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# TANGENTOPOLI

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The Advance Party

PO Box 3290

London NW2 3UJ

Tel or Fax: 081 959 7525

*Forward to the future!*

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· Crime is the product of a Criminal Society.

You are no doubt aware by now of the Criminal Justice Bill currently making its way through Parliament, and due to come into force before the end of the Summer. What you are less likely to know is what its provisions will mean for you.

It is surely the measure of a free-society that it is able to accomodate diversity. Laws should only be enacted as a last resort. You don't solve homelessness by making homeless people criminals, for instance. And yet this is exactly what the Criminal Justice Bill does, attacking travellers and squatters merely for being without a home. In the same way you don't solve a difference of opinion between neighbours by taking sides. You attempt to make some compromise. But this is manifestly what the Bill fails to do, making open-air Raves and free-festivals illegal; in other words, defining the activities of one part of the population as unacceptable while giving excessive powers to the police to protect the rest. There will be people who do not like Raves, and who might prefer not to have them on their doorstep, but we have to make it clear to them that this is no excuse for making our enjoyment illegal. Surely the solution would be to provide sites away from built up areas so that we can pursue our particular activities without causing a nuisance. If nuisance was an excuse for banning something then football would be illegal. Or owning a car. Or Church bells. Or... you name it!

The Bill is so loose in its terminology, and allows so much discretion to individual police-officers, that it could easily be abused. Technically 9 picnickers with a ghetto-blaster could be defined as a potential Rave and evicted from the local park. Not only that, but it is almost certain that in enforcing some of these provisions many people having nothing to do with the event are likely to be effected too. For example Clause 49 provides the police with the power to stop people whom they "reasonably believe" to be proceeding to a Rave. How do you define this? The only substantial criterion is by the appearance of the person concerned. In other words, if you don't conform to standards of dress ordained by that particular police-officer, then you're likely to be turned back even if you happen to live around the corner. Whatever next? Should we make baldness a reason for stopping freedom of movement? Or Tweed Jackets illegal? Yes, it's that absurd. Not only that, but this provision contradicts existing legislation which states that a person should not be discriminated against on the basis of dress or colour.

Other provisions are more sinister. For instance, Clause 53 makes it a criminal offence not to leave land if a police officer "reasonably believes" that a person may be "intending" to commit the new offence of Aggravated Trespass. There are two things of immense importance here. The first is that this new offence is the first time in British legal history that trespass has been defined as criminal. There has always been a common-law understanding that people had certain rights over land; an acknowledgement that, prior to the Enclosures, most land was held in common anyway. Rights-of-way established over generations, even over land owned by someone else, have been regarded as sacrosanct. What these new laws state, catagorically and for the first time, is that though I may be a British citizen, I have no rights whatsoever over the soil of my own country. Tell me; how loyal will



this incline me to be towards the British State? The second factor is how vague this provision is, allowing for potential abuse by individual landowners and individual police-officers. I do not even have to commit a crime, notice, I merely have to be "reasonably believed" to be intending to commit a crime; and a "crime", what's more, that I personally don't regard as criminal, ie the act of following a right-of-way that I have always regarded as my own. Needless to say, this is more than likely to effect ramblers, walkers and other lovers of the countryside.

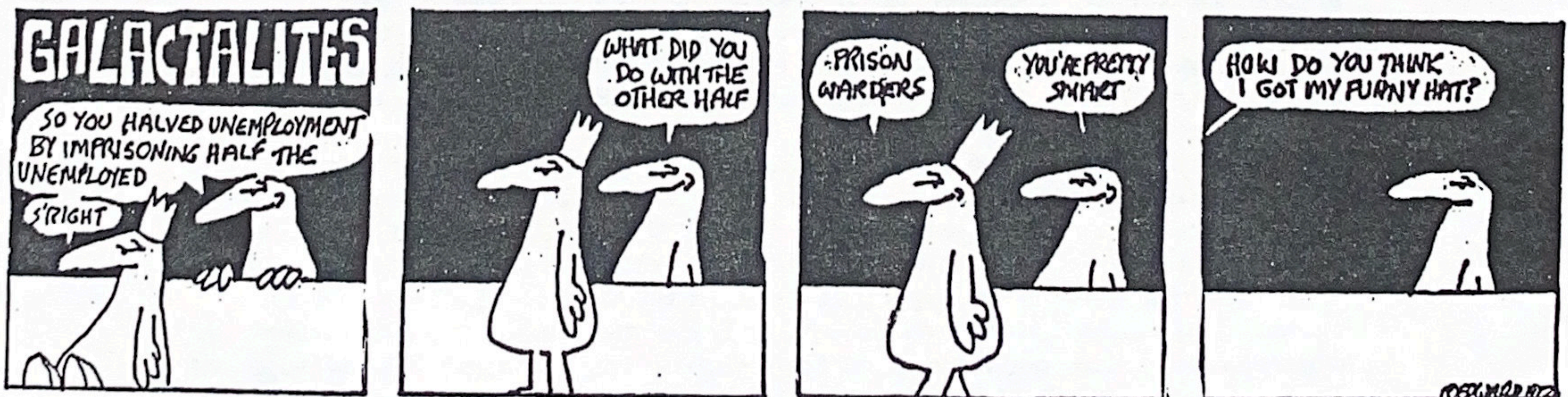
An example of how hypocritical the Establishment's attitudes are is shown by the recent judgement about the Quantock Hunt (you can be certain that the Judge is a hunting man himself). Hunting, of course, is a nuisance to the people over whose land it rages; it is more than a nuisance, it can sometimes cause great distress. And yet it has been decided that the Quantock Hunt can continue despite the landowner's objections (in this case, the local council). Meanwhile, Hunt-protesters cannot object to what they regard as a barbaric activity, even with the landowner's permission. What kind of a country is this? Dual-standards? No; there aren't any standards left, of any description.

There are many people out there who, regarding Ravers/Travellers/Hunt-protesters in a negative light, think "so what; it doesn't effect me." But they should BE WARNED: any attack upon the Civil-liberties of one group has to have a knock-on effect for everyone. Article 11 of the European Convention on Human Rights states: "Everyone has the right to freedom of peaceful assembly and to freedom of association with others..." Do we dare allow them to risk removing this right from us for the convenience of the rest? And, having done so, should they be surprised when yet another disenfranchised group turns on them in its fury? If pubs became illegal overnight -or going to Church, or collecting money for The Salvation Army, or attending a Trade Union meeting- ask them; how would you feel?

The list of abuses that this Bill attempts to foist upon us in the name of "Justice" is extensive and frightening. The right of silence (in other words the right to be assumed innocent until proven guilty) is being removed. The right of peaceful protest, the right to travel freely about the country, the right to meet people of like-mind, the right to pursue one's chosen cultural interests, the right to walk freely over the hills and valleys of our own land; all of these are either curbed or seriously diminished by this insane Bill. If anyone says it doesn't matter, ask them; what does matter then?

The Advance Party, along with Charter 88, Liberty and other civil-rights groups, is calling a March and Rally to protest against this dangerous and evil piece of legislation. Sunday 1st May, 2.00pm at Speaker's Corner, Hyde Park, London. If you have any regard for the rights of the British people, if you welcome diversity and don't fear it, and regard personal freedom as a right not to be compromised, then BE THERE. It may be our last chance to preserve some dignity and honour for the British Nation.

A version of this letter has gone out to every Sound-system we know, every national newspaper, every student's union, and a number of other organisations. We will have to see if it makes any difference...





## A VIEW FROM THE CENTRE

Way back

in 1990, Master Ace invited to "Take a Look Around"(Reprise Records)

Wotz a Black Rapper from the ghetto got to say to us in Canterbury in 1994 then?

Well he had a concept called Action3.

So who or what is Action3?

Listen to Master Ace:

"Action is not a person, it is a crew, a posse, a group of individuals that are down together and bound by music".

What does the 3 mean?

"When the word Action is raised to the third power it represents our movement, that is, what the posse stands for. It breaks up the word Action like this:

"Achieve, cause today is over now, as clearly time is on no apparent course to improvement, only negativity"

"That is the message I have for the young and underprivileged. If you take the first letter of each word of my message it will spell out the word 'Action' three times. Thus the power of three".

"The only way to rise out of despair is to achieve.....all I want is for the young people to set goals and to acquire the skills it takes to achieve them and this equals success and happiness".

Now we are not talking skills in the Canterbury College/GCSE/Job Club Circus here.

Listen hard to what he says, think hard about what he says:

I Got Ta Learn from the mistakes that I've made  
I Got Ta Walk whatever path that is laid  
I Got Ta Let things fall as they may  
I Got Ta Live my life by the day  
I Got Ta Help out a friend that's in trouble  
I Got Ta Tell him that we all have to struggle  
I Got Ta TEACH THE YOUTH THAT WE'RE CAPABLE.....  
and lots more.

Now if you thought Mr. Blobby was bad (or BAAAD, depending on how you look at it!) you never expected to have to deal with Dutch Techno Disco Charleston did you?

Even before the beginning the Dead Sea Scrolls informed us that:

"The kidz they dance and shake their bones  
And the politicians throwing stones

And its all too clear we're on our own....."

In its interface with Great Britain PLC,

Dance Music will

dilute itself and become no more than a parody of

its original possibilities. If YOU let it.

What can YOU do?

Bring back that (Easy) loving feeling that you get at a

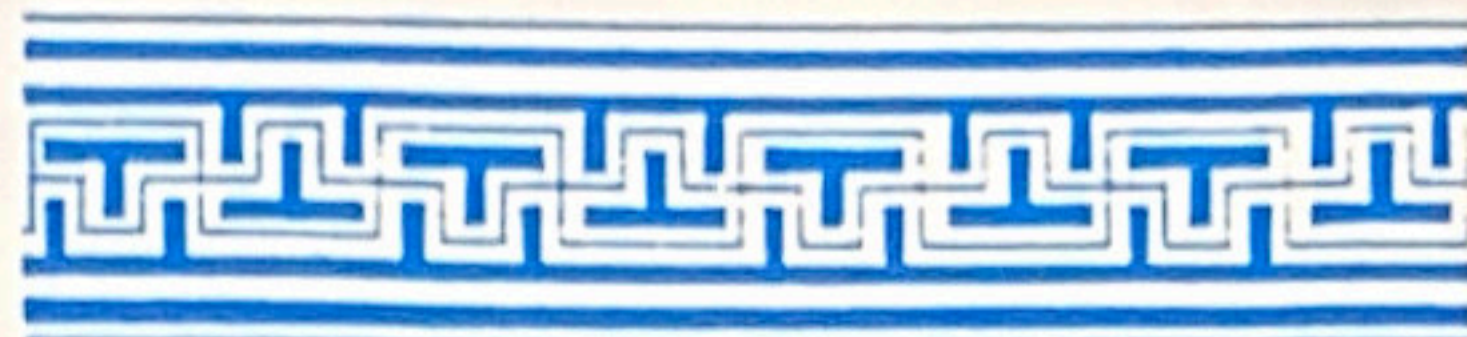
righteous TVC gig to the rest of the drab East Kent experience.

Specifically follow some of Master Ace's advice.

More tips next time....including open heart

surgery without the anaesthetic.

Mental Continuum



## CLUBLAND REFUGEES

### TOP 10

1. Lazonby-(UK, white)
2. Sygnus X-Supersting (Ger, Eye Q)
3. The Peppermint Lounge-Movin Melodies (Belg.)
4. Druid Daithi-(Dutch, Backbone)
5. Nitro-Le Petit Prince (Belg.)
6. Chaineance-Bonzai (Belg.)
7. Waxxad-Stay Up forever (UK)
8. Trance System Division-Transpact (French)
9. Rabbit in the Moon-Remixes (US, Hardkiss)
10. The Ethics EP-See Saw (Dutch)



i-D's ESSENTIAL INFORMATION | APRIL 1994 |

### SOUTH COAST

Although Whitstable is fundamentally a sleepy coastal town, it has always had a surprisingly vibrant after-hours party scene. And now, despite a distinct lack of decent venues and the authorities' dislike of young people, **IVC** have established themselves as a thriving 'Active Party Unit' (official police terminology). tVC, named after Gaye Bikers song *TV Cabbage*, is a collective of DJs and party people in a similar vein to Slack and DiY, and have, for the past year, been throwing similar parties and making friends throughout Kent and Canterbury. They also produce a newsletter, *Tangentopoli*, which reports on new tunes, various happenings, and contains venomous, well-argued, justifiable criticism of the authorities. "We are being forced to stage events illegally in ill-equipped venues or trespass on some farmer's land. In effect, the state is criminalising people who want to work within the framework of the law," they say. Oh, and tVC play some excellent house records. Call 0227 773065 for details of their next event. **Damian Harris Bedrock** Mar 31 at Hastings Pier. Many happy returns for their fourth birthday, an event celebrated with local boy John Digweed, Danny Howells and Mark Rolfe. Cakes and other offerings gratefully accepted.

**Use Yer Loaf** Apr 15 at a secret Brighton location.



# -reviews-

## SONY ARE "REALLY CRAP"

Yet more crap Sony headphone reports flooding in from disgruntled DJ's. (Well 2 anyway.) Both however with the same problem outlined last ish: One channel down and Sony refusing to change or refund. What are they playing at? Do they think we are stupid? (Don't answer that!) Tangent... say "Boycott Sony products. They're not just "crap" they're "really crap".

Have you had problems with "really crap" Sony products? Let us know so we can really put the boot in next time. Mee-ow! Next ish:- Are Sony "really, really completely and utterly fucking crap?" Or have we been making all this up as some kind of adolescent revenge motif? *update:* Our very own Sarah complained about her once loved "Walkman Sports". It cost her £25 to repair the volume button which kept falling off. Guess what? It still falls off and Sony are reluctant to re-repair. Isn't that crap?

## THAT WAS....

- That was Rush in the corner of a certain club giving praise to Jah in a rather ob(li)vious manner rather than dancing. LIKE HE SHOULD BE DOING! It seems that inane grins all round and mucho bullshit unremembered 5 minutes later was the order of the day. And that was before he sparked up. Only joking Rush?

- That was Tejen NOT seen headlining at 7th Heaven? Apparantly the cheeky chappy got a slappy for adolescent misdemeanours. Hey, they're "just good friends!" Don't cha know?

- That was Alice seen "recovering" on the dance floor receiving a constant stream of "supporting friends" offering shoulders to cry on. Ain't that nice?

- That was sweet F.A., we're afraid, dishing out sour grapes to anyone who would listen. Tsk Tsk, boys. Grow up and hand that crown over.

- That was the new 7th Heaven banner displayed behind the decks 't'other night. Cheers Cath! Of course the red/black colour scheme bears no relation to, nor endorses, Anarcho-Syndicalist philosophies. Got that?

- Lets hope the high mong factor on dancefloors recently is merely a temporary abhorration and whilst we're on the subject let's hope a certain high cost, expensive narcotic (see article elsewhere in this ish) doesn't make as big an impact on Kent culture as it has done in London. "bangin'? Us? Naaaah!" "Agression? Attitude? Us? Naaaah!" "Moody? Naah!" "Knobs with too much money? Yeah!" Mee-ow. tVC, it goes without saying, do not advocate the use of drugs. At all. In any form. Throw those tea-bags away. Now!

- Our friendly local constabulary, PC, er, Plod(?) with their usual aplomb "busted" Third Eye and Primal Vinyl in Canterbury recently. Presumably because 3rd I sell "drug Paraphenalia" ie pipes and gauzes. Watch the State fall! Bemused staff and punters were searched in this extremely bizzarre ritual and held for 20 minutes. As expected, nothing incriminating was found. It is rumoured that the DOOP record was confiscated in the public interest. But the bust is noted and details have been sent to the Advance Party. Watching you, watching us, watching you.

- And whilst we're on the subject of the Police listen to this one which is called "Now Ey!" After a hectic four days and four sleepless nights partying our chum "how ya diddlin'?" Stevie was pulled Sunday morning somewhere in London with a spliff in his gish. He was the third car in a four car convoy heading at a moderate speed towards a chill zone nearby. He was clad in a fullface "peephole" balaclava. The boys from Stoke Newington Police Station (for it was they) acted out a series of improvised and "amusing" sketches for our entertainment. Everyday conversations about how the area is full of "real scum" (as opposed to fake scum?) and knife toting lary bastards. Plus a few other ehnic, racial, homophobic and sexist comments. "That wasn't very politically correct was it?" sneered one PC. This failed to impress our wide-eyed Stevie whose thoughts were elsewhere at the time. "What's this?" says the other toting a, erm, screwdriver he found stashed by the drivers seat. "It's a screwdriver", says our Steve quick as a gurning whistle. "Better put it away hadn't we sir?"

The rest of the convoy (less than five vehicles lads) waited patiently 50 metres up the road 'till proceedings were finished. What nice geezers, eh?

- That was a grinning Mark Dettmar seen with a skip in his stride emerging from trance central studios one morning. A hot tape clenched in his little mitt. Expect some limited edition, acetate test pressing DJ promo whatsits to appear on a deck near you shortly.

## WEDNESDAY 11TH MAY-CANTERBURY-TERENCE McKENNA

*The Event of the Millenium. 8.15 Waterstones. Shaman, optimist and ethnopharmacologist on True Hallucinations, his odyssey in search of a consciousness-transforming mushroom in Amaazonia. A must for mycologists or the curious. See the main man in the flesh. Tickets free and available early April.*



-Good to see Tejen "Rushdie" out and about playing his HOUSE music. Never let violence intimidate you my friend. More "secret" dates for all you followers coming shortly.

-Meaty Beaty... Maidstones house night has folded along with the venue, Atomics. We hear. Expect Spencer and Nobby to reappear on their own at Wierton Manor shortly with their own house specials. Watch this space. Meanwhile check them out tonight (31st) here at 7th HEAVEN.

### 25th Feb-Alex's Party-Whitstable

For a free party that no-one was supposed to know about a few hundred peeps doing sardine impressions crammed into the small venue with no room for the tomato sauce. Plenty room though for the £300 worth of duty free to lubricate our touching bodies. The usual DJ fayre also helped ease our claustrophobia. Liam doing a sterling job flying the US house flag. Oz, happy as ever. Alex and his anthems. Nicky at her best yet. Ed "deep inside" Millard voyaging, er, deep inside.

### 3rd March-7th Heaven-Canterbury.

- The first 7th Heaven booted off with a slightly reduced whoopee factor. The Whitstable posse were reduced in numbers. Saving themselves for the weekend of shame. Although not the our finest night a good time was had by all those who made the trek into the wilds of Canterbury and braved the wind and rain. Nick and Alex, VJ's extraordinaire, started off proceedings before the place was even open. In a documentary fashion that put BPM in the shade (What wouldn't?) they interviewed an unsuspecting crew who felt safe in the belief that the tape would'nt come out. "It's too dark", piped Nick. That's what they told everyone anyway.

You BASTARDS. It did come out. Watched by members of the family in a drunken haze one Sunday lunch it provoked many hearty guffaws. Some good black-mailing moments were captured and will be used, if necessary, in the near future (ie on the monitors at the next 7th..) So you have been warned. Look out for that camera.

### 12th March-Natural Vibe-London

Tribal drums. Bongo drums. Kettle drums. Snare drums. Drums, drums, drums everywhere you go. Fucking excellent. Despite the "spoiler" organised by Rhythm Method Affy's well chummy and slightly out of it factor 10 house one off went as well as could be expected. Three Natural Vibe Parties and three Rhythm Method Parties all occurring on the same night cannot be a coincidence can it? Why? We ask. We're all the same crowd.

100's of house heads celebrated each other and their favourite music by dancing themselves into an ecstatic frenzy etc etc etc. We were madder than Maddie. Woo hoo!

A big, and I mean big, Kent posse guaranteed that banana central was reached five minutes after the first DJ slapped his 12" on the deck. Lui, the live bongo player, frequently took the crowd, and himself, off out on a limbo. Nice touch. Nagual, 3D-UV artist extraordinaire, and genius displayed a few well hung new works. One of which reminded us of our pregnant and absent friend Suzanna. Now the proud mother of an 8lb baby boy. Spooky eh? DJ of the night? Sherlock. Next one? Ask Rhythm Method. Oh yeah! Supreme System, black side, played at 2am to a ,shall we say, enthusiastic response. Way hay!

### Friday and Saturday-The Ship-Faversham

Martin and Maurice, Clarity sounds, add another couple of nights to their extensive repertoire. What makes this pub different from other Faversham pubs? Well you can dodge fists and flying glasses to a house soundtrack at this one. Only kidding lads! It's the painted wooden panels, nice vibe, lots of space and clean carpets (!) that show off Fav's well dressed clientel. Beer buying optional and white rings around your nostrils not recommended. Hey, and it's free.

### Thurs 17th March-7th hEAVEN-Canterbury

Alex and Torchy, VJ's extraordinaire, were in full swing. The end result was very funny.(Look on the 7th HEAVEN monitors for the proof). The question on everybodies lips however was where was the dodgy lighting man? Randy Ramsden was seen chatting up various members of both sexes all night in the bar absolutelly shitfaced. When anyone complained, as many did, about the lack of lights, he replied they were "broken". Although as soon as anyone else did the job he soon ran back and thrust them jealously from the DJ booth.

Dark house ahoy! Ed (formerly Spin) and his unique blend of psychotic happy house and, cough, fried acid noodles took over 7th... for the evening. It's a take it or leave it blend but those who took the experimentalism of it all lapped it up. A few murmours of dissent by wide eyed young girls in the toilets complained it "wasn't up enough". They stayed in the toilet to their chagrin. Kier and Tom fresh and flushed with bobble hatted success from stints at clarty parties around the globe (well, country) returned to their spiritual home sound system to play the mother of all house music. U.S., cool and deep. Mellowness positively flowed from those roof mounted corner units. The crowd, flushed, eased onto the floor for one and a half hours of carefully calculated housey rogering. Mmmm....refreshing.



### Sat 19th March-The Ship-Faversham

After a fantastic Friday and a smashing Saturday. Two nights on the trot in Faversham. No flying fists or beer glasses to dodge either. The pub resounded to the sounds of happy house and happy landlords falling off tables on which they were dancing. "Salman" Majumdar came out of hiding to play a few choice anthems and OZ displayed his new choons, none of which were more than three hours old. Afterwards round at Savaloy Boy's sumptuous abode whilst his dad was away. (You are the biggest but who took Rowan's trousers off in the pub?) Lots of booze and lots of loud music meant the police came round a few times- to the first party held there in 8 years!! The floor was littered with broken and humbled men speaking gibberish. Nick had a bet with the Chippolata Kid for £200 about whether a certain party would come off or not (*see fri march 25th*) Tejen was heard honking his guts up in the loo, only to be whisked away by Alice. Glen, Alices Dad, was giving it max on everything. Harry, Martin's son age 3 and a half, was cleaning up all the spilt beer and handing his dad new ones from the fridge. Like father like son, as they say.

### Fri 25th March-Celebrate Life-Birmingham

After a four and a half hour drive, slap bang in the middle of the roadwork covered M25 in the rush hour, only one service station for hundreds of miles and nearly ending up back in London we arrived. Once there particularly dodgy directions, courtesy of Liam (e.g. down a hill, right at the lights, over a zebra crossing. You get the picture? WHAT lights? etc) ensured we nearly ran over a kindly Brummie (the ONLY Birmingham accent heard all weekend) who gave us directions. We arrived. Fucking Knackered already and not exactly bouncing with life or ready to celebrate it. But all was about to change.

Neil Macey, Birmingham's big house DJ, headlined in his stride at this one off. But it was Tom, Kier and Oz we were interested in and how they would go down with a, shall we say, non tVC crowd. The club, an ex-gay joint was small with about a 300ish capacity. The 200 people who showed tonight made it reasonably full with plenty of space to flex. Our DJ's covered 11-2 with their usual aplomb. Dropping the odd surprise here and there and generally keeping the dancers on the floor. Of the other DJ's Wayne Pope stood out for us so expect to see him make the trip to Canterbury for a 7th hEAVEN spot next month.

Finishing at 6 and after a chill out the crew had a 3hr drive back to Kent to sort out what was later to become the abortive Full Moon Free Party. Lack of sleep didn't help the wheels of the normally smooth running organisation as knives stuck out of backs and asides of razor blade intensity helped the party peeps to get right up each others orifices. In the end we had a site (excellent), a marquee (our gorgeous love tent small but perfectly formed), a generator (3kw and a bit of a snorter), decks, mixer, a pub and site full of people absolutely gasping to kick off but....no PA. Alas Neils and Steve (for it was they) and their respective mind warps passed each other as they both took their own interstella cruises up the milky ways rear exit. Missing each other by a few million light years these galactic spacecases for lack of one of them making a phone call and on of them picking the phone up ensured no PA and therefore no party. Poor OHM turned up, set up their chill tent, and were dissappointed as the party frustratingly failed to materialize. A big shout and a big apology to all those who showed. Thanx for the support. This same party is being resheduled and will take place very shortly. Hopefully the weekend of 7th hEAVEN (weather permitting) when Stoney comes down from Nottingham. Shhh...Look out for the flyers and lets keep it quiet.







Suzanne Moore

COLUMNIST OF THE YEAR

IT IS HARD to use the word freedom today without lapsing into tonality. Freedom is what we are promised if we purchase the right car or use the right kind of sanitary towel. Freedom is what we shall have if we punish criminals more heavily and let our hospitals, schools and prisons be an interchangeable set of bureaucrats. Freedom is efficiency. Freedom is value for money. Freedom is the right to elect one John over another. Freedom is the right to buy.

Beyond this, the idea of freedom gets embarrassing, personal even. One man's freedom is another woman's slow death. When John Major evokes imagery of warm beer and amateur cricket matches to stir the heart of the freeborn Englishman, mine sinks. Is that all there is?

But never mind, if people want to gather together in pubs or in fields to drink warm beer then I have no interest in stopping them. They must surely be guaranteed the freedom to indulge this particular lifestyle if that is what they so desire. Their vehicles should not be seized on the way to the cricket match, nor should police computers be used to monitor their movements.

Imagine, though, that the clan of warm beer drinkers were 20 years younger and that their preferred leisure activity was also to gather in fields and deserted spaces. Not to watch men in white jumpers playing with bats and balls, but to dance or just simply to listen to music or to be together. Imagine another lifestyle.

For that is what freedom might mean, isn't it? Quite simply, the lifestyle of one's choice. Yet the news that the police are aiming to "log about 8,000 travellers on computers with details of their vehicles, nicknames and associates" is a sure indication that certain lifestyles are not to be tolerated. Liberty, the organisation for civil liberties, is concerned that the police are seeking to implement many of the public order provisions of the Criminal Justice Bill before they have been properly debated in Parliament. The rest of us might wonder more pragmatically if this is the correct use of police resources. Do we really want the police to spend an enormous amount of time and money stopping raves, gatherings and free festivals?

The wider issue, however, is what Liberty refers to as "the criminalisation of diversity", in that the bill's proposals will make that way of life of Gypsies, New Age travellers and even those attending raves at weekends not only difficult but actually illegal. Clause 45 of the bill, for instance, would give the police power to break up a gathering where there are more than six vehicles. They would also be able to end outdoor festivals, seize vehicles and sound equipment, to stop people they "reasonably believe" may be

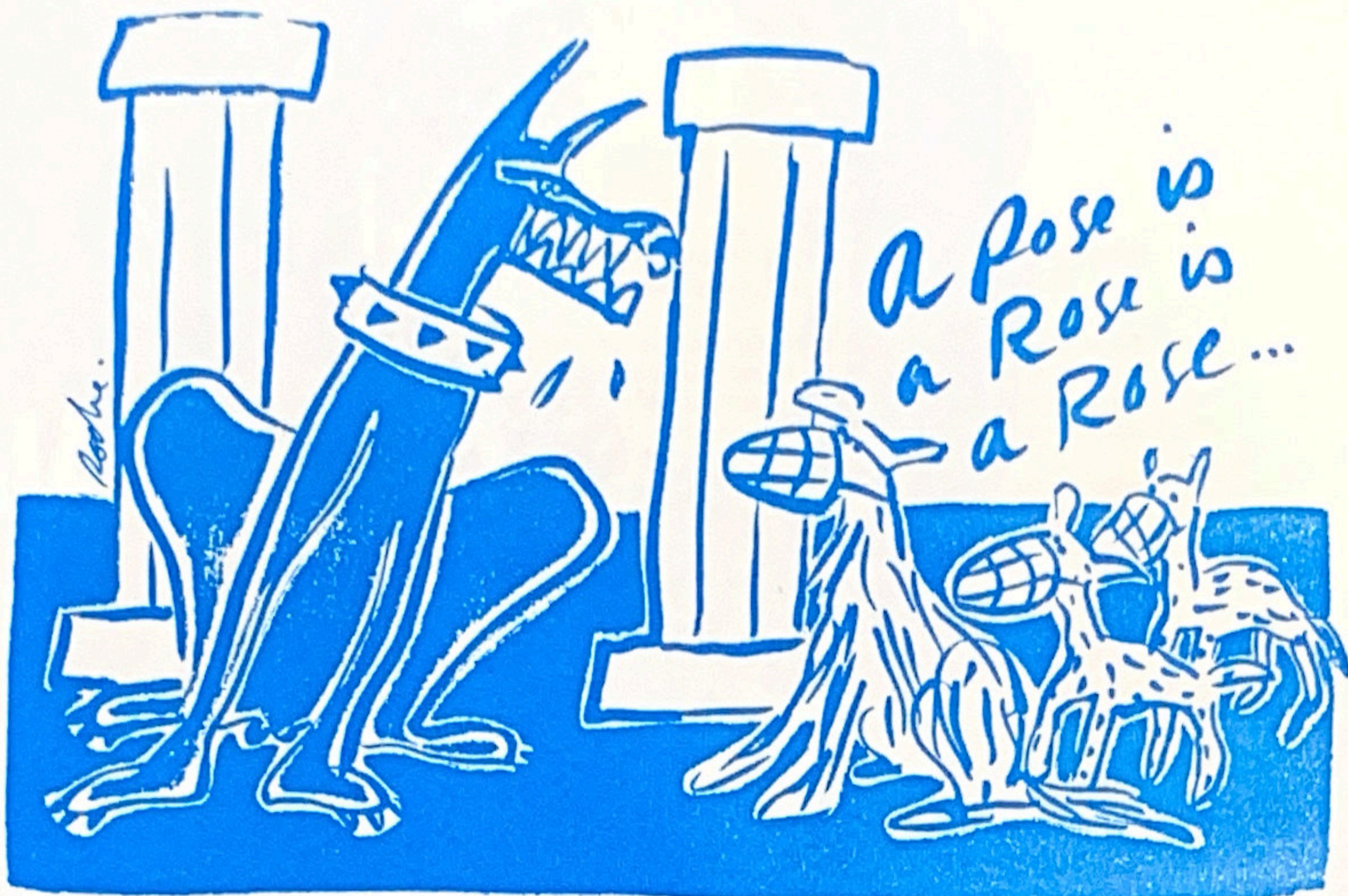


ILLUSTRATION CHRISTINE ROCHE

# Freedom of a closed road

Thatcherite enterprise fuelled by feisty young entrepreneurs. That this itself should now be outlawed suggests establishment paranoia, to say

going to the event and direct them not to do so. Other proposals would make squatting virtually impossible.

We have seen this coming for some time, of course. The demonisation of New Age travellers over the last few years has produced some ugly confrontations between police and travellers. But while the number of hardcore travellers remains quite small, the number of people attending raves is much larger and the rave scene itself is under attack. The policy of the Surrey constabulary that "Raves will not happen, illegal or otherwise" is extraordinary. Substitute the word party for rave and you can see what I mean.

What is it about these raves and gatherings that is so threatening? Is it that they are organised by young people, is it that they might be enjoying themselves or is it, as increasingly seems to be the case, that any large gathering of people is in itself suspect? Nowadays a crowd itself is

regarded as dangerous, as something that has to be broken up by the police. What matters is the sheer number of people involved. The fear is that of the mob out of control. Remember Heysel?

Or is it the lifestyle itself that must be stamped out? While the police and some sections of the press lump together New Age travellers, ravers, inner-city squatters and Gypsies, this is not a movement in any recognisable sense. If anything, it is characterised by its rejection of politics as it is commonly understood, though by criminalising these various lifestyles such subcultures are automatically politicised. Yet everyone knows that there is a world of difference between someone who has taken to the road and someone who works all week and enjoys going to raves at weekends.

Quite what this continual harassment is supposed to achieve is debatable. By continually stopping and

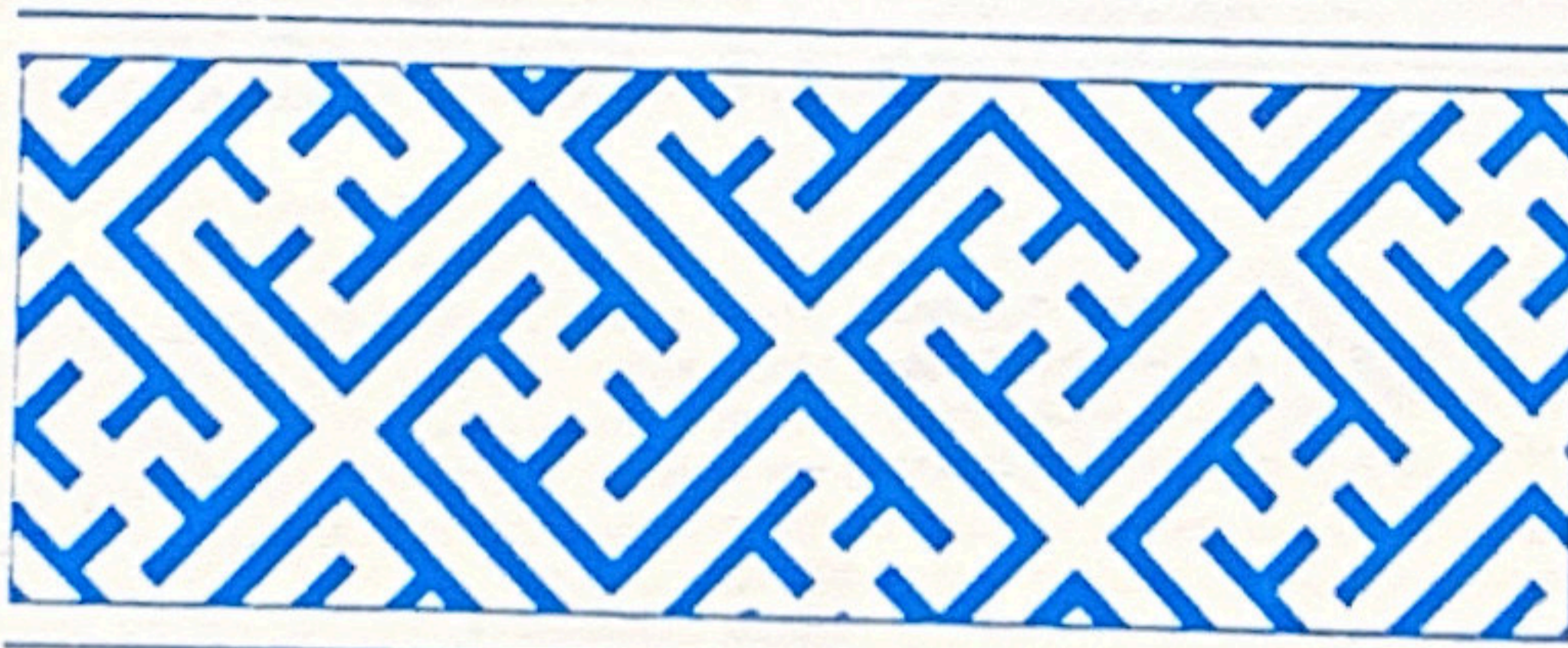
searching travellers, do we really expect they will see the light, give up their dogs on string and return to the fold of "sensible" society. If their alienation forced them out of society, their further alienation is hardly going to force them back in. Yet, whenever given the chance to be heard, what many of these people articulate, albeit in a rather vague manner, is not so different from what many of us feel anyway. The strange alliances we have seen lately over proposed motorway developments at Twyford Down and Wanstonia have seen resolutely middle-class protesters fighting alongside dreadlocked eco-warriors. While one group might have been concerned only with saving their "Darling Bud" countryside and the other with saving the entire planet, there is at least some crossover.

Throughout the eighties the commodification of rave culture into clubs was heralded as a thoroughly

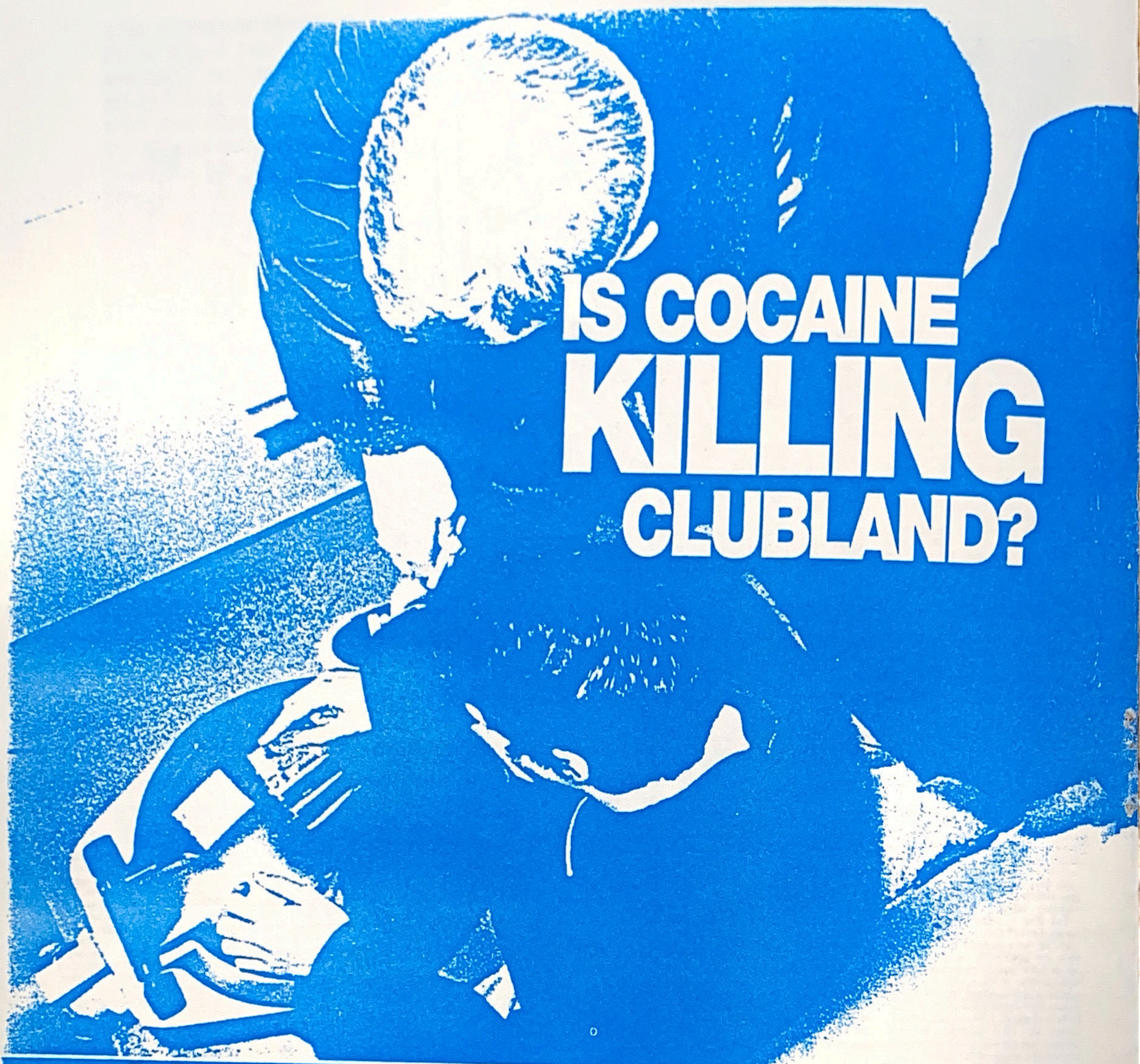
the least. For the issue goes beyond that of personal whim. You may have no desire to take to the road, you may be appalled at the idea of a rave, although your children probably won't be, but do you honestly think therefore that no one else has a right to these activities? In a free country is it legitimate that the police can turn you back if they suspect you might be on the way to one of these events? There was an outcry during the miners' strike when the police used their powers to stop people on the way to pickets and demonstrations, when they made whole counties no-go areas. And so there should be, because the implications of this bill mean that any largish gathering of people for what ever purpose is now suspect.

As Martin Kettle pointed out in his recent essay on democracy in Guardian Weekend (The Big Lie): "Polls show that the British place freedom easily at the top of the list of institutions and characteristics that they most value - far above the royal family, for example." Kettle also talked about the reinvention of democracy - no small measure, but an interesting one at a time when such discussion is focused more and more on the rights of individuals to pursue the lifestyle of their choice whether they are gay, New Age travellers or just trying to have a good time. For the notion of a good time is at risk if leisure pursuits are now the subject of proposed legislation.

It is not possible to invest so much in the idea of freedom if we are not prepared to live with what freedom means in practice. It means, as it always has in this country, that there are groups of people who reject the dominant lifestyle and strive, however messily, to find some alternatives. Shouldn't we be proud of this tradition instead of trying to police it out of existence?







# IS COCAINE KILLING CLUBLAND?

**Yes. Clubs are getting moody, the music's getting harder and there's even a queue in the boys toilets. Cocaine is taking over and it could end up killing more than just the atmosphere.**

Mandi James reports from the frontline.

Photos: Louise Rhodes

**“**If everyone only had one line all night, you'd have no problem because the first buzz is the best. But it's never like that, everyone's always chasing after that initial high and getting really moody. People just don't seem to be having fun any more. I avoid certain clubs, certain crowds now because they're a bit, you know, toilet.”  
Anonymous female clubber.

**DRUGS** are part and parcel of club and music culture. And wherever there's been a prevalence of one particular drug, you can be sure it's always coloured the climate. Just as ecstasy opened up a whole musical menu and open-minded attitude, so cocaine is slamming down brutal beats and barriers to match the moody vibe it perpetrates.

Unlike ecstasy - a relatively new, synthetic narcotic - cocaine - an organic drug derived from the pulped leaf of the South American coca plant - has a history dating back to ancient civilisations and a reputation imbued with a mixture of glamour, wealth and moral panics. Cocaine has long been associated as the dangerous indulgence of the jet set, immortalised in song by everyone from the Rolling Stones to Dr Alban.

In its unadulterated form the coca leaf, chewed for its stimulant effect, is still of great use to Peruvian Indians. It was an important part of Inca culture and was even used as a form of monetary exchange. Looked upon as a gift from the gods and used to combat hunger pains, fatigue and depression, the coca leaf played an important role in Inca legends and was used as a royal emblem. Inca idols were even depicted with one cheek stuffed with leaves. Cocaine did not seep into



## CHARLIE

Side to the Bronx, which when washed into rocks becomes a certified killer called crack. And which is currently doing a wicked job of killing club culture.

**COCAINE** is a powerful, short, sharp stimulant which affects the central nervous system. When snorted cocaine produces a numb sensation to the nose and palate, anaesthetising the taste buds, dilating the pupils and suppressing appetite. It raises body temperature, sometimes inducing sweating but overall makes the user feel cool, sharp and confident.

Like other stimulants cocaine tickles the senses, amplifies emotions and makes everything seem that more intense. Cocaine heightens the sense of individuality and can produce feelings of joy, anger, confidence or even anxiety. Unless mixed with a chemical cocktail or alcohol, it allows the user to function, albeit in a slightly exaggerated fashion, 'normally'.

There's a feeling of controlled euphoria coupled with a sense of potency which comes on after about three minutes and tapers off after about half an hour. Compared to other narcotics, coke is perceived as a far more sophisticated drug because the rise is altogether smoother, more aristocratic and you can turn on or off whenever desired, refuelling with a quick line.

"Coke makes you feel alert, alive," opines Lee, an occasional indulger and club regular. "You don't get the fuzzy thoughts you get with E or the jumbled nonsense from a trip. With coke you control what you feel like, it's like your brain's been flossed with cheese wire. You know everything. Or at least you think you do."

**RUMOURS** abound of coke's potential as an aphrodisiac. In fact it can prolong sexual activity in men by delaying ejaculation, but to sustain this feat requires constant refuelling. Although it might well improve performance initially, used habitually - and this can mean anything from once a week to once a day - many men find themselves unable to get an erection, let alone sustain it.

"Talking from personal experience," says Lee, "you do get a fair amount of shrinkage when you're on it. I'm sure most men feel like well-hung stallions when they're coked up, capable of anything, but in reality they're probably not capable of anything. You don't want sex most of the time 'cause all you're bothered about is you."

Although not physically addictive or particularly toxic - death from snorting is rare, but smoking it is another matter - habitual users are gripped by a yearning for cocaine, which many have compared to the craving of giving up smoking. One of the curious things about the drug that makes it so dangerously appealing is just how difficult it is to leave the substance alone if it's in close vicinity.

One Liverpool clubber explains about the 'Huyton Run' where on Saturday night on returning from a club, 20 or so mates would throw in a tenner each until there was 2-300 quid on the table, blow the kitty on cocaine from a dealer in Huyton and then hammer the lot in one go.

"I'd say that everything in moderation is fine," says Mike, who gave up cocaine for New Year, sick of the hole it was burning in his nose and his pocket. "But coke is probably more dangerous than ecstasy because it's a much more subtle buzz, you do find yourself wanting more for no apparent reason."

"With ecstasy you can take one and you know you've had it the next day, you don't really feel like doing more 'cause it's

such a club oriented drug. Cocaine though, you can do it anytime, anywhere, before you know it you're having a toot in the morning to kick start yourself after a heavy session the night before and things can get quite out of hand."

Typical users are rarely content with one line and snort repeatedly throughout a session. But the more that is administered in one blow-out, the more jangled the nerves become and that sophisticated cruise becomes more and more difficult to obtain. Larger doses of cocaine can produce headaches, a rapid but weak pulse, nausea, shallow breathing - huffing and puffing known as the Casey Jones effect - and in extreme cases, unconsciousness.

After serious bouts of 'social snorting' - excess amounts vary from person to person based on their chemical make-up and tolerance to narcotics - the main undesirable effects include nervousness, restlessness from over-stimulation - feeling totally wired and unable to chill out - vicious nosebleeds from constantly hammering those delicate nasal mucous membranes, irritability, paranoia and pendulum mood swings.

**LIFELINE** is the Manchester based drugs agency whose pragmatic approach to drug taking - 'If you're gonna do it, do it right' - has garnered them much respect on a street level and caused them much grief from the establishment. They say

"... it's like your brain's been flossed with cheese wire. You know everything. Or at least you think you do."

Europe until the late 19th Century when a German chemist called Nieman discovered a chemical process whereby a white, crystalline powder - cocaine hydrochloride - could be taken from the coca leaf.

But it was the famous psychologist Sigmund Freud who rediscovered the properties of cocaine, enthused about them at length and turned Europeans onto this wonder drug. Freud experimented with and wrote about cocaine at length, recommending it to everyone he knew, seemingly overwhelmed by its capacity to lift him from his chronic depression, apparently without any side-effects.

Yet by the turn of the century, cocaine, which was being prescribed for every ailment and turning up in all sorts of guises such as 'tonics' like Coca Cola, had been rumbled, its true colours shown and was labelled as the 'third scourge of humanity' along with alcohol and morphine. Naturally once it was criminalised, cocaine's status leapt.

Today cocaine is rarely used for the medicinal purposes it initially served. At £60 a gram it's an indulgence that's now saved and savoured primarily for recreation, which for our generation means clubbing. It's a substance which now dominates the economy of Bolivia and supports its corrupt regime, which is used as the common currency and territory of every contemporary drug war from Moss



## "It's a ritualistic drug - the secret corners, the chopping, the quality of the coke, you'd feel almost elite..."

cocaine use has risen sharply

It's not so much the rave end of the market that's gone snort crazy - most kids there are still serving an apprenticeship on whizz and trips, although more recently it's been observed that people who'd stuff a pipe down their sock because it was more practical than skinning up are now using the same utensils for sucking rocks.

It's more the old Balaeric network. People who necked E's like they were going out of fashion, who were there when the scene first kicked in and who have moved on in search of that elusive high.

"Last year when E's went completely crap and there was nothing but snowballs around, the older club crowd cottoned on to a bit of coke," says Lifeline. "Fast forward 12 months and some clubs you go have completely changed their character. As coke's become de rigueur among certain crowds, they're all really snarly."

A new breed of cynicism has crept into club culture. Whether or not the proliferation of cocaine within clubs is directly responsible, it certainly does nothing to ease the pressure. Club culture is being subverted by the rising high of cocaine.

Cocaine doesn't irrevocably change people's personalities, but it can make them unpleasant to be around because it's a drug centred on the ego and the self. As the dance scene has inevitably fragmented and splintered, there's less a feeling of unity and more a desire for exclusivity. People who got loved up and thought they could change the world, or at least rock the boat in the stagnant pond of the music industry. These days they no longer want to occupy the same space as sweaty, gurning teenagers discovering dance music for the first time.

"Most people get bored with psychedelic activity 'cause there's far too much mud to stir," argue Lifeline. "Too many things to dwell on. One of coke's biggest selling points is that financially it separates the men from the boys and physically you get that whoosh, that egomania and after a while it wears off and it's up to you whether or not you indulge again. You can't do that with whizz or ecstasy, you can't just switch off."

Unlike MDMA, cocaine has been around long enough for drug agencies to fully document and understand its longterm effects on the individual psychology - which is why Lifeline are expressing concern over the amounts being consumed.

For the meantime, it's easy to read between the lines - you only have to look around you. Although there's no doubt that women are just as likely to powder their noses on a regular basis as men, coke is essentially a male drug exacerbating all the macho traits. Many women have complained of sexual harassment both on and off the dancefloor and even inside ladies loos, which are occasionally gate-crashed when the gents are all engaged.

Some clubs resemble school discos now, women on one side, men on the other, whilst the dancefloor is dominated by lads wired to the max, po-going or marching like their lives depended on it and screaming 'Let's have it', accompanied by a relentless, aggressive thumping soundtrack to compliment the cloudy climate and strained atmosphere.

Meanwhile, in the outside world, tales of fear and

loathing abound with cokeheads switching off emotionally from friends and family, becoming irritable, deeply depressed, ill-tempered and blaming everyone except themselves. "You can tell people a mile off in clubs who've had a crafty snifter," reckons Mike. "It's usually an exclusively male entourage, all talking at once, bullshit mainly, and giving it the large one."

"Cocaine is a nasty, insidious drug that's so easy to get into because it's all about huge overwhelming rushes," conclude Lifeline. "It's definitely a more guiling drug than Ecstasy, primarily because it's too nice, too sexy, too subtle. It's a megalomaniac's drug."

### THE PUNTER

"MY introduction to charlie was completely removed from the dance scene. But things started getting out of hand when I started going to clubs regularly - it was certainly a very good environment for cocaine, but it just became a little bit too easy to do and it got to a stage just before last Christmas when I was doing grams a night. I was having a great time, but it was costing me my health as well as lots of money."

"When I first started I'd get almost like an ambient feeling from it, you'd feel charges from the first line and then try to achieve that initial buzz by stocking up with more fuel, but it doesn't work like that. I could do it at home, at work, it was one of those things I'd enjoy doing no matter what the circumstance."

"I found taking coke almost like joining a fraternity. I'd find myself becoming more involved in that particular scene. I would say that taking coke is a very male drug, almost like a brotherhood in many ways. It's a ritualistic drug - the secret corners, the chopping, the quality of the coke, you'd feel almost elite, there's something special about actually doing it. You take pride in your lines, the instruments you use, even the way you use it."

"What made me decide to stop is the heavy mood swings. It didn't make me violent but I did find myself having black days. My attitude was all wrong after I'd been on it, I'd become consumed by negativity. Once you're heavily involved it just drains your pocket."

### THE PROMOTER

"COKE is not a good club drug. When you've got a club full of people all nipping to the loo for a line, it doesn't make for a good atmosphere. I think there's definitely been a swing back to coke from ecstasy, I'm not sure how



widespread it is. One thing that I can't understand is that the quality of it is so appalling, especially in Manchester. You wonder why people are taking it.

"It seems to me that the sort of clubs that play uplifting garagey type tracks still tend to be E or amphetamine based. I wonder if the trendy, straight clubs have gone harder because more coke is being consumed there and therefore that suits the music."

"It's not a drug to abuse, it makes people really unpleasant, they lose their personality. Alright if you abuse E's you might become monged out or act like a prat, but at least there's never the tension that violence could flare up at any moment. Coke is an impractical drug to take in a club, that may add to the fun for some, but you see the sober reality and it's just a load of naughty schoolboys queuing at the toilets."

### THE PUSHER

"COKE is far more available now than it was say, even six months ago. There was a time in Manchester where the only place you could score a gramme was Moss Side and coke was always sold by heroin dealers, which put a lot of people off, plus the expense. It was always regarded as a bit of a treat, something you put time and effort into getting, now there's kids in Liverpool who sell £10 wraps."

"I used to deal E's until they got so snide it wasn't worth the risk to me reputation or the hassle of selling them, so I moved on to charlie and I know a lot of people who've done the same. A lot of coke coming in now is being washed into rocks, if people are mad for coke and all you've got is rocks they're not going to turn down a smoke."

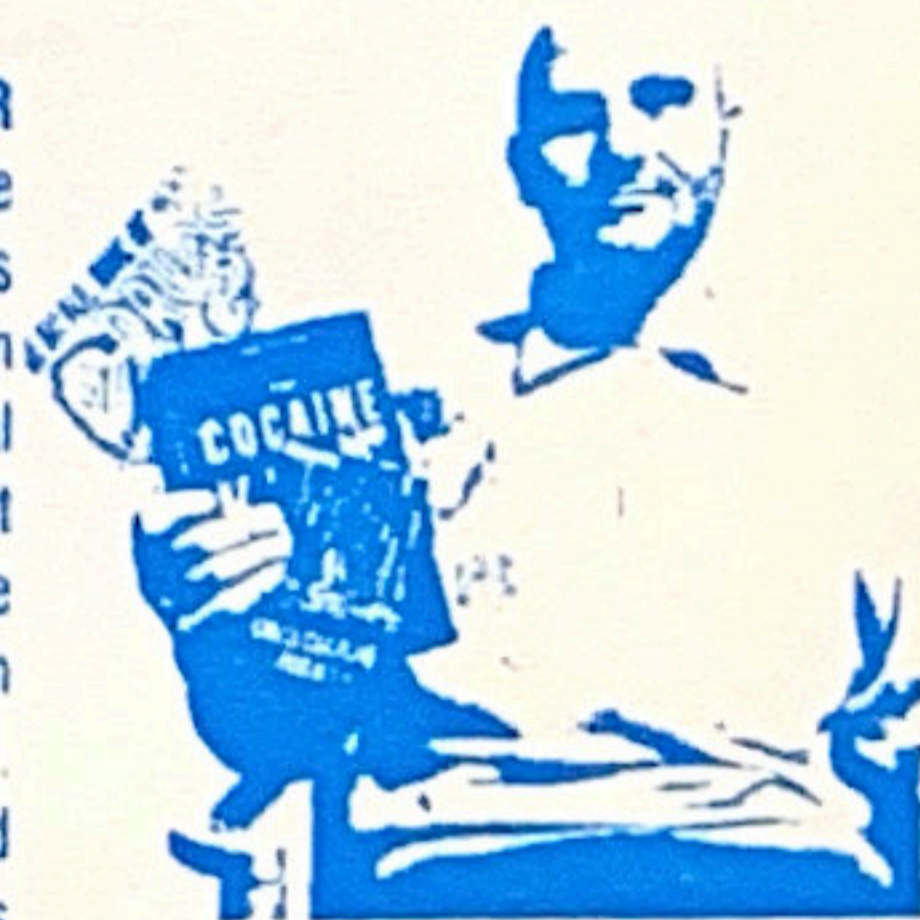
"Personally I ain't into that, mainly because then you're asking for trouble, not from the police, they don't bother me, but by rival gangs. A lot of dealers I know though are starting to move onto rocks because it's a higher profit margin, and your customers, once they've had a couple of hits, always come back for more."

### THE DRUG COUNSELLOR

"WE'RE seeing a lot more recreational drug users topple over that thin dividing line into habitual users. Once they've got into cocaine people are using tamazipam or even smoking a bit of brown. Because they're so wired they're doing some lines

in the morning to give them a kick start for work.

"When you get to that stage you should see red lights flashing. It warps people's perceptions, so one of the most difficult things about cocaine abuse is pointing out to someone they're doing too much. Trying to counsel someone out of a cocaine habit is just laughable - it's a contradiction. What you should actually do is tell that person to fuck off, sort their life out and face the fact that you can't simply feel good on demand. What makes them think there's any such thing as a free run? There's always a price to pay."



"You don't want sex most of the time 'cause all you're bothered about is you."



## DEEP UNITY

24 HOUR EXPERIENCE-pt1 Dub Essentials (Nice n' Ripe). Release 8 for N n' R and after a couple of mediocre bus trips to what-the-fuck-was-thats-ville Deep Unity is pleased to announce a resounding return to form for them. Despite their callous rejection of me from their mailing list (bastards) this still takes the top spot. Deep and excellent.

WAY OUT WEST-Montana (Terra Firma). Nick Warren and Jody's understated classic is of immense, unnerving, shivery body-shaking potential. It's out there. Play it.

COZY CONCEPT-Pushin' It (Blow Your Own Trumpet). Despite the obscene logo, Blow... come up with the goodies. Plenty of room in here to do your own thing. Nice.

FLUFFY TOY IQ-Let the Fun Begin (Splish). Hoorah! Splish return, and return to to form. Left field, interesting and very playable. What price the first seven Splishes?

THE CREEPS-Change It (Club Vision). Written by Han Ingermansson from Madhouse and produced and remixed by Victor Simonelli in Brooklyn, NY. Backing vocals by Judy Cheeks. Need I say more? Yes. Not as good as it sounds but still good.

PLUTO/INSYNC-Suttees Comet (Irdial Discs). Original and very interesting three tracker. Intelligent house, heavy on the ambient trance workout. But, ouch! House music and politics don't mix. See inserts for full details!

TONS OF TONES-Easy Does It (Urban Soud of Amsterdam) Dutch. Steve Rachmad produces a trippy, mellow frolic in the meadow. Lots of skips, strings and wierd noises. Love it. Ambient rushcore for the fluffcore.

JOHNNY FIASCO-Progetto Fiasco (Primal Source)US. Outa Chicago and aquired for J Lopez' "Tik Tone" which has a string refrain to melt for. Others eke out Chicago groove. Sparse, technoid percussive noises, vocals and those delicious pipey sounds all utelized to groovey effect.

PIGLET-Move Closer (Funky Peace Productions). Quiet Mix provokes strange things out of a strange crowd late AM. Popcorn house. Other tracks- routine sub Fabi Paras easern mantra-esque and a failed Euro-pop doodle.

LOTUS-Bring on the Good Times (Beyond Religion). Beautiful, aching gem. Multiple orgasms at sunrise. Love this to death.

JC AND THE JAM EXPERIENCE-(Love) the Deep Beat (Afrocat). Most requested record of the moment. A magnificent celebration of the Deep Beat we all love so much. With Justin Cantor at the helm it can't fail. Ska house? Whatever next?

LONG LEG-See On (UMM) Italy. Visnadi in cool, early morning mode. Devastating. Add to all the other quality sunrise records springing out of the ground at the moment and you'll realise that summer is well and truly on its way.

RHYME TIME PRODUCTIONS FEAT. ANNA DALE-From This Moment On (Cleveland City). What can I say? Acquire. If you like the CC sound.

FUN ZONE-Feel It Baby (Sun Up). Well constructed, good feeling happy house with enough twists in the plot to sustain interest.

DC02-Do What You Feel (Hooj Choon). A typical Hooj Choon. Big. "Ravey". Housey. Full on. Nuff said.

R2001 FEAT. BROADWAY PITT-Count On Me (Fruit Tree). As always for R2001 and Fruit Tree this is a superior deep excursion for the sunday afternoon DiY-esque party set.



SUNFLOWER-Liberation Movement EP (Urban Flow). Strong response to this intelligent houser of cut and paste samples from recent house hits. Quality.

DECOY-Open Your mind (Slip n' Slide). Soothing and mellow summer sounds for the open air party people partial to a skip at sunrise. Two other mixes toughen and trance out for the clubs.

BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE-If 60's were 90's (Essential). Laid back maan. Slide guitars, bongo's, spacey spoken vocals. Driving ambient house.

STATE OF THE ART-Party time (Full House). Party Time has crowd noises, whistles and a big feel to it. But it's one of those tracks that promises a really high peak, works up to it, teases, teeters on the edge, but never delivers. Naughty.

VARIOUS-It Seems to Hang On (X-Clusive). Double pack with only DJ Dukes masterblast mix (keeping that underground feel) and the Euro Club mix standing out of a fairly mediocre offering of 8 mixes.

ANTIGUA MANAGUA-Back to the Future EP (Centrestage). Worthy if "progressive" sounding Centrestage recorded in Italy. It goes down reasonably well but no great shakes. UV Mix provides useful acappella.

BONES-Wings of Love (Deconstruction). Orig. Mix is one of those "songs" with "vocals" that those twits at Update love so much. It stinks. Far better is the Playboys vocal mix which "Decon's" it up for the handbag fraternity. Pop.

JX-Son of a Gun (Hooj Choon). Totally derivative. Utterly exploitative. Seen it. Heard it. Done it. All before. But hey, it's still a top quality slab of vinyl. Now licensed, on release (with remixes) and yours to treasure.

DJ KIETH DYCE-Everybody (Stable). This track is outrageous. An out and out full on, warp factor 10 houser with a bit of everything: Euro touches, breakbeats (yes I know), handclaps (aargh!), big stabby synths etc etc etc. I could go on but you get the picture. Had the Ship crowd in Faversham dancing on the tables. Not bad for a pub gig.

FLOORJAM-Stoneage (Deep Distraction). Massively long intro enables funky guitar snatches to be played over everything. When it gets going though it rips along at a brisk cantor.

GLOBAL CONTROL-Onions (Synthetique). Sophisticated, fun-loving cheesy organ with epic soundtrack overtones seeks sympathetic audience for flighty awayday to Euro Heaven. Love interest guaranteed.

PUSH & COGus to Widget EP (?). Aquire. NOW.

### DEEP PEACE

1. STORIES IN DUBH feat. JAQUI BENNET-*"Melody and Harmony"* (Fruit Tree). Girly, but who gives a fuck when it's as uplifting as this?
2. SHOCK WAVE-*Encore* (Nervous). That DJ Pierre effect worked to true mesmerising devastation with vocal as dream topping. The best thing he's done for a while.
3. JUNIOR VASQUEZ-*Get Your Hands Off My Man* (Tribal UK). Hard as fuck, yet soft as shite. Junior's your man and continues his run with another slice of prime time US trip out.
4. INTERCEPTOR-*"Together"* (Tribal UK). A deep and moody excursion with yearning lyrics. A deep, laid back bonggo jam takes you into blissville. Murk, at last, back on form although all the other tracks are shite!
5. M+M-*So Deep So Good* (Strictly Rhythm). Yes, Deep Peace wouldn't be complete without a Strictly review. They've been off form of late, but this is a blinder in the repetitive, sparse, mellow style they're so good at.
6. T.T.-*K.M.A.* (?) Fuck knows who this is. Sometimes I love it- others I hate it. While writing this I love it.
7. SCOTTIE DEEP PRESENTS DADDY'S MOODS-*C.H.A.N.T.S.* (Thumpin Records). Another superbly produced slab of canadian mellow house.
8. BAD DATA-*Bo Hey No* (Rey-D Records). A, dare I say, Slightly Doop-esque excursion into the nether regions of house wierdness. Complete with a techno mix??!!
9. RING OF FIRE-*Legsakimbo* (Phoenix). A Los Angeles offering. Say no more!
10. SEXTRAVAGANZA-*The Return of Sextravaganza* (Tribal UK). OK, so there's loads of Tribal UK's instead of Strictly's this month, but it's so good.





MH94.

*Get Off My Land! March & Rally-Sunday 1st May*

*Speakers Corner-Hyde Park-London-2pm      Fight the Criminal Injustice Bill*



## Questions, Questions...

Advance Party meeting; Friday 11th March. The meeting was held in Artilliary Mansions in Victoria, just across the road from New Scotland Yard. "New Squatland Yard" they call it. I dropped my son off with his Mum at Victoria Station, and then went in search of the place. As usual I wasn't in the slightest bit prepared and didn't know where the hell it was I was going. Eventually I came to a Street called Artilliary Place, and guessed the building must be nearby. There was a huge, arched entrance to a courtyard called Artilliary House, and as I looked in some bloke was emerging. "Where's Artilliary Mansions?" I asked, at which he broke into high-pitched, whinnying giggle and muttered something about Fate, and he knew it was going to be one of those evenings.

Artilliary Mansions, by the way, has been empty for the last 18 years. No one paid any attention to it till it was squatted. As far as I know the residents are even now being evicted. So much for solving the Homeless problem. They'd rather see people sleep out on the streets.

The guy turned out to be living there. His name was Wilf, and he was clearly an Acid-case. It was that giggle that gave him away, and the strange, associative leaps in his logic. We went over to a pub and had a couple of jars, while I tried to make sense out of the fractal chaos of his brain-patterns. He'd been at Stonehenge in '84, he told me; when the police had taken great pleasure in busting a few heads. Before that he'd been a lighting engineer. He told me a story of a party he'd helped set up at a



country mansion. It was somebody's 18th birthday. A helicopter arrived, dangling a bright red sports-car from its belly. A Something-or other Cobra (I guessed this was some collectable make), registration number COBRA 1.

So how come he'd given all that up to go on the road, and live in squats? It was a woman. He'd only met her 4 times, but it was enough to blow him away. Some Woman, I thought. But I've always known that women were that fundamentally powerful. They carry within them the generative soul and to some of us will always be irresistible. This is how he described the experience: "Will the wind be so mighty as to blow away the mountains of the earth?" And then asked what the number in the top left-hand corner of the nearby fruit-machine meant. He seemed to think it had some profound significance. I told him it was the number of times the machine had been played.

Meanwhile there's a couple of city gents talking next to us. So in one ear I've got "Will the wind be so mighty as to blow away the mountains of the earth," and in the other: "Is the balance of payments a true measure of wealth creation?" Questions, questions, all these questions... They realised I was ear'oling and their voices went up a decibel or two accordingly. They said something about the Captains of Industry and the Ship of State. Well if they're the Captains of Industry, I thought, Wilf and I are the bilge-rats. And you know what they say about rats and sinking ships. And Captains, come to that...



Finally we went over to the meeting, Wilf wasn't quite coherent enough to attend, but he made me a cup of tea. People were milling around in the entrance lobby, and nobody seemed to know whether there was a meeting on or not. But there were piles of sandwiches blagged from the local shops - classy beef and avocado on rye- and plenty of bright chatter, most of it about boyfriends and girlfriends. Not one word of revolutionary fervour. People looking for a home, that's all. The building was immense, hundreds of empty rooms; six floors and a veritable labyrinth of meandering corridors, all without lighting, which had to be negotiated with the aid of a spluttering candle. It was like being in a movie.

I won't tell you about the meeting. Not much to say really. The Advance Party continue to advance, and there's a definite feeling that we can really win this one; that we really can change the world. But meeting Wilf, and wandering the gothic corridors of this glowering, masonic pile made me think about a few things. I thought about Wilf and his devastating meeting with that Generative Being. What was he to do? He'd tried to live the life of a materialist, only the Spirit wouldn't let him. So he'd ended up on a search. That's what the travelling life is all about; a search, a quest. In other societies these wandering folk are revered as men and women of God. And then these squatters, harmless good-natured people simply looking for a home; vulnerable and lonely and in need of a bed. How can we allow buildings to stay empty when people are forced to live on the streets? Squatting isn't a crime, I thought, it's a civic duty. And travelling isn't a crime, it's a quest. And dancing isn't a crime, it's a spiritual necessity. And the only crime I can see is in the system which is trying to destroy them ...