

RUPTURE

Autumn/Winter 2014

Pulling our finger out for a sniff

Drug Dawgz

A detection or 'sniffer' dog is trained to use its nose to detect various substances (or traces of their recent presence) in a given environment. Police and other law enforcement agencies utilise various species (e.g. Beagle, Belgian Malinois, Bloodhound, Cocker Spaniel, German Shepherd, Labrador Retriever, and Springer Spaniel), trained to detect currency, explosives, drugs, human remains, tracking, mobile phones (useful in prisons), invasive species of flora and fauna, fire accelerants, firearms, CDs/DVDs, and other evidence.

UK police forces employ over 2500 dogs, though it is not clear exactly what percent-

age of these specialise in detection work. All British police dogs (and presumably customs dogs too?) must be licensed to work operationally, and are required to pass a test at the completion of their initial training, with more annually until they retire. Britain's largest police dog breeding program is that of the Metropolitan Police, who not only supply London, but also other parts of the UK and other countries.

A potted history of detection dogs:

Israel is generally agreed to have been the first country to use drug detection dogs, with the French following suit in 1965 leading on to use by the American military police in Vietnam (in an attempt to stop personnel smuggling drugs back to the U.S.). In 1970, the U.S. Customs Service began to use

dogs for the same purpose, with the D.E.A. and state and local police forces starting to do so soon after. Since then many other countries around the globe have adopted the use of detection dogs.

The use of dogs for olfactory surveillance has been criticised as allowing the police to conduct searches without due cause, and in an unregulated manner. It has also been described as 'show-policing'; *"motivated more by the state's desire to be seen to be doing something than any serious attempt to respond to the dangers of drug use"*.

Accuracy:

The accuracy of police dog indications has repeatedly been called into question around the world. A 2006 report from Australia's *Continued on the next page...*

DISOBEDIENT OBJECTS...

Objects are not disobedient!

Objects are just objects,

A hammer is just a hammer, it's not until we pick it up and decide what role it will play that it can become a channel for our own disobedience to flow through.

It is our interpretation of conformity that allows the threads of disobedience to be pulled, and pull we do.

A sound system on the other hand, is the embodiment of disobedience, even before it is born just the mere flicker of an idea is in itself, disobeying what our society classes as conforming to the norm.

It is like a living organism, it is created, it

is nurtured and it grows.

It has a soul and that soul beats to a rhythm that's deep inside us all.

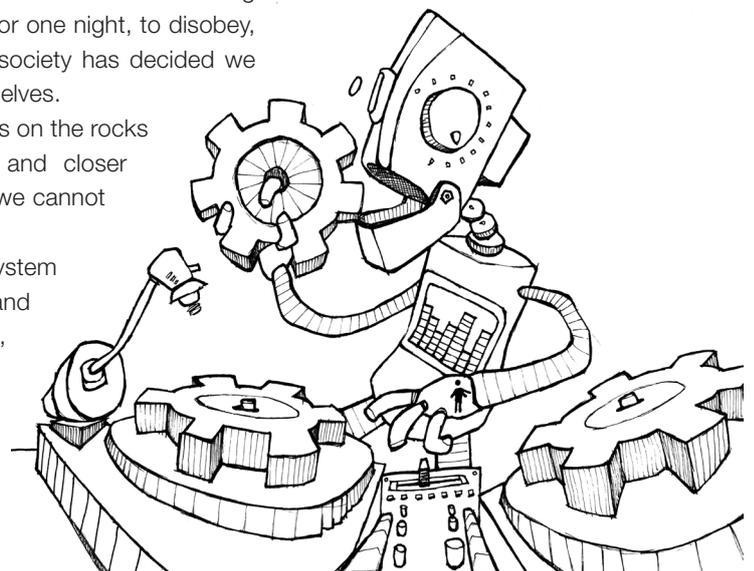
It draws us all together like a totem allowing us a chance, just for one night, to disobey, to challenge how society has decided we must conduct ourselves.

It is like the sirens on the rocks pulling us closer and closer with a sound that we cannot ignore.

It is the sound system that picks us up and gives us a platform, turning us into objects of its disobedient desire before it allows us to leave and go back to society

letting us hunger for more, waiting until we hear its call again.

Joe Siren - Siren Sound System



Continued from the front page...

New South Wales Ombudsman stated that illegal drugs were found in only 26% of the state's police searches resulting from sniffer dog indications, and of these 84% were for 'personal use' amounts of cannabis. Furthermore, the report also found such searches to be ineffective at catching drug dealers, with only 0.19% of indications ultimately leading to a successful prosecution.

In 2011, the Chicago Tribune newspaper reviewed the traffic stop data from Chicago-area police departments, finding that 'false alerts' were strongly biased against Hispanic suspects, with just 8% of positive alerts on these resulting in the discovery of drugs or paraphernalia (compared to an average of 47% of all positives across all races in the same area and period). While it is likely that some of these 'Hispanic' alerts may have been down to residual odours, it is still demonstrable fact that dog responses can be influenced by the biases and behaviours of their handlers.

Later in 2011, researchers at America's UC Davis University put police detection dogs to the test, resulting in over 200 false alerts (which in the real world would be used to justify searches on people and/or property). The study found that false

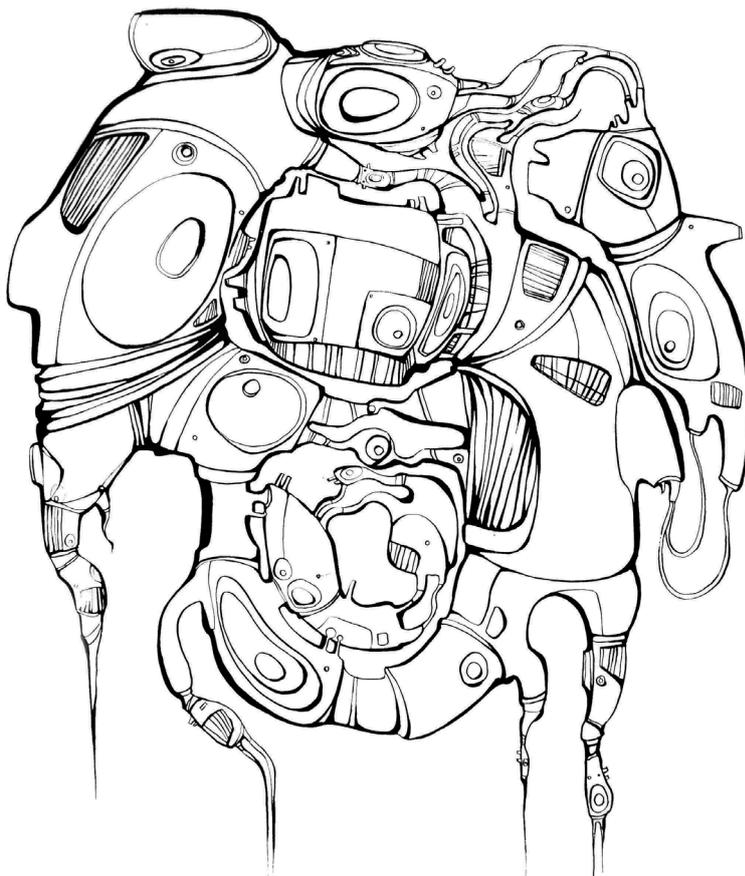
alerts were more likely when a dog's handler believed that there was scent present. The handlers were informed that there might be up to three target scents in any one of four rooms, and that these scents were marked by a piece of red paper in the room. However, none of the rooms actually contained any of the relevant scents, yet the dogs still alerted in all, likely influenced by their master's non-verbal cues stemming from a belief that there were indeed scents present.

What to do if a police dog handler stops you:

Police use sniffer dogs in public locations where they suspect that they will find people carrying illegal substances, including train and tube stations, clubs, raves, and festivals. They are not 100% reliable, and may alert their handler that somebody is carrying drugs

when they are not, or else might fail to identify someone who does have drugs. Remember that they may also be influenced to alert by their handler, for a variety of (hopefully obvious) reasons.

The UK does not currently have any laws or regulations on the police use of sniffer dogs, only 'guidance for use' - this guidance states that the dogs must walk through a crowd and then indicate people, rather than police officers ordering people to walk past the dogs. In reality the dogs are used daily across the UK, as people are funneled past



sniffer dogs as they come off escalators at rail stations (a practice believed by Release to be unlawful, yet still unchallenged in a UK court), in clear breach of the impractical and unenforceable guidance.

The police do not have a general power to require you to submit to a dog search, although their standard practice is to treat dog indications as reasonable grounds. If the police try to use an attempt to avoid a dog as grounds for a search, do not resist, as you will risk both physical injury and serious criminal charges if you do. If you believe the search, or any other action by the officer(s), to be unlawful, take action afterwards via the legal system - request a copy of the search record (stating the reason for the stop) and seek legal advice.

If a police dog indicates that you are carry-

ing contraband (or its handler says as much) when you are not, you will likely be asked to provide reasons as to why the dog has picked you out. However, as with many dealings between a member of the public and a police officer, you would be wise to politely refuse to comply, as a record will be made of everything you say, and may count towards the grounds for searching you, or investigating others. If no drugs are found on you, you should be free to leave - ensure that you note down the badge numbers of the officers involved, as these will be required in order

to follow up any complaints that you might have. If you are searched and drugs are found on you: do not panic, be polite, say as little as you can, and seek independent legal advice immediately. You can also get legal advice on bringing a civil action against the police after a search has taken place.

Now for the science bit:

Dogs smell as we see. Whereas we can see the different types of vegetables in a stew, yet smell only their composite aroma, a dog can smell the vegetables separately. This means that, try as one might to mask the fragrance of a particular substance, the dog will nearly always be able to smell components a, b, c, plus substance. Eventually, all containers of said substance produce a 'scent cone' that rises from its source, for which it takes

time, heat, motion, and vibration to develop. A detection dog can then sniff the cone out.

Now from time to time the concerned citizen might require the transportation of a substance, one that they wish to avoid being detected by the authorities...with this in mind, a few tips follow - for your education only! The key here is to keep (as near as practical) a sterile packaging environment. As time is a factor in the development of a scent cone, it is best to prepare your package as close to transport as possible.

1. Use Cellophane wrap (apparently minimally porous) or a 'food-grade' vacuum packager to seal your specialist substance. A vacuum by definition prevents airflow, but the Cellophane might suffice in a pinch. Wear gloves when handling your substance - do not touch the outside of the resulting pack-

age until wearing a fresh set.

2. Clean the outside of the package with bleach, to remove any remaining substance residue. Ensure this does not encounter anything else containing the residue, so no smoking, etc. Wear a fresh set of gloves when handling your package - do not touch it until you have put them on.

3. Rinse the package thoroughly with tap water - detection dogs are often trained to alert on unusual/unexpected smells, hence it

would seem prudent to at least attempt to minimise the aroma of bleach.

4. Place your package into an airtight container, made of metal or dense plastic (Tupperware). Plastic is slightly porous, thus will release odour over time. Temperature has a direct bearing on how much scent is released too. Wear a fresh set of gloves when handling your container - do not touch it until you have put them on.

5. Clean the outside of the container with

bleach. Ensure it does not encounter anything else containing the residue.

6. Rinse the container thoroughly with tap water to minimise the smell of bleach.

7. When transporting the resulting package, always attempt to counteract the scent cone's accelerating factors - minimise heat, motion, and vibration - keep it as cool and as still as possible. Do not forget to conceal it from prying humans as best you can too.

CLIMATE CHANGE VS ECONOMICS

Climate change has been on the radar for over a hundred years now. Strong evidence originating in the 60's and 70's convinced many and currently there are few deniers of the potentially most pressing issue the world has today. However, there is little one can do to significantly effect this matter before it's too late. Regardless of scientific evidence and the concurring beliefs of the vast majority of intellectuals specialising in the field, global institutions with the power to save the planet choose to ignore advice in favour of economic growth and market values.

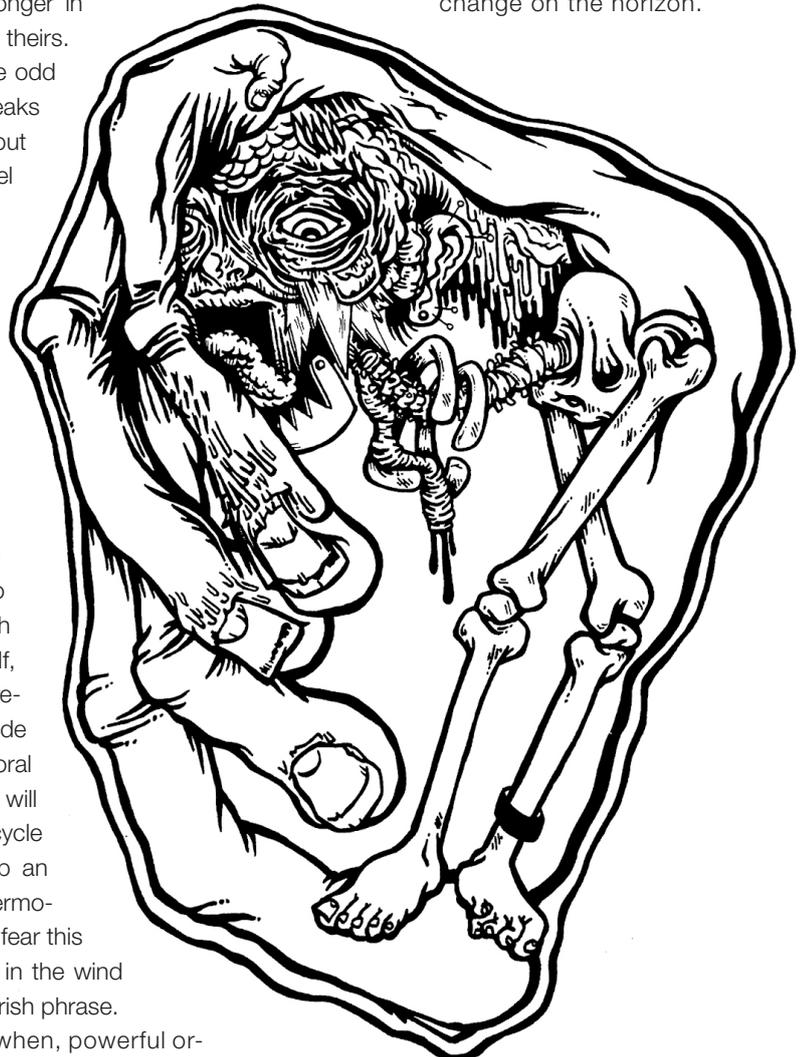
The neoliberal political revolution has turned fiscal variables into an almighty deity, omniscient and not susceptible to wrong doing. When the UN agreed positive action was necessary, Carbon Credit markets were created then traded on stock exchanges; when polluted, smoggy cities need vehicles with lower emissions, electric cars and tolls on old vehicles emerge. This has increased the production of new vehicles and in tandem, the profits of companies involved. Even given the best intentions these are hardly the drastic actions necessary to combat climate change. But that's not to say that these institutions can't help. Perversely it is primarily they who have the power and resources to enact the measures required, in the time scale necessary, to avoid subjecting all markets to the same fate as the dinosaurs. Buying power and boycotts of immoral institutions can affect markets but nowhere near as fast as is necessary. Even if everyone were able to be as green as they know they should be, far too much money can still be made through trashing the place. It's not that there's no money in ethical business, there's loads. But not as much as in unethical carbon-heavy practices.

If the impending doom were something a little more obvious, let's say an alien attack, companies and states alike would quickly unite against the common enemy. When the enemy is a man-made nightmare poised to wipe life away altogether, let alone the odd market here or there, these institutions just can't let go of the current economic dogma, and remain petrified of looking anti-business. The power to change is no longer in our hands: it's in theirs.

Occasionally the odd public figure speaks up at the UN but with the model of greed so entrenched there will have to be a far more serious event if companies are to change their modus-operandi. Even if this happened tomorrow, do we have enough time as it is? If, like me, you prefer the altitude found on the moral high ground you will continue to recycle waste and keep an eye on the thermostat. However, I fear this may be pissing in the wind - to use an old Irish phrase.

If, hopefully when, powerful or-

ganisations collectively challenge these attitudes towards climate devastation, they have the power to disperse the impending doom overnight. A few enlightened shifts of policy and adjusted business practices could secure a far more prosperous future for the planet. But as long as the enchantment of neoliberalism keeps these institutions focused on economics there is little chance of change on the horizon.



END OF A CERTAIN LACK

The fluorescent strip flickers randomly; the green walls lit up like the backroom at a rave. I look up, half expecting to see one of my colleagues stood in the corner screaming his wares over the top of the repetitive rhythm.

They never fix anything around here. I could say it's because I'm on my way out and they've stopped caring but I think most institutions are like this; flat pack furniture, prefab dividers and Styrofoam cups left to rot on an ever-decreasing budget.

The walls sweat long forgotten toil; things long since shat out or spewed up. Portions and cocktails designed for emancipation, psychonauts or just people in search of a break from the highway of monotony. I've pondered many times on how I could leave my position and now it's upon me it feels unreal, like one of our badly designed microdots. It's a shame I never met the grim reaper. I wonder if one day he too will be forced out by a competitor that favours health and safety checks across the board?

I am to be replaced by what? Hair wax and the stale odour of cycle stink, an authoritarian trying to structure a world of chaos. I would say good luck to him but the man's a buffoon, a weasel with all the right tech jargon; but there's no feeling, no drive. As if addiction can be structured, ordered, logged and tabled? Which is why it needs a woman's touch. Those fools that think they run things, they are past listening to my

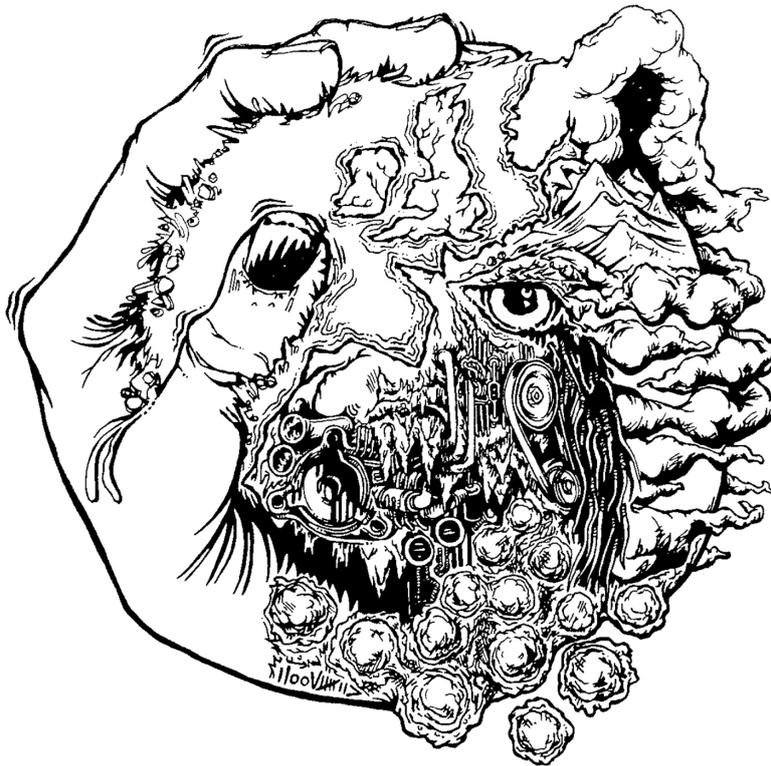
croaking whine. I gave them everything from psychedelics to Prozac and still they want more. Let him try and order the Lack. I give him two years before he joins Thunderbolt Bob and One-eyed Gil under the bridge, pulling up the cardboard sheets against the chill breeze, debating quantum evolution theory as hipsters piss on their bed.

I'm hung along with my heroes, beat po-

lay the blame solely at her door, that's greed, gluttony. Like most of the media outlets I blame a bad upbringing; their father's over rampant sex drive. Who can tell what the effects of our work are? I laugh; maybe I'm the victim of my own success. The Lack has become omnipresent, dispersed by hand, by factory process, underground network, confectionary machine. Same shit, different con-

tainer. A spin on how we mix the concoction or who we let patent the rights. As always, it's about context.

I flick through the drawers in the desk; faded memories of narcotics that could have been wisp their antique perfumes around the room. There's no point leaving my notes, who deals in paper? From now on everything will be focused on spreadsheets and profit margins. No chance to dream on the road to success. Two birds, one stone, the client has bought another fifty kilos but the new boy hasn't finished, it's down to the nitty gritty of carbon offsetting, the Mafioso listens intently while visiting his 3rd wife in his own



ets, musicians, artists of all types and all creeds sucked some sort of my syrup but it's far easier to blame me for my failures. The dirt-ridden scratcher who can't stare straight, but she used to be so pretty – that was before she fell down that dark well. Their faces bloated red, their skin raw, their bellies empty but that's not just Lack, you can't

personal jet.

I guess all things have to end, they tell me it's all a loop, I think it's ever decreasing circles, just with added hyperbole.

I put the last things in my box and head for the door. I spit on my way out and forget to turn the light off. It strobos behind me as I disappear into shadow.

CRUX

The monthly Crux events were created to fill a hole in London's electronic music nightlife. Firstly, there were very few places for people to meet mid-week outside the often messy antics of a squat party. Secondly, and just as important, was the fact that though there some boundary-pushing electronic music events they tended to be very geeky and slightly inaccessible to artists (and audience!)

who prefer to spend their time making actual music rather than solely marvel at the tools and techniques they've used to do so.

Crux straddles this line – people come with an open mind, but leave with sore dancing feet!

The nights also focus around live performance. As this can involve a number of different hardware setups, we also thought it good to use the first part of the night to

have skill-share presentations by the contributing artists.

The night usually features an electronic jam session where previously up to six people have been plugged into the mixing desk at one time.

We also welcome all future contributions – whether you are doing your first live set or want to experiment with something new.

WWW.CRUX-EVENTS.ORG

Fiery ice drips down your back
 You think you're suffering another attack,
 But in the gloom the answer comes
 It's just the morning waking you up
 Your bones are creaking though you're hardly old
 Think you've caught a nasty cold
 But in your blood you felt dawn rising
 Through the city grit and tower blocks, roads, estates winding
 Past the end of what you can think of
 Way past how far you could walk in a day, especially now
 Old man, remember
 Hills on every side, would that they were green, no
 Bracken brown or heathered, or black, grey rock,
 But a way out nonetheless, walk for an hour and be
 On top of the mountain, facing other mountains, and the way out
 Sea at the horizon, hovering
 Just beyond the visible.

It's still there for those that care to imagine
 Step outside it's a beautiful morning
 Old man, let your nightmares behind you in sleep,
 And sit on your balcony again today,
 So that I might watch you across the way
 From my tiny window of the world
 Your shuffling frame never lets me down,
 You are my mountains, the end of what I can see
 Every night as I do my work or have my tea
 I look to make sure you're alright
 And make it safe through another night.



Modern Proverb 1

Those who walk with their eyes to the ground, see only the road they travel. Those who walk with their head held high, see that the sky's the limit.

Yiska Fonseca

The Great Wen

London, oh place of once scabby beauty
 A town which I once felt a part of
 Which I once fell apart from
 A distinctive distance now tween a man and his home
 For I fear that the soaring vulture of gentrification
 Has locked its talons firmly in thy putrefied flesh
 Prising the last remains from your bones
 To replace with flesh anew
 And a custom-bespoke-fixed-gear-Soul
 That comes with free facial hair
 Londinium, land of wasteland opportunity
 Which we did not seize in the 20th century
 Which we now no longer have any claim over
 London, the playground for the rich
 The preserve of the property elite
 Nodnol, the place where no one remembers your true visage
 In all its scabrous beauty and ill health
 We are waiting at your margins
 One day we hope to return

Middle Aging Forecast

Voting turnouts below 30: Bad
 North struggling after Margaret. Outlook: Grim
 South bearable to moderate. Under 30's: Live with mother
 Forties approaching fast. No sign of slowing: Bad
 Time dragging. No sign of improvement
 Coalition fading 2 end soon. Please
 Labour occasionally good, veering right. Changeable at best
 Parliament, stormy relations approaching. Moving 2
 UKIP over 80's, MP's: 1. Coverage: Saturated
 Greens, Moderate to Lazy
 Multinationals 2 powerful, 4 safe existence
 Liberalism strong, approaching from the right. Fading soon: Hopefully
 Trafalgar. Square, moving to cubed: 3D
 French demanding. But still nothing: from 12 til 3
 Fishing quotas bursting. Gracias Pedro
 German growth, 5. Fading fast
 Middle East violent outbursts, moving to nightmare. Imminent
 Irish tea, possibly coffee, early. Facing west: cheeky grin
 Biscuits 5, yummy, at worst 3, becoming nicer when dipped
 Dogging losing popularity. Potentially moved on
 Sharon nice new barmaid 36 24 36
 Race car, good. 4 tires 2 seats 3 litres. Quickens to downright stupid
 Liver 1, yellow. Moving to cirrhosis: Bad
 Weight increasing. Large swelling in centre
 Holidays Moderate to good. Becoming greedy at times
 Family exasperated. Some concerns: Pending
 Future good. Moving to continent: Soon
 Concerns slim. Rapidly decreasing to none

Star Spores: Frequency Harmonics #13

I went to **Circus Radiance** and witnessed a performer who put together broken glass with the power of her voice. This is just a way of speaking that you might comprehend.

First the clowns threw bottles high and let them fall to the concrete floor beneath the LED lights. I loved the breaking sound and dancing shadows, splinters of light.

She smiled and sang out scientific expeditions of tones that you could feel in every cell of the body as an excitation, a tingling.

With her harmonically rich resonating overtones that folded and looped around the Big Top, she gathered and reconstituted the glass into new shapes, brilliant and scintillating images of thought made real in the air above the concrete ring.

Green and blue glass first formed a planet like our own back in the day, and transformed into a river with light shimmering on its surface and a row of remembered poplar trees alongside. Then a peacock appeared, reflecting and mirroring our eyes that gazed upon it in disbelief, astonishment and delight. Mouths wide open, our larynxes started vibrating too. We became part of the song.

The single peacock split and reformed into charms and parties of blue-tailed emeralds, fairy bluebirds and blue jays, all of which broke into pieces of birdsong that hovered in the air and resolved as a single true note, balanced and poised, crystal clear and whole. It was like exploded galaxies travelling back beyond our Big Bang.

This got me thinking. And thought quickly turned to action.

I met her after the show. She first read to me from a book: "A catalyst intervenes in reality, recognizes specific targets, triggers effects, causes encounters that would not have taken place without it, and yet it is not consumed or permanently changed in these

interactions, so that it can go on triggering effects elsewhere".

In the back of the book, among diagrams of computer circuits and nervous systems, she had drawn musical staves and notes in patterns like constellations next to illustrations of vortices, and written code ciphers of mathematical symbols and hieroglyphs.

She went on to explain that reality is composed of an impossibly beautiful web of lines of light held together with sound waves. By voicing particular frequencies and series of frequencies during her performance, the pieces of glass could be moved along the lines of light. And by generating harmonics, the glass could be rearranged and joined like molecules in endless patterns.

That night, the fragments of our lives fused together like glass in joyous unity and we balanced the equations.

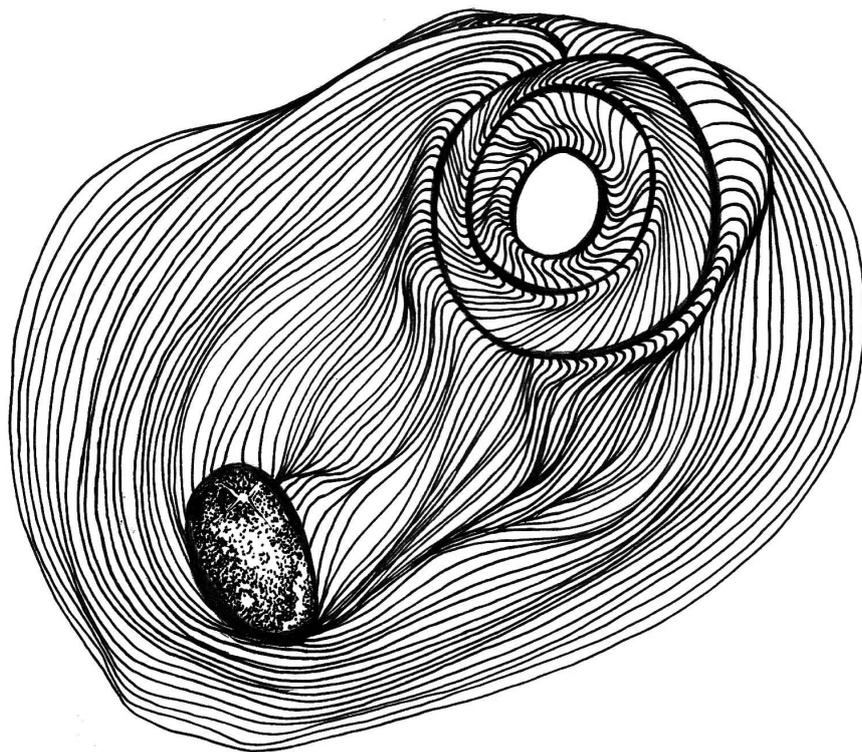
In the following days I found myself hum-

ming fragments of song. These varied according to my surroundings, birdsong refrains synced with architecture and purpose. I'd then walk past the same places again and hear others singing the same melodies.

The planet grows colder and now everyone sings all the time. We mesh with each other at certain places and frequencies. Our songs, tones delicate at first as spiders' webs in September, begin to form together and become more resilient. The melodies assemble in concert, a growing panorama of sound.

We have discovered the music and breath that gives it voice. The sound that creates the world is at our command. When a certain number sing as one and incant the codes, we bridge the particle and the whole. Already we transform the city and reach beyond the stars.

Terra Audio



music day

21st JUNE 2015

Music Day takes place around the world on the midsummer Solstice and the self-appointed UK coordinating team, who hail from the underground party/gig scene, are organising various events in the run up to next year's events to raise both awareness

and the necessary cash.

We follow the lead from the founding nation France where this day is a national institution and are hoping to have the date adopted in far more certain terms in the UK.

The first event is at inSpiral Lounge on 7 November in Camden Town and although Music Day is about all styles of music (and our team is broad enough to feel at home in a warehouse as on a bandstand) this particu-

lar event, in keeping with the inSpiral ethos, will revolve around the positive vibes of the Caribbean mingling with contemporary R'n'B notes, uplifting subversive electronic MC'ing, a selection of European hip-hop and some banging electronics. This is accompanied throughout by maximalism colour frequencies and stop motion animation.

See the Listings page for details.

WWW.MUSICDAY.ORG.UK

THE UNCERTAIN PRINCIPLE OF SODS LAW

The multiverse is a complex place and a place full of irony, slapstick and misdemeanours. As modern science delves deeper and wider, expanding the notion of reality, we see the world of the very very small giving way to a very real calculation of multiple universes existing in a foamy 'bath' of bubble-membrane-space. But with the 'all-possibilities-are-happening-somewhere' philosophy, is it just our turn in the multiverse to walk into lampposts or face-plant freshly cleaned glass doors, or is it simply Sod's Law at work?

The finer workings of Quantum Mechanics dictate that the state or location of every particle cannot be known until it is observed. This facet of modern physics is one of the weirdest and most mind boggling anomalies. For example, the act of measurement can change a photon from behaving like a wave, to behaving like a particle (which is a big deal – believe me). It is this experimental observation that is convincing leading scientists that the multiverse is a testable reality. At the crux of the multiverse theory is the fact that the photon is actually always just a particle, and its wave behaviour is just the blurred realities of multiverse existence happening simultaneously. In accordance to the Copenhagen Interpretation, it is only by us choosing to measure/observe it that we pin it down to a universe, our universe, and it is at this point that the wave function collapses and the universes branch away from each other. However many possible measurements could have been made at that time, however many choices were made, however many flips of the 'quantum coin' took place, that is how many universes will spring into existence as we diverge paths.

Like Schrödinger's fated cat, lying in a fuzzy state of both being dead and alive as it shoots through multiple universal space in a sealed box, it is not until the box is opened that the cat's 'choice' is made and he finds himself dead in one universe, but alive in another. But which state would he be in in our universe? To my reckoning, we live in an unfortunate universe governed by Sod's Law (yet to be accepted by any scientific body), and as such our cat would have had the misfortune to have knocked his head on the lid of the box during take off and would now have a gammy infected ear.

In the multiverse theory, it is not just the small, quantum, observations that cause

universal divergence; we are all responsible for creating these splits every time we make a decision. But who are 'we'? At any one moment 'you' are a fuzzy combination of multiple 'yous' across the foamy membrane, and as different 'yous' make a conflicting life choice they branch off, away from the rest of 'you'.

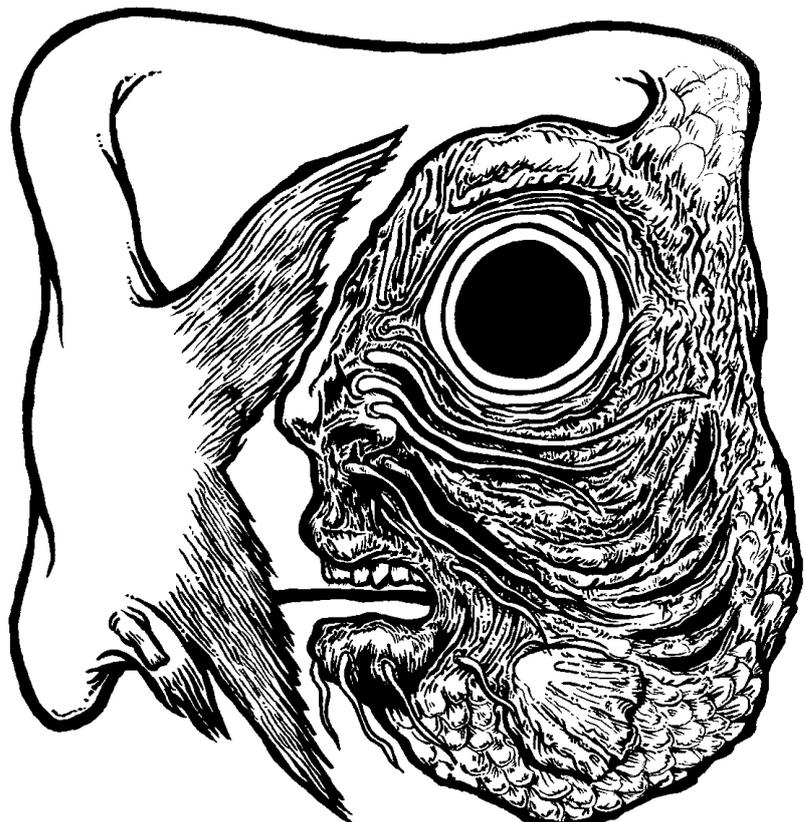
But where does that leave the 'you' in this universe, our universe, the only one we can really know? The evidence seems stacked against us. This is the universe where you have to pop back into the house to grab your wallet before work, only to get to the station as the train pulls away. The one where you buckle just when trying to look your coolest. But this isn't Murphy's Law (where things that can go wrong, will go wrong), otherwise we'd be living in a universe where the Nazis won the Second World War or where Thatcher had declared herself totalitarian leader of the free world, or you'd have made the train only for it to have derail before the next stop. I pity that universe.

No, this is Sod's Law, something far more subtle and poetic. A universe full of "Life's little ironies", as Thomas Hardy called them; this is where a homeless person finds the twenty dropped by a hurrying CEO, and a freak thunderstorm falls just after you've fin-

ished watering the garden. Or one where it doesn't rain and instead there is a heat wave in October, just because you've brought your umbrella to work with you – which would be a blessing if you weren't now lumbered with carrying around the redundant item (but don't put it down or the rain clouds will return!). Sod's universe isn't an ill-fated one; on the contrary, our universe is likely to be the one that will run out of oil just as we reach crunch time.

Maybe this is the universe where a sudden shift in collective consciousness will usher in a new era of responsible humanity and global peace... It could happen... or it already did last Thursday in some other universe. Maybe all the cool freaky shit happens in the other universes and it's just Sod's Law that we're in the one that will plod on, scraping by with good days and bad days into an unknown, yet ironic, future.

Personally I like to know that out there, in other worlds, there is a me that has started a revolution, a me that still has dreads, a me that can sing and a me that became a physicist. It also comforts me to know that while I choose to lie in bed for an extra 10 minutes in the morning, I am enabling a different me to choose to get up and get more done. I am lazy so the others can succeed. I take that bullet for team me!



LISTINGS

CRUX

Thurs 16 October

Live performance sessions for electronic music and video. Starts with skill-share presentations before a jam session and the livesets. 7pm-midnight. Donation entry. T-Chances, 399 High Road, Tottenham N17 6QN
www.crux-events.org

BROKEN WINDSCREEN

Fri 17 October

A night of audio-visual performances organised by Hekate Sound System. 9pm-3am. £6 OTD. Simulacra Studio, 302-304 Barrington Rd, London SW9 7JJ
goo.gl/1WZNVj

ANARCHIST BOOKFAIR 2014

10am-7pm. Queen Mary, University of London, Mile End Road, London, E1 4NS
www.anarchistbookfair.org.uk

ANARCHIST BOOKFAIR AFTERPARTY

With Dissident Island Radio and friends including Siren Sound System. 3 rooms, live bands, live hip-hop, loadsa DJs, cinema and more. 07749 932726 / 07749 932728

MUSIC DAY BENEFIT

25 October

Raising money for the annual midsummer free

events which celebrate music in all its glorious forms. Preliminary date, phone 07092 812259 on the night to check.
www.musicday.org.uk

ERISIAN

Fri 31 October

A halloween edition of this always-rocking night of 'core music. 11pm-6am. Volks Night-club, 3 Madeira Drive, BN2 1PS Brighton

DON'T: The Halloween Slam

Sat 1 November

No-skool techno presented by Don't Records. Bar 512, Kingsland High Rd, London E8 4AE

MUSIC DAY GIG

Fri 7 November

DJs, MCs, performance and livesets with accompanying VJs celebrating musical diversity. 9pm-1.30am. inSpiral Lounge, 250 Camden High St, London NW1 8QS

THERAPY SESSIONS

Sat 8 November

Hard as nails Drum & Bass. Dukes, 18-22 Houndsditch, London EC3A 7DB
www.angeruk.net

COMBAT RECORDINGS 10 YEAR PARTY

Sat 8 November

Audio-visual work and darkside electronics from the Combat label crew. 8pm-2am. £3 before 10pm, £5 after. Power Lunches, 446 Kingsland Road, London, E8 4AA

THERAPY SESSIONS

Sat 8 November

Hard as nails Drum & Bass. The Black Swan, 438 Stapleton Road, Bristol BS5 6NR
www.angeruk.net

SP23

Sat 8 November

The Spiral Tribe reunite west-side to showcase their sound. 10pm-7am. £10 adv, £12 OTD. Lakota, 6 Upper York St, Bristol BS2 8QN

CRUX

Thurs 20 November

Venue TBC - check www.crux-events.org

Thurs 18 December

Venue TBC - check www.crux-events.org

MUSIC DAY BENEFIT

Sat 20 December

Preliminary date, phone 07092 812259 on the night to check. www.musicday.org.uk

NEW YEAR'S EVE in NAPOLI

Noise Control Audio rigs from across Europe converge for a mega-party in the South of Italy.

BAD SEKTA NEWS — AUTUMN 2014

BADvinyl001 is our first vinyl, available as a limited, 180g 12", featuring five excellent and exclusive tracks from Ascetic, Lastboss, Phuq, Ronin and weyheyhey !! First 100 orders also receive five FLAC/MP3, twelve bonus MP3, stickers, 38mm badge, A3 poster, A6 print, info sheet + 1 discount. There's only ten or so copies left of these, so for all the extras order soon - www.badsekta.com/vinyl.html

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

Oddscene's fantastic promo video for the

new Gruff Records release is finally online - it's a wickedly weird and wonderful space odyssey, so check it pronto - www.vimeo.com/103920617

weyheyhey !! will be performing his own highly technical brand of ravecore at the Bangface Halloween Special in Rotterdam, 31/10/14. Despite being a regular act at/attendee of Bangface's UK events, they've got his name slightly wrong on the flyer, which hopefully irritates him greatly - www.bangface.com/events/bangface97/

Will Phuq is still researching for a comprehensive and up to date book on K and needs your input. Ketamine users and ex-users please do something useful and fill out an anonymous online questionnaire - www.fearcontrol.info/ketaminequestionnaire

The Voices

It's the voices
From outside my head
My cereal yells
Good Morning at me
My chosen brand of beer slurs out a
Good Night
My head spins with advice
From inanimate objects
Each with some wisdom to proffer
I'm So Good For You!
I'm Full of Vitamins!
Consuming Me Will Make You Very
Popular!
Some are more cautious
I'm Best Kept In The Fridge!
I Am Not The Only Component Of A
Healthy Lifestyle!
And some even show signs of honesty
I'm Not That Great For You - But I Am
TASTY!
Can anyone remember the morning
(Good Morning!)
When all these products became sentient
So full of character
So brimming in general
Did I miss something here
Am I alone
Is no one else
Affected
By the voices?