

RUPTURE

SPRING 2018 • STACKING THEM UP AS THEY TEAR EM DOWN

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Online archive: RUPTUREZINE.ORG

REMEMBRANCE

or 'a rose pulled from the bins by any other name would smell as manky'

Rupture as a zine has always championed DIY culture in all its forms. We initially announced ourselves as 'a platform for anonymous voices from the party scene' – but as the scene it was borne from shifted and deteriorated, the zine also shifted (broadening) its focus; and potentially its appeal in the process.

During the past decade, many of the contributing writers and artists have been engaged in an underground/activist scene to wildly varying degrees. There has never been a benchmark or threshold-of-cool to attain – some desire to raise pen and ink is enough. Furthermore, only some of the contributors were still speaking from and for the squatting movement; and a small and diminishing number still are.

There has obviously been a decline in squatting across the UK – mostly because of the criminalisation of residential squatting – and an inevitable decline in any culture commonly associated with squatting. Occupations in commercial properties, whether for living purposes or to combine that with outward-looking activities – parties, social centres, protest support – still exist, though perhaps also not thriving in a way witnessed in the past.

Great events like the Squatter's Football tournaments on Hackney Marshes, that sadly weren't continued (partly due to dickheads actively trying to ruin it on an annual basis), brought people together and merged the active squatters with friends, associates and supporters of that lifestyle.

It was during the period of those sporting events (largely an excuse to get out a bar and sound system out, in my un-sporting eyes) where the criminalisation and decline of squatting occurred; and thus was the first time I thought that using the term 'squatters' was outmoded and in need of realignment.



I mean, most people know who and what is meant by that term, when used out of the context of an occupied building: 'alternative' people, crusties, ravers, artists, activists (and other degenerates). Some people rent bricks and mortar, some own and live

on boats, some squat in commercial properties and others have temporary housing arrangements – but this isn't really a dividing factor when people congregate with a (mostly) shared outlook on life and living. It's a tagline that works (we get it) but which potentially should go back to the drawing board.

To keep this culture alive and kicking we need to have the ability to be self-critical, to reflect and do away with old baggage; looking at how we can bring new people into the fold – looking outward, not just inward. We also need to figure out how we can bring DIY culture back into the limelight – making it a solid concept for younger generations, and those outside of our bubble.

I would like to propose that we collectively find alternative words and terms to use when describing the people and activities that forge the core of DIY culture in the UK. I'm not saying there aren't already different words in usage, but maybe we can define something that has real coherence and gives off the right connotations.

Rupture itself is going through some changes – largely that after all these years it actually has its own website (rupturezine.org). For now,

because of time constraints before finishing this issue, this only hosts a basic collection of Rupture PDFs that were already online elsewhere. It will develop into a fully-featured archive, blog site, events calendar and forum. **Continued on the inside...**

Continued from the front... No promises as to when this will happen in full – but much of the work has already been done.

In addition to this we are proposing a new set of events – something that is responsive to the lack of venues supporting and pushing DIY culture, and the general destruction of the music scene and nightlife by the rampage of gentrification across London. Venues are thin on the ground and this social grouping we mentioned, the fragments of what were burgeoning ‘scenes’ need places to congregate, celebrate and conspire.

One of the things we do have plenty of in the Big Smoke, and which events like the Squatter’s Football made perfect use of, are the open outdoor spaces; parks, marshes, fields, flats, plains, rivers etc. We don’t need to have infrastructure – we’re resourceful,

plus we can use 12v when we need a power supply for music! The events don’t have to be illicit – they can be mobile, shifting their position and being both below and above the radar. Making them regular means that people know when they’re on and how to find out about them. Hopefully, by bringing people together plans can be made to forge new events, spaces and collaborations.

We are therefore proposing the Rene-gade Picnic events – these will be daytime gatherings in open spaces that take place on the first Saturday of each month during the summer (we’re calling that up to September for now, but let’s see!). There’s an infoline and a blog address in the listings at the end of this zine. Each month someone will pick a space, arrange some basics and put details on the infoline on the morning of

the event. They can then pass-it-on and find the next bunch of people to head-up the following month. All it then needs is YOU to come – bring yourselves, your friends, food, drink and merriment.

Will this or the online zine have any tangible impact? Will anyone care? Will it lead to an identifiable increase in DIY culture? Or will it fall by the wayside, looking pitiful and forlorn; like so many ‘alternative’ projects – unloved and unsupported because it will just take that little bit too long to cross town? Well, as you will read elsewhere in this issue, the forces of fascism and hate are rife, energised and getting organised. This is just one small attempt to reignite the spark that still lies within the heart of a city that is currently heading at full pelt into a state of necrosis.

Carpet. Sweeping. Under.

Last September was the biennial Defence, Security, Entertainment Equipment International event (DSEI). Every two years the ExCeL Centre in London is turned into a human-rights-abusing, gun toting, bomb dropping, masochist’s wet dream. See the previous Rupture edition for more info – although one point I forgot to mention in the last article was that I was arrested at that protest...

I have been to many, many protests before – but this was the first I was arrested at. Was it because I pushed the boundaries further than ever before? Was I carrying out criminal activity? No, I was quite literally on my bike in the road, in front of a road block put in place by G4S – for a total of less than 5 minutes – while politely refusing to move when asked by the private security. Police stopped me when I decided to move on under my own will. Arrested.

Taken away in essentially a police-cell shuttle-bus (via a local car park for 15 minutes to wait for a free actual cell to appear anywhere north of the river). Allowed water, while cuffed in the hot van? Denied. Denied 70 times – that’s definitely denied.

To the police desk...

“No comment”

“No comment”

“No comment”

“No comment”

“No. Comment.”

Strip search ordered. Why? Didn’t answer the risk assessment questions (= just because). Requesting the police officer to undress me. Why? Just because.

Seven hours later I was ‘released under investigation’. A change in the law and procedure now means that in situations such as protest arrest you are unlikely to be let go on bail anymore, but instead are ‘under investigation’. This means the police have



six months to look into the case and to decide whether they will take you to court or not. The good thing about this is that there are no conditions to the release, unlike bail. In fact, my solicitor informed me that if they were to call me back for an interview I legally would not even have to go. Though I was recommended to attend if asked, if only to issue a big fat “no comment”. I didn’t get this particular letter, instead getting a Christmas present a week early – a letter summoning me straight to court with the charge of wilfully obstructing the highway...

Yay. I couldn’t wait for my time in court; I have always loved headmasters, being told off, authority that I question, and the reasons surrounding my actions being ignored. (Sarcasm, just in case you missed it!) I fucking hated the process. An insane process for something that really was not a crime.

How did I plea? Not Guilty of course; it was a tiny inconvenience to other road users that I sat still for 5 minutes on my bike in the road. Less of an inconvenience than the fact G4S had blocked off the entire road, causing way more of an obstruction than myself, to the very people who I was supposedly inconveniencing through my actions. Jesus, fucking Christ.

Solicitor tried to get the case dropped. Full hearing date set. Wow, this is mad. How much is this process costing the taxpayer? More and more cases started falling apart due to lack of evidence by the Criminal Prosecution Service (CPS); technical details around the fact we were all arrested for obstruction of the public highway, when in actual fact the land is private. Finally, the courts see some sense within the fog of stupidity and I have my case dropped under the grounds that it was not in the public interest to arrest me. No shit Sherlock.

What has been learnt? The system really is quite bonkers and when you start shouting about the fact the world’s largest arms fair is happening in London, that bonkers system tries to crush you. See you in September 2019 at the ExCeL Centre!

#STOPDSEI

ZAD de Notre Dame des Landes (France)

WAR FOR A NEW WORLD

Since the 1970s a project to build a new airport in the fields of Notre Dame des Landes, close to Nantes, in north west of France has been the battleground of a juridical fight between promoters of the project and protectors of nature. After decades of juridical process, in 2012 François Hollande's government tried to begin construction. This ignited a rebellion by thousands of people who were ready to put up a proper fight against the cops.

Since that flashpoint militants have occupied the area; 1650 hectares of agricultural fields, a European rainforest, ponds and some roads. It so happened that this illegal occupation was also made by some old farmers who were living there before the project and people who responded to the call for help – a multicultural mix of hundreds of people coming from all around the world; migrants, anarchists, ecowarriors, students, ravers and people like you and me.

Behind the barricades, as time was passing, was an experiment for a new world; one based on freedom, respect, genuine equality; with workshops about combatting 'normal' society, eco-constructions, music, DIY, food autonomy, parties and everything you might imagine by the words 'other world' – you would have been able to find it in this place called ZAD; Zone à Défendre (Zone to Defend)... a new world disorder with love, respect and freedom at the core.

In January 2018, the new president Macron decided to put an end to the project. His take was to offer all of the people living there an option to become legal; meaning accepting to work with the authority of France. Most of the people in the ZAD decided to play along with the game and to propose a collective project to be able to remain there peacefully.

However, the government recently decided to play another, darker hand – and attempt to divide the people living there, rejecting the idea of a collective being

formed. As none of the people from ZAD, called Zadists, wanted to respond as individuals, 2500 elite cops – armed for urban warfare; driving tanks and water trucks – arrived at 3am in the night of Sunday 8th April, to evict the Zadists.

The following day the police destroyed more than 25 houses; that the people living there had spent years building. They killed animals and injured more than 275 people (10 seriously injured) but still the resistance has been growing. From all over France, Europe and beyond people have arrived to help the Zadists to resist eviction. The resistance is not just localised and all over

prefecture, there has been a cessation of the fighting within the ZAD. Talks directed by the ministry of ecology and the police prefect, between the authorities and the Zadists, are back on the table.

The Prefecture had previously requested that the Zad provide them with forty individual proposals. The Zadists finally voted collectively to file the proposals in accordance with this request. However, there is a strong desire among the Zadists that a degree of coherence is maintained between each individual project since their collective proposal was previously turned down.

The Prime Minister and the Police Prefect accepted the olive branch offered by the Zadists, however, they have upheld their right to decide which individual projects they will accept. This means that those activists whose proposals are declined by the authorities face possible eviction from the Zad.

The possibility of talks end on the evening of Monday 30th April. The first minister declared that he would fight stronger if necessary to evict those who they decide should not be able to stay. In France, to evict people from their home needs to be a decision made by the courts; but since president Macron is running at full power we feel that he

will make decisions irrespective of human rights.

The Zadists have made it clear that if one of their proposals—including applications to fund agriculture, a radio station, a recording studio, a brewery, a bakery, a forge, an 18-hole golf project, and many other experimental projects – were refused they will refuse to stand down. The callout for help still stands – if you can do it, come and join us in the fight; because if we win this fight we will prove the world that another world is possible.

Olivier Crenn

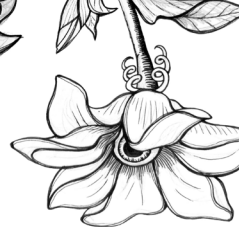
More info: zad.nadir.org/?lang=en



France people have been organising protests. There have been messages of support from Palestine, USA, Mexico etc...

Since the recent acts of aggression the resistance is a fight that continues through night and day. Everyday the cops come back to destroy the barricades; and everyday the Zadists rebuild them. People on both sides of this clash are being injured; and since the 17th April cops have used more than 10,000 grenades against people who were just trying to live freely.

On the 18th and 20th April, after the Zadists dumped all the empty tear-gas canisters outside the offices of the local



SQUAT CULTURE

Around 2009 I was working on a series of pictures depicting nudes. It was for a competition announced by a respected Czech magazine – Reflex. After completing several nudes with female subjects I wanted to focus on men. At that point we were squatting a morgue at 122 Dalston Lane, London.

This beautiful building was situated at the end of Ridley Road market in Dalston. I am sure many of you have crossed this market in the early hours of the morning, witnessing scenes of the unloading of various animal corpses... men in their white but bloodied coats unloading mutton, lamb and other decapitated animals from the back of trucks. In winter the scenes become even more dramatic with the steam coming out of the gutters and the underground canals of London.

So literally, at the end of this walk, there was a human morgue with a funeral directors attached. Here people used to get beautified before their relatives and friends gave them their final farewell. It just came naturally to me that I wanted to place five naked men onto the trays of the pink-painted human fridge that was left intact in our squat. Somehow I managed to recruit five men from the international community of squatters; one was Slovak, the next one Swiss, the other one Spanish, the fourth one Czech and the fifth Columbian.

The timing could not be worse, as my mum decided to come for a visit to London and as it was the first time that she would visit a squat I wanted proudly present her my life; and the Morgue squat as an important and integral part of it. Well, I asked her to wait for me in the kitchen with a cup of tea while I naively thought that taking the pictures would take me 30 mins maximum.

It was not that difficult to get the men stripped to their underwear but the resistance arrived when I wanted them to lie on the trays where previously dead bodies were kept. Superstitions were rife and one of them really objected until I found him a mat to put between him and the metal tray. I started to be slightly worried about my mum waiting too long and then somebody, probably in the ambition to loosen the tension and speed up the process, had the

idea to make some lines of coke first. I believe this is the moment when my mum came down to see what I was up to... the sight of me surrounded by five men in their underwear doing something suspicious around a table must have given her some goosebumps!

Eventually I got the idea to get a bottle of Absinthe and begged each of the men to lie in the fridge with the prospect of drinking the Absinthe. In various states of eagerness they took their underwear off one by one, each of them climbing onto one of the trays. Needless to say, the bottle of Absinthe was finished within minutes and the empty bottle predictably landed on the floor – and the glass shattered all over the room, making me really worried about the men coming out of the fridge with their bare feet.

Despite this calamity, they all posed really well as dead bodies and it actually became difficult to get them out of the fridge; one of them refused to put his clothes back on, whilst encouraging me to get naked too. Leaving the men behind, and relieved that my mission was more or less over, I went back to the kitchen to see my mum who was impatiently waiting and nursing a toothache. It was late and I ordered her a taxi to bring her back to my sister. I knew I had failed in my mission to present the positive side of squatting to her.

Nevertheless, I was very pleased with the end result of the pictures and submitted an entry into the competition. To my

surprise, several days later I got an email from the magazine telling me that they could not accept my entry – as they considered it pornography. I was outraged and wrote them a reply stating that you can't even see the sex of my subjects and questioning what was pornographic about it... this retort was simply met with silence. I kept thinking about it and then I realised that they must have thought that they are real dead bodies and I just took the picture in an actual morgue! I should have guessed that our lives of squatting weird places were a bit unusual for outsiders; and that my picture probably needed context and explanation.

A couple of days later, after the failed artistic attempt, I received an email from my mum. She said she wished I would live in an apartment with white walls that is clean, safe and secure. I was so shocked by her response; I got angry and expressed my disappointment in her reaction. I told her how I was always proud of her as my mother –being political, strong and courageous – and now her response was just to the contrary. She never spoke with me about it again.

Later I realised that this was just too much for her to bare, and I was a bit more careful with her during her next visit to a squat. I also omitted explaininh to her the legality of squatting, so she must have been really worried about my security and thought that I could end up at any minute without a home. This was quite the opposite of what I felt; as a foreigner I finally found my home – London became my home.

I became an active part of the city and an active part of the underground culture which shaped the city. I became part of this international family, that like any other family has its up and downs. A family that goes through its joyous and celebratory moments as well as experiencing the very sad and difficult times. I became part of this culture that helped me to lose myself and then find myself again, again and again. Although I don't squat nowadays, squat culture has profoundly shaped who I am today and continues to challenge my perception of life on a daily basis.



Eastern Suffolk Front conflict zone

2018 Update on 2016 Initial Report

As the world's attention is focused yet again on the Middle East, events in the media-suppressed region of the un-liberated kingdom have mirrored these conditions with a ferocity unobserved by many. After huge early gains in immensely fluid tank battles, this intensity has turned attritional; in battles designed to operate like artillery meat grinders by both sides, which has now centred on the Essex border for the past eight months.

The capitalist forces now consist entirely of well-paid private security company personnel in combat roles – albeit trained, directed and supplied by the capitalist state's regime force supervisors. These mercenaries remain a deniable and expendable asset to the corrupt Tory regime; and as such they have sunk to the dark practices that are becoming increasingly commonplace on modern battlefields. This has forced the Anarcho-Feminist Forces to adopt ever harsher tactics in return – to remain a fully offensive operational tool of The Revolution; but with the difference that they know they are the only people engaged in Total War, to Save The Planet from the ravages of filthy global capitalism.

Casualties have been enormous on both sides but one resource the planet does not lack is environmentally conscious young women who have flooded in to swell the ranks; enough to create even more dedicated Anarchist combat units. Still taking heart from awe-inspiring local heroine the Celtic Queen Boudica, who with great success pillaged ancient Roman towns in orgies of bloody devastation, the Guards Of The Black Banner has shown its utterly pitiless devotion to militant feminism to be a battle-winning tactic, time and time again.

These Ultra Violent Anarchist Fanatics have taken predominance over the Orthodox Violent Anarchist Fanatics, after detailed surveys proved them to gain consistently greater enemy kills per engagement. The scourge of organised religion has been

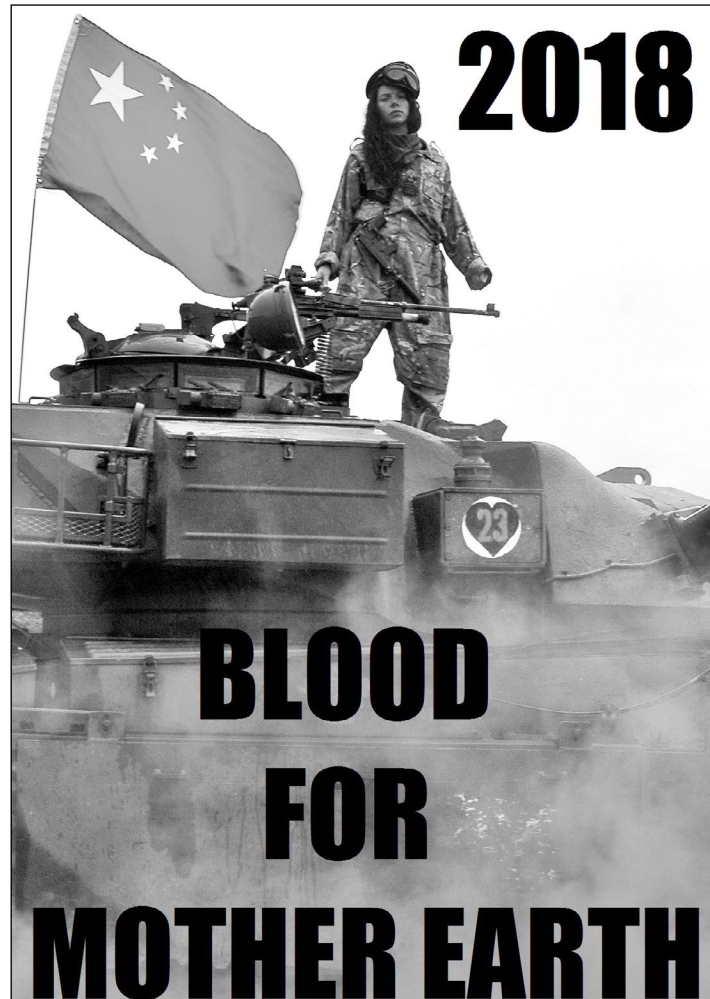
problems of 2016 and the outbreaks of cannibalism in 2017, the introduction of rationing (of the recently developed genetically enhanced synthetic turnip and spiralina block) has averted the disaster that many had predicted in the early years.

Events here have so firmly radicalised the remaining original population, and the recently arrived refugees, that every single registered human being has a Duty to The Revolution assigned to them to fulfill; which they achieve with cheerful vigour and a determination to resist that hasn't been seen since the 1940s.

Only capitalist drones dare operate over Eastern Suffolk after downed capitalist pilots were regularly filmed being torn apart by citizens and fed to animals, before being uploading to a YouTube audience thirsty for sensational controversy. Almost total Internet censorship means that any information from this area quickly disappears; replaced with a fantasy UK that only exists in the darkest Tory heart.

With the Spring offensive across the Essex border bogging down in the ruins of towns like Sudbury, Haverhill and Manningtree and turning into attritional urban warfare, 2018 is set – when this tem-

porary stalemate is broken – to become the bloodiest year of the war so far. In this 'meat grinder' phase the Anarcho-Feminist Forces are intent on destroying the anti-aircraft missile umbrella protecting London; whilst bleeding dry the government forces until with the capital city is left defenceless. This means that the final surrender negotiations can begin without the need of more costly bombardments and tank assaults with air support, hopefully by Christmas. This is the Eastern Suffolk/Essex border Front 2018 – spread the word.



cleansed from Eastern Suffolk, and only Love for Mother Earth remains a motivating factor. These new meat grinder tactics are embodied in the new slogan 'Blood For Mother Earth', which is commonly sprayed on the side of Anarcho-Feminist armoured vehicles. This phrase exhorts its readers to re-fertilise the twisted, scorched and contaminated ground with capitalist soldier's body parts.

Refugees have poured in, preferring to taste capitalist bombs to any more years of grasping austerity. After the starvation

Rest in Power Anna Campbell 1991 – 2018

The Martyrs Are Immortal

Anna Campbell was a Bristol-based activist who was killed in a Turkish missile strike in Afrin on 15th, March, while she and five other female soldiers helped to evacuate civilians from the besieged city in Northern Syria. She had travelled to Turkey to join the Kurdish Women's Protection Unit (YPJ), and had fought with them in their attack on the ISIS stronghold in Deir ez-Zor, but was later killed during the Turkish military operation in Afrin. She had been inspired to join the YPJ due to their utopian vision of Rojava, which Turkey and Syria are both trying to stamp out. In a video posted online she said "I wanted to participate in the revolution of women that is being built up here and fight, and join also the weaponised fight against the forces of fascism and the enemies of the revolution. And so now I'm very happy and proud to be going to Afrin to be able to do this."

Anna, whose *nom de guerre* was Helin Qerecox, was a queer feminist anarchist and a familiar friendly face at Café Kino

and Hydra Bookshop in Bristol. She was a prison abolitionist, a dedicated activist and organiser and her list of engagement in social struggles ranged from Hunt Saboteurs, refugee and migrant solidarity in Calais and student occupations. She demonstrated that international solidarity and intersectional activism is both possible and powerful; she said, "Our search for what could be possible means accepting a rich heritage. The women of the Paris Commune of 1871 and the worker's militias of the Hamburg Uprising of 1923 – that's us. The comrades of the

October Revolution and the Spanish Civil war – that's us. The workers on strike in India and the guerrillas in the mountains of Kurdistan – that's us. When we take up our weapons we are not only fighting alongside the people of Afrin but also with the women of the world."

Her family and comrades are heartbroken to have lost such a fierce activist and friend. Anna was a true revolutionary and a really fucking brave babe – her death should remind us to keep fighting for an equal and anti-fascist world, free from suffering and oppression.



What follows is a 'poetic' account of the several months I spent hanging out in, and observing secret far right ('alt-right') Facebook groups following on from the period of Trump's election; and the resultant rise in far-right activity online, and on the streets – here, in the US, and throughout Europe. The terminology and ideologies mentioned are based on real conversations observed online:

* Hey, how's it going? You alright?
Nah, I'm not Alt-Right. I'm a Conservative Libertarian Kekistani Memetic Warrior Magician, actually.
* What the fuck you on about?
Let's just say I've been down a rabbit hole... or perhaps a toad in the hole, would be a more apt description. Heh.
* Definitely sounds like you followed Alice somewhere. Are you high or what?

No. I'm just Woke. I got red-pilled by a ginger Kaotic and he showed me the way.

* Red-pilled?

You know, like the choice between the red pill and the blue pill in The Matrix.
* I see. What 'way' have you been shown exactly?

My red haired red-pilled mate put me onto a friendly secret little Facebook group where like-minded Conservatives can hang out and politely discuss topical societal issues such as Race, Identity, Feminism. Stuff like that.

* Hmm... Certainly contentious issues, especially for Conservatives. Must get a bit heavy sometimes?

It's actually pretty harmless. Apart from general chit-chat, it's also quite creative; it's more like an on-going competition as to has the best cartoon memes of the day.

* That doesn't sound too bad actually. What's the group called?

Trumpenreich.

* Trumpenreich???? Sounds like it's a group for Neo Nazis!

Typical Liberal: "Everyone who disagrees with me is a Nazi!"

* You've heard of the Third Reich though? You know... World War Two, millions of people killed in conflict, the Holocaust... erm, Hitler? He was a Nazi y'know. We did this in History class together.

Well, Hitler was a Socialist for a start.

* What??? How can you say that? Yeah, didn't you know that? Anyway, Trumpenreich is mainly just satire.

* Nazi satire??

Stop calling me a Nazi!! It's actually Kekistani satire – for your information.

* Kekistani?? You mentioned this earlier. What is a Kekistani??

A devout follower of Kek who resides in the glorious kingdom of Kekistan.

* Kek?? What's a Kek?

Kek is the great ancient Egyptian frog deity who represents Chaos and Primor-

dial Darkness. Me and my fellow practitioners of dank magic spread our sphere of Chaotic Conservative online in the form of sigils... or memes, of our swamp God in a battle with the liberal elite.

* The Great Kek. Egyptian Frog God of Chaos and Primordial Darkness... How comes I've never heard of him?

You have heard of him actually. You just know him by his more common 21st century incarnation and appellation: Pepe the frog.

* Pepe the frog? Isn't that the little harmless green frog cartoon guy whose image got stolen by far right forums on 4chan during the Trump campaign and then started harassing loads of left-wingers online?

Ah yes! The Great Meme War. I served.

* Meme War? That's what you call targeted harassment?

Yeah. It's just shitposting though.

* 'Shitposting'?

Sright. Its where SJWs...

* 'SJWs'?

Social Justice Warriors.

* Oh, right. Liberals, you mean. Left-wingers?

Yeah, SJWs. So it's when any SJWs dare to launch one of their assaults on God Emperor Trump...

* ?!

...and in retaliation we overwhelm with them with legion upon legion of brave Kekistani shocktroops with our weaponised autism and dank memes.

* Hang on... I think I remember reading about this... did you have anything to do with the sustained and targeted online harassment of Assigned Male Comic? You mean the degenerate fag?

* Er no... I mean the trans activist who posted cartoons about their life on Facebook.

Sright. Degenerate fag.

* So you and your mates harass people like that because you don't agree with their lifestyle?

Yep, and because they're Skypes, Googles, Skittles... degenerates like that.

* 'Skypes'? 'Googles'? 'Skittles'?

Facebook algorithms pick up on terms like 'nigger' 'kike' 'muslim' etc... So we use code in the field of battle, like any sensible soldier would.

* So, let me get this right. You go on

Facebook and use hate-speech to target blacks, Jews...

Dykes, SJWs, sandniggers...

* ...and when people quite rightly complain you and attack them for 'hating free speech' and ultimately try to bully them into leaving social media.

Sright.

* Do you not see the hypocrisy of saying your free speech is under attack, then doing your best to bully people into not expressing their views?

REEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!

* What the fuck you doing????

It's the amphibious clarion call of Kek.

Soon my cohorts will be here, and we will shitpost so hard you will bleed from the eyes.

* Cohorts? Of Kek?

Yep.

* Considering I'd never heard of this frog before today, I can only assume that they're can't be that many of you at least?

Ha! Here, check out the numbers of followers for the Cult of Kek group.

* Jesus.

No. Kek. Now check out the followers for Trumpenreich...

* ...

And here's Anti SJW Pinochet Refugee Camp... and here's pol/iti/cally incorrect...

* I don't even...

Told ya! We're Legion.

* Uh. How comes Facebook hasn't closed you down for all this harassment?

Like I say, it's mainly just a competition for the best memes.

* Can I see some of these harmless memes you're on about?

Hang on...got some of my favourites right here...

*Okay... let's see. Jesus... 'Anne Frank... Gas or Smash'???? 'Your bitch ugly as fuck so imma soap and lampshade her'? '6 Million... Those are rookie numbers!' 'Hook-nosed Jews in gas chambers? In honour of the 6 gorillion, I ejected a hundred million?' 'Man frogs buggering castrated Antifa activists with nooses around their necks?' 'Hitler approves' 'This one time at camp... we got so baked' 'Drop the gas2'?

Okay, okay... I think I've seen enough... I actually feel sick. This is horrific. I mean... how can you find the Holocaust funny? Holocaust never happened... 6 Gorrillion Goy.

* I don't even... How can you...? I just don't understand how you haven't been shut down!!

Ha! I know! We get zucked by cucks all the time, but Facebook just normally removes the odd dank post rather than shut down the groups themselves. Anyway, we have backup accounts, backup groups... you can't keep down an amphibious God of Chaos y'know!

* I'm just finding it hard to keep down my lunch.

Hey. It's not all about dank memes.

There's room in our groups for more intellectual discussion.

*About what? Holocaust Denial??

Obvs, but we also discuss the glorious future when the God Emperor is victorious throughout the land.

* What possibilities for the future do you discuss?

Things like what kind of laws we should implement once we're in full control.

* Laws? I'm almost scared to ask now.

Ha! White Sharia certainly creates heated discussion!

* White Sharia??? You mean stoning liberals to death?

Well, actually we prefer to throw SJWs out of helicopters, more fun... but we won't kill all the cucks... we'll keep the women alive. Well, the really hot ones anyway.

* For what purpose?

The spoils of war?

* You mean rape?

Yes. They're only Thots...

* 'Thots'?

That Hoe Over There.

* You want to legalise rape?

Just for the degenerate females. We need to breed more Whites, and rape is a handy way to subjugate a populace.

* What the fuck????

Rape is a language of conquest. We'll execute Feminists that can't be saved and reconstruct our education systems to prevent the Jews and the Media from moulding public opinion into toxic Feminist ideology.

*I think I've heard enough now. I thought stuff like this only existed in dystopian sci-fi, like The Handmaid's Tale. I really have to go. I can't be friends with a Nazi.

Suit yourself man, just remember though... Work will set you fREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE EEEEEEEEEEE!

- IAN O

Freedom is, Freedom ain't...

(testimonial to HIVE)

The Hive – Human Interest Versatile Environment was an independent, not-for-profit, self-funded, volunteer-led social and cultural hub set up by ReSpace Projects (respaceprojects.org). It pioneered a holistic approach to city regeneration through the re-use of empty buildings and re-cycling of wasted skills & resources; they are social change incubators and creative idea facilitators.

This spray-painted mural on the hoarding of the HIVE along the Kingsland Road in London was a collaborative 'Subpat-tern_LDN' freestyle consisting of artists Morganic, Samer and Frankie Strand and commissioned by ReSpace Projects to raise awareness for their work in the public eye; through the visual language and guerrilla advertisement of street art.

The intention for the mural was to give something back to the public whilst leaving them something to remember The HIVE Dalston by. A tribute to the incredible two and a half years they used their space for social good before being predictably redeveloped into luxury apartments.

The original concept and composition for this mural I'm curating was to have a mighty flock of exotic birds undulating in flight out from the doors of The Hive and

pouring into the front garden.

Hypothetically, the birds would spread across the front whilst hoarding conveying tools and scrap wood etc. in their beaks, to suggest the notion of migration. All would trail in a stream of morganic flow lines finally wired up to a Jones, the low-tech cyber dolphin from the film Johnny Mnemonic!

We had to scrap that synopsis as soon as we found out the entrance was to finally be boarded up as well, meaning the intended nucleus of the mural i.e. the opening of the doors to the migrating birds wouldn't have been visible to the public.

Built on the theory of resistance that 'nature will never stumble, and concrete will always crumble', Morgan & Curtis wanted to play on an abstract concept inspired by the Buddhist proverb 'as above so below' by inverting how we perceive landscapes and environments.

For example – flying fish with botanical butterfly fins blowing bubbles out of water into skies where the tide rolls in and draws out; swimming birds with botanical feathers soaring through fields of ocean landscapes, where the moon sets at dawn and the sun rises at night. You get the idea.

The hoarding for this mural collaboration was scheduled to remain for roughly

another seven months, and permitted by the landlord from Investland who gave the lease to the HIVE. Sadly, this mural was swept under an 'Authority Navy Blue' coloured carpet of emulsion by the contractors 3 months later – ruddy typical!

The existence and persistence of places like the HIVE where the likes of artists like myself can be facilitated at ease, and encouragingly inspired as a collaborative working resident artist, gives me hope that we are moving in the right direction as a positive and collective generation.

Spaces and organisations such as these challenge the habituate of our current degenerate state that we have ineffectively come to accept as the norm. What we know as 'the norm', as disappointing as it can be, doesn't particularly make life easier for many. These spaces also make it easier for our generation of up and coming artists that play an integral role in society.

We survive yet struggle in a desolate mass of metropolis with the best day-to-day attempt to make a living out of our lives. Access to sufficient yet affordable education, healthcare, resources and most of all housing and studio spaces are hard-pressed to say the least. This is why it is of particular importance in this day and





FRANKIE STRAND & MORGASMIK collab photo taken by inspiringcity.com

age to have increasing access to public community spaces like this; and countless subcultures on the thrive. Organisations like ReSpace should be rightfully entitled to legal democratic control in recycling buildings otherwise left dormant.

The proof of the suppression, which has insidiously permeated our shared culture, is evident in the 'illegal' acts that are not only a statement but also arguably a means of survival. Unjustifiably risking ones freedom, whilst ironically fighting for ones freedom. A response to moral injustice becomes a responsibility.

"It is not the strongest of the species that survives, nor the most intelligent that survives. It is the one that is most adaptable to change."

– Charles Darwin

Myself and many others within London's underground arts movement feel this way as a direct result of repeatedly experiencing the ruthless acts which seek to impact our growth and potential. Far too often, 'DIY social centres' or creative hubs are demolished by unethical capitalist juggernauts, to be replaced by artificial structures that devour and dominate social spaces.

Vital resources are wasted for the sake of the London Babylon. The future of London looks increasingly sterile. The steely sterility growing around us doesn't resonate with any human-being simply being-human. Nauseatingly, more often than not the older structures subject to this monetarily led destruction are built to last like a brick shit house!

Their preservation would require only

the efforts of communal TLC and restoration management approaches. These buildings, though old, would surely outlive the outrageously costly and cold modern models they're being replaced with. Arguably more money is being spent on the unnecessary demolition and replacement of structures than could otherwise be better invested in their renovation.

By suppressing counterculture, and disregarding the cultural heritage of our old English architecture, our collective mental health is becoming more and more destabilised. What's more, it's costing a fortune that could otherwise be spent on a myriad of declining public services.

It's evident that self-governing cultural hubs are providing a vast amount of beneficial factors: restoring societal imbalances, serving public well-being and expanding communities; as well as providing a vast range of simple yet permanent solutions to a lot of temporary problems that we are faced with in one way or another. Neighbourhood democratic control is reclaimed; good faith and reassurance are offered to the individual unwilling to surrender to the soulless existence shoved down their throat. At least, not without a fight or peaceful protest along the way...

"True revolution doesn't happen on the street, it happens within, if you don't go within, GO WITHOUT!"

In a way, I kind of owe a lot of my discovery and volume of influential creativity to the gravity of such self-sustainable environments and small diamond-in-the-dirt communities such as these – and I know I

am not alone in saying this...

"Aspire to inspire, BEFORE YOU EXPIRE!"

I believe the people who are truer to themselves, the people around them and the adaption of their environments should be more valued in society. They are the ones who contribute to a more purposefully expanding and enjoyable existence for us all. To subvert the adversity they are faced with, they take on great responsibility and often greater risks.

These factors and the fruitful efforts from the HIVE have a greater compatibility towards a more harmonious future. A bigger, more piratical picture where everyone benefits; a picture correlating well within the natural mechanics of sustainable, sheltered and forward thinking and functioning societies.

We should be serving and strengthening the network of communities consciously collaborating positively, leading by example; working with, and not against, nature and improving the quality of life in an otherwise grey London. They bring out the best of our human nature and potential.

The qualities our society needs most can be found inside those of a functional cultural space. The HIVE was a perfect example of this, a blueprint advancing towards a more prosperous and fertile future. I like to see The HIVE Dalston as a seed. A seed that when positively nurtured, has the possibility to pollinate the sustainable and holistic urban regeneration of London and beyond.

The H I V E was somewhere I could hang my jacket with pockets full of small change and other loose shit, and not have to worry about going home cold without a fare to get there.

The H I V E was somewhere I could place a large painting knowing it would be handled with care from start to finish and most of all appreciated by a good flow of open and diverse audiences.

The H I V E was somewhere I could hang out with friends old and new, collaborate with musicians and artists, be inspired, learn and build new skills, practice and enhance spiritual well-being; and even afford a fucking decent meal.

by M O R G A N A R C H Y
(Minesweeper Collective)
www.about.me/morganisms
hivedalston.wordpress.com

Smartphone zombie kid apocalypse is coming!

Are you prepared?

Our kids don't have smartphones – they're 12 and 14 year old boys. You know what? They really don't seem to mind, even though all their mates have smartphones; I think they're about the only kids at their school without smartphones.

A few months ago they asked if they could have a smartphone, we thought about it and then said 'probably not'. Rather than simply telling them 'NO' without backing it up we asked them to tell us why they felt they **NEEDED** a smartphone. The eldest, who is rather special, thought about it for a few seconds and said 'Nah, I can't think of a reason'. Well, that was easy, but expected of Max. Our youngest however had a bit of a moment, rolling on the floor screaming 'I need apps... APPS! Music! Emails! APPS!' I calmly explained that he has music and emails on his Nokia, and actually has more storage than I do on my iPhone. We were very honest and open and discussed it with them in detail, explaining why we thought it wasn't a good idea. The next day he was fine; and has never mentioned it since.

We carried on discussing this topic with them; I have showed them some articles and videos. Notably an article and video of Sean Parker, ex-Facebook president, and Chamath Palihapitiya telling how Facebook is 'Ripping Apart Society'. They get it – children are smarter than we think; and they're smarter than smartphones. Our kids have a decent Macbook between them, which they use for graphics, music, homework; and, of course, fairly well policed YouTube etc. They can use mum's tablet sometimes (for Instagram, the only social app they are allowed to use) and they've got an Xbox (which they hardly use but incidentally was the reason why my youngest started skateboarding, so there's an argument for video games there – but that's a separate story I may write about).

Don't get me wrong, I love tech. I'm a designer and spend countless hours on my Mac designing stuff, and I love it; but it's about balance. These things are tools for us to use, and when used properly they can be the best things ever. As Keanu Reeves once said in one of my favourite

films '*We control these machines, they don't control us.*' Although I do see the balance tipping the wrong way – fast – and maybe Keanu's statement is not as correct as we'd like to think.

Our kids make stuff: they draw, play music, go outside, ride skateboards and BMX; they get dirty, they're hardcore and creative – they **THINK!** They don't get much time to glue their face to a phone. Do yours? I explained to them that it's not

deleted that silly app years ago (I do use it on my laptop, mainly for sharing current affairs and contacting people). I do use Twitter, as one of my main news sources, and Medium. Anyway, I started resisting the urges to get my phone out while on the bus, or tube; or whenever I had a free moment. I left me phone in my pocket and looked out of the window instead – and it started feeling **GREAT!** I would get off the said transport and do a mini air-punch,



just bad for children, that adults are just as affected; I see it on a daily basis. I myself have to conjure up all of my willpower to not take my phone out of my pocket whenever I have more than a few spare seconds on the tube or the bus; and I'm a pretty strong willed grown up, so I assume it would be far more difficult for a child to be able to tame the same urges.

I decided to run an experiment on myself, in solidarity with the kids. Now, I'm not a 'Facebook scroller' by any means. I

feeling a great sense of achievement.

How sad is that? Now – sidetracking for a moment – it's well documented that 'day-dreaming' is where innovation and ideas come from; when we allow our mind to wander it provokes thoughts and ideas. However, when our minds are constantly 'occupied' just enough (with scrolling through endless crap on Facebook for example) our brains are not really in use; and we all know what happens if you don't do those press-ups. Your muscles wither

away – and our brain is a muscle. Same same.

Anyway, I decided to take my newfound freedom a step further and started engaging with other people, in the real world. If I see someone without their face pinned to their phone I'll sit next to them and say hello (they always say hello back, so far). I will then start a conversation, just small talk at first, and then usually get onto this very topic. I've had amazing things happen – I had four people talking on the train the other day. I was speaking loudly, on purpose, to a lovely lady about the perils of smartphone usage. We were agreeing and getting quite excited about my 'self experiment'. The nice lady gave me her email address and promised to do the same, to start engaging with people – in real life.

As we ranted on the two people on the other side of the carriage, who had their faces firmly planted in their phones at the beginning of our conversation, slowly started to put their phones on the table. So, I engaged with them, joking with one of them that '*she had two phones!*' We all laughed, and they listened; the chap

didn't say anything but was transfixed to our conversation. When the train arrived at my stop I stood up and shook the people's hands. Everyone was smiling and the little quiet chap stood up, grasped my hand in both of his firmly, looked me in the eyes and said in a very sincere way '*Thank you so much, that was so interesting*'.

I left that train feeling amazing, feeling that I'd made some difference. I felt a real, tangible sense of wellbeing and happiness; and I could only assume that the other three people were feeling the same. Rather than the fake dopamine-drip-fed stupor that is phone addiction we had 'actually' connected, and it felt great. The nice lady has since emailed me, telling me how wonderful that meeting was, and that she has taken up the challenge of engaging with at least one unknown person a day. Fantastic!

There is now plenty of evidence that this tech epidemic is causing all kinds of problems for children as they grow up, from mental disorders to learning and social problems. Not to mention the 5G grid matrix, RFID and transhumanism that is

rapidly becoming an actual 'thing', apparently. We're living in crazy, exciting and dangerous times and personally I would put up with all the tantrums and tears and shit my kids could throw at me – to do my best to save them from as many of the evils that are being steamrolled into our society at quite an alarming rate.

That's my job as a parent I tell them; I'm doing this BECAUSE I love them. If I didn't care I would simply allow them to slip into the smartphone zombie apocalypse along with countless others. I urge all parents to do the same. Think of it as doing our bit to save not only our children, but humanity and future generations. Do some research, discuss the issue with them; they'll get it and you'll all feel better for it. Use your device, don't let it use you. Go outside, do some stuff, try the 'engage and get off your phone' challenge – I dare you! Peace out

Some further info:

bit.ly/2vAWjX4

bit.ly/2EZbs82

theatln.tc/2u3JDX6

bit.ly/2JKwN8u



Since the last issue, rave-punk twats KILLDREN not only released their debut six-track EP – but they've also gone and unleashed a 14-track EP of remixes. Contributing artists are mostly drawn from the freeparty and DIY scenes and include Clusterfuck, Doghouse, Amusement, Ronin, Ben Pest, Stazma, Killabomb and Buzz Adjusta and this delicious artwork by Russell Taysom. It's available now on a pay-what-you-want-you-tight-cunt basis. killdren.bandcamp.com

ROYAL SHIT

This blog is a platform for activists to contest verticalizations of power such as monarchy and patriarchy. It is created by anarchists of different ethnicities and genders. Collectively we organise art installations and actions to put into discussion and destroy the idea of royalty, which necessarily implicate subjection and inequality. contestroyalty.blogspot.ro



Illustr: Feccia

You boycotted Amazon, but you still buy cocaine?

You're a twat and no one cares about your stupid art

If you can live in London and not be pissed off right now you are either deluded, rich or both. Floating along safely in life, oblivious to the realities of those around you who have to suffer everyday. Blinded by your ability to afford (both financially and physically) to be wasted most of the week. The type of person that says "I'm not really into politics" because their everyday existence is lucky enough to be apolitical. Smoke weed, get high, paint flowers, get away with it – repeat. Stop and Search? What's that? All I get are a few funny glares, and occasional cute smiles from grannies and hot weirdos. Snort another line of cocaine, feel good – it's been a hard week, I need to blow off steam: "I really do care though, honestly!"

London is full of self-interested, self-absorbed twats – that most likely includes you (and me). Each person only has a certain amount of energy, so what we choose to put our energy into is essentially who we become. What we think, or what we say is essentially irrelevant; it's only what we do that defines us. If you spend all (or most) of your time 'expressing yourself' through whichever medium of art you practice, with no real political engagement or interest in your neighbourhood or society, your probably a twat who is (unintentionally,

but still actively) upholding the white supremacist country we live in. Sure you're 'against the system', but does what you do actually actively challenge it? Are you involved in anti-raids networks? Do you put your body on the line to protect those who are violently oppressed, deported, killed by Britain? Getting wasted and making paintings don't mean shit to anyone but you. Are you just busy keeping out of things, staying focussed on your art and making sure your mental health is alright? Everyone's got a fucking mental health issue these days, but it's a fine line between 'self-care' and actually just ignoring the fucked up shit that's happening around you because you can't be bothered to feel the pain that thinking about it might cause you; let alone trying to actually solve any problems in this world...

This art-shit is a load of bullshit really, its just loads of fucking white hippies 'expressing themselves', and their art is shit and they feel entitled to make shit art because they've been told they are worth something their whole lives – but actually, its just shit art. Most of the artists who exhibit at the TAA don't even sign up for a shift, they literally only care about the fun social side and displaying some shit they made. London is being ruined and all

they care about is drawing pictures. Like somehow because they've created something, they are a magical being worthy of red carpets and glory... errrrm, no, sorry love – your art is mediocre (at best). There is truly radical stuff happening in London, so why would you put energy into this? I've been thinking about how the open-access format of TAA is out-dated and not very radical at all. Open-access actually just means that people with confidence and the time/privilege to play for free can participate. There are amazing things happening in London at the moment such as Decolonise Fest ("punx of colour to the front!") and First Timers Workshops that are actively trying to diversify the DIY 'scene' and encourage people who wouldn't usually participate to play an active role in the scene. This includes hosting workshops on performance anxiety, accessibility, diversity as well as loads of instrument lessons for free/pay what you want.

Seriously though, if we're not trying to actively change and challenge things what are we doing with our time? I am guilty of spending waaaaay too much time and money on getting wasted and recovering from getting wasted, but imagine collectively how much of our energy we waste on this whilst homeless people are dying on our streets, people are being deported, the police are racially profiling and chucking (non-white) people into prisons for carrying a bit of weed, non-elected heads of state are being glorified and our NHS is being sold off. It's time to get fucking angry, it's time to be involved and dedicated to campaigns. If we do hold events we should utilise them to raise funds for these campaigns – we have the resources to pull an event that attracts hundreds of people and yet we're too fucking stupid/stubborn to capitalise off stuff we're putting our energy into. You can still hate capitalism, whilst utilising the social capital you have to make money that then funds activism or solidarity projects. Basically I will end on this – if you're art isn't either terrorising, or funding terrorism, I declare it worthless.

Dead birds

There's a dead bird on the street
Splintered juicy and in two parts
Much like the bloodied dead boy
Murdered round the corner
Police cordoned off the area
For the families they explained and
the forensics
The body a dismembered youth
Selling Heroin to dismembered souls
who
Haunt the streets with vacant eyes
A carcass of command
But as the police say theres nothing
to see here
Cordoned off that road and walk past
Eyes to the ground
Dead boys and birds beneath our feet



I LOVE MY BUSH

OK,
I know what you're thinking:
Here is just another woman
getting her tits out.

But I consider this a protest.
Or maybe I'm just trying to
prove a point
To all the media bullshit and
advertising that brain washes,
With a convincing illusion that
Your Body is not good
enough.

Sexy, sexy, sexy...
We are prescribed the
parameters of what it is to be
that indeed.
And 13 year old Katy
Has become paranoid her
vagina is too flappy.

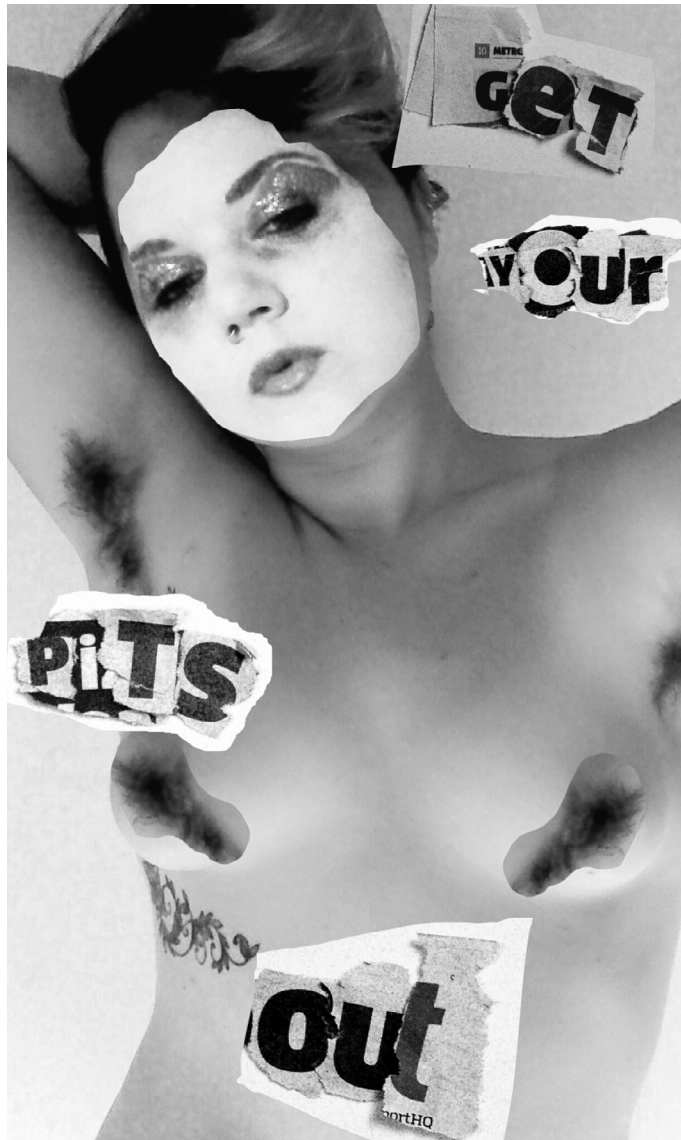
This has been added to her
worry check list.
Her boobs are too small
Her hair not blond enough
And as for this thigh gap, she
definitely can't find it.

Now on top of the trauma of
growing body hair.
It ain't vogue anymore just to
be hair-free
Tucked in neatly downstairs
lips is in fashion.
Well let me tell you, and all
lovers:
Go be an explorer in my feral garden,
Get lost in the moist folds of skin down there.

I love my Bush. (#FuckDesignerVaginas)

Why are we hearing stories of women
Slicing, stabbing, slivering themselves,
Just to be liked?

Flicking through magazines
Prit-sticking their heads to size 0 skeletons
I'm tired of hearing people say sorry
For their body



The form you inherit should
never be an apology -
Save that for all the actual
fuck ups you make.

Born with brains, yet I find
myself
Trying to squish them, to be...
Strawberry Jelly.
To fit a mould that they don't
belong too.

In fact standing here I am a
hypocrite,
Who is still trying to unlearn,
The way I was raised.
The scars I see in the mirror,
Cuts made by grandmother
Who cuddled me, prodding
my belly
Whispering into my ear,
That I was too fat.

So now I'm trying to teach
myself to say,
Fuck you.
Fuck off.
This is my body and I love it.

We are not just objects to be
looked at.
These fleshy breathing forms,
Are vessels through which we
communicate,
How we touch

Smile
Spread love.

Lets talk about beauty as the actions you breath by
rather than how symmetrical your face is.

Let's think about how our body has carried,
Nurtured us.
Not just the image you see reflected.

Gillaspixia

RUPTURE NEEDS YOU!

We're always looking for contributions to our twice-a-year printed/PDF zine – but
now we are launching an online site we will need more stuff and involvement from the likes of you!

Email info@rupturezine.org + keep an eye on the website at RUPTUREZINE.ORG

Ex/Communicado

It's probably of no surprise that the boys in blue love a good snoop through those little computers we all carry around in our pockets, but a recent investigation by Privacy International has revealed both the shocking extent to which the Old Bill are rooting through our mobile phones when given half a chance – and what they can see when they do.

Cellebrite, an Israeli 'phone forensics' company – which has no problem supplying the world's law enforcement agencies with phone hacking gadgetry, no matter their dodgy human rights records (with government agencies Turkey, the UAE and Russia among its clients as well as our own 'freedom loving' British plod) – has for the last six years been supplying the cops with the tools to do the job.

It turns out – shockingly – that your friendly neighbourhood plod haven't exactly been playing by the rules when it comes to using these new toys; or rather they've just been making up the rules as they go along. Two weeks ago, Privacy International released a report around just how extensive the police use of phone invasion technology is. The majority of police forces in England are now using Cellebrite's laptop sized UFED computer to spy on phones in their possession; the vast majority of the time without any warrant or court order. Downloading data from over 1500 apps 'within minutes', UFEDs can be easily used, in the copper's own words, 'In-car... at a police station, border check-point or airport'. As well as no warrant being needed to have a good nose about your phone, the owner doesn't even need to be suspected of a crime to have their phone data downloaded – nor are

there any guidelines to the amount of time your information can be held for. Bypassing the lock or password on your mobile device, the UFEDs are capable of Hoovering up SMS messages, call history, photo's GPS data, passwords, deleted browsing history and a host of other app data – even content that has been deleted as well as encrypted messages.

It is this perhaps which is the surprise here. After all, if you're a Rupture reader you've probably long suspected that the plod are snooping on your every move; that they're doing potentially illegal shit they've never asked for permission to do – and that the cameras are always swivelling to watch you as you walk down the street. We'll leave the attempts at holding 'em to account to the NGOs, concerned MPs and liberal journalists... we're more in the game of practical information, how to keep being as dodgy as the day is long and getting away with it – and it is this recent Privacy International publication, and accompanying BBC television report in which they get their hands on and have a go with a UFED computer, that has caused us a bit of worry.

It's long been known that mobile phone data was fairly easily accessible to the police – especially when they get their sweaty little hands on your device. What's new here is the ability of the current generation of phone forensics devices to see deleted messages from your encrypted messaging apps. The BBC report shows the UFED able to see deleted Signal and Whatsapp messages and Cellebrite claim to be able to examine deleted messages from Surespot and Telegram too. For those of us who've perhaps gotten a little to used to saying whatever we want over encrypted apps this should probably serve as an – probably inevitable – wake up call to be



a little bit more careful in ordering those dodgy sex toys.

It's worth pointing out that the plod – probably – need to have physical access to your device to see this shit. It's not a matter of the encryption of the messages being broken – that will probably take the next generation of computers to achieve – but the UFEDs being able to access the unencrypted message database on your device, even when it's been deleted. As it turns out, the basic deletion offered is apparently about as effective as tearing a letter into a couple pieces and chucking it in the bin.

Now without having access to and playing about with some of the gadgets in question, it's impossible to say whether this ability to view deleted messages is true of all phones, and whether there's a way round it (although going into your security settings and 'encrypting your device' couldn't hurt). It's still probably a good idea to try and restrict your dodgy conversations to a phone you'd happily chuck away at a moment's notice – and don't bring it into any situations where there's a chance of getting nicked (your friendly neighbourhood riot for example). It's also worth noting that Signal offers an encrypted phone calls feature that, in our text-obvvsessed world, is likely to leave less of a trace on your device.

Or even better, and perhaps a shocking suggestion in the modern world – try and keep those conspiratorial conversations face to face...

STOP SCROLLING

I scroll through my newsfeed. Eating the snippets of images like cheap pub peanuts. Eating at my heart the relentless reports. Powerless and helpless to the horror that is the absence of humanity. Children. Innocents. Men and women. Animals tortured. People slaughtered. A world gone mad with false idols and idol promises. And so I scroll on. Pained by my impotence. Unable to act. Unable to change the plight of my fellows in distant places. I stop scrolling on. I can't

stop it but I need to acknowledge it. I need to give them at least a moment of my time to stop and remember lives I will never know. To know that this is now and not the Hollywood remake of now in 70 years time that will make nations weep at how tough it was then. Can you imagine the horrors of then? No. I imagine the horrors of now. Right now. On this planet. Our species. Our people. Our time. They deserve at least this moment of my time. To not scroll past their deaths again and again. I can't stop the barbarism. But I can stop scrolling.

APRIL

I stared out the open window as I smoked. It was a dull bank holiday and the morning after a party. Early April of a never ending winter. The daffodils had dutifully turned out for work but kept their heads downcast to avoid the nothingness of the sky. Light grey and shapeless, a ceiling tile above an open box in a damp office storeroom. I exhaled. Rough cigarette smoke should have scoured my lungs but all I could feel was nothing. We'd left the party just as it lost the momentum it had never gathered. My glad rags stowed, the four of us had skulked away to avoid goodbyes. I was drawn by the potential of sex. A reflex rather than a thought. To call it animal instinct would have leant it a power that was absent.

Chat trickled in the background. We'd touched on all the obvious topics. The meaning of life, the agricultural revolution, something I'd read somewhere that no one understood from 30,000 years ago. Scatter gunning scraps of half remembered facts out of blasted synapses. Had it been conversation or monologue? Had I bored everyone into the same lack of atmosphere as the outside? I took

a last drag of the cigarette and flicked it out the window. Aiming high into the distance but falling far short of my intention.

The doorbell rang. She went to answer it and returned with two lads who'd been at the party earlier. I saw the time scale for getting laid start to stretch out in front of me, but couldn't summon the energy to give a fuck. Lines were racked up but my nose refused to co-operate. A prisoner of my facial police obstinately remaining silent, I had ways of making it talk. Navigating around the coffee table I assumed the position but just as I was about to start one of the newcomers sidetracked me with something about Guinness. That was enough time for his mate to slip in to my seat on the sofa next to her. Bollocks. I started hammering out press-ups, trying to unblock my nasal passages to be able to shovel more powder up them. The two girls were taking the piss, goading me on to do more. Ten would have been enough but I didn't need encouragement. I hit twenty then decided to clap in between each repetition. Exploding upwards I brought my hands together and head butted the floor. That's what happens when you show off.

Returning to the window I lit up another cigarette. The two friends we'd

come here with evacuated themselves leaving me, her, and the two jaded dickheads. I might have felt embarrassed by my performance but neither the cocaine nor emotion had managed to cut through the numbness. The Victorian houses lining the street were in their natural environment. Grey. The grey of a Victorian photo and just as frozen. Risen like gritty stone loaves in a sad oven. Could I recall ever having seen a genuinely happy Victorian photo? Did I care? I considered my strategy as I smoked. I could wait it out. Lay quiet siege to her in the hope of outlasting these two fuck-wits. I didn't have to energy or motivation. Wait it out for what? A dispassionate suburban lay on a cold morning.

She was saying something about an ex boyfriend. It sounded like a fresh wound. The thought of fucking was sensationless. It would be an injustice to us both. Two broken hearts that had lost the capacity to feel. Looking for something that wasn't there. I fled. I shook hands and kissed goodbye, mumbling unmeant sentiments about meeting up. Fled to the taxi, the train station, another city, the night. Wrapped myself in the seething urban blanket. I couldn't connect to a human, but could conceal myself in humanity.

The burden of my vagina

You will sting me
You may impregnate me
You will need waxing, coaxing, cajoling
Sometimes sit on a wall and refuse to come down
You will bleed me
You will make me a crazy, bawling mess
You will also pleasure me then send me into a fearful frenzy
You are the enemy within
Light within
Child bringer, social swinger, heart ringer
Crazy vagina, burden stinger
Lord have mercy vagina
You whirlwind 99 flake creamy white whipper

NEW RELEASE

THE COMPLETE DISCOGRAPHY OF MISINFORMATION

An online DIY Zine and playlist.

Collected works from a disparate
brew in the radical underground
- a platform beyond commercial
interests and control

32 Artists | 18 Writers | 34 Music Acts from
Dublin, Pittsburgh, Mexico City & beyond.

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LISTINGS

There will be a listings calendar on the newly created Rupture website. We will be adding events of a similar nature to what is usually found on this page – and you will be able to add your own too!

RUPTUREZINE.ORG

RENEGADE PICNIC

First Sat of every summer month

Making use of London's green spaces to gather the DIY/squat/party/protest/punk scallywags. Different outdoor London location each month – call **07407 000606** on morning of the day – and be ready to mobilise early to show support!
renegadepicnics.blogspot.co.uk

TEMPORARY AUTONOMOUS ART

Wednesday 2 – Sunday 6 May

Random Artists, cohorts and comrades gather in the Big Smoke for a freewheeling open-access art festival extravaganza! Secret London venue TBA. Check taaexhibitions.org for the location.

NOMADIC COMMUNITY GARDEN

Sunday 6 May

The wonderful Nomadic Community Garden will be celebrating their 3rd anniversary. 11am-9.30pm. Nomadic Community Gardens, Bethnal Green, E1 5ES
fb.com/events/2026876744221310

SPLICE FESTIVAL 2018

10-13 May

London's premier AV festival returns across several venues over four days. Check the website for full programme:
www.splicefestival.com

CRUX AV LINK JAM

Thurs 10 May

As part of Splice the Crux crew invite both musicians and visualists down for a synced up electronic jam session. Bring your own projector! 20:30 - 22:30, free entry. Stour Space, 7 Roach Rd, London E3 2PA
www.crux-events.org

BRISTOL ANARCHIST BOOKFAIR 2018

Saturday 12 May

The intended venue had grim ties to arms makers, but a smaller-scale bookfair – and afterparty – will be happening at the The Black Swan, 438 Stapleton Road, BS5 6NR
fb.com/events/199661614117331/

HELL HATH NO FURY FEST 2018

25-27 May

A selection of the mightiest UK DIY Punk Bands in one place across the May Bank Holiday weekend. Suggested donation £5/day. The Chelsea Inn, 60-62 Chelsea Rd, Bristol BS5 6AU
fb.com/events/376076146137565

SOUTH LONDON PUNX PICNIC 2018

Sat 9 June

Punx Picnic from 3pm in Fordham Park before the afterparty at New Cross Inn, 323 New Cross Road, London, SE14 6AS
7pm-midnight, £10 adv, £12 OTD.

ANTIUNIVERSITY NOW

9-15 June

Antiuniversity Now is a collaborative experiment to reimagine the 1968 Antiuniversity of London in an ongoing programme of free and inclusive self-organised radical learning events. Closing party is on 15th at New River Studios, 199 Eade Rd, N4 1DN
fb.com/events/308733536322369
antiuniversity.org

MAKE MUSIC DAY 2018

Thursday 21 June

Despite a slight name change it remains the largest single celebration of music on the planet. Localised events are connected to make a giant worldwide festival. Find your nearest event on the map at:
makemusicday.co.uk

MASH UP THE DANCE

Sunday 24 June

Our first free outdoor, all-day party of the year, on the summer solstice weekend. Family friendly event. 1pm-10pm
Nomadic Community Gardens, E1 5ES
fb.com/events/447650175672256

SKA-B-Q

Sun 1 July

Siren and Reknaw take over the Foxfest on the Sunday with a plethora of DJs, bands and food – raising money for the Refugee Community Kitchen. Midday to late at Fox & Firkin, 316 Lewisham High St, SE13 6JZ

FORDHAM PARK FESTIVAL

Saturday 1 September

Sound systems by Siren and Reknaw amongst others. Midday-8pm, free (but sling something in the bucket!). Event is also raising awareness of local gentrification projects. Fordham Park, New Cross, South London. Website: pitpnxd.co.uk

GUINEAU BISSAU CARNIVAL

3-7 March 2019

IRD + Pokora sound systems and friends are organising to make the trek to West Africa to celebrate the carnival next year...



We – a disparate group of travellers, friends, artists, performers – are embarking on a journey from the UK to Guinea-Bissau to partake in the Bissau Carnival 2019 (3-7 March). We are joining forces with our friends from across West Africa to put on a collaborative free party for the pleasure and benefit of all.

**Free people, free party,
no borders, no barriers!**

We will be running cinemas, circus workshops, building playgrounds, making music and art the whole way down. We are seeking support and materials for the journey. Please get in touch and get involved...

Rob: rawbspider@gmail.com
Wojtek: wojtekhuja@gmail.com

More info at: bit.ly/guineatek

FURTHER LISTINGS

For gigs: Eroding Empire – Eroding.org.uk

International free-parties:

shockraver.tracciabi.li/infoparty23.htm

Other events:

FURTHER LINKS

Social centre – diyspaceforlondon.org

Squat/radical events – rader.squat.net

Anarchist news and bookshop –

www.freedomnews.org.uk

Advisory Service for Squatters –

www.squatter.org.uk

London Wide Eviction Resistance –

evictionresistance.squat.net