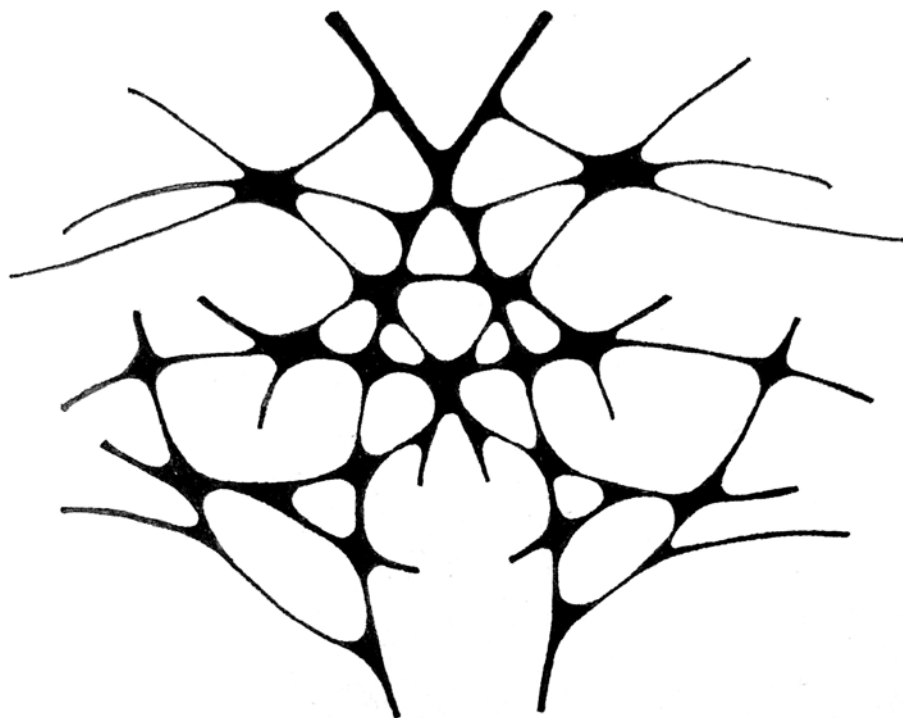




VOL. 01
ISS. 01

JUMP THE FENCE





*A tree cut off from its root,
cannot continue to grow.*

*If the tree is the culture,
the roots are the history.*

*Climb trees,
jump fences.*

*Connect with the roots,
grow to new heights.*

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Jump the Fence is an Idea.

Jump the Fence is an Idea.

It is a yearning for a space that feels real and authentic in a time where so much feels performative and fake. It seeks to serve as both connection and invitation. We embrace unity across race, gender, sexuality, and social class. We reject ideologies of hate and division.

For those of us who are called to the music - dancers, DJs, producers...this is a vocation - urgent, undeniable.

We seek not to create a time capsule or facsimile of the culture, but to do something harder - to imagine a space that is relevant today, that is deeply connected to its past (both local and global), and moves with intention into the future. Together we are visioning a different path than the ubiquitous, exploitative, and homogeneous reality we are force-fed by late-stage capitalism under the guise of "culture".

The simulacrum is here and it exploits the collective nostalgia for a time before our own. It substitutes a pale reflection - a for-profit reproduction - for the authentic experience once born of urgent necessity. It is neither underground nor countercultural, it only pretends to be.

It's not too late to put down the phone, to take risks, to feel discomfort, to step outside the mainstream, and to bask in our human connection to one another, to the rhythm and the movement of the dance.

Soundssystem culture can never truly be mainstream, while staying true to itself. Raves were always underground. No profit, no polish. Their existence is an invitation to a collective resistance.

Jump The Fence is an idea.

No profits.
No time slots.
No script.

- the JTF Collective

"We were born in a soundssystem culture, and the soundssystem culture was about sound, word and power. The words would be the man on the mic, the sound was the sound of the riddim, and the power was the amplification through the speakers. I wanted to be around that trinity."

- Congo Natty, the Rebel MC



Bits of History - Some Record Labels that helped make the movement (from top left): Moving Shadow est. 1990, Hospital est. 1996, Ram Records est. 1992, Ninja Tune est. 1990, Breakbeat Kaos est. 2003, Bad Company est. 1998, Metalheadz est. 1994, Bingo est. 2000, UKF est. 2009, XL Recordings est. 1989, Cause 4 Concern est. 1999, Digital Sound Boy est. 2005

***DJs are the New Golden Calf aka Idolatry in EDM
(and how b2bs can be an antidote)***

Contributed by: earthtone



The cult of the individual looms large in mainstream electronic music these days. Headliners, main stages, ego, celebrity, and the centering of the individual above the music, speakers, and masses is fundamentally counter to the roots of the culture that is being imitated, regurgitated.

The allegorical reference from the 1999 film *Dogma* to "Mooby the Golden Calf" and the idolatry of capitalism is highly relevant in understanding the current state of electronic music culture in our society. For those who find safety in the margins, in the dark rooms and bass frequencies, the practice of attending raves and dance parties can be akin to a spiritual experience. Kevin Smith's film iteration of the story of the Golden Calf seems especially poignant as we look at the current state of the culture we live in and the global context to which it is all inevitably and intrinsically connected. Electronic music events are increasingly popular and focused on consumerism, social media, and a disconnection from what's happening in the broader world around us that is symptomatic of this focus on the individual. While escape, release, and alcohol and drug use have always been a part of the scene, the focus is increasingly a head-in-the-sand mix of purchased and consumed escapism, social clout and celebrity. Headliner DJs and palatable popular music in the most mainstream of settings. This is a crude facsimile of a culture that at its root was born of the underground. Of necessity.

When we look at these current trends in electronic music culture, from the mega festivals to the 24-hr churning of the EDM island-come-mecca, Ibiza, to the corporate and genocide-endorsing Boiler Room and their parent: Superstruct (a KKR hedge-fund

appendage), we can see the cult of the individual and the exploitation of the culture laid bare - the rave has fully become simulacrum and pantomime. It's *Weekend at Bernie's* with the pallid corpse of the scene that once gave those of us on the margins a home. It is a macabre parasitism of the movement we love.

An antidote to this trend lies at the root of soundsystem culture. The black, Caribbean, sound system culture that was brought by the diaspora via reggae and dub music to the UK, Europe, the US and Canada (and now across the globe) actually began with centering the music, the bass bins, and the audience - not the DJ. This is the root of jungle and drum and bass music which and it has intersected and hybridized with the electronic bass-heavy music (acid house, techno, garage, hardcore) that came from working class, racialized, queer, and otherwise marginalized communities the world over to create what we call a "rave" and the range of musical genres that make up what people think of as "EDM" today.

The authenticity of the experience was always rooted in the music. We can learn from this as DJs and actively decenter ourselves when we perform. The b2b (back to back) format is the perfect counter to ego and individualism. My favourite sets are back to backs because they are exciting, unscripted, risky, and highly collaborative experiences that reek of authenticity. So much has changed but the feeling of a b2b still has the same messy honesty it has always had.

As activist and DJ @eli1ah shares on his IG, it's worth asking whether DJ worship actually serves to create authenticity in electronic music culture. They ask us to see the producer more as an artisan or craftsperson, a DJ as a kind of music journalist. In this view both medium and method are far more important than authorship and we can acknowledge and appreciate the contributions without worshipping the contributor. This further opens the door to collaboration as the goal is no longer celebrity and self-centering, but instead contributing to the collective.

The thing we're making isn't an artifact, preserving the past in an unchanged state, it is a branch on a tree connected from root to limb. One that seeks to be connected to that history to see how high we can grow together.

The soundsystem is an institution. Jump the Fence is a collectivist venture and the goal is to create something together that is not possible for any one person to make alone. It is the acknowledgment that if we step out of the spotlight, there is light enough for all to see.

Back to back to back to back, we can create unity in community.

Why You Should Give a Fuck About DULF

Contributed by: Korvidae

This month's fundraiser is for DULF (Drug Users Liberation Front).

Two folks from DULF are currently facing criminal charges for their community support work and are going to court starting in October 2025 to fight these charges. This trial is not just about two people being unjustly charged. This is about proving that safe supply saves lives and should be accessible for all.

As folks who organize, attend, and perform at events and festivals, we are no stranger to substances.

There is a dark cloud that exists in the music scene, a subconscious air of superiority about our substance use compared to others. Like somehow, someone who rails cocaine backstage with some big famous artist, is better than someone shooting up meth in a back alley. You don't get to use drugs at a festival and think you are a part of some oppressed counter-culture, while separating yourself on a pedestal. I know people who have overdosed and survived because of quick access to medicine and medical personnel. I know people who have become addicted and it has started to negatively impact their lives. Some of them had safety nets to lean on and were able to access the support they needed when they were ready. I also know people who have overdosed and died, and people who have not been able to shake a harmful addiction. The real difference in situations is often just support, stigma, privilege, and access.

The criminalization of drugs harms everyone. If you want to talk about minimizing the harm of substances, we first need to talk about safe supply. People are dying, and the government not only actively refuses to do anything about it, but criminalizes those who dare to do something. Access to clean, tested drugs is a life saving measure for everyone. Overdoses can happen anywhere, anytime, to anyone. The overdose epidemic is a government attack on people who use substances. What DULF was doing was saving lives. We stand with them and for the right for everyone to have safe supply.

If you have ever used substances, if you care about someone who uses substances, if you exist in community with people who use substances, then DULF matters to you personally. And even if for some reason you don't exist in any of those realms (which I highly doubt), DULF matters to you because you are a human being with a soul who should give a shit.



An Open Letter to Our Supporters: Join Us in the Fight for Harm Reduction

"Between August 2022 and October 2023, the Drug User Liberation Front's Compassion Club and Fulfillment Centre (DULF CC&FC) made history. As the first initiative of its kind, we offered a groundbreaking approach amidst an escalating overdose crisis in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside (DTES).

Operating as a non-profit, low-barrier, and non-medicalized model, we built on decades of harm reduction strategies by providing rigorously tested heroin, cocaine, and methamphetamine, at cost, paired with a supervised consumption space. We proved that a regulated drug supply isn't just a concept; it's a solution that saves lives. But our work, and the lives it impacted, remains at risk.

DULF co-founders Eris Nyx and Jeremy Kalicum are facing criminal charges under section 5(2) of the Controlled Drugs and Substances Act (CDSA) for the compassionate and life-saving work of providing a regulated, predictable drug supply to some of the people most at risk from the toxic drug supply. We are now engaged in a legal battle to defend harm reduction, challenge outdated drug laws, and demand justice for those disproportionately affected by the toxic drug crisis. This legal challenge seeks to prove that section 5(2) of the CDSA is unconstitutional and that its enforcement is killing the very people it purports to protect.

Our lawyers will need to put a huge amount of effort into preparing and presenting our evidence and legal arguments. They are working at a fraction of their normal rates, but because of the time required the cost will still be very high. To this end, we must raise \$350,000 by October 1st, and we need your help to ensure we can present the most rigorous, effective case possible."

*****All donations from Jump The Fence Vol. 01 - Iss. 01 and event will be donated towards DULF's legal fund.*****

Read more about DULF's legal battle and life saving work here!!!



[\(click here for URL\)](#)

RESOURCES!

Vol.01 – Iss.01 Focus Articles + Perspectives

[Rumble in the Jungle: The Invisible History of Drum and Bass] by Steven Quinn
Tiny URL: tinyurl.com/mr26s6bk

[Liquid Funk: Acceleration, Late Capitalism and the Signification of Nature in Jungle Drum and Bass Music] by Chris Christodoulou
Tiny URL: tinyurl.com/rad8mcz4

[Hermeneutics of Suspicion: Paranoia and the Technological Sublime in Drum and Bass Music] by Dale Chapman
Tiny URL: tinyurl.com/528v8pjp

[Fragile Empowerment: The Dynamic Cultural Economy Of British Drum and Bass Music] by Alistair Fraser & Nancy Ettlinger
Tiny URL: tinyurl.com/4thpn8pv

[Aerosoul Junglist Movement: The story of one of the most iconic fashion brands in drum & bass] Interview with the late Leke Adesoye
Tiny URL: tinyurl.com/2p6x7jtv

[Musicmap – an interactive genealogy of popular music]
<https://musicmap.info/>

Relevant IG Accounts and Critical Perspectives

@praxis_archives	@Thelenzman	@eli1ah	@marcusvisionary
@rivalsoundsystem	@halogenix	@arnii.wav	@raversforpalestine
@dsagainstapartheid	@eq50	@worklapresents	@concretejunglists
	@antoniogaryjr	@6amgroup	@resident_advisor
		@meditationsfortheanxiousmind	

Seed & Spark Book Co-op Seed & Spark Book Co-op is an emerging bookstore co-operative building futures of collective freedom in Kijipuktuk, Mi'kma'ki.

We distribute anti-capitalist, anti-colonial, anti-racist, and queer books and zines with topics ranging from prison abolition, Indigenous sovereignty, and anarchic social movements. We focus on sourcing books and zines that are not available in Mi'kma'ki.

DULF Solidarity - On the Theme of Harm Reduction:

Podcasts:

- Crackdown - A story of drug user activism in the face of hostility and neglect.
- Ear Hustle - Daily realities of life inside prison shared by those living it, and stories from the outside, post-incarceration.
- Kite Line - Radio program focused on issues in the prison system and beyond.
- The Dugout - Black anarchist podcast rooted in political education, decolonial thought/praxis, and deep community study.
- The Final Straw Radio - Weekly anarchist and anti-authoritarian radio show bringing voices and ideas from struggles around the world
- Cool People Who Did Cool Stuff - Episode titled "Bethel House: How Schizophrenic Folks in Japan Created a New Model of Psychiatric Care"

Books:

- Saving Our Own Lives: A Liberatory Practice of Harm Reduction - Shira Hassan
- Abolish Social Work (As We Know It) - C. Fortier, E. Hon-Sing Wong, MJ Rwigema
- The Weight of Air - David Poses
- Heroin - Susan Boyd
- Crackdown - Garth Mullins
- Fighting for Space - Travis Lupick
- Drug Use for Grown-Ups - Carl Hart
- The Becoming - Nicole Luongo
- Psychedelic Capitalism - Jamie Brownlee and Kevin Walby

Zines:

- Accomplices Not Allies: Abolishing the Ally Industrial Complex, an Indigenous Perspective
- Affinity Groups: Essential Building Blocks of Anarchist Organizing
- Help help help: the DULF story (available on their website)
- Mutual Aid Disaster Relief: Lessons Learned
- Our Neighbours to the North: A Brief History of Prisons and Resistance to them in So-Called Canada
- Soaring Beyond the Walls: Tools for Building Capacity in Prison and Beyond

Films:

- Dope is Death (2020) - A film about the community health programs implemented by the Black Panthers and the Young Lords in the 1970s.



To Be the Content and the Vessel

Contributed by: El Brunet

To be the content and the vessel. The Holy receivers and simultaneously part of the ever-shifting co-creators. We are not DJs. We are the collective. We are the fluctuating sea of bodies. We are equally important. We are the music made visible. We translate the music we hear into an endless array of movement.

Every person who steps onto the dance floor becomes transformed; we cannot evade this oftentimes unconscious change. The immediacy of how contagious energy in motion is becomes palpable. We hold the power to amplify each other's courage to express ourselves however we feel in that moment. Pre-formulated dance moves or homogeneity is a slow death for the human spirit.

To take space on the dance floor becomes an ever-living invitation for us to be bold, to close our eyes, and to learn to let our bodies express themselves to their fullest expansion and desires. Together we shape our impossible dreams and give them a place to breathe.

A fleeting moment of powerful radical expression. We can be all that we are. We get to express our feelings through our dancing, catalyzed by incredible music and deafening bass. We feel the tangible low rumbles in our whole bodies, and we become hungry for it.

Rave culture is a beautiful, subversive microcosm. In this post-capitalist hellscape, it is incredibly worthy of being revived and protected.



Capitalism and the Art of DJing

Contributed by: Harmsworth



My name is Mark. I'm 43 years old and I'm a DJ. Okay, fine, that doesn't hit like it did in 1999 when I stumbled into my first rave. Back then, it was the coolest thing you could be. For a solid decade and a half, DJing wasn't just a hobby for your weird little cousin farming for likes on social media. It was for music-obsessed nerds willing to bleed cash for new music and spend every waking hour hunting for the perfect transition. I've spent the last 25 years perfecting that craft. The rave scene gave me everything: my closest friends, my business partners, adventures across North American clubs and festivals. It was my life.

But money has a way of corrupting everything it touches, and the rave scene was never immune. I've been price-gouged by promoters, watched obscene fees get dumped on headliners, and even had my drugs confiscated by bikers at the door only to have those same guys sell them back to me inside. Standard grift. But this summer, I saw something that truly disgusted me. I witnessed a headliner DJ - whose name you might know - fake an entire set.

It was a pre-recorded mix. One solid, unchangeable MP3. And there they were, dancing around, performatively twisting knobs and pushing buttons that did absolutely nothing. It was a pathetic, uninspired drag performance - and I say that with respect for actual drag, which is an art form I respect. This was just fraud. I'm not naming names. This isn't a call-out; it's a eulogy. A warning about what late-stage capitalism has done to the art form I hold dear.

I'd heard the stories - everyone has. But I never thought I'd see it so brazenly, right in front of my face.

I thought it was just my word against a memory, until I got a text several weeks later. Some vigilant friends had captured video proof from the festival's own account - posts that were live for mere minutes before being scrubbed - that confirmed the entire performance was canned. The evidence is right here on my phone. We have the receipts.

Rewind to pre-pandemic: friends of mine booked this same DJ for a small festival. Back then, they needed instructions on how to use the CDJs. But at least they attempted to play a half-decent set, I can respect that! But, what happened?

Fast-forward to this summer: I'm in the crowd, and for the first 20 minutes, I'm having the time of my life. The set was perfectly crafted to my taste. It was amazing. But then I started to sober up.

That's when I saw it. The DJ was adjusting EQ knobs on channels that weren't active. Sliding faders with zero effect on the sound. To be fair, I had most of the alphabet floating through my system, so I denied it at first. Maybe my eyes were tricking me? But no. The evidence was right there, naked under the lasers. I was - for lack of a better term - disgusted.

I wasn't just watching some hack cheat a crowd. I was watching capitalism devour my baby. An art form my friends and I have worked our asses off to perfect, reduced to a product. And the worst part? I had enjoyed the product! The set was perfect in the way a Quarter Pounder is perfect: focus-grouped, manufactured in a lab, loaded with chemicals that force your brain to fire off dopamine. It's not art. It's a consumable.

I couldn't take it. I stormed back to my tent, got undressed, and went to bed, swearing I was done. Forever. I'd finally gotten old. I saw the death of cool firsthand, just like my old man watching the hippie movement become a punchline. The party was over. The rave was dead. I shed a tear.

Am I being melodramatic? Absolutely. Again, there were still a few letters left in my bloodstream. But cut me some slack - my heart was broken. It was like watching the love of your life marry the biggest douchebag in the world.

Sometime later, my partner came to check on me. We went for a walk, and that's when I heard it. We stumbled upon a smaller stage where an old friend - a DJ who's been in the trenches longer than I have - was playing a classic 90s jungle set. The 180 shift was instant. Elation. Hope. I watched someone I know and respect actually craft a beautiful set from a genre I hold sacred. I welled up, crying actual tears while dancing like I was 17 again.

I chewed their ear off after their set, replaying the whole grotesque spectacle I'd witnessed. But this time, my heart was full. Because there are still people out there who do this for love, not for a pay-check. The art form isn't dead. It's just hiding from the 'main stage'.

What I witnessed wasn't just one DJ cutting corners; it was the logical endpoint of a system that values marketable consistency over authentic artistry, profit over passion. This same voracious hunger doesn't just devour scenes, it devours everything. It convinces us to monetize our hobbies, optimize our friendships, and view the planet not as a home, but as a warehouse of resources to be liquidated. We're all dancing on the deck of a sinking ship, and the main stage is pumping out a soundtrack of simulated joy to keep us from noticing the water at our ankles.

So yeah, maybe the main stage is a lie. But that's capitalism, baby. It's a vampire squid wrapped around the face of everything vaguely counter-cultural, sucking it dry until all that's left is a branded husk. It's doing the same thing to our ecosystems and our mental health. But the rave - the real one - isn't on the main stage. It's in the corners, in the underground, in the sets played for the love of it. Protecting that isn't just about preserving an art form; it's a tiny act of defiance against a system that wants to sell us back our own humanity.



Do You Want To Come With Me?

Contributed by: korvidae

Oh hello sweet one. You look worn down, like you are exhausted by all the bullshit. Do you want to come with me? I know of a place, I think it might be what you are looking for. Here, take my hand. I'll tell you a story on the way there.

Ok, are you listening?

It all began at the Warehouse in Chicago in the 1980's. Or maybe at RAGE in the UK in the 90's. But really it began way before all of that. All music began somewhere, but really it stems from everywhere. From gospel to blues to soul to reggae to dub to ragga to drum and bass. Or maybe from soul we traveled to funk to early rap to electro to techno. It is a web woven through time. Can you follow the through lines? So many of these genres were and are pioneered by Black folks for Black folks, coming from histories of predominantly Black music. Know the history. Learn it, study it, honour it. These spaces were carved out as a way for communities to gather on their own terms. Music has always been and will always be political. Who made it? In what context? For what reason? Where is it being listened to? What community surrounds it? Why are they gathered? All music is political. The ignorance of this is its own statement, you must refuse to drown in it. Swim to the surface, breathe, and shout at the top of your lungs.

Ok we are almost there. This fence here marks the gateway. Do you know the significance of it? The significance of walls throughout history, crafted to keep people in, to keep people out. Here take these boltcutters. You might think it is such a tiny action to create a hole here, but please open your eyes. Don't be fooled. We can jump the fence but not everyone is able to. So you must always refuse the cage, for yourself and for others. Private property is just one manifestation of the colonization of this land, of our minds. Who gets to decide who is allowed to go where? Who gets to control movement? Movement, this thing that is so inherent in all humanity, all animal and plant life on this earth. Movement across and through and within spaces. They want every slight movement to be dictated by what they deem to be appropriate, acceptable, good. So stop listening to them.

Can you hear the distant sound of the music, the vibrations traveling through the earth under your feet? When we get there, remember that you get to move however you choose, as long as it doesn't harm others. The first step is to jump the fence. Liberate yourself from their restraint. And from there, you may just discover that your movement is your own to reclaim.

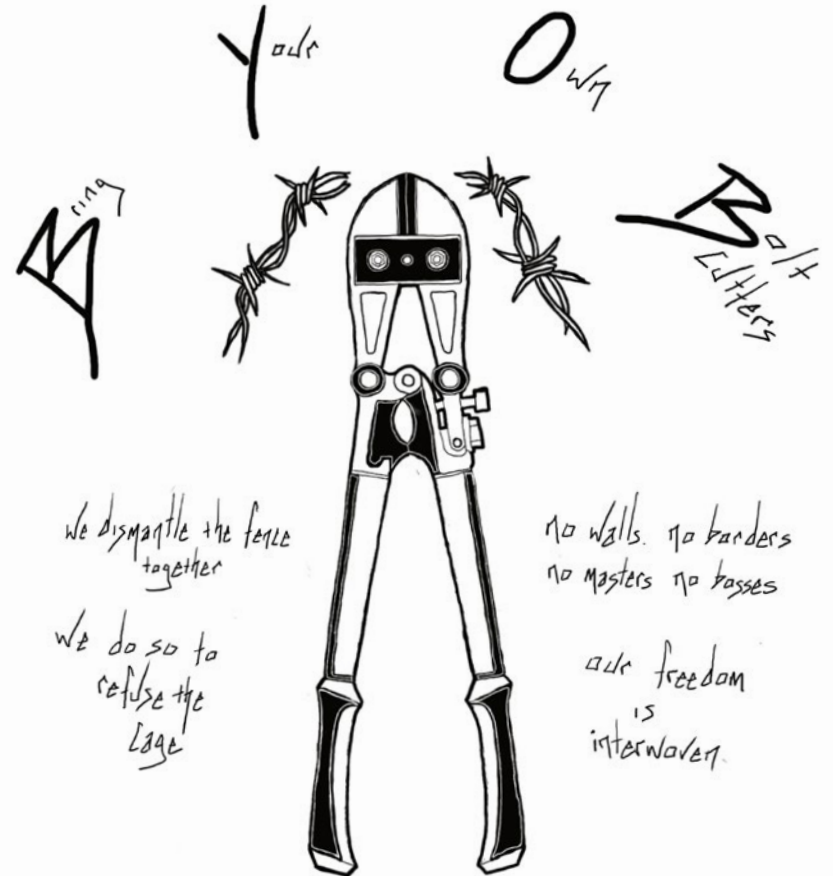
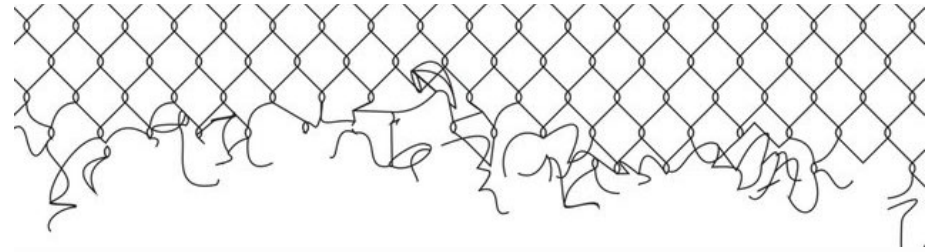
We jump the fence because we refuse to be caged in.

We jump the fence because 'subculture' is not inherently subversive, we must make it so with our words, our actions, our intention.

We jump the fence because no one should be able to dictate who can move where and when.

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We jump the fence because we want to merge past and present, to never forget the history while we weave a collective path forward.



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WHAT COMES NEXT?

GET UPDATES AND HEAR ABOUT EVENTS FIRST! LET US KNOW IF YOU WANT TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE COLLECTIVE!

Join the mailing list by sending an email to:

jumpthefencecollective@gmail.com

Based in Kjiptuk / Halifax

Oct 17th 2025	Vol. 01 - Iss. 01 + event
Nov 28th 2025	Vol. 01 - Iss. 02 + event
Dec 19th 2025	Vol. 01 - Iss. 03 + event
Jan TBD 2026	details TBD
Feb TBD 2026	details TBD
Mar 20th 2026	details TBD
Apr 24th 2026	details TBD

THIS MACHINE
KILLS
Fascists



POLICY OF RESPECT

We promote a culture of consent. Respect people's bodies and choice. Unwanted attention will not be tolerated.

Drug and alcohol use is at the discretion of the individual. Do not pressure anyone into consumption.

The collective is: Anti-fascist, anti-racist, pro Land Back. No discrimination of any kind will be tolerated.

Queer + Trans inclusive, respect people's pronouns. Period.

The space we make together is sacred. If someone is making you feel uncomfortable, please tell one of the organizers.

We support each other when needed. We hold each other accountable when needed.

Resist.
&
Respect one another.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Contributors:

Chillier
Korvidae
Harmsworth
earthtone
DULF
Seed + Spark Book Co-op
El Brunet

Special Mention:

Music performances by:
Jump The Fence Collective and guests
Sound System by Black Box Soundcru
Cover by Harmsworth Design
Art by h.yphae.art and Korvidae



THIS ARTWORK WAS MADE COLLECTIVELY BY
HUMANS, INTENTIONALLY WITHOUT THE USE OF AI

WARNING!

This zine contains critical perspectives that may cause you to question the status quo. Listening to **Soundsystem Music** may cause spontaneous **dancing**, **build community**, and encourage a general **rejection of the mainstream**. Please be advised.



Strength in Numbers – Respect the Collective

*Created without AI by the JTF Collective
in Mi'kma'ki / Kjiptuk / Halifax*



10.25



ACAB