

PARTIES & REKNAW FESTIVAL

15.09.06 – 11.11.06 THE PROJECTION GALLERY

Films and animation screenings, installation, live and interactive cross-media works as part of the Liverpool Biennial. www.theprojectiongallery.com

14.10.06 DEADSILENCE & UGLYFUNK

Electro breaks and wonky tek. 10pm – 4am. The Red Star, 319 Camberwell Rd, Camberwell Green, London SE5 www.deadsilence.co.uk www.uglyfunk.com

20.10.06 MORTAL BASS

Breakcore, mashup jungle and ruffage. 10pm – morn. £5 all night. VENUE CHANGE... Now at a popular, but secret, East London location. Phone 07092 882498 or go to www.mortalbass.com



21.10.06 HEKATE

Free party in Torino, Italy. www.hekate.co.uk 0039 339198 3828

21.10.06 UNITED SOUNDS OF BRISTOL

A whopping combo of 19 Bristol sound systems and crews unite for a fuck-off night that won't break the piggy bank. Respeck! £5 entry. 10pm - 7am. Lakota, Upper York Street, Bristol

21.10.06 OKUPATIONAL HAZARD

Siren and Reknaw return with this yearly event featuring a wealth of live bands and djs. Check here for info: www.the-infidel.co.uk

21.10.06 ANARCHIST BOOKFAIR

10am – 7pm, at the Voluntary Sector Resource Centre, 356

Holloway Rd, London, N7 6PA

03.11.06 BRAINDROP

4 deck turntablist electro-filth drum & breaks mash up. £2.50 b4 9pm, £4.40 after. 7pm – 3am. The Purple Turtle, Crowndale Road, London NW1

04.11.06 SYNTHETIC CIRCUS GUY FAWKES BALL

The annual and legendary fancy dress rave-up returns... Expect big stage show, live bands, loud sounds, special djs, livesets and performances. Warehouse venue close to London. Fancy dress expected. 07092 017667 / 07092 812259

17.11.06 NO FIXED ABODE

After a short post-summer break NFA bring you a party with that ol'time abrasive, fragmented, bass-heavy beatdown. Back at the secret East London venue. Check website for location: www.nofixedabode.info

18.11.06 SUBLIMINAL DISCHARGE

Full-on lineup of hardcore, breakcore and anything nasty. www.subliminaldischarge.co.uk 10pm – 6am. £10 till 12pm, £12 thereafter. Deep Blue (SEone), Weston Street, London Bridge

18.11.06 BASSLINE CIRCUS presents THE CABARAVE

An evening of circus, magic and comedy followed by their allnight

Pie'N'Mashup raveup. From 8pm in North London. Email for more details: robin@basslinecircus.org

01.12.06

DSS present EDGE CITY Live DnB, Live PAs, Breaks, Grime + Electro assault. £5 b4 11, £8 after. Jacks, 7-9 Crucifix Lane, London SE1 3JW

08.12.06 FROGS RECORDS

Comedy-core, froggy-tek & general clowning around with artists from the label plus special guests. Secret East London venue, check www.frogsrecords.co.uk

22.12.06 NO FIXED ABODE FUCK XMAS

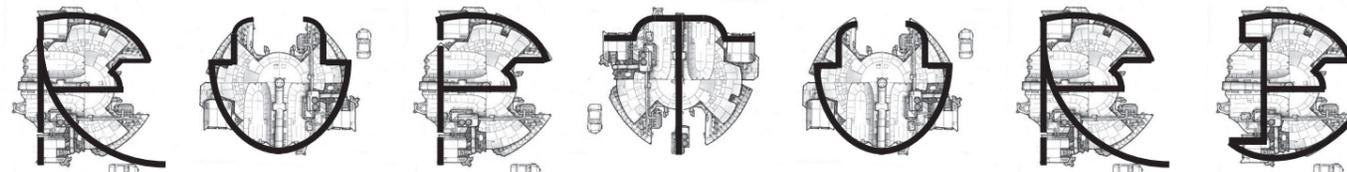
NFA invite you to spend, spend, spend... all your money elsewhere and come here for a midwinter cockle-warmer away from all the consumerist hoo-haa. London venue tbc www.nofixedabode.info

31.12.06 NFA, HEKATE + MORE

More info to follow but expect a squat party on the nicer side of life. Also expect to have to travel to get there! We will be trying to keep it sweet. Dya get muh?

13.01.06 DISSIDENT vs LIFE4LAND

Home team Dissident play host to another head2head rig soundclash. The Black Swan, Stapleton Rd, Easton, Bristol



styes, shys and porkie pies

OCTOBER 2006

send stuff to rupture@headfuk.net

The attempt to sack Parliament

As proposed, on Monday 9th October at 1pm around a hundred and fifty people converged on Parliament Square in London with the hope of surrounding the source of our bane and stopping MPs, Lords and civil servants from returning to work after their well deserved summer hols. This sort of chicanery isn't generally allowed by the police at the best of times, but this is 2006, London and Parliament Square which has been under section 132 of SOCPA since August 2005. For those that missed that particular bit of legislation (the Serious Organised Crime and Police Act 2005 – it is hard to keep up these days) that's the one with a clause which restricts demonstrations from taking place within a one mile exclusion zone around Westminster. So of course on the day Parliament was due not to re-open the Old Bill far outnumbered the would-be sackees and were stopping and searching everyone in the vicinity who looked vaguely 'dodgy'. Everyone was cordoned in the Square and eventually let out after being searched, photographed and identified. Protestors were also told that they would be summonsed for the offence of taking part in an unlawful demonstration. Around 40 people were arrested, most for breaching the SOCPA ban.

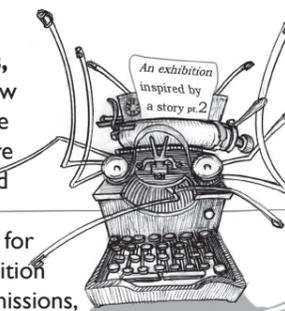


The Police kindly give someone the bumps...

PUT UP YOUR WORDS

An open invitation to all writers – *The Plot Thickens 2*

Following the relative success of *The Plot Thickens*, an exhibition based on a story, we are now looking for new stories to vote on for the second installment. This time we want more stories submitted and we will be allowing more time for the entire process. There is a 1000 word limit and all material has to be original. The deadline is the 1st Jan 2007 then votes will be cast by the beginning of Feb 2007 for the one story which will form the basis of a touring exhibition to commence in 2008. This will enable time for scouting missions, funding applications and the production of a good body of artwork. We hope budding scribes will see this as a wonderful opportunity to turn their text into reality. To whet your appetite the first tour took in exhibitions in London, Berlin, Prague and Timisoara. Send submissions to: theplothickens@free.fr Further info, the previous winning story and pictures of the touring exhibition will be online at: www.theplothickens.org



'i' the film

"i" is a meditation on the relationship between media and power as it is manifested by the worlds largest all volunteer network of media activists — Indymedia. The feature-length documentary, which expands on the explosive prequel 'Eye of the Storm' follows the first year of a small collective in Buenos Aires as it struggles amidst assassinations, a collapsing economy, and a whirlwind of political upheaval.

The film is currently on a whirlwind world tour but by the time we go to press the UK screenings will have been and gone. Nevertheless, you can make your own screening... "i" is being distributed using an experimental, decentralised network-building method that mirrors the grassroots media-making the film is about.

Organisations that share the commitment to community-powered media will be given the resources to hold and organise screenings of this film at their own event. This distribution strategy mirrors the principles portrayed in the film itself. "i" is largely about the power of decentralised action in combination with associations of affinity. It is our hope to use these two principles to bring "i" to the broadest audience possible by creating an infrastructure that will allow anyone who wishes it to host a screening of "i" at no cost to them and even use it as a fundraiser for their group.

To read more about the film and how to arrange a screening check: thefilm.com

PARTIES & REKNAW FESTIVAL

PARTYLINES

NFA 07092 812259
Pitchless 07946 839775
Ill Eagle T07780 986765
Abacus 07974 892670
FUBAR 07984 199768
Disjunkt 07835 175534
Gabberwocky 07951 057042
Malfauteurs 020 7644 5179
Deviant 07876 121700
HDFK 07092 230023
PRANK 07870 827511
Unsound 07946 466573
Club 07788 856941
Neurotica

PARTIES AND EVENTS

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

ART & MEDIA & THE REST

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

A NEW RADIO SHOW FOR THE BROKEN NOISE MOO SIEVE

There's a new radio show for lovers of abrasive, fragmented and bass heavy sonics... or simply for those that dig 'core to the err, core. Squawk!

Four different groups of London based party heads and crews are taking it in turns to host a weekly show on that venerable art radio station Resonance FM. The Decibel Breach show will provide a big chance for musicians and DJs from our scene to take over the airwaves on a regular basis. Each week you can catch either No Fixed Abode, Red Zero Radio, Ill FM and Adverse Camber. The season

kicked off with an old Resonance show Red Zero Radio (which has played host to a wealth of free party artists in the past) and featured twisted breakbeats and live instrumentation from the Cambridge Life4Land crew. The second week will see No Fixed Abode playing mixes and livesets from the Dead Pig hardcore party. Ill FM take the helm on the third week to skim through some of the EC-unreleased-tracks-mountain they've accumulated from mates and compadres over the years. Adverse Camber follow on their heels and in their first show they're clearing

the cobwebs off some of their own unreleased and particularly weird tracks.

Broadcasts will be an hour or two live from the studio and then recorded sets filling up the night-time playlist until dawn when we expect someone will turn down the racket.

Decibel Breach is broadcast every saturday night from Midnight gmt on RESONANCE 104.4FM in London and over the internet at www.resonancefm.com Mp3s of the show, playlists and waffle will be uploaded here: dbreach.fm

Buy your existence juice here

My arm called out my name – its small fangs stinging my flesh as it stammered the words ‘DDDaci Petressscuuu’. A new strain of fluid that was neither saliva, pus or blood issued forth from the gaping wound that in recent weeks was forming into something more and more oral. I needed my fix. I hadn’t been able to steal any supplies from work and quite frankly injecting mashed-up steaks wasn’t touching the sides.

The house shuddered as another artic’ shot past. This part of the north circular was full of immigrant scum. We fitted in perfectly. I hated squatting in this shit heap, once again my feet squelched in the mud-pool that was our hall floor. I even had enough money to rent but the problem was putting your name to something. On the rare occasion we actually catch flesh, and on the even rarer occasion when the law pokes its nose in, we know we can up stumps and be gone by the morning, the door swinging in the wind. Police officers could interview the neighbours for eternity but they will ache to recall us, finding in their hazy memories only the vague shapes of bodies that moved in the night. A hooded man, or was it a girl? ‘I can’t be sure officer’ is generally how the statements would end.

I had been doing this too long. I detested my friends, I hated my job and I loathed my house. I could think only of liquid sustenance. An insatiable appetite with a mouth that has long since lost all sensation of taste. I pump life’s essence into my ever decaying body to touch and smell that other

being; their hopes and fears, their energy, their soul. Ahh to feel, if only for a moment.

My job in the morgue is perfect for its night-time hours and access to haemoglobin – the surplus was enough to run a sideline in my own personal blood bank. Withdrawals to be paid in full, interest rates apply. My housemates had not responded well to this arrangement but the need for human blood in a society where murder is hard to undertake, even more so on a regular basis, has left my captive market with no choice but to find my offer irresistible. It must have been so romantic being a vampire in the 18th century – murder was so much easier. We were more respected, more feared. Nowadays we are just more junkies in a city full of addicts.

I was no imbecile. I already knew I was a target. There was no doubt my friends entertained fantasies of my door bulging and contracting; red dribbling down the step until it burst open to cover them with joyous liquid delights. So I protected my supply with the new, a motion detection alarm system; and the old, a hound, Cula, his nerves sharpened through starvation.

I was starting to amass enough gallons of blood to start thinking about what truck I was going to use to export it out of this grey, stinking, expensive island and back to the homeland. I had already settled on a lovely gothic chateau just outside Timisoara. OK it wasn’t Transylvania but that was just a short journey away. Anyway Timisoara was the new Trans and besides, I had enough red to buy friends, contacts and maybe even some fresh, juicy, tender, desirable, dispensable, young eastern Europeans.

Maybe then I will get the urge to fuck again. I haven’t felt anything for quite some time. Vampires are supposed to be sexually charged. I feel positively numb, I am negatively infectious. The only way to survive: deal in existence juice. After all who wants to be a hero? I injected one intramuscular the other day, thought it would be an enjoyable experience but it just made my breath smell of cheese all day.

At work the ambulances kept on arriving – there had been a 5 car pile-up at the Hangar Lane interchange. There were lots of corpses; I got harvesting. Unfortunately the idea of massive stock gain and a delicious feast made me slip up. I could do nothing but kill and run, leaving the security guard oozing blood. What a waste I thought as I quickly made my way back home.

I shouted through my door at the household rabble, ‘This is it – the final sale... yes that’s right, double the price. Friends, customers, don’t you understand... no more

job, no more supplies... well if you don’t want it then fuck off... all of you.’ More for me I thought as I stuck the needle in, no longer able to see where the scab finished and my arm began.

I awoke naked with all my limbs tied and an ex-lover standing over me. I should have finished the job when I had left Angelina for dead some weeks ago in an abandoned factory. Instead she had turned into one of us. She had had no trouble entering my room – she knew my dog and my password. Without further ado she bit down on my manhood again and again until it was no more. Blood spouted out of my groin. Each of my housemates entered, got down and drunk. Strangely this reversal, to be consumed instead of the consumer, was arousing. Obviously my red, spurting erection was the perversion I craved.

When they had finished, my dog started. As he began to masticate he appeared to talk: ‘Who would know a bastard like you would actually taste so good’. I felt the need to retort, to underline my pure blood and ancestry from the family of Vlad the Impaler but then I realised my mouth had been devoured as my underfed canine finally had his fill.

I am digested. I fragment. I see a hundred different realities as if I am part of each. Finally I am becoming one with my friends, with my dog, with my assassins, with my clients, with my dining companions and their dinner.



**SYNTHETIC
CIRCUS**
sat 4th november

Rupture Monthly Art Reviews

(and some meanderings on anti art)
By E8 GEF4 8OR – pronun “EE-ATE— GEF4-WATE-OR”

“E8 GEF4 8OR is like a pikey Holden Caulfield/Count Arthur Strong schizophrenic on Gas, bleeding from every orifice letting loose an angry bag of wasps at a Headfuk party during an Ely Muff set”
Andy Pitchless, Pitchless soundsystem

Two exhibitions this month:

Surprise Surprise at the ICA
Fucking walked around the whole exhibition seething with fury on a fucking crack comedown with Limewax’s ‘Satanina’ on Obscene records 09 blasting out through my mind which slightly confounded the following review. “Surprise Surprise” whispers the ICA into your ear, just after they taxed me £3.50 and a metaphorical cheeky little girl runs off into the exhibition ahead of us “Sir Pwize Sir Pwize” and she blows a raspberry, stamps her feet and fucking runs off with my fucking money. Come back here you stupid little cunt...

A wonderful offering from Jake Chapman. ‘Penguin’. Let me say that again... ‘Penguin’. With the deftness we can come to associate with these fucking jokers I am faced with their next stroke of genius. A crudely carved penguin, carved out of fucking polystyrene, painted with poster paint, gouache, blunt pencils and a broken biro that’s near the end of its life. Well it worked. I thought their work was the gold

pieces in the display cabinet in the other room next to that bloke who’s married to Bjork and Anguish Kapoor (whose work was elegant, timeless, the real masterpiece in the exhibition). Anyhow, this fucking penguin. It’s awesome, really I mean it. I saw it and immediately felt this compulsion to punch it off its stupid ramshackle little pedestal. It went “KAW KAW KAW” at me, like a penguin might if... anyway. So I was going to punch it, or maybe rip it off and throw it on the floor and stamp on it with manik glee (the heads amongst you all might notice a anagrammatical reference in that previous sentence to a certain figure on the underground scene). But there were fucking cameras you know. It’s like the Martin Creed piece in The Hayward British Art show. I wanted to lift the little Perspex box, and replace the cassette with Dave Stitch’s drum machine. So, yeah, surprise surprise is all right. Fucking usual pretentious junk present as per fucking usual and a waste of decent plasma screen pixels. I mean, fucking little bones with labels on them. Fucking smash them to bits I wanted too. But it was OK actually... some of it like... fucking hell it’s beer o’ clock already... www.ica.org.uk/?lid=11924

Miniature World at The Jerwood Gallery
‘Dealing with notions of the miniature’ reads the accompanying literature. Well curated. Interesting theme. Provocative. Was in a slightly better mood for this one, which might explain my fondness for it. Had some Joanne Newsome song or other playing through the old grey matter... Adam Humphries’ 63 microns and

smaller’ the first to stand out and draw me into the exhibition. Wonderful idea that I’m not going to elaborate on just to piss you off. Michael Whittles’ ‘Thirty Abreast in Good Order’ – nice one mate. Humphries followed with ‘Void Former II’ another use of polystyrene as a sculptural medium this month, albeit with more care, precision and attention to detail than that of the Chapmans fucking penguin effort... (fucking hell that thing still pisses me off so much I can’t stop thinking about it even in this next review, fucking cunt). The highlight of the show has to be Tessa Farmers’ ‘Parade of The Captive Hedgehog’. It’s fucking wicked man... Keep an eye out for this girl on the arts circuit – she’s onto a winning formula. So, I liked most of the pieces in this show, all demonstrated technical skill and what not. Check out the website for a more comprehensive review and images of the works. Laura Youngson Colls’ works also worked well with the theme of the exhibition, for a split second I almost felt guilty about my friends vandalism of one of her pieces in The Foundry only a few ago, but then considered it an equally relevant artistic endeavor, and remembered the psychopathic satisfaction on his menacing pixy like face as he smashed the little skull to smithereens. Of course I don’t condone these actions, I don’t talk to him anymore. So unfortunately both of these shows have finished now and it only occurred to me to write reviews of art shows last night when I was spanked on some dodgy ketamine. Ketamine eh? Hah! So where was I? www.theminatureworldsshow.co.uk

VINYL REVIEWS

Frogs Records 6 [FROGS06] From the silly to the sublime: somethin’ that’ll make you laugh, somethin’ to make you shake yo’ thang. It’s happy, it’s hardcore but thankfully not at the same time. Lashings of Froggy funk served up by the likes of Edit, Ronin, Crystal Distortion and Freddy Frogs.

Otto Von Schirach – Pukology EP [Imputor? IMP022] This is a project that’s been on the go for a while and that involves a bit of audience participation. Through an internet campaign, Mr Schirach invited everyone and anyone to send in recordings of themselves blowing chunks with the promise of a chunder chune to follow. And here it is, a whole EP... 17 minutes, 40 seconds of vomit in technicolour surround sound complete with lock-groove spew samples. It’s not exactly shit, it’s sick, Jim, but not as we know it.

Drop The Lime – Bad Girls [Rag and Bone] New York producer Drop The Lime, known for producing fucked-step breakcore, has made the switch of late to

heavy, grimey breakbeats and consolidates this with a kickin’ 12” on the London Rag and Bone label. The title track stands above the rest with all the right elements for dancefloor pummeling and even has a few bars of the nutty stutter breaks the man has knocked out in the past. Well suited to the label, carrying an old-skool-rave edge to the proceedings.
Mathhead – Dirty Deeds [Terminal Dusk] Another NY producer who has pretty much followed the same route as DTL (check their troubleandbass.com label) is Mathhead. The last release of his I heard was too spasticated even for my tastes, but his latest sees him dropping bass (and the tempo) but keeping the interest and production levels high with some glitched out and crispy noises.
Skream – Tapped/Dutch Flowerz [Tempa] Which brings me onto the latest 12” from supposed *wunderkind* Skream. This Croydon boy is responsible for some of the most reworked of dubstep anthems but to be honest he seems to have found a formula and stuck to it. Tapped has a cheesy reggae vibe going on and the flip is more ruff but someone please take those fucking arpeggiators away from him!

ALBUM REVIEWS

Enduser – Pushing Back [Ad Noiseam ADN6] Stuck between a big ball of cheese and a hard place and not knowing whether it wants to rock out or just dim the lights and get romantic. Scrape off the fromage frais and there’s some good shit in here (you might have to skip a few tracks to find it though).

Milanese – Extend [Planet Mu] Some more Mu output in the realm of grime (‘cept for a couple of tracks). Its quality stuff with enough distortion to keep tuff-heads smiling and enough catchy hooks and vocals to please the rest.

Clark – Body Riddle [Warp] The latest album from the ‘Chris’ Clark sees him ditch the splintered drum machine edits for a sound more focused around live drums. However he still latches onto the same broken rhythms and tinderbox melodies which make this sound his own. For people new to his stuff, check out his other releases first.

Email us if you’ve got stuff to review.

www.ILLFM.net

LIVE INTERNET RADIO

THURSDAY NIGHTS 8PM GMT

Check the web site for archive and updates.

OCTOBER... 19th: Christoph Fringeli (Praxis) and Dvotchka’s Connundrum. 26th: The Thorn Industries show – more fresh stuff from Black Mass Plastics and guests.

NOVEMBER... 2nd: Crazy Horse v. the ILL Regulars – Freddy n John up from Brighton + Willeagle and Karlos K... 9th: We’re looking to pimp this one out still.

Contact us with submissions... 16th: The ILL FM Roadshow – recorded live sets from the ILL crews travels... 23rd: Bad Sekta Special #2 – Phuq and the Sekta back in the ILL studio... 30th: The Thorn Industries show: Black Mass back again.

Also look out for us on Decibel Breach on Resonance on Saturday the 21st of October. Anxt! and the Pirate will be playing unreleased tracks from our mates and stuff people have sent us. Guaranteed to get messed up!

For our mailing list or submissions email info@illfm.net. Keep it ILL (Now with noise abatement order in effect!)