

RUPTURE

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Online archive: RUPTUREZINE.ORG

SPRING 2020 • The last thing we want is a return to normality

THE SICKNESS CAME LONG BEFORE THE VIRUS

[Written on 10 May 2020 – the days seem to be flying past and it probably needs stating when this was written within the crazy, topsy-turvy, Old-Testament-style final series of the Humans boxset]

Well here it is – the lockdown edition of Rupture. Notable for the fact that in the 20 years of publication this is the first issue not to be printed as a hard copy. This has come with its benefits – we can use colour images, don't have to design in blocks of four pages (for folding purposes uh-huh), didn't have to agonise about fitting all the text and imagery into the layout and well, there aren't any listings to collate. It's also rare for the zine to have a theme – but quite frankly it's kind of nice doing things a different way for a change.

Although it's been on and off, changed tact slightly and passed through a couple of pairs of hands, Rupture has largely remained the same for the past 20 years. It's still a messy mish-mash of writings culled and collated from the wider circles around DIY and free party culture. It's edited but not particularly curated and a good issue is a matter of striking balance between the different strands of material. Some of the content that resonates better and longer has made into the Compendium bumper editions – and a whole heap of stuff (from whatever we can find between our collective muddles and fragmented archives) will make into the long promised book that's due to be published later this year.

Anyway, as mentioned – it's good to get away from 'the norm' and this is especially fitting as there's currently a lot of talk of 'the new normal' and how we 'go back to normal' after all this coronavirus shenanigans. The real question we should ask ourselves is "do we want to go back to normal?!"

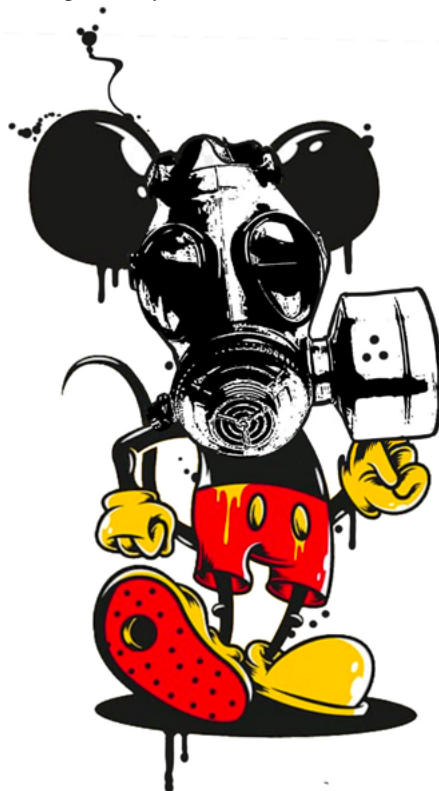
Sure, there's things that we miss from our lives and a human connection that's severely lacking; but there's very little of what became normalised in our society that we should be trying to preserve and covet. We could of course instead be looking at this pandemic (and the resulting

governmental shitshow) as an opportunity to wipe the lens clean. We need to learn from these valuable lessons and help others to come along with us for the ride.

The lockdown has produced some clearly positive outcomes – in the spontaneous springing up of mutual aid groups across the country (even if many were co-opted by local councils and Labour activists, shout out to Base and Roses in Bristol for staying true) and the desire to help our neighbours and the vulnerable in the face of a potential apocalypse. There must be a swell of people who now have faith in themselves and the power of solidarity and community; and who now see the government, and the corporate interests they serve, as the bloodsucking detriment that they really are.

People (whether selfishly or not) have to a degree taken charge of their own lives and movement in a way they might previously have disregarded. This came with some inevitable drawbacks – snitching on people you know nothing about is on the rise; it's still hard to find enough fucking bog-roll. The sneering middle classes had to find out why some people rely on benefits (whilst reaping the grim fruits of Universal Credit, something they may have helped usher in) and everyone got to show their appreciation for health and care workers (if we could actually give them a pay-rise over some clapping we surely would).

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Jay Moon



Continued from the front...

In a horrible use of wartime rhetoric the media (and the government/companies who refuse to sort out a decent living wage for the population) started praising anyone who had to keep going to work to keep the roof over their heads as frontline 'heroes' – when in fact they more closely resemble 'hostages'. This is compounded

by the fact that if it were a war campaign we would have dropped any amount of money on providing the necessary PPE protection and general safeguarding. The dithering, dosile and downright dangerous approach of the Tories is tantamount to mass murder – and the cabinet should go on trial for it.

It seems easy for those with a comfort-

able domicile, replete with a large garden (and a distinct lack of abusive partners or troublesome neighbours) to think that somehow we're all in the same boat. Quite frankly, we're not – some people have more to worry about than whether their third attempt at making sourdough bread is Instagram-worthy. It's likely that (if we even ever do) find out about the stories of the less fortunate, who are getting sidelined in the ongoing Tales of the Covid saga, it will be after all this has 'blown over' – whatever that means.

The parasites who are making a profit out of this crisis (oh, don't worry – there's always *someone* making a profit out of every crisis; just speak to the familia Reses-Mogg!) or those who are syphoning off tax-payer money instead of their vast cash reserves to pay furloughed staff, or worse yet – utter cunts like Branson who, not satisfied with suing the NHS for failing to win a contract, will be looking to get millions in a government bailout. All because the risky business of being a capitalist business (where you've got to have big, heaving, sweaty man-balls of steel) is suddenly not very much fun at all when that house of cards comes tumbling down.

Although the lockdown has made most forms of protest and activism even more illegal and hazardous (fair play to those who have found a way to endure) we haven't yet been in a position to actually get out onto the streets and do anything about our new found (or newly heightened) sense of anger and power. It will be the coming weeks, when the restrictions ease and it stops becoming illegal to be on the streets (it will come soon – big business demands it!) when we should be mobilising and trying to shape the new world, away from the old normal. It is said that it only takes 3.5% of a population to overcome tyranny – and so, even if many people find the motivation for action hard, we need to find our own ways to be part of that 3.5%.



YELLOW MACHINES 017
SCANONE - BRAEK EP

Out end of May
yellow-machines.bandcamp.com
soundcloud.com/yellow-machines

HUMAN RIGHTS ARE ALSO

FOR PEOPLE I CANNOT FUCKING STAND

I've recently been re-evaluating what a united working class means, particularly as it relates to social politics.

Something I'm seeing come up time and again, although not so often uttered explicitly, is this idea of the deserving versus the undeserving. Not just via government means-testing thresholds, or bootstraps etc. But by other perceptions of value pertaining to personal ethics. Something I've found particularly troubling is how certain sections of the poor and working class are weaponised to cast certain people aside because of ideological differences.

This came up with a discussion with a friend regarding working class Tory Brexit voters, particularly in the districts that swung from Labour seats in the 2019 UK election. These voters believed that their votes would result in the improvement of their lives. Within the space of weeks, they are being rewarded with massive cuts in regional council spending from the top down of Johnson's cabinet.

My friend seemed to think that the driving ideology of those voters was entirely racism, and that therefore they deserve the hardship they get. Let's assume for a moment that it's true that each and everyone of those voters was undoubtedly a racist.

I share the anger and frustration at racists, and the utter contempt for racist and xenophobic beliefs. But I also perceive these people's attitudes have been forged in the main by the ruling, billionaire class fusing economic hardship with decades of divisive, resentment-fuelling rhetoric and propaganda. This is psychological assault, breeding deeper segregation and alienation.

I'm not excusing or defending shitty racist attitudes and exclusionary behaviour, fuck no. Yet as much as I may despise those attitudes and find some of their actions purely detestable, I still identify more with these regular working class and poor people no matter how misguided they might be about the causes of their hardships than I do with the billionaire media

owners, hedge funders, weapons industry CEOs and so on that carry out those assaults; shaping divisive opinions to more effectively meet their expectations of infinitely growing returns on private capital.

Nonetheless, every single one of these people from the council estates to the private estates are my brothers and sisters on this earth.

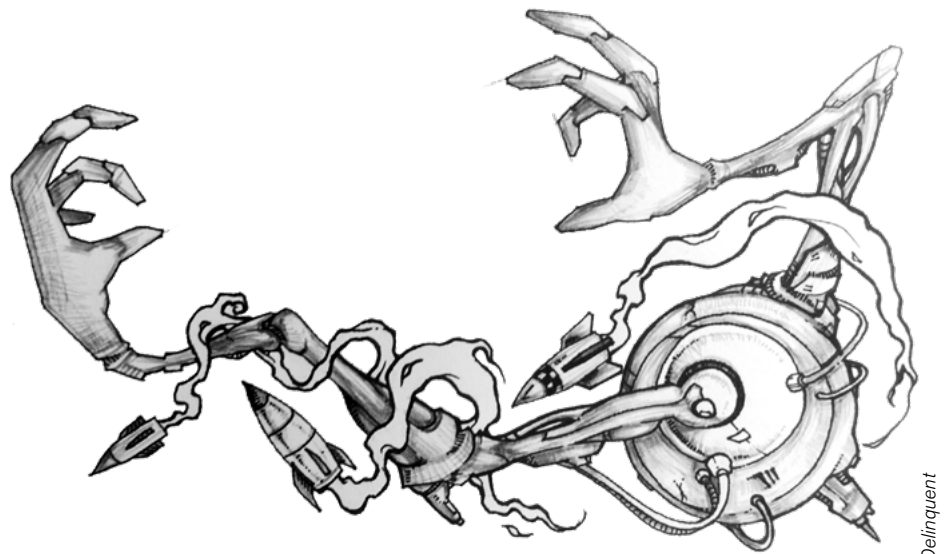
I don't wish destitution on the already downtrodden, we know that this means children starving, people going without the care and support they need, families being made homeless, and even death.

And I don't believe that all the people who voted 'leave' are fundamentally bad / racist / stupid people. In fact, I know this is not true and I don't think these essential-

as Dr Cornel West suggests, we are ALL cracked vessels.

I want everybody... and that includes the racist, the pro-lifer, the transphobe, sex-work shamer, fat shamer, benefit/welfare shamer, mean tweeter, incel... literally everybody to benefit from strong universal programmes guaranteeing a decent standard of living, healthcare and education.

Let's take an example of 1000 working-class cancer sufferers who died because naked profiteering denied them timely and effective medical treatment. For sake of argument, 200 of them are definitely racists. I'm still fucking upset that 1000 people died for the sake of serving the interests of one private pocket way off elsewhere,



ist arguments are helpful. There are some transatlantic equivalents I'm sure are easy enough to draw yourself.

Of course I'm not trying to draw a false equivalence between racists and people who hate racists, but I do think when it comes to the poor and working class – both suffer under the system that upholds this divide for its narrow interests, even if some might suffer measurably far more than others. Injustice is injustice.

No matter what level of moralistic purity or superiority one might imagine for oneself in comparison to some others,

and my greatest level of scorn belongs to that one. It's their greed and stranglehold of dominant hierarchical oppression that actively fosters the resentment required to maintain that volume of racism and division en-masse.

* I believe in human rights. If you start to be selective, then you don't really believe in human rights. You believe in a hierarchy of deservedness on your own terms. *

That's exactly what racists want, on their own terms. They maintain the ideology of a tiered system in which their chosen people are deserved and others are not. I hate

that - and think they are absolutely wrong. But I want us ALL to do and be better than that and to set the correct example to those who may not be there yet, so I therefore believe that human rights are also for people I cannot fucking stand.

A better minimum standard of living and education for ALL will make the fundamental resentment enforcing those divisions harder to foster as time goes on. I don't believe you can even begin to sell others on a united, multi-racial, non-discriminatory working class overcoming our corporate captors, if you've already excluded them to the undeserved tier.

If we on the so-called 'left' don't offer

some kind of opportunity for people to grow and change, if we aren't willing to bring people with views we as individuals might find deeply troubling into the movement against our corporate captors whilst ALSO working towards successfully challenging those views, then you can be as sure as eating dinner leading to dropping a turd that the right-wing demagogues will be ready to capitalise on their resentment one more time.

With the Bulletin of Atomic Scientists setting their doomsday clock to 100 seconds to midnight, I don't believe we can afford to make that mistake again.

- Some Bloke



Sorry to go all class war on you but fucking hell

C L A S S W A R

At the beginning of lockdown I had grand dreams of the fall of capitalism and visions of a burgeoning anarchist utopia like a baby deer stumbling to its feet. As time goes by the more foolish I feel about believing in that idealistic dream. I keep hearing the sentence "what should the world look like after this?". At first that seemed a positive wave of politicised

thought throughout the country. But now I've started to wonder if sometimes all that is meant by it is that the people who are now furloughed from their middle-class jobs don't have to go back to working five days a week! Really, there is nothing wrong with that desire...

But it seems to me there are two realities going on right now: 1. People in lockdown are isolated from their lives and support system and although I don't want to undermine anyone's struggle with this, especially those living in unsafe situations, I am frustrated by that being the prominent story line being told at the moment. Because reality 2. is the people holding together the situation (and I feel their voices are being lost) - the delivery people, postal service, the take-away places, the people working in the shops, the cleaners, and the bus and train drivers; there is still roadwork and construction work being done. We are in a situation where there are people feeling grateful for work that's putting their lives at risk because keeping themselves and their family's financially stable is more of an immediate worry.

At the beginning of the lockdown, whilst I was lost in my own wishful thinking, I felt sure that the government would have no choice but to bring in universal basic income. How naive I was - our government doesn't need to keep everyone safe to stay in power, it just needs to avert atten-

tion away from the people it doesn't care about; and they seem to be doing that depressingly effectively.

They encourage us to clap once a week for NHS but have made no comment on the fact they have been systematically destroying it since they came to power. NHS staff still aren't being sourced enough PPE to keep themselves alive - ALIVE for fuck sake. But still, Boris gets glorified for catching the virus even though he didn't follow his own distancing rules and most probably infected a multitude of others along the way.

I have now lost my hope that the current situation will make social change a necessity. Rees-Mogg's been telling clients of his investment firm "History has shown us that super normal returns can be made during this type of environment". At the same time as the fire service getting 15% cuts over the next year!

So back to the question - what should the world look like after this? If the narrative is to be based around looking at this time as a hiatus to imagine the society we want to build after we emerge I don't think we stand a chance. If it's based on making a society that wants to see an end to a class divide that became more vivid during a pandemic where millions of people weren't privileged enough go on that hiatus, we might at least start by going in the right direction.





RANDOM ARTISTS PRESENTS... TELEVISED AUTONOMOUS ART



With our plans for a TAA later in the year still a little uncertain – as with everything else in this shit infested world – we want to keep up the community, connectivity and inspiration that we give each other when we manifest our amazing arties and parties. Locked down in our isolation we are creating and thinking and dreaming – the fire has not died! We want to add petrol to that flame and find new ways to share. So we are going online, and don't worry... we are not doing a TAA via Zoom! No, we've gone and got televised!

Unlike TAAs which are Temporary in their name and nature, our TvAA channel will be an ongoing and ever growing place for any works of moving image; be they Audio/Visual Experiments, Short Films, Animations, Music or Spoken Word Videos, Documentaries, or Making-Of (eg. film the process of making 2D work) we want to share your moving image works.

We're utilising YouTube, just because its free and ubiquitous, this means we will have Playlists on the go. We already have a 'TAAs over the years' Playlist charting a myriad of TAA footage from times

and places gone (always good for a bit of nostalgia!). Please let us know if you have anything from TAAs gone-by that we can include on this. We will, of course, host a smorgasbord 'General Gallery of Moving Image' Playlist with everyone's work. For respect to intension we may give 'Documentaries & Features' and 'Made By Kids' their own Playlist too, otherwise we may get silly kids videos next to crafted political commentary... but hey, that's a TAA for you! ;)



We may also use the medium to do specific call outs on themed work from time to time for more coherent Playlist 'Exhibitions'– watch this space. Please Like and Subscribe to the Channel to get regular updates, and until we can again reclaim spaces for the community safely please join us on Facebook and Instagram for chat and pics.

YouTube: [Televised Autonomous Art](#)

Instagram: [Temporary Autonomous Art](#)

Facebook: [TAA Random Artists](#)

Or sign up for our email mailing list

Submission Callout: Moving Image

So this is our official callout for submissions – if you have any work that fits the criteria please share it with us. Work needs to be submitted as a video .mov or .mp4 file no bigger than HD in resolution. Exporting with h.264 compression is the best option as this is tailored for Internet video files at best quality. Please also ensure your videos do NOT contain any copy-written music as the video will be immediately flagged and could risk the account being de-activated or temporarily blocked.

Please include (if you want):

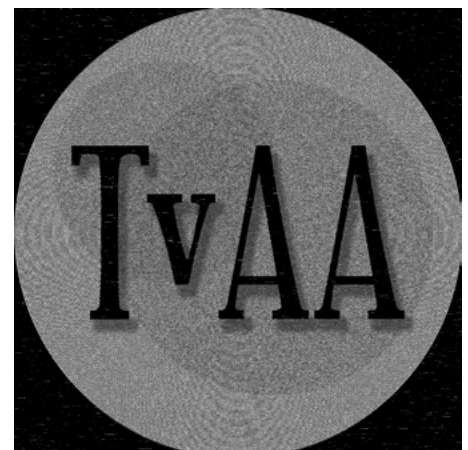
- Title ▪ Artist Name
- Genre (Music or Spoken Word videos / Short Film / Documentary / AudioVisual Experiment / Made by Kids etc.)
- About The Work
- About The Artist
- Other Links and/or Hashtags

Email submissions to:

TAAmovingimage@gmail.com

Televised Autonomous Art [TvAA]

Lockdown and Online - TvAA 2020



MAY DAY 2020

INTERNATIONAL WORKERS DAY DURING A PANDEMIC



Let's be honest, the UK is usually pretty useless at May Day actions compared to most of our European counterparts. Having been appeased by the government who have sooo kindly given us the first Monday of May off work for over 40 years, we'd usually rather go down the pub than start a riot. I would even go as far as saying that for many people in this country the historical roots of May Day have long been forgotten. Of course the aging socialists will usually hold a 'protest' march on the closest Saturday to the 1st of May, marching from A to B with dull mass-printed placards... But seeing any sort of *real* action on the *actual* May Day is a rarity – most of us have been too busy being grateful for our jobs (and scared of losing them due to precarious contracts or conditions) to bunk off work to try and instigate an action (as much as we may have wanted to).

International Workers Day has been ob-

served as a celebration of resistance since 1886, when in Chicago anarchist organis-



ers Albert and Lucy Parsons led 80,000 people down the street chanting "Eight-hour day with no cut in pay!". After this, 350,000 workers around the US went on strike at 1200 factories; Covid-19 seemed to resuscitate the striking spirit of May Day across the big pond this year. Frontline workers of some of the country's biggest corporations (Amazon, Instacart, Whole Food, FedEx and Target) protested their employers' failure to provide basic protections for them while they risk and lose their lives at work – all while these companies are making record profits from everyone sitting at home and ordering online of course! Anyway, I just wanted to give a shout out

to those workers in the US who are working for some of the shittiest companies, in one of the most exploitative countries in the West – industrial action is totally still possible, I think it has just taken a while for unions and workers to navigate the gig economy and zero-hour contracts and all these other bullshit precarious situations they've presented us with in recent years.

Anyway, jumping back to the UK – how did Covid-19 affect May Day? Many activists decided that it was especially crucial that something still happen when the pandemic has exposed and highlighted inequalities in this exploitative capitalist system. Between 5G conspiraloons burn-

ing down phone masts, a weird spectrum of hippies deprived of hugs and entitled right-wing dicks protesting the lockdown – anarchists know we need to make our voices heard during this bizarre vacuum, but we also know we don't want to risk the safety of the most vulnerable in society. Obviously no huge marches or riots could take place due to social distancing but various calls for action were made – here's a bunch of images from around the country to show you that May Day was observed by a bunch of rascals with art supplies.

Green Anti-Capitalist Front called for 'a day of autonomous action to fight back against capitalism on the state'. From their 'May Day Thread' on Twitter, this seemed to result in a number of banner



Caledonian Road, London

drops and graffiti actions across the UK and quite a few bus stop hacks across the UK. Squatters also used May Day (and called it SquayDay, lol) to co-ordinate decentralised actions across the country to highlight their needs. They occupied commercial and residential buildings to house themselves and others who have been left without other options during

the eviction ban permanent and introduce rent controls. Though we are far from any government sympathetic enough to introduce these demands, the LRU's template letters and resources have been supporting



Lewisham, London

the crisis. In a Freedom News article they stated that, "Due to the COVID-19 crisis, emergency legislation was introduced and put a stay to all evictions for 90 days. However, it took just three weeks for the judges to surrender to the pressure from bailiffs, landlords and banks, and amend the law. Squatting cases will continue to be heard via phone, and bailiffs are now again smashing through our doors the way they always have – but this time we're in the middle of a global pandemic and it's scarier than ever before." Their actions on May Day highlighted the illegal evictions that have been taking place, as well as questioning what those who are made homeless (or are already homeless) are supposed to do when on lockdown while government plans to house the homeless have failed many.

The London Renters Union also called a rent strike for 1st May and sent a list of demands to the government asking them to suspend rent, cancel all rent debt, makes



by Whipps Cross hospital, London

As some final thoughts to think of the symbolism of Beltane – before May Day became about labour and worker's rights, people had been lighting bonfires on the 1st of May for thousands of years, marking the end of the winter. Following industrialisation people became forcibly discon-



Old Kent Road, London

nected from the land, but for this year's May Day Crimethinc wanted to remind their readers of the even older history. They wrote "At base, May Day isn't about labor: it's about abundance. It's about excess, pleasure, freedom—the burgeoning source of life itself. As a millennia-old holy day honoring the return of spring, May Day

directs our thoughts to nature—a wild and beautiful chaos that flows through us and nourishes us, which we can enjoy but never control. Our joyous acts of rebellion do not point to a world in which workers are paid a little better for their labor, but to the possibility that we could sweep away all the forms of oppression that stand between us and the tremendous potential of our



those scared of losing their homes during the pandemic. Big up!

lives." Perhaps as we see ruptures in society right now due to the pandemic, we are reminded that change is possible, people can adapt their lives and that no matter what economists say – we have the same amount of resources on this earth, despite what those cronies' numbers show us and try to convince us.

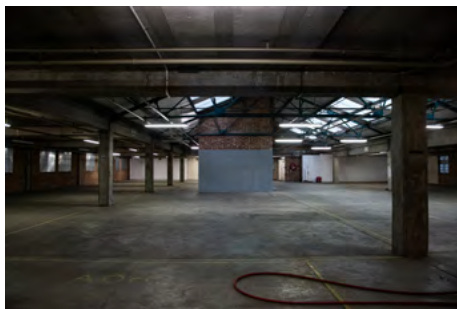
Remember the spirit of spring throughout the year, remember the spirit and daring energy of the original May Day strikes



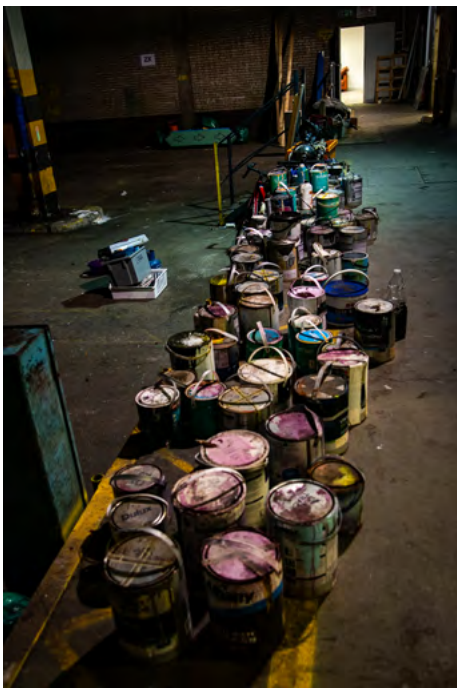
– it exists in us, and ordinary people have the power to light fires, demand change and participate in joyous acts of rebellion throughout the year. Change is always happening, we just need to remind ourselves that we can be the catalysts and that they need us more than we need them. Don't go back to work until it's safe – and when you do go back to work remember your power, speak to your co-workers and organise!

TAA AUTUMN 2019

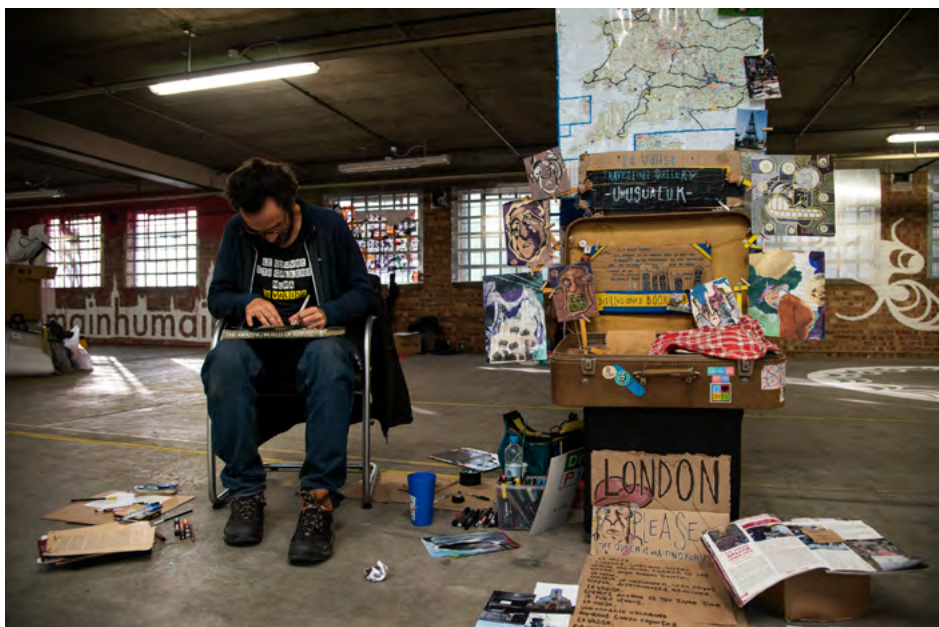
Remember when we were free to dance the temporary autonomous art space tightrope? September 2019, Lewisham – from hanging by a burnout thread after the tinyTAA and nearly cancelling we enmeshed a social web to springboard our beast of a show!



Caps off to the hardcore crew who freely give it their all – dig deep, sweat and grit, skills and thrills. And where would we be without new faces – fresh blood, safe spaces? International flavours, squatbag crew, holding it all down 'specially for... themselves and you.



Could we do it without the big meetings, the small meetings, the loooong meetings? Tense unknowns, buildings come and buildings go. Then running excited through the abandoned space, pre-loved the weekend before by the Rave for the



Rainforest – ready to go! It's naked, skylights peeping on gaping halls, secret rooms stashed away, ready to be dressed in layers of art.

We hit the streets and skips for all that we needed, from materials to fridges. The excesses of capitalism in a rich city, ready

to be reworked by you and me. We badgered for extra hands, donations gathered.

Pitching in to work through the night, setting up stage to bar to sleep zone. Anyone wanna job scrubbing squat toilets? Will the pigs or security come back to noise us up? Do we give a fuck?



Like any collective we had our family squabbles and crisis wobbles. But there's strength in numbers, look what we can do together! This arty party shows our creativity beyond hedonism.

Looking forwards to the end of lockdown to get back stuck in!

WHAT IS TAA?

What is Art? Freedom of expression? The passing of knowledge? A catalyst to inspire thinkers, makers, writers, creators? A form in which to express oneself without having rules. The true meaning of being free. Free from social boundaries. Free from conforming to a pre-written agenda. Freedom from the prison of our minds and escaping to a place where we flow. The indigenous tribes of the Peruvian amazon believe that all knowledge should be free and shared, a tribal instinct passed down through the ages. A natural human desire to create, share and inspire what we feel and experience in life. Here at TAA we follow instinct, not orders.



In 2001 a group of artists (formally known as Random Artists) came together to create a platform and space in which like-minded people can express themselves. The TAA is an underground festival that uses free party tactics to bring together a community who wish to express themselves or be inspired. It is a creative space run and managed by the artists themselves in a co-operative manner. These are the morals and values learned via alternative lifestyles ranging from squatters to travelers; people who believe that there is more to life than the rat race. People who know that socialism and togetherness is the true nature of our being and don't need to be fooled into believing otherwise. A community can have a balanced, successful and rich existence with others by learning from and using the lessons of the free people. We all have different skills, talents and attributes that can ignite a spark in others. When we combine like a hive mind then we have strength and support in numbers. This social togetherness can create positive change and heal those

who feel lost.

A free festival works by combining organisers with the same goal (to create a free artist space) and helping each other to make the vision a reality. The bringing together of skills, sources and different backgrounds means we can all muck into different parts of the process. First you have the dream or idea, then we figure out how to execute it efficiently and effectively.

We must then come together and figure out where we can exhibit our ideas for minimal cost and financial gain. Using temporarily occupied or derelict buildings are a cost-effective use for an otherwise stagnant potential creative platform. TAA supports recycling; why waste resources when we can think of another use of it? One man's trash is another man's treasure.

We must then comprise a set of what art forms are being shown. This will change with every show and exhibition. Time honored art forms sit comfortably amongst digital work, sculptures, installations, films, performance and music. We encourage all art forms and if it can be expressed at TAA then we will find a way to get it done. We break the third wall of a traditional gallery or theatre and submerge the audience and artist into a melting pot of ideas and wonder.

Once we have figured out who will perform we must then build the space. Being a self-run entity means we divide ourselves into different areas of the space to create the desired environment. Experience and leadership skills helps to guide the team to transform an empty wasteland into a thing of beauty. Weeks of planning and work go into organising an exhibition. Building a venue to make it suitable for various artist requirements is not an overnight process, but the meeting of minds means it can be done, and often in a surprising way. Unifying abilities and resources creates a hub of



excitement within the TAA, giving both drive and meaning into what we are creating. A platform to inspire; a safe space to be, show and feel. We encourage involvement and this is a safe space for first-timers. Whether you are delivering your art or on the receiving end of another's; this is a place where you can wonder. Get out of the box and step into ours, this space is not mine or yours – it's ours.

Since the early 2000s you may have noticed a rapid decline in the art sectors in schools due to funding cuts. Music, art, drama, home economics and cooking are all subjects deemed less important than that of science, maths and English. But denouncing the arts as important to human growth is to take away freedom of expression. We use art to express, teach, entertain, problem solve, social bonding, encourage open mindfulness and help heal mental health. Taking the quill from a writer and telling him he can no longer write makes him a reader, if everyone reads then who leads? TAA creates a space to give back the tools to the arts.

- Let It Simma



GUERRILLAS IN THE MIDST

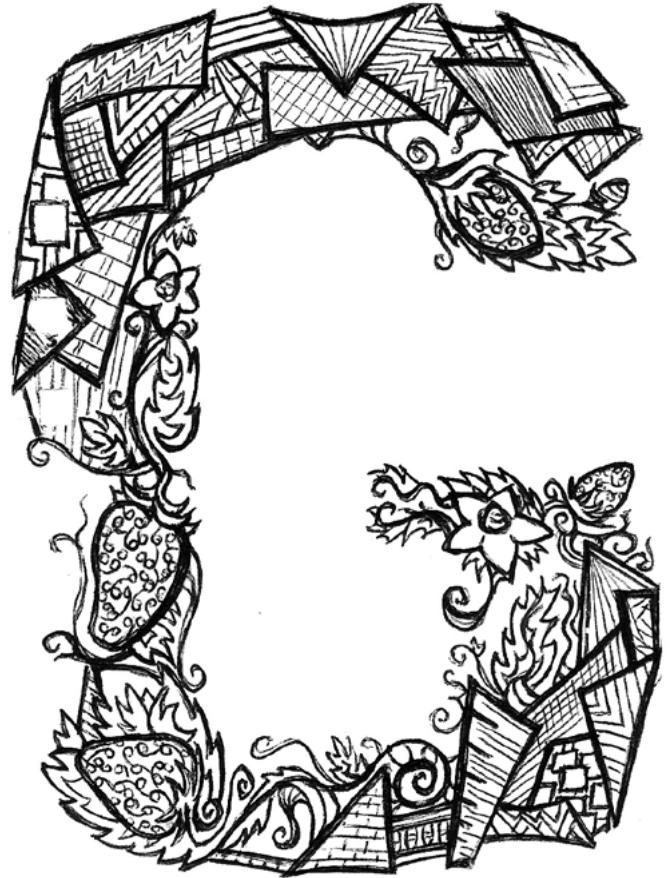
I'm lucky. I have a garden. I have strawberries and blueberries; I have space to grow tomatoes, herbs and beans. I move around a lot so everything is in pots, but I still have space for the pots, and I have space to make a greenhouse out of found windowpanes to help bring the seedlings on quickly. I'm lucky. I also have a bit of work so I can still go to the shops to get my essentials (don't imagine for one second I grow enough to survive!) But so many people are not in this position. They don't have any outdoor space; they may have lost their job, or just plain don't earn enough to cover the cost of living. A lot of people have to choose between food or rent. The world has gone to shit (and not just 'cos of some virus) and desperately needs lessons from the DIY community to pave the way to a new normal – one that can build resistance to the forces that will want us to return to the status quo all too quickly.

The ability to have access to land or space where one can grow your own food and medicine is something sacred – which is why it is marginalised and monetised – but I'm not here to preach about the need to turn disused land into community garden; we all know the value of those (RIP Nomadic Gardens!) The re-appropriating of neglected spaces and the fight for common land is deeply engrained in the British Isles and can be traced back to the Diggers of the 17th Century; and so is not something new to our movement. I am not saying we shouldn't fight for this, I just want to raise awareness of something more immediate.

Instead, I want to encourage smaller, but maybe more powerful in this moment, acts of wider community solidarity and inspiration. Today I want us all to become Guerilla Gardeners in our local communities. I want to encourage everyone to go out into their local public spaces and find anywhere where vegetables, herbs and fruits can be grown. Sapling trees with fences around them is perfect for runner beans. Tree bases with bare soil are good for tomatoes or strawberries (remember to always wash low hanging fruit before eating!) Disused or unattended spots are always great – especially if there is fencing – so on your next sanctioned daily walk think about any area, big or small, that can be squatted by your green offering.

Tips and ideas to get you started

Plants and flowers native to the area will do best in general, so don't try to grow avocados or lemons! Root veg may go unnoticed and is therefore a little beside the point. Climbers are great: pump-



kins, squash, courgettes, cucumbers, runner/green beans. Fast fruiting plants are also great: tomatoes, strawberries – but they need good sunlight and plenty of water so think carefully about

planting these. Generally, herbs and edible flowers are *always* a winner; as well as adding fragrance in the air and flavours to any meal most also have medicinal purposes, and so are invaluable to any community. Find your spot(s) and prepare it by raking the ground a bit (forks will do) to break the soil, and spread your seeds. These will need watering ASAP. Better still, if you have space in your own home I'd suggest maybe bringing on the seedlings in your windowsill to act like a greenhouse and encourage strong and quick root growth. Then once these are big enough and hardy enough, they can be replanted out in your chosen spots. Whether from seed or seed-

ling, if it doesn't rain, you'll need to tend your spot once or twice a week to keep watering it.

Great tips on how to DIY your seed pots, watering cans and Guerrilla Gardening ideas are set up in the WickKids Growing Project YouTube playlist: bit.ly/WickKidsDIY

This has been created by the Hackney Wick based permaculture group OverGrow East, who are currently working to get local children green-fingered and guerrilla-minded from a young age (see inset box).

Over Grow East

Over Grow East is a newly formed community group that aims to plant trees and rewild spaces around Hackney Wick. The Mission:

- to improve air pollution in the borough
- to protect the community from fumes, fine particle and noise pollution from the A12
- to increase plant species diversity and
- to create/improve habitats for wildlife
- to bring the community closer to nature and develop spaces we can enjoy and pass on to future generation

To get involved or just find out more search [overgroweast](#) on [Instagram](#) or [Facebook](#)



Why is Guerrilla Gardening a revolutionary act?

To understand this we need to look at

two central occurrences in our current state. One, is the most moving and inspiring outcomes from the 2020 lockdown: the emergence, almost instantly, of locally-formed Mutual Aid groups; a genuine and spontaneously organised coming together of local communities. The sudden connection neighbours have shown when no other connections are allowed. It is this resurgence of community spirit that is fundamental to how we set forward for a new 21st Century. The DIY/Activist movements have been calling for the need of local communities to self organise for decades, and in a heartbeat we have established links that will hopefully take us beyond this state-enforced separation. Taking our Gardens out into shared spaces helps to cement this attitude, encouraging a sense of pride and responsibility that is integral to keeping this new local consciousness beating. It is a form of direct action that the general populous can easily get behind.

A lot of Guerilla Gardeners choose flowers to plant as these create beauty and colour in run down spaces, which is commendable and great for bees and butterflies. However with the current figure of 8.4million people struggling to eat poised to increase exponentially, it is vital that household food insecurity is addressed. By bringing food into shared spaces, for free, we immediately start to question and undo the separation, alienation and monetisation enforced by the capitalist agenda – inspiring and evoking concepts long lost.

Give a family a food bank and they'll eat for a week. Give them a community and a way to grow their own food and they'll fight for a future!

If you can video your Guerilla Gardening act please send to taamovingimage@gmail.com with the subject title 'Guerillas in the Midst' - we would love to make a little film of the actions.

LOVING MISS DAISY A TRUE STORY FROM THE COMPOUNDS OF ISOLATION!

Loving Miss Daisy... I swear she ain't crazy! This story includes a rambunctious poodle, a bucket of paint, and the loving miss Daisy. If you would not enjoy a giant mess please do not continue reading.

As I roll into the driveway after yet another hectic essential shift at work, I come home to my wife; who has been off of work in isolation since the end of March. For descriptive purposes let us just say that isolation hasn't been kind. From make-work projects to tearing up floors... she is just ever so slightly bored. The few moments from my jeep to the door are for quiet contemplation... 'WHAT has she gotten into today?'

I see my front door slightly ajar, pajama pants sticking out of my heavy rubber boots. I see her head poke out from behind the door, her hair tossed and turned into a messy bun; a paint brush clenched tightly in her teeth, as though she is admiring a piece of art – clearly she has been painting the door. As I step into the living room I see what actually occurred. While Miss Daisy painted the door, our lovable poodle had helped by painting the floor.

You see, the dog had tipped over the bucket of bright yellow paint, rolled into it to ensure she was completely covered, aside from her eyes and the tip of her nose, then proceeded to run all over the house – over every piece of furniture and every inch of floor. A fantastic shade of yellow. The mess was spectacular... an absolute disaster!

To end on a happy note, after a lot of elbow grease, some dog shampoo, and about 10 hours of constant cleaning... at least the dog is only half yellow.

Keep safe folks, until next time!

A true story by C. F. Green

Will you survive
When everything you've ever known
Collapses all around you?
Will you adapt
Change with the times and grow?
I do not know
I have my doubts
I don't think you can make it
On your own
Where will you go?
What will you do
If you lose it all?
You will cling
To any symbol of normality
Ignore your loss of freedom
Voluntarily
Relinquish your basic rights
It's comforting
To close your eyes
Wait to be told what to believe
And what to do
Do you know
How far you'd go
Just to survive?
Will you pretend
That none of this is happening
Forget about the dying?
When all is lost
Will you give way or stand your
ground?
I think you'll give up
But I'll survive
No matter how hard it gets
I'll never be as blind as you...
What will you choose?

RURAL MURALS

WHO ARE WE?

We are a group of international artists who believe that muralism can help regenerate rural areas that are suffering from economic and population decline.



WHERE?

Bulgaria, as the poorest country in the EU, is the perfect place to start this movement. With the fastest shrinking population in the world – and many young people migrating to cities – villages and rural areas see more and more abandoned buildings. Since the state does not repossess these buildings they fall into disuse. This contributes to the melancholic feeling of decline; melancholic regression.

CULTURAL RESULTS

By inviting international artists to paint murals in Bulgaria, we are creating cultural exchange. Creating a new cultural move-



ment, a new form of street art. Local people learn more about contemporary art – cultural education, progressing aesthetic understanding/awareness.

SOCIAL RESULTS

By painting these buildings, we can help create an optimistic feeling about the future. A progressive atmosphere fosters creativity, which leads to a healthier, more resilient, society.

ECONOMIC RESULTS

These rural murals would not only benefit local communities directly with inspiring works, but by promoting the murals in cities and abroad, we hope to create art tourism, which will bring in visitors – and income for the local economy. People will also see how beautiful the Bulgarian countryside is. Increasing the 'offering' of Bul-

garian rural tourism.

Rural Murals is a project to regenerate abandoned buildings in rural Bulgaria. As young people migrate to the cities and abroad, more and more buildings are falling into disuse. We invite international artists to create inspiring works from abandoned buildings, to help generate a new culture of creativity and optimism.

GOALS

Short-term goals: invite local and international artists for painting sessions. Longer-term goals: develop an app to help people find Rural Murals throughout the country.

FOLLOW

IG: [@ruralmuralistscollective](https://www.instagram.com/ruralmuralistscollective)

FB: [@ruralmuralistscollective](https://www.facebook.com/ruralmuralistscollective)

CONTACT

ruralmuralsresidency@gmail.com































This gem is a digital stick 'n' paste of photos from the last spray painted murals I did pre:lockdown. I am used to being in the open-air painting in the streets alongside a crew of artists, but I'm adapting to this solo-isolated studio thing.

This vision depicts a reflection of my kaleidoscopic extroverted self hanging out on the corner; waiting for the introverted self to step out from this meditative state of quarantine... to get back quick-sharp to playing out in the streets; re-infused with bright colours, magic and cosmic marvel. United with my peeps again, relishing the rich and glorious elements of this beautiful earth under one sun and one moon, one love...

IG : @morgasmik
FB : @gettingmorganised



SQUATDOKU

UPDATE FROM THE DISGRAÇA CREW

Hello friend, companion, neighbour,

As the days go by, if on the one hand the bitterness of isolation and disease expands, on the other hand we see a retraction of a freedom that had already been in permanent suffocation; whether through the resignation or even celebration, before the brutal stiffening of the states' destructive power – either by the violent consequences of a pandemic episode in a plot of capitalist relations, or even by the overwhelming and contaminating force of fear that so much affects our subjectivities, thoughts and sensibilities.

The vulnerabilities will become increasingly evident and, therefore among many steps, it will also be through solidarity networks of mutual support that we will experiment ways to resist the obscurantism of our times. Certainly, what needs to be strengthened will be the autonomy of each individual and their communities; the care and mutual aid – and the idea of extending this, far beyond the present times.

So, with the urgency of finding ways for resistance, and to create community bonds through mutual aid and the reconfiguration of care in the face of the social war's effervescence, we decided to start a project we named Self-Managed Kitchen of Penha de França, taking advantage of the (now on hold) community kitchen of our anarchist social centre *Disgraça*, in Lisbon.

This collaborative project has two sides: on the one hand we



If you'd like to donate, you can do it through here:
IBAN: PT50 0007 0000 0000 4712 0672 3
PayPal: disgraca@riseup.net
Mutual aid, not charity!
May solidarity be viral and timeless.



have been preparing meals to be distributed and delivered, within our reach, to people who are in helpless situations. On the other hand, since challenges and difficulties are arising everywhere, and our neighbourhood is no exception, free meals are available to take away at the entrance of the space. We started with two days but as the needs are constant and growing we're now doing Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays, from 12:30 to 15:00. All the meals are plant-based and made from scratch. We've been cooking around 80 meals a day and heavily rely on donations, whether food or monetary.



PROTON ART

I'm sure we can all agree that, so far, this year sucks. However, let's be honest – things weren't going swimmingly before 2020: in the past decade the Tories have successfully shafted anyone that doesn't own a yacht, autonomous spaces everywhere in Europe are succumbing, gentrification in any city has passed the point of no-return, far-right groups and ideology are as strong as they've been since 1945... but don't worry, give it a few years and we will have little chances of not being able to afford to be hospitalised after being beaten up by a Nazi for being homeless. Oh, and global warming will probably kill us first.

If you are reading this, chances are that we share the same ideology and it's fair to say that we are not living in positive times; the future of our movements is not as bright as we dreamed one or two decades ago. There isn't a simple solution, but surely being apart with various degrees of depression is not going to make it better. We need positivity – and we need to stick together.

Proton Art is a not-for-profit company based in Bristol. We raise funds for charitable causes through underground events

and art. **Here's what we do:**

1) EVENTS: Planning, promotion and full production of quality underground live gigs and raves. We are a network of long-serving veterans of the UK underground scene. We have expertise, equipment, and a pretty good idea on how to put on a party. The profit from each event will go to charitable causes and/or to help funding community projects; and to finance the cost of the next event. I'm writing this in the middle of the



Covid-19 pandemic; it's hard to predict when and how we'll be able to start – however, rest assured that we are staring at the red light with the right foot on the pedal.

2) ART E-SHOP: We'll be selling clothing and artwork prints from our website. The profit from each sale it's split: 40% to the artist, 40% to a charity, 20% to Proton Art.

3) WWW.PROTONART.ORG: this is where you can find out about events (not only ours), check our shop and find a few good reads about inspiring projects and

people that might cheer you up.

This incredibly strange period and the fact that we have suddenly found ourselves with plenty of spare time makes it a perfect moment to build this project – although we are not there yet. The website is being built, artists are drawing and ideas are brewing. Contact us at info@protonart.org if you think you can contribute with your skills. We need people writing interesting, inspirational content for our blog. We need artists that would like to dedicate artwork to the project; and we would like to hear from you if you have an idea that might be good for us.

We haven't quite decided yet the causes to help with any profit we'll manage to generate. The shop will be dedicated to a single charity dealing with homelessness and refugees; we have a few in mind and we are researching for the best option; each event will be dedicated to its own project or charity. Suggestions are welcome.

The Proton Art aim is to create a winning situation for everyone involved: good events and good art for the community while raising money for good cause, a bit of cash for whoever will put in some work and content for you to get inspired and charged up. You don't need a degree in psychology to understand that whatever you're into – be it making music, painting, juggling, putting on events, political action, throat singing or zumba dancing, practising and being proud of what you do makes everything better. Be positive, happy, active and creative. We can't stop. We won't stop.

THE CAN-SUMER -MORGANISMS



Despite the current mass-sacr  of the pandemic, this peculiar, technicolored tentacled, mutant-hybrid has got the bug for mutiny vandalism. At warped speed its spreading the merciless consumer virus by consuming copious amounts of beer & spray paint through its pervid suckers, then dispersing tidalwaves of its bio-luminescent essence of Surfedelic PSY-Fiedelia art works, flooding out on to the streets for all to consume..

SNEAK PEAK OF INSTILLATION ART
WAITING IN THE WINGS FOR

THE NAVE EXHIBITION;
'WE CONSUME'

FRONTLINE MAGAZINE

Cases, raids, long prison sentences, curfews and fines are just a few of the things that most writers at one time or another encounter in their careers. Graffiti is shunned – forced to be looked upon as the product of an unintelligent, disorganised mind. It is these preconceptions that incorrectly define the word.



In the most surveyed city in the world, through closed-circuit television with literally no time at all to get things done, London is still a city to be reckoned with; showcasing the movements and talents

of writers that risk their freedom and life daily.

Graffiti is something more than your ordinary bomb that you see on the street, or a throw-up on your neighbours rooftop; it's much more than a piece with 50 different shades of grey. To this day there is still no simple definition of illegal graffiti for the public. It is understood by elements who, with understanding, stand with the concrete-reclaiming vandals; grasping the meaning of what took place previously for it to

be existent. The visualist who sees beyond the colours, beyond the time spent, beyond the ripped jackets and splashes of paint on the writer's hands and sleeves are those who really understand the true meaning.



Frontline June 2020 (issue 5) comes back with a reminder of the true meaning of London graffiti – pure street bombing, pure damage, pure burners that are fire to the eyes – pure underground action!

Welcome to Frontline...

www.frontline-magazine.co.uk



NO MORE NORMAL

The sickness arrived long before the virus
An insane system with profits to inspire us
It's dog eat dog in a race to the top
Chasing numbers or you're in for the chop

To keep a roof overhead you're called a hero
But being paid in praise is close to getting zero
The top tier chase risk until it's risky
Then demand a bailout and sit back with a whisky

The cracks in the system have now been exposed
The path ahead lays open, where once it was closed
People were encouraged to prepare for the worst
But mutual aid was the rescue – putting people first!

No more
No more
No more
No more normal!

It shouldn't be normal for people to be sleeping on the street
Or underpaying care workers, the ones who take the heat
It shouldn't be normal for landlords to take the cream
You're struggling to cough up cash and they're living the dream

Why do they make cannon fodder of those in poverty
And others hoard wealth – our labour is the commodity
This mongrel nation wanted to tighten border control
But those people are saving our arses and taking the toll
We have to see the positives, it's not all doom and gloom
Work together to break the code, we can mushroom
Send our spores out into these new winds
The past mistakes and greed we can rescind

No more
No more
No more
No more normal!

We need to make the first moves in this game
Build our new world, not return to the same
Look out for each other and don't be a snitch
You'll end up a tool for the state, instead be the glitch

We won't wait for leadership we'll organise local
We'll take the reigns in our hands and make ourselves vocal
We were told that change was impossible
Disguise the limits – now is anything possible

REGARDLESS OF YOUR FAITH.

FAITH IN SCIENCE.

REGARDLESS OF YOUR PERCEPTIONS, KNOWLEDGE,

EDUCATION, RELIGION.

PRECONCEPTIONS.

FAITH.

WE ARE NOW IN A NEW WORLD ORDER.

THE WORLD (AS WE KNEW IT) HAVE TAKEN UP A COMMON

CAUSE.

"STAY HOME" IS THE ORDER FOR THE WORLD.

QUARANTINE. IS THE ORDER. FORCE. FACE FINES.

FAITH.

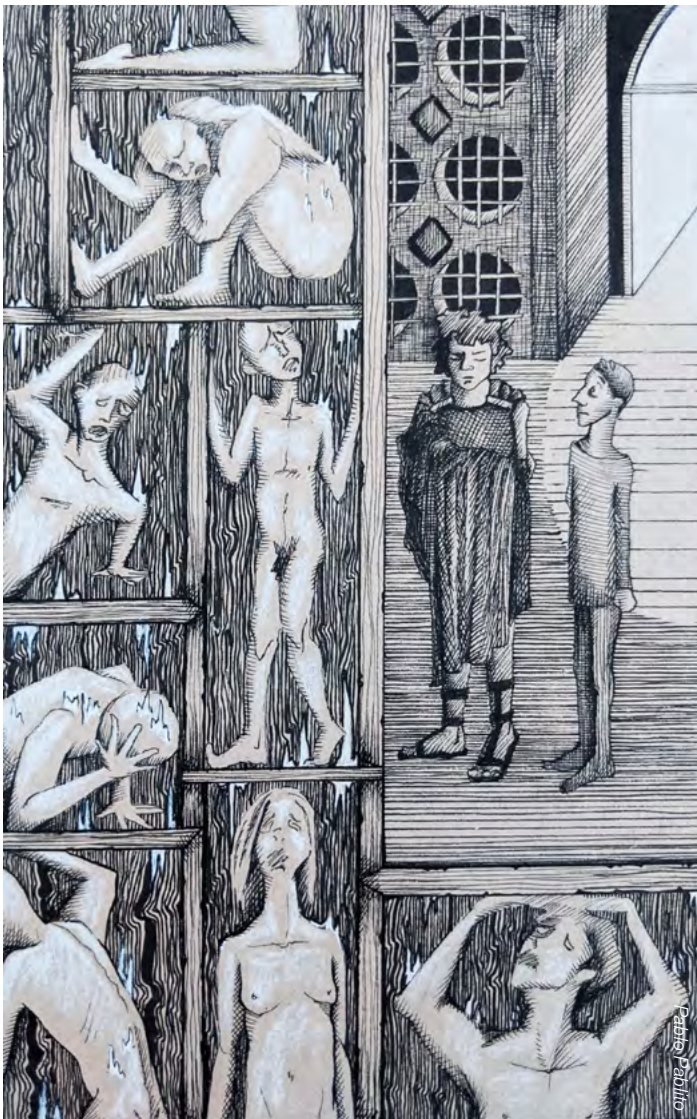
THE ORDER OF THE WORLD HAS CHANGED.

SUBJECTS.

PAWNS THAT BISHOPS SHEPHERD.

UNBELIEVABLE CHANGES.

THE REVOLUTION WILL NOT BE TELEVISED.





DISMEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT

The third release from underground rave-punk outfit Killdren is coming out initially via Bandcamp on Friday 5 June – with full distro and a physical CD soon after. Cover art by Russell Taysom.

This 8 track album entitled Dismembers of Parliament was recorded during the lockdown period and offers up their uniquely abrasive but humourous take on modern living; all set to a twitchy mish-mash of various rave music strains.

Themes this time around take in the failure of central government, the widening poverty gap, the privatisation of the NHS, the idiotic voting tactics of Jo Public, the eye-opening effects of the pandemic, the idiocy of organised religion, the corrupt nature of policing and a nihilistic anthem about wiping out humanity.

It's more fun than it sounds, honestly!

killdren.bandcamp.com / killdren.com

YOUR OLD NIGHTMARE RESTAURANT.

Think about all the money people owe you from before
You know how much you need it but don't need them anymore,

Remember all those dodgy hits & all those dirty pins
Takes you right back to the first one & then it all begins,

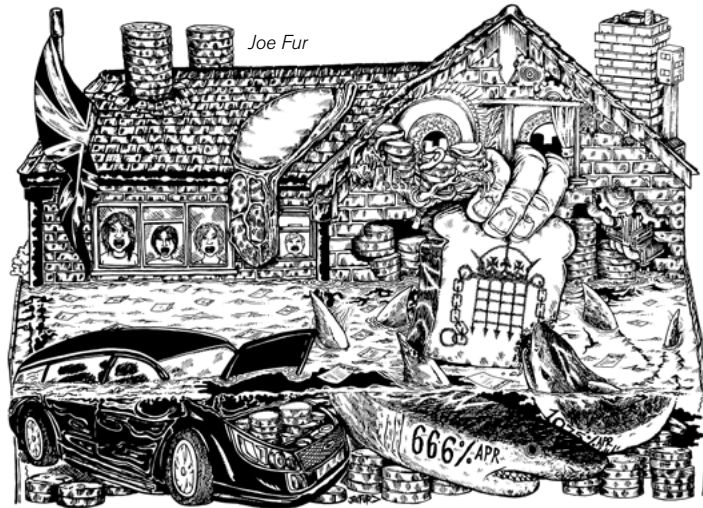
Your reasons seem to justify
all those mortal sins
But you know you're stuck in a
game that no one ever wins,

Every day rolls into years & all
becomes a blur
With haunting pictures painting
in the painful things that
were,

You constantly ask questions
to try and find the reasons
why
You picked the only path in
life were everything must die,

I followed that path for many years & watched many lights go
out
I've ended up in places where no one hears you shout,

This life was made for living & living's kinda new
When you strip yourself of everything then don't know what to
do,



No spoon, No pin, No filter – I don't cook like that today
I've served up a few home truths & now found another way,

To pay close attention to what I'm mixing in
I could create a slap up meal or it could end up in the bin,

Swallowing pride & tasting
pain is not the way to eat
Where the nourishment is
poisoning & your taste is
sickly sweet,

I've licked it clean so many
time before – begged &
pleaded for no more
Yet it keeps on pilling up & I
can't escape through any door,

Now that place has shut
down & it's burnt down to the
ground
I've been hungry for a long
time but a better place I have

now found,

Everything's available here and it's open all the time
It is the world we live in and it's the only place to dine,

Just be careful what you order – make sure its what you want
Or you might end up eating back in 'Your Old Nightmare
Restaurant'

Dissillusions Davy

Shocked by the shambolic, reckless nature of Trump's response to the Coronavirus outbreak in America, the artist Obscenity State created an electronic music track and video to reflect his ineptitude. We may laugh at Trump's absurd behaviour but his decisions have dire consequences for the rest of the world and the nature of democracy. I was particularly driven by his comments regarding authority and power. Not only were these comments unconstitutional and narcissistic, they also contradicted earlier assertions he'd made regarding responsibility for the virus.

Trump lacks any of the qualities that his vitally important role demands. I felt an urge to express this and what better way than placing his words against Obama's. Growing up in a family torn by revolution, I was hyper-aware of the corruption of power from an early age. Initially studying world politics, I always saw art as a means to reflect, communicate and connect our views. There's never been a great need for the development of a subversive, counter-culture.

www.obscuritystate.com
youtu.be/w3vMh0LZF1U

RUPTURE 20TH ANNIVERSARY BOOK

It's been mooted several times but it seems that the lockdown period might finally actually produce the Rupture book – 20 years after the first issue. A fair bit has changed since the first single A4 sheet given out at an early Headfuk party at the Clapton Park Social Club (on the now gentrified Chatsworth Road in Hackney); but it would still be good to capture a snapshot and archive various moments from throughout the twenty year history.

Unfortunately, the main editor of this zine has never been one for keeping a good archive – so if you have early issues stashed away can you please get in touch and we'll try to find a way of getting them from you! **INFO@RUPTUREZINE.ORG**



Hopeful

My son's school's given us a plastic bag filled with bread, potatoes, some pieces of fruit. So far the news hasn't been too bad,

though it does seem things are a bit ragged: we're stuck inside, the police been ordered to shoot people driving to beauty spots. But the plastic bag

from our son's school was good. He's always mad for bananas. His little brother's still cute. The news hasn't been completely bad.

Mum's okay for instance, even with what she's had. I'm just crossing fingers, hoping my grey suit can stay at the back of the wardrobe in its plastic bag.

It's only likely to kill you if you've smoked fags, I heard, and something about zinc, on the computer, which is where most of my news is from. It's not all bad.

We're certainly not complaining, are all quite glad of some potatoes, baked beans, a tin of tuna, the loaf of medium-sliced white bread in its plastic bag. And so far, the news hasn't been too bad.

Unfortunate

with a nod to Keith Douglas

*These are our new though unacknowledged rulers:
the mysterious illness just this year appeared,
the floods, the storms, the shortages of toilet paper,
the worry what's been ripped like tissue won't reshape,
the weather satellite crashing through the atmosphere
that might have revealed the heat has cooled off*

*enough for us to forgive booking that cheeky flight
to Bordeaux. Certainly not the twenty-four thousand
or so individuals that starved to death today.
Poor, mostly young; queued up, they'd snake
all the way to the next postal code like some bland
charity mail-out featuring a too-slight crying child.*

*Pop it in the bin. The sun is up and the day too fine
to care about such unfortunates. The sky is clear,
not a cloud in it, and there's the fresh perfume
of apple-blossom or whatever that is. You
are a precious cargo. Don't let anyone near.
Except me, of course. Are you opening that wine?*

Perhaps... the soulless statue in front of the abandoned building is merely an invitation for the reconstruction of all the empty cells murmuring in lament inside the vacant vessels of passer-by cyber-chimps photographing themselves as a way of self-identification to post-pone sublimation into the prior state of an egg versus a schizophrenic army of spermatozoids out-running each other like ants on a mission to win the war of contemplation and regret... the West African self-employed napkin salesman sings next to the teenager oak waiting for change to be forgotten at the parking-meter... I drink beer and the statue turns its back to the wind, in contempt for never having the opportunity to write, suffer and pledge lies like us, this one is on me – hashtag bitch nigga, techno-troglo-dytes, orangotango-droids – this low budget sitcom we call culture, life, petty change, cum shots and step-by-step programs to nullify the nihilist urge of also needing the bullshit everyone else is drooling for anyways... engine feeling taste and sharing meals around a sacred fire under a blood horny dizzy moon, holding hands before changing plans and committing to forgetting about your face before you add me as a friend online, betraying every word of every stained excuse for the insignificance of poetry, my name is a twitchy smirk and a gun loading against the pink tongue of a underage solo album on its relentless rainbow way to find a new home.

@caos.neon



Ode to the Dandelions

Before

I willed myself to love you—

Lawn Resisters! Champions of the Bees!

But you did not thrill me

like the other, fleeting flowers,

the early crocus, the pink-plumed cherry tree, the tulips filling up with light like silken lamps.

You were too usual, too simple in design,

the same yellow tuft or whitish ball

from March until November,

regular as Mondays.

Then came the spring when all the blooming world transformed into a poison paradise.

When I dared the outside world,

masked and gloved,

every coral, orange-tinged, or yellow-and-red-streaked tulip,

Every cherry vibrating against the blue,

Every bluebell, head-bowed in the shade,

Struck me like a gut-blow, and I choked

on all that I had missed,

on all the loss that beauty

could not salve.

Only you

smiled up from greens and gardens

left untended,

nodding your yellow heads

like child-scribbled suns,

as if to tell me,

“We are here.

And we will still be here,

when the miasma lifts

and out is safe again.”

Then, I was comforted.

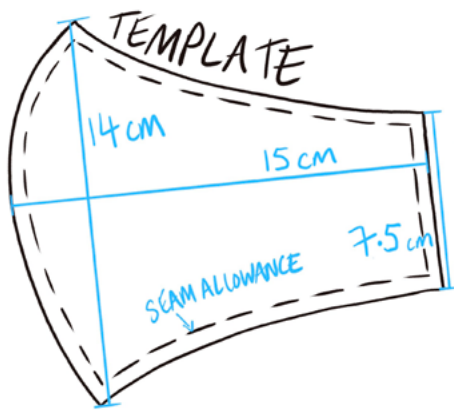
And my heart returned your love.



DIY OR DIE



How to make a face mask

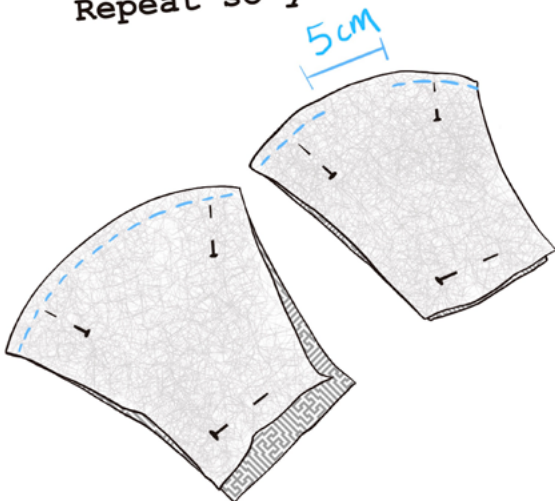


- You will need:
- 4 pieces of 15 x 15cm fabric
 - 2 pieces of elastic, 17cm long each
 - a template (draw one using diagram)
 - pins, cotton, sewing needles, scissors...

You can machine or hand sew!

Pin 2 of your fabrics good side in, with your template outside.
Cut around your template.
Remove template.
Re-pin 2 fabrics back together.

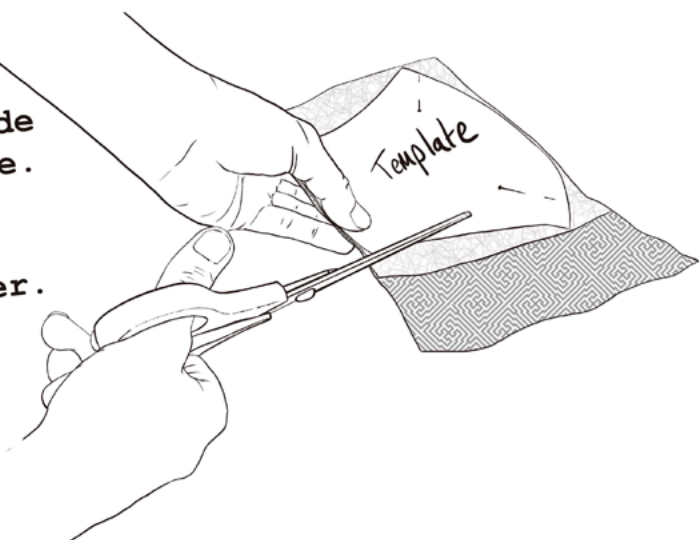
Repeat so you have 2 sets



On one set, sew the curved edge, top to bottom

On the other set, leave a 5cm gap in the middle. This is for your filter

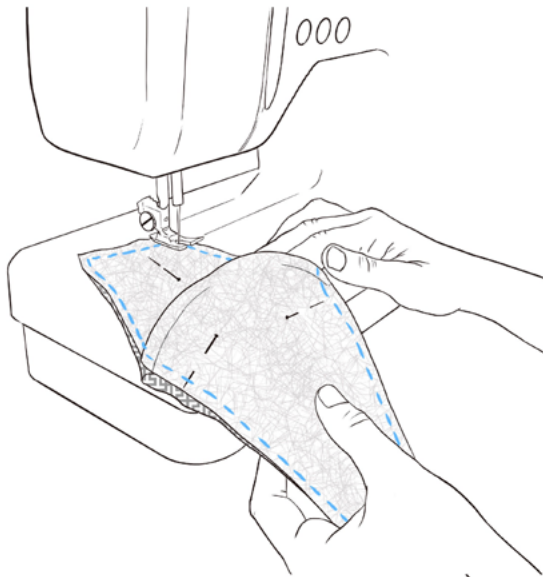
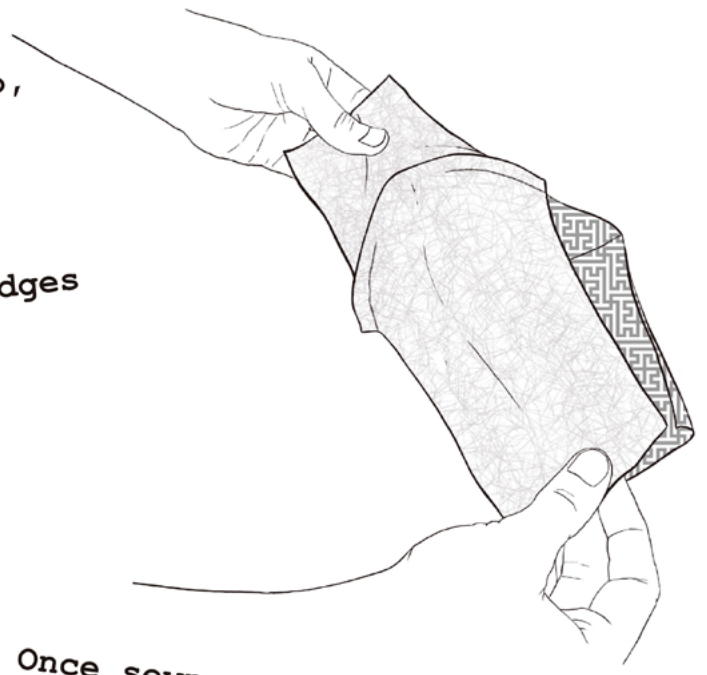
Once sewn, unpin



Unfold both sets and line up,
good side facing in

Pin pieces together

Sew all the way around all edges

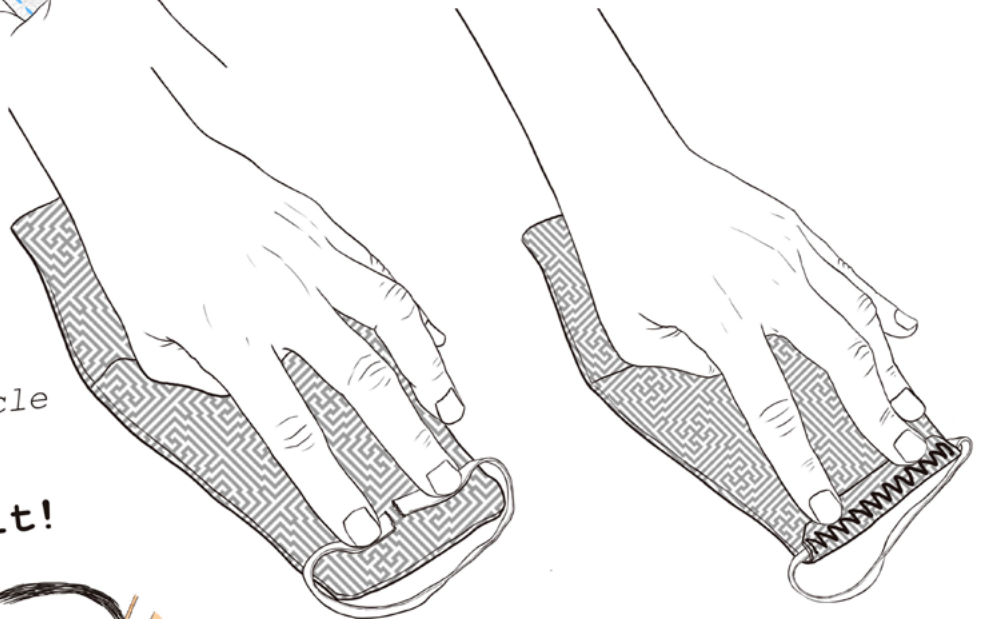


Once sewn, turn inside out using
the 5cm filter gap you didn't sew
earlier!

Stitch your
elastic to each
side using a zig-
zag or other
strong stitch.

You can also recycle
hair bands

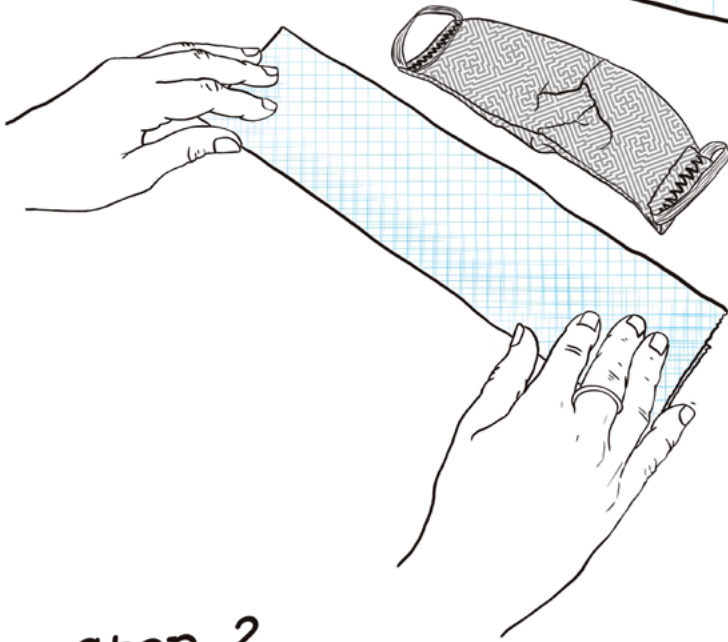
Check the fit!



Make them for yourself!
Make them for your neighbours!
Make them for your communities!

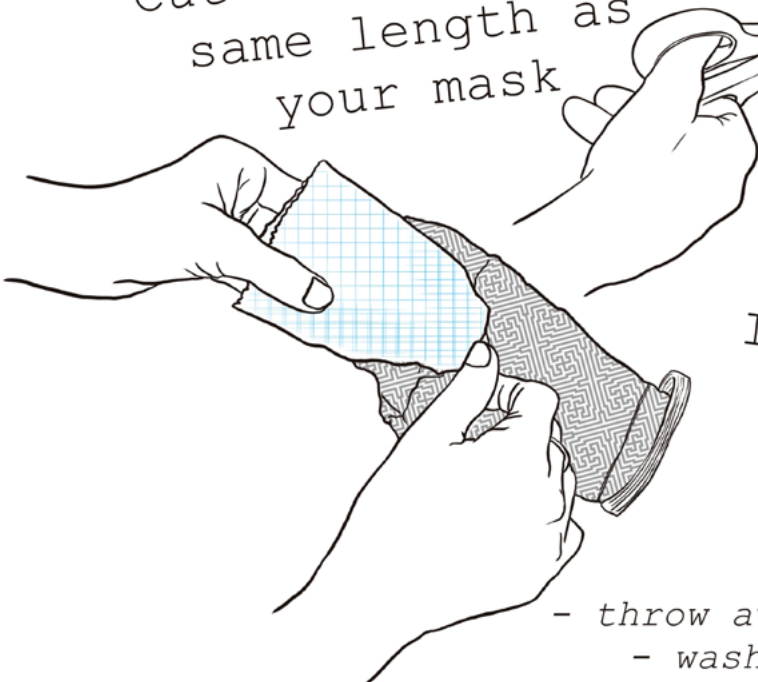
Change your filter after each use
Wash mask after each use

Not a replacement for surgical
grade PPE!



Step 1
Fold a sheet of kitchen towel the same width of your mask

Step 2
Cut the towel the same length as your mask



Step 3

Insert inside the mask using the unstitched hole

- throw away towel after each use
- wash mask after each use