

Tangentopoli

Free to Party People

DIRTY LAND OF GREASY PALMS

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Our regular record review column picks through the fortnights new house releases. Plus charts from Mark Dettmar.

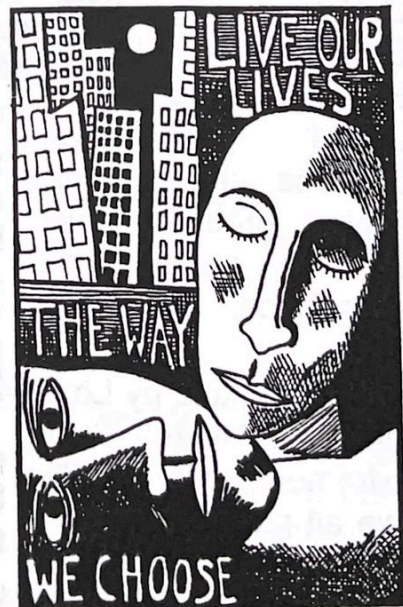
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"The View From Amongst the Pigeons."

The Italians have an expression for it, a better word than sleaze.

Tangentopoli: the corrupt entanglement of politics and business. The Japanese, also expert in the rottenness of one-party rule, call it the "black mist". We are not yet throwing our politicians into jail - worse luck, I hear you say - but we should start talking about the blue mist and *torygeltopoli*.

"dissent without civil disobedience is consent" - Thoreau



CRIMINAL JUSTICE BILL NEWS

BUILD MORE PRISON SHIPS

Members of the short and snappily titled Canterbury Branch of the Campaign for the Freedom to Travel, Protest and Party met local MP Julian Brazier on Saturday 22nd October outside his weekly surgery in Whitstable Castle, near Canterbury.

Representatives from the RCP, sorry, Critical Lawyers Group, sorry CAM, SWP, Advance Party / United Sound Systems and animal rights groups and others were in attendance.

After being told by Loz that he was "an extremely rude man" (we all nodded sagely

in approval) "who should listen to what we had to say", he went on to field demonstrators questions with an

affable, "concerned" Tory front. "So called rave parties had wrought misery and destruction in rural areas", he said. One of his favoured solutions was to "to build more prison ships".

John Fitzpatrick, RCP guru (we are not worthy) accused Brazier of "whipping up fear and prejudice by suggesting that the problems people confront come from ravers or squatters or travellers.

"But the problems come from people like you. They come from unemployment, bad housing and bad social services".

It was good to see the T4 party people show, especially Rafs and the painted faced techno tarts.

tVC's two house whose representatives looked a little sheepish, as the rest of our on the ball, politically aware and motivated crew decided to stay in their pits sleeping off the excesses of the night before. "What demo?", was the typical reaction.

CJ Stone, the towns leading literary light, with his political hat on (literally) gave Brazier a few metaphoric sucker punches which he discretely ignored or at best said something completely unrelated to the question.

The rain came down. Brazier left (for a brief second we thought he was coming on the demo) to find a suit and a tie (just wait till we tell the Chief Whip) or continue a stroll around his country estate. He looked like he had just walked out of Millets. He probably had.

The 50 or so demonstrators then made their wet and windy way down the hill into town to disrupt the traffic for half an hour or so.

The exercise did merit a photo and a few paragraphs in the local rag so we think it done its duty.



JULIANS LETTER

The people specifically targeted by the Criminal Justice and Public Order Bill - new age travellers, road protesters and the homeless - are all products of the last 15 years of Tory rule.

In 1985 when Michael Heseltine sent police into the bean field on Solsbury Plain, they

demolished nearly all of the vehicles inhabited by hippies - today all the travelling community couldn't fit into one field. They couldn't even fit into Guy's Hospital. These are people, (potential workers), who fed up with the poor housing and lack of prospects that the government offers, have chosen a different future, based on sharing and working harmoniously with nature.

At the same as asthma and other breathing related disorders are on the increase, the Tories plough more money into road building and runs public transport more and more into the ground. Whilst the government sells off council housing, the banks repossess homes and the likes of you seek to make squatting (a poor substitute for decent housing) illegal.

We've had enough!

Enough of being blamed for the problems which the government has created.

Enough of being told that our ways of dealing with your mess are in fact the problem.

At the same time as bemoaning the presence of angry and active people on the streets of London, you send in the stick wielding maniacs to attack men, women and children, regardless of their individual actions.

At the same time as unemployment rises, redundancies increase, you seek to restrict peoples' right to gather and celebrate their lives, however tawdry their lives are becoming.

At the same time as councils up and down the country have their budgets slashed, you blame single parents for the lack of housing.

At the same time as Wages Councils are abolished and low wages are the norm, you call on people to "enrich themselves".

Jules babe, your services are no longer required. You've left a legacy of dissolution and disappointment, but

together we can resolve them. Please forward your immediate resignation and leave by the back.

-copy of the letter given to Julian Brazier MP at the Whitstable demo.



**REPEAL THE
CRIMINAL
JUSTICE AND
PUBLIC ORDER
BILL 1994**

In 1936, the Reich Criminal police in Berlin began collating information on Germany's gypsy population.

In 1993, the Southern Intelligence Unit in Wiltshire began logging the movements of New Age Travellers.

By 1945, over a quarter of a million Roma and Sinti Gypsies had been exterminated.

In November 1994, the notorious Criminal Justice and Public Order Bill will become law.

If this draconian legislation is passively accepted, where will WE be in nine years time?

Where the Nazi's burnt books, security guards now smash musical instruments.

Unlicensed fun has become illegal.

ACT UP!

We are led by fools who waste our lives!



"AN UNJUST LAW IS NO LAW AT ALL" - Martin Luther King

BLUE MIST

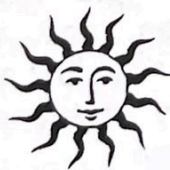
When the rich begin to call minorities "vermin", we are on the slippery path to ethnic cleansing / fascism / Big Brother...

CLAUSE 76 - CJB ..."enables the Secretary of State to declare to be a new prison, any floating structure which is vested in him or under his control, and also

enables any building or floating structure provided by a contractor to be a prison".

DISOBEY THIS
EVIL LAW.
BREAK THE CJB

"Those who profess to love freedom and yet deprecate agitation are men who want crops without ploughing. A struggle may be a moral one, or it may be physical, but it must be a struggle. Power concedes nothing without a demand. It never did and it never will" - Frederick Douglass.



FULL MOON PARTY

with tVC at the 414
on

Friday 18th November

Transport available on luxury coach.
Lift there and back, plus entry in club
only £12.

Pick up points Margate, Whitstable, Canterbury
Details / Reservations (0227) 773194

ANTI CRIMINAL JUSTICE BILL DEMONSTRATION , 9 October 1994 - an account.

Unlike the previous two big demonstrations in London, this one seemed a bit low in energy. Maybe it was just my own mood or the fact that a load of idiots intent on shouting things like "Major, Major, Major, Out, Out, Out!" seemed to be following me around. This lot definitely seemed to have missed the point. Most people here seemed to understand that none of the other political parties would have behaved differently than the Conservatives.

Maybe the sense of low energy was due to the fact that we were walking away from the centre of London, by-passing Downing Street, going towards a huge park, where no one would see us.

Marching to Trafalgar Square had been an energising experience, especially within the euphoria of the crowd. Trafalgar Square, the public symbol of the laws and government we oppose was to be occupied as an expression of our anger. Somehow the prospect of marching into Hyde Park didn't have the same anticipation attached to it. So I was flagging, thinking a bit about the futile gesture this protest was becoming. What a downer!

But in the park, the euphoria slowly returned to me. Much more people than I imagined would turn up filled the park for a massive celebration. It was a different kind of occupation, a different type of protest. Less angry, much more mellow, a huge picnic. I wandered around, not listening to the speakers, had a dance, chatted to

some people, I felt happy again.

The protests at Trafalgar Square had been like front-line challenges to the people who try to control our lives. I was surprised that more fighting didn't break out at those ones. I think most of us know what the slightly worried propaganda tries to remind us, that this is a peaceful fight. We know that our strength lies in our mutual understanding of the CJB's absurd and blatant fascism, and our readiness to ignore it and continue to live our lives the way we want to. So those protests were shows of strength. Gnashed teeth to the cops and solidarity to each other.

Here in Hyde Park, we were in a more relaxed mood. Our strength was understood but not displayed. We were doing what we are used to and what we want to continue

doing, partying in the open air, in very relaxed fashion. It was more about being with each other than showing our strength.

But then the uproar on Mayfair attracted my attention. The police were stopping trucks with sound systems from entering the park. Oh! What a dangerous situation that would cause! How terrible! Techno music in Hyde Park! Shocking! In preventing the real party from starting, the police only showed themselves and the politicians to be completely ridiculous. Fear of music! Send in the reinforcements! If we let them in the park, the whole of democracy is at risk! Ha ha ha.

They wouldn't allow us to do what was so obvious, so natural, so peaceful. It would be completely baffling if it wasn't so infuriating! the resulting to-ing and fro-ing raised the anger level. As the first truck slowly

edged forward against the nervous police, every bit of space on it crowded with people dancing, scuffles broke out to the sound of repetitive electronic beats in the open air.

Of course people got angry, they had come to express their hatred of the bill, and the police were now giving a preview of its enforcement. And these police were too stupid to realise that none of what followed would have happened if they'd allowed one little free rave to happen in Hyde Park, if the politicians weren't so afraid of a little bit of loud music after bed time. Yep, I suppose it would have been a moral victory for us if it had happened, but so was what did actually happen, and it was more than just a moral victory at the end of the day!

We all knew that just the presence of the police was unnecessary. Of course the police were

attacked, they should know by now they are hated, especially when they overreact in the way they did by sending mounted riot police into the park. Twenty five of these and I don't know how many on foot began a series of charges against us in the park. God knows why, but they did. But each time we weren't scared, we stayed our ground, and as soon as they slowed down, hundreds of us ran at them, forcing a retreat. Each time we won, each time we scared them away, and they kept coming back for more. The picnic had turned into a battle. We had been attacked and instantly we were on the angry defence.

And all those 'normal' people whose demonstration had supposedly been hijacked by 'Anarchist agitators' didn't run away in horror, but like at the big riot against the poll tax, stayed, joined in and supported. More than

just the awareness that had been present earlier in the day, there was now proof of our strength in action as an unorganised and diverse movement which only needs a small nudge to realise its potential to become a massive popular uprising.

Of course, this is the last thing the politicians or police can admit to. How many more would rush to our side if they were aware of the solidarity of our strength? So they blame it on 'Anarchist groups', in an attempt to hide from the general public the massive level of undivided objection to the CJB, hardly any of which is affiliated to particular political groups. There's not much we can do about this brainwashing, but I'm pretty sure as time goes by the more convincing truth will become more and more obvious to people.

While the battle in the park and on the road continued, people danced to music, banged drums and breathed fire. There was a glow in the air. It was the most powerful combination of joy and anger.

How long will it take for them to lose their restraint. As it is now, we proved we are stronger. When will they send in dogs, or tear gas or guns to attack us with? And can they justify it as a defence against our righteous anger against the CJB? When this happens, all illusion of this country as free and liberal will vanish, and the stakes will escalate....

So, yeah, 'chill the bill', but remember that if we don't fight back they'll mow us down. The bill attacks not only the specific actions it is meant against but it paves the way for even more legislation which could eradicate any and all

of our 'human' rights to free expression. These include, amongst other things, anger against the state. So lets express it legally while we can, and illegally when it's our only option.

Hyde Park showed them we won't let them pass this law while we dance obliviously in some field until we're carted off to prison for it. Anger and free expression are part of the world which most of us want so lets not surpress them. I'm for expressing it collectively, (not mindlessly, or suicidally or self destructively), to those who it is really meant for. And lots of music and dancing and joy too.



DIARY

FIGHTING THE CRIMINALLY INJUST ACT (CIA)

NOVEMBER

MON 14TH - Anti CJB Compilation Album "Taking Liberties" released.

THURS 17TH - Anti CJB Conference

7-9.30 at the Friends Meeting House, Euston Rd.

Speakers from Advance Party, Anti Road groups, CND, Charter 88, Football Fans Against The CJA, FOA, Friends and Families of Travellers, Liberty and the Green Party.

Details 081 980 4295

THURS 17TH - ANTI CJB BENEFIT

For Squall at Megatripolis, Heaven, Charing Cross. 8-3.30.

FRI 18TH -CRIMINAL JUSTICE: THE PACE OF CHANGE

Barbara Mills QC. The Director of Public Prosecutions talks on DNA sampling and the loss of the right to silence.

University of Kent at Canterbury, Cornwallis Lecture Theatre at 6.00pm. Free.

WERE YOU at the demo on 9th Oct?

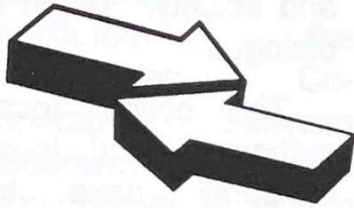
If so the Freedom Network need eyewitness statements with a view to (a) push for an inquiry in the policing, (b) help defendants (back in court 8th Nov) (c) provide balanced report about the march. PLEASE write to Freedom Network, 372 Coldharbour Lane, Brixton, London SW9 8PT. Or phone 071-738 6721. Or fax 071 737 4320. Or E Mail freedomnet@gn.apc.org.

"Some laws have come out recently that have upset me a lot.

The Anti Squatting Laws.

Coz I just don't think I can piss standing up".

-Jo Brand



POLICE PELTED AS THEY BREAK UP RAVE PARTY

Police wearing riot gear took 10 hours to break up an illegal rave party after being attacked by a crowd hurling iron bars and stones yesterday.

Road blocks had been set up on Saturday night to keep an expected 2,000 partygoers away from the venue, a disused warehouse in Culham, Oxfordshire.

But 200 people already in the building, formally part of the Culham Laboratory,

defied police by dancing until 8.30 am.

Inspector Ray Wilks of Thames Valley Police said: "Reinforcements were called in and sound equipment was seized. When officers tried a second sound system they were pelted with stones and iron bars, and forced out.

"There were a number of complaints by local residents and at 8.30 am officers wearing protective clothing re-entered the building and were met by a hail of missiles.

"They cleared the premises and found a stockpile of missiles. Drugs were recovered and a large quantity of sound equipment seized." The operation involved 100 officers.

Five people were arrested in connection with public order offences.

Guardian Mon
24/10/94

A VIEW FROM THE INSIDE

In the papers the police said it took 10 hours to break up the party which was basically bullshit.

--They've had to justify to the police there actions and the expense.

Yeah, only 5 people got done, for public order offences, not that there were any members of the public there.

-- We've got to try, even with small incidents, to report them to United Sound Systems or the Advance Party so that we know exactly what the police are doing.

Well they were heading toward illegally imprisoning people in these hangers. Cause they had been at the time legally squatted and the police came along and first wouldn't let anyone out then tried to search everyone leaving.

I dunno the Oxford Police are just complete wankers - anyway - basically !!

I went to the riot (Hyde Park) as well. I had two friends who had the shit beaten out of them one had to go to hospital with concussion which was quite unfortunate being totally innocent.

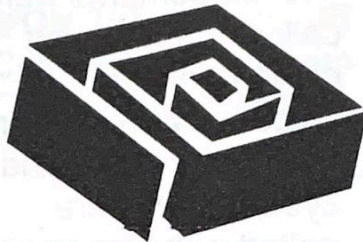
Well that's the situation on the Oxford party anyway. A lot of what the Guardian said was bullshit about finding a stack of missiles and that.

--There just gonna print what the police said.

Yeah the police were just wankers, really On Top and quite tight. They had some really heavy stuff they had a vehicle that had a whole office and computer system inside it just like a portable police station.

-- and this is before the Criminal Justice Bill comes in.!?

Eyewitness who "defied police by dancing until 8.30"



CONFLICT OR COOPERATION ? A PLEA TO AUTHORITY

After the confrontation between police and party people in Oxfordshire at the end of October where 100 riot police entered a sealed warehouse inhabited by 200 dancers and proceeded to 'clear' the building, the time has come for both police, party organisers and local authorities to cooperate together to ensure 2 things. 1. The safety and rights of the people partying, the police and the

local community. 2. The end of the waste of police resources and man hours used to curb party culture. End this confrontation, end this waste of police manpower, end the alienation of the young toward authority and society. Begin a dialogue.

The police, local authorities and local residents have to accept one irrefutable basic tenant of our argument before we can go further, and that is - people are always going to want to party, to dance, to celebrate, *always*. It is not going to stop them by removing rights, implementing laws or using force. It's just a matter of how, where and when. The party people are just a part of the community (*our* community) as anyone else and deserve, at the least, a fair hearing and a modicum of tolerance and understanding. The local authorities have the power to

grant licences to premises that can hold gatherings. These licences will only be granted after certain criteria has been fulfilled. Club owners have to provide adequate fire exits, sound-proofing, maximum fire numbers, etc. Co-operation between clubowners, Environmental Health and the fire brigade, for, not against adequate provision of spaces for recreational dancing and other purposes and control over large crowds of people is essential.

Local authorities have the power to grant permission for gatherings on open land, and can grant licenses for land to be used for 'cultural' purposes, providing adequate provisions for safety, crowd control, parking, toilets, noise level curfews, etc are met. Why don't they do it? Release the pressure!

The confrontation between Brighton authorities and the 'Courthouse' squat is an example. The old Court building opposite the Pavilion, which has been left to rot in the last 5 years, was squatted by the Brighton Campaign against the CJB. Since then these buildings have been renovated and transformed into a thriving centre, a focus for organising against the CJB and a base for numerous self organising community activities and projects, including a cafe, creche, artspace and workshops. What have the authorities done to support this initiative? Well, on the 2 November, they are under the threat of eviction and despite a spirited campaign by the time you read this they will be out, the building will be empty again, and the authorities will have alienated yet another group in their own community. Why?

The alternatives to co-operation make grim reading. Conflict, confrontation and yet more conflict seem the only way forward, sapping resources, creating alienation. Draconian legislation that criminalises parties, festivals, protests and squatting, increased police brutality, custodial sentences, seizure of sound equipment and more is just the BEGINNING and is not the way to handle this social difference.

Support of the CJB and it's anti-tolerance, anti-understanding stance is seen as a vote winner for the Tories (and Others). It is not really an effective way to encourage our society to live in peace, harmony and co-operation with itself.

In Canterbury for example, the 14 colleges and University entertainment premises are curfewed at midnight. The sole night-club at

2am. An application to open a new nightclub was refused on the grounds we already have a night club! An attempt to provide a free party on private land for 800 people near Canterbury was met with a £500 fine for "noise". No legitimate or illegal venues to party in allowed. Why?

Party people far from being law breakers, community disrupters and noise polluters are actually peaceful, co-operative law abiding citizens of the community. Who just happen to want to dance to music. Talk to them. Why is it that they constitute such a threat?

You can hit us with 18" truncheons, run us over with horses, take us to court, jail us, hound us, persecute us as much as you want but we ain't going away. You won't break us. Curtail our freedom, if you can, but you won't sap our spirit. You won't stop us. We are doing

nothing wrong. So why not talk to us?

"Our truest life is when we are in dreams awake"

-Henry David Thoreau



PARTIES

A NIGHT OF KENT
MADNESS - PT2 - SAT 8TH
OCT - RAMSGATE

Downstairs, IN HELL, a motley crew of renegades, rouges, medieval brigands, immaculately dressed clubbers, immaculately undressed travellers, wide eyed babes in arms and, er, the more mature, experienced clubbers flailed and intertwined love and limbs, tattoos and dreads, slap heads and smiles in a stumbling, mumbling, coherent, intricate, infinitely complicated human bonding process unique to 20th Century Kent. Unspoken rituals, rules and codes of

behaviour were strictly observed.

For example, in their dances the tVC crew vie with one another in the performance of spectacular bumbles and gurns. Flinging themselves on the floor they often land on their knees and then throw themselves on the floor again with scarcely a pause.. Extreme physical strength and stamina, bred of drinking too much Herliman, is a characteristic of the male, and indeed the female, dancer.

The deck gurus, elevated from their lowly status of "daft trainspotting tosspots" are now regarded as the joyous bringers of much recreational happiness. And, despite their unattractive features and low intelligence, they do hold a special place in the hearts of us all.

Grabbing us by the spherical objects, tickling our fancy, providing a nice soundtrack to our inner explorations and vibrating our diaphragm in a most pleasurable manner were the following disc jockeys:

Nick (sticking to the game, improving daily and for starting it off). Clive FX (playing a particularly fine blend of groovilicious housiness. "Really fucking good"). Rob Phelps (as ever, solid, dependable, reliable and, erm, unpredictable). Liam (deep, repetitive, almost transcendental). Ed (what can we say? Original, left field and out on his own). Kier (with us from the good old days at the Millers Arms in Canterbury. Sarah White at the helm. Dare we say, through rose tinted specs, halcyon days? Oh yeah, wondering off there. Kier's DJing? What some

would call "spotless"). Tom (gives the mercurial duo a spacious edge). Tejen (what's that tune called that goes Bom Bom....Do It Man...Bom Bom? Classic or what? DJing was, as usual excellent. But you need more time). Oz (continues his unrelenting search for the nearest and newest bandwagon to jump on in order to imply his false social and political morals on anyone who will listen. Which is no-one. DJing? Played too late). Simon Stonehouse (for your humble reviewer, the best set of the night. Fresh from eight hours kip, he revived the morning sesh for the die-hards with two and a bit hours discy jockular jollity 'till 10.30am. Not forgetting Guest Jasper who was as one PP put it "well all right". Now officially on the subs bench).

UPSTAIRS Mark Dettmar surprising with a well thought out, mellow, set superbly mixed (once he'd settled in). Mark Shimmon, acidic and trancey, played early (don't ask) and left early with only half his fee. His partner, Micheala, due to give birth any second. (Now the proud parents of a bouncing baby girl, Chloe).

It was of course, Golden Boy, or Sherlock to us, who we were waiting for and he certainly didn't disappoint. When his first tune went on everybody upstairs sprang up, ran to the balcony, and the downstairs atmosphere erupted. Pumpicious. Cheeky.

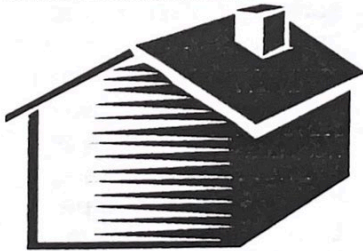
Paul Hayes, after a, er, brief negotiation, relegated the pound-meister Warren and Third Lung to the 8 'till 10 spot. By the time they had set up and played the party was virtually over. Real sorry lads.

A better spot guaranteed next time we work with each other.

And finally...a mention must go out to Martin and Maurice for the sounds. Chirpy and Chipper. M looking after the baby whilst M had a kip in the van. Burning the candle at both ends after doing a fashion show that same afternoon).

Rob "Siricom" Lights, due down from Nottingham with his strange images and video jockeying skills failed to show due to transportation entanglements (don't ask). Next time, "I'll be there!"

And, this is the last, promise, Roy, the venues owner. Cheers mate.



13TH OCT - 7TH HEAVEN - CANTERBURY

First of all congratulations to top notch DJ, all round nice guy and party animal extraordinaire Clive FX on getting his first London club residency. Now a pro no less. And with a weekly record allowance a lot of record shops are going to be chasing his custom.

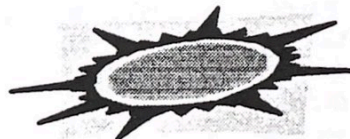
Sticking to the "old boy network", as Rob "lights" Siricom would say, Sherlock, at the newly opened Lost Records in East Ham may have his first big spending regular.

Anyway, Down in deepest Kent two hours of finely mixed, pumping and rather sooperb

house music satisfied the 7th Heaven demons and their insatiable lust for.....MORE...MORE...MORE

"He was good, but not as good as he was at Ramsgate", said one par.peep.

DJ Nameless took up the top residential spot and concentrated himself on four counts: 1. He turned up. 2. He was awake. 3. He didn't blag (much). 4. He played an excellent, wiggled out houser of a set with just the right amount of edge. On the rise. With a little more application to points 1. and 2. Tejen should be at the top of his tree. Where he belongs.



GIRLS NIGHT OUT. The first of an occasional series documenting the adventures of S and P "out on the town".

A NIGHT OF SUMMER MADNESS - LYDD. An IN-HOUSE Promotion. 22/10/94

Havin escaped Faversham pubs and male crap chat, we cruised through the rain mist and mud of Romney Marsh. Our mission; to enter previously uncharted party territory. with orders to ignore John should we by chance see him there. He did have a ticket.

Friendlier to some than others the security tried to deter us with a cry of "are you ravers?" Well.....with lots of

blag, luck and downright cheek we avoided the mega £12 entrance fee. The first bonus point of the evening.

We entered yet another pre-fab shack filled with a large crowd and the atmosphere of a high school prom.

A different generation of party peeps from us oldies, but with a perfect mixture of consumerables, including Sue's special honey bread, optimism reigned. Pam was prodded poked and elbowed by a gaggle of Just Seventeen readers, whilst a Gollum-a-like tried to salivate on my neck all night. John was wearing his helpless face, surrounded by short women. Oops! John who? All those shirtless, strutting steroidal men. You know there is one piece of your anatomy that steroids don't enlarge guys.

The intense heat was broken by the lovely fans that reminded us of "Perfect World" and the drumming in the indescribable garage room that definitely didn't. The cold taps gushed forth with blue dyed water. Unnecessary, unhealthy and uncool.

Sounds, on an adequate sound system, were too hard for me, but Pam, grinning and gurning, stomped the night away. Two DJ's I recognised from the

party I'm not allowed to mention the previous week.

Just as my eternal optimism was being replaced with despair (and gaining an hour seemed unbearable) I heard a new tune. For the next two hours, LUCCI, in his red and black hat, played a brilliant set and had everyone blissed out in the dancefloor. New tunes we heard the following day at Paul and Nick's. The second bonus point. Poor John was dragged home early and missed the best bit.

A deceptive drive home for Pam, who asked why the party mobile was going so slowly, and the clock said 90mph. Driving through Dingley Dell heading for the Sunday Soakers in Whitstable we saw a mad dancing figure on the horizon. It was Aaron, walking home from DJ Nameless after a second party (that I must not mention. So much censorship in a free paper.)

A fun night out with two bonus points. More backdrops, clear running water and some positive vibes needed. In my opinion, for £12, your customers deserve a bit more.

More "Girls Nights Out" reports soon!



**THURSDAY 27TH
OCT - 7TH
HEAVEN -
CANTERBURY.
DIGS AND
WOOSH.**

Big pull DIY fill 7th Heaven to the gills with a blunted, laid back and very knowledgeable crowd of deep house devotees who heaped offerings on the bi-umverate fluff gods. All hail o' bringers of much joy.

Arriving bang on time within 15 minutes they were watered and bundled onto the decks. We couldn't wait. From first to last note the floor heaved heavenly. Two and a half hours of perfectly formed art. What a fucking shame it all had to end at two. Redundant licensing laws get right up our collective nostrils.

A generous smattering of old school travellers mingled with the house whores, techno terrorists, hand-bag fascists (one of whom moaned, very loudly, ALL night. No prizes for guessing who). Plus a good sprinkling from around Kent (Ashford, welcome to the party, Maidstone, Dover, Folkstone, Margate, Whitstable, Lamberhurst - all over. Including several braccés of Canterbury studentdom. It was truly a gathering of the souls.

Austin and Nad. Chris and Sharon. Russell's birthday bash. Dom. Martins monitor giving a little feedback for the first time ever. Soon sorted out. A great tape (feedback included) coming out of the night. Copies of which are floating around. One on its way to Nottingham.

A beautiful night of beautiful music.

Kier and Tom in fine support. Holdin' their own. But then again WE know all about the talents of K+T don't we?

Flying the house flag.

Unfortunately for Digs and Woosh their return home proved somewhat spectacular. Ploughing into the back of another car they wrought considerable damage to theirs. In fact it's a write off.

They, however were unscathed if a little pissed off.

Life at the top ey?



FRI 28TH OCT - WHITSTABLE.

Lou's housewarming saw the Whitstable rodents soak it up in grand style. They were all there. Dawn ("who's that on the decks? Hmnn? Well he's fucking crap"), Anna ("don't forget! Sherlock tape from Ramsgate"), Lou himself and the new love of his life ("I don't think I'll make it to Digs and Woosh of Thursday. Haw! Haw! haw!"), Pam ("Can I just have a little lie down?"), John ("Where's Pam?"), Kate and Mr E ("I farking lurrve this tune"), Steve Burns Out, Gary, Sue, Toby adding glamour and glitz. Running out of DJ's at 6-ish (shame on you)

meant the party fizzled out early. Cheers to Nick Renny for a nice house set. Nick, a slap (on the back) for her warm housey warmings on the deep, uplifting tip (duplifting anyone?). And Oz for exactly the same set he played at the D+W post 7th... gathering. Plus Tom Wells (and his glasses). And Mat (fresh from his three month DJ sourjorn_abroad. Playing a hip-hop set here to a distinctly lack lustre response). Don't worry mate. They're house fascists. It wasn't anything personal.



SAT 29TH OCT- WHITSTABLE

Bigger house for this one. With a back garden just the right size for the love marquee Samhein never looked so good and we celebrated the Celtic new year with massive love doodles.

All the tVC big guns clocked on for deck spinning duties (what happened to Friday night lads?) and jostled, in a polite way of course, for their usual two hour spots.

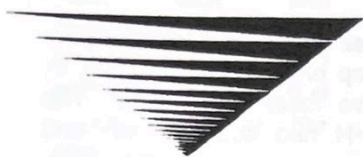
The heavens opened, the camouflage in the kitchen fell down ("that", says one particularly disgruntled party peep, "is annoying"), the fire went out (thank fuck, the heat must have been about 200 degrees 5 metres away), everyone crammed into the house. The DJ thought it was the tune he was playing (daft bastard). The amp "overheated" - "Someone" had put

their coat over it (duh!). Spare amp brought out. Plugged in. Two fuses blew. Shite. The H+H had cooled down and was working perfectly again. Luckily. To loud cries of "sorr tit owwwwt!" we powered up and were off again. Thank you God.

Everything going perfectly. Everyone settling down nicely and getting stuck in to the dancefloor. Brilliant. Then a hand reaches over and rips the record, first off one deck, then the other. Even Tejen wouldn't do anything so outrageous (especially as he was in "Holland"). "Turn the lights on! It's the police!", a voice in the dark shouted in a somewhat aggressive manner. "You're not the fucking police", says a 'coatless' Stevey Sea, "where's your warrant card?" It turns out to be a disgruntled neighbour who didn't realise that if only he'd asked we'd have turned it down. Which of course we did. Oz carried on with his set. First vocal to be heard after this incident? "This is serious music..."

Liam, surprising everyone, including himself, by playing an uplifting, vocal laden set to a great reaction took our psycibin addled cortex on his spacious soundtrack to machine elf land where we swirled around, playing with some pixies, grew extremely tall and flew around the sky for a bit.

Ed and Kier, two separate sets of course, holding their own. Doing a good jobby. A five hour set at the end going to the only DJ that stayed. You who were there at the end know. And now you're on his crimbo card list.



BLESS THEIR POINTED LITTLE HEADS

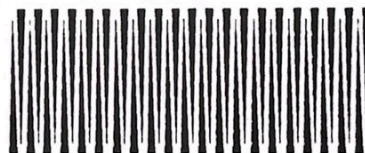
I can now only think that a demon had gotten into me for now that I feel wrecked and wasted and can only groan at the thought of the weekends activities. It started on Thursday with an afternoons dip into the oceans of psychedelia with the help of our "pointed headed friends", then continued at the Works with the soothing rhythms of Tom and Kier, followed by the extraordinarily mellow and deeply sensual tunes of Digs and Woosh. There follows a car trip to Whitstable and the home of two of our favourite DJ's and there the entertainment continued 'till dawn with Oz and Tim manning the decks.

Staggered home, slept, got up, ate, washed. Well, it's Friday night. Time to party. Return flight to Whitstable and up more stairs. Rang the door bell. "Who do you know here?", was the question we were asked on the door step. Lots of mumbling, someone vouched for us I suppose 'cause we were eventually let in. The night got better and better, wilder and wilder.

Who was it who tried to squash me in the hall? And why? Thanks to all the DJ's who played, whoever they were. Even the poor, hapless guy who tried to entertain us with a "hip-hop" set. A very brave, brave thing to do. He still probably doesn't know how lucky he was to escape with his life. Thanks also to Loui for everything else and at last everyone had departed.

I've woken up again. After three hours sleep. It's Saturday. The children playing in the street tell me that. Time drags but soon it is evening again. Off to Whitstable, another house party, still more people, some fresh, some bearing the scars of the previous nights, some looking remarkably healthy considering. The party is at full tilt when it is invaded by an enemy spirit or enraged neighbour tearing the discs from the decks. The live crowd begin to growl and hiss or so I'm told as I'm now on my way, to or from; on a mission to rescue a missing friend from the bed that had claimed her. The mission turns out to be highly successful and we return in triumph. The music no longer playing in the garden is still pumping inside. One or two people are sitting in the marquee but it is too dark and spooky

in there for me, so I return to the house to dance and dance as if enslaved by the music or possessed by some "Ju-Ju" spirit. The "pointed headed" ones reappear and are greeted warmly by the revellers. We drink their health with an amber liquid tasting of honey and lemons. The night whirls on and on like a spinning top let loose in the minds of all those gathered together to celebrate the Celtic New Year. Whose house is it? What went on in the front room? People went in, I saw no one emerge. These things remain a mystery and all I'm left with is the lyrics from Digs and Woosh's tune "you are my friend" and a knackered body. Thank you everyone.



SAMHEIN OLD RUBBISH

Well, what can I say, apart from what a weekend! Beginning on Thursday, and ending, for some of us, on the early hours of Monday morning. LF 10 topp of the popps goes to Now Ey, How Ya Diddlin, for diddlin very well thank you, all weekend. He was even spotted smiling a couple of times.

A big thanks to our Nottingham chums, 'Biggs and Whoosh' who

came and titillated our senses so beautifully, warming us up for the weekend to follow. The tape that is circulating of their set, has had grateful recipients phoning up HQ in tears (literally, although the tears were probably stimulated by other things as well). Unfortunately the timeless aural splendour of the tape has been marred by feedback problems (to the extent of nearly blowing the speakers if listened to in transit) which were noticeable on the night. When Mag Mart, sound man extraordinaire, blah, blah and so on, was asked by Digs, Woosh, Paul and Nick in unison on bended knee, pleadingly, near tears, to "do something about the feedback" responded in useless, smiley, how does my equipment work mode "nahhhh, sounds all right to me." Maurice I hope you're reading this, coz you're worth every penny mate!

Good to see the place rammed to the rafters with so many lovely, glowing party peeps, although the Whitstable posse was noticeable by its absence.

Lightweights.

Spotted - Austin "I'm hal.." falling off his stool, in his new designer togs and leather wellingtons, bought by his mum, Chris and Sharon fresh with the joys of parent hood looking very well and happy, Russ celebrating his 21st, Dickie and Gail,

limbering up in preparation for their Skin 2 appointment the next week, a certain chap from Ramsgate being forcibly ejected, Computer Gary, Pam, John, Sue and Aaron all on day one of the mammoth bender to follow, Wide eyed Toby, Nick and Sara fresh from the vigours of intellectual, political debate, Trudi who had all the clothes apart from those she was still wearing stolen, which understandably totally ruined her night, and ours when we heard about it, sorry Trudi. And loads of lovely chums from far flung corners of deepest Kent, not spotted for a few months, as well as lots of soon to be chums.

After it was back to HQ for a hoe-down, whilst D and W sped off back to Nottingham, with an extremely well dressed young chap in close attendance. (We later learnt that they suffered an extremely hairy accident from which they luckily all escaped from unhurt). Saving ourselves for the weekend, nahhh, not us as the wheels of steel were switched on and Oz began another mammoth DJing set, and upstairs' children woken up mid sleep, again. Nick ducked off early, because she used the old work in the morning routine, but everyone it must be said was in full flow, especially Burns Out, in pride of place in front of the speaker with that look,

closely followed by Toby, the safest parker in town', who likes parking his car in the middle of the road as long as it's opposite a junction. Award for widest eyes of the night still going to Toby, and he was ahead by a few hours.

Friday evening - the easiest party to set up ever. Up a few steps and along a corridor, with Oochie Oochie slipping one in before the festivities to follow on Saturday. Quite literally it appears as we were regaled with details of his lunch box antics. 'I didn't stop till 8'.

Louis turned all arty on us and started hanging the drapes up very artistically, it's just as well the meatheads that turned up later didn't see him, or he might have seen the end of his drape fondling days. Unfortunately his lovely white walls were never to be the same again, as whilst clearing up the next day, they were found to have transformed themselves into a particularly fetching shade of black. It's that cheap paint Nick uses from the Early Learning Centre.... Louis took it like a man, 'it needed a paint anyway,' he lied.

Everything set up, and surprise, surprise, one of the decks was fucked, so a quick phonecall to soundman of the year, and over to Chavland to pick up some decks, where we were treated to a few handy child-

caring hints by laughing boy. Lets just say it involved a bowl of sugar.

By 11.30 Nick was already well into her usual effortlessly, and superbly mixed seamless blend of housey profferings. The Whitstable crowd much in evidence tonight, which isn't really surprising as they didn't have to drag their drink ravished bodies more than a few yards. An early attempt by the Jungle posse to seize control of the decks failed miserably, as it was ably fended off by the house music fascists, who in truth had been forewarned of this dastardly attempt and were expecting much more shit than they actually got, and who've had so much practice at fending off unwanted advances of the aural kind that they've got it down to a fine art, of using the maximum of rudeness with the minimum of effect. You're gonna have to be a bit more persistent boys.

Unfortunately, their were a few 'types' that luckily we never come into contact with anymore, but occasionally gate-crash these events and hassle and abuse all the women all night. One had a cigarette stubbed out on her arm (I kid you not) whilst being told to perform a certain action with her legs. Whilst not actually physically abusing all and sundry, they proceeded to spout a torrent of homophobic, sexist shit. Please note, if

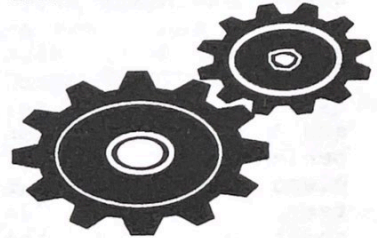
any of you are spotted lurking at any future events, you're not welcome.

Apart from these idiots, everyone else behaved in their usual impeccable manner. Those spotted for second helpings, Pam, Sue, Now Ey, Gary, John, Toby, Russ, Andy.

Party of the weekend goes to Saturday night however, which went to new lengths in self indulgence.

Highlights? Putting the marquee up in between breaks in the rain (no not really), finding that all the noise problems early on where the amp kept cutting out was only due to Steve hanging his coat up on it, (I kid you not), and heard moaning about the stupid farquar who put his coat on top of the amp, trying to change over amps mid set only to find the fuses had blown, finding a knife shitfaced, and some silver foil to wrap round the fuses but forgetting to plug the output into the amp (the next day, the two knives used as a screwdriver which disappeared, were found actually inside the amp, no doubt shorting the whole circuit. Whoops.), Pam and Sue for their mammoth fungus eating escapades, Eds set, the old boy who burst into the room, ripping the records off the decks complaining about the noise, only to have an indignant throng shout at him and tell him Loz=esque, that he was

a very rude man, steaming in like that, and taking the records of the decks, and that hadn't he made a noise sometimes, at least once in his youth. He held his hands aloft in weary resignation and fucked off, but we did turn the volume down as well, being afloat in a sea of lovely, friendly people, seeing the love tent in all its glory, dragging ourselves to the pub at 12 for our religious Sunday sesh, for more abuse of the liquid variety. God was I glad to slip into bed...



FRI 4TH NOV - DiY - NOTTINGHAM

Well, what can we say? A jolly good nights entertainment and no mistake. Top notch DJ's playing their own allnighter. The classic combination, as only they can do, of, cough, good people, even better music and one other contributing factor that shall, of course, go unmentioned. But we know what it is, the authorities know what it is, but, we all conspire together to *play it down*. As we should.

DiY doing what they do best consistently. Snorter parties. It might look easy but it isn't. Digs and Woosh, bias accounted for, set of the night. Vocals, bouncier, happier, groovier. Magnificent.

Chez Damier, US style, mixing, moving in and out, weaving between tracks. Hypnotic.

Hi to Dik on the door. First of the Nottingham crew to actually take the plunge with us. Down to Canterbury from Nottingham for a 12 o'clock finish (!). We were an unknown quantity but Dik still came down and, was, really good fun. You'll always have a special place in our heart, mate.

Tonight. 1000 people. Hot. Loud. Another classic combination. We love music. And dancing. And talking. Know what I mean?

Shhh!

Simon DK - 16th Dec. 1994
- The 414 Brixton with tVC.
Can't wait!

Worried Times.

Partying and generally being the lads and guurls Being in the pub or club some asshole will always comment on the music, clothes, drinking habits, etc etc.

One pub in mind is most certainly the Neptune. I am so sorry that we dont like sad old shit. Shit isn't the word, "ROCKY HORROR SHOW", "BLUES BROTHERS".

I believe I'm a serious adult and I know what I want.

Attitude sucks, fucks, and will run all bad attitudes out of money and luck.

Just remember money talks bullshit walks. We're still customers, we pay your bill's,

your taxes. All publicans should welcome party people with open arms, and not shut taverns.

Saddest night out has got to be the torture that a small number of the faithful went through the other night. Lift off was different, but it just doesn't get better in blubber town.

"Dukes, Bollocks, kebab, ultra Bollocks with wings", but hey we enjoyed it. Especially around the snog barons flat where yours truly crashed better than a coach load of Americans.

Sunday session in full effect at the moment. Walts finest at full volume, "Go Aladdin", OZ

funkin it up next door

.....NIRVANA, HEAVEN,

SHANG RI FOOKIN LA....

Being of sound bank balance and credit rating why oh why oh

[sounds like a letter to "points of view"], does the Shudderment

keep taxing the only legal means of stimulation, "EXTORTION IS A CRIME", I mean £2.00 a pint

,but only £15.00 for a Kenneth

Branagh, know what I mean

"LUVVEYS, DARLINGS", all I

can say is smell my illegal

enjoyment and cower at the loss

of revenue you sad bastards are

losing. If it wasn't for "the fifth

letter of the alphabet", this

country would be swamped with

toddlers, seeing as "atmosphere tonight luvvy, I couldn't possibly cum". So stuff your "C.J.B", your "BLOODY SAD PUBS", your "1940'S ATTITUDE", and your so called "CHRISTIAN ATTITUDE", Christ took any stimulant, sold any stimulant, he must of done. Would you believe a guy with long hair telling you his mum was a virgin?

ALEX "CHICKEN + CHIPS".



DEEP UNITY

INTERACTIVE TEST - Don't Mess With The Kids The Narrator Device (Farfability)

Wah! Does the phrase "dark happy house" mean anything? Take some African chants (original-ish), speed 'em a touch, slap in a pounding bass, add a sprinkling of happy house touches (whooshes, DJ tricks, smiles [optional], funny noises) and Bob's Yer... "Narrator Device". "Don't Mess" on the other hand is more conventionally in a hard house vein and consequently not as interesting.

FUNKYDORY - Free Your Mind (Devmyl)

Just our sort of thing, thank you very much. Ever so gentle

acid, serotonin soaked washes, bouncy bass, simple life affirming lyric. And great to dance to under a moon set sky. By the sea. With all your friends. Especially the ones you haven't met yet. Funkydory's other new one, with Keith Mac which I've just heard is a tad familiar and a touch disappointing.

KEY-AURA - Hot Dog (Consolidated)

Like it. Release two for the Cleveland City Records subsidiary and quite pleasant it is to. Not as tough as the Cleveland groove but still not without its merits. "... My Dub" stands out. Full on with an excellent break down this, as they say, does de dam-age.

DEEP SIX - Dig Deep (Slip 'n' Slide)

ER, I think this one is trying to tell it's deep. The "Deep Dub" parties and pipes with a few familiar smile inducing samples thrown in just in case it alienated us too much. Very usable late AM fluff-fodder for the grown-ups who can't sleep.

VIRTUE - Feeling Good (New Dawn) (Wired Recordings)

"Jordawn Dub" is original new use of the old Richard Anthony Davis tunes lyrics cut up with the feeling good overture added. Funky and squiggly.

DRIFTWOOD THE DUBBED HAMMER - Ltd. Edition Vol. 1 (Beeswax)

Free yourself. Beeswax with another topp tune. Deep and excellent.

STATE OF HARMONY - One More Time (100%)

This label is becoming a self fulfilling prophecy. Another floor filler pleaser with all the right touches.

CHUNKY CHEESE VOL. 1 - Edam (100% Cheese)

Not I hope a piss-take of the above label perchance? Not a piss-take of anything really more a, er, reinterpretation of ideas that went "classic" a couple of years ago. So it only rips itself. In a self referential parody. An example from the wonderful world of television could be the recent Steve Coogan series "Alan Partridge". It was all very well, for example, letting him live in East Anglia, giving him a Ford Granana to drive and a clutch of chat show host / fame neurosis lurking close to the surface, But what's the point? "Richard and Judy" do it much better. And it's for real. Which is why "State of Harmony" (see review above) does "it" and "Chunky Cheese" does not. Except maybe "Fromage" which has to be said completely turns the floor to a pumpy, bouncy frenzy of flailing limbs and beaming exchanges. Now that's parody. Alan Partridge is innocent. OK? The gun just went off in his hand. Volume two is more of the same as just as much fun.

RAMONE "LL" ROPIAK - Ropy Trax vol. 1 (Danson)

Arf. Not ropey at all, "Latin Lover", but 2 rather pleasant tough UK house tracks with a late night edge. 'Sex at 4am' has the sort of breakdown, you'd expect of a track called 'Sex at

4am' to have. But not as bad as you'd expect.

CONGRESS - Happy Smiling Faces (Nush Remix) (Blunted)
Nush right back where they belong. At the top (of the night). Immense, Gorgeous, skippy trip around the fruit bowl.

DIGITAL JUSTICE - It's all gone Pear Shaped (Robs)

"Can't you See" is my kind of tune. Slow build to echoey spacious stabs finishing on mild acid and tribally workout. Deep and succulent. Crompton Smith and Devon do the duties.

TWANGLING - 3 Fingers in a box (Pukka)

Yet another firm of solicitors make a record! Jolly, Hall, Whitecorn, Hill and Stuart produce a jolly (sic) pounding, stabby party tune with some nice breaks. One track, 'Drop ye Chips Mix' is altogether a more bouncy, accessible affair. One for the tVC crowd, comes as no better recommendation.

SCAT TRAX - Pt 1 (Urban Hero)

UH with the goods yet again, a strong 4 tracker that gets 'em workin'. Pumpin' Euro garage.

WANDERING DRAGON - Pt 2 (Jimmy)

Interesting funk workout. Sends a late crowd right off on one, with trendy hip-hop style breaks and overland 'Starsky and Hutch' guitar.

BOOTLEG BOYS - Last Tune Of The Night (Labello)

OTT Euro proffering. Stabs, rolling bass, pumping. The type of tune Sherlock loves. Simple but effective.

LI KWAN - I Need A Man (Seka)

Now licensed to Deconstruction, the Hed Boys slap it up mega style. It's great to see all the men singing 'I Need A Man' at the top of their voices and all the women 'I don't need a man'. Well, they do on my floor anyway!

FULL TIME CREW - Raleigh (Chopper (Rhythm and Love))
One of them 'one long intro' tracks. Lots of space to roll around in, laughing, and lots of little tricks guaranteed to keep your interest. Fuck off breakdown of the week.

PUNCH AND JUDY - Get By (White)

Mystery white (to me anyway) with N. London phone number. 'I Know I'll Always Get By' uplifts. By the time the breakdown and piano kick in you know you are well and truly in love land.

THE PELSS SYNDICATE - Moving (Restless Records)

Spacey, dreamy, groovy. Out on it's own. Makes everyone close their eyes.

JOY FOR LIFE - Life is.....EP (Stress)

Gordon Kaye and Jimmy Gomez with a cheeky and cheesy proffering. Too clever for it's own good, i.e. packed with original touches, and the best Stress for a long time.

FLUID - Movin On (Fluid)

Classic late night groove. Beautiful. When that piano comes in. Meltdown.

BC NATION - Learn to Cope (Mushroom)

Groundstretcher DJ Dub is excellent, laid back and expresses sentiments a lot of us feel. 'Don't honk honk the coke'. Blinding.

STRIKE - U Sure Do (Fresh)

After the excellent "Formula 1" Strike don't disappoint with their newy. Big, big tune. Happy,

happy house. Dance to this at a disco near you.

CHUMBAWUMBA MEETS DIY - Criminal Injustice (One Little Indian)

It had to happen didn't it? Simon DK, Digs and Woosh, Harry and Damien Stanley provide the remix duties using samples of Chumba's political diatribe against the CJB. (Calling Rick and Pete! Everyone wants to know the name of that tune you played at 7th Heaven the other week that goes "I'll Be Your Friend". Help!).

CRIME - Rhythm Graffiti (S4G)

Latest in a spate of S4G releases. Release eight sees Crispin J Glover and Damien Stanley (that man again) work siiiiiiiiirens, deep US grooves and vocal snippets into a laid back melancholic stew. Flying the fluffy flag high.

SOLID GROOVE - Work That Groove (Clockwork)

Peculiar because it's pounding yet mellow on the original mix. An excellent bedfellow for the S4G track.

COLOUR SYSTEM - So Right (Zest For Life)

Has the Steve Burns Out seal of approval. "Fucking superb". And you know what? He's right. Instant classic on the tVC dance floor.

THAT'S A NOISE - Livin' My Life (Cleveland City)

Cleveland back on form.

Reworking Livin' My Life

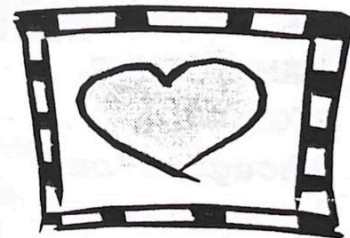
Underground for the housed up floors of the 90's.

Records supplied by Primal Vinyl, Canterbury. Cheers Mark.



CLUBLAND REFUGEES

1. ELECTRIC UNIVERSE - EP (German Superstition)
2. XPANDO - Here for She Lone (US Bassex)
3. THE MANITOU - Wuken Tunka (UK Flagbearer)
4. ENCHANTED - Deviant Runway (US B.M.G.)
5. DARK GREY - ? (UK white)
6. MIKEROBENICS - EP (Harthouse Ger)
7. OPTIC - Eye (Jumpin and Pumpin UK)
8. THE ANOESIS EP (D. Fusion UK)
9. PLANET OF THE DRUMS - "Original mix" (UK 1 sided promo)
10. SANDAIS - Feel (Hardkiss remix) (US FRR)



tVC DIARY

SAT 12th Nov.:

Perfect World at a "central London Venue" (0227) 773194 for details and invites. Sherlock main room 3-6. Oz room two " 2-4.

TACO JOES, Brixton. Oz 12-1.

FRI 18th Nov.:

tVC at the 414, Coldharbour Lane Brixton. Full crew with Sherlock guesting.

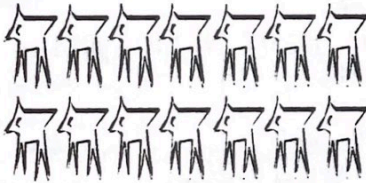
JUMP at the 414. Deliverance] 19th
Circosis DJ's with guest Oz.

THURS 24th Nov.:
SEVENTH HEAVEN,
Canterbury. KUDOS house special with James H and Mark Shimmon. Rob Phelps digs deep for tVC.

FRI 16th Dec:
Second of the London monthlies. Full tVC crew and guest Simon DK from Nottingham. Gonna be a snorter.

THURS 22nd Dec.:
Tangentopoli's 21st birthday and our pay Christmas bash.

Plus of course all the free parties we can fit in but can't mention.



**THE VIEW FROM
AMONG THE
PIGEONS
thoughts on
'Douglas
Rushkoff's
"Cyberia".**

Rushkoff is the first 'mainstream' writer to cover topics like virtual reality, computer networks, cyberpunk, the psychedelic revival and rave culture... all well represented here.

Good old Timothy Leary calls the book 'a fascinating journey to the current boundary of human experience - true stories about life on the very edge'.

How far Rushkoff's views match up with the 120 BPM East Kent Experience you must judge for yourselves, but he is useful on the emergence of E culture west coast stylee.

The main advantage of E as he sees it is that E allows you to 'take your ego with you' whereas acid or mushrooms can have 'the unrelenting abrasiveness of a belt sander against the ego'.

Now some of us may enjoy getting the old Black and Decker out once in a while and applaud his references back to Aldous (Doors of Perception) Huxley, who decided that 'the clear light (of bliss) is an ice cube, what is important is love and work in the world'.

Dangerously unfashionable fluffy sentiments these, in UK PLC 1994, when the Class War CJB handout says 'If fluffies get in the way just clout them you know they won't hit you back'.

But 'love and work in the world is what E shows you' according to Bruce

Eisner, author of 'Ecstasy: the MDMA story' 'It's a model for enlightenment and the challenge is bringing that back into the real world.

Clearly this man has never visited East Kent.

Remember what Mckenna said: what is equally important is what Superman does between telephone boxes... what he does when he's back to being poor old ordinary Clark (or Mrs) Kent.

And maybe, just maybe, this might have something to do with the nature and quality of the subsequent E experience.

Then remember that Mckenna had a special message for Tangentopoli readers (issue 14) 'E is a white powder drug - you don't know what in the world you have taken. E isn't really psychedelic enough - it's an interpersonal thing and if you take it often enough it isn't even that. You might as well take Dexedrine - it's just speed.'

But there's more. Check out what Gregory says on page 170 of 'Cyberia':

'E diminishes a vital chemical in our bodies every time we take it. The chemical is the essence of life. This is a gift that can not be replaced. We're

taking out this fluid and spending it. The E is undermining our very existence. I feel a little bit of my life force being spent all the time...'

Now Gregory's allusion to a recent study linking MDMA to spinal fluid reduction in mammals might make you feel a little uncomfortable. Tight, drawn, hollow facial features anyone? Is this really the transformation we've been working to create?

SO what's E to be? Food for thought or just another Dance With Death?

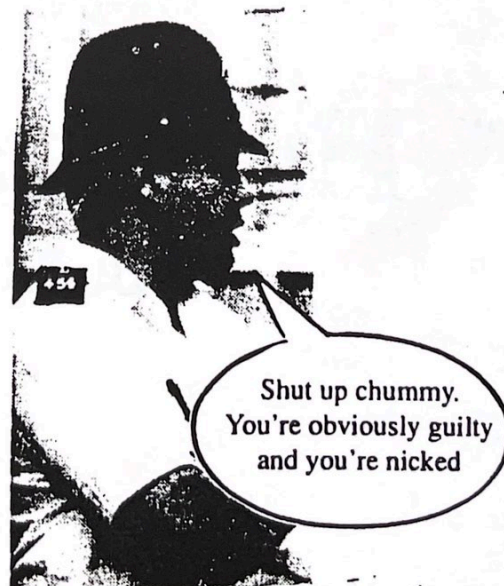
Zombie Face.

GOING BEYOND OURSELVES

An ancient Chinese proverb reminds us that "a time of crisis is a time of great opportunity". Outmoded patterns of thought are beginning to crack under the strain of change so rapid it borders on discontinuity, and overlapping crises are forcing us to totally re-evaluate the very basis of our being. At the still point within us all a new vision of reality, richly detailed yet strikingly simple, is beginning to take form. In part it is the holistic and contemporary view of

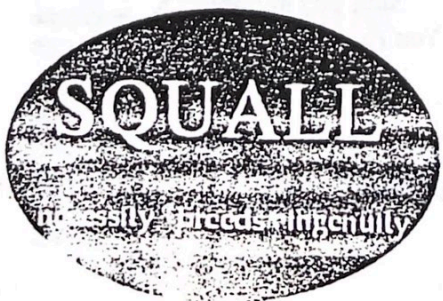
ecology, mother of all sciences, that sees the perfect interconnectedness of all things, the jewelled matrix-form-and-energy body of the world. In part it is the holy and ancient understanding of the spiritual paths that points to an underlying oneness in which the impossible union of opposites is made real. Our expanding vision must inevitably be a call to action, and it is abundantly clear that nothing less than selfless service and loving kindness - which accord with the truth of our oneness - are suited to the immense task we face.

NEW NINE-WORD 'RIGHT TO SILENCE' CAUTION IN FULL



There is a need to dance
There is a need to travel
There is a need to squat
There is a need for protest
There is a need for open spaces
There is a need to celebrate
There is a need for community
There is a need to communicate
There is a need for tolerance

There is a need
to be heard



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