

RUPTURE

SAVE THE PLANET – KILL YOUR CHILDREN

Contributions: rupture@headfuk.net • Online archive: fearcontrol.info + randomartists.org/rupture.shtml • SPRING 2017

Imagine Resistance

To set the mood, here is a sampling of controversial acts curtailing privacy, freedom and security, passed by the UK Parliament since 2015...

Investigatory Powers Bill 2016 – Ruled unlawful by The European Court of Justice (Europe's highest court), for 'general and indiscriminate' retention of electronic communications by the government. "This Government exploited fear and distraction to quietly create the most extreme surveillance regime of any democracy in history." - *Martha Spurrier (Director, Liberty)*

Psychoactive Substances Act 2016 – Declaring a psychoactive substance to be anything which 'by stimulating or depressing the person's central nervous system ... affects the person's mental functioning or emotional state', the government bans all such substances, yet – unsurprisingly – exempts alcohol, tobacco/nicotine and caffeine. The Home Office's own Advisory Council on the Misuse of Drugs (ACMD) described the law as unworkable – 'the psychoactivity of a substance cannot be unequivocally proven' – believing it could hinder medical and other research.

Legal Aid, Sentencing and Punishment of Offenders Act 2012 – Discreetly squirreled away within LASPO is Section 144, creating the new offense of squatting in a residential property (those 'designed or adapted, before the time of entry, for use as a place to live'). The first person to be imprisoned for the new offence was sentenced to 12 weeks' confinement, and in 2013 a homeless man named Daniel Gauntlett was warned by Kent police not to squat an empty bungalow that was due for demolition. Four days later, an inquest found that his subsequent death sleeping on the bungalow's doorstep was caused by hypothermia. A few months after, Tory MP Mike Weatherley wrote to the Prime Minister in support of an Early Day Motion to extend the law to cover commercial properties.

Imagine: We exist in the not-too distant future (let's say five or ten years), when current and forthcoming technologies and strategies more fully enter 'acceptance' by the populace and their masters. In this imaginary future existence, you decide to exercise your legal right to peaceful protest in support of one cause or another.

In the time since you decided to attend this protest, the authorities may have noticed your online footprint – when you posted online, downloaded a specific file, searched for a flagged term or merely visited a certain website. You may

be on a watched email list, or flagged as a known associate of someone of interest to the powers that be, perhaps. If you are a member of an organisation of any kind, law enforcement or intelligence agencies will have no qualms about infiltration as they judge it necessary and may also lay on extra observation for a particularly juicy target. Predictive behavioural software will be consulted before – and during – the protest, basing its output on various historical data (such as the previous actions of similar groups) and live feeds (for example, where people gather to resist during the day's

actions). Consequently, the authorities will build their advantage in a concerted effort to successfully manage the demonstration.

On your way to the protest pairs of police officers with cameras ('spotters') observe you. These teams are augmented with drone swarms, which are safely controlled from behind police lines. If driving, the national automatic number plate recognition (ANPR) system automatically notes your vehicle, cross-referencing with various other databases. Ordinarily, known persons of interest will be targeted for extra attention, and they are generally the first to be snatched by dedicated teams of police, either during or after the ensuing demonstration. *Continued inside...*



Continued from the front page...

During the occasion proper, the spot-ers and drones continue to video record the crowd. Their systems may include real-time gait, facial, or other biometric recognition systems. All phone signals will be intercepted by IMSI 'Stingray' devices to be parsed for useful intelligence later. Accordingly, any nearby advertising hoardings, shop signage, and other street furniture may contribute useful identifying data through so-called 'smart' sensors, which can later be retrieved as evidence and collated with mobile phone records by the authorities.

Any instance of police violence – situationally justified or not – is harsh and bloody, and initially involves the use of batons and shields (using the latter not only for defence, but also as an offensive weapon). CS and/or other incapacitant sprays may be used locally, or occasionally, as a wider aerosol spray from specialised equipment, including vehicle-mounted water cannon.

When permitted by the crowd and/ or locale, 'kettling' may occur, although this practice is increasingly replaced with the use of 'Scene Management Barrier Systems' (caravans which transform into a steel-tipped enclosure, penning protesters inside its safety glass-windowed cordon). Persons of interest may now be snatched for interrogation, arrest, fingerprinting, photographing, DNA sampling, or a combination of some or all these indignities at the force's leisure. Those resisting will be

beaten, gassed, and Tasered.

Where serious resistance is met the police periodically charge roughly ten feet to ten metres, then hold fast and regroup; using their shields in tortoiseshell arrangements as cover from missiles and such. More snatch squads may grab their targets as possible, spiriting them away behind police lines. Where barricades or other improvised crowd fortifications are present – or in the event of full on riot hysteria – helicopters fitted with various cameras, speakers and lights will be deployed to fly low over the crowd; and rubber bullets are fired. Larger dispersion of gases may be made, as well as the deployment of water cannon. Moreover, drones equipped with nets, gas, Tasers, or other weapons may try to pick off noteworthy participants, dependent on the whim of the police commanders.

In the days following the disorder physical wounds start to heal, but scars remain on both sides. Protesters are processed and taken to trial but conversely, those fortunate enough to have escaped police notice (at least for now) either go to ground, or regroup to debrief. The large collection of related multimedia recordings (including footage from privately owned CCTV and other sensor devices around the protest), phone records, social media scrapes and other intelligence data gathered during, after and prior to the event is put through assorted high-tech software suites, designed to parse every drop of information from the material; recognising and predicting pat-

terns perhaps hidden to the human eye. DNA evidence from the scene is collected and collated, in the hope of forensic identification of suspects for immediate or future apprehension. Encryption of any mobile or USB devices carried to a protest is always sensible – refusal to relinquish the keys to the police, however, will likely draw several year's prison time. Notwithstanding an individual's attempts to obscure their identity and/or actions at the protest, the police will attempt to rewind time, crunching an alarming amount of information – with the aim of punishment and control.

So, does it really come to this rather strange interpretation of free speech and democracy? We are already (essentially) there. Technology was sold to us as a freedom, yet it seems to this author that with it we have built ourselves a cage of such dishonest toxicity that every day lost makes it more unlikely we can get out. Rejoice! Unified databases, 'cashless society', spiralling debt, everything and everyone a commodity... How did we get here – and how do we propose to dig ourselves out?!

Imagine: the future. Imagine a boot, stamping on a human face. Forever.

By WILL PHUQ

RUPTURE has been produced

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

PUBLICAN NUISANCE

The squat party season is rescinding into the winter nights – as days get longer and the great outdoors starts to beckon... but it hasn't been an entirely uneventful winter in the South West. In Bristol at least, the arrival of a new chief of police has seemed to herald in a new approach to dealing with the parties that have particularly managed to piss off the boys-in-blue. While many of the winter festivities seemed to have passed off without too many issues, one particular party in November turned into a field day for the old bill after a – pretty small – rave in an abandoned pub saw a

load of people arrested whilst they reloaded the vans in the morning. Presumably feeling that they had something to prove in the eyes of watching residents, an army of suited-and-booted Old Bill descended on the raver's local. After a couple of unsuccessful attempts at kicking the door in, the plod settled for arresting seven people in the morning as they packed up to leave – including some who hadn't even been at the party.

It would seem that the new policy of pursuing 'conspiracy to cause public nuisance' charges against those in the rig vans, probably buoyed by their successful prosecutions last year, is still in full effect; and all those arrested have had their phones seized as evidence for, in theory, an upcoming trial. Again, there's a good

chance that text messages from phones will play a leading role in the cop's case and serves as a reminder that in the days of readily available encrypted messaging services, using the bait-as-fuck traditional text message is more than a little out-dated when it comes to organising your run-of-the-mill illicit activities.

If it comes to trial however, the cops will hopefully have a fight on their hands. Kellys Solicitors (who are also acting on behalf of those charged in London around Scum-O-Ween, and the previous Bristol court case around New Years) are representing those charged – and have made it clear they will happily back those facing criminal charges around raves and free parties. Lets hope that this time, if it comes to court, the CPS and plod are left looking red-faced.

Ride along with the Ultra Violent Anarchist Riflegirls of Savage Assault Unit 23

As we enter the small Eastern Suffolk village of ----- it seems like any other rural English enclave; green and pleasant, but far too quiet – even for this rural setting. We drive in a lightly armoured Land Rover captured from the capitalist forces loyal to the corrupt Tory regime. Large Black and Red Anarchist Banners fly proudly from our vehicle. Their prominent display is mainly to notify the forces we are rendezvousing with that we are allies – and not to be fired upon in anger. We feel we are being watched but we see no one until we approach the village pub and camouflage-clad figures emerge and signal us to halt.

The faces under the drab helmet covers belong to teenage girls daubed with greasepaint; none of them seem to welcome our all-male crew comprising a guide, the driver and myself. Their fingers curl nonchalantly around their rifle triggers; their eyes hold fast and hard until a tall girl with a black baseball cap appears. She holds no rifle, only a large pistol that indicates her position as the Unit's Leader better than any badge of authority. "It's OK girls, these boys are here to make us famous!" she says (we are all in our 40s and this girl looks 17).

She is the famous Assault Leader, Brittany, who leads Savage Assault Unit 23 for the Revolution. Walking back to the pub, she rapidly explains that they took this village with ease only this morning; and are waiting for a report from the reconnaissance element before attacking the next, more heavily defended, village. As time seems short I plunge in with my most important question – "What motivates you to do this?" Her answer comes back like staccato machine-gun fire – "We live in a world teetering on the verge of destruction under capitalism. To save Mother earth we must destroy capitalism, money and those that use it... there's no other way but this – we must hammer home our message of love by the most violent means possible. That's my motivation – it's all about love." A Riflegirl shouts for her and passes a radio headset.

She listens briefly, acknowledges the information and then shouts "Saddle up girls, we ride for the Revolution!"

Hurrying outside, we hear the roar of heavy diesel engines firing up, followed by the clatter of tracks. Armoured personnel carriers emerge from between the village's houses bearing grinning teenage girls waving assault rifles and anti-tank missile launchers and start to stream down the



street. "Stay at the rear" we are ordered by a 15-year-old Riflegirl called Amy, who accompanies us as bodyguard – we obey her instructions. Following this horde, we pass gently burning houses on the edge of town. "That one's a bank managers home and that one belonged to a magistrate; that one belonged to a Tesco's manager" she observes delighted with her Unit's daily work. We pointedly do not ask after the occupant's welfare.

Short bursts of cannon fire erupt ahead of us, quickly rising to a horrendous crescendo – as it seems that every vehicle in the column is firing at the same time. Minutes of stomach-curling firepower ensue, only to escalate further in volume with what

sounds like volleys of rockets crashing into violent explosions. Our young guide seems unperturbed, we dare not embarrass ourselves by taking cover outside the vehicle – we merely sit, absorbing the beads of sweat streaming down our faces. "Fucks sake, we'll have to stay here and miss the fun – I've been ordered to keep you boys safe" our guide exclaims. We thankfully exit the vehicle to hide behind a large oak tree and smoke fags until the column moves further along the road, spreading destruction like confetti at a wedding; meaning we can carry on.

We arrive at the first scene that received the girl's attention; and find it to be a newly built supermarket-chain garage forecourt, now unidentifiable and burning fiercely. Copies of the Daily Mail flutter past in smouldering fragments; plumes of bright fire rising from the shattered petrol pumps. Deep bass ground-shaking 'BOOMS' now start seemingly not far off. "The capitalists are counter attacking and the Tankgirls are fashionably late to the party" she says – then loads her M16, clicks her bayonet into place, loosens the tabs of her grenade pouches and goes to join her Comrade Sisters nearby, who are dragging the ruptured bodies of capitalist infantrymen from a trench so they can occupy it. I shout after her for permission to take her picture,

but she turns and said "I do not want my Mother to see the place where my blood joins Mother Earth, this vile place full of flames and death will upset her. Write to the world and let them know Our Struggle continues... You'd better fuck off now boys."

We take her advice. Piling into the Landy, we race through the gears, speeding back the way we came with Savage Assault Unit 23, with cringing gratitude for our lives. We pass swarms of refugees carrying flat screen TVs and bundles of designer clothes. The burning homes of bank managers recede in the mirrors and black helicopter gunships pass overhead. This is Eastern Suffolk today. Spread the word...

TAA in 2017



Temporary Autonomous Art (TAA) events began in 2001 to bring an additional, more constructive and creative edge to squatted events in London. A group called Random Artists was forged, largely from members of the Headfuk collective – with input from Hekate, Pitchless and Ill Eagle sound systems – who were doing parties most weekends, and slowly but surely events took shape that eventually became a format that continues to be used to this day.

The original idea behind a TAA event

was to use free-party tactics that were successfully being deployed every weekend to turn the derelict and disused commercial buildings into free spaces. Though still ephemeral, TAAs were seen as a more constructive and positive use of the much-loved Section 6 of the Criminal Law Act 1977 that made squatting a civil, and not a criminal, matter.

These events quickly gained momentum and their arrival (which back in the day could be up to three times a year) herald-

ed a lot of hype. The unspoken manifesto of the movement was about access to art (note, not The Arts), the involvement of new and unknown artists – including people who never considered themselves artists (but had creative output), the creation of free space (free to exhibit in) and the pulling together of the sometimes disparate parts of the free-party/squatting/activist/art scenes.

During a TAA event the ‘installation’ of art never ceased – even the building became part of the show; with people adding more work and altering the space as the days went by. The earlier events attracted a very broad set of people (Random Artists tried to look outside of their squat-bubble and reach art students and everyday people) but was of course intrinsically linked to squatting scene.

The model created in London was there for anyone to take and adapt and the idea and concept spread around the UK – sometimes through friends, and other times through to people with no connection to Random Artists. There were events in Bristol, Brighton, Manchester, Leeds, Edinburgh and Cardiff. Different cities called for an adaptation of certain tactics – eg. squatting is completely illegal in Scotland, so the Edinburgh event was in a derelict building but with permission to hold the event. In other cities, such as Brighton or Bristol, the spaces and audiences were more similar to that of a free-party.

It’s fair to say that most of the momentum from the original movement was lost during the past five years or so. There are less events taking place and with many of the original progenitors getting kids/jobs/haircuts there seems to be a gap waiting for a newer generation to fill. Indeed, there are people still holding events in squats, clinging on to their right to occupy commercial property before that too is taken away; and there are young people attending parties, protests and social centres. Partly based on our own personal situations, we discussed that TAAs were such an important part of what we once did with our lives that they should continue in any way shape or form – that the end often justifies the means; especially with few non-commercial events in general and so few legal-but-cool venues in London in particular.

So, in 2015 we seized an opportunity to stage a TAA at the Crow’s Nest building in West London. This was a ‘reclaimed



space', a derelict building standing empty, that had been put under creative guardianship by the Artcore charity; of whom a few of our friends and colleagues were members. This meant that we could use what would have been an ideal space for TAA for free – and not have to worry about whether we could source and remain in a building long enough to do the show before we were evicted.

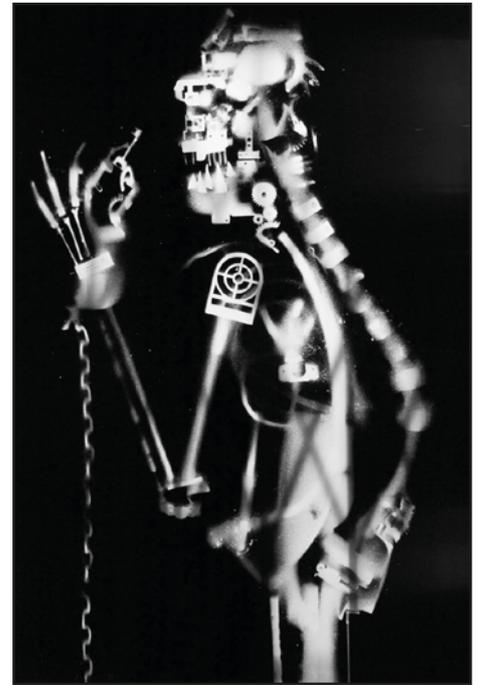
This seems ideal on the one hand, but already there were rumblings as to whether we were heading down the wrong path, away from the original sentiments of these events. There's no correct answer to that – we still made use of a derelict building, we still held an open-access show and provided much-needed free exhibition space in an extortionate city. However, we were limited as to what we could do with the building, we had to get a Temporary Events Licence to be able to run a bar and have entertainment and we had to return the building to its original state (something that did happen once, in agreement with building owners, at a previous squatted-TAA).

With this air of debate surrounding the change of tact, when in 2016 a further opportunity presented itself in the form of the ExFed warehouse venue in North London, it seemed wise to put aside the TAA moniker for the next event. After all, despite it being run on a non-profit basis, and being provided for free with full knowledge of the TAA background – this was a legitimate and established venue. Though there is no real 'group' and the collective is as loose as the name suggests, this event was dubbed 'Random Artists present...' (RAP).

The format was the same as a TAA (non-commercial gallery and social space runs throughout, different themed evenings each night – spoken word, film, performance/cabaret, live music – all artforms represented equally and with a DIY attitude). The fact that we used a venue (again with TEN licence for the later days of the show) meant that we could openly promote it as we saw fit, which basically meant spamming the fuck out of Facebook. This enabled us to get the artists callout and general event promotion out to a wide audience, and interest was rapidly and enthusiastically generated. It meant that we could bring in fresh blood – new artists, new crew members for future real-deal TAA events.

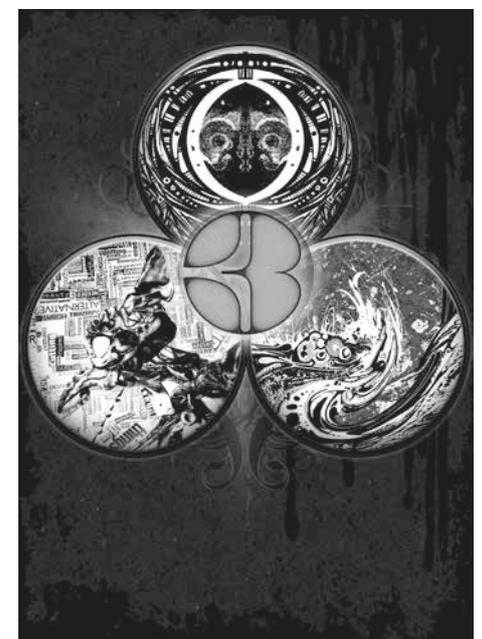
It was debated before the RAP event that we shouldn't compromise the concept of a TAA and therefore sever ties with some of the 'old skool' crowd –and that we should do a squatted event. An open discussion was held at the ExFed event and a date was announced for a return to the roots of TAA. With many of the original crew now out of the game, there was a definite call for more people to get involved. This call has so far been met, but there is always more need for people to come and prepare and make safe the space, occupy the building, feed the crew, install art, tidy up and so forth. Hopefully there can be some cross-pollination and skill-sharing between different types of people – the building crew becoming more creative and the artists getting more practical.

This is a year to make statements and for there to be a growing (and creative) resistance. The government remains unchallenged in parliament and largely unchallenged on the streets, with many people happy to swipe around on their smart phones and take rising rents, stagnating wages, cuts to benefits and cuts to arts



funding on the chin. There were whispers of TAAs in Swansea, related events last year in Bristol and a new event in Manchester that was partly inspired by TAA – so hopefully there will be more Temporary Autonomous Art events re-appearing around the UK in the near future. To keep up the feeding cycle (advertise widely – get new blood involved – take our art and ethos to new crowds) there will also be another legal Random Artists Presents event in autumn 2017. This would again allow the artwork to come to the fore in a reliable space and for the network to be built upon. This does not eradicate the need to find and take our own space and resist, in the most creative way possible.

WWW.TAAEXHIBITIONS.ORG



MINESWEEPER REQUIEM

Co-Operative Future

It has been nearly three months since the good ship Minesweeper went up in flames; with subsequent explosions and hellfire that would give Fukushima a run for its money. Who knew that screenprinting mediums, vibes and elbow grease could be so flammable? The flames reached the height of the neighbouring apartments, causing chaos and confusion while every window shook in a three-mile radius, as multiple gas canisters and generators one by one succumbed to the raging fury. The Minesweeper is no more. Long live the Minesweeper!

The cause of the blaze is still up for dispute, with an exploding knot of wood firing out the top of a chimney being the supposed origin – and a simple miscommunication of who was around in that moment being the likely reason it got out of hand so fast. There is no blame, no culprit, no conspiracy; just a big gaping hole left in the creative heart of London, and nothing but a smouldering wooden ribcage full of black milkshake to mark where it once beat so loudly. I've been involved in the project for five years and had my adjoining room destroyed, half my stuff and artwork rinsed,

lost all of our shared equipment, our shared mooring (our goddamned hard-earned free living, grrrr!) and most importantly our spot, studio and space taken away in an instant. Out of all this I personally got off the lightest out of those who lived there. To give an idea of the gravity of loss for those who called the Minesweeper their home, Oxford Dictionary later contacted us to help them redefine the word 'bummer'. We were lost for words...

But! Onwards and upwards is the true One Direction, despite what all you pop fans think. Only joking, but yes we shall overcome and we are; which is giving the rather cliché, but remarkably apt, phoenix metaphor a new definition as well. We

thought all was lost, gone, fucked – however, things have been born out of the charred remains, and although it seems a bit premature to say, it is nice to report to all our well-wishers and collaborators our intents for the future, and a bit about the history to those not in the know.

Basically, the Minesweeper had been on Deptford Creek for bloody ages. An institution of the arts, freedom and boaters it was very well known and used in wholly



different circles to ours for a long time. The Minesweeper itself was a 156-foot, double floored, wooden ex-military vessel moored in Deptford and Greenwich that was operational as a floating community creative space from day one. The ethos of the project was to provide, facilitate and promote cultural, creative projects and events in the Deptford and Greenwich area – with the broadest possible community inclusion. The vessel was salvaged in 1998 by a group of friends who saw she had possibilities as a venue and got together to invest their time and money in her. The vessel was renamed 'The Mindsweeper', and moved to her present location on Deptford Creek. The front deck was plied over – to

prevent further rain damage – and the main upper-deck/venue-space was constructed of steel and glass and roofed over. In 2005, two members of the project were awarded grants of £2000, enabling the development of the venue space – the purchase of lighting and sound equipment and a wind generator (and batteries to power them), a piano and a programme of events to promote the venue's possibilities. However, shortly after she suffered a relatively small fire due to a generator fault which burnt out the back of the boat; prompting a new effort to renovate, repair and make her ship shape again. That's where we came in.

Our group had already been setting up printing studios, galleries and markets throughout the DIY scene for years and, in a nutshell, we were looking for a new more permanent space that was still free like a squat, but wouldn't be subject to the mounting pressure of eviction – due to stringent new laws imposed by our evil overlords, The Conservatrons. Upon arriving at the boat, we were met with a sorry scene (we thought at the time, but the new scene was much sorrier indeed). We were told that if this was

brought to its full potential we could build a permanent space and host shows there. We were to fund it through events and donations, as well as selling huge parts of the old machinery that we not of use any more. We agreed on a plan then set to work.

All throughout the arduous but very fun construction of the studio, we all knew that we were walking the fine line between bravery and stupidity. There was no rulebook for this; all of us nearly died at least once – my story being hitting a nail in a plank thus nearly circular sawing my head in half; Kev nearly impaled his anus on a spike of metal as long as his leg... the list goes on, with varying degrees of hilarity and trauma, but we knew that this was a noble enterprise

and was making salty seamen of us landlubbers. It took one year and 10 months and amazingly, its functional completion coincided with the opening of our public exhibition space, the Undercurrents Gallery at the Birds Nest venue down the road. That space was given to us, by that boozier among boozers, to run as an extended part of the project with no rent – in exchange we would have a new show and a crowd ready to go every month – which is exactly what we did! (It's still going strong by the way!) This month marks our fourth year of that on-going space, which for sure would not have existed without the build on the boat. We went on to create the Co-op, giving us a legal status and made the boat our asset; protecting it and us financially from any possible eventuality (phew), and meant our work had more of a serious edge.

Our residencies included artists from all over the world; and usually included a group show in the gallery, combining work with the haphazardly growing Minesweeper Collective, which was forming out of those interested and inspired enough by the work – while being hands-on and insane enough to handle the fact it was actually on a renovated warship with a leaky roof; and which was probably haunted and without mains electricity and internet for the most part. Most major problems seemed to disappear over time, and regular open Monday meetings glued it all together; as well as show the public a transparent project that wasn't burdened by the financial and civil pressures of everyday reality.

After a few years we were even travelling off the back of it; funding our work from our sales, tackling commissions and seeing the ideas progress – as well as having our hard earned space whenever we needed. As a crew we've been through the meat grinder, laughed our asses off, fallen out, made up, pulled together to get to the stage where everything was running very smoothly – with the promise of up to 10 years stability... until that fateful night of January 5th 2017, when things went kaboom.

It so extreme that you have to laugh really; was so valuable that you have to repair; so unique that we mustn't try to replace. I say without any fear of exaggeration: that boat was the coolest fucking shit in London for a hell of a long time and she will be sorely, savagely missed by all

involved. However, we all live to fight another day and are so grateful to everyone that shared the space with us. DIY or die.

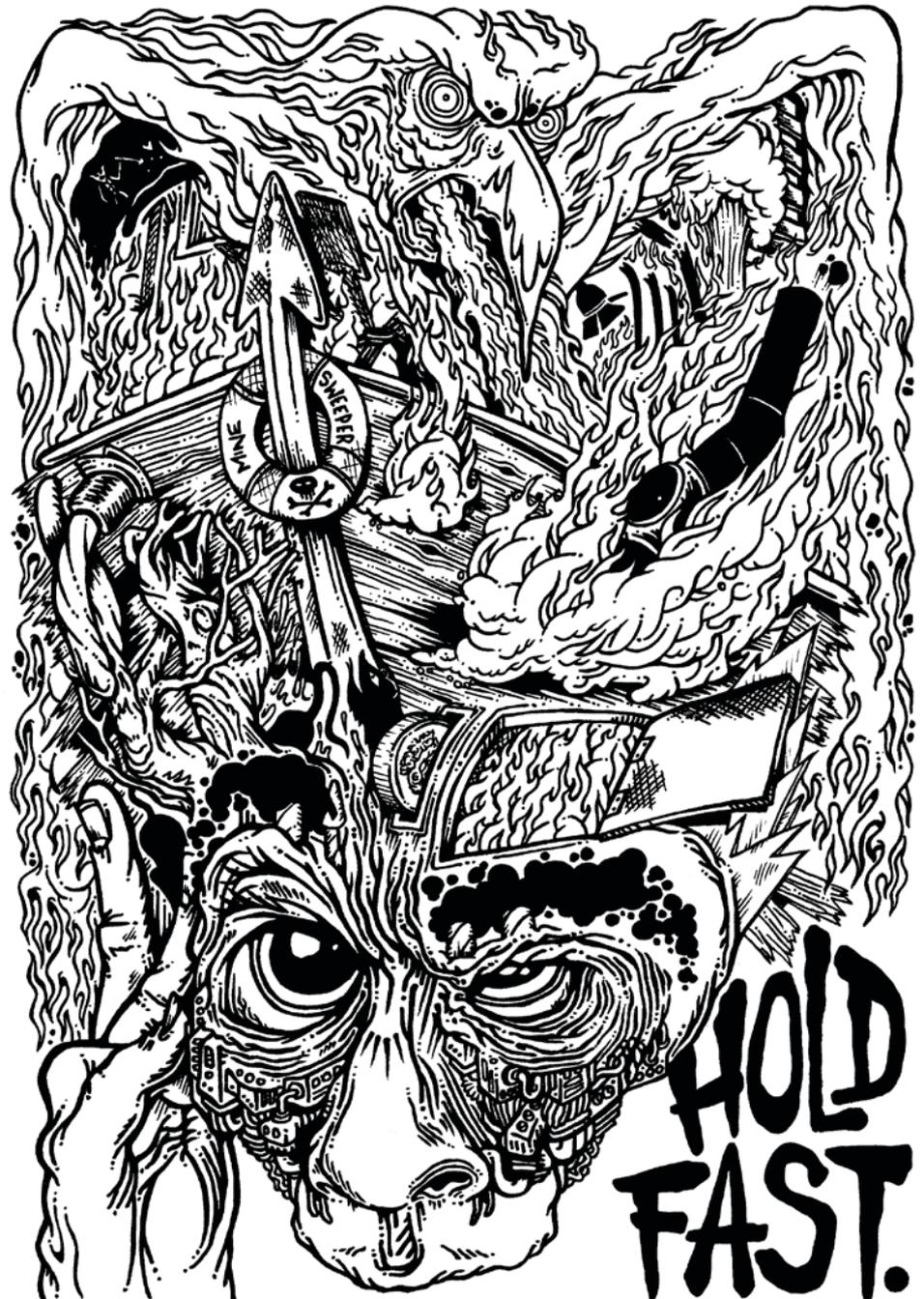
In keeping with the positive vibes that I want to be the theme of this piece: We are very happy that we have managed to raise over £5000 so far from our funding efforts. We have a permanent online fundraiser operational, with all proceeds going towards installing equipment in multiple venues and studios – so if you are have a venue for such a collaboration, please get in touch on our email below. We are pursuing another permanent space, but are happy to take our time until the right one can be arranged – ideally in that area, because of all the amazing local support that we received. Creatively, we are benefiting from the network we built up and are

all getting on with our personal projects. I personally am now learning 2D animation software and going to Vietnam till summer to Đi thõ giã và làm lạnh các fuck ra!! Nhìn thấy bạn sau này cá sấu! Hòa bình!

Joe Fur

Minesweeper Collective

If you've ever enjoyed a free night, free gallery show or workshop on us – we would really appreciate your support. Thanks to all who have supported so far and made us feel so proud of our achievements. Watch this space! >>>> gogetfunding.com/minesweeper-collective-co-operative-future/ info@minesweepercollective.co.uk



HOT ON THE WIRE

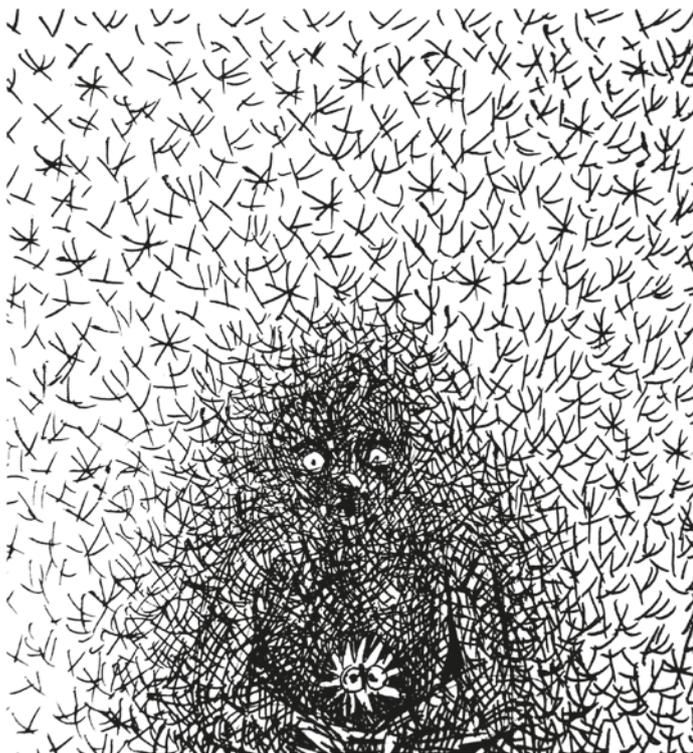
Strange electronic noise is emitting from deep inside the bowels of the city. Metro passengers describe unexplained pulses, screeches and bleeps reverberating through the tunnels. Reports abound of distorted shadowy forms highlighted by a chance flash of the electric cable. Whispers of a legendary subterranean community tingle on the people's lips... artists and conspirators living deep underground. This legend is no myth.

A 1 hour live-stream show of alternative performance art, current affairs and music to be live streamed at 9pm (BST)/10pm (UTC+2) on 27th April 2017.

Featuring live:

- Music from My Bad Sister and Tribazik
- Audio/visual mash-up from Hekate
- Circus performance from AviTal Hannah and High Rise Rubber
- Reportage on mass anti-corruption demonstrations in Romania
- Feature on the state suppression of ideas in comix
- Presented by Pete the Temp

Visit www.hotonthewire.tv for more info



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



DOWN LABRYNTH

i.m. Club Labrynth, aka The Four Aces.

How long to foot this foot-stamp-shuffle, cloud-breath-pavement-linger? A shuffle and I'm quick in front. A glance, a nod, and I'm in and spinning, somewhere-and-how a someone holds an elbow to dance me from the sodiumed glows to a coat cast off to who knows, who knows, anything dear is already shed. What's said in fun is lost to those enflamed by what one's never got.

But naught matters: in the yard I'm like a child. My giggled lips taste sweet and yours are plaster. My, my, aren't we faster than our fathers? Too much choice to muster anything but that as placed on tongue which prangs the mouth: a smell of deep blue flowers born of the steeper mountains by the Algarve coast; a minaret; three bees.

You stop my hand and take it through and I, not having choices much but to through follow to the brushed light giddiness of mayfly-dancehall reverie, do jump and try to pirouette. See me, see me! I am as gracious as those double-droppèd, speckled, new-born doves. Soak me in your pigeon milk my one and only!

This is we, triumphant peril of the night, decided hero-twins of bounteous sight, the best of merry making's come tonight to bow down and pay fealty at our slow-coast Court. I am Queen. Thou art my King. And though we know that we're embellishing these cakes we've stolen with the truth, who cares? This be our art.

But sudden as a hardened peace comes to fishponds in midwinter, the lights arise, the music sudden stopped. Where are my friends? And wherefore art my new-found family so quick to disappear? I am alone. And am shifted to the back door quick, to lie upon the soft down of the hour and so to sleep.

BUTTERFLY GET BURNT

LOOK OUT FOR THAT HOLE
WOAH!
that was close
almost fell

Stepping on ahead
Forward the revolution
Get up out of bed
Search for the solution
Gather up the pace
To spin as the world turns
Realise it aint a race
We're just feeding patterns
Patterns of behaviour
Rhythms of life
Nothing's gonna save ya
Nothing is alright
Still we search for something
An object or a goal
What you may not realise
There's nothing you can hold
no control no control
no control

try to fly, it's alright
rise above, with all your might
drop below, lose all control
what you know, cant help you now
now you're wise, you can fly
from deep inside, let out a cry
raw emotion, you cant hide
release the pressure, you'll be fine
if you're not, then you've forgot
to leave the fire, when it's too hot

Boats are Homes

There will be a demonstration on 8 April 2017 to demand that Canal & River Trust (CRT) stops evicting, or threatening to evict, boat dwellers without permanent moorings based on their range or pattern of travel. The right to use and live on a boat without a permanent mooring is enshrined in the British Waterways Act 1995. CRT's 'rules' are not supported by the law, which does not state a minimum distance that must be travelled to prevent CRT seizing your home.

In 2016 we handed a petition to Number 10 Downing Street, signed by almost 30,000 people, opposing CRT's punitive and unlawful 'rules'. The Government has not done anything to stop CRT; the Prime Minister passed the petition to DEFRA which in turn referred us back to CRT, which refuses to change its policy. Let's keep up the pressure! Join us on the march to Number 10 with an even bigger petition and then to DEFRA to tell them we will not be fobbed off! The Government must take responsibility for keeping CRT in check.

We will also demand that CRT stops the imposition of mooring time limits of less than 14 days, abandons its plan for chargeable bookable moorings and stops selling off our waterways. We want proper maintenance of locks, bridges and waterway banks, more mooring rings, more water taps and more sanitary facilities. Join us in defending the boat dweller community!

The demonstration starts at 12 noon. Assemble at Victoria Embankment Gardens, Villiers St, WC2N 6NS for a march to Downing Street and on to DEFRA in Smith Square.

Please sign, share and tweet this petition:
you.38degrees.org.uk/petitions/boats-are-homes-prevent-the-eviction-of-boat-dwellers

More info at: www.bargee-traveller.org.uk

**BOATS
ARE
HOMES**

**DEMONSTRATION
Saturday 8 April 2017
at 12 noon
march from
Victoria Embankment
Gardens, Villiers St,
London WC2N 6NS**



WEBBO TOYHACKER



1st EDITION

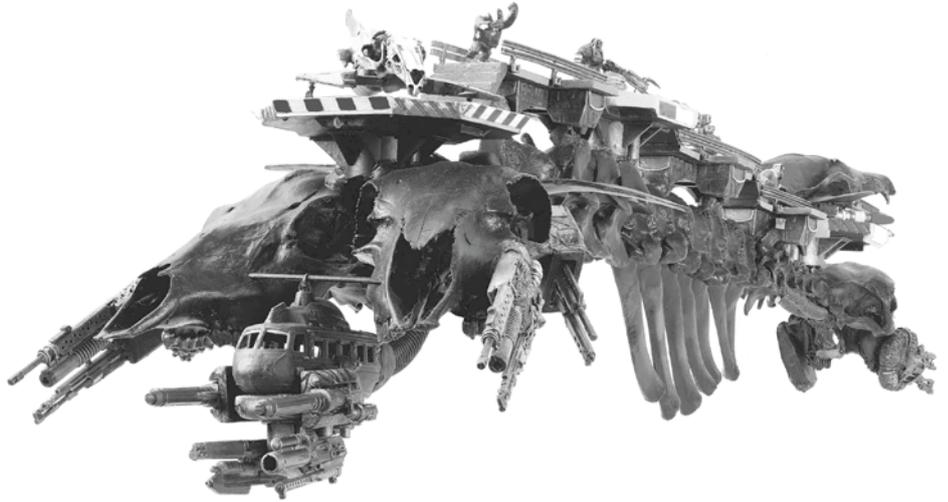
Toyhacker is a full-colour 100 page art book that features a consortium of characters such as drug-dealing blinged-up Warhammer figures, gangster Ewoks, punk Stormtroopers, Ork rave girls and chavvy rat-boys. The book is self-published by London-based sculptor, toy hacker and model converter Webbo.

This is a document of his multi-faceted practice that encompasses sculpture, painting, mould-making, art, toys and in-

stallations. His work bridges the divide between the high-brow white cube art world and low-brow pop culture. Using a wide variety of techniques and materials Webbo moulds, casts, kit-smashes, sculpts, paints and re-assembles a vast array of wall-hanging cityscapes, sculptural rat kings, fleets of spaceships, convoys of vehicles, model war-machines and other assorted gangs of oddball characters. It's the ultimate childhood nostalgia trip

books with lots of pictures.

Containing something to appeal to all ages and backgrounds without diluting the artist's unique personal style, he keeps you guessing what's on the next page. Easy to look at and you don't need a degree to appreciate the art, but its concepts and ideas hint at deeper messages and multiple layers of meaning beyond the childish and brash colourful imagery.



for people who refuse to grow up and an ideal coffee-table book for artists, toy collectors, art lovers and people who just like

Toyhacker is available for £15 inc. p&p from his Etsy shop – Webbostores

Web: webbo.london

webbo.london@gmail.com

TESCO

Every little helps

WORKFARE CLAIMANT GUIDELINES

1. You will work 6 shifts per week, 05:00-20:30 per shift. Shifts will be allocated to you by your Tesco Workfare Supervisor. Lateness will not be tolerated.
2. Mandatory random drug testing is in force. The use of alcohol or illegal drugs is prohibited, and will cost you your benefit (plus the relevant legal penalty).
3. No illegal, intoxicating or explosive substances, books, pornographic material, mobile phones or personal computer devices on site whatsoever.
4. All grievances must be addressed in the first, and only, instance to your Tesco Workfare Supervisor. Their decision is final, and the lodging of further complaints will result in the loss of your benefit.
5. Failure to smile and be courteous to Tesco Staff and Customers will result in the loss of your benefit.

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www.ministryofreeducation.com



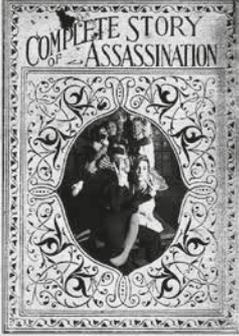
THE COMPLETE STORY OF ASSASSINATION & THE COMPLETE TIMETABLE OF MISSED BUSES

DIY production magazines 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.

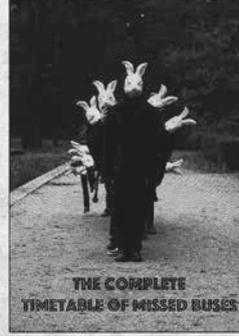
Featuring: Stories, Illustrations, Writings, Images, Drawings, Photographs, Poems and Posters; and including **Star Spores: The Book of Layers**.

Please email us to find out how to receive hardcopies at complete23project@gmail.com.

Click on the host weblink fearcontrol.info for versions to read on devices / print out. Coming soon hyperstation.co.uk check back! And our accomplices: dissidentreality.com.







OUT NOW IN HARDCOPY!

NETWORK 20p / COSMO AMOEBA\$ / HELL'S PIGEONS / STANDARD & CO.

The Big Freedom Rebuild

Freedom needs your help! Or at least the Freedom Building in Whitechapel does. One of East London's last radical bastions, since we moved into 84b in 1968 the Freedom building has weathered firebombs, arrests, police infiltration, stalkers, threats of all kinds and more movement shenanigans than you can shake a very large stick at. Now we're facing a major rebuilding project, costing up to £50,000, including vital works to fix the roof, walls and even stairs.

A survey carried out last year highlighted that emergency repairs are needed to the roof and walls that will total around

£13,000. Our aim is to raise this amount by August 2017 so that the building works can take place in the summer. As of February 2017 we have raised £5,000 to get us started.

But the fun doesn't stop there – over the coming three years we will need a lot more money to treat dampness in the walls, insulate the building, install a boiler and look into making the whole place more accessible. In the long term, costs could be between £40-50,000 to bring the building back to its best, including things like fixing up the lovely (but old-style) sash windows.

The building is an important resource providing space for: an anarchist bookshop that is open seven days a week; Freedom news and publishing group that has been producing anarchist propaganda since 1886; office space for Haven Dis-

tribution, Solidarity Federation, Anarchist Federation, Corporate Watch, IWW UK, the National Bargee Travellers Association (London branch) and the Advisory Service for Squatters; Decentre, a social room for meetings, events and organising; and for supporting groups such as London ABC, Legal Defence and Monitoring and the Green and Black Cross who regularly use the building.

Help us bring 84 back to its best so we can continue to work as a vital hub for the anarchist movement! You can donate at this link, with optional rewards to sweeten the deal:

www.gofundme.com/thebigfreedomrebuild
The shop is found at 84b Whitechapel High St, London E1 7QX and open 12-6pm Monday-Saturday and 12-4pm Sunday.
freedompress.org.uk



Keyholes are missing but the trigger
Has been found under the moonlight
Of a lost cause - catastrophic attraction
On a sludge factory of unquenchable lust.

All that breathes is a game
I cannot stop but wanting to play everyday;
While the bacon ovulates over
Her
Solar panel of debauchery.

Mass infliction of limits
I'd never so eagerly desired to break
Mouthful of blow from a punch line
Of where should we draw the thigh?

Civil War and Sunglasses

I've lost my new sunglasses. Nyframahoro has had her children tied to her limbs to be thrown into the river. They cost 300-odd quid. She sinks slowly, twirling with the current as she feels her two eldest struggling at each leg. They were Maui Jims. The ethnically-fixated conflict that has swept her and her family's country has been traced, by its experts, back to a multitude of potential causes. The lady in the Opticians showed me this pretty picture of a parrot. Did I mention Nyframahoro also has Nkundiusshuti, her youngest, tied to her back? The Optician's in the high road, the posh one. Just like she tied him to take with her to the market yesterday. Not Specsavers or nothing. She feels Nkundiusshuti go slack first. Anyway, this parrot didn't look like nothing special until I put the sunglasses on. That which has not been burnt of her village is being picked over for loot. Then all these mad colours on the parrot picture jumped out at me. In ashes by the river that sweeps Nyframahoro and her family toward Lake Victoria. I was like, wow. The river she and her family would collect water from. I didn't notice anything different when I wore them outside though. Her corpse will bob up, caught in a fisherman's net. I think I left them in the Library. One child limp on each limp limb. But when I went back, nothing. Nkundiusshuti came loose from her torso and will never be found. I can't believe I lost those bloody sunglasses.

Quite a fucking sexy obscenity
Trapped in a white square of road
Leaving all disorder within this
Black and broken
Silver smashed cradle
Of yawn, issues and jerking off.

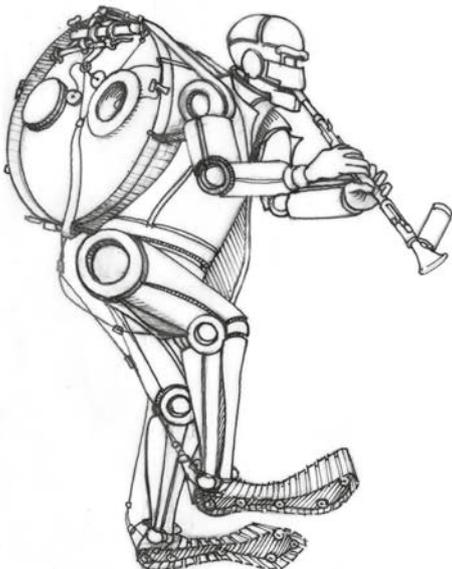
So insensitive what we all now are
Under a global bitter meat light;
The second coming of weakness reaches
Futures not so bright
Lie down and die
Just for a while
In a paper aeroplane
Connecting thus body threads
Before the beast decides to accept
That No actually meant...
Now!

LISTINGS

TEMPORARY AUTONOMOUS ART

Wed 29 March – Sat 1 April 2017

A four-day extravaganza of underground art and culture. Gallery open throughout; stalls, workshops; themed evenings from 7pm. Check the website for more info (no social media promo or posts!). Weds-Thurs 5pm-11pm. Fri-Sat 2pm-12am. Free entry / donations appreciated. London venue TBA. www.taaexhibitions.org



APRIL FOOLS DAY DIY PUNK PARTY

Sat 1 April

6:30 pm – 1:00 am

The Windmill, 22 Blenheim Gardens, Brixton

FREQUENCY FESTIVAL 2017

7-10 April

11th edition of this free festival, taking place somewhere in Portugal

Infoline: (00351) 912 437 985

CLAIRE'S SOUTHERN FUNDRAISER

WRECK N ROLL BASH

Sat 22 April

2 Wreck n Roll band rooms, raffle, barbe-

cue, beer garden – all proceeds to Claire West's Cystic Fibrosis fund. £5 b4 8.30, £7.50 after. T.Chances, 399 High Road, London N17 6QN

facebook.com/events/1642524279382970

LONDON ABLETON LINK JAM

Tuesday 25 April

Turn up, Link up and plug in! An open electronic music jam session and meetup.

7pm – 11pm. Free entry

New River Studios, 199 Eade Rd, London N4 1DN www.crux-events.org

VIÑATEK 2K17

27 April – 1 May

A whole host of European soundsystems and a sizeable UK linkup bring the noise in the South of Spain. Open to all sound systems, performers and travellers.

facebook.com/events/155102891612318/

FRENCHTEK #24

28-??.04.17

Somewhere in France.

DON'T: 5TH BIRTHDAY PARTY

Friday 28 April

The best place in London to find real banging techno. 10pm-6am. Bar 512, 512

Kingsland High Road, London E8 4AE

DIY CULTURES 2017

Sunday 14 May

DIY Cultures is an annual day festival centred around a zine, small press and artists' book fair that simultaneously takes place over 4 floors of Rich Mix arts centre.

12pm-7pm/ Rich Mix London, 35-47 Bethnal Green Road, London E1 6LA

www.diycultures.tumblr.com

BRIS-TEK & SUBLIMINAL AUDIO

SAT 20 MAY

Bris-Tek & Subliminal Audio takeover Lakota's car park at the mighty Rave On Avon.

Lakota, 6 Upper York Street, Bristol BS2

facebook.com/events/1844372055843056

SPLICE FESTIVAL

26-28 May

The 2nd year of an audio visual performing arts festival in London, featuring an array of live shows as well as workshops and talks.

Takes place at Rich Mix and Red Gallery www.splicefestival.com

BREAKFEST 2017

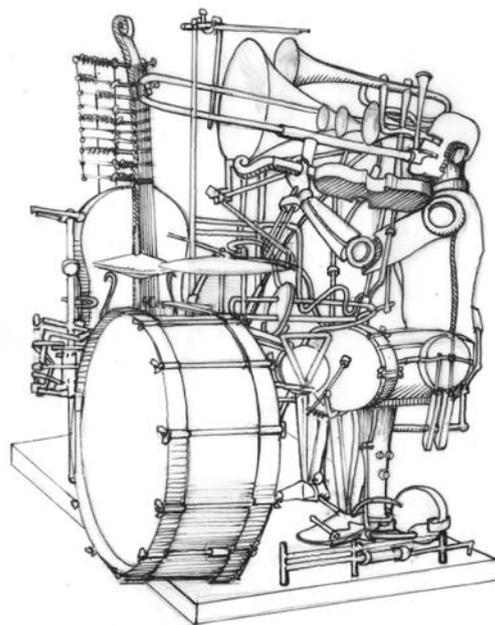
2-5 June

Mezírícko, Czech Republic

SOUTH LONDON PUNX PICNIC 2017

Sat 17 June

Meet from 2pm in Brockwell Park (up hill from Brixton Water Lane entrance). Benefit gig for London Anti-Fascists afterwards from 8pm at Off the Cuff, Arch 645, 301-303 Railton Road, London, SE24 0JN. (£6 OTD/£10 solidarity)



MUSIC DAY 2017

Weds 21 June

Find an event near you to find your own part in this global celebration taking place on the same date every year – or create your own event and help this DIY grassroots movement grow. Check out the listings and event map at: www.musicday.org.uk

FOR FURTHER LISTINGS

For gigs:

Search for T.Chances on Facebook; Eroding Empire – Eroding.org.uk

International free-parties:

shockraver.free.fr/infoparty23.htm

Other events:

www.squatjuice.com

c8.com / www.residentadvisor.net

www.partyviberadio.com/forums

FURTHER LINKS

Social centre – diyspaceforlondon.org

News and events – www.rabble.org.uk

Anarchist news and bookshop –

www.freedomnews.org.uk

E15 mums – www.focuse15.org

radicalhousingnetwork.org

Advisory Service for Squatters

www.squatter.org.uk

Squatting News – en.squat.net

Fight for Aylesbury Estate Campaign –

fightfortheaylesbury.wordpress.com

London Wide Eviction Resistance –

evictionresistance.squat.net