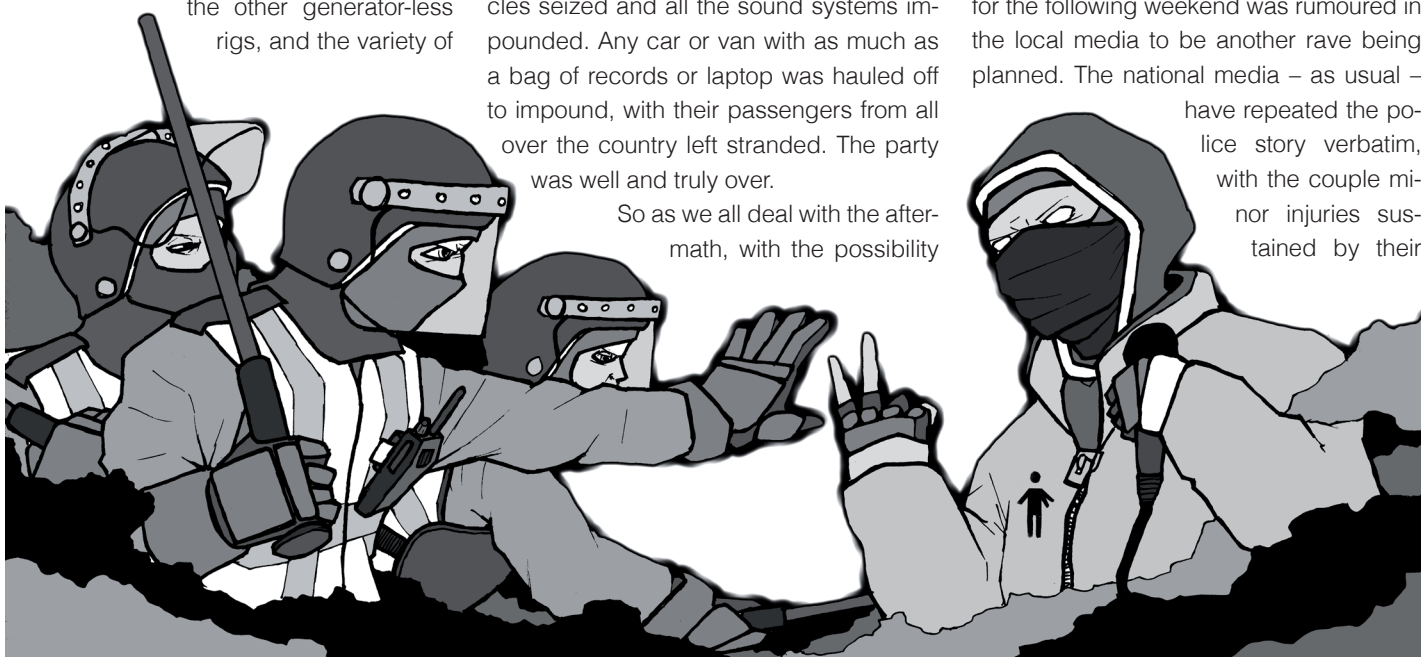
Having cleared the site, the police made what must have been one of the largest number of vehicle impounds ever, with by their own estimates as many as 140 vehicles seized and all the sound systems impounded. Any car or van with as much as a bag of records or laptop was hauled off to impound, with their passengers from all over the country left stranded. The party was well and truly over.

So as we all deal with the aftermath, with the possibility

of arrests and charges, with impound fees and seizures – was it worth it? The answer from all involved, judging by both internet and personal discussions, seems to be a resounding YES. It was one of the first times in the UK that any of us had seen a riot police force having to beat such a hasty retreat from such a unified crowd, even in the face of such extensive police brutality and violence. The joy of doing that resounds even now, despite the potential legal consequences for many. Ultimately though, its not just about the rejection of authoritarianism, not about defining ourselves just in opposition to the cops, but the unification the crowd felt in standing up for our rights and values, legal or not. Links were made and strengthened between people and crews from hugely different parts of the country, music was played from across the scene, different tactics in defending ourselves explored – from failed early negotiations with senior cops, to the outright self-defence tactics that raves have been forced to use in some parts of the country for decades. Maybe the event didn't turn out quite like we'd planned, with perhaps thousands of ravers and dozens of sound systems turned away from the borders of the huge exclusion zone, but the experience was amazing for all involved.

Parties sprang up elsewhere in the country on the Saturday night organised by soundsystems unable to access the teknival area. Ten days later and one intrepid Welsh crew is still camped out in Twyford Woods, steadfastly refusing to go home without having their rig or van back. A clean up organised by ravers of the site for the following weekend was rumoured in the local media to be another rave being planned. The national media – as usual –

have repeated the police story verbatim, with the couple minor injuries sustained by their



officers trumpeted (one of whom was hit by a car and sustained a minor injury, with no mention that a dozen riot cops in full body armour had surrounded and were smashing it to pieces with people inside, panicking the driver) with little mention of the brutal injuries dished out to dozens and dozens of ravers, many of whom were being entirely non-violent. An IPCC claim is being looked into with the help of an established law firm, and people are being asked to supply video evidence of police brutality for this.

Debate has raged online about the use of violence against the police – but it was their totally unnecessarily heavy-handed and brutal tactics that antagonised an otherwise peaceful crowd, as the huge number of online videos clearly shows. Ultimately, when a cop is punching you in the face – not to mention the use of batons and pepperspray – for having committed no crime (it is not illegal to attend a rave) then why shouldn't people defend themselves?

The police investigation is ongoing, and charges inevitably will be brought against

some people, but it was worth it. Though the event may not have gone to plan in size or number of soundsystems that got onto site (although numbers at Twyford are still estimated at least at 1500-2000), the unity and buzz it created in the scene and everyone there will be felt for a long time. In

the face of another five years of Tory rule – with the impact on all of us of an ever more right-wing direction in politics and society – it's important that rave counterculture and the values it embodies sticks together and shows unity when it matters.

'Til the next time!



IRRITANT4LIFE

IRRITANT AND FRIENDS EUROPEAN TOUR 2015

- CELEBRATING A DECADE OF INTERNATIONAL RAVE RUCKUS AND MAKIN MISCHIEF -

**2.9.15 - OUTER OUTLOOK PIRATE BEACH PARTY
(PULA, CR)**

**12.9.15 - IRRITANT, ELEKTROORGANIZM + FRIENDS
(TOSCANA, ITALIA)**

19.9.15 - IRRITANT + MEGATRON (TOSCANA, ITALIA)

3.10.15 - IRRITANT + TRACKERZ (TOULOUSE, FR)



**ALL DATES + MORE TBC, KEEP YOUR EARS TO THE
UNDERGROUND FOR MORE DETAILS**

I thought I would never squat again...

...Leaving the smoke, the tube, the grit and determination behind, I had happily slipped back behind the veil of complacency and bowed my head, immersed in the daily grind and transfixed with the everyday. Stressed out with bills, family issues and frustration with the absolute futility of it all, those were secret memories I cherished, memories nobody here in this life could understand. Held close to my heart, they slipped out softly in my quiet moments and enveloped me slowly in their warmth, like a midsummer dawn. Or a big fart.

I remember the sheer insanity of squatting in London's East End, the infamous Tower Hamlets, the feeling of freedom so sweet the smog of London tasted like the sweetest fresh air. The sun beamed hotter every day and the long nights stretched out forever. The acid, the parties, the music, the food – but the purpose. Most of all, the purpose. That feeling that what you did mattered. That security of knowing you were ALIVE. And not just alive, but one of many who understood. Who were also free. All on the same page, in the same boat, striving for the same end, fuelled by that same desperate desire to show others – LOOK! Life

is here! It's this! It's community, it's love and sharing and understanding and teamwork. It's not EastEnders and Council Tax and childcare and take-out fucking coffee.

I remember it, I remember it so well. And yet here I am – well and truly buried in exactly that life. I take my two year old on walks to the park where we feed the ducks cheerios and I carry a Styrofoam cup with 'Bev' scrawled on it because apparently being a barista requires fuck all listening skills whatsoever. I push a pram and obsess over how far my next lot of money will get me and whether to prioritise food or electricity if it really comes down to it. I remember so much, and I've forgotten everything.

Yesterday I saw an article about a group calling themselves the Love Activists who had squatted the Old Bank of England on Castle Street in Liverpool, right on the steps of the town hall. They were housing homeless people, feeding them and helping them wash clothes. The more I read the more that little spark was fed until burning with curiosity, I arrived on their doorstep. It was a beautiful old Grade I listed building with huge pillars and ornate balconies. Activists and residents smiled and waved

from the open windows, as bemused businessmen and women peered up from the streets below. The sunshine was glorious, and the omen felt good. Huge banners swayed gently in the warm breeze; "WE NEED SANCTUARY."

As I rounded the building I wondered who I might meet at the door, and what it would take for me to get inside. It had been a long time since I knocked on the door of a squat, but as it happened it opened as I got to it, and the familiar Vendetta mask peered out from behind the door. I was beckoned inside and as the bolts and bars slid into place behind me, I felt that old familiar itch to explore.

I was shown around the building by one guy who had just come out of prison two weeks before. He was staying in a hostel and had to report there as part of his license conditions, but he had thrown his heart and soul into the project and was a huge inspiration to me. He had been clean of heroin for sixteen months and was determined to keep fighting. I shared with him the tragic story of my amazing friend Gray who fought the same demons, but sadly lost his struggle.

I had been told the utilities had been registered so with running water the building was rolling along smoothly enough considering it had only been open for four days. It was an amazing accomplishment in such a short time. The building itself was a maze of rooms and corridors that seemed to stretch out endlessly, and round every corner was another face with another story to offer.

The people in this building were amazing, diverse and full of life. All had different stories and experiences, every one of them determined for something better. I felt ashamed of the apathy I had come to accept. I felt I had betrayed myself, and these people, for taking a step back from activism.

There was discussion on what the space should be used for, what could be done about the graffiti inside and outside, a fire safety register, cleaning and key-holding rotas. Not a stone was left unturned, it appeared. The most interesting contribution was from a man named Peter, who looked very out of place in an expensive suit. Especially considering he couldn't sit down in it.

Peter explained he was a lawyer who worked for a firm in the next street over. He had walked past the building and sympathised with the cause. Peter was an activist himself since the age of thirteen and had been involved in the Occupy Movement. He explained to us that there were homeless people who slept in the doorway of his office, and that he had spent the day debating with almost everyone who worked there the good we were doing for these people and the difference it was making. Peter told us that although he was initially met with a lot of resistance, and still got some, the majority had softened to his argument and his company now wanted to represent our case in court, for free, as a show of support.

Peters enthusiasm was undeniable, and it was exciting to be taken seriously by somebody who knew the legal system and the challenges we faced, but was still prepared to put his time and effort into the struggle. It made him one of us, and I loved him for it. Shortly after the larger meeting we held another, smaller, upstairs with just Peter, his friend Anna and the activists. We discussed a press release, witness statements and the importance of health and safety in the building as the three biggest immediate factors for the court hearing in five days time. Roles were assigned, though I didn't volunteer, as

I wasn't yet sure what sort of time I would be able to commit with the baby and a new job, but I was looking forward to being involved and hoped there was a way I could really make myself useful.

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It ended as soon as it began. I was working over the next three nights, and had the baby for the three after that and by the time I had chance to go down and make myself useful they had been to court and had been served a 24hr eviction notice. All of the homeless people had left the building, some hung around outside where a soup kitchen soldiered on for a few nights before being roughly dismantled by the good old boys in fluorescent yellow. Obviously they'd got bored of being stood round a bank in the freezing cold and had decided to give themselves something to do. A reporter from the Echo scurried round, popping under and over the raucous like a ferret snapping shots as he went, cheered on for one particularly good angle of a poor woman who was arrested seemingly for dropping some books.

And so the notice came through. 10-20 officers surrounded the bank and the siege began. I don't use that word lightly because there did come a point when a concerted effort was made to starve them out by refusing them access to fresh water or food. Every now and then a flurry of activity, the call would go out for a show of support in the face of an imminent eviction. I would do my best to reassure people that with no High Court warrant the police wouldn't be entering the building and it was highly unlikely to happen there and then. But it pissed me off that when I first arrived I had said to people, I have done this before – I can help you, and had been shrugged off. I had spoken to people about the Advisory Service for Squatters and they assured me it was still running – why STILL had nobody contacted them for advice?

It ended finally, as they all do, with more of a fizzle than a bang. The black flag waved from the balcony, the banners now limp and weathered, the Love Activists flag atop the mast looked tired and weak. The eviction went ahead with police forcing the door, and the activists were unconditionally bailed until August. There was not much news was made of it at the time, it just seemed to tail off. One or two of the homeless people I believe were found new accommodation, but out of the sixty that once

slept there most were back on the streets. They had great stories and loved the adventure, but in the end it was just something else that promised help and failed them, because they were not equipped or prepared for the task.

I walked home, recognising the same sting of years ago – the bubble pops, reality comes crashing into view. The world has not been changed by your brief burst of anger. I walked down Stanley Road, looked out past the tobacco warehouses and recycling plants down onto the bleak Mersey, where smoke stacks, strewn through the industrial maze, belched out the sour smell of factory waste and huge wind turbines lumbered slowly around as the sun sank low on the horizon. The sun bounced off the railway, the whole track glowed bronze in the soft dying of it.

I walked past rows and rows of disused shops and empty houses, I walked past closed community centres and care homes. I thought to myself, why aren't they squatting here? Why are they taking those people to the town hall, where they are most vulnerable?

The activists left, went back to their own cities or on to pastures new. They left a new small group behind giving the old rinse and repeat, but the bulk moved on, and I believe the reason is excitement. It is exciting to fight for what you believe is right, it makes you feel that something, that sense of meaning that I remember so well. But when you just jump from fix to fix, what sort of trail are you leaving behind?

It is time to be realistic. I would say to every activist I meet, go home. Go home and knock on your neighbours' doors. Find what you need together, go out into your streets and take it, because it is yours. You don't have to have a flare and a face mask, you work hard day in and day out for the right to life and so many in this country are starving and dying under this corrupt agenda. Help yourself, help each other.

One day I will walk down my street and the place will feel alive again, instead of this haunting spectre of poverty and deprivation. We have nothing to lose, my neighbours and me; nothing they can take from us now – they have our future in a vice. We must save ourselves, and each other. That won't happen in the Bank of England on the steps of City Hall. It will happen at home, in our communities – because that's what we should be strengthening and protecting.

LISTINGS

THE HIVE

Ongoing events

The Hive is an evolution of the free social centre, intelligently reusing empty buildings and wasted resources to create an independent environmental and cultural social space.

They have regular ongoing events including jam sessions, life drawing, capoeira, language classes, workshops, free films and Nerd Night. Check online for more: hivedalston.wordpress.com/schedule Or visit the space from Tues-Saturday: 260 Kingsland Road, London E8 4DG

VJ LONDON MEETUP

First Weds of every month

Juno, 134-135 Shoreditch High Street, London E1 6JE
vjlondon.com

JUNGLE SYNDICATE

Fri 31 July

9pm-3am. £5 entry. The Silver Bullet, 5 Station Place, London N4 2DH
facebook.com/events/1435396960102579

RUPTURE vs DISTANT PLANET

Sat 8 August

Indoor and outdoor music spaces, pub quiz, BBQ, kids welcome in the day. Midday - 4am, entry is £5/7/10. Fox & Firkin, 316 Lewisham High Street, SE13 6JZ
rupturelondon.com
distantplanet.dance

EARTH FIRST SUMMER GATHERING

19-24 August

Five days of skill-sharing for grassroots eco-

logical direct action in the Peak District
earthfirstgathering.org

FUK REDDIN 2015

28-30 August

Annual Bank Holiday weekend punk festival at the best DIY venue in London. T.Chances, 399 High Road, London, N17 6QN,
facebook.com/events/1103371659688730

BASSFACE WEEKENDER

28-30 August

5 stages of electronic music and plenty of underground scene on the lineup and supplying the rigs. Tickets must be bought in advance. The Plough, Ramsey Road, Farcet Fen, Peterborough, PE7 3DR
www.bassface-weekender.co.uk

HACKNEY DOWNS FREE FESTIVAL

Sat 29 August

12pm-8pm. Hackney Downs, near Cricketfield Road, London E5

CLERKENWELL FREE MUSIC FESTIVAL

Sun 30 August

1pm-6pm. Spa Fields Park, Skinner St, London EC1.

PARTY IN THE PARK

Sat 5 September

The continued revival of the festival at Fordham Park in New Cross, South London. Reknaw and Siren amongst those providing the sounds. pitpnxd.co.uk

MISCHIEF FESTIVAL

11-13 September

Up-and-coming independent festival in Sussex with 10 stages of music, arts and performance.
www.mischiefestival.com

ELEPHANT HI-FI

Fri 18 September

10pm-4am, £5 entry. Bar-a-Bar, 133-135 Stoke Newington Road, London N16 8BT
www.facebook.com/elephanthifi

MUSIC DAY EQUINOX FUNDRAISER

Fri 25 September

London venue TBC
www.musicday.org.uk/nightlife

CRUX

Sat 3 October

Due to be an evening event followed by allnight party with Hekate sound system and incorporating a launch of the Ears to the Future digi-label. www.crux-events.org

DON'T

Sat 24 October

Night for real-techno heads. 10pm-6am. Tickets from £8. Bar 512, 512 Kingsland Road, London E8 4AE
facebook.com/events/1597447280504503

TEMPORARY AUTONOMOUS ART LONDON

3-14 November 2015

The Hive, 260 Kingsland Road, E8 4DG
Check randomartists.org or the TAA Facebook group for programme and news.

HORRORSHOW

Fri 13 November

Hardcore and breakcore night in North London. £8 advance, more OTD. Bar a Bar, 133-135 Stoke Newington Road, N16 8BT
facebook.com/events/366716163514225

MUSIC DAY SOLSTICE FUNDRAISER

Sat 19 December

London venue TBC
www.musicday.org.uk/nightlife

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

FOR THE ENCRYPTION ARTICLE:

References

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- [2] Schneier, Bruce. Applied Cryptography, pp. 157-8 (John Wiley & Sons, 1994)

- [3] www.theregister.co.uk/2007/11/14/ripa_encryption_key_notice/
[Links](#)

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2. www.schneier.com/blog/archives/2014/03/choosing_secure_1.html
3. www.grc.com/misc/truecrypt/truecrypt.htm