

Issue 17

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TANGENTOPOLI

Free to Party People



The Fuck Politics Let's Dance Issue

Mental Continuum

On the Pull



7th Heaven - 13th Aug - Canterbury

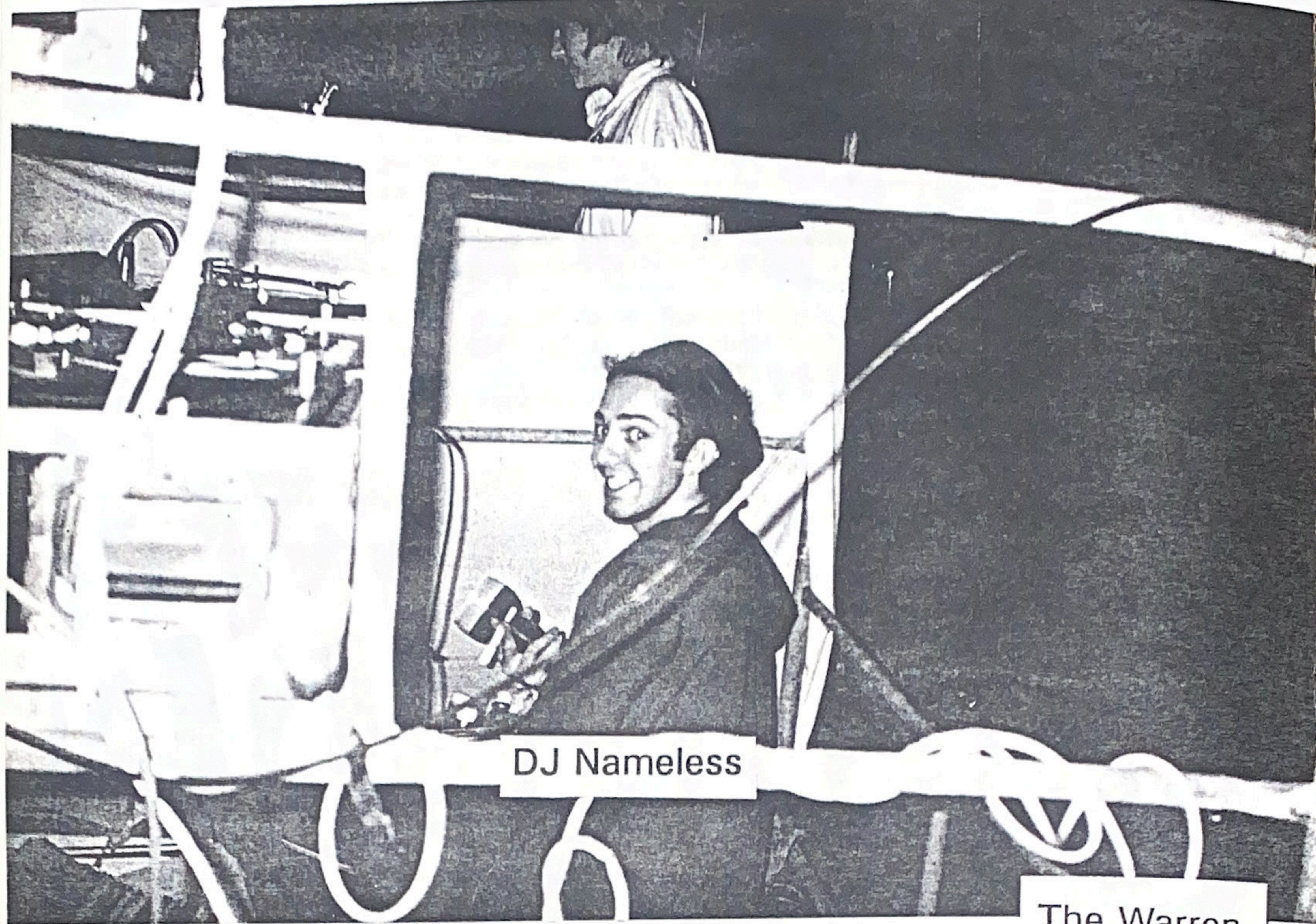
Yes, this is what we want. Pumping sounds, courtesy of "mad" Martin and throbbing choons courtesy of Tejen, Oz, Grub and Rob saw a nicely packed Heaven back on form; with the emphasis on the up and up.

A heaving dance floor showed its joyful appreciation of the housey rogerings proffered by the handsomest DJ's in clubland. Grub, attired in a particularly fetching pair of cycling shorts, slapped his 12" of pleasure out before an eager audience gagging for more cheesy offerings. Showing his banana to all and sundry who requested a glimpse of it, it soon lost its firmness becoming a shadow of its once proud self.

Tejen appeared half an hour into his set, fresh back from Amsterdam, and managed to handle the tools of his trade with aplomb. Helped by Oz, they played with each other in front of an appreciative audience.

With Rob as dessert, playing some nice deep, penetrative offerings, the evening ended far to prematurely.





DJ Nameless

The Warren



PERFECT WORLD 20TH AUG LONDON

Two words. Fuckin' snorter. Top tunes. Perfect World.

In the cruel, choppy, white foam tipped, large waved and very dark ocean of the underground London dance scene there bobs but a few lone corks from the bottle of that strange, wonderous yet uplifting genre known as house music. It occupies a distinct yet difficult to categorise niche. It is a mere sliver between the book-ends of mecca handbag fascism (pissed up blokes in white high heels and bra's either groping the air or their crotches) and the heads down no non-sense (but plenty of coke) pounding, driving, thriving, sharp metallic, industrial cusp of techno stroke hard house that permeates the dance scene.

Just about squeezing into this tiny gap and stepping on the toes of neither comes the fuck-off grin and cheeky chappy swagger of the Perfect World posse. Bang!

Motivated, like most promoters,

levels at times, this is *not* looking after your people. Volume does not equal quality. But you know it did add a spice of danger. Waiting for an eardrum to burst at any moment was quite an exhilarating experience. When I mentioned this I was told I was "too old." For what?

DJ wise it's Sherlock's show. The rest being the trailer to the main feature. For hours he did the biz. Pumping, groovey and above all housey. Predominantly Euro and UK. At the two and a half hour mark his mixing, to a DJ's ears, started to slip a microbeat.

Don't get me wrong. There is literally no house DJ I've heard in the past two years that can touch the energy levels he maintains, but to attain the concentration required for a top of the night set at a big London Party can be very demanding.

Sherlock is simply a 140bpm monster. Relentlessly edging the crowd to peaks unseen for fucking ages, and, and this is the nub, keeping them there. Arms flailing. Reaching. Feet groovin', movin'. Bodies

by one thing. No, it's not money. It's the love of a good party. It's the love of a good (new) tune. It's the attention to small detail. It's the things that matter and are important. The ever growing, ever demanding Party People. And giving them what they want. And more.

Or not. Or I'm on something. Or it's the first time a party has actually took me to that place for a long time. Or it's all of them things. Or none of them.

Experienced party peeps can be a cynical bunch and there is only one way to get 'em "there". The right way. It's all a matter of impeccable, perfect timing and is dependant on the interaction of a number of complex, determinant factors. If a particular stitch in this tapestry is dropped it shouldn't have much effect, but far better it wasn't.

At Perfect World sound crew Eskimo Noise provided the rigs in both rooms. "We're the Best", boasted one of the brothers. No they are not. With a decibel threshold seriously approaching permanent ear damage

stretching, flexing. Faces beaming, grinning. Joyous. Celebratory. For hour after pumping hour. It's magnificent.

"Thanks for fucking coming", he shouts after the second 'last record' at 6.30am. The crowd remain standing. Not moving. "10 more", we shout. He wasn't having it. "Fucking cheers", he shouts. "Next one in 8 weeks". We can't wait. And still cheering and clapping and whistling the crowd drifted off into the eye searing sunshine of another lushed out London Sunday morning, content. As Sherlock himself might say, "fucking blinder mate".

FOLKSTONE SEASPLASH II AUGUST 27TH 1994

"Don't I recognise you?", asked the police sergeant to She-Ra. "Oh, yes", she haughtily exclaims, "we were here three weeks ago". Resisting the temptation to pull out the axe I don't have and chop Shiela into small pieces, I step and say, rather pathetically "yes, this is a birthday party".

The thing was though the police were just about to turn on their heels and go. Away. But there was no harm done as they "had decided" to let the party "go all night" if we wanted it to. Ain't that nice?

Technically (snigger) we overcame a few problems that had cropped up last time. A larger P.A. helped. It also helped that the bass bins had wheels on them coz the whole effing shebang had to be carried down the cliff. After having been manhandled over a 6ft gate. It took the crew ages. Hours. A brace of speed pills and Hurliman only added a surreal edge to the proceedings. Anyway, once it was set up it was all forgotten about. As happens.

Come the morning there is a blue car parked by one of the stacks. "How the fuck did that get down here?", everyone shouts. The driver (unknown to us) walks over to us waving a key in his hand. "Guess who's got a key to the gate?", he says grinning a mad fuck off grin. Six hours earlier we'd have paid a small fortune for that key. Still, we got the hire van in in the morning and loading was a piece of piss, if a trifle protracted. For some reason.

Enough of this. What were the bits in between like? You know, the actual party. What happened? Who was there? What did they do? What did they say? What did they take? What DJ's played? What did they play? Why did everyone do/take/say that? And for what purpose? Was it, cough, any good?

All will be revealed.

A cold cloudless sky permitted a dazzling display of the cosmos and when the lemon slice of a moon poked up from around the headland the picture was complete. The view was immense. Gasps of "wow" echoed. The sea was as flat as a sheet of grey glass.

The car park on top of the cliff filled slowly with noisy gaggles of travellers and househeads. The house music kicked in - Nicky's little heard, uplifting US deep stuff - and we were off. Trecking down the zig-zag path cut into the chalk people began to fill the concrete football pitch between

the cliffs and the sea. A definable, sensory buzz was in the air as people began to do the things they do before a party kicks in fully. Shaking hands. Exchanging greetings and hugs and kisses and "hi's". Scoring their consumer durables. Skinning up. Relaxing before the storm. Having a sit down. Checking out the other people and the site. Watching what they're doing. Having a few beers. Sorting out a spot, catching up on what everyone's been up to since the last time you saw them. Talking about the last party. Having a laugh and a joke. Emitting a genuine warmth and pleasure in *being* with other like minded people. Jus chil-lin', maan.

These disparate threads, these individuals slowly coming together. Slowly weaving together. And, at some point during the night, uniting. The party is born. the music takes over. The dancing takes over. the drugs take over. For a few hours or more we are out of it. Alone. Yet together. It is very strange. But a very addictive strangeness. We dance together and create and share a new bonding experience. Peace and harmony dominate.

Of all the guests that had promised to come down, only Rob C, VJ and moving images exponent extraordinaire managed the journey from his hometown (Nottingham) to be in the bosom of his longtime chums and free party comrades, tVC. Thanks Rob, despite suffering the effects of a '3 dayer', including the previous night up at Bagleys Megatrip do, your contribution was immensely appreciated. More soon?

'Toytown' Techno specialist (thanks Mayfield), and all round warm up man par excellence, Oz, hit the drop forged aluminium at 12ish and continued his well practised and thought out 'sunrise set' till 2 when another effing DJ deigned to turn up. Life at the bottom, eh? Whoops. A little bit of sound system politics sneaking in there. When this nameless DJ turned up, he did actually produce the best set these ears have heard from him in a long time, and, judging by the feedback from the assembled party peeps he played the set of the night.

Top sound engineer Martin, 'got any smarties?' 'Sav Boy', provided yet another well rounded timbre for discerning ears. Wayhey. His mentor and sidekick 'rogue' Walt had his most expensive free party to date. A £30 taxi from Faversham saw him to the site but after a somewhat

drunken or otherwise, stumble in one of the potholes his dislocated ankle swelled up like a football and another £40 taxi fare saw him off home for some R&R. Coming down the stairs the next morning, his ankle 'clicked' and the swelling went down considerably. Aah. Get well soon ya barsteward.

It was strange that one, coz earlier there were one or two complaints that the 'scan' or whatever it was under the decks, was only lighting everyones ankles. Walking to the decks people just couldn't see the ground at all. When informed of this Mag Mart disappeared for a few mins, came back, and went 'Naargh, it's ok'. 10 minutes later Walt's on his wayhey home.

Round about sunrise Tom and Kier, or is that Donkey and Swamp?, turn up. So does the warden from the camp site nearby. "Could you just turn it down a touch?", he tentatively enquires, shocked to see us actually comply with his request. He then buggers off happy. Tom meanwhile waxes lyrical about how great it is to play at sunrise and to see the sun come up with all the peeps going for it. I just smile at him in agreement, wishing it was me playing. The whole purpose of doing the party on this site is for this moment. This sunrise.

The Warren.

Well, what can I say, apart from farking sooperb! What a night, what a venue, what a party, only shortage of the necessary letting it down. Personal highlights include - wheeling all the PA down the fuck off mountainside, which took 2 hours and knackered us all totally before the party began. A big thanks to Mike "isn't everyone really friendly" for turning up at just the right time with his muscles, or we'd have been well and truly...

Seeing the moon, like a slice of lemon dipping into the cliffs beyond. Having Randy's PA throbbing and pulsating into the night.

Playing my set with no monitors, so having a really good excuse for my crap mixes.

Losing my records, so having a really good excuse not to subject everyone to my crap mixes.

Finding my records, but losing my mind.

Everyone stumbling about incoherently, especially Walter, briefly.

Tejen's set. Sav requested it "harder and faster"!

Mike E donation collector and spot

squeezer extraordinaire.

Pam and John frolicking in the undergrowth, doing an impression of Mr and Mrs E.

The weather being clear and beautiful, although bloody cold, when it was meant to be pissing down.

Rob C making it down with his projections, and looking well indulged once sun broke.

Everyone who was there.

The police for being so chummy. Why?

Finding the locked gate leading to the beach had mysteriously opened in the morning and being able to drive the van onto the beach so we didn't have to lug all the equipment back up the hill, always 500 times worse after a party than before.

The sunrise.

Pen, dancing teacher supreme posing proudly for a few publicity shots.

Now EY spotted eating an apple and an orange! Whilst dancing. Still.

Randy eating anything and everthing including a muck covered, dirt infested piece of toast that had been hanging around all night.

Paul and Tejen playing with each other in the DJ booth.

Liam chatting ami, amica, amicably to the police. Lots of smiling faces. Lots of good blackmail material photos.

Casualties- Nick, did anyone manage to shut her up? She even started to take photos of the scenery whilst wiping tears from her eyes. Walter who twisted his ankle. Gus (don't ask!). Now Ey in the Neptune afterwards. Martin for turning up the volume after the police had asked for it to be turned down. In front of them.

Thanks to Sean and his little tea and toast cafe. Meeting lots of new party peeps especially the Folkstone posse. Evs dancing solidly all night. Russ, still even crapper at blagging than he who shall remain nameless. Techno Tom back from his travels to the bosom of his family. The Whitstable Mothers Party Appreciation Society. Dancing Queen Anna ("I like it a little harder") being the first to don shades in the morning. Loui "oochie oochie" nearly being talked into dancing in a leather thong with a greased body. And, of course, everyone else who was there and we didn't mention (coz we're casualties ourselves).

"that ain't techno"

"but is it deep?"



The Warren

Chart Topping Grins



Slappers in London

Perfect World



7TH HEAVEN 13TH AUG CANTERBURY

Fresh from his sojourn to Spain supporting Farley and Heller, Bally Eric house DJ and all round nice guy extraordinaire GRUB finds time on his hectic shedule of world/ country-wide domination to slip one in (missus) for 7th Heaven.

The word conservative is not in his DJ vocabulary so the assembled hoards (hoary old Tangent... cliché number x of the issue) gathered in a mass wave of "we are not worthy"-ness to pay *homage* to this particular and special DJ's, always under-rated, skills.

Expecting the unexpected he started the slap and shake with some, splutter, cough, ahem, ooh, paroxisms of fits, eer, Hip-Hop. Not content with *not* taking it out after say 12 or even 64 bars he let the whole fucking lot play all the way through to bemused eye contact swapping between the conservative with a small "c" petulent "we want house" tVC

crowd. After a teeth sucking, foot stamping and "it's not fair" body language pouting 10 minutes the reassuring safe loveliness of the 4/4 times 128 bpm slammed in and hit us four squarley between the housey rogered cortex of the wigged out brain-box and the souls of our slapped up feet for the next one and a half hours. You are a nutter, man.

"Girly" Rob ditches the "Girly" tag for the night and moves onward and upward. Inserting the word seamless instead he sported a brand new set of tunes (cheers Mark!). And, as smooth as silk and as smooth as a babies botty he boshed the last hour out and yet another moon rose on yet another thursday night and yet another crowd of 7th peeps danced yet another night sweetly away to yet another house DJ. Sweet soul music.



HQ



splosers night out



splosbers night out

DEEP UNITY

BLACK SCIENCE ORCHESTRA - Philadelphia (Jr Boys Own). It's that man Beedle again (no, not Jeremy). This time with Classen and Woolford. The thanks on the label really says it all: Thanks for the memories T.S.O.P./War/Baker-Harris-Young. Lush, string laden, well produced, rather excellent and very reminiscent of a mis-spent youth.

JASON NEVINS - Rio Calling (Black Label). Nevins at his best: tough, pumping, groovy. In its own way out Cleveland Cities Cleveland City. Here we go!

BOTTOM DOLLAR - You Can't Turn Around (Olympic). Save The Robots Dub +8. Nice.

PIECE OF MIND - Piece of Mind EP (100%). Third release from this well happening Birmingham label. File alongside Cleveland/Nevins/Slapback and that tough housey garage that we luurve soo much.

DISCO VOLANTE - Dark Blue Sky (Sub Culture). The type of solid London House that is really doing it at the moment. Has an unusual, catchy vocal sample that is wierd enough to lift this out of the pile.

ARMANTE - Love Me Or Leave Me (UMM). Originally out in '91 these F.O.S. '94 remixes are the biznizz. The Fathers Of Sound Underground Mix has a bouncy bass that will have 'em squirming with pleasure. First class Italian product.

AMOS - Only Saw Today/Instant Karma (Positiva). Yes, it is J. Lennons Instant Karma but thankfully only with a walk on part at the end. Record two of this sold separately double pack is the one for the tVC crowd. Cleveland City mixes courtesy of Rhyme Time Productions get those elbows flapping.

PIGFORCE - Shutgoddamkickasstechthafunk (Black Sunshine). Arf arf. Actually doesn't say the title at all but repeats the refrain "can't get enough of it". Pesonally I'd take it after the second breakdown coz it loses the plot rather badly as the daleks seem to take over the vocal duties much to the bemused looks of the dancefloor. Still a groove though.

P.I.A.N.O. - Bootleg (white). Only mention this coz so many people ask what it's called. My record dealer calls it "that piano tune" which about sums it up. And at the exceedingly over the top price of £5.99 somefucker is making a lot of money out it. Scam?

HANSON AND NELSON VERSUS "ZERO B" - Gallow Tree/Scuttle/Hangman (Effective). Hangman is techno bollocks. Scuttle is the one for the house monsters. Up, driving yet mellow and with that H&N touch that only they can do.

YOUNG BRAVES - Just Wanna Dance (Rhino). "Part two of a Trilogy" the cover pompously claims. I don't know about that but I do know this is a +8 piano stormer that gets 'em rocking on their heels.

TIME OF THE MUMPH - Control (white). You've probably heard it all before but so what. At least with house the pressure to push boundries is in the background whilst the pressure to get the floor pumping is always in the foreground. This has the latter effect and does the jobby velly welly.

DIGIFX - The Digifx EP (Phat as Phuck). This one gets three arfs. Arf, arf, arf. The only Phat as Phuck I've liked and what a deep gem it is. Catchy as phuck.

COSMIC ROCK - Burning Up The Cosmos/ Voyage (Croo). The sort of tune Sherlock loves. Euro, pumping, uplifting and pitched up would get a Perfect World crowd outstretched and flexed.

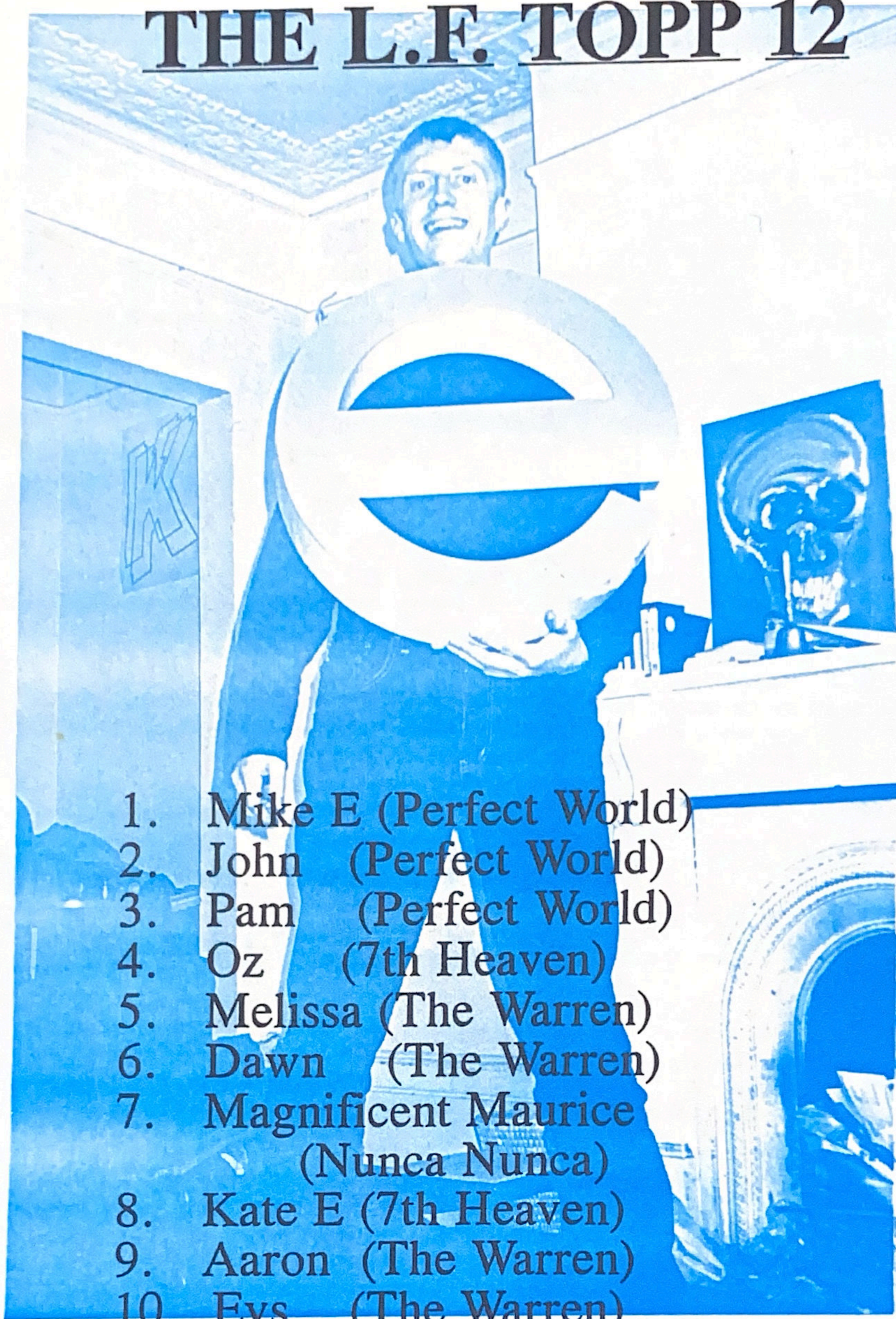
RHYTHM SOLUTION - So Nice/Don't Stop (TCR). TCR stuff is always good. But predictable. Funky guitar slashes over a go for it Euro rhythm. Yes it is Michael Jackson in the background!

THE PROJECT feat. GERIDEAU - Bring it Back 2 Luv (Fruit Tree). Fruit Tree continue pushing that US vibe. This time very vocally but not as sickly as it could have been. Includes Camacho and Cassio Ware mixes.

THE SIGNAL HILL EP - Release It (Mainline). Mystery 12" with no credits, but producing a tuff, UK edged progressive garage chugger.

Records supplied By Primal Vinyl - Canterbury

THE L.F. TOPP 12



1. Mike E (Perfect World)
2. John (Perfect World)
3. Pam (Perfect World)
4. Oz (7th Heaven)
5. Melissa (The Warren)
6. Dawn (The Warren)
7. Magnificent Maurice
(Nunca Nunca)
8. Kate E (7th Heaven)
9. Aaron (The Warren)
10. Evs (The Warren)
11. Martini (Anytime, anyplace,
anywhere)
12. Nick E (7th Heaven)