
TANGENTOPOLI

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FREE TO PARTY PEOPLE

Criminal Justice Bill News

The Criminal Justice Bill will not now become law until at least October. Michael Howard's plan of royal assent by the end of July was thwarted by a cross-party revolt against the creation of penal institutions for young offenders. Mr Howard has announced himself that he will table amendments to the clauses on rights to silence, to avoid further embarrassing defeats.

The Bill has been referred to in some quarters as 'Son of Poll Tax', and like the Poll Tax it will be unenforceable if enough people choose to disregard it. This country has a long history of peaceful protest and civil disobedience when governments or rulers overstep the mark. When the Bill becomes law it can be beaten if we defend our right to demonstrate, party, travel, squat empty property and obstruct activities which may be 'lawful', but are detrimental to our health, our environment and our futures.

On 23rd July, about 250 people demonstrated outside Michael Howard's constituency surgery, in Folkestone, on the CJB. The following groups were represented: Hunt Saboteurs; FoE; Greenpeace; Green Party; travellers; Advance Party (rave party organisers); Militant Labour Party; Socialist Workers Party.

Paul Andrews, of Shepway Green Party and Shepway Greenpeace, went in to see Mr. Howard on behalf of the demonstration. Mr. Howard refused to accept any criticisms of the Bill and claimed he has the backing of

the public for its provisions. He also had the personal courage to come out and address the demonstrators, very unusual for a Tory!

The Canterbury Campaign Against CJB is organising a further demonstration against the Bill on Saturday 24th September. Provisional plans are to meet at Westgate Gardens, Canterbury from 10.30am. For info. contact the Campaign's Press Officer, Hazel Dawe, on 0227 472771.

A demonstration against the CJB is also planned for 17th September, at Solsbury Hill nr. Bath, site of a proposed road scheme, and considerable local opposition.

There's an interesting article in the Summer '94 [issue 30] New Economics Foundation magazine by Andrew Lees of FoE, suggesting that the Criminal Justice Bill might compel the police to develop expertise in environmental law to avoid prosecutions for wrongful arrest, with 'aggravated trespass' only being used against activists obstructing 'lawful activities'. An interesting idea, but of little consolation to anti-road campaigners and hunt sabs [for example] who will be criminalised regardless of the level of local support, or insanity and vested interest of those designing proposed new road schemes. This government has a long history of deregulating industry and making more and more



EXHIBIT A, circa 1994:
A typical scrounger chooses
the easy way of life

environmentally destructive activities 'lawful', even in blatant disregard of European law -in the Criminal Justice Bill they are [among other things] attempting to cover-up the growing public opposition to their policies by making non-violent direct action an imprisonable offence.

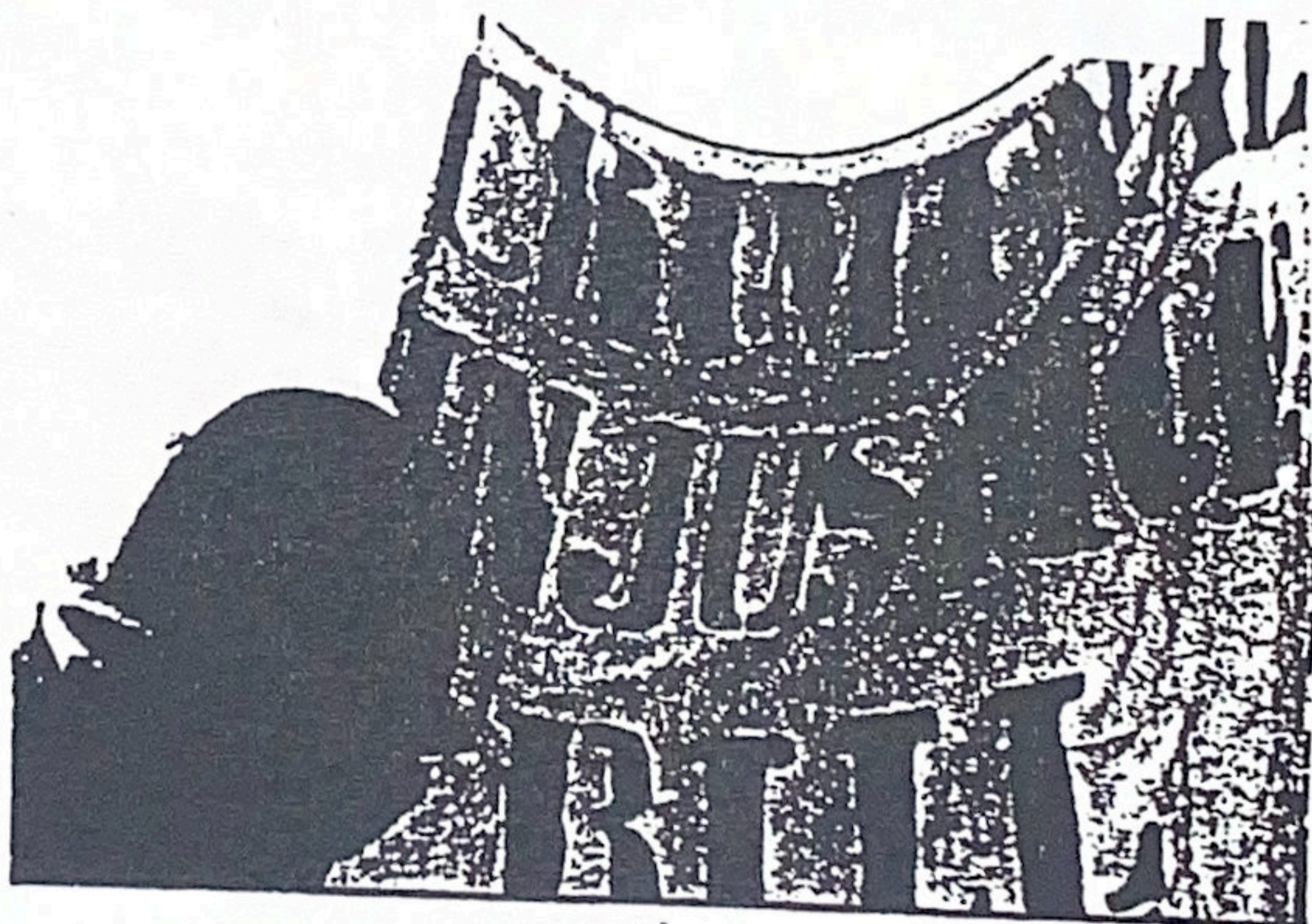
NEF is at: 88/94 Wentworth St.
London E1 7SE.

New Statesman magazine is distributing a supplement about the CJB, including a guide to the clauses, available FREE from them at NSS, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Rd. London E2 8DQ. Tel. 071 739 3211.

On the third reading of the CJB in the Commons, only 44 Mps voted against. One was a Tory! Peter Butler MP [Milton Keynes NE, Con] is reported to have said of the Bill, "I welcome what I hope will prove in retrospect to have been the first tentative steps towards a law of criminal trespass. It

should be an offence to knowingly enter or remain on land or building belonging to another person without consent." Mps voting against the Bill are:

Diane Abbot, John Austin-Walker, Barry Barnes, Tony Benn, Richard Burden, Malcolm Chisholm, Michael Clapham, Eric Clarke, David Clelland, Michael Connarty, Jeremy Corbyn, Jean Corston, Jim Cunningham, Denzil Davies, Jimmy Dunnachie, Mildred Gordon, Thomas Graham, Bernie Grant, John Gunnell, John Heppell, John Home Robertson, Jimmy Hood, Kevin Hughes, Robert Hughes, Glenda Jackson, Helen Jackson, Lynne Jones, Jane Kennedy, Terry Lewis, Ken Livingstone, Eddie Loyden, John McAllion, Calum MacDonald, Max Madden, Alice Mahon, Jim Marshall, Bill Michie, Colin Pickthall, Brian Sedgemore, Alan Simpson, Dennis Skinner, John Watts, Audrey Wise, Jimmy Wrae. [thanks to Squall for this list].



Squatter's vault protest

Jonathan Frodsham, aged 30, locked himself into an old bank vault in Blackburn, Lancashire, for six hours yesterday in protest at the Criminal Justice and Public Order Bill. He was among a group of squatters evicted from the derelict listed building on Monday.

Cock-Up Politics.

No news is good news they say. Infact the way the media works, the only news worth reporting is the very worst of news. Thus it was that of the 80,000 people present at the march against the CJB on July 24th, it was the antics of 80 people at Downing St (0.1%) which made it into the newspapers. Actually this is not wholly a conspiracy. It is, in part, simply a problem of the media: its addiction to sensationalism and violence, and its inherent discomfort in the face of the ordinary, the everyday, and the just plain decent.

I'm not immune. No journalist is. Sensationalism makes a better story. Which is why, when I went to interview members of the Central Committee of the SWP, I did so hoping to "dig the dirt". There are a number of reasons for this. Firstly that I've been infected by David Icke's conspiracy theory of history, and have begun to see the machinations of the Brotherhood in every political organisation. According to Icke a Central Committee is tantamount to a secret society, no different than the Freemasons. Even if the committee as a whole is not directly in the pay of the forces of oppression, the very nature of the centralised structure makes it decidedly easy to infiltrate. All you need is to learn the right words. I'd seen a certain prominent person at the gates of Downing St on the 24th, apparently urging a continuation of the violence, and I'd thought, "well, whose purpose does this serve?" The newspapers the following day provided the answer. If you want to put the Great British Public off demonstrations, then show violence. I'd equated this person with the SWP and decided that they were clearly working for the government.

Later I learned that this person was George Silcott, brother of Winston, and his anger became more explicable.

Nevertheless the overall impression many people have of the SWP is of an organisation bent on creating splits, of a dark and secretive Central Committee, of a structure whose sole aim seemed to be to sop up good will amongst a gullible following while actually providing no clear lead. The recent entry of the SWP into the campaign against the Criminal Justice Bill seems to justify these fears. From a set of disparate organisations focussing fairly haphazardly on the CJB, there is now a bonded force apparently focussed entirely around opposition to the SWP, a shift I'd begun to feel was part of a conspiracy. Whose fault was it?

The very term "Central Committee" has a sinister ring. You imagine a shadowy organisation of vicious bureaucrats bent on secret agendas of violence and mayhem. You imagine them to be concerned with ends not means, and to stop at nothing to further their cause. Instead of which I was introduced to Lindsay German, more cuddly than conspiratorial, apparently a very nice person.

We met in the Labour Club beneath Jeremy Corbyn's committee rooms, the picture of an old fashioned working class institution, functional, non-inspirational, basic. The very name - "Red Rose Club" - shows a distinct lack of imagination. I was introduced to Lindsay by Wayman Bennett, one of the SWP national organisers, and himself decidedly cuddly. It was like the teddy-bears picnic in there. High-tea against the Criminal Justice Bill. They chose coffee and soft drinks instead of beer.

I had a series of questions prepared. I began by asking the purpose of the Central Committee. The answer they gave was straight-forward. "Efficiency," they told me.

They'd brought 80,000 people together on July 24th by sheer single-mindedness. Once the instructions had been sent out there were 100,000 posters up throughout the country within days. The organisation is, however, democratic, voted in at the annual conference, and subject to criticism through the pages of the newspaper. The organisation of democratic centralism allows for debate right up to the point of a decision, but expects unity of purpose afterwards.

I asked about their vision of the future. I was hoping for a hint of mysticism in this that I could have leapt on. Again the reply was straightforward. The vision is born out of the day-to-day. The present signalworker's dispute, for example, is not only about pay and conditions and productivity: it is also about collective action. Collective action provides its own lessons about future ways of organising and about new ways of relating to each other. The seeds of the future are contained within the present.

I asked whether they saw socialism involving more industrialisation or less. Initially more, they said. Swan-Hunters are going bust through lack of orders, and yet thousands of people are at risk in the Far East sailing round in rust-buckets. Use the forces of production to help people, they said. Thousands of children die every year for lack of needles. Why should people have to die for the sake of 20p? The hole in the ozone layer could be filled. 150 planes filled with ozone would do it. It would cost billions, but it would still be cheaper than the Gulf War. 'The problem wasn't industrialisation, it was the organisation of society for profit. A Green agenda was a pipe-dream without socialism.

I asked about dance. Wayman spoke of the struggle in South Africa, how dance, music and the struggle were inextricably linked, and about the ANL in the '70s. Of course people wanted to dance and be integrated. But that depended first of all on having an organisation to stop the forces of disintegration -the BNP or the Tory government in this case- from threatening to break up the party using violence or legislation. You needed a defence force.

Everything they said was supremely sensible and down-to-earth, and I wondered why it was I'd not heard this stuff before, and why it was that their arrival in the struggle against the CJB was causing so much consternation? Was it a cock-up or a conspiracy? There is, it's true, a certain brusqueness of manner, a certain tendency to talk as if they have all the answers, a certain verbosity, that puts people off. But is this merely a stylistic impediment, like judging people on whether they wear dreadlocks or not, or is it evidence of some darker motives, some unknown secret agenda?

And there is certainly a presumptuousness that is more than stylistic. The July 24th march was called in the name of a co-alition that did not exist. It took a whole afternoon of close debate for the billing on the poster to be changed from "The Co-alition Against The CJB" to "Building The Co-alition Against the CJB". That one little word made all the difference. The October march is being called -once more- in the name of a co-alition that does not exist. There has never been a meeting of such a co-alition and no policy or strategy has ever been decided by any one other than the SWP. Yet all around the country posters are going up in the name of "The Co-alition". Someone pointed out the consequences of this. Some teenager in Kent or Manchester wants very much to make a contribution to the struggle against the CJB. They ring the number on the "Co-alition" poster, and who do they get? You guessed it. Would they have been as forthcoming with their cash or their time, you wonder, if they'd've considered that it was for the SWP?

parties and gossip...

SEVENTH HEAVEN -1st SEPT- CANTERBURY

F. Resh from the phenomenal success of the Perfect World parties in London Sidcup's very own turntable tumbler Sherlock hits 7th... for the second time this year. Back by popular demand our Alexi Sayle lookalike (sorry mate) wowed the eclectic assemblage of cosmopolitan cosmic adventurers ready to pump the night away, with a varied set of (as usual) superbly (yet cheekily) mixed house monsters (the underground hits of next week and next month). It was a refreshing change from the normal house DJ formula of a mix of choons that we've all heard before a dozen times, and are likely to hear again another dozen times before they are quietly put to bed only to be revived for those 'nostalgia' nights.

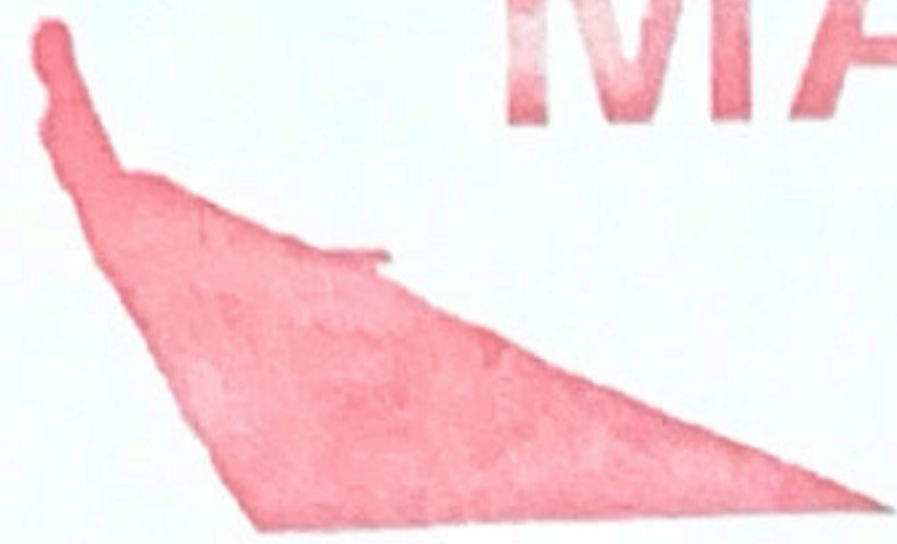
First up, Jasper, (from planet Thanet and one of Tony Futures prodigies) played a first class mix of warm up toons to ease the gathering throng gently into the nights activities. Nice one mate. We hope to have you down again real soon. Anyway, look out for him at the free parties.

Oz, playing the middle set, picked up where Jasper left off to steadily increase the BPM's for the next one and a half. Peaking at the level where Sherlock starts. Yes! We were off. Sailing, soaring and soaked we splashed around for hours completely oblivious to the time till, aaaargh, them fucking lights that just SWITCH on without any notice completely ruining what turned out to be, dare I say, a classic night out. For a thursday anyway. MMMwwa.

****VOGUE**** night club in Sittingbourne, Kents only legal all night license has decided to ditch the policy of playing big name DJ's on their (just started) house nights every Saturday. Instead, in an attempt to boost poor attendances, they're going for Kent DJ's in the hope that they will bring their people along with them. Expect collaborations between the various Kent crews including tVC, Aphrodisiac, Infectious and In-House. Watch this space.

****WELL SORRY**** to hear about Alistair from the Aprodisiac crew who has had some of his PA nicked. Any info on Peavey speakers and two amp racks?

AIN'T WORTH A CARROT MATE



DJ LENIN

Hi again. I've got this brilliant idea going. You see, rather than play new tunes (hard to get hold of, expensive, promos snapped up by the DJ mafia, test pressings non-existent, and by the time they get an actual release their club life is dead coz everyone's heard them 10 times), I, get this, play *old* tunes. Good eh? If Jon da Silva can get away with it on the retro nights at the Hac then why not me?

No more trying to compete with bigger, more established DJ's. Fuck that circus. It's really hard to get into; requires tons and tons of extreme effort to achieve so little, loads and loads of travelling and loads and loads of blagging around to get your name on the arse end of a flyer. Not being paid or being paid less than promised. No

crowds (sometimes). Crap promoters with attitude (sometimes). Fuck that right off, pal.

I play old tunes. Locally. Simple as that. I don't have to work in a shit job to get a shit wage to keep a shit car on the road. I can laze around all day on the Nat King Cole. Buy 10 records for a tenner. Blag deck time offa me mates Technics (no belt drive substitutes.....purr lease). If I do get to play out somewhere I blag a lift.

The thing with old tunes is.....don't play them all the way through! Play 8, 16 or 32 bars then -whack- take 'em out. (Inventive mixes a bonus). People are standing there going "Hang on a sec.....that's a bit familiar innit? What is that?" then it's gone. The next ones in. And the process is repeated 'till they get sick o' that game and submit to the groove.

Sometimes I'm into, say, June-July 1989 and buy everything from that period that I can. I'm an archivist now! An historian! At last there is a place for skint jocks on the dole. Think I'll push this a bit further out. Report next time.

SAT 10TH SEPT-BROADOAK

My review of Broadoak? Well quite honestly it was shite.

I know negativity is bad and unproductive and why be negative when you can be positive, but it was shite for a number of reasons.

1. We'd just returned from Vogues -that house mecca in Sittingbourne- where we'd had a very strange evening watching Oz on the wheels of steel. The club wasn't what you'd call rammed but we all still agreed that with the right crowd it'd be a nice little club. Unfortunately the right crowd weren't there that night. Nor was any crowd. My nose was out of joint as it's the first club I've accompanied my dear beloved to where I had to pay to get in!! What the fuck's the point of going out with a DJ when you can't even get into clubs for free??? It's a small recompense for all those hours of deck widowhood we're made to

suffer. Thankfully we could all fuck off at 1am.

2. We'd gave the wrong directions to the few people we'd told about the party (It being one of those on, off, on, off, yes you're doing it, no you're not doing it sort of jobbies. We weren't doing it in the end but our DJ's were playing through the bands rig.) so hurriedly erected luminous arrows at 2am in the morning.

3. It was wet and cold.

4. Everyone was fucked from the excesses of the previous nights shenanigans.

5. No car.

6. The band, who were good at what they did and in the right situation would have got the respect they deserved, unfortunately had us narrow minded bunch of househead bastards to contend with. We just don't appreciate music in the live format. (Having had to suffer it too much back in the heady days of our long departed youth).

7. All the DJ's were crap.

deep unity

POWA - Hoods in Da House (Mousetrap)

A limited edition 10" (ho hum) that explifies and typifies the UK underground tough house. Moves, skips and breaks to great effect with a tremendous loping bass. Puts Mousetrap records back in the frame.

OLLIE RED EYE - Cold Break Ill With The Drummer (Underground Classics)
Ollie Red Eye, AKA Ollie Bridge with his second release on UC. outa London tarn. The follow up to the Checkin Da Cuts EP. Perfect bedside companion to the wiggid out, late night beats of Powa. Deep, percussive tempement, soothes and grooves for those pipe dream withdrawal symptoms. Yummy.

MOVIN' MELODIES EP - (Eastern Bloc)

The Euro label M.M. is at last beginning to pick up some UK releases. This is the label Sherlock's been banging on about for ages. Believe the hype and for a UK price these gems are yours to own. Superior house of the highest, funky, stomping magnitude. Looking For 3d is monstrous.

FABIEN D'ESTIVAL et GREGORY - House Set EP (Spice Vibes) Ger
This German label, only 2 releases in, knows what it's doing. rump nouse for piums.

WAX WORK - The working wax EP (Shindig)

Track titles like 'Latin layers' and 'US flavour' give quite a large clue as to what's contained in the rippies. choice chunks layered and slabbed for the delectation of you, the discerning house consumer.

POPPERS - Poppers (Urban Hero)

Release 5 and running out of ideas? No chance. Euro garage pumps that crowd into frenzies.

ARMANTE - Love Me Or Leave Me (UNM)

A bass line to die for.

STRAIGHT UP - I Want your love (Spank)

Spanking's the word but only in the best possible taste. Aint heard of this label before, but it's worth watching.

JOEY WASHINGTON - Keep It Dance (4 Liberty)

Track 1 side 2 is just mm mmm delicious heads down, pumping, late AM house for all those discerning after glow merchants in need of a kick start.

MOTHER - Get Back (Six6)

Jools and Lee Fisher come up with the durables yet again. The E Lustrious mix is divine funk heaven with an edge.



BROADOAK PT 2

Strange one this (aren't they all?). A few tVC DJ's sharing the night with a psychedelic band?

Festivities (apparently) started in the afternoon with entertainment and food for the kids (maan) including a bouncy castle (mysteriously deflated by the time the adults took over the playground cum barnyard). The band (apparently) took over around midnight (I say apparently because all this took place without any tVC people there. We didn't arrive till 1.30amish) and played a wigged out guitar dominated, dayglo and funny hatted set of what the planet Thanet diehards would call psychedelic rock. It sounded like free festival noodles best appreciated two weeks into the mushroom season at the Stonehenge Autumn Equinox shared with fellow earthy yet appreciative astral travellers.

While the party people politely waited and politely applauded ("don't do that", hisses one particular, and unnamed, party pooper, sorry person, to me, "they might go back on". Me-ow!) the band went through their sustained motions for two hours or so. Finally relenting the limelight at around 2am. Strange.

With the decks "swiftly" set up Ed, for it is he, announced he "was going on first" with Kier. This declaration set the tone for the night. We were listening to the afterglow stroke deep stuff at 2.30am. It worked. We think (eyes roll mysteriously). Or did it? Who knows. We were shit-faced (for a change) so it didn't matter. Not that it ever does.

But, as the night progressed the pace picked up and the handfull of beaming, loved up and wide eyed fluffcore faithful shuffled their feet and flapped their arms 'till the plug was pulled at around 10am.

Cheers to the DJ's that turned up. And a resounding "nevermind" to those that didn't. Cheers also to Richard for the invite. And Gary (secondhand PC? DOS with windows and DTP? Just think of how Tangentopoli would be improved?)

Keef and Oz (don't know if I should name them after what Nicky said in her

review) managed five hours between them with a little help. A stary-oot eye time had by one and all including Pam and John, Aaron and Sue, Jacquie, Watson (don't worry about the rows of psychedelic spanners) and all our new freindies whose names in the *methode traditionnelle* are written on scraps of paper and crumpled up in the corner of our pockets and destined not to be found later when they are needed.

Foundations, however, laid for a bigger party in the big barn coz no noise complaints received. Nov 5th? Watch this space. We hope so.

****COMING SOON**** a month long special courtesy of our chums in Nottingham. Starting with Digs and Whoosh on 27th October.

****FUCK OFF PARTY ALERT**** a Night of Kent Madness -8th Oct- at a sumptuous Kent venue featuring a showcase of, *adopts best Smashy and Nice voice*, the very best of the Kent underground dance scene. See the flyers but what we're giving is a £10 party for a fiver. And no mistake. See ya there. Limited invites so -wavey thumbs up-book early.



"A Tribe Was Formed"

Once upon a time a tribe was formed. Ohhh, how many years ago? More than I either care to, or have the ability to, remember. Back in the days of St' Nicholas, Shatterling and Broad Oak. In a hedonistic times of parties, festivals, togetherness, Reggae beats, various substances, various liquids, lots of giggling, lop sided Angelo haircuts, all night antics and long drunken days in the sun. There was no end to it mearley dispersion 9 to 5 land got some of us, including me, others moved off and on and some just carried on

The tribe regathered this summer for Angelo's party at his farmhouse in Brittany; a five day festival of life, "it was your party Ange', I don't care how many times you deny it, I was there because it was your party."

The following is Jacquie's account of the goings on that went on.

" Gathering at Portsmouth. Hugs, kisses, more hugs. Brilliant to see Sue, Derick, Percy and to meet Kenny and his friend; not Andy Wells party person of the past, the very same! Sue's car full to bursting; people, tents, bedding, clothes, music, Beer, more Beer, more people and " NO Jacquie you can't bring your buggy!" Boat journey spent where else but of course the bar; lots of beer and male crap chat, beer monsters from hell eat your hearts out! Kicked out when it eventually shut then it was off to The Croissant Bar which had seats with removable pillows to sleep on....luxury. Derick arguing or discussing Carp fishing with the last remaining drunkards on board, then they went to sleep and Derick staggered off into the bowels of the ship never to be seen again. Crashing out under the table; travellers tip The Croissant Bar may look very inviting late at night but it's much to civilised to wake up in surrounded by the posh and together who eat croissants for breakfast and don't spend all night getting drunk or have a ripping hangover the next day to prove it! We were poked awake by various waiters and esses untill that is Andy growled at them "FUCK OFF !!!! " and they did. Lets just say it was'nt the most harmonious of awakenings for most except, of course, Derick who was still lost and the youngest member of the motley crew, Yasemin Having eventually crashed out the night before in front of the speaker at the bar disco, she thought that to wake up, under a table, wrapped in Kenny's Algerian birthing blanket was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to anyone. Her eyes just filled with the delight of it all, but then she is only 3, of limited experience and unaware of what was to come. Departed the

boat somehow, Derick still lost so I got his seat in the car HA! We left Andy to find him. "Would Mr Saunders please go to information," He didn't. Mr Saunders had to be woken up by a cleaning lady and escorted off the boat. Frantic drive to Ange' and Jan's, Yazzy throwing up after a jar of olives for breakfast, maybe I should have got her a Croissant!! Percy moved faster than ever witnessed before and somehow produced a carrier bag out of thin air PHEW! Ropy directions that we all know and love so much. Sue the driver, the only person that could have got us there. Arriving at last, seeing the farm for the first time, seeing everyone already there, lots of hugging and kissing, seeing the barn and hearing the music, Pam with her head down the toilet already....too much French plonk the night before. the party had already begun. Day spent tent erecting, talking, laughing, meeting people, old friends and new, children all grown up, some had been born, party preparations, Sue on a mission up a ladder erecting the mushroom man in, of course, the perfect spot, Jan cooking for everyone as usual, Angelo organising the fires, or rather desperatley trying to defend his ever dwindling log pile ["hope it's not too cold this winter Ange"]. Kids crashed out exhausted in new canvas homes, darkness came, pills dropped, the barn and we came alive and the party kicked off. This was the party of all parties. Wicked music, dancing like I'd never seen before, fire jugglers, lazars on the trees, hugs, kisses, lots of love, the banana, the banners, more dancing, more chatting round fire, now they were big logs!!! and it was good to see you again too Andy. Party injuries, there were a few; Kenny's knee, Sue's leg, Kier's foot the worse, [sorry if I freaked you outdidn't have my nurses head on] The toilet door falling down on me, Yazzy's goat butt and just about everybody else falling drunk or stoned into ditches at some point during the weekend. We all survived. The kiddy tribe spent five days running amock, being free, throwing straw, talking to chickens and goats, playing in barns, collecting eggs, torturing kittens, nicking beer from the cool buckets outside the tents, getting drunk ["what can we say?"], walking in woods, swinging on the biggest swing they'd ever imagined, being fed by Jan, falling asleep in front of fires, making friends and proving that with lots of space and no possessions even children can live in harmony. Over and above all else, the tribe was reunited and it stomped together once more; greatly grown in number and strength we stomped long and hard, though no one quite so long and quite so hard as Potatoe Picking Pam what staminer!! Brittany 94 now that was a party. In the words of a smiling Sue, " lovely place, lovely people, lovely weather, lovely food, lovely, lovely, lovely all just lovely. " and the music..... tVC a million thank you's for your music, it truely was crap, see you there next year, when, I'm told, Angelo wants something a bit more mellow! But then he is 50 after all. Our party ended with a massive storm all of Saturday night; a much more natural ending than the Jen Darne who tried to terminate us on Friday night. And on the fifth day the barn was empty, all that is except for a massive banana, which I feel will be there for a few parties to come. I cried and we all came home. Recharged and revitalized by the energy and positive vibe that comes from being together, and now that I've found both myself and my tribe again, you'd better watch out for me you party people, you stompers of the night, I'll be there coz it's your tribe as well.

THE END.....For NOW!!!!!!



7TH HEAVEN -15TH SEPT-

CANTERBURY.

Those who were there were truly in...er...Jump. Oops! I had to check to see if the back stairs were slippery enough to get the sawdust out. Arf arf.

A slice of London underground house life slums it in Canterbury to entertain a packed and sweaty 7th Heaven. Jumps first away match produced their first away win as the hedonistic excuse for a Thursday night overabundance provoked a mexican wave of support for our pumping brothers (and sisters) from up town. Salut my friends. Colm (excellent warm up set), Dizi B, Luke, Glen and extra guest Sonar chugged, chuckled, chunked, chucked, fused and fizzed the go go go and up up up and even further up for it caucus of bombastic, garrulous, spaced out, amiable, chummy, bummy, scrummy and, well, dare I say it, gorgeous and seductive collective gang of sorbet soaked clubbers that constitute a wet and windy thursday night out in Canterbury. Only one small, weeny question begs itself: why, oh why does it always rain on 7th heaven nights? Only God knows and he's a right bastard.

The whole sordid, raunchy, ravishing, raging, raving ratpack dumped their drains for the night and proceeded to embarrass themselves stupid in front of each other in such an outrageous manner that if you weren't there - I ain't gonna tell you what they done. Suffice to say much consumerables consumed, beery beer beered up the the beer beasts and lots of people were moving around quicker than they normally would move say on a sunday morning.

Hi to house bastard Damian "the tune will be out soon" Harris (can't wait), Walter "I've varnished the floor and I'm going to bed" and Bob "I do love a vocal" from the Ship o' fools, Cath and "good piping" Greg, Keef "can I swap....?" (yes, you always can with us. And do. Every fortnight), Guy and his mate. The in out, in out tVC DJ mafia. (up down, up down). No I don't know what it means either...Oh God...and every one else, you lovely people. We do know who you are and you do make our sad, lonely lives just that little bit more livable. And we mean that most sincerely.

JUMP AT 7TH HEAVEN PART 2

Everyone up for it and going for it welcoming our Jumpy chums with open arms and mouths in the only way we know how. Full on.

Apparently the boys got a little lost even though Tim used to live in Canterbury and was given directions. (A little worse for wear we think? These party peeps eh?)

It was great to see so many happy, smiling faces (apart from Sav) and the dance floor rammed. Bob and Walt popped over from Fav, fresh from the vigours of floor varnishing, to shake a leg. Just one mind. Now Ey, full of the joys of his farkin' jeep, proceeded to get very pissed as did most of us. I think.

Good to see Mr and Mrs E back in their spiritual home snogging all night and being the first ones on the floor. Apart from Kim of course. But both helping to warm things up nicely.

Thanks to Jump who kept things moving very nicely and see you on the 24th (tonight) where we hope we can do the same.

After the age old question "where the fuck do we go now?" (because for some strange reason no-one wants to go to bed) the wide eyed and ever so lively party children had a quick blat, at Walt's request, over to Chavland to see "the boys". Er, five car loads of us. Walt was too busy varnishing his floor (ooh-er missus) to let us play with him. Although I'm sure he would have if he'd known a certain "young lady" was outside waiting.

So back to the Bubble and HQ where the congregated throng spent at least half a hour standing around while "lost it lumpy" Ramsden tried to remember how his equipment worked. Then we were treated to the rare (?) delight of Oz and Tejen playing with each other in the dancing room for hours on end. Casualties; "seen my tape deck?" Ramsden, Cath discovering a new form of dancing, Tejen and How Ya Did-dlin'.

Nick retired to bed so she could get up for work. And did too!

Ah well there goes another one.

Learn as you go along



Participate. Rave on.



Take it further.

Speak up.

Defend ourselves.

Use good drugs.

Have confidence in the younger generation.

DODDINGTON -SAT 17TH SEPT - A RAMSDEN PRODUCTION

Joes 21st birthday and her parents away can only mean one thing -party.

Quite a few made it over to stagger around incoherently and trip over the funny backing sheet that had been taped to the carpet. Fatal if you happened to drop any consumerables because when you tried to pick them up, all you got was a handful of hairy threads. It later transpired that the stuff came off a skip.

A brief pub crawl on the way meant our posse was already talking complete gibberish before we even reached the party. Once there, despite all declaring that we "weren't really into it", proceeded to participate in the occasion with real gusto, helped by the plentiful supplies of alcohol chilling in the refrigerator (cheers Aaron).

Basically a continuation of after hours

Thursday friendships were explored, made and stretched to the limits.

Walt turned up, wriggled around briefly, abused a few people, fell asleep, woke up, rang a taxi then went. Keeping Fav taxis in business single handed.

A large Canterbury contingent showed, preferring to sit in the garden (their travelling origins?) rather than dance on the cobwebs. Russ, Fran and family making an appearance. Good to see Evs and Sall who, as usual, kept pumping away till the last. Gurner totally unable to comprehend what was going on around him. The morning mushroom picking posse just happened to have a few of this seasons early risers to tempt the temptable. This, er, infusion, took the party to a different section of the universe. "Sandals" spotted disappearing and reappearing later with her friend, lets just say "a DJ", who was sporting fetching grass stains on the backs of the knees of his jeans! Now how the fuck is that done?

Another Fight in London

The 24th July Anti-Criminal Justice Bill March gained a lot of press coverage, some on the front pages. The Gay Pride March, also with tens of thousands marching, gained very little coverage. The rally at Twyford Down and the march up the A33/M3 that blocked it while we danced for a couple of hours was ignored by the press.

Why the difference? If we think back to the Anti-Poll Tax March, we get a clue. Riots/Violence = Media Interest.

So, what is the future for demonstration? Does it really matter that peaceful protest is being made illegal? - 'cos its only the non-peaceful bits that get noticed.

People like Greenpeace have for a while now concentrated more on photo-opportunities than on attracting large crowds. The more radical fringes are taking this on board, and groups like Small World Productions have helped to spread knowledge of how to use the media to our advantage. the symbolic laying of a road over Mr MacGregor's house was one example of this in action.

The interior of a Donga Tribewoman's bender is worth pages of the 'Homes and Living' section, so why bother amassing thousands of people for a few column inches. That article also managed to convey a broader sense of the lifestyle the Dongas desire; it was much more effective than shouting 'No More Roads' at people driving past. This diversity of media coverage is also important because it reaches a wider readership.

Appeals to the mass never threaten the basic structure of mass society.

The national demos are important in their role of bringing us all together, for socialising and networking, and that re-assuring feeling that there are thousands who think as you do. However, as we try to reduce excessive transport use, and move towards a more decentralised society, surely the number of demos designed to be 'huge' should be kept to a minimum. Instead, we could have, for example, a 'Day of Trespass' where all over the country local developments are trespassed on. We already have Earth Nights when elves do their mischievous direct actions. The same principle would work for days of actions of a more legal media-friendly nature.

Trying to work in an environment that can never be our own.

A network of local actions would also mean a lot more coverage in the local media. Although many local papers / radio stations / TV are owned by the same people who control the national media, at least the local press has the potential to be community-based. To get a decent level of coverage in the national media is like trying to get your opponent to tie their own noose. Let's stick to working in environments that can at least potentially be ours.

Krayg of Catalyst



I have a personal motto, given to me by a palm reader in Margate: "You can lead but you can't push." What I mean by this is, if you are leading correctly, people will follow. To be a leader means to put yourself in the front line, in personal danger. The relationship between leaders and followers is voluntary and temporary and fraught with responsibility. You are only a leader as long as you are out in front, and you have a duty to protect those that are behind. The opposite of this is illustrated by something I saw at a football match once. People in the back row began pushing. The push turned into a wave sweeping the crowd, which moved forward with greater and greater intensity until someone stumbled. Several people were injured, all of them in the front row. The people at the back escaped unscathed.

Of all the organisations currently involved in the struggle against the CJB the SWP have the most potential to offer a real lead. They have 10,000 members, a nationwide network, a national paper, printing facilities and links within the Trade Unions. But in the end the question of style is actually fundamental. As the I-Ching says (17: Following): "In order to obtain a following one must first know how to adapt oneself. If a man would rule he must first learn to serve... If he has to obtain a following by force or by cunning, by conspiracy or by creating factions, he invariably arouses resistance... The thought of obtaining a following through adaption to the demands of the time is a great and significant idea..."

The key phrase here is "adaption to the demands of the time". The SWP were born out of a particular period of history and a particular view of class-relations. Their support of working class values is admirable. The very building we were sitting in typified this: it was like stepping back into the '50s. But these are the '90s. When the SWP talk about "the bosses" or "the Ruling Class" it is clear enough what they mean: the top 10% who own and control the vast majority of the wealth, not only of Britain, but of the whole world. "A band of hostile brothers", as Marx describes them, bent only on their own advantage. But unfortunately in Britain this view of class has become compounded with a view of culture, of accent, of what kind of job you do, manual or clerical. When middle class people hear socialists referring to class they become defensive. Middle class people are losing their jobs too. And these days working class people are just as likely to be corrupt and Tory. The standards are changing. People of all classes and all parties need to learn to communicate.

If the the SWP really want to help then they should call that national meeting. They should share responsibility. They should share power. There has been a call for them to allow some of the other groups a page in their newspaper. Maybe they should learn to listen a little more and to preach a little less. They can lead but they can't push. Only when people see them doing this will they believe that their intentions are righteous.

I said that no news is good news. Well the good news -going on what was said to me at that meeting- is that I can't imagine either Lindsay or Wayman being involved in any kind of conspiracy. It was a cock-up. They were innocent in their talk of a co-alition the first time, and they were presumptuous the second. They have a sense of urgency which has made them act precipitously and there is a clash of style. But as Josef Stalin once said: "Twice is an accident, three times is a conspiracy..." We shall have to see.

Don't forget: March + Rally against
the CJB, 11am Embankment Tube
Sunday October 9th !!

Lament for the

LONG AGO, before we bought our entertainment, people sat around the fire and told each other stories. The listeners stared not at the speaker but into the flames. There they could picture the people and the places the story-teller brought to mind.

Everyone could tell a story; in oral cultures today it remains a universal art. Even those who listened had an active role, as they would be called upon to respond at a certain point of a ritualised tale.

Today we sit around a boxed fire listening to the stories of strangers. We are spared not only the trouble of making the fire and telling the story, but also the effort of imagining the people and the places it describes, for the flames have been resolved into unequivocal images. What we did for ourselves is now done for us by outsiders. We have ceased to be participants and are now merely onlookers.

The progression from sitting around a fire to sitting in front of the television is best described as enclosure. Resources in which we all had a stake — in this case fire and imagination — have been annexed, or enclosed, by a much smaller group of people. The rest of us — those who are not programme-makers or millionaires — are kept out. We can buy the products but, as individuals, we can do little to influence the way they are produced. It is this process that propels our environmental crisis.

"Enclosure" was first used to describe the seizure of land. Before the Norman Conquest, most of the land in Britain belonged not to individuals but to communities. Everyone in the community had a stake in its management, and an interest in preventing its over-exploitation by the other members. Because the people depended on this land alone, they required a great diversity of habitats

— woodland, scrub, marsh, pasture and arable fields — to keep themselves alive.

The gradual dispossession of commoners by landlords that began before the Normans accelerated until, in the 18th and 19th centuries, the parliamentary enclosures brought it near to completion. Today 75 per cent of the land in Britain is owned by 1 per cent of the population.

The same enclosure is taking place, on a much shorter timescale, in north-eastern Brazil today. The changes taking place there show how the concentration of land in Britain led to the replacement of a great diversity of habitats with wheat prairies and uniform pastures. For the last couple of centu-

Resources in which we all had a stake have been annexed, or enclosed, by a much smaller group

ries the region's peasant communities have treated the land gently. They protect their environment not because they are unlike other human beings but because they restrain each other from over-exploiting their common resources. They intend to pass the land on to their descendants, so anyone threatening its long-term viability threatens their own bloodline.

When landlords employ hired gunmen to dispossess the peasants, the relationship between the land and its beneficiaries changes. The land becomes a commodity, worth only as much as it will yield in the few years before it is sold. The forests are cleared, the streams dry up and

the entire property is turned into a cattle ranch or a soya farm. If this is unsustainable, it is not the landlord's problem, but that of the man who buys it from him.

With this change in ownership comes a loss of accountability to the community. The Brazilian landlords' justification — it's my land and I can do what I want with it — is echoed by landowners all over the world. Not only is the landowner above the community's law, but the local people now have no incentive to restrain him: the land no longer has anything to do with them. If, as has been happening all over Europe, the market decrees that the owner should grub up his water meadows or olive groves and replace them with wheat fields, he will do so, whatever local people say: and they will probably say very little.

The dispossessed commoners end up in the cities, where they lose both their understanding of the land and their self-sufficiency. In Britain — where 92 per cent of people now live in towns — the dispossessed became dependent for their raw materials on colonisation and international trade, exerting massive environmental destruction abroad.

Three processes have taken place here, all of them disastrous for the environment. Long-term planning has given way to short-termism; there has been a loss of accountability; and ordinary people have been so far removed from the places in which their resources are found, processed and disposed of that they can forget the environmental effects of the decisions they make. The same problems attend the enclosure of almost any asset but never more urgently than in the case of political power.

Among peoples such as the Turkana of Kenya or the Danl of Irian Jaya, the only decisions that affect a community are those it makes itself. Elders representing almost every

common people

family gather, in some cases daily, discuss the needs of the community and decide how they should best be met. A man is only as good as his oratory: no one can impose his will on others. The decisions they make take into account not only the interests of all their families but also the survival of their descendants.

The enclosure of this sort of power in Britain began even before the enclosure of land as a few members of the community, or well-armed people from other communities, forced others to conform to their will. Power was consolidated until its brokers achieved the definitive enclosure: the nine-inch girdle of a crown. Today, confined within the walls of Westminster, it is scarcely more accessible to ordinary people.

The enclosure of power means that the community that MPs are said to represent is too large for the interests of all its members to be taken into account. Being strangers to most of the electorate, ministers are not subject to its constant influence and control. For this reason they will make decisions which reflect their short-term interests, rather than the interests of the unborn. Exerting power at such a distance, they can forget or deny the consequences of their actions.

So, whatever their effects upon future generations, roads will be built and nuclear power stations commissioned if the resulting industrial patronage helps MPs to remain in power. Raw sewage turns up on the beach, acid rain descends on Sweden, but the levers of power are so long that the Government can disclaim responsibility. The electorate may be outraged by the decision to commission the Thorp nuclear reprocessing works but cannot exert its influence on a daily basis, so the Government need only wait, then sooth away the vestiges of memory with a tax hand-out.

Political enclosure is reinforced

by the enclosure of tastes and interests. While a community's traditional stories tend to refer to its immediate surroundings, television refocuses our interest on to worlds controlled by other people over whom we have little influence. Thus speculation over a political party's leadership or the relative merits of two brands of Cola can come to seem more important than the quality of the air we breathe when we step outside our front door.

By enclosing taste, the television imposes an enormous burden on the environment: if everyone wants beefburgers, then beef cattle will be raised all over the world, whatever habitats have to be destroyed to make way for them. Where, by contrast, tastes

remain local and traditional, people tend to grow and produce what the environment has proven it can best sustain.

It is often hard to see what is happening, let alone fight it, as we are, of

course, all participants in our own enclosure. But ever since enclosure began, there have been attempts to usurp it. The various peasants' revolts, the Diggers' and Levellers' movements, were all responses to the enclosure not only of land but also of power and culture. So was the intifada and the anti-apartheid movement. I have come to believe that, in our own restrained way, the British have just embarked on another such revolt.

It was, ironically, Michael Portillo who put his finger on our loss of faith in the political process. He rightly pointed out that people are now turning to pressure groups instead of Parliament for political

change. The reasons are hardly mysterious. Having held on to power for so long, leaving further enclosed power by reducing the scope of local authorities, the Government has so successfully alienated ordinary people from the political process that it has finally alienated itself from ordinary people. Writing to your MP is now considered a joke.

Even in the most genteel parts of Britain, something impressive has begun. While many have simply thrown up their hands and turned their backs on the political process, hitherto passive people of every description are now organising to reclaim the political initiative.

Significantly, the protests have so far crystallised around the road-

**Hitherto passive
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the political initiative**

building programme. This is classical enclosure: new roads take up communal space and drive people out of the surrounding spaces, as noise and pollution make them unbearable.

Like the landlords' fences in

Brazil they are a barrier whose transgression may result in immediate death. Once people come out of the woodwork to complain about the road, their other grievances against enclosure immediately begin to surface: anti-roads protesters complain about the disappearance of local shops, their children's failure to leave the house, or the general unresponsiveness of their MP.

Among them, of course, are the scruffy looking people so reviled by the Government. A few years ago groups such as the Dongas Tribe could have been dismissed as peripheral, but not today. Young people all over the country have

P.T.O.

picked up elements of their beliefs and their behaviour.

Their movement is attractive because, as well as fighting enclosure, they are simultaneously trying to release themselves from it. Instead of getting their stories or their music out of boxes — the TV or the cassette case — they sit around the fire creating their own.

Insofar as they are able, they make their own decisions, ignoring or avoiding the impositions of gov-

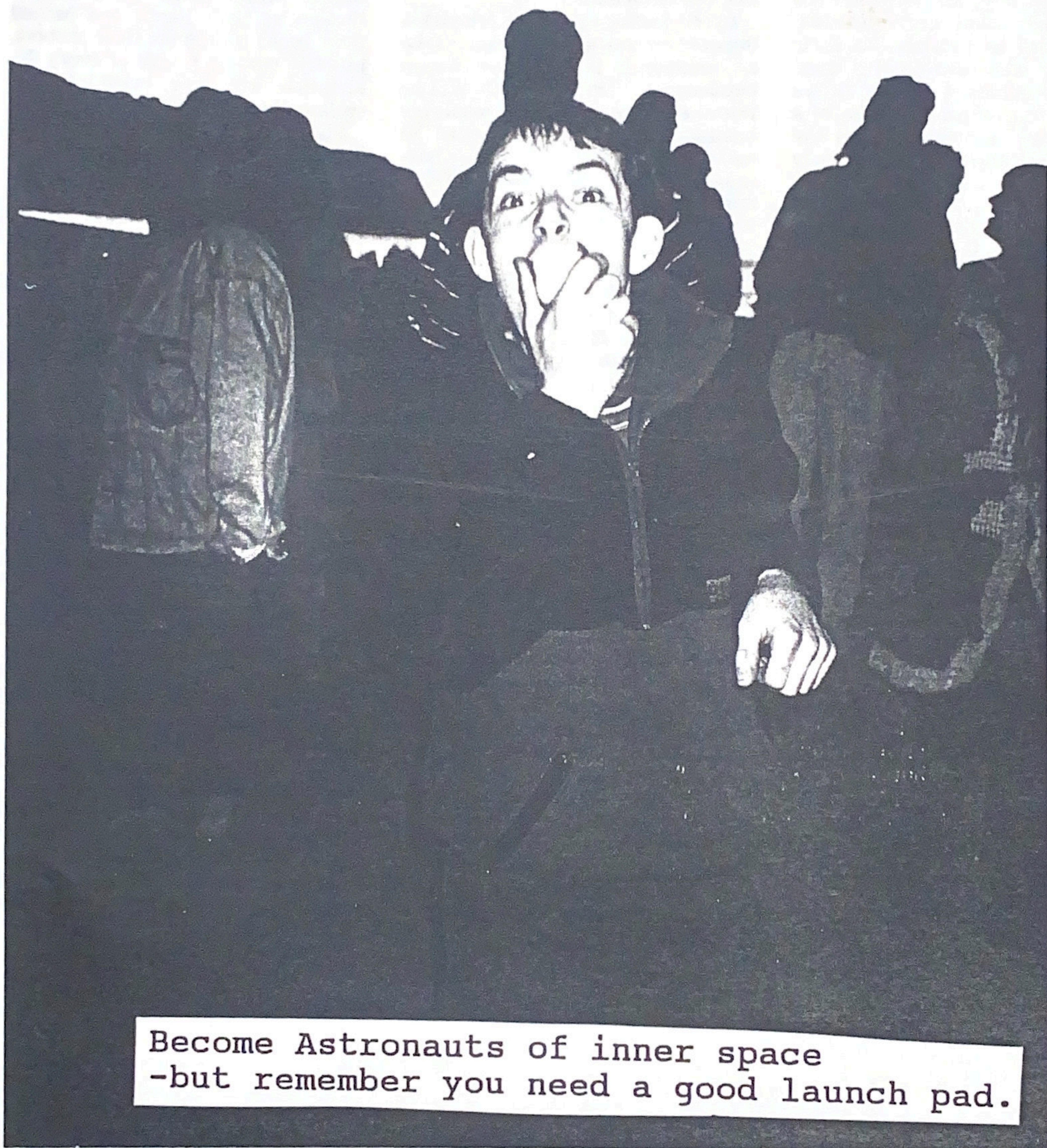
ernment. Even their clothes represent an escape from enclosure, for grunge is the flag of defiance. Perhaps most significantly, they have broken out of the enclosure of the psyche. In their camps you can dance, skip, howl like an animal or cry like a baby, and no one will recommend you for psychotherapy.

The Government appreciates the importance of this movement. It has drafted new laws prohibiting its chosen forms of dissent. The Criminal Justice Bill is strikingly similar in intent to the old Riot Act, drafted to

control the angry people resisting earlier enclosures.

The Dongas and people like them represent to many young people the freedom we have lost, and exert, as a result, an enormous romantic appeal. We, the social Incasts, living under the lock and key of enclosure, are looking to the social outcasts to lead us from our prisons. The first is out of the box. It will take more than the Criminal Justice Bill to force it back in.

George Monbiot



Become Astronauts of inner space
-but remember you need a good launch pad.