

free to party people

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# news

## POLICE CHIEF'S JUSTICE ACT FEAR

Almost all caravan dwellers and travellers could be criminalised by the Criminal Justice and Public Order Act, David Wilmot, Chief Constable of Greater Manchester, warned.

Mr. Wilmot, chairman of the Association of Chief Police Officers public order sub-committee, predicted a cycle of "urban and rural violence" unless the Government tackled the social problems which led to homelessness and people going on the road.

His attack indicates the widespread belief in the police that the legislation is unworkable. It also shows how senior officers now feel more prepared to speak out against government policy.

Mr. Wilmot claims that the act, which aims to restrict the movements of new age travellers, has serious ramifications for the police.

# TANGENTOPOLI

He says that the repeal of the Caravan Site Act of 1968, which obliged local authorities to make minimal provision for gypsies, will mean that gypsies and travellers will be moved on much more quickly and have difficulty in finding authorised sites.

"This legislation is likely to bring police officers into more frequent conflict with this section of the community, resulting once again, in a further drain on stretched resources" he writes in the latest edition of the Police Review.

He suggests that such legislation may merely move the problem on: "All it achieves is to virtually criminalise anyone who has a travelling way of life and lives in a caravan."

He adds: "Unless the social problems which underpin the traveller phenomenon are tackled, the rule of law will continue to be eroded and the police and public could be caught yearly in a summer pincer movement of urban and rural violence".

Mr. Wilmot is also worried that anti-squatting provisions in the act will burden the police. "I am concerned that property-owners are not being required to explore all other avenues of civil action - such as bailiffs - before recourse to the police." (THE GUARDIAN, November 19)

SKEEGER, sometimes SKEEZER, *n. sl.* A crack-smoking prostitute, according to a list of narco-slang collected by America's National Criminal Justice Reference Service. Often accompanied by a *woolah*, a hollowed cigar containing marijuana and crack. When the crack is broken down into small crumbs, they're called *kibbles* or *buns*. All part of a list put out on the Internet to keep the law-and-order forces up to date.

## HERBAL REMEDY

A new legal herbal compound, the ingestion of which apparently brings about feelings similar to those of MDMA, is about to be introduced in Britain. Cloud 9 has been called "herbal ecstasy" by those that have used it. Australian Magazine Revelation, recently likened it to E, but without the "chemical grip, the swinging disparate oscillations, the peaking and troughing of synthetic synapse surges." If such histrionic hyperbole rattles your cage, then call distributors Pacific Rim Trading Co. on this Australian number for further details: 010 617 864 6699

## GOVERNORS FEAR RISE IN JAIL TERMS FOR MINOR OFFENCES. JUSTICE ACT "MISUSE OF PENAL SYSTEM"

Prison governors warn that the Criminal Justice and Public order act will lead to a huge increase in the jailing of people with unconventional lifestyles for minor criminal offences and amounts to a misuse of the penal system.

The governors have joined prison officers, probation officers, boards of visitors and penal reformers in appealing to the police and courts not to jail peaceful protesters, ravers, squatters and travellers.

The joint statement published today by the Penal Affairs Consortium, a group of 23 organisations involved in the prison system, says the legislation could have the effect of inappropriately criminalising many of these people.

"We are particularly concerned that the availability of prison sentences in some cases, and the likelihood in other cases of imprisonment for failure to pay fines, will lead to the use of prison for activities which do not deserve so severe a penalty. This will increase the strains on the prison system...In our view it is a misuse of the penal system."

The consortium appeals to the police, prosecutors and courts to apply the legislation with discretion "to avoid inappropriately harsh treatment of people who should not be processed through police stations, courts and prison cells."

David Roddan, general secretary of the Prison Governors Association, said: "Until now the purpose of imprisonment has been to help people to lead law-abiding and useful lives on release. This act is a poorly drafted bundle of prejudices that could lead to massive increases in people committed by the courts and nowhere to put them.

"Imprisoning individuals whose lifestyle simply does not conform to the norm of society and is rarely of a seriously criminal nature, is expensive, futile and an abuse of human rights.

"On release squatters will not magically be provided with housing, travellers will not suddenly change their lifestyle, and young people will certainly not stop partying."

The Penal Affairs Consortium says civil noise abatement powers already exist to deal with large unlicensed rave parties if persistent loud music is causing distress to nearby residents, but sensible use of these powers is a long way from the wholesale criminalization of young people by banning their raves, parties and gatherings.

(The Guardian, 14 November)

## Letter From A Nottingham Brother

Thanks for all the blurb.

Unfortunately I did not make it to the last CJB demo as the number of free parties we did over the days before made us oversleep so we missed the coach! I was especially pissed off as I was meant to be decorating the lorry. Anyway I've sent some pictures of the two previous marches.

The activities on these pictures:

The right to protest.

The right to free assembly.

Unlicensed Fun.

all these activities - the things on which a democratic society depends - are now ILLEGAL.

A democracy has to be democratic - if there is a problem with the laws then you must be able to protest to show that you disagree - how else can you show that you object?

Did the Suffragette movement accomplish anything by any other means?

Does Greenpeace really achieve anything by any other means?

The methods that the people had of showing the government that they want the laws changed is now illegal.

The public must be made to see this side of the Criminal "Justice" Act.

It is *not* about justice for criminals - it is the loss of our rights to peaceful protest.

I know I'm preaching to the converted. You know and agree that we need to inform the public what this is *really* all about. This is the only sort of publicity this Act needs.

You'll be pleased to know that the Act is not scaring us of.

We are doing just as many free parties. Small communities are forming around them. Friends see each other there and socialise there. I do all my socialising at these parties.

We support each other financially - cafes, alcohol stores, clothes design, right down to tattooists and body piercing! Obviously it's not an entire community yet, but the basis is there and people *do* need this.

It's nearly a way of life now.

Anyway I'm keeping positive.

Love and peace.

**"If we go forward, we die. If we go backward, we die. Let us go forward and die". Umslopagaas.**

**" NON VIOLENCE IS AN OBSESSION. BULLIES ARE COWARDS AND WE NEED TO GET THESE BASTARDS ATTENTION. YOU SUPPORT VIOLENCE IF YOU DON'T STOP VIOLENCE; BY NOT TAKING STRONG ACTION, YOU SUPPORT VIOLENCE".  
- ANON**

## DRUGS STICK TO U.S. MONEY

More than three-quarters of all the paper money in Los Angeles has some amount of cocaine or other drug stuck to it, according to a federal appeals court decision that vividly reveals how extensively the drug trade touches mainstream commerce.

Of every four bills in circulation in Los Angeles, more than three have traces of cocaine or another illicit drug stuck to the paper, according to the 9th United States Circuit Court of Appeals which relied on that fact to dismiss a case against a man suspected of drug trafficking.

In powdered form, the court said, cocaine is so sticky that a bit remains when the drug dealer wraps it in a bill folded like an envelope or a user snorts it through a rolled dollar bill used as a straw as that bill is pressed against another in a wallet or counted in combination with others in a bank or cash register, those other bills get contaminated too.

that means that virtually everyone in Los Angeles is conceivably at risk of being barked at by drug sniffing police dogs.

"The bottom line" said attorney Jerold Bloom, "is that anyone with tainted currency can be stopped and alleged to be a drug dealer".

The notion that most US currency is tainted with drugs has been well known in law enforcement and scientific circles for about 10 years. However, the decision issued last week by the San Francisco based 9th Circuit Court, shows how widespread the taint has become.

Because it's so widespread, the court ruled, the ability of police and prosecutors to rely in court on a "positive alert" from a drug sniffing dog will now be seriously diminished - a drawback in cases in which authorities have seized cash and the federal government is seeking to forfeit drug money.  
(The Guardian, 14 November)

gO aHeAd. sPuNk.



mAke mY dAy!

## EAT, DRINK, AND BE VERY PROVOCATIVE

The Associates for Research into the Science of Enjoyment, or more simply Arise, represents about 100 scientists who believe we are unnecessarily depriving ourselves of lives pleasures. Alcohol, caffeine, tobacco, sugar and chocolate are not poisons, so why not let ourselves enjoy them in moderation?

"Alcohol, caffeine, sugar and nicotine all act on the pleasure pathways, the nerve fibres, of the brain and increase the strength of the immune system against disease," explains Professor David Warburton. "If you're not having pleasure or are depressed, your immune system is weakened, and you are more susceptible to infection, even cancer."

Warburton goes so far as to claim that the health benefits of enjoying a cigarette may outweigh the damage. "It's interesting how few people die from smoking. Don't forget, the death rate for smokers and non-smokers is the same in the end -100%"

James McCormick, also Arise member and a retired professor of community health at Trinity College, Dublin, advocates "modified hedonism to enjoy the only life we have. Smoking is bad for you, but if you don't smoke, you'll die of something else. Should longevity be the only goal in life?"

"The nanny state giving out health education is one way of exerting political power by controlling people's pleasure," Warburton says. "Remember in 1984 how thaw Orwellian state specified the amount of chocolate you could eat?"

Medicine has become a pseudo religion. "If we avoid bad habits, we believe we escape punishment. If we smoke or drink, we are sinning - and the wages of sin are death. But you're going to die anyway. The major predictor of our longevity is in our genes, not in our habits."

McCormicks beliefs even cover drugs. "The addictive properties of cocaine and heroin are overstated. Not everyone becomes dependent. A lot of people are stable addicts. It is the by-products of drug use which kill. Our mistake is to criminalise and isolate the drug culture as deviant".

Arise is however sponsored by tobacco, distilling, brewing and catering companies, so of course there exists a vested interest, but perhaps there is a case for modified hedonism?

(M. Bunting The Observer)

## *parties we have known and loved*

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### 7th HEAVEN - EMMA - Thursday 10th November 1994

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Last of the month long specials (for now, anyway) sees Emma guesting. "Rushed off her feet" and "working constantly", this top female DJ gives tVC a few hours off her hectic, hard-working schedule to entertain, yet another capacity crowd of clued up clubbers, with a set of pure perfection.

One, usually cynical, 7th Heavener, said she was "the best DJ we've ever had down here".

Praise indeed. And well deserved.

DJ Josie, opened up what was to be yet another classic night. Practising hard and long, and advancing rapidly, Josie plods the slow moving tVC DJ treadmill with great patience. Starting off on the pub gig circuit, advancing to free parties, she broke her club virginity with a soulful set of beautiful house. You can tell she's on her way up because she now has her own 'record box carrier' called Steve. Aah, aint that nice.

Nick, now confident enough (at last) to vacate her permanent occupation of the 9 - 10 slot moves up to 10 - 11. A big jump for her, but one she handled well. Her uplifting US meanderings tickling the spot. At this rate she'll be headlining by Christmas 95. (2095 that is! Only joking Nick)

Martyn, 'the paper shop's open' Ramsden, top tVC sound bod (who'll work for anyone for a price) done his soundly duties soundly and dutifully, producing a 90 minute masterpiece (wot no feedback?) of Emmas deep groove, techno tinged 2 hour set. well done, MATE. look forward to receiving a copy of it some time during December 1995. (Let's just say that Martyn copies tapes 'in his own time' Of course I'm only joking. A tape fell into my grubby palm not two days later.)

Keeping the floor packed, their bodies rocking, and a fuck off grin on their boats were the following guilty people :-

Various bods from Crow, Kent's premiere Psychedelic groove merchants, Mr. and Mrs. E themselves dancing delectably and winning sexiest dancers of the night award, Polly and Sandals,

psychedelic Walt, Tejen falling flat on his face on the dancefloor in front of our guest whilst trying a particularly adventurous dance movement, Dancing Queen Dawneo herself, seizing back control of the dancing platform at the front of the stage, Queen Shroom and her fairy princess Pam, John, fresh from experiencing the magical powers of visualisation a la Pam, computer Gazer, Trudi and Debbie, wide eyed Toby, looking, well, wide-eyed, Aaron exercising his already well developed chin muscles while drinking a pint of milk, Bud lurking by the bar area, and a whole host of other lovely, wobbly smiling chums. Thank you, we love you all. And it was only a Thursday!

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### PERFECT WORLD III Saturday 12th November 1994

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The tVC bandwagon continues its relentless stumble toward obscurity as Oz, pre PW, plays an hours warm up set to two of his friends, in a restaurant, cum club, called Taco Joes, in Brixton. Hi to Pete, from "A Friendly Affair", "really famous DJ" Grub (and Jules). by the end of the set people had filtered in, and the club was filling. I am. He left Grub to it as a pressing headline at Sherlocks big party beckoned. Already swaying, (from not being paid, and something else. Life at the bottom, eh?) he headed for Sues big-fast-blue-car-with-a-loud-sound-system-in-ideal-for-driving-quickly-between-venues-mobile, or for short.. the fluff car, or overview mobile music car, and within minutes they had parked behind Nicks broken, new, second hand car (cheers, Ivan, you \*\*\*\*) and were, after an arrogantly brief flash of their access all areas, "we're not paying" pass, hey it's only rock 'n' roll, cards were plunged knees first, into a different world.

Populated by strange wistful people some of whom, with large black pupils for eyes, extend messages of love-and-solidarity-and-beauty. Sometimes I dive into their eyes.

Immaculate decor. "Someone spent a lot of time and energy on this," said one party peep next to me. Yellow 'silk' completely enveloped the curved tunnel like main room. Curiously like the inside of an inside out banana. With cubes, papier mache worlds of varying sizes and some excellent backdrops this adult playschool was primary coloured, bright and very cheerful.

Upon entering this space people didn't break out in a profusion of overworked water expelling skin pores, then melt, whilst at the time losing a stone in weight. Instantly. And that's before dancing all night.

"Tight, drawn, hollow facial features anyone?" No siree. Not a hot sweaty body in sight. Why? That club essential for the 90's now installed. Air conditioning. What a treat. Even our spinal fluid levels felt fine.

Room two had the DJ's in the roof. Now I don't know about you but, personally, I like to SEE them. Ugly bunch of bastards that they are. People like to, er, interact with them. For example "got any Status Quo?" (one of my faves), or "can I borrow your lighter?" (just as the mix is supposed to happen), or, even more bizarre "what the fucks that tune called?" All part of the rough and tumble of doing something that you have to really concentrate on whilst dealing with people completely off their bollocks.

And, believe me coz I've been to a couple of parties, it was FUCKING BOILING. Easily knocking FLY off the top of the "really fucking boiling places we've been to" list.

Musically Room 1 was good old pumping and bouncy hoose crowd pleasers (it is after all what we want to hear at a Perfect World party). Whilst Room 2 was deeper, more vocals, mellower. Just more. Even with a too loud rig.

Come six am a prompt finish meant that the thirty or so (arf) tVC contingent were left high and reasonably dry. We still had the problem of the lemon, sorry new car, that had broken down. After approaching a garage in a neighbouring arch we tentatively enquired about a fix or a tow. "Oooh, I don't know about that", said the mechanic (who I'd just woken up) scratching his face and sucking his teeth. "Let's have a look shall we?"

After a bit he looked up from his computer screen. "One hundred and forty quid," he said (quite confidently and without laughing). To put a new gear box in? "No, to tow you home."

Faaark. Skipping that, a short limp to Brixton saw us at "FRESHLY SQUEEZED" a new chill club. They were still kicking the punters out from the party the night before when we arrived. "No music 'till 10", says the gaffer. It says nine on the flyer though. "No music 'till 9 then". It was about 7. Popeye, Drew and Sherlock were supposed to be playing but no-one had arrived. There was no "Freshly Squeezed" people there yet either. Only 20 or so Kent maniacs gasping for a party and a pint.

An hour later, with the management allowing us to play some tunes ("but only through the monitor") Oz got his 12"s out, and, proverbially speaking, we were off. A Freshly Squeezed person arrived a 9 and was surprised to see the floor pumping profusely. Popeye showed and the PA switched on. He surprised us all with a divine, laid back mellow proffering only resorting to his usual somewhat more mid-evening style for the last half hour. Nice one man. By the time Drew had taken over we were off back to Kent. There was still the small matter of a bust car. "BT" Chris to the rescue ("Love to Maddie"). One AA Relay Card, one phone call, one very nice man. Back in Kent. Just in time to catch the last hour with the Sunday Soakers.

I'm going to stick the standard paragraph in here that seems to go in every issue at the end of every weekend. In subsequent issues it shall be referred to by the tag name of the first six words. Whenever you read it refer back to this paragraph.

"Then it was back to HQ....

for an extended chill workout with the fluffcore love posse draped and chatting. Totally at ease with each other they smoked, drank tea, watched vids, listened to music, DJed, shagged, talked, snogged, danced or whatever else they fancied doing in complete freedom and comfort".

Sounds like the manifesto for a club night.....now there's an idea!



## FRIDAY 18 NOVEMBER - SHIT AND EMPTY

tVC's new travelling house night the **GLEE CLUB** didn't see Keef there. For those that were there, a chance to bask in the warm glow of some delicious house sounds and in the not inconsiderable shadow of the tVC "Mime Artists" we had what could only be described as the musical equivalent of a religiously ecstatic experience.

"The deep boys" created a considerable and formidable environment of underground US profferings designed to create that overall laid back, chuggy and smiley environment conducive to a serotonin dominated mindscape. A perfect soundtrack for us to act out that particular chapter of our full and active lives. Mindful music for the full mind. Clive FX and his propensity to play good, soulful, deep house, well mixed will see him go far, and he was our guest upstairs. We hope you enjoyed yourself, mate, coz it was good to have you (oo er). However, it was Ed, Kier and Tom, Liam and Nick who dominated. Eight solid hours of music no-one else plays. Eight hours of music that most of us have to go oop North, somewhere, to hear. Tonight it was down sarf. Thanks lads and lass. Your talents, skills, attitude, support and all that shite is much appreciated. Building onward and upward.

Thirty peeps coming down from Kent on an hired coach added a 7th Heaven flavour to the Glee as the East Kent Experience mixed with the clued up clubbers imported from the gun-toting, crack dealing, murderous streets of Brixton (the night before someone had been shot in the head 100yds up the road) Swanning about in the most graceful manner, of course, were spotted the loved up, beered up, and anything elsed up medieval brigands, the single most looming threat to democracy as we know it. Mr and Mrs, Now Ey still in hiding (although non too effectively) and fresh from the vigours of handling the Bovington Bros driver all the way from Canters, Caroline fast becoming regular, PP Pam (never to be CC Pam) and Jon who'd also been helping How ya diddlin' handle the driver, Sue fresh from the release of not having to drive at least 8 people to a party for probably the first time since she's had her car, Jaquie and chums, who'd driven

down from Cambridge, Anna and Dawn and Oochie Oochie (sexiest dancer alive, sorry Pen), Chicken 'n' Chips 'how many did you snog? And where?', Alice and the techno twins who managed to confuse a few addled brains who didn't realise they were twins and thought it was one person who kept changing her hair, Aaron, Ramsden's new little helper, how long before he wears him out? Or pays him? Hopefully not as quickly as he wears out his drivers, or his jean pockets! Toby and co. maintaining their 100% attendance record and their simultaneous wide eyed one as well (we hear it was Toby's birthday weekend, hope you had a good one mate!), Sara, sans Nick who was suffering from a lack of money induced depression, and lots of other lovely peeps who'd made the effort to go up to London on a night that was freezing cold and absolutely pissing down with rain, and who had to wait over 45 minutes at the pick up point (in Whitstabubble because one of the windscreen wipers came off. Thanks too to all the peeps from London who took the chance, not knowing who the fuck we were. And Tony for the chance.

Phil and Elanor, our THC soaked, and consequently extremely laid back artists had finished two new backdrops receiving a first showing to rapturous approval from those that could focus on them. Particularly fetching was a boggle eyed skull and crossbones encircled by "Danger Criminal Injustice and Public Disorder Bill Freedom Restricted". Thank you.

Downstairs Rob Phelps Warmed up with an excellent set. His second at the 414. He had headlined the tVC Special at the Jump the other month. What a pro. Developing his style. Exploring. Throwing in the odd surprise. Building his quarter of the night. Generally consolidating his fast becoming indispensable position as one of tVC's more amiable, skilful DJ's.

Tejen continues to "surprise". Though he doesn't shock as much as he used to. His set was well fine, on one, only the end few jarred enough nerves to clear the floor. Thankfully in was short lived and with Oz building the floor from five to thrive it was Sherlocks turn to surprise. Mellow. Lots of laarvely space. Superb, and long, breakdowns. OTT drumroll peaks. High strings. And all very fucking bouncy. Nice one. And good luck to with your new job at Lost Records in East Ham. And

we'll see you at Perfect World New Years Eve. Oh yeah, look out for Sherls first musical dabblings on a TV screen near you. It's a toy ad but I ain't tellin' which.

Martyn excelled as usual. Well worth the humping and hassle and setting up time just for the, and there's no other word for it, pleasure of hearing what most serious clubbers would die to hear. In crisp, and there's no other word for it, sensual bass-a-round the party peeps splished and splashed around and around and wiggled and swam to the warm, flowing delights emitting from them thar cones. Drowning in. Actually it was like when a smoky, beery fisherman throws tignuts into a school of fish. Or not.

A solid start for the first night. tVC are now in their spiritual London home once a month 'till at least April.

"It won't do us any harm", as Martyn said at the post mortem Saturday Soakers sesh as we quietly contemplated the sea gently lapping the shore.

After abdicating responsibility for the coach to Stevie C and "Girls Night Out" Pam, Nick relaxed enough to stop worrying that there'd only be three people on it, and began the arduous trek to the 414, fast becoming the Mecca for all things house and underground.

We were meant to be leaving Chavland at 11 but this fast became 1.30 when we saw the state of king chav and his band of merry helpers. With two vans. loading the stuff was made considerably easier and we fucked off, only to discover later that the other van carrying the PA hadn't a clue where Brixton or even London was! So they had to enlist the help of il' Lily.

The next few hours were spent in the normal jumble. The same three people doing all the work and getting on each others nerves. Speaking to each other through clenched teeth and hisses. But nine hours later, the PA was swapped over and the place transformed into a delightful pleasure palace to tickle our senses.

It was at this stage the band of trusty workers were allowed a couple of drinks to start the evenings massaging of the pleasure principle.

Well, what can I say about the night? Obviously, it was a bag o' shite, or as Lampy put it 'won't do us any harm', as it was a damn

fine evening, it must be admitted. Both rooms rocked till 6am delighting the assembled throng with deep housey delights and a right royal housey rogering. All the DJ's played superb, seamlessly mixed sets of heavenly perfection (honest!), and our guests Clive and Sherlock conveyed themselves admirably in the ways that they know how. The sound quality though was fucking awful, as we have come to expect from our beloved Lampy (Maurice paid me a tenner to write that!) No, the sound was farking soo-perb, and was greeted with stunned reverence and awe on first hearing, and Martyn performed admirably for over 9 hours that night. Oo er.

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## 19th NOVEMBER - JUMP/HACKNEY BUS DEPOT/HARRIETSHAM

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Post Glee Club celebrations saw the morning and afternoon come and go. After a few brief hours rest and recuperation it was time to use the hire van one last time. At 9pm, the fluffcore gathered for that evenings sojourn. First Jump at the 414. Oz guesting with Luke (Deliverance), Mark and Ben (Circosis) and Grub (Internationally famous DJ). An offer from Mag Mart to leave the rig and lights up from Friday was politely refused. The in-house rig, lower vol., but done its duty.

At 4-ish it was time to move on. Hackney Bus Station, off Mare Street had been squatted and a party was two days into a weekender. Aah, our spiritual roots; dodgy strong drugs, special brew, tattoos, dreads and dogs. With the travellers raging full on and an eclectic music policy veering from the Ruts in the "punk" room to boinging banging techno to Gracie Fields "We'll meet again" to hard house it kept the illegal threats to democracy happy and dancing. An indoor free festival no less. Everyone was even covered in mud. I felt a little conspicuous for some strange reason.

Three gentlemen on the door were "taxing" everyone trying to enter the "free" party. "What sound systems are here?" asked one of us. "Don't know", explained one. "Are you actually connected to this party in some way?" we say in our best Tejen accent. "No", he replied.



"we're just taxing people that come in." All indignant now, "Well it's a free party and we're skint so we're not paying anything." "Well you're not getting in unless you do." And to his two partners with a grin on his face, "ain't that right?" "Yeah." Now I know why I felt conspicuous.

Now, exercising the theory that the more we talk the less we pay 15 minutes passed before it was agreed on the not inconsiderable sum of £15 for eight of us. Being mugged in such a polite but threatening way was never so much fun.

Once inside, dark, labyrinthine and for some reason, muddy. Loud. A good vibe enveloped the cavernous, echoey depot. We all felt the two fingered attitude to authority and the Criminal Injustice Act not only a fun way to build moral (i.e. a good excuse for a party) but somehow something, well, punky. Can't understand why the police are so reluctant to step in and break up the party. You'd think we were potentially dangerous or something.

Later, getting bored, a rumour got to us that, a gathering was happening on a site near Lenham in Kent, where we'd recently done a party. It was all the info we needed. Our Oxford chums, veterans of last months erroneous yet brutal clearance of a squatted warehouse party, would be there in all their technocoloured glory.

Three farm buildings were still in use. The morning people were warming up. It was 7am. I think. As if on cue people were beginning to emerge a little unsteady on their feet. The bobbles in a wobble tith a wilt. The breakfast club.

After saying hi to Alice and Carol the three sets of decks in various out buildings around the dis-used farm needed serious investigation. Techno predominated but tucked away in a barn, up some wooden stairs was a small group of people listening to some house music. After a slow word with the DJ, something along the lines of him saying "hurry up and get your tunes I'm fucking knackered coz I've been playing for hours and hours", the tVC, let's take over every party we go to, bandwagon had a new spiritual home. Four jolly, laid back hours later, and with the cool, strong Hurliman calling the KLF (that's the Kent Lager Front if you didn't know), we packed up, bade farewell to our new chums and sought the Sunday Soakers at the Neptune in Whitstable.

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## 7th HEAVEN - CANTERBURY - THURS 24TH NOV

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Once again 7th Heaven, Canterbury's premier house night (arf), becomes the temporary home of the KUDOS big guns Mark SHIMMON and James HASTINGS.

It does get a little repetitive saying this, but it is always totally true; yet another full house of up for it clued up clubbers dance and groove their way through yet another snorter house night.

tVC sound engineer (he likes to be called that) Randy "it's not loud enough" Ramsden brought in an extra two bass bins. Just for effect you understand. Later two representatives from the club upstairs came down and politely asked us to turn down the volume a bit coz the bottles behind the bar were rattling somewhat. Martyn grinned a cheesy sort of a grin. Maybe he was still high from the birth of his new son. Congratulations Jess. He got the call informing him of the birth in the middle of a party at the weekend. A big fat dooby was stuck in his Lillian and the shampoo was popped. Aah, rock 'n' roll. Oh, whilst on the subject of babies congrats also due to DJ Jasper. The second proud father this month.

Rob Phelps, a headline DJ at any other time and make no mistake, *warmed up*, with a cosmic meander through the deep, soulful realms that only the best house music can provide.

All round nice guy James Hastings was making his tVC debut in front of the discernibly staggering yet principled primates. So deep was he that even Ed was moved to positive comment. A tape of his set hasn't been off the rave mobiles stereo. Farking sooperb. Nice one James. Look forward to you working with us again. Aprils Glee Club is already pencilled in.

Here's another thing, and they don't have to say this, but every single guest DJ we've had at 7th Heaven, including James H tonight, have said "I love this crowd". Nick always adds "and it's only a Thursday".

Mark Shimmon played a, er, different one. First hour was his straightforward deep stuff and his experience in working a crowd shone through. Building step by step. Then, wham,

suddenly we were transported back to "the good ol' days" when records production wasn't as good as the E's and when "Party Children" ruled the roost. Aah nostalgia. Doin' it only as Shimmon can.

The Kudos / LIQUID special at the Wax on Sat 19th Nov. was, sadly, the last at that venue. All those who ever attended one will, I'm sure, mourn its loss. But good news. Kudos is not defunct but is merely moving to a plush, more central London location Soon. The music policy will "be toned down a bit". Watch this space for further details.

Seen skipping around the dancefloor tonight were the following miscreants. Maurice floating with love in his eyes going "this is the one, this is *the* song" to Party Children. The club owner Brian Jones was one of the people who came down from upstairs asking to turn it down. Ooops. Real sorry Brian it won't happen again. That dodgy sound and light merchant has had a good slappin'. Lampy sitting drinking orange juice and feeling sorry for himself (he was allegedly having a brain haemorrhage!) Instead he had a succession of female neck masseurs lamenting he wasn't on top form. Michaela dancing on the speakers (before being dragged off by a horrible letchy man who will be chucked out if spotted again). Rowan giving it welly. Cath making a welcome return after the vigours of a new boyfriend and all that entails. Pam and John making it up on the dancefloor. Niels aka DJ Cloud and T4 supremo seen jiggling around by the bar. Pen - I'm getting a massive cheque tomorrow, honest - is, salesman extraordinaire and housewives choice, Aaron on his once a fortnight outing, Toby and co., Gazer and Jon claiming they'd buried Pam in as cauliflower patch, Walt Savage in his best leopard skins, Anna and Dawneo, born to dance, Oochie Oochie shuffling away sexily, Bev, Italian Roberto, Dianne and Andy - good to see you again Dianne. But the burning question on everyone's lips heading back to HQ was "where's Stevie Sea ya?"



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## SOUTHERN EXPOSURE - MAIDSTONE - FRI 2ND DEC

Promised Radio 1 DJ Danny Rampling and Steve Proctor, among others, around 1000 people, queued, were searched rather thoroughly (confiscating Rizla, nice touch) and then crammed into Kents newest club experience in search of cheap thrills, good music and the strange yet satisfying pleasure of seeing DR fuck up a mix. (Only joking mate).

The party children from as far afield as Manchester and Cornwall, in the warehouse were hungry, passionately devouring the vibe, each other and the warm up sets. A discernible buzz was definitely in the air. Waiting to kick.

The Club UK, Leisure Lounge promoters, who certainly seemed to know their onions, had spent a bit of money both on interiors, flyers and DJ's. A pro show. Indeed the large room was predominately draped in black with large backdrops reproducing the Cherubs from Raphael's "Sistine Madonna". Painted in 1514. Such sweet attitude, infantile boredom and endearing mischief could well be an analogy for clubbing in the 90's.

But something happened, or rather didn't happen. The something that never sparked, ignited. The night never really seemed to take off. We were all there. We wanted, all really wanted, it to happen but the anticipatory high gradually fizzled slowly out to a sigh. Why?

Immediate problems are difficult to couch in diplomatic patois. 1. Danny Rampling didn't turn up. (No fault of the promoter). 2. The rigs in both rooms were a tad disappointing. 3. The other DJ's and the crowd didn't really recover from point 1.

Please don't get me wrong. This is not unjustifiable criticism. Obviously the atmosphere is going to change as the DJ's change every week. Each week will have its own unique vibe depending on who is playing. And, you can be sure of this, once the place settles down, clubbers get used to it, the guests turn up, and the local residents (nice touch) get over their nerves, it will be a kicking club. The talent and potential are there. It is what Kent needs, badly.

The promoters won't be too disappointed though. The teething troubles are relatively minor. Plus first nights, like in the theatre world, are notoriously nerve wracking for both performers and audience. Only over the

coming weeks and months will we know. Watch this space.

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## NUNCA NUNCA - London - 3rd December 94

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After two, er, slightly disappointing parties the NN crew needed a good one to reassure themselves that God was not a complete and utter bastard. So the burning question tonight was, did they manage it? Well, let's look at the evidence.

Sunny Woolwich and a new club, only 5 weeks old, was the venue sought. It turned out to be the same club that our chum Clive FX was resident DJ at! "He's no longer with us", said the co-owner, a nattily dressed, bespectacled, leather-trousered, floral waistcoat wearer, pushing his late 40's. "Let's just say, a disagreement"(oh dear.) Welcome back to the wonderful world of overworked (?), underground, low paid (if) DJ obscurity, Clive.

The clubs Jungle night on Fridays "doin' all right". House and garage on Saturday "no comment". In step NN, the first house crew to acquire the Saturday. And the first crew to probably pack it.

As you walk in through the glass door the lobby looks like santas grotto or, as some wag put it "like the reception at Pebble Mill". Through a double door and two choices. Right, the smaller room of the two, has a bar running down one wall. A cloak room cum sweet shop (lollies stuck in gishes like unlit roll-ups). Toilets. Some stairs up to the chill area and balcony overlooking the big room. Crammed in between all this avoiding the two way cloak-room and toilet traffic and the poles in the centre of the dancefloor was, fuck me, masses of people crammed together, relaxing, having a dance. The walls are covered in lumpy plastic with green glitter on (I kid ye not). A few backdrops here and there fail to cover it completely. It is, to be honest, quite fetching in a naff but nice sort of a way. Much better than, say, oil. The DJ's play a cool selection of bouncy garage, US dub workouts and the occasional vocal.

To the left, up a ramp, through a no mans land where the two systems, er, overlap, is the main, box like cavernous arena with a 2 - 300 capacity. The DJ's, much to their embarrassment, plonked centre stage. There

for all the world to see. Now most DJ's (massive sweeping statement coming up) are a tad inadequate, insecure rather shy and retiring types who shun the limelight. (Recognition and limelight, of course, being two very different concepts.) They are much happier stuck in a dark corner where they can get on with it in peace. Leaves more room for us to dance in any way. And saves them exhibiting behaviour similar to a rabbit trapped in an oncoming cars headlights. Exacerbated if the particular DJ is artificially stimulated. Which of course they never are.

Later they were seen wincing, as the stage, crowded with dancers, moved disturbingly up and down causing that most undesirable of occurrences. A jumping record. Still, we were all having such a good time it didn't really matter.

The music here was a lot mellower than yer average banging, yawn inducing, "London Party". Thankfuck. This is where the Nunca's stand out from the crowd. And this is why we are all here. To support their stance and have a good dance. They have a loyal, well dressed, slightly older crowd, who look like they know how to enjoy themselves. And if 7am, when the plug was pulled, is anything to go on that statement could only be true. They could have gone on at least another two or three hours. Bags of energy and bags of positive attitude ensured that NN consolidated themselves thoroughly. If their New Years Eve shindig goes well, and Magnificent Maurice sound man extraordinaire assures that it "will be a bit special", then they could well emerge the top dogs of the London underground house scene as '95 kicks in and another full and frank year of shit faced frolics commences with gusto.

After the party we went to sunny Brixton for some fly-posting frolics. Second site and a pig van drives past the street. We just have time to see the brake lights before turning on our heels and fleeing. Too late. Caught paste handed. After a ticking off we are advised not to take up a life of crime because we're crap.

We knew that anyway.

Two coins from Delphi show the famous 'E' suspended in the centre of the entrance to Delphi's Temple of Apollo



## SEVENTH HEAVEN - 8 DECEMBER

Another Thursday rears its impatient head, and yes, it's absolutely pissing down, again, so it must be 7th H. day. The gale force winds (75 miles an hour in Herne Bay), start to die down late afternoon, slightly, to enable us to carry Lampy's speakers up the fire escape, whilst he wallows in the pub. And thus begins the fortnightly ritual, not yet routine, of draping the plush interior with ever more muddy, beerstained backdrops. Now Ey, How ya fucks off however, once he scents the first sniff of work, so it's left on Louies capable shoulders, who seizes the chance with relish and handles the job with gusto, carrying speakers up and down the stairs non stop, sometimes the same speakers, up the stairs and down, and up again and down... (This was after he'd arrived at the Club with his pulsating bass clutched firmly in hand, which he then proceeded to plug in and jam along to Oz whilst he was practising, very loudly, until he was politely asked to...fack off.)

DJ's tonight - Nick, Timo, Tejen and Oz deliver, yes that hoary old cliché is about to be reeled out yet again, 5 hours of effortlessly mixed housey delights to the assembled party peeps. Nick started the ball rolling, cracking the US tinged, deeply up whip, and for some reason looking like she was having a lot of fun (I think she forgot where she was, despite sad and desperate attempts by Tongue Boy to put her off and Oz trying to get her to buy him pints, *mud mix*'). Followed closely by Timo, who deported himself most admirably, that strange thing happened, that happens every fortnight. One minute the clubs empty, and it seems like it's gonna stay that way, and then with the blink off an eye, something almost magical happens, and the club's full of happy, smiling faces, or rather, bloated, sweaty ones with rolling eyes, and sweaty armpits, and that's just Pam, Nick and Steve. The Whitstable contingent was very thin tonight, with only a couple of reps managing that arduous journey along the murky, rain drenched, highwayman infested, pot-holed track that doubles as the road to Canters.

However, by 11.30, everyone was seriously getting down to business, with full hands in the air jobs already being indulged in, shamelessly. The floor was particularly relaxed and friendly, never have so many steps been stumbled up so glamorously. What pleasure was communicated by the effortless jumps of the dancers, as they gave

expression to moods and emotions which would defy definition. The tVC crowd can convey gaiety perhaps better than any other mood, all dazzle and sparkle. Louies prances on the speakers were lyrical and purely classical in their poses, and the crowd stood back and admired the speed and precision of Walters' dance and Lampy's expression of radiant joy.

Tej pulled off a real crowd pleaser, swiftly followed by Oz who slapped out his shiny 12" to the delight of the crowd. Dawns speaker straddling antics were sorely missed, but there is a bevvvy of young pretenders, just waiting to grab her crown.

And then as the lights were unceremoniously switched on at precisely 2am we were all kicked out into the chill December air ("all right, we've 'ad ya money, now fook off, reet?"), it was off to a certain Si. K. Delics milk drenched boudoir in Chavland, a veritable male pleasure palace, which was duly trashed by a horde of very well misbehaved drink addled, not so young party animals, who spent the next 5 hours crawling on all fours and talking absolute shite. Nothing changes.

Kwik tripp to the porn shop, sorry newsagents, with Pimple, a quick run through of 'try to shock the newsagent, granny, feminist' routine, watched by admiring scouse wannabe. Off to a small seaside town, where a round of the 'worst tasting Hurlimens I've ever had in my life' is not drunk, one of the party leaves to puke in the loos (but she's only a woman, so what do you expect?), and never really recovers. Then to another pub, where a young male of the Northern variety is spotted by the guv'na trying to help himself from an unattended pump (oo er), and thus duly banned, then a swift rendezvous to the principle party peeps haven on earth, for, yet more beer, chat and the evening begins, yet again, for some.



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## GLEE CLUB - FRIDAY 16th DECEMBER - BRIXTON

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There can only be one way to describe the effect Simon DK had on us. Devastating. With two hours of superb, flowing 'grooves', he had us in the palm of his hand. Deep, soulful vocals vied with extended, jazz tinged dub excursions and complemented the overall laid back, and most definitely classic US pumping groove. Quite literally, it took our collective breath away.

Now, cynical bastards that we are, we do see a lot of DJ's in our wide travels round hovels, including a lot of 'names', and quite frankly some of them do leave a tinge of disappointment on the ol' palate. It may be that we, the party people, ourselves build them up to be some kind of seamless, statutory provider of good vibes. Or some star. Their charisma somehow 'making' the party. Or the press hype the fuckers up to gargantuan levels of expectation. So much so that they can never really fulfil these exalted expectations. The truth is that the party is completely dependant on the people present, their state of mind and their input into the atmosphere. All a good DJ can do is take this enthusiasm, latch onto it, and take it a notch higher than say, a mediocre DJ can.

So imagine the effect DK had on the 100 fluffcore here tonight. His reputation and status are richly deserved. Cheers Simon. It was a great pleasure and er, religiously ecstatic. Expect him down to 7th Heaven as soon as we can set a date.

Now, there were a few 'small' problems we ran into during the setting up. To begin with, we'd spent most of the late afternoon and early evening setting up our rather superb feel-a-round bass-tastic and of course house music complementing sound system. The club management walk in, when we've finished, and tartly informed us "No way". We were gutted. We tried the in-house rig. It was fucking shite. We left ours up, but unplugged. 10pm came and went. The people slowly trickled in. Then complaints began to be voiced. Some people even began to leave. We were so fucking embarrassed we decided to fuck the consequences and at 2am fired up our rig. The atmosphere changed instantly. Throb Felt, the first DJ on after the switch lifted up the vibe to somewhere near normal level. Swamp and Donkey carried on lifting it up (oo er) so that by the time DK arrived we virtually had it up to the desired level, and some of the earlier damage had been repaired. With the plug pulled at 6, it seemed that the party had only lasted 4 hours (it had).

Spotted - Smartyn nearly weeping after all the aggro of the afternoon, not being able to stroke his compressor, and on top of all that, losing his little friend (a replacement was sought and found), Pam and John having a snog!, Pam rolling around on the floor, Pam threatening to get a taxi to Club UK with Lampy our not so faithful sound engineer extraordinaire, Pam rolling around under a table, on her own, John losing 2 hours, one of the door staff that come with the club asking DK if he'd paid and who the fuck he was when he arrived (and not as politely as that either!), the same door person threatening to punch a DJ coz he was 'fucking shit', Evs and Sall, LF number 10 or what?, Now Ey pulling out his wares, Kier gurning away blissfully to Simons set, Sara and Nick back from their hols in sunny climes, Sue with her home prepared vitamin drink, Simon leaving the keys to the brand new hire car outside, in the car door, in the street, and it was still there when he went back (much to his relief) and we're meant to be in Brixton, on the front line!!!, Nick having a breakdown or a total character

re-arrangement and being frightened all night, Randy pissing all over his new wheels on his van like the dawg that he is and lots, lots more that are too sensitive or incriminating to talk about but come and see us, and for a small fee (a pint of beer'll do) we'll let you know.

After a post mortem at the Bar and Bra in Fav The Glee Club is now looking for a new London venue. Oh, and as a footnote, try and get a copy of the Dk tape. There's 35 of them and, take it from me, hearing is believing.

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## THE GLEE CLUB - LONDON 16th DEC

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Well, the evening was a roller coaster ride from the depths of shite, to the peaks of beauty. At one point I was contemplating going and hiding in Martyn's van, as I just couldn't take the embarrassment any more. The vibes were heavy and down, the music sounded awful through the farty PA, the room was cold and unwelcoming, everyone was very subdued, despite being so shitfaced (or because of). Lots of friendly faces were missed, sorely and the club seemed unbearably empty. Everything seemed beyond being able to improve. And then, just when everyone was just about giving up and some started to leave, Ramsden went 'fuck it' and illegally plugged his own PA in which we had been forbidden from using. And the effect was nothing short of miraculous, combined with the pleasing tones of Throb's groove-arama. At last, I could start to relax, as what should have been happening from 10 o'clock began instead to happen at 2. Still, at least it did. And the evening went up from there. Ending on an ecstatic high with everyone raised to a trance-like state. There was an abrupt turn-around from there being no atmosphere at all, and everyone sitting huddled on the stage, to a lovely pumping, sweating, heaving throb of happy smiling peeps. Cheers to Martyn, Simon and those of you that managed to stick it out that long. I'm sure you'll agree, the end of the night put a perspective on all that had gone before.

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## MAURICE'S PARTY - LONDON - SATURDAY 17th DECEMBER

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Second party this month at the 'EauZone' in Woolwich, and the first party promoted by Maurice, veteran sound engineer of the South East party scene. Name any big underground warehouse party crew over the past half a dozen years and the sound man behind it will probably be Maurice. Still working as hard as ever, next year will see him doing Nunca Nunac, Kudos, Perfect World, and ,er tVC parties amongst others.

With no time for publicity, no flyers and just a few phone calls (flash git), around 200 peeps assembled for an eclectic mix of DJ's pump their stuff. Standing out were Mark Shimmons happy, bouncy, vocal laden and, yes, poppy set. We were shocked. What would the experimentally minded Kudos crowd say? Warren on top from, and yes, he still played his theme tune 'American Natives'. And it's still blinding. Expect him down 7th soon. The female deep house to jungle DJ in room 2 surprised with a snorter of a set (sorry, but ignoramus that I am I've forgotten your name). The numbers were slightly down but there were a lot of other parties on the same night (FLY and Coalesce to name two) so the turn out was excellent considering. The only way is up, as they say. More please.

## Will The Real Robin Hood Please Stand Up?

C.J. Stone

This story begins with Robin Hood, not least because he reminds us that it is not at all unEnglish to break the law. But there is more to it than that. Given that Establishment images of national cultural identity are foisted upon us from every angle, it is singularly refreshing to discover an historical or mythological figure who is so decisively anti-establishment.

But who is -or was- Robin Hood? The first thing to say is that it doesn't matter in the slightest whether he actually existed or not. Many books have been written attempting to prove that he definitely did exist, and seeking to fix a date and a domain for his activities. Other books will tell you that he is merely a literary figure, while yet more are adamant that he represents a kind of wood-elf, a minor deity, the half-remembered descendant of ancient Woden. All of which, at different times, may seem plausible; and all of which remain matters of dispute. But what is certainly indisputable is that from somewhere -at the very latest- in the early fourteenth century, right until the present time, he has represented something to the British people, that he has continued to act upon our imagination, and that, therefore, he has contributed historically to our own view of ourselves. It is this that matters.

I say "British people" and not just the English, because, though Robin Hood may be said to be the archetypal Englishman, it is also true that Robin Hood cults flourished in all parts of these islands throughout the middle ages, and that certain very early references came from north of the border. One particularly appreciative Scottish view was stated by a certain John Major, writing in Latin in 1521: "He would allow no woman to suffer injustice, nor would he spoil the poor, but rather enriched them from the plunder taken from abbots. The robberies of this man I condemn, but of all robbers he was the most humane, and the chief." Would our own John Major speak so

kindly of a man who -in effect- made it his life's work to redistribute wealth?

The first thing we have to do is to clear away the large amount of historical baggage that has accumulated around the figure of Robin Hood. People of my generation are almost certain to begin by singing the theme tune from a 1960s TV programme:

"Robin Hood, Robin Hood, riding through the glen,

Robin Hood, Robin Hood, with his band of men,

Feared by the bad, Loved by the good,  
Robin Hood, Robin Hood, Robin Hood."

So let's get it sorted out: Robin Hood is decidedly not that '60s figure, complete with quiff and feathered cap. Nor is he Kevin Costner, nor Errol Flynn, nor anyone else who ever played the part in film or TV drama. He didn't wear a cap, and he didn't wear tights. He rarely rode a horse (and certainly *never* through a Glen). He wasn't well-washed, scrubbed, polished or clean. He didn't sport a pencil moustache, nor speak with an American accent. He was not a hero.

He was dirty. He lived in the woods, sat by an open fire, climbed trees, slept in a bower. What's a bower? It's a structure of bent branches covered over in leaves. A bower is a bender, in other words. The closest modern equivalent of a Robin Hood figure would be a New Age Traveller, complete with skinny dog, cast-off patchwork clothing, feathers and bells and tattoos, maybe even nose rings, who knows? His face would have been streaked with dirt, and he would have smelt of woodsmoke and leafmould. His hair would have been unkempt and matted, probably a nest of dreadlocks, sprouting leaves and twigs, perhaps decorated with beads and feathers and flowers.

Another historical misinterpretation of Robin Hood -though this time of more ancient origin- is that he was a disinherited aristocrat. He was not. He was of decidedly plebeian origin. As the Lytell Geste Of Robyn Hode, the earliest extant Robin Hood ballad, tells us:

Lythe and lysten, gentylemen,  
That be of freebore blode,  
I shall you tell of a good yeman,  
His name was Robyn Hode.

He was a yeoman, then, the equivalent of an artisan. A freeborn, landless Englishman, the type of the self-confident working class that we

can still recognise today. The fact that he was of yeoman stock is repeated again and again throughout the ballads. His weapons are the longbow and the stave or staff, weapons that can be constructed by any clever artisan out of found objects. He is a kind of King of Staves. Ordinary. Down-to-earth. Robust. And his audience, too, were almost certainly composed primarily of the lower classes. The very language of the ballads makes this clear. They are bawdy burlesques, crude and humorous, scornful of the church and the aristocracy, the merchants, the landlords and the rest of the greedy rich. They represent a kind of literary revenge on all that is selfish, self-serving and self-righteous. Robin Hood represents honour and honesty in a corrupt world. He is a good man.

He is also funny. "Jolly Robin" as he is repeatedly called. In the opening section of the *Lytell Geste* he is leaning listlessly against a tree. Little John asks him if he wants to eat, and Robin refuses until he has a guest to share his feast with. So Little John and the other Merry men go off in search of a guest, following Robin's instructions, to the High Road. In other words, Robin's excuse for kidnapping his victims and then robbing them is that he wants to share a meal with them. Once the guest has eaten he is asked for payment. Robin wants to know how much money they are carrying. Little John opens their baggage to check. If they have told the truth, Robin gives back their money, and offers them more. If the guest has lied, Robin takes all the money, and then thanks the Virgin Mother, to whom he is dedicated, for providing it. This is particularly ironical if the victim happens to be an abbot or a monk. It is Robin's idea of a joke to take as a gift from the Virgin all money stolen from the Church.

(To speculate briefly: I suspect that the Virgin Mother in whose name he performs all of his jests, is an altogether more ancient deity than the catholic figure of Mary, Mother of Jesus. I believe that it to the most ancient of goddesses that he is dedicated: Mother Earth. But whether this is the case or not, it is certainly true that the pagan elements in the Robin Hood story are very noticeable.)

This, then, is the literary picture of the earliest known Robin Hood. But Robin was not a literary character, since his stories were passed down by word of mouth, and were well

known before they were ever written down. Who knows how old they are, or how many permutations of the basic themes there have been over the centuries? The only thing that is certain is that the British people continued to love him, and that his name became synonymous with an imaginary picture of an idealised "Merry England".

In later years he became a figure of the May day celebrations (always the most plebeian of the yearly festivals), when in every parish a Robin Hood was selected from the populace to serve as the focus for the events. Robin Hood was generally more popular than anything the Church had to offer. Bishop Latimer, writing in the 1580s, tells of a day that he came to preach in a certain parish. "I found the church door fast locked," he says. "I taryed there half an houre and more, and at last the key was found, and one of the parish comes to me and sayes, Syr, this is a busy day with us, we cannot hear you; it is Robin Hoode's day; the parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood." Robin Hood was the Lord of the May, and his Lady of the May was Maid Marian. The two of them would go to the woods together, to live in a bower, to give honour to the fruitfulness of the Earth in this coming summer. Another of his names was the Summer King, and another still, The Lord of Misrule.

For a flavour of a late medieval May day, we have to turn to Philip Stubbes, a 16th century puritan, who wrote extensively on the activities and celebrations of the common people in his time. Stubbes was, of course, condemning these (as he called them) abuses. Nevertheless we have to thank him for retaining (perhaps against his will) the unique flavour of these times:

"First of all, the wilde heades of the parish flocking together, chuse them a graunde captaine of mischiefe, whom they innoble with the title of Lord of Misrule; and him they crowne with great solemnity, and adopt for their king. This king annoynted chooseth forth twentie, forty, threescore or an hundred lustie guttes, like to himself, to waite upon his lordly majesty, and to garde his noble person. Then everyone of these men he investeth with his liveries of greene, yellow, or some other light wanton colour, and as though they were not gawdy ynough, they bedecke themselves with scarffes, ribbons, and laces, hanged all over with gold ringes, pretious stones, and other

jewells. This done, they tie aboute either legge twentie or fortie belles, with rich handkerchiefes in their handes, and sometimes laide acrossse over their shoulders and neckes, borrowed, for the most part, of their pretie mopsies and loving Bessies. Thus all thinges set in order, then have they their hobby horses, their dragons, and other antiques, together with their baudie pipers, and thundring drummers, to strike up the devil's daunce with all. Then march this heathen company towards the church, their pypers pyping, their drummers thundring, their stumpes dauncing, their belles jynghing, their handkerchiefs fluttering aboute their heades like madde men, their hobby horses and other monsters skirmishing amongst the throng: and in this sorte they go to the church, though the minister be at prayer or preaching, dauncing and singing like devils incarnate, with such confused noise that no man can heare his owne voyce. Then the foolish people they looke, they stare, they laugh, they fleere, and mount upon the formes and pewes to see these goodly pageants solemnized. Then after this, aboute the church they go againe and againe, and so fourthe onto the churche yard, where they have commonly their sommer-halls, their bowers, arbours, and banquetting-houses set up, wherein they feast, banquet, and daunce all that day, and paradventure all that night too; and thus these terrestrial furies spend the sabbath day."

What fun!

Not unlike a tVC party.



## heavy hand of history

*For today's Dongas, read yesterdays Levellers...George Monbiot draws lessons from the past on direct action against changes in the countryside - and the repressive force of law.*

To the authorities, the people squatting in the woods a few miles from Bath, disrupting the upgrading of roads, were "filthy ruffians" living "without government or conformity in idleness and dissoluteness". The dissolute roads protesters were not the Dongas of Solsbury Hill but the colliers of nearby Kingswood, monkey-wrenching in 1714.

The colliers and the other squatters and vagabonds who joined them in the woods complained that the new roads were damaging the environment - furze and heather were being cut for road repairs - and were being turnpiked (or privatised) and upgraded only for the benefit of the rich in their wheeled carriages, rather than the poor, who travelled on foot or by horse. Dressed absurdly in women's clothes and high-crowned hats, they destroyed the structures erected by the turnpike trusts - the road construction companies of the 18th century.

Direct action against the changes in the use of the countryside is as old as peoples exclusion from the land: the activists fighting the roads programme today extend the ancestral struggle for political rights more faithfully than any others. But the tradition in which they are engaged has a corollary: throughout history the enclosers of the land have drafted laws restraining the dispossessed. The clauses of the Criminal Justice Act addressing hunt saboteurs, road protesters, travellers, ravers and squatters are in some cases so uncannily similar to the laws of an earlier age that one cannot but wonder whether, for want of ideas, the government has raided the House of Commons library.

The first, though least satisfactory, congruity emerges in 1723, when the Black Act created 50 new hanging offences, for crimes as momentous as painting one's face or chasing deer. The aim of the new law - repressive even for those times - was to stamp out Britains first recorded hunt saboteurs.



Windsor forest - which then extended to Reading in the west and Sandhurst in the south - was the King's most treasured hunting ground. It was also the home of thousands of people, embracing farms, villages and private manors. The forest had been mismanaged by George I's corrupt officials, and when the King complained at the lack of deer they sought to make up for their incompetence by persecuting the villagers. They curtailed people's customary rights to graze their animals and gather fuel in the forest, and enforced severe penalties for poaching.

The people exercised their only means of resistance: they took direct action. Blacking up their faces, wearing fancy dress, they chased away the deer, damaged the orchards and fish ponds belonging to the King's officials and assaulted the gamekeepers. It was not, of course, the hunting itself that the Blacks objected to, but their exclusion from land they felt was rightfully theirs. The severity of the punishments was a measure of hunting's importance as a perquisite of the privileged. The Criminal Justice Act suggests that its significance has scarcely diminished.

The Black Act was later enlarged and amended to deal with protesters outside the royal forests and chases but in most cases it was used as a brutal and unnecessary adjunct to the riot act. This was passed into law in 1715 by Walpole's deeply unpopular government to deal with mobs whipped up by the Tories but it soon became the principle legal instrument for suppressing enclosure riots.

Throughout the 18th century, peasants gathered to protest against their dispossession from the land, setting light to hayricks and trying to pull down the landlords' houses. When an officer of the law deemed that a riotous assembly had formed he would warn the crowd of the provisions of the riot act. If the people did not disperse, they could be arrested. In 1994, an officer of the law, when he deems that a trespassory assembly has formed, can warn the crowd of the provisions of the Criminal Justice Act. If the people do not disperse, they can be arrested. But both the Black Act and the Riot Act were isolated measures, drafted to deal with specific public order problems. Neither was, as the CJB arguably is, an attempt to constrain social change by eliminating certain ways of life. For that we need to go further back, to a crisis of authority and an abandonment of age-old beliefs even more profound than those of the last 30 years, and the attempts of a bruised aristocracy to uphold the status quo.

The New Model Army drew upon the ranks of the dispossessed. Before the Civil War, enclosure riots had been taking place all over England, as peasants were forced from or cheated out of their place in the countryside, largely by a new class of landed entrepreneurs. The rioters aimed to "level the land": to pull down the hedges and fences excluding them from their commons and open fields systems. Many of them believed the parliamentary army would address their complaints.

They found themselves, ironically, serving under some of the very men responsible for their misery, but their ideas so inspired the army's rank and file that, by the end of the first Civil War in 1647, the Levellers had effectively taken control of entire regiments. Extending their analysis from the enclosure of land to the enclosure of liberty, they called for universal male franchise, sweeping law reforms, the abolition of the House of Lords and the sovereignty of parliament: for the levelling, in other words, of society as well as hedgerows.

In 1649 groups of "Diggers" or "True Levellers", occupied commons all over England and argued the right of every man to dig the ground and grow food. Their spokesman, Gerrard Winstanley, insisted that the land belonged to everyone and that private property was a Norman invention contravening the laws of God. He called for equal education for all people, women as well as men.

No period of English history has ever held such potential for sweeping social change. For a few months, the Levellers almost took the country: in 1647 the Government was forced to concede some of their demands and in 1648 their notions sank deep into the ideology of the first Rump Parliament. But then Cromwell, the Huntingdonshire squire, hit back. In 1649 he routed two mutinous regiments of the New Model Army, calling themselves the Constitutional Levellers, and executed their leaders. The Diggers were beaten up, their crops destroyed and their huts burnt. The movement went underground.

In 1660, following Cromwell's death and Parliament's inability to perpetuate itself, Charles II was invited back from exile. Almost all the gains made by Parliament were immediately reversed, and the Government slid back towards the basics of traditional autocracy, viciously reactionary, premised upon the prestige of the sovereign and the maintenance of the status quo, it feared above all the things the radical and Nonconformist groups still roving the land.

## BLUE ROUTE BLUES

The Levellers, though hidden and dispersed, continued to raise minor rebellions. The Quakers had evolved similar ideas: they rejected secular authority, social distinctions and the exclusive ownership of land. "Masterless men", dispossessed by enclosure and squatting the woods and commons, disseminated notions of anarchy and agrarian reform. In 1662 the ruling aristocrats, anxious to protect their lands, drafted new laws designed to mop up the dissidents.

The first of the Statutes at Large recorded for that year is an act for preventing "Mischiefs and Dangers" by Quakers. Accused of assembling themselves "in great numbers ... to the great endangering of the public Peace and Safety and to the Terror of the People".

Quakers could be punished for their ecstatic gatherings *with a fine or three months' imprisonment*. Only a laughing God could have prompted Michael Howard to impose exactly the same penalty on 20th century ravers.

A couple of months later, a law was introduced prohibiting "*Rogues, vagabonds and Sturdy Beggars*" from settling in makeshift dwellings in the countryside, or from moving from place to place in search of parish welfare funds. The same law called for the building of more workhouses and Houses of Correction. In a further provision, it forced errant fathers to pay maintenance for their "bastard Children" in order that the parishes should no longer have to provide for them.

There is, despite these incongruities, a fundamental difference between 1662 and today: by the time these old laws were drafted, the radicals were already in decline. Today the rise of the radical movements and the political backlash are taking place simultaneously. The new Levellers are on the move, the Government is at its weakest and there has seldom been a better chance that repressive legislation will unite rather than disperse its intended victims. The nonconformists - who seem, despite all odds, to be achieving what the Kingswood colliers could not - are broadening their vision. They present for the first time in one third of a millennium, a serious challenge to the lords of the land.

The Guardian, Oct '94



Reading this won't cost you anything. It may even turn out to be quite interesting. There was I sitting in my favourite tree, breathing the clear air and attempting to put my petty problems into perspective, when my eye fell upon a yellow post, stuck in the bank at the edge of a ditch. And then: strike me if I don't spot another one, and then another...

About this point my problems fell neatly into place. For I suddenly remembered that some idiot had drawn a squiggly line across these fields and given it a name: THE BLUE ROUTE. I must admit I'd had a real good laugh at that (I laughed so much I fell out of my tree), because, surely, no one in their right mind would choose to carve up this beautiful, peaceful countryside, when the alternative Green Route was so much more reasonable. After all, these days EVERYONE is acutely aware of environmental issues, aren't they? It's common knowledge that the Earth is under pressure and that we're already doing more damage than can be repaired. So, nothing to worry about, right? I can carry on perching here, watching the cattle, water rats, birds and clouds, secure in the knowledge that the powers-that-be won't do anything silly, like building a road where one isn't required. Right?

WRONG. Very, very wrong. THEY don't give a damn. They truly don't. Because against all the odds, against the best environmental advice, THEY ARE going to do it. THEY ARE going to slice up farmland, THEY ARE going to destroy wildlife habitat, THEY ARE going to destroy natural beauty, peace, fresh air, the very fabric of life.

New roads only bring more cars. It's a statistical fact. You would have thought that the planners would know this? But apparently the world is a little barmier than I thought. And to cap it all - can you believe this? - they are going to spend vast amounts of taxpayer's money digging a tunnel under Chestfield golfcourse (near Canterbury)! Logical isn't it? I guess it's just my brain that's failing to take all this in. And then they've got to buy up large swathes of countryside, and nine or ten houses, when they already own the land either side of the existing road. I can't understand how what started out as a simple road-widening scheme

has evolved into a plan to carry out wholesale destruction of the countryside. Can you?

Solve the following simple quiz. First prize: a job with the DoT. Which of the following options to you think is more sensible?  
 A) Simply widen the existing road, as has happened at either end of it. B) Build a completely NEW road, across virgin countryside, complete with a tunnel project that will cost millions. If you ticked B): congratulations! A cushy job for you. If you ticked A): you're obviously mentally deranged. See a psychiatrist for the appropriate drugs.

Fen

"Happiness might not be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat pocket: portable ecstasies might now be corked up in a pint bottle."  
 Thomas de Quincey.

Any of you who fancy sending Grant Kenny a letter of support, or just to let him know we haven't forgotten him, here's his number. Any tapes (see through only) would also be greatly appreciated.

GRANT KENNY  
 LV3641  
 HM PRISON  
 LONGPORT  
 CANTERBURY

## ALL I REALLY NEED TO KNOW

All I really need to know about how to live and what to do and how to be I learned in kindergarten. Wisdom was not at the top of the graduate-school mountain, but here in the sandpile at Sunday School these are the things I learned:

- Share everything.
- Play fair.
- Don't hit people.
- Put things back where you found them.
- Clean up your own mess.
- Don't take things that aren't yours.
- Say you're sorry when you hurt somebody.
- Wash your hands before you eat.
- Flush.
- Warm cookies and milk are good for you.
- Live a balanced life - learn some and think some and draw and paint and sing and dance and play and work every day some.
- Take a nap every afternoon.
- When you go out into the world, watch out for traffic, hold hands, and stick together.
- Be aware of wonder. Remember the little seed in the Styrofoam cup: The roots go down and the plant goes up and nobody really knows how or why, but we are all like that..
- Goldfish and hamsters and white mice and even the little seed in the Styrofoam cup - they all die. So do we.
- And then remember the Dick - and - Jane books and the first word you learned - the biggest word of them all - LOOK.

-Robert Fulghum.



## MENTAL CONTINUUM

To celebrate the coming of age of Tangentopoli -21 this issue - Zombie Face, Joy Swirl, or Mental Continuum (or whatever he wants to call his selves) is sponsoring a COMPETITION.

Yet another first for Tangentopoli - its meaning finally revealed by "The Observer" as "the corrupt entanglement of politics and business" (but what politics and which business you might ask).

Before the beginning, Robert Hunter, Dead Lyricist, wrote down the "Ten Commandments of Rock and Roll" on stoned tablets:

1. Suck up to the Top Cats.
2. Do not work to express independent opinions.
3. Do not work for the common interest - only factional interest.
4. If there's nothing to complain about dig up some old gripe.
5. Do not respect property and persons other than your own.
6. Make devastating judgements on persons and situations without adequate information.
7. Discourage and confound personal, technical or creative projects.
8. Single out absent persons for intense criticism.
9. Believe that anything or anyone you don't understand is trying to fuck with you.
10. Destroy yourself physically and morally and insist that all true brothers and sisters do likewise as an expression of unity.

**ALL YOU HAVE TO DO** to win the star prize is to write down 10 examples (one for each of the 'commandments') of how the Party Posse is different from the Rock 'n' Roll Posse.

You can use examples of parties you have been to, quote from past issues of Tangentopoli, or indeed write down anything else that comes into your head. The person submitting the most appropriate examples will receive a copy of Rushkofs "Cyberia" that

handy guide book to cyberspace and guaranteed to blow your mind - anytime.

Entries to Oz or Nik in (or on) a plain brown envelope. Or FAX Tangentopoli on (0227) 764838.

## THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN - The final mix from Zombie Face.

1. To get really high is to forget yourself and to forget yourself is to see everything else. And to see everything else is to become an understanding molecule in evolution - a conscious tool of the universe. And every human being should be a conscious tool of the universe. And that's why it's important to get (and stay) high. I'm not talking about being unconscious or zonked out. I'm talking about being fully conscious...

Garcia.

2. It's all very well taking twelve trips a day, but where's the health? It's the same problem as in India. Self. In other words all those fakirs are holding their arses up for a thousand years or standing on their nose for self. It's a hang up. We're not here for self, we're here for service. We're here to multiply... we're here to make like three dimensional chess. We're here to accentuate. In other words we're made in the image of the co-creator, companion and we want to be outgoing. It pleases us. What is left? Giving.....

Casady.

3. Real love:
1. Hold your fist up.
  2. Imagine you've got love held there in that fist.
  3. You think you can put that fistful of love inside you and keep it there - all to yourself?
  4. Well... what do you think your rib cage is? A police cell man? You can't hold love in your heart like that!
  5. Realise that's not real love!
  6. Real love you don't hold on to at all - you let it go.
  7. Rip open your rib-cage - you can throw that love out and it comes right back to you.

so.....

That's real love  
 Open up that fist  
 One finger at a time  
 Maybe all fingers together  
 Who cares .... just get them open  
 And LEAVE them open....  
 Brent Mydland.

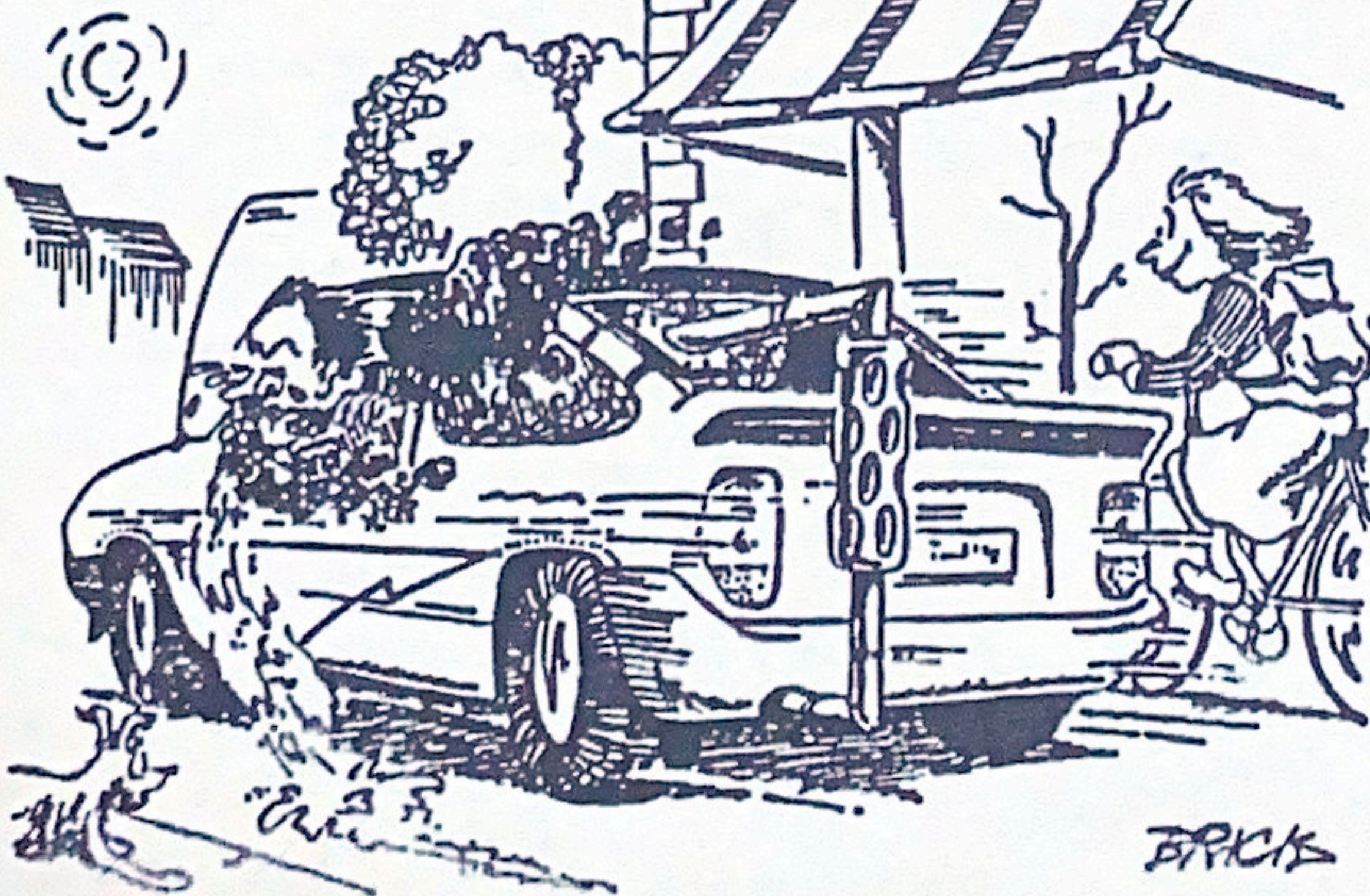
## THE EPILOGUE (from Jimi)

I used to live in a room full of mirrors,  
 All I could see was ME,  
 But I took my spirit and trashed my mirrors  
 Now the whole world is here for me to see...

**Footnote** and reference freaks will be pleased to learn from Jerome Beck & Marsha Rosenbaum's essential text 'Pursuit of Ecstasy: the MDMA Experience' (State University of New York Press 1994) - which we are promised will soon be purchased and circulated around the gang - that the first 'Rave' was the Family Dog Dance, held at the Longshoreman's Hall in San Francisco on October 16 1965. It was a 'lengthy extravaganza' which attracted a 'huge crowd of diverse celebrants, decked out in weird costumes, dancing through the night to the music of the Jefferson Airplane'. If you want to know who they were, just ask your very own Uncle John from Margate.....

*Mental Continuum is shortly to travel India for three months.*

**PROBLEM:** How to discourage 'auto-addicts' from using their cars?  
**SOLUTION:** A retro-fit designed to cut out the middle-air.



## OUTFOXING THE ACT - a day in the country with the CJA

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 26th 1994

7.30am I wake up, and my first thought is "Here we fucking go again." Although the official fox-hunting season is already a month old, this is the first day I've had free to get out and help stop the buggers from tallying-ho. It's also set to be my first experience of sabbing under the dictats of Michael Howard's 'Everyone Who Isn't a Tory Must Be a Rave-going Squatting Sabbing Travelling Road-protesting Demonstrating Whining Sponging Dreadlocked Loony-Leftie Single-Pregnant-Mothering Unemployed Drug-Addicted Working-Class-Anarchist Fucking Bastard Criminal' Act - though I've some clues about what to expect. A few nights before, I'd rung a friend who'd gone to a regional 'hit' (several sab groups converging on one hunt) on the 19th in Essex. He said it was a blood bath. About 200 sabs attended, to be greeted by several battalions of Pinky-and-Perkys - some of whom were observed snorting a powder not unlike sherbet before laying into people with riot batons - smashing heads, cameras, and Christ knows what else. Essex has always been a difficult area (more violence than most), but nothing compared to this.

And guess what? Today is going to be a regional hit as well - though this time in Kent. We'd elected before-hand to sab the Ashford Valley Hunt, who are meeting at Hunton (!) - a one cow village in the rustic, mist-covered nether regions (i.e. at least one mile from a motorway exit) somewhere between Maidstone and Tonbridge. In previous years, regionals had occurred only a few times each season - usually when one or other of the hunts had been coming it with the strong-arm stuff. Safety in numbers, and all that. With the CJA, though, regionals will have to be the norm. Fifteen or twenty sabs at one hunt no longer stand a chance against the police, with their new powers. Greater numbers of us working together stretches police resources to the limit, increasing the likelihood that we can actually achieve something. Okay, it means a lot of hunts will be getting away

scott free - but there's bugger all else we can do about it. Anything is better than nothing.

10.45am I arrive, with the rest of the group, at the pre-arranged assembly point- Charing Station. The other sabs are already there, standing around smoking, chatting, drinking coffee. There are about seventy of us in total. Not as many as we'd hoped for, but enough. Whatever, it's bloody good to see them. We feel that wonderful rush of camaraderie that comes with meeting people who share and understand your lifestyle, point of view, culture, philosophy... what you will. Most of them are strangers, but through a common understanding they're automatically friends. There's no feeling quite like it. One person everyone recognises is Big Al - a Maidstone sab, in his '40's, and about 10 feet wide at the shoulders. He looks like the sort of bloke who crushes cars with his bare hands. When he approaches you things go dark. Like the rest of us, Al isn't a violent person - but we feel a whole lot safer with him around.

At 11, we load up and pull out onto the A20 in a ramshackle convoy of old vans, cars, a jeep and a converted ambulance. We hope the ambulance doesn't have to get used for it's original purpose.

11.30am We reach the outskirts of Hunton and are stopped by a police roadblock. Expecting to be told to leave the area, we are surprised when they simply take the names and addresses of all the vehicle drivers - routine stuff - and allow us to move on. When we reach the village, we find out why. It's a sight to make your jaw drop to your ankles. Stretching out along the main village road and off into the smudgy distance are the police. Lots of them. Fucking hundreds of them, to be precise. Police in cars and riot vans; police wearing black riot overalls; police in pointed helmets and dayglo jackets; police with dogs; police with police. the whole village is jammed with police, falling over each other, popping up from behind post boxes and tractors, standing around gates and footpaths like sentries outside a barracks -except the rest of the army is standing sentry with them. It's like some Kafkaesque nightmare: Joseph K stepping onto a normal, everyday street and finding crowds of people all dressed the same and all looking directly at him. We reckon there must be about 200 of them, although it's hard to be certain. High above a helicopter is circling. It's about as overkill as you can get - like the Alamo or Rorke's Drift. The thick

tangentopoli

blue line. Someone says "fuckin' 'ell"; several people say "Shit". There's not much else you can say - except "Christ", maybe... and someone says that too. We wonder what the fuck we're going to do. I go up to one of the officers and tell him how ludicrous this massive police presence is: "You must really hate Michael Howard," I say. "Having to come out here like this, neglecting the work you're paid to do". His answer? "We're not allowed to have opinions, sir." I tell him that next week I'll be robbing a bank in Maidstone, since there won't be any police around to catch me. he doesn't laugh.

12.15pm After managing to get through the traffic snarl-up caused by all the police vehicles, we've spent the last half-hour driving round the lanes trying to spot the hunt. Each group vehicle has headed off in a different direction, and we're keeping in touch with the others by radio and a mobile phone (the latter a new and invaluable addition to our equipment store.) Everywhere we go, the police trail us.

While we're searching, we discuss ways in which the Act is likely to be implemented against us. if we're caught on private ground without permission i.e. 95% of the day, usually) we are, of course, open to arrest under clause 63: 'aggravated trespass'. The police can also prevent us from venturing onto public grounds and footpaths, since we are perceived to be doing so with the intention of disrupting a lawful activity. The only place we are allowed to be is on a public highway- from which we can perform all the usual disruption activities; calling hounds off with horn and voice calls, and spraying antimate to dull the scent of any foxes that may have bolted out. Of course, a lot depends on how 'fundamentalist' the police want to be about this - in some areas they're much easier than others. The other way round it is just to stay as far ahead of the police as possible - which is one of the benefits of regional 'hits': while the police are tied up following 6 vehicles, say, the 7th vehicle can try to escape notice, offload the sabs and leave them to leg it over the fields to the hunt. It's risky, but it's worked before. You just have to be prepared for a lot of running - and for the unexpected porker, leaping out from behind a tree to stick the bracelets on.

1.00pm An hour and a half after the start of the hunt, and our group has yet to see so much as a pile of horse droppings. We're all thinking the same: "Have they killed yet? How many?" Plod is still

ailing us. Suddenly, the radio crackles into life, and Ashford Ollie tells us his group has spotted the hunt drawing through a wood down behind a farm nearby. Steve (our hardware expert) asks for directions and at that moment his mobile buzzes: it's a Meridian TV reporter wanting to know where we are so he can come down to cover things for the late news. Steve sits there with Ollie speaking in one ear and the media speaking in the other - taking the information and passing it straight on. If he swapped his combat fatigues for pin-stripes, he wouldn't look out of place behind some stadium-sized desk in the City. "I love communications" he says, grinning.

We drive to the area indicated by Ollie, then get out and wander up and down the lane, listening. Not a sound, apart from birdsong; that and the murmur of bored policemen discussing the Sheehy Report, the state of the canteen grub, promotion, the new patio set... or whatever else bored policemen discuss. I do something extremely radical and provocative, and step onto a public footpath. A bored policeman winds down his van window, puts his coffee cup on the dashboard, and asks me what I'm doing. "Going to take a piss," I say. "You can't piss in a public place, sir," he says. "Oh.. can I walk on it then?" "You can walk on it sir - but you're not allowed to stop for a piss on it." I can't help smiling at his unwitting trivialisation of his own pomposity; he won't allow me to take the piss out of myself, so he takes it out of himself instead. I politely thank him and walk on, thinking "a policeman has just given me permission to walk on a public footpath". Things are looking up. My faith in freedom and democracy is restored. As I walk along, I keep glancing back to see if I'm being followed - but the bored policeman in the van has gone back to his coffee and his self-importance, probably wondering if he can arrest me for using a vulgar word in a public place.

The path ends about half a mile from the road, on the edge of a copse. I listen for the sound of horns, voices, hounds in cry. Nothing. I look back briefly, then urinate in a bush - all the more satisfyingly for the thought that a policeman has specifically told me not to do it. I hope he's not watching me through binoculars: I could be the first person ever to be arrested for urinating in the middle of public nowhere. (Would the charge be "breach of the piss"?)

1.45pm We're back at the same spot again, having spent half an hour driving round the immediate

area looking for peculiar, inbred people with red coats on horseback. Still nothing... though we've heard over the air waves that the sabs are with the hunt and there haven't been any kills yet: the first good news of the day. The police are on the verge of sleep. It seems that intimidation by sheer numbers is about all they're going to give us today - which is also good news.

A couple of us wander back along Piss Path to the copse - and we see the hunt for the first time. They're about a quarter of a mile away to our right, drawing a wood on the side of a small valley. We're in perfect position. I blow the horn a few times, and one or two hounds break away and head over towards us. Classic. If we can just get a few more....But time runs against us. A redcoat notices the strays and gallops over to retrieve them. Following him across the fields come a few cars full of terrier men (the nice guys who dig out and shoot any foxes that go to ground during a hunt - though they're quite partial to sab-beating as well) And following them - on foot- come about a dozen police officers. We know when we're outnumbered, so we leg it back to the van again. we may not have sunk their boat, but we gave it's rudder a bloody good kicking.



2.30pm On the road again. The hunt keeps dodging us, but other sabs are still managing to stay with them - and there still haven't been any kills. The light is already beginning to fade, so we're hoping they might pack up early. Ollie radios us again with the location of the latest sighting - finishing his message with the cryptic postscript "watch out for the massive fascist presence". Taking his tip, we keep our eyes open for a fifty foot high ghost of Adolf Hitler floating above the trees.

We pull up at the entrance to the farm that is hosting the meet, and the whole area is cordoned off by the police - as if any of us is daft enough to

want to venture in there anyway! We get out of the van and walk along the road a bit, to where a gate leads into an orchard. Beyond the orchard is a small wooded area - and there's the hunt, riding through it, bold as brass! We look round at the police, but they don't seem to be giving a toss...and what if they do? Half a dozen of us climb over a gate and head towards the riders, using horn and voice calls. As we reach the wood, an old chap drives up in a datsun pick-up and tells us to leave. He says he's the land-owner. Standing on the back of the pick-up is a huge Great Dane - so big, in fact, that the pick-up looks like it's undercarriage. Fortunately, though, it's docile - a bit like it's owner - so we carry on walking.

The hunt rides out of the wood and gallops off across a sprouting corn field, sending earth clods and greenery flying; we six step cautiously onto the field too - and the landowner shouts after us to get off his crops. One law for one, as they say. We're half way across the field when one of the redcoats - a well known headcase - suddenly turns and gallops at us. We split, and he singles me out because he's seen me using the horn. It's a frightening moment, because I know - screened as he is from the eyes of other observers - that he'll have no compunction about riding me down. I leg it for a fence at the corner of the field and manage to scramble over literally as he is breathing down my neck. He seems to lose interest then, and gallops off after the others - but they've all managed to make it to safety. I decide not to take any chances, and continue on across the fields alone, following the course of a river towards some cottages in the distance. At one point, I see several people approaching me off to my left: at first I think they're sabs and turn towards them. It isn't till they're within three hundred yards or so that I realise they're police. Perhaps they shout something about stopping and giving myself up - but I don't wait to hear. I turn back and keep on till I eventually reach the road again. It's nearly ten to four now, and it's dusk: the hunt will probably be boxing up for home. I sit down by the hedge and wait for the others to drive round and find me.

8.30pm Homeward bound at last. People drinking the last dregs of coffee; nibbling squashed sarnies; smoking well-earned rollies; talking about hot baths and cold lagers; chilling out; dossing off. I'm sitting in the front of the van with John from Margate, who's already well out of it on 9% brew.

He says he's had three straight weeks of sabbing - including the Essex hit - and the stress of it all is getting to him; he thinks he'll take next week off. Who can blame him. He opens another can. Teresa, who's driving, entrusts him with the map-reading, and I begin to wonder if we'll ever get home.

As a result of our little day of action, two sabs were arrested (not from our group, though that doesn't matter) - one for "aggravated trespass", the other on some bizarre, jumped up assault charge. Apparently he sprayed antimate at the teenage son of the hunt master - like a school boy squirting a water pistol at a teacher. Some assault. It was a complete waste of antimate, if you ask me: no one's going to shag the git anyway.

Despite the plod, and the arrests (I doubt there'll be any charges), it was a pretty successful day in the end: the hunt suffered continual disruption, and there were no kills at all. That's about as successful as you can get, under the circumstances. I wonder just how long we can keep it up, though: things are just so much more difficult now, and they can only get worse. But then, as John and Teresa reassure me, the only way we're going to defeat this thing is to keep piling on the pressure: keep on and on chipping away, getting arrested and clogging up the legal system, tying up police resources that cost a great deal of money, showing that we absolutely refuse to be beaten by this unjust piece of legislation - no matter what they throw at us.

That's the only way we'll bring it down.

Stay defiant.

Badger

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### THE BIG BOXING DAY ANTI HUNT DEMO -

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Boxing Day is a busy event in the anti-hunting calendar with demonstrations being held all over the country at Boxing Day Hunt meets. Policing is usually heavy at these demos but this year, with the CJA if force we're expecting unprecedented numbers of plod.

If you hate hunting, or the CJA, or both or you just want to have a bloody good breath of fresh air after all the Yuletide over-indulgence

PLEASE come to the LOCAL demo

The Place: ELHAM VILLAGE SQUARE

The Time: 10.00AM onwards MONDAY 26TH DEC

ENDS: 12ish

HOW TO GET THERE FROM CANTERBURY

FOLKSTONE / DOVER - Take the A2 to the BARHAM exit. After Barham just follow the road. Elham is about another 5 miles.

FROM ASHFORD - M29 to B2068. Follow signs to LYMINGE. Elham is next village along.

SEE YOU THERE!



# Diary

**THURSDAY 22ND DECEMBER - 7TH HEAVEN** at the Works, Canterbury (opposite British Rail Canterbury East Station) 9pm - 2am Admission £3.

7th Heaven's Solstice/Christmas Party. Also celebrating the 21st issue of tVC's free newsletter Tangentopoli

The full crew will be in attendance tonight each playing their "Ten for 94" as will all the Tangentopoli contributors including CJ Stone, Zombie Face, Badger and Eldad.

Surprises after Info (0227) 773194

**SATURDAY 24TH DECEMBER 1994 - SOUTHERN EXPOSURE** at Atomics, Unit A, Hart Street, Maidstone, Kent 9pm - 2am Admission £6.

A "Just Can't Get Enough" Special with JUDGE JULES and GRAHAM GOLD in room 1 and SHERLOCK guesting in room 2.

**SATURDAY 31ST DECEMBER 1994 - SOUTHERN EXPOSURE** at Atomics, Unit A, Hart Street, Maidstone, Kent. 9pm - 2am Admission £6

tVC DJ's OZ and TEJEN join PAUL KELLY, CHRIS DAVIES, RAD RICE, DANNY HOWELS and ANDY MORRIS for this new clubs New Year Bash.

**SATURDAY 31ST DECEMBER 1994 - JUMP** at the 414 Club, Cold Harbour Lane, Brixton, SW2. 10pm - 6am. Admission £7.

OZ and TIMO join the rest of the medieval brigands that constitute the Jump hedonists to groove the night away with the usual upfront blend of chunky, funky house on two floors. LUKE, SONAR, MELOMANIAC, MARK MURAZ, NATHEN and GLEN join in the fun. Finishing very, very late. Info (071) 9782325 or (071) 924 9322

**SATURDAY 31ST DECEMBER 1994 - NUNCA NUNCA** at a "most spectacular London film studio". 10pm - 10am.

As well as MARK SHIMMON and MARK L'HAT from Kudos there's also tVC's ROB PHELPS "in the soul room". For membership and invite information ring 081 674 4375.

**MONDAY 2ND JANUARY 1995 - AT A LUXURIOSUS COUNTRY HOTEL NEAR CANTERBURY.**

Been going three years now the annual chill down has become a bit of a tradition with the fluffcore. Expect the usual antics but this time taking over the ample restaurant with a Martyn sound rig of the usual exceptional quality, and a magnificent beery bar. 20 hotel rooms, each with their own separate party. Strictly invite only (0227) 773194 is the number to ring to try.

**THURSDAY 5TH JANUARY 1995 - 7TH HEAVEN** at the Works, Canterbury opposite B.R. Canterbury East Station 9pm - 2am Admission £3

Time to take it easy after that hectic New Year schedule. ED headlines with ROB PHELPS in able support. MATT WALLS guests for the filling of a pumpicious grinathon. Info (0227) 773194

**THURSDAY 19TH JANUARY 1995 - 7TH HEAVEN** at the Works, Canterbury, opposite B.R. Canterbury East Station. 9pm - 2am. Admission £3.

Underground London house crew JUMP take over tVC's 7th Heaven for the night as LUKE, DIZI B, MARC and BEN spin the pumped up tunes this hedonistic excess of a Thursday crowd demand. Info (0227) 773194

**FRIDAY 20TH JANUARY 1995 - SOUTHERN EXPOSURE** at Atomics, Unit A, Hart Street, Maidstone, Kent. 9pm - 2am. Admission £6.

OZ and ROB PHELPS guest from tVC along with some of the biggest names and legends in clubland at this weekly house extravaganza. On two floors, one hard, one happy. 1000 capacity

**THURSDAY 2ND FEBRUARY 1995 - 7TH HEAVEN** at the Works, Canterbury, opposite B.R. Canterbury East Station. 9pm - 2am. Admission £3.

JASPER guests along with tVC DJ's OZ and JOSIE playing this rammed up for it crowd of immaculately dressed clubbers, immaculately undressed travellers, the more, er, experienced party person and a smattering of local studentdom the very best of soulful, uplifting house music. Info (0227) 773194

**FRIDAY FEBRUARY 3RD 1995 - SOUTHERN EXPOSURE** at Atomics, Unit A, Hart Street, Maidstone, Kent. 9pm - 2am. Admission £6.

Club UK and Leisure Lounge started this Friday night affair late last year. With a downstairs capacity of 700 and an upstairs of 300 this is fast becoming *the* Friday night out in Kent. Tonight Canterbury's very own fluff merchants take over room two for the night. Expect the usual errant nonsense from the bouncing, groovetastic tVC crew and their many zany followers. ROB PHELPS, OZ, ED, TOM & KIER DJ.

**In Girum Imus Nocte Et Consumimur Igni**  
"We wander in the night and are consumed by fire".

**"Quotations are useful in periods of ignorance or obscurantist beliefs".**  
Guy Debour, Situationist. Born Dec. 1931 - took his life Nov. 30th 1994.

**"If you do not make any concession for the media you condemn yourself to disappear".**  
- Regis Debray.

**"And what would be wrong with that"**  
- Debour.

## BING BANG BONG

To all and sundry (especially at my local I mentioned last month).

Thank you for the interest that "IT" aroused. I'm glad that people take my opinions seriously (sic).

If anyone cannot understand the original intention, (dole-cheque or degree), then they do not understand the full implications that the criminal justice bill has upon everyone (not just so called ravers).

It's a shame that more pub regulars (of any musical inclination), missed the opportunity to join millions of people across the country enjoying the ever increasing spectrum of music, not just dance music.

Unfortunately, technically it is now illegal to invite people around to your own house after the pub to listen to records (especially those with a repetitive beat) over a certain sound level, which is infact quieter than the sound a diesel engine of a black cab makes.

It is also now illegal under the C.J.A to have live music over a slightly higher sound level than amplified recorded music, this means BANDS.

Under the C.J.A it is also illegal (unless the venue has a music licence) to have more than two people performing (think mass karaoke) in said venue. £20,000 fine makes you wonder doesn't it.

You know and I know pubs need people, parties need people and bands need people

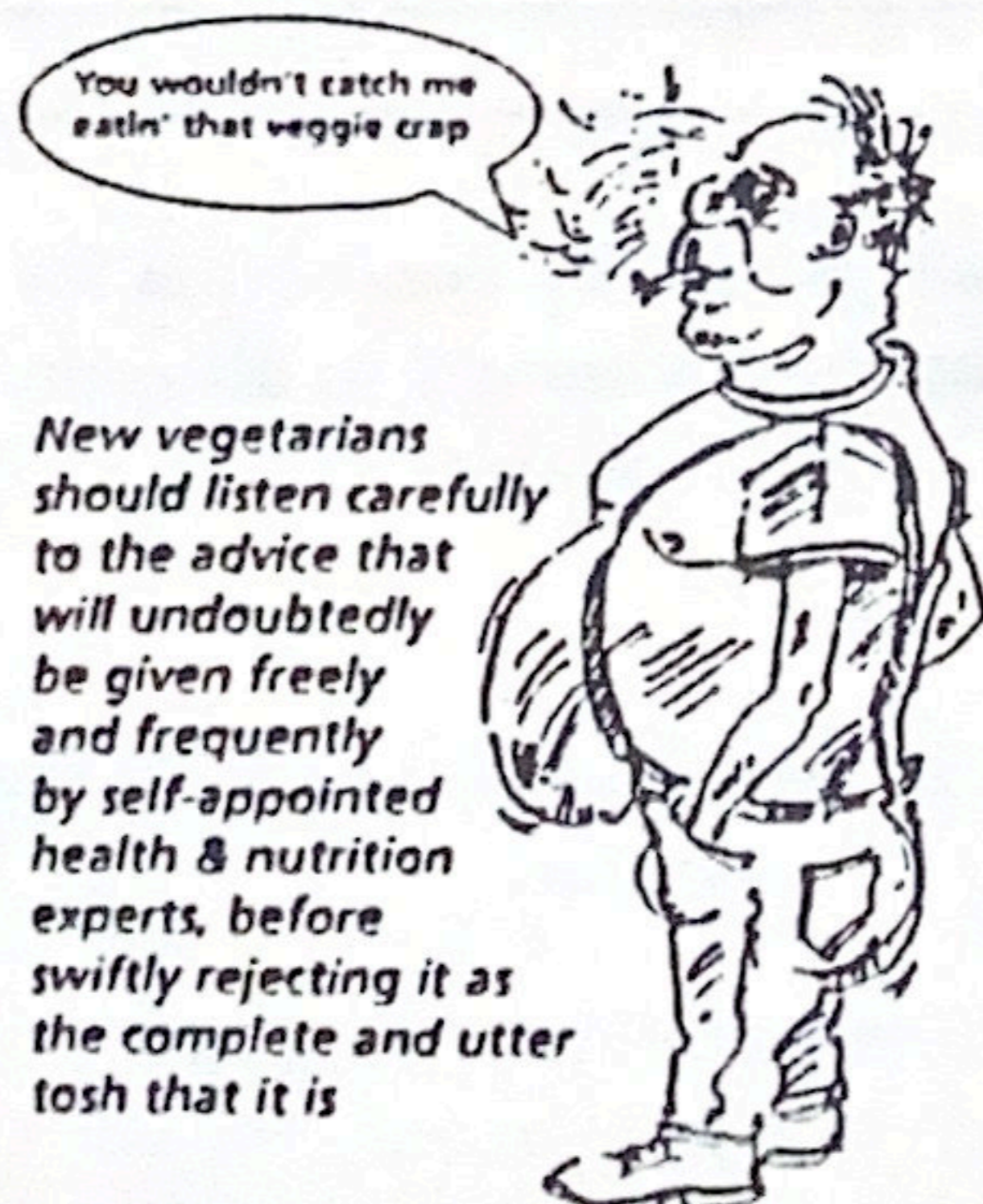
If EVERYONE was small minded as some, there would be no pubs, no bands, no parties and no enjoyment. If you really want a life that's more boring than an empty cardboard box, then move to outer Mongolia

Lets not discriminate between groups and factions, since we all love a good time. Whether in a pub, club, field, house or beach. Whether you like R+B, Rocky horror, house or even jungle or hip hop, start giving a fucking toss about civil rights. This new bill makes you the most oppressed people in western Europe. Sounds a bit far fetched I know, but it's true. Five years from now it'll be £5 a pint and the police will salute and say "siege hiel"

You is what you is, you are what you are, never let anyone one oppress you into being any thing else but YOU.

**FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT TO ENJOY LIFE**

Alex "chicken and chips"



# charts

## LIAMS TOPP 10 for '94

- 1. TEACH ME - EP -(Chez Damier)**  
'Do you want to be my friend?'. Interesting intro, breaks into a steady groove, Damier percussion.
- 2. BRIGHTER DAYS - (Cajmere remix)**  
This EP includes mixes by MAW, Todd Terry and Daryl James. All are good, but possibly pick TT Dope Mix.
- 3. ROGER S (Double Pack) - What's it Called Now?**  
Solid double pack with 2 or 3 choice trax
- 4. ALL I CAN GIVE - Stickmen feat. P.J)**  
Ignore all mixes, except Mad Saxy Mix. Fluffy. Check bass sounds... nice.
- 5. BASS TONE - Sole Fusion/K. Gonzales**  
About time I turn up a Strictly. nuff said.
- 6. MARTHA WASH - Carry On**  
A couple of years old, but I've only had it a month. MAW clubs classic.
- 7. INCOGNITO - Pieces of a Dream (Talkin Loud)**  
See Roger S' dubs on this groovy toon.
- 8. LOVE IS WHAT WE NEED**  
It most certainly is, and the Dream Team put the message across with 3 of 4 excellent mixes.
- 9. DJ DUKE - Hanging**  
The conventional Duke sound. Elevating drive, solid tune.
- 10. GET YOUR HANDS OFF MY MAN (remix)**  
The original tune proved classic. Here Fire Island encourage J Vasquez into taking their perspectives on board. Excellent.



## DEEP UNITY

### WAX FACTOR - Give Me Some Of Your Spirit (Good Boy)

The Prophet Speaks Mix is hard and groovy. Segs and Ruffy are the rascallions responsible for making me play harder music. Stop it. Now. Only joshing. Best Good Boy for a while.

### DEUCE - Call It Love (POP001)

First Movin' Melodies tune I've really liked. Patrick Prins is a genius. I know that now.

### D'ENRICO - It Was Meant To Be (Remix) (Ouch!)

More of the same. But a great excuse to play this tune again.

### RACCOON - Theme From Musical / We Rock The House (Racoon)

Theme... is blissful house at its best while We Rock... is tougher, more experimental and wouldn't be out of place on Mousetrap Records.

### THE ROCKFORD FILES - You Gotta Know (Blackburn)

Top DJ Tony Blackburn with a hole right through his face is strangely satisfying as this epic, pumping builder goes about its business of devastating the early morning dancefloor.

### RM PROJECT - Rock to the Beat (Red Cat)

Solid first release for this new label.

### PHIL JUBB - Remember Me (Urban Collective)

South West DJ Jubb comes up with the bouncy goods. Rather excellent and rather thorough.

### BOUNCY HOUSE VOLUME 1 - Togetherness (Deco)

Clubland Refugee Mark Dettmar changes tack and brings us a rather splendid, bongo laden top of the night hands in the airothon. For a copy of this hard to get hold of white label try (0227) 785930.

### RAW TUNES 4 - DJ's Only (Yum Yum)

In a Daze is fucking superb with an original use of a very familiar Brighter Days sample.

### THE HEAD NODDING SOCIETY - Hot One (Tumblin')

Latest in a string of fine releases from Tumblin' and what a hot one it is too. Deep, groovy and rather excellent.

### DIVERSIONS EP - Principle Skinner (Slapback)

Slapback No. 4 and the latest in a damn fine batch of scrummy, nice tunes-sa! 'Funky Ass Beat' deep and excellent, but it's 'Right On', pumping high, with a trip hop interlude that wins the day.

### PAUL AND JESS - Glockenspeil (Out Of Romford)

Space warp drive breakdowns, a driving bass that 'Don't Wanna Hurt You' but does. Right loping ol' cereal killer.

### G.O.D. - Limited (Chilly Ol)

Extended intro gives no sign of awesome bass lick on this ethereal, high string tinged, pumping dreamscape that stamps on your feet and says 'groove you bastards'.

### THE SHAKER - Mooncat (Ugly Bug)

Praise the Lord of Misrule. It's been a long time coming UB2 has. And just in time to cheer the Yule season.

A no nonsense anthem for Dec '94 (ruled, of course, by entertainment and chaos).

### MR ROY - Saved (White)

Mummford, Mummford and Simmons with their tongue firmly placed somewhere hilarious. Does not, by any chalk, achieve the Fluffgod status afforded to the now classic Something About You (released Jan '94). Wasn't that expensive pink bootleg with Short Dick Man over the Something About You rhythm fucking crap? 'Saved' itself is much more like it. Pumping piano and cheeky techno flourishes.

### MARV'S AND SPENCER - Ladies And

Gentlemen/Everybody (Clap Your Hands) (Crazy Feet) Everybody is pretty reasonable extended workout. Ladies and Gentlemen is more sensual.

### ITCHY AND SCRATCHY - The Bitchin' Continues #3 (Spot On)

Seb Fontaine and Jules 'Vern' Peoke, both recent visitors to Loaded in Canterbury, continue to build their growing reputation for the smile induced party vibe with another strong 4 tracker.

### TALL AND SMALL - Disko Bus (d Disc)

Good to see d Disc back, this time with their 3rd release. Them Audio Lemons Patterson and Price give us their best release to date. A funky, jumpy, groovy meisterwerk no less.

### O.T. TIMES - High (rdr)

Just the sort of snorter you'd expect from Rollo and Rob D. An epic, OTT, cheeky as fuck, smile inducing factor 10 grinathon. Vocal remixes (on a separate 12") only add to its legendary status (in my box anyway).

### THERMOSTATIC - Women Beat Their Men (Zest 4 Life)

Women might beat their men, as Thermostatic profess, but we know the men beat their drums. Tricky, unusual toytown romp, with, sadly, 'work that body' vocal sample. Still, bring that trip hop (break)down. Clear vinyl.

### TOTAL CONTROL - You Took My Lovin' (Nice n' Ripe)

4 remixes courtesy of N'n'R maestro Grant Nelson. Alien Dub shines pipily through a tuff, but invigorating Brit garage skip.

### COD AND CHIPS - Bass Generation (The Sound Of GB)

Invigorating US slanted rhythms to chug along to.

### CHUNKY CHEESE VOL. 4 - (100% Cheese)

4 more disco tinged sample and smile laden slices of pizza. All tracks quite useful, in a funky, pianoey, mid evening kinda way.

### DJ EMMA - "Based" (Back to Basics)

Emma and Damian Stanley surprise everyone with this weird, left field trancer. Ahead of the field.

## 10 DEEP UNITY CLASSICS FOR THE '94 SUNRISE SET

### 1. 4TH MEASURE MEN - Given (Area 10, U.S.)

The house track perfectly illustrating that simplicity often has the most devastating effect.

### 2. ESSA - You Left Me Standing (Strictly for Groovers)

One of the best things to come out of S4G. The Ged Damian Stanley and Simon DK Mysterious Mix is awesome. DiY and A Man Called Adam's Submariner Mix has got to be the most beautiful track of the year.

### 3. GYPSY - Funk De Fino (Limbo)

Classic, awesome, melancholic afterglow music for a sunny Sunday morning skip in lushlands meadow.

### 4. BRILLIANT - The Music EP (Graduate Music)

Grant Plant produces a strong four tracker of undoubted, understated maturity. Play when the hats come off and the sunglasses go on.

### 5. WAY OUT WEST - Montana (Terra Firma)

Nick Warren and Jody's understated classic is of immense, unnerving, shivery bodyshaking potential.

### 6. FUNKY DORY - Free Your Mind (De Vinyl)

Ever so gentle acid, serotonin soaked washes, bouncy bass all compliment the simple life affirming vocal. Gorgeous.

### 7. UNDERGROUND DANCE MASSIVE - Good Times (Labello Blanco)

Pumping mellow house provokes deep grins and flapping arms.

**8. P.I.A.N.O. - Bootleg (white)**

Repress of classic bootleg.

**9. VARIOUS - The Nice 'n' Ripe Dubble Decker (Nice 'n' Ripe)**

N 'n' R's best release of the year. Eight tracks, all good. But together? Great.

**10. KENFLOW - Dance to Dawn (4U)**

Deep Unity's "find and love" record of the year.

**DEEP UNITY'S 10 MONSTERS OF '94**

**1. ELATE - Somebody Like You (E-Lustrious Remix) (u.f.g.)**

The only record released all year that you can groove to, cry to, chill to and put your hands in the air to. Lush music of the highest magnitude.

**2. CHAPTER 9 - Rollercoaster (Ouch!)**

**3. DONNA GILES - And I'm Telling You I'm Not Going (Ore)**

**4. LOVELAND - Let The Music Lift You Up (KMS)**

**5. THE SHAKER - Just Lick It (Ugly Bug)**

**6. DJ ROB VANDEN - Pumpin' Love (No Easy Loving)**

**7. THE PIRATE - Better Daze (Ugly Bug)**

**8. BRUCE WAYNE NATIVE SONS - Deep Sleep (Headline Effect, Holland)**

**9. THE O.T. QUARTET - Hold That Sucker Down (Cheeky)**

**10. ROLLO GOES CAMPING - Get Off Your High Horse (Cheeky)**

**TANGENTOPOLI'S FIRST EVER ISSUE**

July 1993. tVC were resident at The Penny Theatre in Canterbury and with 10 months of solid free party promoting behind us we decided to publish a brief report on our previous weeks shenanigans.

Our drapes had got us into trouble again. Jon of the Pleased Wimmin had guested. Another guest, Charlie Hall, never showed but did a few weeks later. For a reduced fee. Nice one. Ed managed to blag a spot at the Hayden Woods free party but had to wait all night for it. And, finally Sharon and Chris (now married with a baby) had a big free party where DiY played the marquee (after arriving at 2am) and tVC played in a gerry built canopy fashioned for us by Marcus.

Halcyon days.

Anyway the whole issue is reprinted below.

-Pissed up firemen warn us about plastic around lights etc then grass us up for not having fireproof hangings. Very poor.- Jon's fave chees is Brie and he's been a vegetarian for 12 years-"You said I could come in free because that Chalkie White didn't turn up last time" blag of the night award-Didn't he mean Jimmy White.- Charlie Hall has rescheduled for 1 3th August-Bunkum NOT on poppies?- Aren't their drapes well shot?-Complaint of the

week--TOO HOT-Lets get a petition up for some air conditioning?-Jon ruining his records by using them as a fan-Thanx very much to the saddo who nicked the sun and fist backdrops from the Art College on 3rd July.We Know who you are.-Thanx also to another couple of saddos who whipped the Terance Mckenna inspired DEEP backdrop and then a week later parked in front of tVC HQ with it in the back of their car! Nice one. Now back in its rightful place.-Thanx to the Faversham "twins" Natalie and Leanne for stoking up the temp at Jon from on stage all night. And those lovely bra's.-Only 70 people this week trying to blag in free on Tejen's name. Must be a new record.-Jaunt of the week--Daisy for

"I'm going to save them for the weekend.....honest"-Barbershop comment of the week---Daisy again for "A little something for the weekend sir.."- Thanx to "HC" (you know the Bobby Moore) for spinning a Garage choon at the extremely difficult to find Hayden Wood's party. Turn it up.-To the 30 Pissheads who steamed the door last DEEP....Piss Off..we know who you are.- Oh yeah..Too Hot Andy.-Mark S? Robin's bro?-

**Wadhurst/tVC/diY**

-1000 people had a really fucking good time-Murder setting up the PA in the dark though-That piano song that Tejen plays going off when the genny went down. Karma.-The sunrise was beautiful.-Grub playing with diY for 2 hours.-Edspin on lush factor 10.-Nils scored.-Zion Train dubbing everyone out at 6am-Sharon goofing out and nearly burning her trailer down.Luckily saved by the hosepipe nearby.-Hope everythings OK.-Excellent site.-Chummy factor 10.-Lots of new freinds made by one and all.-600 people rammed into diY's marquee meant for half that amount.-Hot and sweaty.-Thee only thing illegal was the farmer selling his Foster's lager.-"All I wanted was a Birthday Party".-Well he got one.-

See ya all on 21st Aug. You know where.

.NC