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# TANGENTOPOLI

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Free to Party People

## Home Office drugs report backs raves

Rave parties should be encouraged and granted licenses by local authorities, according to an unpublished Home Office report on drugs. Elimination of drug misuse should be regarded as an unobtainable goal, says the report.

Many of the reports findings fly in the face of government strategy of criminalising raves, imposing heavier drug sentences and increasing stop-and-search powers.

A Home Office spokeswoman said it was intended that the report, by the Advisory Council on the Misuse of Drugs, would be published shortly, although no date had been set.

The report, entitled *Police, Drug Misusers and the Community*, represents the latest research on drug policing policies. The Council, set up in 1971, is the main body advising the Home Office on drugs policy, and its recommendations carry great weight.

The conclusions are likely to embarrass Michael Howard, the Home Secretary, as he and the new Home Office minister with responsibility for drugs, Michael Forsyth, seek to put their stamp on the Government's drug policy. It is understood they are planning an anti-drugs initiative in the autumn.

One of the main planks of the Criminal Justice Bill, which will be enacted in October, would give the police powers to break up raves and seize sound equipment. But the report recommends that "the organisation of more legal raves be encouraged by local authorities exercising maximum discretion in the granting of licenses and by involving responsible organisers of raves in the process".

It says that resorting to criminal law against raves may well lead to conflict between the police and young people. Cautioning for possession of drugs should be encouraged and regularised, says the report, which recommends that guidelines be drawn up because police forces differ in their approach. Mr Howard has already indicated his opposition to repeated cautions.

The report also recommends that drugs that do the most harm should be the principle target, and notes that nearly nine out of ten drug arrests involve cannabis. This would seem to contradict Mr Howard's position as he recently announced a five-fold increase in the maximum fine for cannabis possession, from £500 to £2,500.

The report's overview says that the whole philosophy of dealing with drug abuse has to be rethought and should not be seen as a simple law enforcement issue. It concludes that "elimination of drug misuse is generally regarded as an unobtainable goal."

The report backs a multi-agency approach, involving police, health and social services and local authorities.

The reports findings were welcomed by civil liberties groups and rave organisers.

Duncan Campbell



## tVC FREE PARTY - BRITTANY

100 things that all contributed 1% to a 100% snorter of a holiday:- The very, very, very hot days. The oh so heavenly cool evenings. The beautiful, lush farm the site was on. The stupendous views around the countryside. Our jovial and convivial hosts Ange and Jan. Thank you, thank you, thank you. The extremely mad, up for it house heads who behaved impeccably all the long, long weekend. Doves. Duty free lager and spirits. Of note, the Blue Label sesh and the champagne and E. Fast Lane (on the rocks). French wine. French food. French people. tVC's ever so reliable rental van. The reliable P.A. Oooh, loads of hours and hours of service. tVC Sound engineer Magnificent Martin for contributions above and beyond the call of duty. Yesss! High sun factor protection cream. Mineral water. Ice cold. The fridges full of an inexhaustable supply of cold beer. That strange inexplicable feeling of mass mellowness and togetherness that only happens at a five day free party on the last morning. You who were there

Sunday morning know what I mean? Parking sooperb! One of the greatest feelings on the planet. The DJ's. Kier, Ed, Tom, Oz, Nicky, Percy, plus Nick/Jody from the Vibe Tribe/Cosmix travellers plus two french DJ's (sorry but in all the excitement I've forgotten your names.) And Reg. The rest of the English/Euro travellers. Thanks for adding a bit of spice, colour, originality, good vibes and a fuck off swagger to the weekend. Sun hats. Baggy, cool clothes. Stripy shirts. Old school trainers. Pigtails. No cheesecloth. Shaved heads. Tattoos. Long hair. Top drawer (skunk, slate, black, homegrown). Sore lungs. Tired, gritty eyes. Amnesia. Aching limbs from dancing too much. Pam's marathon dance sesh. John's pipe. Beautiful boys. Gorgeous girls. (All dancing on the floor.) Smiles. Hugs. Relationships formed. Relationships ended. Bits of paper with all those exchanged phone numbers and addresses on. Lots of new, old, fast, slow cars. Big old busses. Small old busses. The big barn we partied in most of the time. The dust. More dust. The storm. The

rain. The lightning. The mud. The sun. The dust again. The total and utter immensity of the love vibe. House music. House music. House music.

Yet more house music. Dreadlocks. Pierced bodies. Dogs running all over the place. Kids ditto. Vegetarian food. (Thanx Jan. Feeding at least 30 people every day) The, cough, meat eaters (wise up suckers). Tunes of the weekend? Too many to mention. Pick yer own. The techno fest stragglers...that never arrived. Bastille Night (the big one for the French). The hands in the air morning types. The skippy types, who love a piano tune. The sunrises. The sunsets. The sunglasses. The bus lent to us by Reg for the weekend. And his mad dog Colin the Collie. Being stupid, daft and ever so predictable tourists abroad by getting pissed on the ferry. Ho hum. Paying for it later with a paracetamol binge still on the road. Stopping off for another paracetamol pit stop and slipping in another beer (and a pizza). The mad cheek kissing seshes. as only the French can do. Having a , erm, crap in the countryside with almond sized raindrops beating down

whilst watching the most amazing fork and sheet lightning storm. D.J.ing (in the same storm) with water leaking through the sagging tarp dripping on the records. Lightning frightening everyone and those that hadn't scarpereed to the cars crammed in under the tarp. Special mention must go to the loony French ravers who partied with us Thursday through 'till Sunday. Your party stamina was very much appreciated. Paul

(from Harrowgate) and his Acid Tab reproduction T-shirts (Bart Simpson, Red Dragon, Purple Ohm). Good luck on your trip to India. The party in the woods on Sunday. Hastily organised at the last minute (for diplomatic reasons). Throwing sticks in the lake for the dogs (in the storm). Dancing in the storm. Russell and Sandra (party people extraordinaire). Thanks for looking after us. We owe you a good few 1664's. Drinking top quality cappuccino in the middle of a field (marvellous). The police visiting on Fri night with the curt message "terminate". The noise was heard 6 mile away (oops). We didn't even have it turned up! Early Fri- the

local musicians giving it welly around the fire. Acoustic folk al fresco stlyee. The chickens and fluffy chicks scratching around the yard. The cat and her kittens adding another cute factor notch to the weekend.

Oz





("to convey one's mood in 17 syllables is very diffic...")



## TVC FREE PARTY -BRITTANY

Things that happened:- Arriving at Portsmouth, one minute late, getting pissed up on the ferry (what else are they for?), Paul calling one of the cabin staff a twat, Nick telling customs that we were off to "a party" and, despite looking like shit and having a van full of PA, being allowed through. Martins passport photo, arriving, getting locked in a restaurant car park in Dinan, popadom pizzas, paracetamol, the Mayor of Mouron jumping into the van and giving us directions, arriving at 1.30, hungover and seeing the "tvc are crap" banner, Reg lending us his bus to crash on, Russ keeping us topped up with beer all weekend (no mean feat), lots of friendly English chaps and chappesses. Finding the PA they had was

ceedings and Paul had 'em whipped up to a frenzy. Carrying on, albeit at a reduced volume, regardless. Drinking rough old red plonk and watching the sunrise whilst eating Angelo's burnt popadoms (don't try 'em). Managing to get a couple of hours sleep in a chair. Getting totally pissed on red wine and beer whilst everyone went out to suss out a new site. Kier wounding his foot and lying prone in his tent. Steve asleep in the red hot midday sun. Falling flat on my face whilst carrying a glass of wine, pissed and crying. The last party, electrical storm all night, no marquee, lots of rain, everyone working together and fucking the rain off, dancing regardless after not eating or sleeping for 3 days. Seeing the same French few who'd been left dancing at all the other parties. Ed falling asleep in his car and missing his set. Steve falling asleep and missing the party. Tom and Kiers 4 and a half hour set. The bummer as the realisation dawned on us that this was it- as good as it was going to get and now it was gonna end. That massive drive ahead, the van battery flat, grouchy arguments as wrong turns taken,

decent, hearing the 2 PA's married and knowing it was going to be fucking good, Martin nearly weeping at the beauty of it all, Paul and his marathon 19 hour DJ sets (eat your heart out Sven), Paul and Clyde and his trip T-shirts. Nick and his extremely large and very dusty record collection. Angelo and Jan and their lovely cool kitchen and endless supply of beer and hospitality. Colin the Collie for keeping everyone entertained. Cute kids clutching

cute kittens, Blue label vodka straight out of the freezer. wow! Everyone shot to fuck. Pam dancing solidly for three days. Tillie and Pam on the dance platforms. John for providing sustenance. Kenny and his bandaged knee, Sue and her Brandy, Roger and his stained designer gear. Hearing the music so loud and clear. The first sunrise. Angelo's fire (coz the nights were soo cold). All the friendly French and the mammoth kissing sesh. Kier, Ed, Kate, Tom and Dusty turning up when we were starting to flag. Champagne. The first party to be terminated by the plod just as Ed was about to take over pro-

Martin falling asleep All the way back. Nick falling asleep on the motorway at 85 mph across 3 lanes. No energy to drink on the ferry. 5 mile traffic jam on the A3.

Running out of petrol at Dettling. Arriving at the Ship to find a party in full swing. A couple of quiet pints. A few more pints and smokes. Rolling eyes, staggering limbs, the sesh starts again. Paul on the decks to complete 1000 hours piloting time. Trying to reverse the van so drunk I couldn't see and nearly wrapping it around a fire escape. Crashing...out in the Ship thanking fuck we'd hired the van another day. Waking up in afternoon. Drinking. Going to the Chinese. Drinking sake, eating, laughing, staggering to the van, unloading the equipment, driving home, unloading more equipment, staggering to bed -full, content, happy, buzzing.

Let's go for it again.

Every weekend!

Nick



A HOME FOR EVERYONE by Tim Minton

On 23 July I met with Michael Howard, the Home Secretary, at the end of a Demo against the Criminal Justice Bill outside the Tory Party Offices in Folkestone. We were alone in his office for no more than 10 minutes.

The consensus of the demonstration was that I should focus on the restrictions of the Bill - in reality measures approaching open warfare - against travelling people. I gave my view that all individuals and individual groups in society are like children in a family ( to which he nodded agreement ) and how this bill, if it did become law, would tell many of the most marginalised groups, especially travellers, that they are the "naughty children", the "bad" children, that they are regarded as some sort of rubbish and will be treated as such.

At the moment there is essentially some form of tolerance towards travellers and the CJB will remove this if enacted. I wish I had emphasised that we should be moving to the appreciation of diversity, not the end of toleration.

Michael Howard talked about property rights and permission to be on land, remaining essentially unmoved throughout our meeting.

He stuck to the line that "Surely there must be respect for the law". My response? "Surely a bad law brings all law into disrepute." His response? "Of course, but this is a very good piece of legislation."

So I spoke of how common land is dwindling increasingly and alarmingly quickly and how too sites are disappearing. I told of the vast majority of travellers being peaceful people. He claimed that with landowners permission for their presence there was no problem. (A point which people later informed me was definitely NOT the case if the CJB is passed. Even with this permission and no complaints from neighbours, people can be arrested if not compliant if police think there will be a disturbance.)

His final claim was that when the bill is passed there will still be sufficient legal sites for travellers. My response was of our great fear that as well as further reduction of common land to nearly zero, sites would be closed until too few (if any) are left.

Thus travellers will be criminalised and forced into a corner. This will cause much anger and possibly "real" criminal actions. We all have to be somewhere and this bill will make that nearly legally impossible for the travelling community and many others.

As we left his office Mr Howard's affable self confidence dropped for a second only. He told his workers he would talk to the crowd. His press agent replied " You haven't got time Mr Howard".

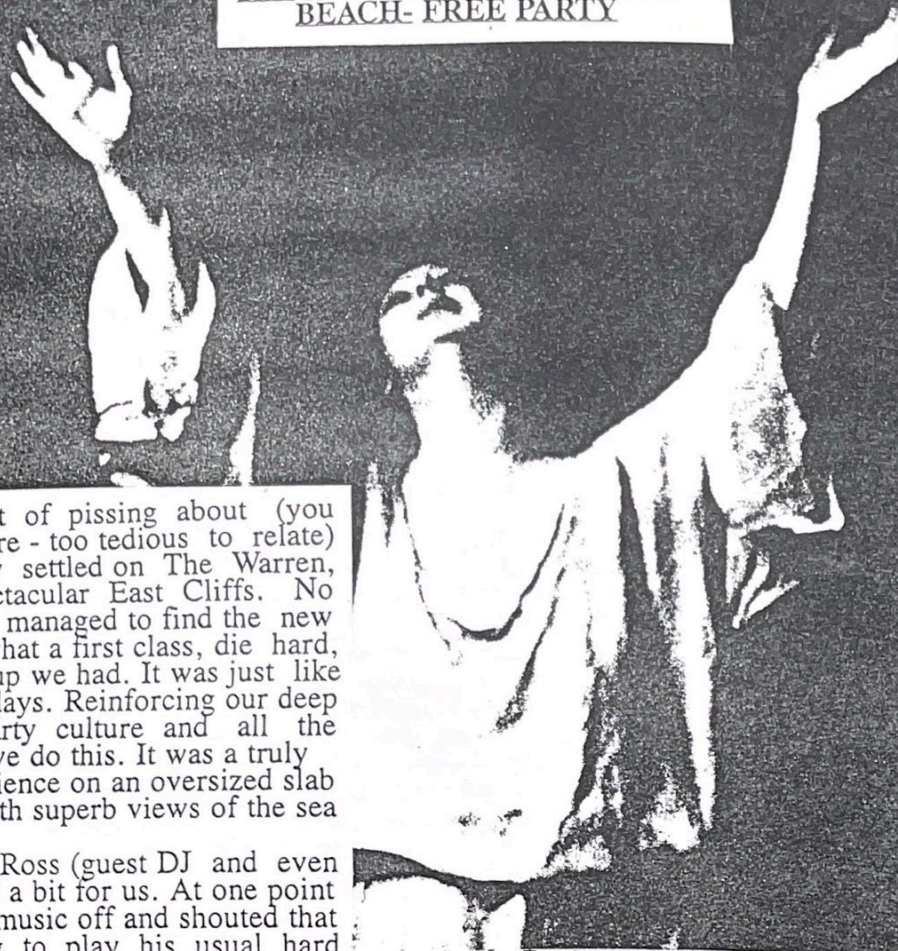
I said "You're a free man aren't you?" He glanced at me, ruffled I think. He then went on to address the people.

In retrospect I wished I had reminded him that a Home Secretary should be helping to create and build this country (and world) as a Home for everyone.

Mr Howard and many in power need our love (but not our agreement or inaction) more than most, for if they truly felt at home within themselves they would not be so obsessed with breaking up the homes and suppressing the different ways of life at present enjoyed (despite the problems) by travellers and so many others. They could instead provide all people with room and time for growth - and tolerate the failures and successes necessary within that growing space. Thus we could all contribute as best we can in making that home a living reality of co-operation, appreciation and peace.



SAT 23RD JULY- FOLKSTONE  
BEACH- FREE PARTY



After a lot of pissing about (you know the score - too tedious to relate) we eventually settled on The Warren, near the spectacular East Cliffs. No more than 100 managed to find the new location but what a first class, die hard, top notch group we had. It was just like the good old days. Reinforcing our deep beliefs in party culture and all the reasons why we do this. It was a truly magical experience on an oversized slab of concrete with superb views of the sea and sunrise.

Shouts to Ross (guest DJ and even mellowing out a bit for us. At one point he turned the music off and shouted that he was going to play his usual hard music. If we didn't like it all we had to do was tell him to fuck off. One minute into his first hard tune there was a massive shout from the assembled hoards of "FUCK OFF". And he did.) Tim (from Jump), Grub and Jules (who left before it started), Kim ("the best night out I've had in my life"), Angelo (our chum from France), Kenny, Percy (the DJ), Aaron (gurner and speaker carrier extraordinaire), Kier and Layla and the tail end of the

CJB demo who hung on for us despite being 4 hours late! And then having to hump all the gear down the cliff. The Ship of Fools, "Mad" Walter (King of the Handbag) and "Mad" Martin (Don't ask!). And not forgetting an occasional tVC DJ whose name (after the severe drunken reprimand this Tangent... cub reporter got for mentioning him last ish) shall never be mentioned again. (Let's just say he's a crap blagger.) And Laura, Pam and John asleep. (Photographic evidence available on request).

Basically all was fine. Even the Police were chummy. At 10am the party virtually split as the unspoken obligation of the big London Anti- CJB Demo loomed over us. Trekking their tired, wery limbs off to London to boil in the heat the people left. The crew, who had to pack up and wait for transport were too late to attend, but we were there, in spirit. We were suitably castigated on Monday morning by an extremely irate Mental Continuum/Zombie Face (or whatever he wants to call himself) for our "political naivety". He accused Oz of being a "policeman dressed in black" whatever

that means? (Read his report on the London CJB Demo for enlightenment-Ed) But, hey, each to their own we say. To party is to protest. It matters not where it is. tVC party reviews: cheeky but nice. Don't forget that! We never write about people we don't like. Don't take them too seriously....please. We're only polite to those we don't like.



## FOLKSTONE SEASPLASH

After much legging about to coordinate the borrowing of car, driver and...oh shit where are the keys, the boot was loaded (water, duty frees, duvet, sweaters -half of which we wouldn't need!) and we hit the road to Folkstone. Party on the beach! Easy. Round the roundabout and on -no sign. Legal party on the beach! Let's ask a policeman -no policeman! (They must've been moving the party on).

In fact there are a few things I recall. The man from "the Family Stone", who's he? Laura smiled. Emma lurex and Nick getting stuck into proceedings. Chip kids bare paddy feet. Campers complaining and the police turned up to say that campers have no right to complain!? Lucky for us and unlucky for the campers that they don't like dancing all night. the sunrise was totally splendid -people had their backs to the deck for some time to stare right at it.

Round the roundabout countless times and off in all directions. Still no sign after nearly two hours our enthusiasm was flagging slightly despite good sounds, spliff and wine.

At last we pulled in for some chips -evidently good soul food 'cos just after that a previously unseen lane appeared invitingly. so we drove down it until we came to the magic letters TVB. what a relief! There were people we recognised and we zig-zagged down a zig-zag path (how did they get the gear down there?) onto the vast concrete slabbed beach.

Full moon (nearly), high sea, summer breeze, swirly light projection

and piles of speakers breathing our favourite sounds. So all us determined partiers could do nothing if not come alive. What a night! Not a lot occurred (it's not that I can't remember!) Just lots of grooving, smiling, moon and (later) sun staring. I suppose people must have talked to each other too. Myself, I had an adventure in the sea and got out as soon as I realised what I was doing (luckily), and went back to raise my body temperature with more dancing.

The DJ before Nicki -crap in my opinion- though others loved him (don't know if you should print that bit).

Apart from him, the DJ's excelled as usual, particularly Tejen and Nick.

Mind you, she had to be chased three times up and down the beach even to get her to look at her records. Worth it though!

Then the beach, with all it's wide eyed and friendly morning dog walkers, had the full benefit of the half dozen spaced out (literally), sun drenched "fluffcore" crew giving it all they had left.

And finally we had to go. Driver fell asleep at the wheel a few times, but we got home safe. I'm sorry Paul and Nick had to wait so long for Big Dave to get there they got sunburnt -I gave him the best directions I could muster. But talk about the hardest party to find! Let's have another one soon.



You say you want a revolution? Well, you know, says  
**C J Stone**, it looks like we all want to change the  
world—but only if we get to dance in the process

## Party politics

*Awake, awake O sleeper of the land  
of shadows, wake! expand!  
I am in you, and you in me, mutual in love  
divine:*

*Fibres of love from man to man thro  
Albion's pleasant land*

**William Blake: Jerusalem**

*There is a place where Contraries are  
equally true*

**William Blake: Milton**

As I'm writing this, the first of many mountain-sized chunks of rock have plunged headlong into the thick, gaseous stew of Jupiter's swirling mass, sending a huge plume of matter and radiation into the solar system. Everyone I know is talking about it. It may be the most important cosmic event of the past 2,000 years. My friend Joe, an astrologer, tells me that the resulting explosions are releasing what he calls "Jovian forces" into the Solar System, by which he means peace, justice and natural goodness. Consciousness will change, he tells me. And he quotes the song from *Hair* to prove it: "When the Moon is in the seventh house, and Jupiter aligns with Mars, then peace will guide the planets, and love will steer the stars." According to Joe this is pretty much the configuration as the cataclysm erupts.

What has this to do with politics? Everything.

The point is that Joe, who has never felt the need to express himself politically before, was on the march and rally against the Criminal Justice Bill on 24 July. As were assorted pagans, witches, druids, tarot-readers, Buddhists, Celtic tribes and English posses, travellers, ravers, tossers, space-cowboys, self-proclaimed gurus, pranksters, visionaries, poets, as well as the usual assortment of lefties, anarchists and professional protesters. A measure of Joe's previous political involvement is a conversation we once had about a particular field that was threatened by a new by-pass. Joe wanted to stop the roads. I suggested I could help him. "No thanks," he said. "I'll meditate in the field and create an invisible psychic barrier." Joe has also been known to proclaim himself immortal.

Justice, peace and natural goodness. However you put it, whatever the rhetoric that leads up to it, whatever the structures of thought, justice, peace and natural goodness is what we all want and need. And anyone who states these things as his or her principles, and acts on them, is one of us. Simple.

To me this is the essence of the new politics. Here's an analogy. It's as if we've reached a crossroads in human evolution, or in political

life. There are a number of choices open to us, some exceedingly dangerous. It's fairly pointless standing round debating how we got here. What we need to do is work out where we go next. The world is full of rhetoric—political, spiritual, scientific rhetoric. The first thing we have to admit is that we really don't know all that much. It's fundamental that there are people around us we can trust. Anyone can adopt a stance. What matters is the intention behind the words.

Joe is not a nutter, by the way—the usual description for anyone whose belief-structures are different from ours—he is perfectly sane, chases women, drinks beer, watches the soaps like the rest of us. These are his beliefs, that's all, just as Marxism is a belief, or the idea that we are all simply accidental lumps of matter running round like headless chickens with no other purpose than to reproduce and then die. Belief is one of the things that defines us as human beings.

Marxism is a belief, I said. Of course Marxists would deny that. Marx himself, humanitarian though he was, was also deeply enamoured of the mythology of 19th-century materialist science, and the idea that, one day, all things would be reduced to simple, non-contradictory law. This in itself is a faith. In the 20th-century, science itself took us into areas where apparent contradictions exist concurrently. Is light formed of waves or particles? Depending on your point of view, it can appear as either one or the other. In fact, it is both at the same time. Are human beings distinguished by consciousness or production, asks Marx? And he answers the question: by production, by work. And from this first step the socialist movements that followed him proceed relentlessly along a line that takes us into work, work and more work. Cultural expression is an irrelevance and can be ignored. Joy, celebration, pleasure are the gaseous by-products of the digestive processes of labour: consciousness as fart.

But does Marx really know that production is the distinguishing factor of human existence? Is work the only thing?

My profoundest political revelation (is revelation the revolution of the mind?) came not during a strike, or at a committee meeting to discuss the future of socialism: it came at a rave. The event was held deep in the Sussex countryside, nestled high in the soft folds of a chalk escarpment, hidden away in a little bowl of land like a natural amphitheatre. We took our drugs and danced to the pulsing beat. I took my shoes off to feel the cool grasses tickling my feet. The summer breezes bustled about my limbs, warm and relaxing, and tiny shivers ran up my spine. This was heaven, the perfect union of body and mind, of earth and air, of personal expression and communion

with others. Some months later I went back to visit the place. There was no sign anything had ever happened there.

So what is work?

The labour that the DIY crew put into the event was real enough. Planning it, shifting gear, clearing up afterwards. And the joyous expression of dance certainly cost a lot of energy. But what did we make on that occasion? Nothing but love.

But afterwards I knew, with an understanding that went deeper than the rational, that the land was truly mine, all of the land, all mine and all everyone else's at the same time; that the land contained ecstasy, beauty, sensuality, love, and that the pulsing heartbeat of the music was rippling through her body like a shiver and she was being awakened by it. Take it or leave it: it is my belief.

Of course Karl Marx's theories are based in part upon his observations of the British working class during a crucial period of political and economic change. Frederick Engels actually owned a factory in Manchester, and his *Condition Of The Working Classes in England in 1844* is a seminal work of 19th-century social observation. But what is the most abiding contribution that the British working class has made to the state of Britain and to the world as a whole? Trade unionism? To some degree, though we have seen how self-seeking the leadership can be, and how fragile and inept the structures of economic dissent. The National Health Service? Perhaps, though the drug companies seem to do a lot better out of it than the rest of us. The Labour Party? At one time maybe, though the current fraternisation with the City makes you question







where its loyalties really lie. Or is it something else? Isn't there another thing that working-class history has given us, not just the British people, but the world as a whole? I'll tell you what it is: it is football.

Of all the things formulated in the golden age of British imperialism, when Britain was the world economic power, and the engineers of Birmingham and the cotton workers of Manchester were producing goods that would help reshape the world, the only thing that has lasted is football. And what working class community does not play football these days? And what is football but a strange ritual performance involving 22 men and a ball, surrounded by taboos and fetishes, on which the whole world's hopes and fears are pinned, like an icon, like a religion? What is it but cultural expression?

Who is to say really what the earliest human beings were thinking when producing the first artifacts? Did they sing as they did so? Did they perform magical acts? When the first animal was brought down by the first arrow, did it feel like sport? And did they dance around the fire afterwards with the sheer joy of being alive?

Joy and labour are not separable things. Cultural expression and means of production are from the same source. Humanity is not a machine wedded to work but a living, breathing act of consciousness, expressive of joy. The world is a better place than we imagine.

The new politics arise precisely out of this awareness. People don't go on demos these days, they celebrate. They don't protest, they party. On 23 July—Haile Selassie's birthday—the Kent Freedom to Party, Travel and Protest Campaign held a "Picnic against the Criminal Justice Bill" on Folkestone Pleasure

Beach, including a march to lobby Michael Howard's surgery. Like so many of the events taking place in this current period it was characterised by a genuine party atmosphere. Dancing, drums, good-natured banter, chants that owed more to their rhythmical qualities than to their content, whistles, war-whoops, a lot of noise: what you might call, in old-fashioned terms, "good vibes".

The main point was that people were enjoying it. It was fun. In a sense even the word "politics" is misleading. A substantial segment of the current movement would not see their actions in political terms at all. For them it is a spiritual commitment, to the Earth, our Mother. Theirs is an expression of love, of sorrow at the pain and joy at the beauty of our world. And their fundamental understanding is not that they are facing the blind structures of capitalism, but manifest evil. There are black magicians out there, in control, behind the scenes, people who understand perfectly well the energy systems of the Earth and who are channelling dark energy to destroy her. For both sides materialism is a front, a myth that the rest of us have bought, capitalist and communist alike, and through which the secret societies manipulate our very thoughts.

One exponent of this particular view—shared by many of the road protesters—is David Icke, long since dismissed as England's favourite looney. Actually he's a very decent and friendly man, charismatic and merely endearingly barmy. He tells a wonderful story. Apparently George Bush is a member of a secret society called the Skull and Crossbones Club. George Bush's father actually stole the skull of Geronimo and, even

now, acolytes drink from it in memory of the defeat of this celebrated nomad. But as part of the admission ceremony you have to lie naked in a black coffin with your genitals tied up with ribbon while you recite your sexual experiences to the assembled audience. Picture it: George Bush, future president of the United States of America, one day to become the world's most powerful man, with the entire might of the US war-machine at his disposal, lying naked in a coffin with his genitals tied. Maybe this explains as well as anything the motives behind the Gulf war. I don't care if the story is true or not. I'm only glad that Icke told it to me.

Icke, by the way, precisely illustrates what I was talking about earlier, with reference to my friend Joe. His latest book is called *The Robots' Rebellion*, and is an open call for revolutionary change, for a massive campaign of non-violent direct action and civil disobedience. The fact that the first few chapters weave a strange tale of Atlanteans and extra-terrestrials is an irrelevance. Lots of people believe that stuff, and good luck to them. Icke brings this segment of society into revolutionary consciousness. That's all you need to know.

And maybe there are black magicians channelling negative energy into the Earth, who can tell? Better to be safe than sorry. And it's in anticipation of this that the exponents of the new politics—the eco-warriors and pagan travellers of Little Solsbury Hill and Twyford Down—perform their own magic rituals. On 1 May, on Solsbury Hill, the Donga Tribe built a "Wicker-digger" from sticks, set fire to it, and leapt through the flames, while on 2 July, Twyford Down: balls of wool (unfortunately some of them acrylic) were cast around the crowd to create a web of unity and to remind us of the sheep that have for centuries shaped the landscape.

Gobbledegook, you say? Who cares? Fun, frolic and celebration in the sunshine, I say.

But it goes further than this too. If through ritual magic we can free the human spirit, then it is more than mad frolics: it is essential to the progress of consciousness on this planet. Magic empowers, prayer diminishes. In magic you depend on yourself. In prayer you depend on the good will and intervention of a higher authority. The practice of magic is the psychological anticipation of a world of self-determination. The practice of prayer is the psychological reflection of this world of disempowerment.

The new politics is new because it is innovative and arresting, and because it challenges all the assumptions we make about ourselves and others. It is more than politics, it is love. So perhaps the new politics isn't really about politics. Actually it's not even new. There's a history there. It's a culmination. The roots go back to the 1960s (doesn't everything?) and many of the elder statesmen of the current movement are happy to recite their 1960s' credentials. And if anyone doubts the historical relevance (resonance) of that decade, they only have to meet people too old or too emotionally restricted to have enjoyed those heady days when they were upon us. Prior to the 1960s people may have had sex before marriage, but then they ran guiltily to the nearest registry office once the tests proved positive, and had to live through years



of unhappy marriage as a consequence. Prior to the sixties people did not grow their hair, or come out openly as homosexuals, or experiment with lifestyles or drugs or political and communal options. They stayed within limits. And all of the emotional and sexual freedoms that we now cherish (loving friendships, partnership not ownership) have their roots in the sexual revolution that those years brought. Revolution is not too big a word. The world was changed as a consequence.

Revolution, you see, is not necessarily about overthrowing governments. It can also describe abiding social and cultural change.

One of the great qualities of that era was that politics was fun. It was full of scams and taunts and it mixed its metaphors no end. The Yippies tried to levitate the White House as a protest against the Vietnam war, and put up a pig for President. *Oz* magazine was irreverent and spooky and packed with wild graphics. Slogans were off the wall and witty with a sometimes strange resonance. One I remember came from the 1968 Paris revolution. "Under the cobbles, the beach," it said. What does that mean? Partly, that beneath these civilized structures lies a simpler reality. But you can imagine some tripped-out revolutionary picking out a cobble to chuck at the lines of riot police, and finding the bedding sand beneath. "Wow, man: the beach!"

The trouble with the 1960s, though, is that they came to an end.

As yet there was no distinction between the search for personal and political emancipation. The two things went hand-in-hand. Timothy Leary wrote a book called *The Politics of Ecstasy*. And there you have it: in a nutshell. Later the movement divided into what Tom Wolfe called the Me Generation and The New Left (Radical Chic). And it is this division we have lived with ever since. The New Left became ever more relentlessly Marxist and materialist until they were indistinguish-

able from the old left. The Me Generation—what became known as the New Age—turned to crystals, aromatherapy, Buddhist chants, and began to scorn politics altogether, as beneath them. Both approaches were flawed.

The movement fragmented. All you had left were lifestyles. Me: I'm into motorbikes and black leather and a girl wearing a tattoo on the pillion. Me: I'm into Transcendental Meditation and free love and I think I'll open a carpet emporium. Me: I'm into Karl Marx and the revolution, and that cushy job as a sociology lecturer at the nearest red-brick university. Me: I've taken so many drugs I get lost in my own toilet. Me: I just give up.

But one thing held: the festivals. Glastonbury, the Windsor Free Festival, The People's Free Festival, Stonehenge until 1985, as well as countless Albion Fayres, small gatherings the length and breadth of the British Isles. Punk came along with a new urban rebellious spirit, and rejected the hippies as Boring Old Farts. But even the punks joined in in the end. Travelling became a lifestyle, moving from festival to festival during the summer months, scraping a degree of self-sufficiency and a suntan from these sterile islands. Travellers were, and still are, the heart of the movement, whether as Hendrix-inspired psychedelic gypsies, or as politically motivated mutant hordes, or as Crusties with a drug-habit: they keep the thing going.

Travellers have always had a political agenda, whether they know it or not. But it's a negative agenda: rejection. The travelling lifestyle says simply: "Fuck your low-paid jobs, your miserable, low-grade housing, your rooted, sedentary lifestyle, your ping-pong politics of deception, your wars, your poverty, your loneliness, your despair. I'm gonna get a bus and watch the sunset from a hilltop whether you like it or not." Like the official propaganda on drugs, it just says no. I spoke to travellers on a wooded site some-

where in the south of England. I asked them why they travelled. "What's the choice?" said one of the girls. "A crummy bedsit."

Other things happened in the intervening years, of course. There was the Anti-Nazi League in the 1970s, Peace Camps in the 1980s, The miners' strike of 1984-85, the poll tax protests that brought down Thatcher. They all served to keep the rebellious spirit alive, but were all essentially negative. No to this, no to that. The synergistic moment—to me—comes when rave meets the festivals and all heaven is let loose. Suddenly the answer is yes. Yes, yes, yes, emphatically yes!

Rave was and is about as non-political as you can get. If anything, it was welded to the ideals of Thatcherism. Early Acid House party organisers made big bucks running illegal pay-parties in fields and warehouses. The so-called second summer of love in '88 was one long hedonistic binge. But it was joyful. It was spiritual. And it was positive.

What was first class about it was that these people really knew how to throw a party. The music was good: no more crap amateur bands trudging through pedestrian versions of ancient songs. New, interesting, vibrant sounds fresh out of the USA, a sampled amalgam of deep soul R'n'B and sparkling Salsa. The equipment was good: a ten kilowatt solid wall of sound to unfurl your intestines, rather than the Woolworths stereo with one blown speaker I remember. The effects were good: swirls of fractal images, smoke machines and lasers, rather than a single, naked red bulb and a Hendrix album cover. And the drugs were good too, of course: warm, heartswelling MDMA, enough to make you fall in love forever... or until the next party, that is. No violence. No sexual rivalry. No meat-market. Just human beings, dancing and having fun.

People say drugs are bad for you. But so is

Steve Platt ponders how those who marched against the Criminal Justice Bill are being portrayed as a ravaging mob

## Rattling the gates

It was not so much a demonstration as a party, not so much a "riot" as street theatre. The *Daily Star's* headline, "SCUM STORM DOWNING STREET", or the *Daily Mail's* editorial rant about a "riotous mob", said more about those newspapers than what actually happened on Sunday's protest march against the Criminal Justice Bill. The police comment to the *Inde-*

*pendent*, even if still a partial account of events, gave a sense of perspective that, as ever, was lacking in most of the media coverage: "We have in excess of 20,000 demonstrators, the vast majority of which were peaceful and well-intentioned. There were a few who decided to cause trouble and we had mounted police to deal with that situation."

In fact, the only occasions on which things really threatened to get out of hand were the three times that mounted police, stationed in the Ministry of Defence precinct opposite, charged through the crowd outside Downing Street. It was only then that the basically good-humoured protestors, angered by the indiscriminate violence that is the inevitable feature of all such charges, reacted against the police action. To their credit, the senior police officers on the scene recognised the dangers of escalation, and on each occasion withdrew the mounted police, and the accompanying riot squads of officers on foot, as swiftly as they had appeared.

While not entirely a triumph for peaceful policing—there were a few innocent protestors sent flying by police horses in full flight, and a few more who went home blooded by random truncheon cracks to the head—it was at least reminiscent of former Metropolitan Police Commissioner Sir Robert Mark's old

dictum of public order policing, that of "winning by appearing to lose". The police withdrawals might have been seen as some sort of "victory" by some who were caught up in the adrenalin of the moment, but in reality, if they were any kind of victory at all it was for the common-sense view that it was in no one's interest—least of all that of the police, whose Federation has, after all, opposed much of the Criminal Justice Bill—to provoke a full-scale confrontation.

The worst that happened on Sunday was that a few demonstrators rattled the gates of Downing Street, a few more threw some plywood sticks and (mainly plastic) bottles at the police officers behind those gates, and a few more still engaged in some unpleasant verbal badinage of the kind that denies the essential humanity of the people in blue uniforms in much the same way that Conservative MPs and their supporters in the media have sought to deny the humanity of many of those on the demonstration.

Insofar as the peace needed to be kept at all, it was kept most effectively by a small group of stewards and nonviolent activists who kept the march moving, and prevented the possibility of truly serious clashes occurring by persuading, cajoling and ultimately interposing their own bodies between the



living in a drab council estate with no money and no prospects. So are motorways. So is breathing.

The pay-parties became licensed raves and entry fees went through the roof, and more and more people were excluded, until someone came up with the bright idea of doing it themselves, only to discover that people had been doing it themselves for decades. Rave met the festivals. The Party had become political, like a new political party giving the best interpretation of the word "socialism" as sociability.

I often think of these events as like the Ghost Dance, the last ecstatic-despairing expression of the native American peoples before they gave in to the miserable culture-crushing welfare-drudgery of the reservations.

**F**rom the late-1880s to the mid-1890s, the Indians danced. They danced and danced. Danced to ecstasy, to drive the white man from the spacious plains, to bring back the buffalo, to shake off despair. In my romantic moments I imagine that the sounds of their footsteps have resonated ever since, to emerge in this great party spirit that unites us now: new tribalism, new communion, new consciousness. The Party party: political spirituality. Action Yoga, as a friend of mine puts it: emancipation of the self through collective action.

The only way properly to define the new politics is to compare it to the old politics. Politics was, and always will be, a dull affair. Committee meetings, endless wrangles, pompous, meaningless speeches, being forced to work with people you don't like, and certainly don't trust. Committees for this and committees for that. The EC of the GC. Strings of incomprehensible letters: EEC, RCP, TCP, DDT. And of course there's always a certain person that loves all of this, that can tell you who was who on what committee in

what year, eats, sleeps, dreams and dies by committee, and who scorns anyone who can't hack it. Talking shop, talks about talks, and then talks to discuss the outcome of talks. In the end you give up.

Anyway, what's the point, nothing ever changes? A vote for Labour is a vote for yet another potential criminal to get his hands on the purse-strings. Can you really believe that the Labour Party, the Liberal Democratic Party, or any other Party will ever do anything, even if they have all the good will in the world? Do you really expect the super-rich to give away power because a Labour Prime Minister goes to them, cap-in-hand, to beg a few crumbs? Isn't it far more likely that he'll keep the crumbs for himself, or find a cushy little pay off for himself in Brussels even if he never gets to be Prime Minister? Democracy is about empowering someone else and then praying that they don't turn out to be too corrupt.

The new politics is about self-empowerment. It's about tribes not structures. A tribe is a network of friends who've gone through the same things as you. That way you know you can trust them. It's intuitive, not legislative. People are sound because you sense they are, not because they show you a set of white teeth and say all the right things. More than at any time in my life, I truly feel that I'm surrounded by my brothers and sisters.

The new politics is about change, it's about freedom, it's about liberty. "Freedom to travel, party and protest," as my mate Tim has it. But freedom from want too, from oppression, from ridiculous waste. The CJB has united us through its ineptitude, its stupidity and its vicious petty-mindedness. But it shows simply and clearly the prejudices and hang-ups of its authors, and clarifies—for the first time for many people—that the government can be as out-of-control as any of us. If the government can't govern wisely, why do

we allow them to govern us at all? It leads us to question the very foundations of government itself.

I don't mind saying it: we're moving into a New Age. Either that or we're all Party lemmings dancing off the edge of the world. But at least we'll die happy.

The new politics is about revolution. All that refers to is the cycle of change, the turning of the great wheel. This can be Buddhist or Taoist or anything you like. Either we change things or we're finished. And there's no time left for debates or factions or royal commissions on the state of the environment on nice fat salaries: jobs for the boys. Cars stop or we all stop. Society changes or there'll be no society.

But it's optimistic, though. There's a new spirit about, a new consensus. The road protesters have shown us a way, ancient though it is, and with unity with the railway workers could become an unstoppable force. The solution is non-violent direct action. Refuse to believe in the structures of madness anymore. Just say no. And then afterwards, with your friends at the party, you can shout yes, yes, yes and dance till you drop! As D H Lawrence put it in his poem, "A Sane Revolution":

If you make a revolution, make it for fun,  
don't do it in ghastly seriousness,  
don't do it in deadly earnest,  
do it for fun . . .

Don't do it, anyhow, for international Labour.

Labour is the one thing a man has too much of.

Let's abolish labour, let's have done with labouring!

Work can be fun, and men can enjoy it; then it's not labour.

Let's have it so! Let's make a revolution for fun!

small number of hotheads on either side.

This was not, as David Icke, former goal-keeper, TV presenter, Green Party speaker, and latterly "son of God", said in probably the most well-received speech of the day, an occasion for "Macho Man". "Say Boo! to the Criminal Justice Bill," as the stickers had it. Or: "You're never too old to have a happy childhood," as one dancing departing demonstrator remarked on his way back home on the tube.

Those who climbed the gates of Downing Street were, in the main, engaged in a symbolic gesture. Margaret Thatcher, after all, had erected the gates in 1989, and those on the march were, in large number, Thatcher's Children—people whose adult lives have known nothing but Conservatism, and the narrowing of economic, political and social space that it represents. In rocking the gates that Thatcher built, they were symbolically rocking the system she had spawned. Denied the old certainty of regular employment, faced with the new uncertainties of being the first generation in decades without the expectation of inheriting a better life than that enjoyed by their parents, they had finally snapped at the prospect that the heirs of Thatcher were now seeking to deny them even the right to have fun. And here, on the

very portals of power, they were not to be denied their moment of symbolic protest.

The old political class has been oblivious to the politicisation that has occurred among Britain's youth over the past year. The old left has been all but passed by—with a few exceptions, such as the Socialist Workers Party, whose work in the Anti-Nazi League and support for Sunday's demonstration shows they have at least some sort of finger on the new pulse. If Thatcher's Children are in revolt, it is as much against the Labour Party as the Tories, against what they see as the whole rotten system of politics rather than one particular part of it.

And theirs is a life-enhancing, celebratory rebellion—about, as C J Stone intimates in his piece above, the freedom and flowering of the human spirit, rather than its confining or denial in backward-looking, defensive ideology. Though there is a continuous thread of resistance that, for the past two decades, has run through anti-fascism, anti-apartheid, CND, Greenham Common, the miners' strike, the poll tax protests and much more, not since the 1960s has the left had the same potential to run with the grain of pleasure as politics and politics as pleasure—which is what so much of the anti-Criminal Justice Bill campaigning is about.

Perhaps it is that sheer pleasure—both the unpaid-for gratification, and the sense that people can find fun in protest—that prompts such hysterical reaction against travellers, ravers, squatters and all those whose protests break the bounds of the old politics. The young have always scared the old. Perhaps it is this that informs this sort of editorial comment in the *Daily Star* on Monday: "They made a nauseating sight. For three hours the dregs of Britain—scroungers, anarchists and shaven-headed trouble-makers—rampaged through London . . . The sooner the new law comes into force the better." Or in the *Mail*: "The mob in London was only interested in one kind of freedom, one form of liberty. Freedom for louts to do as they please. Liberty to create public misery in the name of fun . . . It is time these riff-raff were stopped."

Riff-raff, scum, scroungers, louts, the dregs of Britain . . . This is the language of fascism, and we should wake up to where it leads—and defend all who are its targets.

*Steve Platt was a sponsor of Sunday's anti-Criminal Justice Bill march. He was present at the Downing Street gates from the moment the march first arrived there until the last demonstrators had moved on*



## 21ST JULY 7TH HEAVEN CANT

Repeated warnings about flyposting are flying into tVCHQ. The council, apparently, aren't taking too kindly to us, and other local promoters, advertising our events on established flyposting sites. Threatening the actual club owners with massive fines they in turn are threatening to pass on any fine they receive to us. Presumably the fly crews that come down from London to whack up massive posters advertising the latest overhyped pop star will, as usual, go untouched. As will the local left wing political groups.

So, sans flyposting and in the middle of the summer doldrums, sorry holiday

season, 7th Heaven experienced its lowest turnout since inception: 160 peeps.

But with plenty of dancing room (but not too much) and the four air conditioning units on full blast, those that were there were truly in 7th Heaven.

DJ's Nicky, Liam, Rob Kier, Ed and Oz done the honours:- 4/4, seamless and rather brilliant. They all acted like one fifth of the well oiled house music machine that they are.

## JUMP 30TH JULY LONDON

The second hottest summer for a few hundred years meant that a small hot club, in of all places London, would be the last place to go for any sensible human being.

Not so the Jump regulars. The place was still packed and, supplemented by a few fans blowing the hot air around, the temp was down a few degrees. The June Jump saw temps soar and 2 people collapse from the heat.

Tony, the club owner should be morally obliged to turn the taps on in this weather. People needed to drink

constantly just to stand still. Plus pressure from the council about the chill zone upstairs (don't ask) meant that no DJ's were allowed to play up there. The downstairs DJ's had to cut their sets radically so everyone could have a play.

Still, despite all this hassle, we had a good eight hours of pumping house with plenty of the usual, and right, ingredients of what we love so much.

CRAP OR  
WHAT?!!



Post Club chill up at Palmers Green was very relaxing. With Martin, and ex jungle DJ Easyrider ("I've only been playing house 3 months") doing the do. It was so relaxing we forgot the headphones when we went home.

Support the underground. Support Jump. Only four more to go. Jump special down at 7th... in Sept.



## VIEWS ON THE LINE

For serious followers of the development of new british tribal culture this was the event not to be missed. For those who wanted to publicly restate their opposition to the Criminal Justice Bill at the gates of Major's bunker this was the event not to be missed. For party people who wanted to be at the best free street demo party yet seen in Britain it was a blast. Bigger, better and more powerful than May Day and you remember how that felt?

The varied collection of defenders of liberty from the four quarters of the land marched, chanted, partied their way onwards and upwards from Hyde Park, via the back doors of Buckingham Palace, to Trafalgar Square.....one of the few, maybe the only, traditional urban gathering grounds left to us. For how much longer, we wonder, unless we constantly reclaim our rights to free assembly.

We gathered once again in the baking midday heat of Hyde Park, five times as many prospective party participants as on May Day, to hear fiery speeches from ravers, charter 88'rs, motorway inhibitors, hunt saboteurs - and David Icke (!). The multi headed monster turned itself into another marching demo party. We seized the time and made it our own.

At first our police escort - and those police who paraded for us at the side of the road - were dressed in regulation white shirt, black tie, black strides and black boots. Later they grew black boiler suits, sprouting riot sticks and gas canisters. All tooled up and ready to go. We've got our attitude and we're going to use it. We've got our special equipment and we're looking for someone to try it out on.

Blue meanies all in black - dress like a policeman all in black and you'll soon begin to think like a policeman - black thoughts of control and self interest.

So in the Prankster spirit of Ken Babbs - bus philosopher and activist - here over the weekend to lend his encouragement and support with two showings in London of home movies of bus journeys and Acid Tests from 1964, it seemed time to assess the view from behind the police lines and on the police lines. Just what makes these blue/black meanies tick? Why do they do it Reeves? as Bob might ask. Just why do they want to spoil this mammoth Teddy Bears' picnic?

"Of course I'd rather be at the beach /at home in the garden with a beer and the wife /out in my speed boat (?)"

Sure you would, that's why you are here in your black nobby boilersuits, liked massed black vultures waiting to pick over the corpse of our youth culture. Well you may think it will soon be dead but it sure shows no signs of lying down .....yet.

Why do you have to dress up in black baggage on a day like this?

Black boots, black polo neck(to cover up the face and make you unidentifiable)all black accessories.....black black black black black. Michael Howard's Army in full sweaty effect. Black - the moody colour of death, deceit, disease, depression..... the denial of the rainbow colours and the variegated textures of the scantily dressed tribal children entirely in harmony with the mood, the event, the weather. In tune with life.

As you dress so will you become.

So what do you think of the CJB inside your sweaty boiler suit this hot summer's day young Po lice man?

"I don't know/care about politics. I just mind my own business. I just follow orders (Throw another in the gas oven...yes sir!) I just want to be left alone to get on with my own life/garden/party"



So you bury your head in the sand, take no interest in anyone else and do not realise your interdependence on everyone else. Sad men dressed in black, unaware that you too could develop a rainbow body, constrained by their uniform from joining in the rainbow tribal party gathering below.

Like KRS 1 says:

"Wake up! Take the pillow from your head and put a book in it"

So what is happening here?

In the entrance to the urban tribal gathering ground that Trafalgar Square has now become, a wooden fire has been lit on a triangular traffic island. The heat, added to that of the sun is intense, like that from a cremation pyre in Benares. The wood crackles with the sound of old bones spitting and splitting.

The fire gods are invoked and appeased.

The lions at the base of Nelson's column are pounded into life by ambient polyrhythmic drummers. Traffic cones are seized and transformed into pagan drums. Eat your heart out Terence McKenna.

The music gods are invoked and appeased.

On the lions' backs fairy temple dancers weave and sway to the metallic beat.

The goddesses of dance are invoked and appeased.

Water is thrown over the party people as at some Holi festival without the coloured powders. Marchers are renewed, refreshed, reborn from the cooling pools and fountains after the long march through the baking streets.

The deep unconscious is engaged and brought to life.

The occasional climactic chant causes the resident pigeons to circle the square in ascending spirals. All around incense offerings are made in the skulls of painted women and mohican dreadlocked men.....Doc Marten booted pixie warriors.

The God Head is invoked and revived.

The increasingly climactic chants now cause the pigeons to circle the square more wildly, their wings beating the winds to life. Finally, finally the joy swirl of helicopter blades causes the winds to blow, the fire to blaze, the consciousnesses in the huge alembic the square has now become to finally melt into one.

Purified, released, empowered.

At the centre of the square stands Great Britain PLC's answer to Shiva's Lingam.....Nelson's column. On top a one eyed, one armed wounded sailor gazes down on the crowd. Was he ever press-ganged?

Did he ever wake up in vomit and beer in a banana bin?

The tribes have gathered, paraded, danced, partied for 5,6,7,8 hours in the sun. Like May Day but more frenzied, like the Poll Tax party riot but without the violence and anger.

The offerings are complete, the old gods have been invoked and appeased. The lions arise as Protectors to those who have braved the heat, shown their defiance and walked that extra mile.

They will return - with the fire next time. Like the banner says:

"YOU CAN'T CRUSH YOUTH CULTURE"

As Babbs asked us in song:

"Couldn't you try just a little bit harder

Couldn't you try just a little bit more?"

Further.....

Zombie Face.







## THE TRIUMPH OF JOY OVER DESPAIR.

If you were on the July 24th march you'd know that it was simply the best political rally ever. It was like taking vast amounts of heart-pumping chemicals but without the toxicity. Or like being in love with 60,000 people all at the same time. It was a manifestation of the Spirit: no less. Like the core-being at the centre of the Universe was beaming rays of pure love directly into our hearts. A surge of great revolutionary spiritual fervour. The triumph of joy over despair.

If you read the papers the following day you'd think it was a riot. Which it was. A riot of colour. Riotous pleasure. But no: you'd think it was a carnival of hate and violence and careless destruction.

I watched the whole episode at the gates of Downing Street, from the formation of the original gaggle of largely mischevous protesters, through the police charges, to the point where Agent Provocateurs were urging people to kill through loud-hailers. And I can tell you that there were barely 50-60 hardcore nutcases involved. Out of a march of 50-60,000, the antics of 50-60 people finds its way into the press. That's .1%. What does that tell you about the British Press. What does that tell you about those 50-60 people?

Whose purpose did it serve to see scenes of violence splashed over the newspapers? Want to make sure the Great British Public never attend a march. Want to make sure they stay at home watching Neighbours, and that they never seek to question the values of the government? Then make sure you show violence. Nobody like violence except the State and its agents (the Estate Agents). As far as I am concerned a large % of those 60 people were paid agents of the State, serving its purposes not ours.

On entering Hyde Park a character from Class War thrust a paper in my direction. "Pacifism is Capitalism," he said. Oh yeah! Right. Why hadn't I seen that before? Like the Gulf War was a Pacifist act. Like Western governments paid Saddam Hussein to build up his arms for the sake of world peace, and then whopped the Iraqui people for doing what we told them. Like all those riot police were kitted out to dance and sing and have lots of fun. Pacifism is Capitalism. The best slogan of the day.

It's errant nonsense of course. Those that want to incite violence know perfectly well they are playing into the government's hands. That is the sure route to failure. As if a few sticks and stones and plastic bottles chucked at the lines of sheilded, helmeted, sometimes armed police is going to overthrow the State. Don't make me laugh.

Here's the truth. Among those policemen and women are alot of deeply frustrated, emotionally crippled characters. Someone went up to one who was scowling and





said: "Smile, it doesn't cost anything." The scowl deepened. I asked the guy what he was thinking. His scowl got darker still. "Same as I'm thinking now about you," he said: "go away." Poor, fucked up, sad little geezer (for "little" read "diminished".) But what you have to do is look into their eyes. Occasionally you see a sparkle. When it comes down to it, the guy with the sparkle will break ranks. Deep down he's on your side. Smile at him and he'll acknowledge you as a human being. He'll think twice or more about hitting you. Attack him and -like any other tribe- he'll dismiss you as his enemy, and take refuge with his mates. What's the definition of revolution? A turning. The moment of revolution is when the police change sides.

We are the happy people. Happiness comes of peace, inner and outer. We are the party people, the people of rapture. Hate + hate = more hate. Love versus hate is like garlic to a vampire. It withers it away. In the end negativity even has to negate itself. Love must always triumph because love is eternal.

Jesus said "Love your enemies". Why? Because if you love them they're your enemy no longer. He said "turn the other cheek." Why? Because deep down we are all part of the same process. We are of the Universe. The pain you feel is Universal pain. Strike back and there's yet more pain, yet more suffering.

I'm not a Christian. Christianity sucks. The history of Christianity is the history of sexless guilt, joylessness and despair. Christians have caused more suffering, to each other and to the human race as a whole, than any group in existence. But Jesus wasn't a Christian. That came after. He was a man, a free-thinker and a revolutionary. He mixed with prostitutes and publicans: the low-life. He said: "Consider the lillies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin." He wanted us to be free. Free of the joyless confines of paid labour. Free to love and be loved. Free to experience pleasure. Free to drink deeply of the spirit.

To the 60,000 people who attended the march and rally on the 24th July: we are brothers and sisters of the Spirit all. Don't worry about the SWP. They can't convert us. Let them call their marches. We will convert them.

This is the moment of rapture. Dance and you will be free.

The answer to everything is YES!!!



## ADVANCE PARTY BENEFIT 29TH JULY WHITSTABLE LABOUR CLUB/ TVCHQ/ LIFT OFF

A strange one this. Two days before the benefit we receive a curt message on our ansaphone along the lines of "the Labour Club/Party wants to see you. NOW". Intrigued, a hastily arranged meeting with Gerry threw some light on

the matter.

"It's off", he stated. "The Labour Party have not publically endorsed an opposition to the CJB. If the Whitstable Labour Party are seen to endorse an Advance Party benefit it could open up a can of worms. We've removed the posters".

Strange, because behind the scenes the Labour Party are opposed to the CJB, and are pulling whatever strings they can (in committee meetings etc) to get sections of it removed. They just aren't stating it publically. (This info from a "well known" female Labour Party MP who recently spoke at the Club).

A great fear of disenfranchising middle class voters by publically supporting travellers/party people/hunt sabs prevents them from speaking out. The Labour Party seems ethically prepared to ditch the potentially vote losing "scum" (who don't vote) in order to secure power. The new face of the Labour Party? Who needs it?

Changing the benefit from the AP to the Cyrenians -who help homeless people- we eventually agreed a com-

promise.

The application for a late drinks license was up in front of the Magistrates under the AP banner and no objection was made. The Labour Party had put a lid on the matter. Or so they thought.

Come the night the "programme" of events prepared in advance still contained the AP moniker. Everyone there who made a small donation did so to the AP (£42 + £8 cheque). The only thing was that the AP was never mentioned "out loud".

With apologies to the Cyrenians for the deception (and to Labour Party/Club members sympathetic to our lobby) we felt morally obliged to send all the money raised to the AP. Which we have. Phew. And that was just the "warm up".

At the music end of things everything was swinging. DJ "all my music's old" Alex started things off on his usual X-Press-2-esque manner (an indication of the nights leanings), followed by Nicky's "whooh whooh" uplifting garage stormers. Proceedings were finished off by a back on form DJ Nameless (gonna

get months out of this one). Hot, packed, pissed and hot was the back-room atmos.

At "the party" things were more, shall we say casual. Swiftly accelerating up to the stratospheric heights of LF10 eye rolling mode the "fuck politics let's dance" attitude rapidly took over proceedings.

"Where's the booze?" says one or two sad individuals, completely, totally and utterly misinterpreting the, ahem, flamboyant mood of the party.

The few hardened pissheads that were there were no trouble (bless 'em) and were soon snoring away in the corner.

Meanwhile, as banana central approached (or should that be handbag central?) the party rocked and the temperature soared.

The tVC DJ's, who have now played with each other (missus) for well over 200 parties knew, without discussion, when they would play and patiently waited their turn.

From the "UK progressive" (as Sherlock calls it) of Oz, to the "dark garage" (with a happy edge?) of Kier,

to, er, Ed's "stuff" we grooved, smoooved, played, laughed, smooched, hugged, chugged, laughed, loved, talked, smoked, jumped, leapt, screeched, whooped, whistled, shouted and laughed some more 'till the sun came up and the kettle went on. Phew! Therapy for the masses.

For a change of scene, a civilised sit down, a game of pool and a drink with ice in it thanx must go to Guy for opening up the Chill zone early. The decks got set up by 10ish but by then everyone was too fucked, or "partied out" as the correct saying is, to bother. We then went home, happy, for a kip or whatever.

Big, big shout to all the Whitstable, Canterbury, Thanet, London and Faversham Party Peeps who made the effort to support such a worthy political cause. Politics and dancing?.....Naaaahh!.... wouldn't work.



1. THE LOVE TRIBE - Sundance EP (The Essential Summer Rituals Featuring The Itot Bums) (Mama Records)
2. JOVANN - Stump It Up EP (Nite Stuff)
3. FOUR THUMB BROADWAY - Chemistry (Four Thumb Broadway)
4. NAMBY PAMBY - Girlz (Tribal America)
5. TEST.PRESSING (Vicious Music Records)
6. NEW YORK CITY DUBS - Straight Outa Soho! (Network)
7. EFFERVESCENT - Spice (Hi-Bias)
8. ZIG ZAG - Special (Stickman)
9. GAROTO DE IPANEMA - (Brazil)
10. XCEL-O - Feel It (Stickman)
11. SIMA - I Need Your Lovin' (D-Vision)
12. TROJAN HORSE FEAT. RENEE (SIMMS) - Show and Tell (Azulii)

**Rules of Desire: Sex in Britain, World War I to the Present** by Cate Haste (*Pimlico £10*). A survey of sexual consciousness and behaviour in modern Britain, which is important because it decisively explodes the myth that the sexual revolution suddenly happened in the Sixties. This was only the hyped, visible result of social, political, and medical changes that had been proceeding for the whole century.

# The Language of Dance

*Delsartian rules for the positions of the hands*

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- Apathy or prostration
- Negation or denial
- Violent repulsion
- Determination or anger
- Argumentation
- Earnest entreaty
- Supplication
- Gentle entreaty



## DEEP UNITY

1. WUBBLE-U - Petal (Go Disc) Stanley Unwin utilised to amazing effect (believe it) on this long awaited double pack (basically four extended mixes of the same track). If you believe in love "side a" will have you orgasming into your baggy trousers whilst squirting, flailing and spinning furiously in delightful yet spontaneous involuntary movements of your whole body. Then, relax.
2. THE PIRATE - Better Daze (Ugly Bug) Original of "Better Daze" changes hands for, oooh, tons of cash. But now, to render dealers of old, overpriced, scratchy tunes in ripped covers redundant overnight, we have a '94 remix. An instant piano classic (yet again) that rips the breath out of the skipcore leaving them gasping
3. X-PRESIDENTS - God Bless America (U.H.) The record label Urban Hero are on an excellent run at the mo' perfectly capturing the spirit of the summer of '94. After the chunky "triplepack" comes the catchy, naggingly insistant, pipey, groovey masterpiece of "X-Presidents". Both sides display swathing flourishes of fluffcore originality whilst keeping their tounge firmly embedded in their cheeky chappy cheek.
4. BRILLIANT - The Music EP (Graduate) Grant Plant still in Deep Unity? This is not out of any sense of loyalty (what's that?) but because the EP is truely and utterly devastatingly superb. How good does it have to be before it's noticed. It's very strange that it hasn't been in *anyones* charts. Why?
5. U.N.I.T.E.D. - Black Madonna (Produce) Solid house pumper. On the "piano dub" a keyboard for the sunrise set to swoon for.
6. IDEAL - Hot (Cleveland City) First CC I've actually been able to get my hands on for bloody ages. It's typical though. The DJ's that actually support a label from the beginning by actually playing the tunes to people are the first to suffer when the label actually has a hit (or two). (What price the first 10 Cleveland City's?) Unusual demand creates a vacuum that they just can't fill. And who needs to supply the DJ when demand from other sources actually sells the record? Anyway, despite the gripe, there is still a record to review. It's that man Jonathan Hibbert (as he was called at Kent University) or Jon Da Silva to his fans. Both the man and the tune are very, very hot at the moment and his ascent to the top of the tree seems merely a passing inevitability. Classic underground CC.
7. THURSDAY CLUB - Thursday's Theme (TCR) A fellow DJ of mine (who shall remain nameless) came up when this was playing and, wide eyed, he pointed repeatedly at the deck going "that's...that's...that's...that's...that's.....very familiar." Of course it is. It's jumped on the Tin Men, Dire House (very wobbly) bandwagon of ripping off the hook of a guitar tune and slapping it on a mediocre house "riff". Still, this is the best of the lot of them.
8. NUSH - U Girls (Blunted) Still there. Still promoting smiles. And still getting 'em on the floor. Cheesy tune
9. FUNK PATROL - I Can't Wait (Ouch!) Good, solid Ouch!. Not their best but easily programmable, easily mixed, easy on the ear and easy to dance to. Easy.
10. HAKARI AND DELANO - Life on the Other Side Vol.1 (Loop) Piano tune number two of the month. Piano break slapped onto pounding rhythm. Nice.
11. FICTION - Streams (Backbone) With this strange backward loop tune Backbone continue pushing the quality. Both this and "Cloud 9" below emit that pumping, eerie Euro trance house feel that sounds good late AM. A label worth watching.
12. CLOUD 9 - Don't Make Me (Backbone)
13. SPIRITUAL DREAMS - The Message (Produce) Same feel as the Backbones and they mix so nicely together.
14. DONNA GILES - And I'm Telling You I'm Not Going (Ore) After being on hard to get promo (aren't they all?) for fucking ages this is finally released at last for the the people who supported and loved this tune so much. The party goers. Buy it.
15. THE GOOD STRAWBERRIES - Eyes on a Summers Day (Strawb) Double pack worth acquiring for the Gat Decor mixes. Immense intro's and breakdowns and minimal use of the vocals (thank fuck) add to that skip factor 10 lush out.