

TANGENTOPOLI

Canterbury's only Underground Free Newsletter for Party People.

LET'S FACE THE MUSIC AND ADVANCE.

As marches go it was a carnival. As rallies go it was a festival. As protests go it was a party. The spirit was out on the streets of sulky London town that day, the glum city was aroused to the sounds of whistles, drums, war-whoops and cries, and the frantic, urgent turbo-charged techno-terror of the Desert Storm Posse from Glasgow. I always knew the Scots were fiends. I never realised they were this dangerous. But anyway, we've found a use for techno at last. Crap to dance to, perfect for marching.

What am I talking about? The Advance Party March and Rally on the 1st of May, of course: the one you didn't get to. (Apologies if you did, but then you don't need me to tell you about it either.) From the first it was destined to be a good day. The first of May is significant to pagans and communists alike. The sun was blazing, brazenly hot, as if by the sheer force of our optimism we'd blasted the clouds away. We gathered in the park and it was already a picnic. There was a party atmosphere from the very start. But then, what would you expect from upward of 10,000 party-goers?

Music came from the most unexpected sources. Drums of every kind, of course, and hand-claps and whistles. but there was this most outrageous contraption, a pedal-powered rave: four bikes welded together pumping out all kinds of sounds from recycled plastic piping acting as speaker cabinets. people were dancing from the very beginning.

Desert Storm Posse had this converted Transit, camouflaged like an assault vehicle. Which is what it was, basically. An aural assault. The sides dropped to reveal a dark bank of heavy-duty speakers, like some ominous, 21st Century ultra-sound weaponry. Michelle from the Advance Party climbed on top to call the march together. She was wearing an Andy-Pandy suit (seriously) and shades. Listen with Mother, only watch out: SHE'S ON DRUGS.

I timed the march coming out of Hyde Park. It took 25 minutes. Scottish Alan leaped out of the crowd to give me a bear-hug. He was with his Renfrew mates, a worse set of mobsters, cut-throats and brigands you could never hope to meet. Well, they are Scottish.

The march wound down Park Lane, Picadilly, The Haymarket to Pall Mall East and Trafalgar Square. On the way it passed The Dorchester and the Inn On The Park. The tourists were simply bemused. What the hell was going on here? It was like some winding, hysterical reptile wheeling it's monstrous body between the the buildings - thud, thud, thud, thud - feet stomping down in perfect 4/4 time. Really it was like no other march. No chants. No slogans. No "Major Major Major, Out Out Out." Just that fundamental rhythm bringing life to the tired old city streets. I was being a journalist, as usual, and stayed outside. But someone who was in the midst of it told me that the atmosphere seemed electrically charged in there. She said it was like being in a parallel universe.

cont... page 14.

WARNING
CONTENTS MAY BE
OFFENSIVE TO THOSE
WHO ARE INTOLERANT OF
ANY IDEAS THAT DO NOT
CONFORM TO THEIR OWN

The Great Criminal Justice Bill

Tour of London

'Twas in the summer of '94,
they travell'd in from near and far,
to London Town, to settle the score,
the dreaded Bill to challenge...

From all directions we came, drawn to Hyde Park like pilgrims to a sacred meeting place. A multi-coloured multitude; a motley host of the disillusioned and the dispossessed. Hunt sabs, ravers, the homeless, travellers, '88 Chartists, Libertarians, children, Outragers, dogs, Socialist Workers, Green Anarchists, entertainers, Black Flaggers and the Advance Party - plus plenty of plain, ordinary folk belonging to no recognisable group or organisation: just *people* who are both indignant and terrified at the prospect of the Criminal Justice Bill - a malignant legislative cancer in the body politic, glutting its way into the vitals of democracy, devouring everything in its path.

The occasion was serious; the mood, though, was carnival: a jingling, dancing, bellowing, jiving, storming, kaleidoscopic swirl of humanity. The Advance Party had what looked like an ex-Gulf armoured personnel carrier, decked out with mega-wattage, blasting out the beat for the street. A dalek-voiced black robot waded through the crowds like a jerky, sub-goth C3PO on stilts - picking up giggling kids and lifting them twelve feet into the air to their sudden disenchantment. A bunch of guys slapped out a pattern on tom-toms, bodhrans and tambourines, raising and spinning the rhythm, drawing a welter of dancers around them, sweating and steaming and sliding in the hot afternoon. People were toking, drinking, laughing. The CJB aside, it could have been the best party of the year.

KILL THE BILL proclaimed the SWP's posters. Did they mean the law itself, or its uniformed enforcers? Ambiguity - like subtlety - is lost on the police: they clearly believed the latter meaning to be the case. You could see the worry on their faces, sense the unease behind their shifting eyes, as we marched past them. Every MacDonal'd's and every Boots *en route* was barricaded by day-glo-vested ranks of them, standing with hands clasped over groins, like goal defenders during a free kick. What did they think we were going to do, for Christ's sake? Squat the premises? Liberate some Big Macs? Burn them down? Well, perhaps... The general public seemed gobsmacked, too. 'What in buggery's going on?' you could see them thinking. They'll find out one day soon. It'll creep up behind them - all teeth and slobber - and bite them squarely in the ass. 'Where's my bleedin' liberty gone?' It's been phased out, mate.

A couple of miles we marched in the benevolent spring sunshine; chanting, whistling, singing, blowing hunting horns, melding in the hot flux of camaraderie. Ironically, our route took us through some of the most expensive real estate in the United Kingdom: Park Lane, Pall Mall, Piccadilly. A Monopoly board for the gilded few. People like the Duke of Westminster... always winning; never needing to pass Go; never risking all on the simple roll of a dice; never worrying about mortgages; never having too few houses; never going to Jail. People who work the system to their own advantage because they can afford to... because they were born into the right families and went to the right schools. It is the interests of people like this that lie at the heart of the Criminal Justice Bill. The upper crust, the privileged, the titled, the knobs(!). The true parasites of society, sucking at its life-blood like smack-head vampires. What's the answer society provides? Nick the sabs. Jail the party-people. Stick the squatters in a cell. Lock them all away from the

decent, so the decent can get on with their drab, sanitised, myopic lives. Perhaps they should have done it *then*, when they had the chance; right there, in Trafalgar Square, where we finally came to rest. They could have thrown up the bars and razor wire around us, left us to rot under Nelson's watchful eye; surviving on pigeon food and fountain water, slopping out in the gutters that run along Whitehall to the Palace of Westminster: the largest cess pool in the metropolis - a bottomless, festering, rat-blown sink of shit.

Thoreau once said that under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just person is also a prison. If that's the case, to prison we'll go.

At least the company will be congenial.

Enjoy life,

Badger

CLUBLAND REFUGEE'S

- 
1. ESPIONAGE (Juice 010) Australian.
 2. MIND OVER RHYTHM- The Crossing (Rumble)
 3. FRANK PSYCHOSIS- Nostalgia (Ultra Vixen)
 4. MILLENIUM- Head Doctor (Millenium)
 5. UTAH SAINTSII- Highlander CJ Bolland mixes (FFRR)
 6. BLUE AMAZON- Hyper Sleep (Creative)
 7. MARK & HENRYS- The Making Of Jill (Native Dance) Dutch.
 8. "2"IN A ROOM- Holy Moses (Cutting) U.S.
 9. LEMON 8- Model 8
 10. CRAZY FOR YOU- Wild Fruit Mix ("T.P.")
- 

CRIMINAL JUSTICE AND PUBLIC ORDER BILL 1994

A PERSONAL APPEAL

**"Civil disobedience on grounds of conscience is
an honourable tradition in this country and
those who take part in it may in the end be
vindicated by history"**

**LORD JUSTICE HOFFMAN
summing up in Twyford Down case**

Top Tunes - Week Ending 28.5.94

1. Jean Michel Jarre - "Chronologie-Pt.6" Gat Decor Mixes (Polydor)
Now this is what I call House Music with melody - great tune.
2. Elevator - "Shinny" (React Records)
As the title suggests, this tune builds and builds.
3. Kinky Riba - "Check It Out" (Sup Records)
Top party track - watch them scream at this.
4. Sound Excitors - "Keep the Frequency Clear" (Union Records)
Top quality Italian house. All the mixes are good with a good bassline too!
5. Dave Clarke - "Red 1" (remixes) (Reload Records)
Top quality hard house. This track is the one with the wicked reverse drum. Blinding tune.
6. Luxor - "The Big Bang" (Lunatec Records)
This is one of my favourite labels for stomping Euro House. Excellent.
7. Dee Rex 3 - "The Garden of Life" (Lunatec Records)
Second release from Lunatec this month. Quality product just keeps on coming from this label. Wicked European House.
8. Gypsy - "Varisuvia" (Limbo Records)
What a track! Great B-line, wicked noises everywhere. Stonker of a tune.
9. The Peppermint Lounge - "Lemon Project" (Moving Melodies Productions)
This is the absolute dogs bollocks!! Top quality House from Belgium. Seek it and buy it.
10. Dual Mount - "Sub Buss" (Tessaract Records)
If you like your house hard - but with feeling - you'll like this. Great progressive trance out of Germany.

I, the undersigned, wish to register my personal protest at the implications of the Criminal Justice and Public Order Bill 1994. The proposals are unjust, ill-considered and likely to breach Article 10 (freedom of expression) and Article 11 (freedom of assembly) of the European Court of Human Rights. Existing laws are ample, and I must protest in particular at Sections 52-55, which curtail basic rights of movement, Sections 27-29, removing the ancient right to silence during questioning and Sections 47-50 which introduces custodial sentences for people who simply wish to enjoy a party. Even MP's enjoy a party - surely?
yours in protest,

Affix
Stamp
Here

MP

House of Commons
London
SW1A 1AA

Energy - Synergy - Rapture

One is the same as
One hundred and thirty seven,
The Sea is a Fish
With green undulating Scales,
Heaven is a mountain
On the far side of the desert,
The tongue is a Rhapsody
For all the depths it unfolds,

The Journey There is further
Than the Journey coming back,
Each moment is an immensity
Breathless with anticipation,
And the quiet Saints inside of us
Have already talked it over,
And God is a Dance
Whose heart is on fire.

We all have a purpose on this earth, Mine is to translate thought into coherent prose, I tell you this so that you don't take what follows as the mere musings of an idle dreamer, I truly believe that there is some force at work in this time, some energy-flow that is beyond the human dimension, I believe that it is our purpose to give it form, and my job specifically to give it language.

I had an odd dream a while ago. In it I was struggling with an article about the I-Ching when a disembodied voice said: "There are one hundred and thirty-seven forms of the Oracle." A hundred and thirty seven? What the hell does that mean? Well, I checked it out, 137 is a prime number. Spiral Tribe have a theory about the number 23, Another prime number. All prime numbers have a magical quality to them, a power that ordinary numbers don't have. Three is the Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Seven is the number of days in the week, Thirteen is a Coven, the number of Christ and his disciples, and the number of Lunar months in a year. So what is the quality that distinguishes prime numbers from all other numbers and that makes them subject to such folk-lore? That they are as indivisible as the number one. In a sense, then, a prime number partakes of the unique quality of the number one, that it can't be broken-down or taken apart. It is what it is, and is in relationship with no other number but the number one.

One, Think about it, One, The only One, Prime, Primal, The first-mover, The One, There's a fundamental truth lurking there, if only I had the words to express it.

I had another thought, This one was about the word "Synergy." Synergy is the process by which the various parts of the body work together to create the whole. Organs of the body by themselves, although they can be made to function, are not in any sense human. It is only the whole body, all parts working together, that can be described as human. In other words, Synergy means that the sum is greater than the parts. Synergy is the process by which all the parts, all the billions of cells, individual primitive life-forms in their own right, come together to create this miracle, this mystery, called a human being; this carrier of thought.

Ask an amoeba how to split the atom some time, I don't think you'll get much of an answer. And yet that is precisely what Albert Einstein was made up of, millions of amoeba-like creatures coming together to dream a fundamental Truth about the way the Universe as a whole functions. As true here on the third planet of an insignificant sun on the outer arm of a very unspectacular galaxy, as it is in the deep, fierce heart of the Universe itself.

Albert Einstein was the man, of course, who made it clear to us that the Universe is made up of energy. Matter is only a form of energy in a certain state of inertia. Every atom in your body has the power to blow away half a city, and is a reflection of that greatest force in our vicinity, the huge, imponderable universal nuclear sub-station known as the Sun. Inside of us billions of suns burn, trillions of planets swirl, and Time and Space weave into one. The One.

One hundred and thirty seven is the same as one. One hundred and thirty seven people functioning synergistically in the primal dance become one, indivisible. I'll lay a bet on you, I bet that if you counted the people dancing together when the spirit moves us, then you would find it to be a prime-number. It doesn't matter even if this isn't exactly true. What matters is that it is a metaphor for how we come together, a new intelligence, greater than the sum of our parts. This is our Rapture, Return, The Homecoming. The blissful knowledge that this is where we belong, In and as a part of The One. And -you know- they can't take that away from us...

One Body - One Soul
One Heart - One Mind
One Love
Energy - Synergy - Rapture
Heaven On Earth

deep unity

GYPSY-Funk De Fino (Limbo). Classic; awesome, afterglow music. And this is out of Scotland? Melancholic sunny Sunday afternoon house in a mellow FNAC (Orange) or Dave Angel (Outrage EP) style. Techno washes over minimal percussive foundations. "Now it seems as if no-one wants us to have any fun anymore." Quite.

REBOUND-Rebound EP (Manchester Underground Recordings). First release on this new label and what a magnificent slab of mellowness "Rock the House" is. Scatty shit. Besides a record made by someone called Welly has got to be worth a listen. Hasn't it? Aquire.

SUGGESTIVE-Banjo (Loaded). In my humble opinion the best of the "banjo" crop of releases, and, if they don't mind me saying, the best thing out of Loaded for a while. Paul Hawker and Rob Sinclair's soundtrack excursion pitches banjo's (of course), screams and passing car horns into a laidback house stew. Original mix toughens it a tad, adds a catchy hook, and is all the better for it.

CHAPTER 9-Rollercoaster (Ouch!) Ouch! are on a good run at the mo'. Yet more solid London house packed with good ideas that always gets 'em jumpin'.

BLUE-Spanish Lullaby (Sun-Up). As the deep edged Euro-house bandwagon gathers momentum for the Summer "Blue" slap some dreamy flamenco guitar, trumpets and monk-like Enigma-esque vocal sounds over some lilting xylophone flourishes for a cool, breezy winner.

DEEP CREED '94-Can U Feel It (Eastern Bloc) You know deep house is fucked when an arsehole like Waterman picks up on it. Only joking Pete! Completey sums up his ethics though. Yaah! Ravey bits. Pipey bits. Yelps. Chants. Tribally. Trancey. And, er, deep. The thing is it's a good tune. Anyway (stands to attention) we salute you Armand Van Helden.

DJ ROB VANDEN-Pumpin' Love (No Easy Loving) Hi energy spaghetti western wonderland. Pitch down for the sunrise set and watch them skip. Excellent fun.

PITCH-C/D,D# (CPU001). "D" is a Euro edged, pumper with understated, smile inducing piano and funky edges. A female vocal sample urges us to "come together". "D#" is wierder, more left field but just as effective.

BARRINGTON STEWART-Generate (Planet 4). Melancholic string refrain over ethereal female vocal. Our Barrington deciding "every soul gotta generate. Seriously ignored by the dance press to their shame.

COZY CONCEPT-Piledriver (Rhythm Design). Cozy Concept return swiftly to the fray after their excellent "Pushin' It" last month. Chillin' it down a touch, it's a bouncy, stringy, synthy, stabby, bongoe sort of affair and is rather nice.

-R2B (ART TO BE)-You Keep Me Lifted Up (Volume).(Belgim). Another rare release from Belgium's Volume. Has been around for a while but I've been well reluctant to tell people about it. 'Till now. File under "fucking excellent". Celestial choirs lilt and haunt over sparse drum and bass. Beautiful techno-house.

IN THE LIGHT EP FEAT. DAYNA-(Blackzone) Italy/US. How can strings which sound as if they were lifted straight from Hitchcock's Psycho have such a devastatingly uplifting effect on a crowd? The "Open Air Mix" speaks volumes.

D.i.Y-Overview Mobile Music (Strictly 4 Groovers). Yes, it's US tinged. Yes, it's even groovy. But, there is not that that creative, cutting edge expected from S4G. "Owt", by far the stand out track, is sparse, percussive and doesn't come into it's own until the vocals kick in.

parties and gossip...

28TH APRIL 1994 -7TH HEAVEN-CANTERBURY

Guests Tim and Max appeared tonight as Tim only. Max was off elsewhere (Manchester) but Tim entertained us in fine style. Deep, groovey and American was the dish of the day. Despite a very unusual and ever so slight clash of, ahem, how can we say, DJ spot allocation syndrome, all went smoothly once it was sorted out. What nice chaps eh? Many thanks to Tim for coming down from Nottingham. It was much appreciated.

Another virtual capacity crowd gave thanks and praise on the tVC alter as the great god and motivator of us all, house music, pumped its incessant, life affirming rhythm hour after hour creating a zen like mantra that swept all before its magnificence. Music for the masses indeed. Phew!

29TH APRIL -FREE PARTY- FAVERSHAM

How many night clubs do you know that have a lake with spawning fish and a pair of swans with four sygnets? Are there any clubs with a 20 acre chill out lounge, a wood, a massive yellow carpet of flowering rape-seed and blue-bell lined paths? How many clubs have you been to where you can light a bonfire next to the "dancefloor"? Or drink a cup of tea whilst dancing and not seem out of place? Or, for that matter, enjoy a spliff without looking over your shoulder? How many clubs, if they could provide all this, wouldn't charge you a bean for it? And you can park your car for free. Even the biggest club on the planet couldn't stand a 50ft, 300 year old Scott's Pine near the entrance.

Oh yes, make no mistake, it's that time of year again. Time to get out of small, restrictive, stuffy, overpriced clubs. Time to get out of the city, out of the town. Time to get away from rip-off drinks, over-rated DJ's, bad doorstaff, smelly toilets, slippery dancefloors, in-yer-face lights, expensive entrance fees. Time to fuck all that right off. Because the free-party season is back and it's time to celebrate.

It's time for us to get back out into the woods, commons and meadows of this green and very pleasant land of ours and party ourselves stupid. You get the picture?

So what if the BBC and She-Ra were sticking cameras in everybodys face. So what if the police came and told us to stop. So what if it's a lot of work to get it all together. We are partying. Partying, celebrating life, gathering together, socialising, communicating. We are being ourselves and fucking this oppressive, violent culture that surrounds us right off. For a few hours anyway. We are enjoying our own culture, our own people, our own music. For one night we felt truly free.

(More to come- an all nighter and all dayer. News at 7th...)

Anyway, some wag (there's a lot of them about these days isn't there?) has spray-painted on the railway bridge, just as you enter Whitstable, "tvc are crap". To this person we say thank you. Like all wags everywhere you did your job well. You made us smile. And gave us an idea for our next flyer....but that's another party.

The Open Space programme on the Advance Party featuring footage shot at this party and on the demo will be shown on BBC2 on Wednesday the 15th of June.

29TH APRIL -FREE PARTY- FAVERSHAM

A site that brought all the cosmic, hippy bullshit out in all of us- although only two miles outside of Faversham central it could have been in the middle of Wales- idyllic, coupled with the summery weather meant no matter what happened it was going to be good.

Everyone met in the Ship and went in convoy to the site, hidden deep up a dusty track, in the Faversham countryside (?) Congratulating ourselves on how you couldn't hear the music (you could- all over Fav) we set about on the serious

business of enjoying ourselves. The party only really started to mellow out for me after the BBC left as they came full on in yer face just as the party started to kick off, their arclights making it seem like daylight. I, along with many others hiding in the shadows, watched the media whores strutting thier stuff. Mike E stripped to his shorts, Alex pissed up and swearing ad nauseum. At last Chris told them to try a little later and they fucked off, briefly, and I felt I could start to relax (after putting up the marquee and driving from Whit. to Fav. seven times during the day.)

SUNDAY MAY 1ST- ADVANCE PARTY DEMO -LONDON

After all the stink blown up by us over the CJB the four lonely tVC representatives made their sorry way up to London. Massive turnout by the posse! (Probably saving themselves after the party the night before). Luckily, once arrived, we were amongst friends. To tell you who was there would take pages. Suffice to say it virtually all of the 90's counter culture activists.

The attitude prevalent in our camp was "is this going to be just another demo'?" That is: assemble, march, listen (through a shite PA) to shitloads of boring speeches all reiterating the same points that we all know already, then go home.

Yes it was.

Once home, the demo' should now do its work. But did it? No mention on national TV (they probably think it's just another demo'). No real feedback next day. (Half a page of photos on the Guardian's back page?) Nothing on breakfast TV. Even the press before the demo' were pretty lukewarm in their exposure. The dance media was even worse. But, thanks to the focus of Debbie, who has thrown her life into the Advance Party, it was still an historic protest none the less.

The Advance Party pre-demo' press conference: media turnout? Zero. What purpose do demo's set out to achieve? Why don't people go on them? Why don't people do anything? Why do we just sit in our armchairs moaning all the time?

You tell me.

Answers on a postcard to: "Apathetic Media: Is a Show of Cameradery Enough?" competition at the usual address c/o The Labour Party.

7TH MAY- JUMP -414 CLUB BRIXTON

Nice people, shame about the Club, which was serviced by really rude barstewards. The water was turned off in the toilets and the club was very small, hot and seedy. More like being in someones house.

Despite early sound problems (the PA was late) it got sorted and the people started to get on down, although at first the DJ's were playing half an hour each "while the venue filled."

Some very nice, cheap consumer durables helped get everybody in the mood. Tim, our genial host, was well lushed. Alice whooping it up LF 10 on the stage and receiving admiring looks from the assembled males. Marianne and her mates from Dover giving it welly on the dancefloor. (Yet again the Kent posse showing London how to party.) And despite it being London no attitude displayed, with plenty of gurning and hugging going on. And that was just Alicel None of the tVC crew turned up (lightweights!) "saving" themselves for the next night no doubt.

The plug was pulled at 6am leaving us high and dry on the sunny streets of Brixton. So, in the mo-TA and off to find Coalesce, Maddies do, despite not knowing the address- only the street it was on. But things like that just don't seem to matter when you feel so good.

As we left we saw the serious London clubbers leaving the Love Muscle at the Fridge and heading off to Trade at Turnmills, with amazingly dressed, totally outrageous, long legged, kilt and skirt wearing blokes, and women with tiny bits of leather on. We all felt very conservative.

The drive was fun down sun streaked streets stopping every 50 yards to hear signs of a party. Then, hurrah, that inevitable, unmistakable pumping beat drew us even closer, only to discover it was Turnmills. But, a few mumbled comments with a taxi driver and we were off in the direction of the party.

Terence McKenna - The view from Hyperspace.

The trouble free gathering of Ravers, Travellers, Hunt Saboteurs and Tribal people with whatever label you like to hang on them, on May Day in central London to protest the Criminal Justice Bill went largely unnoticed and unreported by the media. Maybe this was because we could and did keep it, just as the flier said, sweet, right and peaceful. Still around ten thousand of us knew we had been there. So where to go from here?

As Buffalo Springfield sang:

"There's something happening here, what it is ain't exactly clear....."

Now in attempting to make sense of such happenings the best response seems to be to reach for a text or two. So it was that we found that back in 1974 Maria Wosien had written:

"Ecstasy cults are dynamic and because of their strong impact they are contagious. Consequently they tend to be suppressed as constituting a potential or actual political danger to the established system."

So this was to be the end of it all then? This seemed to make sense of things.

Well not really...in fact not at all because as the Dead are always there to remind us :

"Sometimes in life you get shown the light in the strangest of places if you look at it right."

So really it should have been no surprise that 10 days later in the nave of Canterbury Cathedral, where 3 days before, women were inducted into the priesthood for the first time, we encountered the phenomenon that is known as Terence McKenna. A group of six of us from the worlds of book publishing, retailing nursing and food selling(!) wandered around like a group of happy tourists on an afternoon outing (or perhaps more like a group of peasant pilgrims led by the master) taking in and relishing the splendours of carved pinnacles, vaulted roofs and above all stained glass mandala windows. McKenna himself was taking it all in whilst talking about this and that from butterflies to kings, but it soon became clear to experienced travellers, from the breadth of knowledge and wisdom he showed, that here was a mind that had voyaged far and extensively. Externally, internally, secretly and maybe to the ultimate. Moreover he had returned with treasures for us all to share.

Now we had previously listened at the feet of many wise men and women - perhaps the wisest. But nothing had prepared us.....or any of the 150 people who later came to hear him speak about his book "True Hallucinations".....for the intelligence, the assurance and above all the seductive lyrical lilt of McKenna's words.

It seemed entirely appropriate that this event was to take place at the venue which has emerged in the past couple of years as Canterbury's unique contribution to the world of spirit and energy.....Waterstone's coffee shop!

The strangest of places.....

Whilst Zuvuya were preparing the sounds of an ambient backwash to his lecture - delivered with precise detail and a relish for language - there was an opportunity to delve deeper into his views on what was happening here and what might be happening here.

It seemed right to begin what became a discussion rather than

an interview - for McKenna invites you to participate in his thinking and involves you in his ideas - by finding what are his thoughts on the increasingly restrictive response of the British State to the millennial challenge to the existing order of things. McKenna replies with his usual optimism:

"I think that the experience of the sixties and the establishment's inability to solve any problems since then means that this movement has an excellent chance of putting its agenda into place. The establishment is not nearly as certain of itself as it was 30 years ago and the underground can learn from the mistakes of the sixties, so I think that the situation is a much more level playing field than before."

So it's all to play for then if we want to take it and rather than adopting Timothy Leary's advice in the sixties to turn on, tune in and drop out it seems your approach is more turn on tune in and get involved, I suggest.

"Take over," McKenna corrects me, his optimistic eyes once again fixed on the top of the mountain.

How?

"Because there are enough people my age who came through the 60's. We're in place, like a fifth column and when we're called upon we will open the doors from the inside and let them in. Thomas Kuhn realised that scientific revolutions are only made when the old guys die off, and they are dying off, and they are less certain. So as long as this movement isn't subverted by heroin or money - which are two possible ways to go - I think it has an excellent chance of putting its vision into place. After all, who is against saving the environment, who is against people revelling in their sexuality - no one who has any sexuality will oppose that. So as you know since World War II there's been an effort to keep the future from happening (back to basics anyone?) and all it has done has been to forestall the inevitable - which is an incredible attitude of normality and community and attention to problems that have been ignored for years and years!"

I suggest that one important difference between the 60's and the 90's is that in the sixties there was a need to search out people of wisdom - teachers, gurus and to develop a kind of DIY approach based on books. Now these people like Terence McKenna, like Rupert Sheldrake, like Ralph Abraham are all in place.

"Yes", he agrees but chooses to emphasise the incredibly subversive potential of technology which we have now and which was not around then - the computer network for example.

"Remember Leary said 'find the others'. With the network you can actually find the others - no kid in any town, however small, need now be isolated from this global movement - so this is an incredible tool. And this is just being realised - we haven't yet seen the full force of what the computer is going to do for the underground."

And the manifestation of this in the States will be the next wave of British pop culture to overwhelm them - first the Beatles, then the Sex Pistols, now the Zippies. What's a Zippie? A combination of the 60's hippy and the 90's techno person - a person who uses new knowledge and technology for the good of the individual. And who's at the forefront of this? Fraser Clark and the Megatripolis Posse in London. McKenna loves the mixture of elements. He's keen on their style because it's not an E style, it's a psychedelic style.

Now in Britain the drug most closely connected with the Dance underground/rave scene is Ecstasy. There is as yet little experience of serious psychedelics within this culture. McKenna warns of the dangers of a scene fuelled by Ecstasy.

"E is a 'white powder drug'. You don't know what in the world you have taken. It isn't really psychedelic enough - it's an interpersonal thing. And if you take it often enough it isn't even that. You might just as well take Dexedrin - it's just speed. So my hope is that people will get psychedelic otherwise the movement will run out of steam. But I think that the rhetoric is definitely moving towards psychedelics. The problem is that we need the mushroom growers to appear."

We examine a Megatripolis flier and talk about their scene as having a true psychedelic style - like the mixture of elements in a big alembic. "What's holding it up?" McKenna asks.

"Consciousness" I reply meekly, offering up Tangentopolis (Canterbury's underground dance mag) to him as an example of what can be done with limited resources, a photocopier and a lot of energy. McKenna fastens on to William Blake's words which he finds in issue 11 and which he had quoted to Rupert Sheldrake only the day before. He directs us to use it as our inspiration:

'I will not cease from mental flight

Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand

'Til we have built Jerusalem

In England's green and pleasant land'

"Great stuff" he smiles, urging us to transform technology with the sword of our intellect.

So do we need to construct a more formal network of people moving in the same direction?

"No. I'm an anarchist - I'm a great believer in self organisation and synchronicity and all that." People should get into the networks - there is a slight technophobia on the scene in Britain that is not there in the US and for McKenna that's the last piece of the puzzle.

"If every raver had a power book then every raver would have power - that's worth considering."

So clearly technology is one of the keys, the main key that we have at this stage?

"E is a product of technology, LSD is a product of technology, the music itself is a product of technology - who can draw the line? There would be no drugs no music, no light shows, no radios, no cds". As McKenna says we can't pretend that our hands are clean when it comes to technology. So we might as well use it. "We have to transform it."

I remind him of the origin of light shows. How Bill Ham had taken army surplus light apparatus back used by the military to project training materials onto big screens back in 1965 - an early example of this psychedelic technological transformation. As usual McKenna is already several steps ahead and explains the origin of the chips that run home computers.

"The first of these chips was developed on contract for the American army to guide a small heat seeking missile and it didn't meet standards so they were going to throw it away. Then someone pulled it out of the waste paper basket and said well this thing can not guide a missile, but it could be a small computer. 'But who needs a small computer - we have huge computers' the military thinking went. But it wasn't a small computer for the military, it was a small computer for the people. So the technology

got released onto the market. This was technology never designed to be released to the public. "

In McKenna's opinion the greatest blunder of the establishment in the last 30 years was to allow people to get their hands on computer power and the network.

"And the network is unstoppable, it's ruled by no one, it crosses national boundaries and it's growing, it's growing like crazy and the people in there are at the very heart of the youth culture, the techno culture, the drug culture - because it requires a certain level of intelligence ever to get on."

Again some of the (new) wise old men from the 1960's are at the forefront - opening the doors from the inside to let you in. Like John Barlow, one of the Dead's lyricists.

"A major, major figure." exclaims McKenna (and we're not talking Catch 22 or a grey suit with spectacles here.)

In the States this movement is going to be unstoppable although the US government has 'this horrible thing called a clipper' which they want to put on every computer so they will have the key to all codes. To McKenna this is just like asking for the key to everyone's front door. So there's a huge civil liberties fight about this which he's sure the cyber community will win.

" It's the government's last gasp to try to hold us back, but the Supreme Court , the tradition of Free Speech and security of one's home and property is too well established in law for them to be able to mess with that. That's in the States - you have no constitution, you can be ruled at the whim of mad aristocrats . That's the hard truth about it - there's a lot of rhetoric but when push comes to shove that's what's going on."

So what we have to do is to take whatever we can from the tools that are available to us and transform them, use them for our own purpose?

"Sure - music, sound systems, pharmacology, propaganda techniques, video - everything can be turned against them. You know Lenin said a wonderful thing. He said that when it comes time to hang the capitalists they'll probably sell us new rope. Well there's no Marxism left but the capitalists will sell us the power books that we will use to undo them. They're keen to do it. They offer us bargain basement prices, bulk lots."

So this is 20th century shamanism ?

"Definitely - it's like building an invisible world of immense social power that the people who understand it can bring to focus on the community. All the technical thing is doing is literalising what already exists in the world of natural magic. We're just essentially hard wiring the unconscious and by the act of doing, that makes it conscious. And the main thing playing into our hands is that the establishment's lost its compass. They want to control but they have no idea how to lead. The only way you can control a society is if you offer it a vision. You can't simply whine you want to be in charge. No one will put you in charge unless you offer a vision so it's slipping away from them. These huge corporations have to have guys with pony tails down their backs to run all the equipment. The guys up in the boardroom with the suits, they don't understand any of this stuff....."

Think about all this for a while and gradually see it more like McKenna does. In his world it's like Dylan said. Something here is happening and Mr Jones doesn't know what it is - in fact he hasn't got a clue what it is !

Just like May Day in London.

What we need to do is keep our eyes firmly on top of the mountain and as the flier says:

"Keep it sweet. Keep it right. Remember this is a peaceful fight."

By the time Mr Jones realises what's happening it will be probably all over.

"Through light we move/Like foam"
Drugs and Rock in the poetry of Thom Gunn

Listening to Jefferson Airplane
in the Polo Grounds, Golden Gate Park

The music comes and goes on the wind,
Comes and goes on the brain.

(from *Noly*, 1971)

Rock stars often drop big literary names, but the pop song remains the pop song and the poem remains the poem. No one with any taste would swap the worst of Jim Morrison's songs for the best of his poems, and the same goes for Lou Reed and Leonard Cohen. Each has a genius for song which simply does not transfer to poetry. Patti Smith's enthusiasm for Arthur Rimbaud didn't do much for the great man's sales - more useful, more *glamorous*, were his outlaw pose and youthful burn-out. Why bother to read Rimbaud, Whitman, Mayakovsky or Byron when you can rob them for their fashion sense or their attitude? For all the talk, Rock and Poetry have never been that close.

But anyone interested in the tangential touching of the two disciplines should investigate Thom Gunn. Gunn was your average Grammar School/Oxbridge bright spark, but fired with enthusiasm for the control and discipline of seventeenth century verse, and he quickly made a reputation for himself with a 1960s version of the same stuff: tight, formal poetry, seething with a repressed violence that was often expressed through an iconography utterly familiar to the baby-boomer generation. Poems like "On The Move" (subtitled *Man, You Gotta Go*) and "The Unsettled Motorcyclist's Vision of His Death" projected Satrean existentialism through a filter of Brando, Dean and the young Presley - the role models for the sweaty/sexy leatherboy motorcycle gangs that populate these works.

Across the open countryside
Into the walls of rain I ride
It beats my cheek, drenches my knees,
But I am being what I please.

(from *The Unsettled Motorcyclist's
Vision Of His Death*, 1957)

Gunn was awake to cultural stimuli in a way that made him stand out in stark relief from the literary background. He wasn't hip in the way that Ginsberg, Ferlinghetti or the other American Beats were, nor did he appear on the borders of pop culture in the way that Adrian Henri and Roger McGough did. But he was a better poet than any of them. Some of the short lyrics that accompany his brother's photographs in *Positives* (1966) show Gunn absorbing and admiring the energy of rock music, and by now the scent of the academy in his work was almost completely subsumed by the reek of the street.

By 1971 Gunn had declared himself homosexual, moved to California, and published *Noly*. According to the English literary establishment he had lost the plot. The new looseness in his work, the subject matter - LSD, Jefferson Airplane, LSD, the possibility of universal love, LSD - made him an honorary American, and good riddance. But *Noly* remains Gunn's rock and roll book *par excellence*, and despite such chicken-shit reactions, one of the the great post-war collections of English verse. Tough and unsentimental, it nevertheless celebrates the values of the Love Generation in poetry of the highest order, and should be read by anyone who still listens to the music, remembers the highs, and yearns for the optimism that informed those heady days.

I am too young to grow a beard
But yes man it was me you heard
In dirty denim and dark glasses
I look through everyone who passes
And ask them clear, I do not plead,
Keys lids acid and speed.

(from *Street Song*, 1971)

The pop song continues to echo, through Gunn's verse, sometimes explicitly, as in the "The Outdoor Concert" and "Hitching into Frisco" (Jack Straw's Castle, 1976), or the passing lament for Nancy Spungen ("The Victim") in 1982's *The Passages of Joy*. More usually it is present as an undertone, detectable in the odd phrase or rhythm. It is possible to hear snatches of anyone from Woody Guthrie to The Grateful Dead in these poems. One recognizes them with real pleasure - not the central pleasure, but a *frisson*, an added extra.

Gunn's latest collection, 1992's *The Man with Night Sweats* is a series of tributes to friends and acquaintances who have fallen to AIDS. Its return to formality and high solemnity have won it much praise, and once again Thom Gunn is an English poet. There's not much to laugh about here, but at 55 Gunn is still writing from the street upwards, and still producing work of a cultural vitality completely alien to most of his contemporaries.

Here they are still!
the disobedient
who keep a culture alive
by subverting it, turning
for example a subway
into a garden of graffiti.

(from *Painkillers*, 1982)

END

cont... from page 1.

Once in Trafalgar Square the speeches were what you'd expect. Of course the RCP were there in their various guises: "Nice People Against The Nazis", and "Campaign For The Brave Serbs" and the rest. Eric the Viking read two poems: they went something like:

"De-de de-de de-de de-de,
De-de de-de de-de."

They all rhymed anyway. The funny thing was, everyone cheered. They cheered everything. The RCP, Eric, Greenpeace, the M11 Campaign, The Green Party, The Advance Party, CND, Exodus, the lot. Good. There's not enough enthusiasm in this world.

The best thing was the sense of unity it created. Whether you like techno or trance, house or The Little House On The Prairie, it's your party they intend to stop. Whether your resolutely anti-politics, or you can't stand party goers, it's your life style they're threatening. The march brought us all together: crusty squatters, travellers, road-protesters, hunt-sabs, party-goers, old-style Communists, aging hippies, students, fashion victims, Andy Pandey and the Queen of The May. It was a day to remember.

All I can add is watch Open Space "Let's Face The Music And Dance", BBC2, 7.30 or 7.40 on Wednesday 15th June to get some idea of what you missed. Hopefully it should make up for fact that there was a conspiracy of silence that day and that none of the media covered it.

CJ

parties and gossip...

SAT 7TH MAY- COALESCE -A FILM STUDIO NEAR TURNMILLS

You could feel the heat as you walked past the warehouse. The discarded Evien bottles showed we were on the right track. As you walked in the heat and the colour from the amazing luminous backdrops hit you, as did the sight of the well happy, tired and very lushed out London Glitteratti propping up the floor and draped over chairs.

BT Chris was the first Kent person we bumped into. LF20 by the look of it. Also spotted chilling and chatting, James H, Mark Shimmon and Sherlock, who was going home to bed! Too knackered to play.

A walk through the labyrinth of rooms revealed an eye rolling Daisy (I've had 6) perched on a stool in the corner, Maddie (OK, you are madder) still pumping away on the stage. There was still a fair sized crowd dancing to the housey delights. The room looked amazing and sounded well good.

At one point there were two female DJ's playing in the two rooms! The one in the smaller room played an excellent set of deep acid meanderings that would have given Ed a good run for his money.

Anyway, by 9.30 we lightweighted it out. There were rumours the party would continue 'till 2 but we went back to Finsbury Park to prepare for the days festivities at the Hackney Homeless and what a snorter of a day that was going to be.

SUNDAY 8TH MAY- HACKNEY HOMELESS PEOPLES FREE FESTIVAL -LONDON

This, the second festy on this site, must have been beyond all the expectations of the organisers. It was fucking packed. Last years was a little thin on the ground punter wise but this years turnout was astounding.

It was a crucial occasion for the disparate UK tribes: coming together for the first major gathering of the year. And what a gathering it was. I, literally, spent all of the day bumping into old friends and acquaintances not seen for a long time. Talking, talking, handshakes, smiles, hugs and more talking were the order of the day. It was just like the free party hey day of the 80's. Friendships were reinforced, new people met, numbers exchanged.

There were plenty of dogs to trip over, babies turning into toddlers, turning into- gasp - little people. Where does the time go? People who I thought would be well lunched out were just mildly lunched out but really getting their shit together and looking healthy. An air of high expectancy for the summer prevailed. The atmosphere was electric with energy. A cacophonous kalaidoscope fusing as one. No more factionalisation in the 90's. We all partied together (I know it may sound a little cliched but it's true) in the age old way of free spirits everywhere: we got wasted. And danced. And talked.

Despite 5 stages, including Wangos, Mellowmix and Megatripolis, the main centre of activity for us happened in the top corner where the soundsystems were situated. In the Mega-marquee we were astounded at the quality of the set-up especially the sound equipment. It looked very expensive, very loud and very brand new. We mused over what it would sound like with some house pumped through it. However, all they had was one lone musician playing a flute. But for the seasoned party people it was a joy to see Alistairs (now) battered Peavey rig supplemented by some tasty Turbosounds. Ringed in by vehicles and forming a lovely dance arena, with camoflage netting at the back, we sat and waited. First on the floor was Carlo, the mad Italian, (who we had just met one hour before). He was in full swing giving it welly in front of the rig. Marc and Ben, who we'd seen play at "Jump" the night before were doing the honours early on. The arena soon filled with a plethora of party/festy/club types and we all partied solid for the full eight hour sesh.

Later, the DiY big guns finished off the day: with Pip's set standing out from the crowd. Aphrodisiac: we love you.

(Next Jump: 4th June. Coalesce: monthly- venues vary)

HACKNEY HOMELESS FREE FESTIVAL

Sunday 8th May at Clissold Park gave us all the ingredients & more, which add up to a brill day. Whatever your taste in music there was something for everyone. The range of Acts was phenomenal given the Festival only lasted 8 hours and was free.

As I happened to be sitting by the Recknaw Stage I realised things were starting when assorted hair spray cans & crazy colour converged onto this particular area & it was 1977 all over again. Punk is most definitely not dead. Don't ask who the band was except they were rough, raw and already working the crowd into quite a state of frenetic exhilaration.

But the choice was yours; Reggae, Folk, Rave. My main aim was seeing The Dub Warriors but there was so much happening I never made it. The day was spent back & forth between the Wango Riley Travelling Stage & House Nation. I caught Tofu Love Frogs but personally felt they had lost some of their energy. But, hey man, it was Sunday, so who am I to complain? House Nation & Mellowmix Stage had a very magnetic effect or maybe it was the giant Techno Spider drawing the crowd to its web. Their sounds ranged from green field Ambience to gale force pneumatic Hard Core House. Yep, if it was variation you were after this was the place.

Let's not forget the rest. This Festival was a benefit for the Homeless, making us house-dwelling punters aware of the shit others put up with. The Alternative House Expo (perhaps Earls Court & the Daily Mail could nick a few ideas for their next ostentatious show of wealth & greed) showed how to live beyond bricks & mortar. Just because you don't pay for it, doesn't mean you're homeless. But as we all know (or should know by now) The Criminal Justice Bill will stop peoples right to gather, squat, travel, live in a cardboard box. More importantly, this Festival & similar ones enable groups to network. Everywhere you turned there were stalls, leafleting, protest groups, support groups, sympathisers. Maybe this is why this Government hates gatherings so much. Yes, they disturb a few "decent" citizens but they allow everyone to meet, talk, unite, get involved & know this Government is slowly & insidiously eroding our basic & civil rights. Soon the Home Office may grant the right for the police to carry pistols & 21" Nylon Truncheons. Next time it may not be a truncheon in the head but a bullet through the brain. So remember chums. When at a Festival check out what else is there beside the music. Because next time we can travel the 14 lane Super Highway but find nothing at the end.

8TH MAY- FREE PARTY - NEWINGTON GREEN BT DEPOT

Ali and the Aphrodisiac PA were seen here later on as well. Don't they get about? Anyway, this venue was massive (and home to our hosts). Two giant sized, cavernous, bay areas housed two rigs; one, not so hot sound wise, was pumping out manic gabba (?) to a frenzied, grinning crowd. The other, which sounded excellent, was housing it up in grand style. However tucked away in amongst the derelict offices (now bedrooms) and the rabbit warren of corridors was a smaller more intimate affair altogether. Thanks to Niels, Liam and co-ordinator extraordinaire Steve "now-ey" How Ya Diddlin' those mellow, groovy, deep house vibes were availed for the ears of a chilled down crowd who had had a severe battering over a long, long weekends partying. Oz kicked off with some intimate underground club grooves (snigger), providing a stimulating and intense experience of housey mellowness. Liam followed with a set of faultlessly mixed US, serotonin provoking coolness. Ed was out of it but his tunes hit the right spot and eased us into a sunny if chilly Monday morning. Kier and Tom, as always, surged on with their marathon garage acid trance of Pierre-esque extended mega mixes. Quite, quite a lovely, nay, divine experience from 3.30 to 5.30 ish. Just their time o' the marnin' squire.

Two slight incidents that caused us to smile. Setting up the rig some guy came into the room and asked us what we were doing (?) He was a representative from Vox Populi no less, the distinguished techno sound system. Apparently they had been promised the room by someone who lived in the building (as tVC had!) The thing was we had got there first...just.

Much later on, in the morning in fact, a few of the DJ's were chilling outside when a woman walked past and enquired "has the Home Secretary given permission for you to have this party?" A few bemused glances were exchanged. "Well if not it shouldn't be allowed." And off she trotted up the street with her nose in the air.

12TH MAY - 7TH HEAVEN - CANTERBURY

We were indeed in 7th Heaven tonight. (Or were we? Answers on a postcard to the usual address via the Monopolies and Mergers Commission). We played our wild card - Grub - and virtually everybody had some reaction to him. Eclectic, mad unusual bastard. He thoroughly enjoyed himself, and so did we. He's a crowds DJ not a DJ's DJ. If you know what we mean? But then again who wants to watch and dance to a DJ who plays only for other DJ's? See ya soon Grub.

14TH MAY- KUDOS - LONDON

The one exception to I-D's apt description of Kudos as "all things hard" was tVC's Rob Phelps. Alaid back, and dare I say, soulful set stood out like a beautiful desert island in a shark infested, scary sea of hard beats and textures. James H filled in the hinterland between the two. Mark Shimmon's set was a hard house stroke trance groove with the odd house stormer thrown in. He's coming down to 7th... in July playing, I hope, a mellower set for the deep edged Canterbury crowd. Going from strength to strength.

FRI 7TH MAY- YOBS OIKS AND GURLS -LAID BACK BAR, UPSTREET.

Fuck "oiks and gurls" (whatever they are), everyone was a job tonight as two pint jugs of variously strong cocktails were the order of the day. With the funniest security yet spotted, 10 blokes, all with headset walkie-talkies, in a room you could stride across in 3 paces; notices telling us dancing was prohibited by order of "the management" (which of course made everyone dance fervently in front of them all night), and a constant demand to keep the volume down from "the management"- made for great wind-up material, especially when the bossesson twigged on, two hours after starting up, that jazz-funk wasn't being played, andmagnificent Maurice (sound man extraordinaire) stuck two fingers and a fist up at "the management" and cranked the volume right up to loud cheers from the assembled pissed through. Now Ey, spotted with a bevy of beauties vying for his virile attention. Kate-E and Mike-E (soon to be Mr and Mrs E a little whisper through the grapevine informs us) snogging furiously in public after a couple of weeks off. The Whitstable Mothers Cocktail Appreciation Society was in full swig. Dawn and Anna especially swinging from the hip. Paul experimenting wildly with the cocktails. Four jugs of Black Russian. DJ's DJing sitting down (lazy, overpaid barstewards that they are)

Then, unfortunately, a quick drunk drive back to tVC HQ to continue the sesh with a crate of beer (cheers Mike), good company and yet more vinylicious canoodling from the DJ's that could still stand up.

Later it was found that "the management" of the Grove Ferry tried to claim that they'd made no money. No-one was drinking they said, which was total bollocks as everyone was pissed as a fart. They consequently gave Nick and George a miserly tenner for all their hard work. So boycott the place.



A. Country Club.

So I'm sitting here quaffing champagne when the guy next to me begins sprinkling some fine, white powder into the spliff he's rolled. It's cocaine. He offers me a smoke and, as the distinctive aroma begins to spread, someone sitting-nearby comments: "I can see why you've got that big grin on your face." He's right, I'm feeling fine. Later the spliff goes his way, and off into the depths of the room.

It's a party; for "the House elite of the South East" as I'm reliably informed. We've paid a fiver to get in, I've just shared a tenth of a gram of MDMA powder with a mate of mine who's turned up without any money. That cost £15. It's hardly enough to keep me awake, let alone get me into the party spirit. If it wasn't for the coke I'd be falling asleep already. The champagne is cheap though; six quid a bottle. Some enterprising person bought 23 crates back from France especially for this party. Apparently they had to carry it in relays through the customs, 3 crates at a time. There's a variety of expensive chemicals circulating like eddies of good-cheer through the room. No one is straight, nothing is free.

So this is an example of the revolutionary movement of the 90's: dancefloor culture. So what's new? The day the people of Housing Benefit Hill get one of these on their doorstep, the day they can afford coke and champagne, that will be the day I'll agree there's been a revolution. Meanwhile I'm just feeling guilty, mixing with the wrong people.

The guy with the coke is waiting to take up a job in the City, as a Commodity Broker. He has expensive tastes. In every way but one he harks back to the eager young men of the 80's, Thatcher's army, for whom making money was the highest art and only good. He says to me, without a hint of irony: "we play hard, but we work hard." Where have I heard that phrase before? The only way that he's markedly different from those pony-tailed Yuppies, with their mobile phones, striped-shirts and red braces -mostly burnt out and with painful ulcers by now- is that he's sharing his spliff with me, and that he likes dance music. But, then again, I wasn't hanging out with Commodity Brokers in the 80's. And who knows what music they were listening to?

Now I'm a man who, through some terminal mistiming in my date of birth, has missed every youth movement going. In 1967, when the first Summer-of-Love washed over these shores, I was 14 years old; a delivery-boy at my local grocer's. I turned up for work one day with a flower in my lapel and suffered the inevitable piss-taking. It's a good job I hadn't seen fit to wear it in my hair, but I was far too young for such sartorial gestures. By the time I was 18 Charlie Manson had put paid to any dreamy notions of the certain victory of the Love-and-Peace revolution. Kaftans and sandals gave way to monstrous lapels and stack-heels and the glam-rock years were on their way. We still took LSD, but we also went to discos where guys wore eye make up, and where we got drunk and tried to pick up "chicks". So what has changed? These days "chicks" as a term has given way to "babes".

Funk happened in my mid-twenties. Unfortunately for me I was on the hippie trail to India at the time. As Oscar Wilde might say; "To miss one youth-cult might be regarded as a misfortune, Mr.Stone; to miss two looks like carelessness." I got back to find that flares were height of bad-manners, and that long hair was not so much a fashion-statement as a disability. Funk told us that smoking dope and lolling about in rooms listening to ambient German electronic bands was out; drinking Special Brew and falling over in a pool of piss was in. But at least Funk had a political perspective. The Clash dressed up as Sandanistas for the front cover of one of their LPs. Well, it was a gesture. Socialism was the dish of the day.

Once I'd been too young to wear a flower in my hair, now I was too old to wear a safety pin through my face. Again I sported the symbol in my lapel, showing an increasing tendency to miss the point. Maybe it was time to give up on Youth Culture.

Another difference was how Hippies referred to women. If it wasn't "chicks" it was "ladies". Punks called them women, influenced by the growing feminist movement no doubt. But if it comes down to words I never knew anyone calling themselves a Hippie. The term we used was "Freaks", an expression deriving from the cynical, bad-natured bands of Los Angeles rather than the more laid-back LSD bands of San Francisco. Frank Zappa was

my hero, still is, this is what he has to say about the Hippie movement.

from an LP aptly titled We're Only In It For The Money, dated 1968:

"Every town must have a place where phony Hippies meet,

Psychedelic dungeons popping up on every street,"

Which brings us back to the party.

It was earlier in the evening, before the MDMA or the coke. I'd drunk some beers (65p a bottle) and taken a few Mushrooms (free of course) and was getting nervous. Somehow the music wasn't getting to me tonight and I was feeling more than self-conscious on the dancefloor. So I went for a walk. The grounds were enormous; tangled woods behind the house and all along the long curve of the drive, with a neat lawn in front bumping down the hillside, pierced with ornamental trees, and white-painted, cast-iron garden furniture in true colonial style. You could see the city below, lights twinkling through the mist like the ghost-lanterns of some ancient ship wreck. I followed the drive down to the gate, where a couple were holding fire-sticks to light the way in, and then into the countryside. Eventually I came to a field overlooking the house from behind. I could hear the thud of the music, and see the lights shuddering in the night air. I stood there contemplating it, wondering whether or not to go back in. Really I didn't have much choice, this being the middle of nowhere, and me without a car. But I hardly knew anyone; found the half-undressed state of the girls intimidating, and the prospect of more drugs just plain dreary. Anyway, I didn't have all that much money. That's when it came to me. This is a club, I realised, that's all. Not a party, where knowing people matters. A club, like the hundreds I've been in before, down the back-alleys and back-streets of countless British Cities. So what's new? Only this; that it's happening in the comfortable, leafy lanes of the British Countryside. The reason it's causing so much trouble is that it's taking place on the Squire's doorstep these days. And it's the Squire's daughter in there, half undressed, and off her face on some brain-cauterizing chemical.

Back in the Party I talk to a woman in her 30's, who turns out to be a single parent living on a council-estate like me. I begin to feel more at home. She tells me she goes out Raving every night. I wonder how she can afford it. "What do you do for a living?" I ask. "This and that, you know. How about you?" "I'm a writer," I say. "Much money in it?" she asks, with a peculiar, arch, piercing look. Er...