



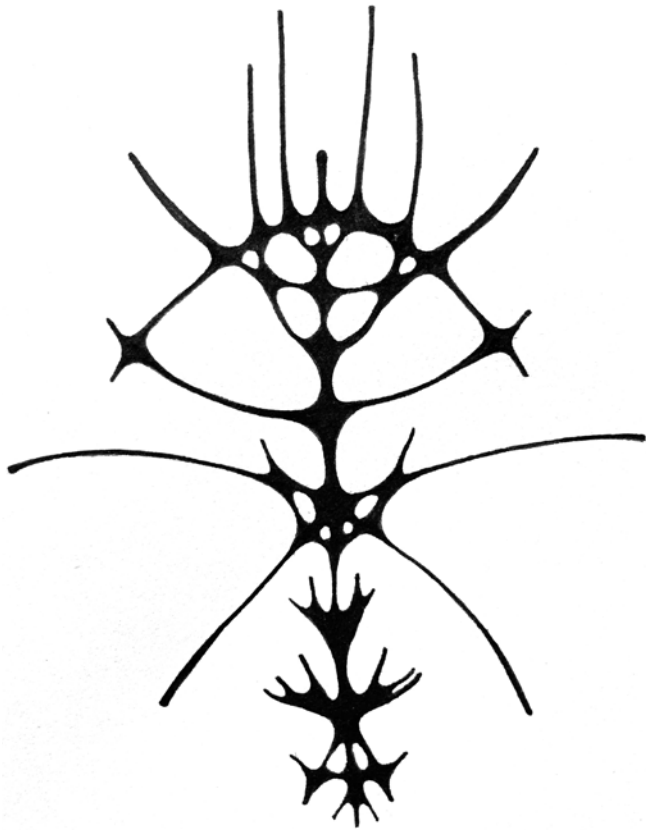
VOL. 01
ISS. 02

THE DANCE FLOOR IS POLITICAL

JUMP THE FENCE

■ STRENGTH IN NUMBERS ■ RESPECT THE COLLECTIVE





***A dancefloor without the politics,
is a rebellion without a reason.***

***The dancefloor exists of necessity,
to move together in unity.***

***Dance to the music,
jump fences.***

***Connect to the history,
make space for the margins.***

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The Dancefloor is Political

Contributed By: Korvidae and earthtone

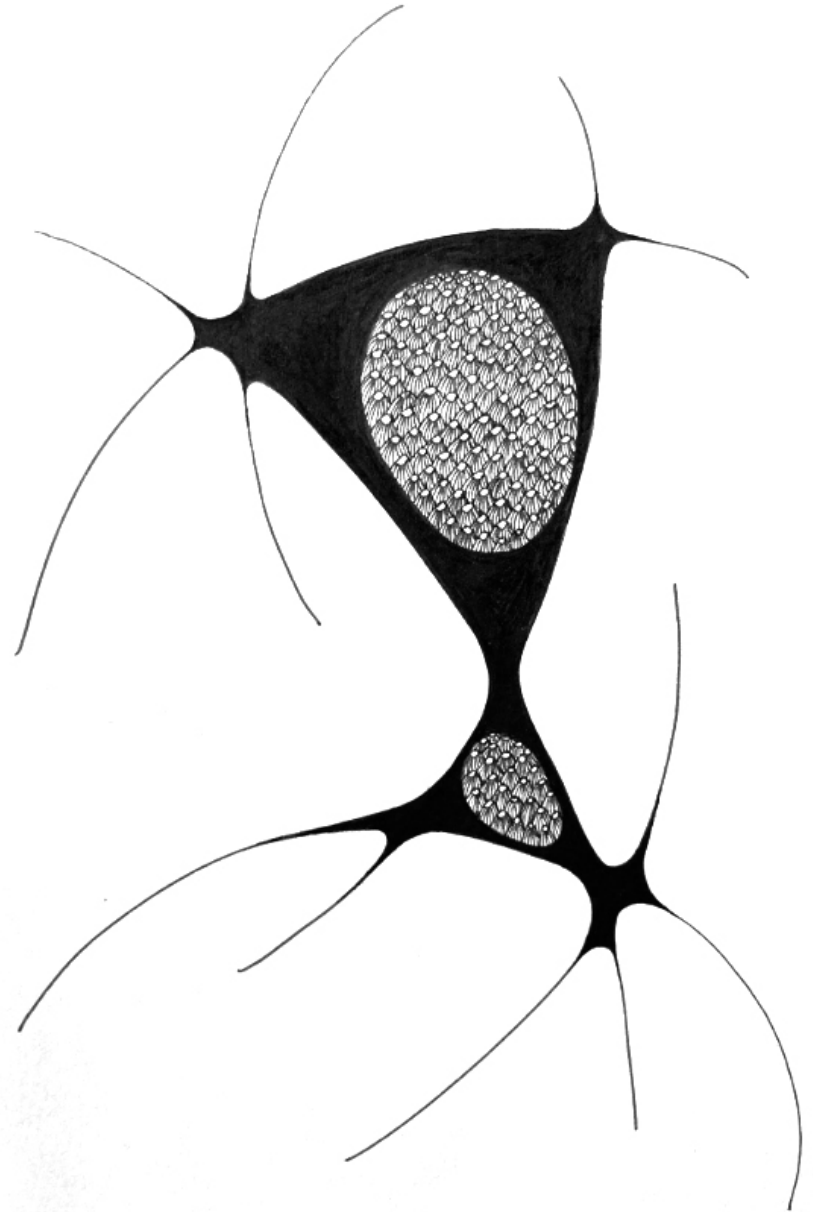
The dancefloor is political because the ways we show up in community, how we spend our time and energy are intrinsically linked to history, current events, and the overarching power structures that contextualize our lives. It matters how we link our values into the spaces and community we co-create. We are not just passively witnessing, we are active participating.

The choice to avoid politicizing party / entertainment spaces is also a political one, and to say that the music and the culture aren't political is not only horribly incorrect, but is an act of erasure. These spaces have historically been built by and for queer, trans and racialized folks, in order to create safety and community in the margins.

The mainstreaming of aspects of the culture serves like gentrification of a marginalized neighbourhood, co-opting what is palatable and profitable while pushing out the community that we created in the first place. They take what is beautiful and raw and radical, and pulverize it into a whitewashed conglomerate that all look and sound the same.

Saying the dance floor is political is a reclamation – it is a way to actively subvert the boring and harmful idea that rave culture is purely about escape. How bland of us to only gather in order to forget our dreary lives, and miss the opportunity to remind each other that there is so much more we want to fight for. We dance together to build community, to reclaim our bodies, to remember that collectively we have the power. We can point to so many moments throughout history where fascism was brought to it's knees by the people rising up together.

They want us to feel powerless, small, and un-impactful; but that narrative only serves those who seek to infantilize us. It is integral as artists to remind each other that the dancefloor is political, that we have a responsibility to the people who co-create the dance floors we orchestrate. We are here as a reminder that we don't need to settle for the status quo, to invite critical thinking, and to spark a desire to dream of something different.



Disco as the Root of Resistance

Contributed By: Ellen Murphy Timbre



Disco was born in NYC during a time of immense cultural, social and economic change. Deindustrialization resulted in a period of economic downturn in NYC (as well as most North American urban centres of the time). Factories that once employed thousands of people closed at an alarming rate, leaving communities of mostly marginalized peoples largely unemployed and heavily dependent on social services. Under this backdrop of economic instability, the unjust Vietnam war, and second wave feminism masking the opportunism of white bourgeois women in society with the idea of “sisterhood” (Bell Hooks)– queer people, predominantly Black and Latinx men and trans women, were increasingly targeted by the state. In the wake of the Stonewall Uprising of 1969, mainstream clubs became more and more hostile to queer people and as a result, parties started to move underground. Here, queer culture flourished in the safety and freedom of the dancefloor.

One of the first spaces that emerged in the oppressive and homophobic world of the early 1970's was The Loft – a party organized by early DJ Dave Mancuso to create community and connection among people who were seeking liberation. It was The Loft, and so many places like it that birthed much of what we now hold dear about electronic music, and dancing in community. Mancuso seamlessly blended genres that his friends and partygoers loved to dance to – soul, funk, pan-African and Latin American dance music. The music that was played in underground clubs became top sellers of the time despite never making it onto mainstream music charts. This fusion of danceable, diverse music are the foundations of what we think of when we think “disco”.

Here lie the roots of resistance which popularized spinning records for people to dance to, mixing sounds in intelligent ways that led to the creation of hip hop. This would later lead to the creation of the 90's underground rave scene with its acid house and techno which we recognize as early forms of “EDM” or electronica, as us elder millennials like to call it. Without disco, there would be no dance parties, no raves, no leaving it all on the dancefloor, leaving aside disco's contribution to fashion and style. We owe it all to the Black, Latinx queer and trans people who created the gift of the dancefloor and passed it on to us.

When Dancing is Also Resistance or: Don't Ask for Permission

Contributed By: Korvidae

The flyer says to message this number on signal on the day of the party, and you will get the directions. When we do, the response is silly, poetic, full of emojis and riddles and encouragement. It doesn't start till midnight so we take a nap, eat a snack, take a little mdma, and hop on our bikes. The excitement is electric, we laugh and sing and howl as we cruise downhill. Arms outstretched, I wonder if this is what it truly feels like to be alive. As we get closer the giggles become muffled, in hands, on shoulders. 'Park your car or your bike a few blocks away' the message said. 'Crawl through the hole in the fence', it said. 'Be extra quiet!' it said. We see others emerging through the night on the same mission we are, and follow them through the fence. We walk across the concrete, turn the corner at a shipping container, and see friends talking and laughing quietly while smoking outside, hidden from the view of the road. Beyond them there is a warehouse door propped open. We duck under the door, and the warehouse opens up around us. The only windows are 30 ft up, and many of them are broken. The space is full of graffiti, the floor is dust and dirt. The dance floor is an organism of individual flowing bodies moving collectively.

In the middle of the night, we take a break from dancing to explore the space a bit. We come across people fucking on the upper floor, yell sorry to interrupt and giggle as we scurry away. We kiss in the back corner, hold hands as we run around. Our bodies rejoin the living organism, and we stay there till the morning light starts to peep through the broken windows. Emerging from the warehouse as the music winds down, friends faces aglow in the misty morning air. We bike home, as people are jogging, or walking their dog, or on their way to work. It feels good to exist outside of the timeline that the rest of the world seems to be on.

We pull our truck up to the skatepark, driving into the middle of the biggest park in town like we belong there (because we do). Unload the subs, the tops, the CDJs, and the genny. The skaters give us a bit of a look, they are used to punk shows, not whatever we are bringing. But they know like we know, no one owns this space.

The genny roars in the background but you can't hear it over the subwoofers. The dj booth is a plastic fold-up table with a black sheet over it. The stage lights are the overhead street lamps.

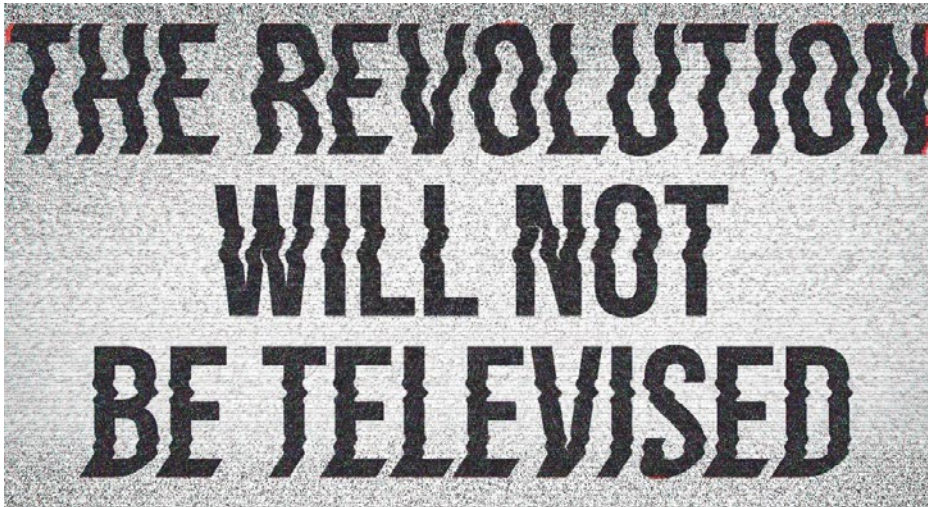
The dance floor graffitied concrete, full of people of all ages, punks and hippies and skaters and anarchists. Some folks sit on the bleachers, or line the edge of the skatepark and the berm that rises up on the side. Curious people walk through the park, craning their necks to see what is going on. Some join, but most continue on their way. The lights from the hospital across the street never shut off. The cranes are still, the ever looming symbol of unrestrained development. The sound curfew is 11, and we keep an eye out for cops but none come. The only thing that ends up shutting us down is the rain. We laugh at ourselves as we pack up and remind ourselves to bring a canopy next time. As we pull away the park is quiet except for a few stragglers. We look at each other and nod -- we will be back.

We occupy space, spreading the word by whisper or by poster or by conspiring grin. We don't ask for permission, we take what we can because we must. They have stolen so much, and they continue to do so. Our time, our creative expression, our energy, our fire. But we don't have to just lay down and let them. Break into buildings, occupy parks and streets and rooftops. Invite people in, let them know what is possible. Remind each other that this world is ours to create in, to be loud in, to be obscene in. We can't let each other forget.



Revolution Will Not Be Live-Streamed

Contributed By: Harmsworth



Disclaimer- this article is not a condemnation of anyone throwing events for profit, I understand we live in a capitalist society - making money off something you love does not make you a capitalist - as long as your intention is pure and your goal is to push the culture forward then you are cool with me.

Now that that's out of the way...

I'm not here to argue the merits of capitalism, but you have to admit, it's a hell of an antagonist. It creates the prudence that makes dropping acid feel revolutionary. It creates the conservatives that make spiking your hair an act of war. Maybe that's why we're in this neo-fascist shit-show now-the mainstream goes "woke" (god, I hate that word), and the disenfranchised get fed a lie that immigrants are the problem, not the capitalist machine grinding their lives into dust. But that's a whole different article.

My question is, what happens when the machine gets an upgrade? What happens when the antagonist isn't just a stuffy parent or a politician, but the very fabric of our reality-the Internet?

Let's get one thing straight: I'm not nostalgic. The "good old days" were a mirage of cigarette smoke and unchecked bigotry. But they had one thing we've lost: the space to be truly, gloriously uncool without an audience.

Every generation has had its moment. The hippies with their psychedelic rejection of the Protestant work ethic. The punks spitting in the face of conservatism with safety pins and three chords. The hip-hop pioneers turning block parties into a global voice for the unheard. The rave kids building temporary autonomous zones in forgotten warehouses rebelling against the commercialization of dance music and nightlife.

These movements were a direct, visceral response to the mainstream of their time. And as long as we're trapped in this capitalist death spiral, that's the deal: every counterculture is destined to be digested, shat out, and sold back to us as a lame, mass-market product. Tie-dye shirts at Walmart. Punk fashion curated by Zumiez. "EDM" festivals sponsored by a fucking energy drink.

We're living in the era of instant co-option. There is no gestation period. An underground scene doesn't get five years to develop its own codes, its own sound, its own fashion. It gets five seconds. The moment something bubbles up-a new sound from a DIY show, a specific way of dressing from a niche corner of TikTok-it's identified by the algorithm. It's stripped of its context, its meaning, its soul. That raw, angry punk riff becomes background music for a Shopify ad. The anti-consumerist ethos of a subculture becomes a #aesthetic, with the entire wardrobe available for next-day delivery on Shein.

Look at what happened to the rave scene. It was born in the shadows, built on landlines and word-of-mouth, a genuine escape from the mainstream. Now? It's a sponsored "experience." The fashion is mass-produced, the music is sanitized, and the revolution has been packaged into a \$500 festival wristband.

This isn't the slow co-option of the past, where it took corporations a decade to figure out how to sell "cool." This is hyper-capitalism. The internet, especially social media, is a cultural digestion system. It chews up anything with a pulse of authenticity and shits out a product before the originators have even caught their breath.

So, What's Left?

The answer is hiding in plain sight, right there in the question. If the culture is the Internet-a homogenized, five-website hell-scape of screenshots and surveillance capitalism-then the only true form of rebellion is to log the fuck off.

The concept of the Internet was, and still is, amazing. It connected freaks and geeks from all over the world.

But capitalism did what it always does: it monopolized the wild west and turned it into a strip mall . Now we have five websites that just share screenshots of one another . So the rebellion now is in the physical.

It's in the friction.

A revolution can't be live-streamed because a live stream has no friction. It's instantly accessible, instantly shareable, and instantly co-optable. Real counterculture needs friction to survive. It needs the slow burn of word-of-mouth. It needs the tangible weight of a zine like this one in your hands. It needs the secret location of a party spread through whispers, not a public Eventbrite link.

The only way to build something that can't be instantly sold is to build it in a place where the sellers aren't looking. The algorithm can't scrape a conversation in a dive bar. It can't monetize a look it never sees.

It needs you to get together in real life.

The importance of "third spaces"—the places that aren't home or work/school —is only now being talked about as they vanish. And I can't put into words how vital they are. This is the new front line.

So, here's your call to action, your small way to fight back:

- Loiter at your local coffee shops. Talk to the person next to you.
- If you're lucky enough to still have a record store, hang out there. Argue about music with a stranger.
- Start a reading group. Plant a community garden. Host a DIY show in your basement. ANYTHING that gets people together.

The goal is connection, not content. It's more important than ever to get offline. The most radical thing you can do is to be hard to find.

The next counterculture won't be defined by a sound or a style, but by a choice: the choice to be present, to be un-optimized, to be un-algorithmically friendly. It won't be announced with a viral hashtag. It will be whispered. It will move slow by internet standards. It will be defined by its absence from the feed.

And the World is a Dancefloor

Contributed By: Clinger<3

I know where the good tunes are, I got a plug, and I look fucking hot. Let's go.

I hit the floor and I start to move. I go outside for a smoke after the set. Someone compliments me on my flow. "you're the party!" He exclaims. Someone asks him for change. He tells them: "The world can only be so big" as he walks back inside. Well! I guess the party's leaving.

...
On our way out of the last event, my partner hugged a drunken man willing to fight for us. My partner explained that there was no one to fight. He joined the party and thanked us for the chat.

...
Another time I was rolling at a skatepark show. Just talking everybody's ear off. I noticed an older man I didn't know approaching the edge of the park. He was watching some kids play while their guardian's back was turned. I figured I'd talk his ear off too. I started by asking him what he was up to. He was immediately defensive. He refused to come into our world. He left, the rain broke out, and the music stopped.

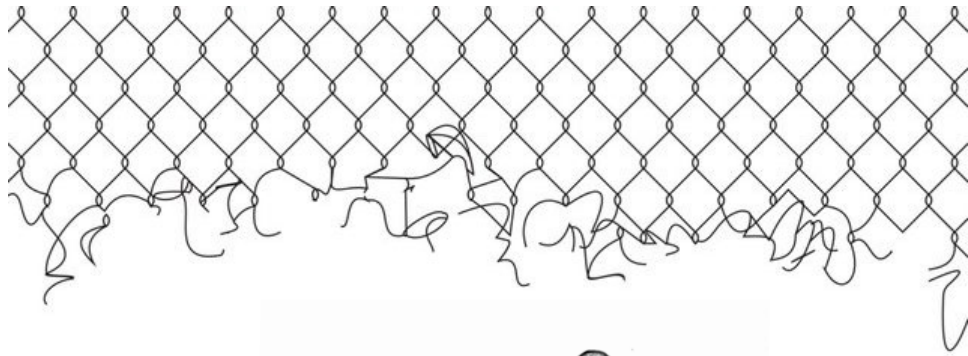
Nothing left to do but jump the fence I guess.

...
IF the dancefloor is political AND the world is your dance floor THEN

1. The World is Political
2. The Party Never Ends
3. Jumping the Fence is not a Metaphor

Give away your \$20 bills, pick up the trash, talk to strangers (on drugs) and actually jump the fence.





Music
Connects
Society



This Event is a Fundraiser! We say Free Palestine!

Together we're raising money to support the work of The Sanabel Team (@pal.gaza14) who provide food for hundreds of people in Gaza each day, and providing direct support to a young Palestinian Ghazawi family trying to survive the Israeli violence and genocide.



What is the purpose of the humans right organizations and United Nations in the world if they cannot stop genocide? **The bombing in Gaza never ended!!** The occupation is targeting both Lebanon and Gaza right now!! There are many martyrs which includes children!!! Who will hold Israel accountable for their crimes against humanity?? After more than two years where is the action to preserve our lives?? Will people only feel sorry when we are talked about in the history books? The failure to stop genocide as it appears before your eyes will be the stain on humanity that will remain forever! @pal.gaza14 - November 19th, 2025

Scan to [donate to pal.gaza14](https://www.pal.gaza14.com) anytime and they need constant support:



Help support Abeer and her family

Abeer, her husband Ashraf, and children Shams (3) and Yousef (16 months) need our help. Over the past few months the family has only been eating once daily. They can't afford food or diapers. A 3 year old and 16 month old shouldn't have to face famine and war like this. Abeer is doing a great job stretching their food by re-kneading bread to make pasta and entertaining her children.

A MESSAGE FOR YOU

يارب كن معي فلا أحد يعلم
، ما تمر به غيرك."

"Oh God, be with me, for no one knows what I am going through but You."

This money will go to Abeer to buy food, clothing and medicine for her family. Due to scarcity, essentials such as a bag flour can cost between \$100-1000 USD. Campaigns like this are the only source of income right now. Any amount you can donate is helpful. (from the [chuffed.org](https://www.chuffed.org) fundraiser page)

Scan to
[donate](https://www.pal.gaza14.com)
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[Ghazawi](https://www.pal.gaza14.com)
[family:](https://www.pal.gaza14.com)



RESOURCES!

The Dancefloor is Political!

Politics of the Dance Floor

HKW – Kerstin Meißner and Sarah Farina

<https://tinyurl.com/3cuyj67e>

Reclaiming the Rave: The Politics of Space on the Dance Floor

Medium – Wafa Ktaech

<https://tinyurl.com/32cssjaz>

Liberation on the Dance Floor: Interview with Craig Jennex

The Arquives – Mailey Horner

<https://tinyurl.com/ys73scy7>

This party is political: the moving politics of the queer dancefloor in 120

BPM – Taylor and Francis Online – Alice Pember

<https://tinyurl.com/36hch3w6>

Dancefloor is a Radicalising Kind of Moment: A Conversation with Ani Phoebe

– NO NIIN – Masha Glazunova

<https://tinyurl.com/2sjxhz5v>

A rave review: Bogomir Doringer explores the political bearing of the dance floor

– Minimal Collective – Agri Ibrahim

<https://tinyurl.com/t2t6yacd>

The Dance Floor Has Always Been Political – Music, resistance, and the illusion of ‘escapism’

– Diaries of a Creatrix – Jade Scarfone

<https://tinyurl.com/2bwbf5uu>

The Dancefloor as a Political Arena

We Are Europe – Vincent Carry, Lyon Bogomir Doringer, Dave Haslam

<https://tinyurl.com/fp737xkf>

India’s Right-Wing Raves: Hindutva, Zionism, and Psychedelic Trance – Brown History

– Masha Hassan

<https://tinyurl.com/yw2xjyyd>

Reading List (books and zines):

Assembling a Black Counter Culture – DeForrest Brown

Teklife, Ghettoville, Eski: The Sonic Ecologies of Black Music – Danveer Sing Brnar

Raving – McKenzie Wark

Bass Culture: When Reggae Was King – Lloyd Bradley

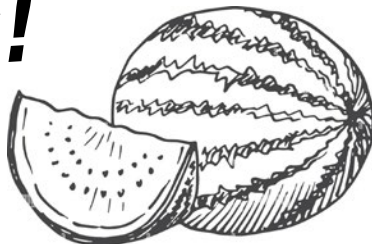
All Crews – Brian Belle-Fortune

Renegade Snares – Ben Murphy and Carl Loben

State of Bass: The Origins of Jungle/Drum and Bass – Martin James

Energy Flash: A Journey Through Rave Music and Dance Culture – Simon Reynolds

Who Says Reload – Paul Terlluzi



Seed and Spark Book Co-operative

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.



Solidarity with Palestine from Turtle Island to the West Bank!

ZINES

ACAB Includes the Peace Police

Born Palestinian, born Black: Antiracism and the Womb of Zionist Settler Colonialism by Sarah Ihmoud

In-Depth Interviews with 3 Members of the Fauda, the Anarchist Movement in Palestine

No State Solution: On Social War, Israel, and the Alibi of the State by Shuli Branson

Palestine’s and Turtle Island’s Liberations are Entwined by Mohamed Abdou

BOOKS

Advocating for Palestine in Canada: Histories, Movements, Action

Interviews with Radical Palestinian Women by Shoal Collective

Heaven Looks Like Us: Palestinian Poetry edited by George Abraham and Noor Hindi

Perfect Victims by Mohammed El-Kurd

Siegebreakers by Justin Podur

Thyme Travellers: An Anthology of Palestinian Speculative Fiction ed. by Sonia Sulaiman

FILMS

Foragers by Jumana Manna

Where Olive Trees Weep by Maurizio Benazzo & Zaya Benazzo

PODCASTS

The Beautiful Idea – International Solidarity Movement Volunteers Speak on Building Solidarity in the West Bank

Upstream – Palestine Pt. 15: The Gaza Freedom Flotilla w/ Chris Smalls & Huwaida Arraf

The Dugout – Palestinian Liberation and Black Solidarity

How to Throw a Squatted Dance Party by anonymous (CrimethInc)

<https://tinyurl.com/mu8phpww>

Illicit Dance Parties and How to Make Them by Nick Adams (microcosm)

<https://tinyurl.com/mrb9x7mn>

Rave Ethics by Catherine Hilgers

<https://tinyurl.com/wemwdfrr>

Rave Report by Verity Raphael

<https://www.theravereport.com/>

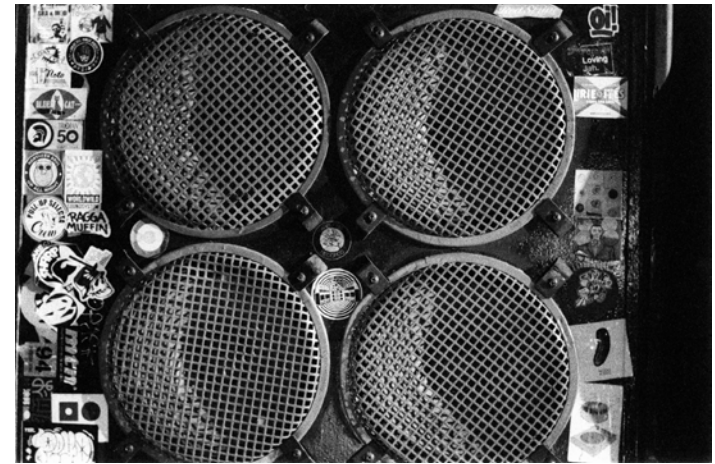
Reclaimed Spaces and Secret Cities



Contributed By: Wally

*Families forged through veiled frequencies
In reclaimed spaces and secret cities
Amidst the rubble, ghosts of endless nights
Replaced overnight with towers of blight*

*The hunt is now on for future churches
As the nighthawk relentlessly searches
To drown out the noise, a shelter so loud
We've found a true home submerged in the crowd*





They use it for paintball normally. There's a swamp on the land, so there are tons of mosquitoes.

You know where the coscto is? That big field next to it. There's one spot with a bunch of old broken pianos.

Yeah, it's a Chinese buffet during the day... it's actually decent!

Take a turn off this road, and walk down the dirt path. There are four barred-off entrances, but the one on the right is open just enough to squeeze through... I heard they condemned this tunnel because trucks kept getting stuck halfway through.

The tall building by the train tracks... Walk up the fire exit all the way to the top.

It's the bingo hall next to the go-kart spot.

This place was built over a century ago to welcome French migrants. It gets mad hot in there though; bring lots of water!

Apparently it used to be an incinerator, but these two brothers use it as a warehouse to store a bunch of weird machinery.

Some swank restaurant that serves overpriced tapas—you'll hear the bass from a block away; they brought the whole sound system.

Walk under the highway; there's an abandoned burnt-up car. It's in the warehouse across the street.

The guy bought a wooden castle with a view on the water and made it into a lodge. Solid 8-hour drive, though.



What Would It Take?

Contributed By: El Brunet

TW - Sexual trauma

Dance spaces are fluid chaos. They can also be either ends of a spectrum between pleasure and distress, and anywhere in between. They can be incredibly healing, or (re)traumatizing. We've seen comrades leave in ambulance for a wide array of reasons. We've witnessed friends have ecstatic life altering realizations. We've met chosen family, lovers, partners, and lifelong friends on the floor.

This piece is from the lived experience of being non-binary/AFAB, and sort of typically feminine presenting (whatever that means). And like most of siblings that grew up similarly being perceived as girls, I've experienced too much sexual violence and trauma for this lifetime.

In my early twenties, I was dancing weekly in Montreal and Toronto at ecstatic dances, contact improvisation jams and raves whenever I could. Contact improv is a subtype of modern dancing where people explore movement through touch, weight exchange (leaning on, falling, lifting, etc.), and oftentimes floor work.

Learning to exist and collaborate in those spaces was quite transformative. At that point in my life, I was so traumatized from past sexual trauma that connecting with men in any shape or form felt terrifying and activating for my nervous system.

In sober and *somewhat* safer spaces, I got to explore through kinetic exchanges how to develop a stronger sense of inner safety. I had to learn to get in touch with my body. With its sensations, desires, limits, capacity, and how to assertively communicate either through body language or verbally if need be.

In touch with our bodies? Easier said than done when living under oppressive systems that benefit from our numbing, our obedience, and our disconnection from our body's wisdom.

I experienced (healing experiences with men that are committed to being feminist allies. They felt safe because they were respectful, attentive, and they could be soft and calm. But I also kept on having re-traumatizing experiences with men that felt entitled to touching my body, or to aggressively flirt in disrespectful ways. Sharing non-sober dancefloors with cis-men can be exhausting. I've learned to be vigilant and constantly aware of my surroundings. It requires energy and it makes it hard to fully enjoy myself, to

let go fully and to get lost in the moment. I sometimes will share one look with a pal and know the creep behind them trying to get -real- close is undesired. We step in, get between them and dance with our friend until he leaves. We got to trust our intuition. I've also learned to build a tougher shell so that men would not mess with me. We shouldn't have to do that in the first place. We shouldn't have to feel scared for our bodily autonomy and our safety at parties. But we do.

If you're a cis-man reading this, talk to your friends and hold them responsible if you see them flirting or acting inappropriately with women/gender diverse folks at events. Learn to take "no" as a full, complete answer. Learn a thing or two about body language. If they're interested, it'll be visibly noticeable. And if they aren't, leave them alone. Sexual harassment and flirting are very different energies. Sexual harassment has no place on the dancefloor (or anywhere).

The culture is slowly shifting, but too slowly for my liking. No matter what, we'll keep on getting down to that bass and taking care of each other.



When Real Raves Matter

Contributed By: Alex Walsh p.k.a. Cloverdale

Notes from Navigating a Decade of Raving & The Music Industry
My first real rave happened in London in 2012. Before that, I'd been to a handful of dance events – big stages, EDM headliners like Skrillex and Deadmau5, and a lot of 123 jumping, but nothing prepared me for that particular night in London. It changed everything, giving me a deeper understanding of what rave culture actually is.

The difference was noticeable before we even arrived. A local friend sent us a link to a random site for tickets; there was no Facebook event or online marketing, and I couldn't even find a venue name. All I knew was it was "a party with DJs and it will be fun." We snagged a couple of tickets, and an address was emailed to us a few hours later.

We took the tube to London Bridge Station. Nothing about the area suggested a rave was happening nearby. The venue itself was tucked underneath an old train line. It wasn't a club or a trendy warehouse. This event, Whirl-y-Gig, had been running every month since 1981. You could feel the history in the room: stickers from decades ago, mismatched decor, fabric draped from the ceiling, and pillows scattered everywhere. It felt more like walking into Grandma's living room than a modern club.

The party came out of a much older lineage of London DIY culture. Events like Whirl-y-Gig were built on the idea that dance, community, and self-expression could exist outside of commercial nightlife. They were alternatives focused on inclusivity, independence, resistance, and the belief that music and dancing serve as a space for deep human connection. Even in 2012, that ethos was alive.

I was 20 years old, and the crowd was a mix of young folks and ravers in their 50s, 60s, and even 70s. One of the DJs looked like he could have been someone's grandfather. The fashion was a mix of everything: everyday streetwear, neon gear, massive rave pants, leather outfits. None of it matched. None of it mattered. Even in the lineup outside, there was a shared excitement that wasn't about celebrity DJs or Instagram moments. It was a space where nobody was performing for anyone else. People were actually present. There was no VIP section. No hierarchy. No separation. It felt like a genuine free space. Free from judgment, expectations, and the pressure to be "cool" or "successful." The experience was transcendental. I met folks that night I still think about over a decade later.



I walked out around 9 AM, exhausted, sweat-soaked, and completely clear on one thing: I wanted to be a part of environments like this. That night changed the trajectory of my life. I came home to Canada and dedicated myself to music and rave culture.

I poured every ounce of my being into producing, hosting events, and building a career in music & raving. I was young, eager, and perhaps naive. Mentally, I grouped all “dance music” together, assuming that any event with DJs and a crowd carried those same values I saw in London. Over time, it only became more apparent that was not the case.

It took years of touring North America to fully understand the divide. I played big club shows in Miami and Vegas with rooms built around bottle service, VIP lines, and social status. The focus wasn't connection; it was consumption. It was about who was drinking what and who was standing where. I was grateful to be making a living, but those environments felt hollow, completely disconnected from why I fell in love with the culture in the first place.

True raving gives people something they don't get in a Vegas superclub. It creates a connection that is deeply personal, but also political – a like-minded crowd with values that stand for something. Rave culture was built out of resistance, a community response to repression, surveillance, racism, homophobia, and policing. It was the antithesis of the Miami Pool Party.

Today, much of that spirit has been watered down. Corporate interests have turned “raving” into a marketing tool, selling underground culture back to people at luxury prices. Boiler Room, one of the events that gave the world a look into raving, is now hosting 30,000-person events with pop stars and Bacardi sponsors. The brand is now owned by the same private equity firm that supplies arms to the IDF. The gap between values and reality becomes most obvious when you speak up. A lot of artists, myself included, learn quickly that honesty can cost you work.

In late 2023, as Israel began the bombardment of Gaza, I shared my support for the Palestinian people on social media. I simply didn't think opposing mass killing was controversial. To my surprise, within a week, my booking agent dropped me without any discussion, specifically citing my social media posts.

That experience made it painfully clear: for many in the corporate music industry, “unity” is conditional. It disappears the moment it threatens profit or the status quo. The only way anything changes is if more of us speak up, together.

Despite all of that, it's only motivated me further to seek out and foster spaces that align with the true values of rave culture. It's all because of the love of the music, the people, and the community. A community of people who care more about the moment than the optics. Who care about each other. Who care about the earth and humanity as a whole. Who stand up for one another's right to exist and live freely. Take ‘Jump The Fence’ for example, having it be ‘pay what you choose’ comes from the desire to be ultra-inclusive and accessible to all.

That first night in London set the standard: It was genuine, raw, intergenerational, unpredictable, and full of love and acceptance. It showed me that dance music isn't just for partying—it fosters a sacred space for human connection.



Why do we dance? We dance because we are free.

Contributed By: earthtone

Dance is fundamental, it lives in our bodies as cultural memory, the keys to community and belonging in bodily movement. Dance is a metonym for freedom and we see this is not only true in the ways that this cultural phenomenon has created safety for those on the margins to move their bodies and connect through music and shared experience, but also in the ways in which pop culture used dance to literally symbolize freedom. Pop culture is ever a mirror to society, and if we're careful, we can catch a glimpse of the truth it tells beneath the shiny veneer.

In the movie *Footloose* we're presented with a small town in the grips of an authoritarian "moral" crusader who has outlawed dance and only Kevin Bacon shaking his ass can free the youth. If you think about the context, *Footloose* was released in 1984. This is the same year Mulroney was elected Prime Minister in Canada and just 4 years after both Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher took office in their respective fiefdoms. Here is a context in which there was a literal campaign from the highest offices that was coordinated internationally against the infantile beginnings of the rave and dance music culture we know today, created by marginalized youth who liberated themselves in the dark recesses of the rave.

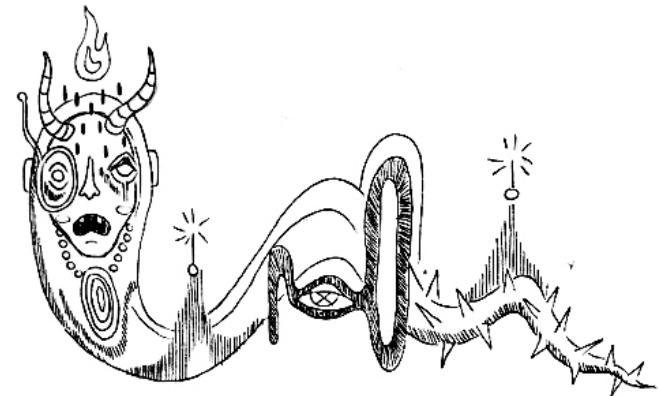
These themes are repeated across pop culture and film, telling the truth even as the themes are co-opted and misrepresented (Kevin Bacon, for example, is obviously not representative of the largely queer, racialized, and working-class youth who actually created the movement we're talking about). In James Cameron's *Titanic* retelling we see the theme again. Not only does dance represent freedom and the raucous party of the lower decks and lower class peoples shows the wealth does not mean freedom, indeed it juxtaposes that depiction of freedom with the rigid, intensely confined and claustrophobic opulence of the first class passengers. Strict expectations for dress, intense focus on the privilege, violently racist and classist attitudes abound in the upper echelons, and everything is overlaid with a sexist and derogatory treatment of women. Of note 24% of *Titanic* third-class passengers survived versus a reported 60% survival rate of first-class passengers. Largely due to the fact that they caged and locked the third-class passengers below decks for the crime of being poor. A digression but an instructive one. Classic movies about the early electronic music scene like *Human Traffic*, *Groove*, *Party Monster*, etc. also depict and elevate the experience of gathering to dance, expressing belatedly in film what we all already know in our bodies - to dance is to feel free.

What does this have to do with rave culture in the mid 2020's? In an era of increasing authoritarianism and an EDM culture fully incorporated into the capitalist mainstream, who yet dances for this true liberation? Where are the truly radical spaces that resist incorporation into culture of consumption?

While the politics and rebelliousness have been actively drained from electronic music culture, it's also been documented that soldiers from the IDF fleeing the trauma of their own genocidal actions are taking furlough to go to Goa, to use drugs, and to dance to psytrance to try to escape the stench of moral decay that follows them wherever they go. This is not freedom, this is not a dance of liberation. It's a macabre theft of the fundamental birthright we carry within us to move in time to the music as it carries us beyond the here and now. To me this (and many other reasons) is why the dancefloor will always be a political space. My politics enter with me, and they were shaped by my own early experiences in such spaces.

We can see through this lens also that dance is an effective tool for liberation and protest and indeed it has been put to use across the globe as a cultural and spiritual practice of resistance. There is power in the Dabke being danced in the face of Israeli snipers, power in the incorporation of music and dance into ICE protests in LA, there is power in the revolutionary dance culture of disco and the underground raves of the 1980's and 90's, there is power in the roots of the music in the black and queer dancefloors of the disco, there is power in the dances that are handed down culturally, and there is power in the music that makes the rhythm to which we collectively dance. To dance is to be immersed in history.

I reject the respectability politics that ask us to be complicit with the theft of culture, with the endorsement of genocide, with the division and parasitism of our labour and our leisure. I dance to be free and to connect to this history. The dancefloor is a battleground and always has been and Jungle is my weapon of choice.



WHAT COMES NEXT?

Get updates and hear about our 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 Kijipuktuk / Halifax

Oct 17th 2025	Vol. 01	Iss. 01 + event at 2037 Gottingen
Nov 28th 2025	Vol. 01	Iss. 02 + event at 2037 Gottingen
Dec 19th 2025	Vol. 01 -	Iss. 03 + event at 2037 Gottingen
Oct 17th 2025	Details TBD	
Oct 17th 2025	Details TBD	
Oct 17th 2025	Details TBD	
Oct 17th 2025	Details TBD	

THIS MACHINE
KILLS
FASCISTS



POLICY OF RESPECT

We promote a culture of consent. Respect people's bodies, boundaries, 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, anti-capitalist, and pro Land Back. No discrimination of any kind will be tolerated.

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

The space we make together is scared. If someone is making you 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

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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 in the Collective

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



11.25

ACAB