

# Tangentopoli

Issue 22-Jan 95-Free to Party people

## Inside this Newsletter

**PARTIES** - Fun, fun, fun all the way, all night and all day. Way hay.

**DEEP UNITY** - Talks about everything but music in this regular, er, record review column.

**THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF THE PARTY POSSE** - We print the winning entry in full.

**DIARY** - of things to come that'll wet your juices and get you pumping (ahem).

## AAH...NO NAMES EH?

THURSDAY 22ND DECEMBER

tVC's solstice caper was a guaranteed heave-ho-ho-'kin-ho 100% grin-a-thon. The over the top antics of previous 7th's was wuss fodder for sock knitters. Overkill central was the foot on the floor destination as the hedos' OTTed consumptive consumerables in an heroic attempt to neck a near fatal cocktail of mind bending things and alcohol as one notch above unconsciousness was achieved as quickly as possible. And that's PDQ. Well Austin was. And he wasn't there.

Forget stumbling eye rolling antics and think purple bloated tongues and lax sexual morals. Fly's and legs flung open in a crumpled post-Borgia decadence Bosch would blush at. And that was just us at HQ before we went out. Arf.

Tangentopoli's "coming of age" (missus) was forgotten (have you tried reading small smeared print with double vision in a chuffing club?) as some serious gobbling took place. And that was just ...aah...no names eh?



The DJ's mee-owed and spat like half a dozen cats in a sack; so no change there. But spots were worked out with Tejen manfully submitting to the first spot post clarty at HQ on condition "no play" at 7th. Why, we asked? We were to find out much later.

Now! This music; this event; these people; cement. It's so damn powerful it's overwhelming in its intensity. Stimulated synapses? Serotonin surges? Biology alone cannot explain the high level of sub and unconscious primeval and intellectual connection.

These times. Swirling through my mind. Not always immediately assimilated. A retrospective, layered emotion, driven forward never to step back. Reinforced with each successive gathering. A drive. The pleasure principle. He-do-nism. Say it again. Speak it loud. Shout it out. Savour the exquisite syllables floating on the air as the tongue gently brushes the palette. He-do-nism. It's a verb.

Well, all the rumours predicted it was gonna be a stonka of a night, with a full on Whitstable posse in the area, and it lived up to all expectations, with the club full to bursting with mad, up for it, genial, smiley faced clubbers, chums and general mad bastards, racing to start the New Years festivities as soon as possible.

Deck wizards were the full tVC crew, keeping it deep and laid back (even Keef was spotted dancing to it!). The floor was a heaving, throbbing mess from 10 till 2, with everyone exhibiting their most revolting habits and body parts (so no change there then). The sound was what could be called a mite louder, with a couple of tiny speakers added for good measure by Lumpy, and was enjoyed by the jumble of flailing limbed, starey oot eyes, stumbling, eye-rolling, snogging, gurning, seating, teeth grinding, gusset wetting hordes. Lots of new faces and lots of old (no, not Martyn and Maurice, or Walt). The Whitstable crew were out in hedonistic excess; Mr and Mrs back in their rightful role as prince and princess of the floor; Dawn as queen of the speakers, and her apprentice Anna; Sarah, Polly and Cathy

(Walt's new fashion consultants); Watson seen shaking a leg (or was that just shaking?) whilst grinning uncontrollably; Now Ey not diddlin away as he had work the next day (I kid ye not!!) and was knackered, so by the time he woke up to the idea that as he was at a party he'd better start partying, the party had ended; Jodie actually awake and not lying down unconscious somewhere; Torchy and Swishy (yes!) ex VJ's extraordinaire coming out of their early semi-retirement and S getting his bell out at the end for old times sakes.

After of course it was back to that certain abode situated in a sleepy seaside town where nothing ever happens apart from episodes of extreme debauchery and totally out of order behaviour, and where everyone is a complete and utter, total nutter. And the night moved up a notch, swiftly carrying on from where it had left off, with banana central swiftly being reached etc., etc., etc., ad nauseam. Nunc est bibendum.



P. Bille.



# untrammelled energy

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE/JUMP - 31st  
DECEMBER 94 - NEW YEARS EVE

Off to sunny Maidstone with a full car and keen anticipation of the nights festivities. I'm the driver tonight so a sober New Year for me. The car's intent on falling apart around our ears, as usual. The boot and drivers door remain locked. Managing to avoid too many arguments we arrive at the club, after having driven round the one way system only 5 times instead of the usual 10, and enter before the club's actually open. Inside with no-one in, it looks even larger than ever, so we sit down and start drinking. (Well I don't of course). We're soon joined by Tejen, Laura, Now Ey, Jodie and Jon, and the 4 of us already there start to feel much better now we have some chums to take the piss out of. Everyone proceeds to get shit-faced in that time honoured fashion. I don't of course. Well I don't drink. As it starts to fill up, everyone relaxes. Paul's and Tejen's sets are beset with technical problems as they don't have a monitor, and there's no-one really to hear them so early. But they manfully play on. I sit there being a miserable bastard, but everyone seems to be having much fun, as the festivities warm up.

Come 12 the place is full of kissing, smiling peeps. There are a lot of people we know here. Plus a lot of new people we meet who are all very chummy. I start to relax after the drive then before I know it, it's time to go. Hand out flyers. Climb shivering in the car (it really was bastard freezing that night) and off to London.

A very interesting drive follows. London is reached very quickly. And there are shitloads of cars on the road. All probably doing the same thing. Brixton has never looked so welcoming as now I know I can relax and get loaded as I will no longer be driving. Excellent. My spirits lift amazingly, and as we walk into the club we are hit with such a powerful combination of heat and full on, off yer face hedonism it can't but help to make you smile and want

to hurl yourself through the door in a cartwheel of appreciation. Unfortunately only old age, extreme lack of physical fitness and sheer numbers of people stop me from doing it, so I stumble self-consciously in, instead. I don't know who the DJ was, but he truly was fucking excellent. (Later found out to be Jes a.k.a. Sonar). And all of us start throbbing straight away in appreciation. The crowd are going ape-shit, and the club looks and sounds spectacular. It's good to see, and feels so intimate after the sheer size of the previous club. I find a cool wall to half slump and dance against. It feels weird spending New Year with hardly any of your chums around you to help you celebrate but it's still fun. By 4 I've made it upstairs to listen to Oz's set, but I'm afraid the heat totally gets the better of me and I find myself lightweighting out and falling in a stupor before the speakers, in a half sitting, half lying position for the next few hours. It was like being in a bread oven. But it was still fun. Spotted - Timo waving his arms about wildly, and waggling his fingers at head height in perfect time to the music; the other Tim (promoter Tim) looking only slightly more moist and off it than he normally does, also propping the floor up but much more stylishly than I was managing. Tracy back from her travels to New Zealand, back that very night and shaming everyone in the room with her untrammelled energy and love of partying; Mariane wilting slightly in the heat, but still going for it non the less; Anna and Simon, our lift sharers, still stumbling around in that way one does when you're in that certain frame of mind, Pat the barsteward cum door person clearing up whilst dancing in a very professional manner; Tony the owner cranking up the volume (he'd given up his flat for the night and it was now populated by hordes of sweaty party peeps); Louise for giving me a free beer, even though I wasn't drinking, oh no, I can now, too late there's hardly any beer left anyway. Oh well.

Cheers for a truly excellent night to the Jump team. The mood, atmos and music was spot on, and Oz played one of his best sets ever.



Swift drive back to Kent. Swift shimmy to Chavland to wait the arrival of our other chums who'd gone to other parties. But I'm afraid, half an hour of waiting in Walt's lair with only his strange adult entertainment films for company, and an accapella tape that does everyone's head in, our heads were severely done in and we slunk off about 10 mins before everyone else turned up. Oh well, here's to the 2nd space mates.

## HERE IN THE CAULDRON a jockey slut lisps.....

(Loud voice with wide open mouth)  
Aart ann abaart on the last night of the year was a bit of a larf.

"Earning" on the DJ circuit, whilst getting into overpriced, overpacked, over the top, overhot clubs for naada is not the joyous celebration of guilt free liggig it appears. Walking past crowds of shivery, laughing clubbers as they queue patiently in the crispy air and swanning straight in the door requires a certain arrogant je ne sais quois, distant air to ignore the 'oi's hurled like snowballs through the strata (eh?).

Getting paid for something you fucking love doing always provokes feelings of guilt. It just doesn't seem right does it? Getting paid to rent fast cars? (Which break down and leave you stranded, shivering by the side of the road). Getting paid to take shit loads of expensive accoutrements (you wish!!). Getting paid to play your favourite tunes to a captive, eager, appreciative, fun crowd of people, all dying for a piece of you (well, your music anyway). How many jobs do you know where a state of mind boarding on the frazzled junkie overkill levels Burroughs would be proud of is a pre-requisite for membership of this particular wax laden elite. We're not talking professional here, we're talking underground DJ-land (underground in that no-one knows who the fuck you are?). A land as transient and as fantasy ridden.....as.....the male psyche. Kool quotients approaching obscene levels. The

only job where trainspotters are tolerated. Drunkenness tolerated. Sleeplessness and the state of mind it induces, worshipped. A land of shorn hair cuts, staring eyes, big boots, records, tunes, 12", vinyl, wax, house, more and more house. And more records. It's loud, hot, sweaty overkill so shout, please shout. Deafness for DJ's, a must. Plus paper, lots of pieces of paper. Lots of contacts. No contacts. Now what the fuck was that tune called? Oi. Mate. Giz a look at that! Fuckin' blindin'. What? It's on what? It's a promo? Who is it? Why won't you tell me? Won't tell because you want to know. (What a twat). DJ on a power trip? Naw! It's all part of the FUN, maan. Why? Why do you want to know what the tune is? Who gives a fuck? Now where was I supposed to be playing next month? Shit, lost the bit of paper. High vitriol. Off yer heed. Sharp as a fuckin' brick. It's all fast blur. Literally hundreds of half caught conversations and statements. A month of experience compressed into a few hours. Here in the cauldron. Fuck it. Agree with everyone. Everyone's right anyway. It's all POV aint it? Blur. Zoom in. Fade to black. But not before picking up the f(r)ee money from the promoter. What a blinding night! And it's only 2am.

Jump in the car. Arf. Am I driving? I can't. OK you then. But I drive home. Stereo on. Louder. Louder. Louder. Skin up. Drive fast. Faster. Faster. Don't drive so fast. Slow down. Nearly there. Where's a fucking parking place? There. There. There!! You passed it. Reverse. Can't there's a car behind. Oh dear. Park up anyway. Out now on the street. Where's the club? Carry my records. Carry them yourself you lazy twat! God I hate carrying records. They're sooo heavy. On the door our people, in turn, do a thumb over the shoulder, as they file in, indicating to the bouncer that they are with the person behind. We're with him they say and they're in. Into the dark. Into the depths. Into the heat. The music. Sweet music. Our life. the rush. The heat. The club. We're in. Dump the fuckin' record box. Get a drink. Have a smoke. Find the promoter. He's shit-faced and splattered



on a chair. Where and when? Upstairs at 4. One hour to chill. Stop my heart beating soo fast. Have another smoke. God it's hot. Suddenly, behind the decks. Sweat dripping onto records, into my eyes. Blinding, literally. I can't see at all. It's so fucking hot!

The place is packed. Everyone is seriously mentally going for it. It's 1995. See what you think of this, wham, they love it. I love it. The intense, joyous urgency. We dance and groove frantically together. Now this is fun, is it not? Concentrate you bastard. Get the next one lined up, and then you can talk and skin up or whatever. People talk, I don't hear. Sweaty. Sorted. It's set. Ready to go. Where's my skins? I need some water! 16 bars to end. Only ever get one chance to drop it in spot on. It goes in. Crowd whoop. I hear a clap in the dark. It's fucking in. Joy. God I'm hot. Blink. Blink again. Wipe eyes with shirt but it's soaking wet. I hear my name being shouted. I look up. It's Timo, who throws a bar towel and smiles. It's soaking but I use it anyway. Two and a half hours later I'm finished. Literally. It lasted 10 seconds DJ brain time.

The next DJ, fresh, eager, edging into the cramped space behind the decks, hands me a smoke. I know he's there but don't want to acknowledge his presence but have to if I want toke. Not yet. One or two more. Then it's "Thanks". All yours mate. Handshakes. He's off. And he's fucking good. The crowd carry on dancing with a new urgency in that pumping, seamless, shit-faced way. The buzz of a new DJ. I'm out from behind the decks. A few handshakes. A few 'cheers mate'. Another smoke. Some more water. I'm as high as I'll ever be. Elation. A kiss. The peak. The feeling is perfect. The best. It's the place I always long to be. It is pure. It is selfish. It is pleasure. It is what it is to be a player of 12"s. It's a DJ thang. It lasts 2 minutes max. Then I'm down. Fast. Like a sack of shite. I'm shaky and tired. I need to sit down. Smoke. Drink. Deep breathing. Dazed almost, I can talk a little more now, out in the cool passage. The feeling wears off fast, but I want it

again. I want it bad. I want it big. And I want it better than I've just experienced. It is all I'll live for and look forward to. I'm a sad vinyl junkie bastard, and my next fix can't come soon enough.

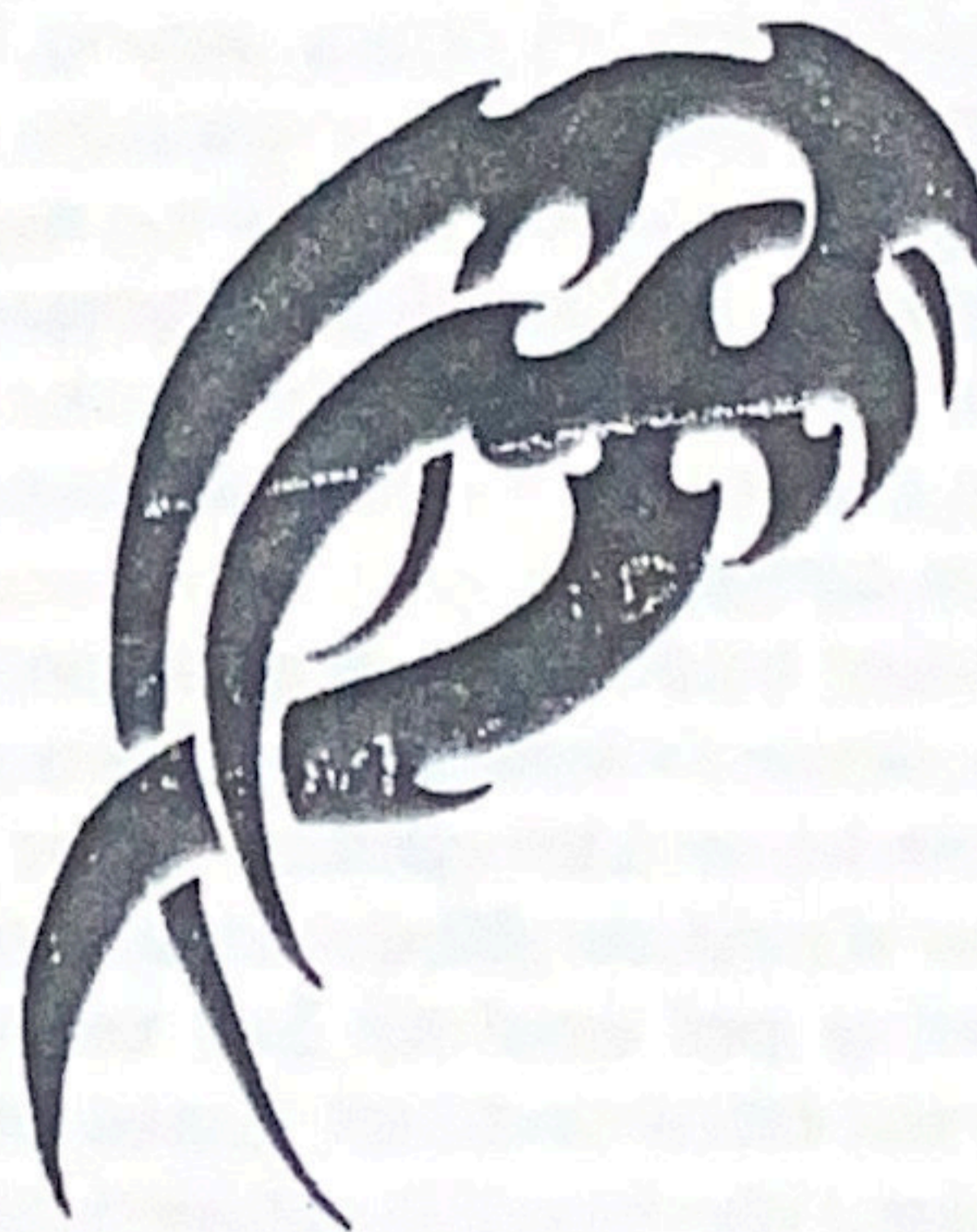
Still, I do the next best thing. Talk to my old and new chums. Have a smoke, another drink. And dance. At the end of the night (morning) £60 is shoved in my hand. You're paying me? I should pay you! But listen DJ's, never, never, never tell a promoter that. It's our secret. The DJ vinyl junkie bastard fix. OK?



## AUSTIN IN THE DAM

New Years Eve 1994

A complete blank. All a bit of a blur. The Fun Factory - nightmare rave of the century. Imagine all your worse parties, ever, multiplied by a 100. Bald dutch gangsters - cloggies - on drugs. I fucked off back to site. And couldn't get off for three weeks.





# SOME NEW YEAR SURREALISM

New Years Eve 1994

We rendezvous at the Ship at 11.30pm to find the party in full swing. After knocking at the door we were admitted by Walter himself, head man of the establishment who had surrounded himself with a tribe of drunken revellers.

Everywhere the youth and some not so youthful danced to the strains of a 70's disco complete with Barry White and Abba. All ably played by a real life 70's DJ (he didn't look old enough) on a pair of Technics decks. I waited in vain for a deep mix of the Stylistics or even the Jackson 5.

Well, I don't really want to go on about Dance Music's "Dark Ages", suffice to say that brief return to those heady days was fairly painful to us House Fanatics, one of whom suggested "this could cause some nasty nausea and vomiting and lead to awful hangovers".

We saw the New Year in with raised glass and a cheer (the music had stopped for Big Ben). Back came the disco, everybody became very kissy, throwing their arms around complete strangers and snogging them. Well at least I did. By 12.30 we were off for further adventures in the night.

We followed a convoy of cars off to "Nunca Nunca". Into London we drove, around London we drove, around London we drove some more, eventually arriving outside the venue, a film studio in Cricklewood at 3am after circumnavigating North London by all the back streets. Thank goodness we were following an ex-London cabby.

Walter hassled and a doorman looked hastily down an immense guest list and by the time he ascertained that Walter wasn't on it we'd paid our 20 quids and were in.

Well as per usual by 3am we were all pretty shit-faced so things started off fairly confusing. We found ourselves in a short corridor with a huge Christmas tree at one end and a curtained entrance on each side

to the two rooms; one hard the other not so hard, OK. As there seemed to be curtains along at least three of the walls in at least one of the rooms, some confusion in finding the way out was caused to those of us who had scrambled their brains that night. Both rooms pumped out the most beautiful, rhythmic house; at various times lasers played over our heads, lights strobed, went out, were rekindled and we'd find ourselves in an impenetrable strawberry fog. Hard on the asthmatics, but orgasmic for everyone else.

The music slightly faster in one room, slightly slower in the other, but excellent in both. I can't tell you who played (I couldn't read the flyer or it didn't say) excepting that the night was topped off by the inevitable Mark Shimmon. So what with a plenitude of lights, smoke, lasers, expertly manned (and womanned) decks, the excellent sounding rigs (thanks to our favourite sound men) and about 800 happy, beautiful, dancing, party people stomping the night away in absolute bliss and harmony, the New Year was finally seen in, with the style and grace we all deserved.





# PARTIES WITHIN PARTIES WITHIN PARTIES...

MONDAY 2nd JANUARY 1995 -  
WOODPECKERS

At last, after a year of waiting, the annual 'let's scramble anything there is left to scramble' sesh had arrived, in the opulent confines of a very comfy, country hotel. Filled with various leftovers and wrecks from the previous week, nay years partying, all who managed to get there proceeded to get disgustingly drunk, loved up and happy and began to party in the most arms in the air, arms round each other, arms down each others keks sort of way. All formal niceties and social conventions having been swiftly done away with due to the already fragile state of the assembled peeps, it was a swift lets get down to business sort of bash, the business being each other and just how much fun it was possible to have in as many different positions as possible; and there's a lot!

Nicky opened proceedings (yes, yet again) with a seamlessly mixed blend of electrifying new imports straight off the plane (well they were last year, 93 I mean), and managing to get a few toes tapping, almost in time. She was still quite quiet and lucid at this point, i.e. she hadn't managed to drink all of her's and Pauls secret beer stash, yet, and Paul made the most of it. However, it must be admitted, by the end of her set, she was swearing more profusely, in a much louder voice, as the secret stash of beers reduced greatly in number (luckily unnoticed by Paul, who remained oblivious to the depleted state of the stash all night). Followed by Tejen who got everyone moving in a workmanlike manner, whatever that is, things hotted up perceptible and the room filled nicely (probably as everyone tried to escape Maurice's awful Big Country's Greatest Hits CD playing in the bar. I kid you not!) It was at this stage that a profusion of smiles started to break out on everyones faces and sweaty embraces started to be exchanged along with even sweatier intimacies. For

those who couldn't take the hectic pace of the throbbing, serotonin drenched dancefloor, there were a variety of sumptuous boudoirs to take advantage of, where, you guessed it, smiles broke out, sweatier embraces were exchanged and extremely sweaty intimacies exchanged in the splendour of magnificent

four poster beds. Indeed, so comfortable were some in the prone position the party was over by the time they awoke from their reverie. Parties within a party, within a party.

And the night continued in that great big throbbing vein, with love drenched party peeps hugging into the late hours of the next day. Peeps spotted entering into the spirit of things ; M & M, sound mechanics of the Faversham variety, especially Maurice who was looking extremely frazzled by the time morning drew near and he realised that he had to go up to London accompanied by his trusty humper to clear up their mess from New Years eve; Mikee who minus his dancing princess was very quiet and subdued (well until later that is Kate!); the totally mad Dover and Folkestone posse who wore everyone out, again, and they certainly know who they are, no-one from Whitstable, what-so-ever, probably too partied out after the excesses of the New Year to struggle a few miles down the road; Nick D cleaning the toilets (blocked) the next morning wearing fetching pink, shit stained gloves; Sal and Sara, Sal extremely LF factor no.10 it must be said;Stevie Sea diddlin just fine putting Jodie back into a coma as soon as she managed to regain a modicum of consciousness, Pamee Poos and Jon bouncing and stumbling away happily until the early /late hours and Jon amusing everyone later on that morning exhibiting his boy racer tendancies to the amused bewilderment of the assembled peeps, Gazer in his tarty pink top slinking around and rubbing himself on Ed's fixtures stroke equipment, Sue barely recovered from her smelly swellings that had ruined her Chrimbo celebs tripping about, Oz and his bouncetastic set, Kier and Tom getting deep and dirty just the way we like them, Ed handling everyone with aplomb (oo er)



as his mum had slipped over that afternoon and broken her ankle so was unable to help, but Ed performed very well, even cooking those dodgy sound men their steak and chips, Warren and Justine shaking a leg and everyone who could be at all bothered to get up off their arses and make the effort. It was worth it, lets hope the rest of the year goes as well, and we love you all, forever!

Well, the annual gathering of the Kent Fluffcore was everything we expected and of course a little more (the best ones always are.)

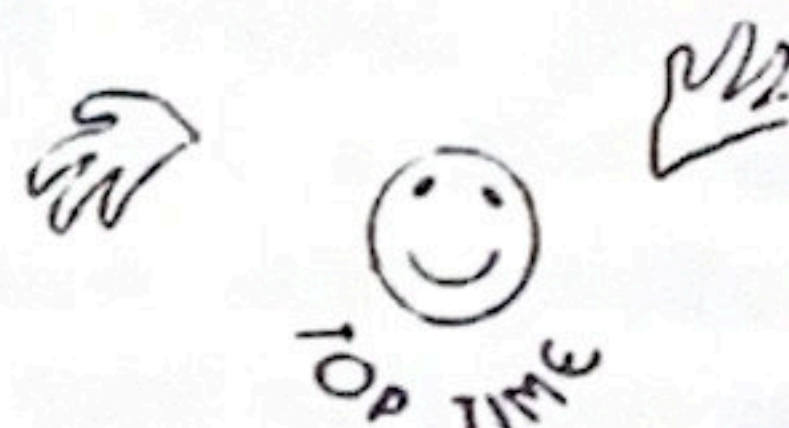
Luxurious opulence is a long way from grass covered sites tucked out of sight. Toilet facilities with tiles on the walls, mirrors and, gasp, hot water are a fuck of long way from crouching behind a bush, over a hole with a look of paranoia on the old gish, and a dock leaf in your hand. Plus no gennys to keep full of fuel or marquees to erect. But still plenty of humping gear. Somethings never change.

With the four poster room designated the, er, relaxation area and the large dining room the dance arena (not area, arena), the bar served the useful purpose of a bar (as opposed to a chill out zone). A suitable sound track of extremely crap muzak sufficed the suffering suppers but only for as long as it took to get a drink and piss off somewhere else. What were those dodgy sound and light merchants, in cahoots with our management playing at? Still, that's the only complaint and even that isn't complaining too heavily. All we done was take the piss out of it, ad nauseam. Gosh, it was a jolly jape. The F...\* word is never mentioned in fucking public now.

After a hot meal and a hot something else (s.a.) and a few bevs a leisurely set up was followed by a few more beers and a few more hours relaxation giving praise to Jah before the 'work' began. If you call standing in reception area greeting wave after wave of gorgeously beautiful, smilingly lovely party peeps. Work? Friends all. Ain't that nice.

The DiY international jet set junkies, had a pressing engagement in the city of sin where we hear all went well. Including Simon "Who are you?" DK losing his contact lens' and the crew drinking 4 grands worth of the hotels mini bar stock, and not paying. Tut tut. See Deadleg Reese for more details. Expected for the morning set, they couldn't make it to Kent, coz they didn't get back to Blighty till later that same day. Oh well, maybe next year.

What can we say of our DJ's that hasn't already been said a 1000 times? (They weren't crap?) How many ways are there of describing a room full of lushed up people dancing and hugging themselves into a europic crimplene torpor? How do you get 100's of gratuitous drug and fucking references into an article without actually mentioning it? Is there not a different way to say 'from 4am till 10am was fucking superb'? Or 'why did Ed get rat-arsed? The answer to these, and other, questions of moral conduct can be heard whispered in the corners of night clubs and living rooms across the land all through 1995's glorious summer of laugh. Nick no doubt right in the centre of it.



# NIGHTMARE

7TH HEAVEN 5TH JAN 1995

Not the best night we've ever had to be honest. In fact most probably the worst. Don't know if it was a case of "oh no, not another party" fatigue or sheer exhaustion or over stimulation frazzling our brains. Maybe a bit of all and a few more. Personally I couldn't wait to get home to bed.

Matt Wools was too hard for these overtly fragile ears and Rob Phelps wasn't on top form.

They can't all be "there" ya know. Can they? ALL THE TIME?





# WHY DOES THIS KEEP HAPPENING....?

GIRLS NIGHT OUT - 6th  
JANUARY, SOUTHERN  
EXPOSURE, ATOMICS

Off into the night we wandered, wondering? Was it true that our favourite DiY DJ's were playing somewhere near tonight? Every effort was made, but this remained an unsubstantiated rumour, so after an embarrassing attempt to get into the club, that hopefully none saw (it has been an arduous festive season that has taken its toll on the synapses) we committed ourselves to the cavernous interior of Atomics.

What a cold night, and where were the people? Warned by the vibrant colours around us and the chummy nature of the few people that were there, we persevered, and well! When you least expect it, a good party happens. Whoever it was that played from 12 till 2, cheers mate, you lifted our spirits up to the usual housey heights, and for 2 hours we blissfully stomped and gurned away, our pleasure only marred by a few overly persistent males who ought to have known better. At 2am our spirits were treated to the brightly illuminated, muddy, bottle strewn floor - why does this keep happening? We need to party all night. An hours of 'where's the next party' ineptitude and bungling dispensed with and we found ourselves on the doorstep of Vogue. Welcome back to Kent Bonny, nice to see your smiling face again (cheers for letting us in for free). However, the rumbling erratic beats of Jungle failed to please us the way it obviously pleased the people around us, so the house whores made a speedy exit just in time to avoid being nicked for illegal parking and just in time to save the night with the sweet tunes of our most recently acquired tape and a blazing fire to consume us. Out again tonight, girls?!

# VARIOUS OTHER WIERDNESSSES'S....

FLY - 7th JANUARY

We love Afi and Philip. They embody and epitomise all that's right about the underground London party promoters. They love their friends, their DJ's, their music, their art and, ahem, other things. It all came out in this party.

As Woolwich Eau Zone (formerly the Tramshed) regulars, never have we seen the room look so good. Naguals UV 3D mindscapes spring to life. A large, movable 12' tall puppet, which sporadically came to life, illuminated the stage, along with the skinny, tripped out papier mache 4' face mask. A lizard hung from the ceiling and various other wierdnesses scattered round the room caught the eye and entertained immensely, complimenting the wiggy left field pumping antics of The Housedoctor, off to Aussie to take a job. He's a, er, Dr, believe it or not and his leaving was the reason for the party. No flyers, just a wee letter to the mail list, reduced entrance fee (a very nice touch), and all the buzz of an impromptu, last minute gathering brought out an eclectic FLY crowd. And I tell you what, we all went for it. What a brilliant night it was. Dare I be so bold as to say, the best of the FLY parties we've been to, to date. DJ of the night? Don't know his name. but he played early in the big room around 12ish. More please.

Having already decided early Saturday morning that I wasn't going to go out that night, I watched in despair as everyone arranged their lifts and I realised that even if I decided to go I would not have a lift. (Yes you guessed it, the tVC mobile was playing up again!! The old tVB mobile having been stolen over the Christmas hols by some dodgy individual who proceeded to dump it, strangely enough, outside the Chaversham swimming baths. Suffice to say, we have our suspicions.) However,



after stropping round the room, feeling close to tears as I envisaged a long, long, lonely night, alone, on my own, with no chums to take the piss out of and nothing to watch on TV, realising that everyone else was going to have an excellent night out, especially as I wasn't to be there, and that no one was bothered if I came or not, I volunteered to drive, having borrowed Sally's AA card previously. Feeling slightly better, now I knew I was no longer missing out on anything, I allowed myself to start to enter into the spirit of things, especially when I saw who was to be coming in our car (oo er). Now Ey, and Mr and Mrs had all been propping the bar up all night and looked suitably lubricated, when we managed to prise them away, and pour them into the car. Quick check of our fluid levels and we were off, wa hey. Despite a few arguments with the back seat driver occupying the front seat (guess who?), who still hasn't passed his driving test (I always get that one out), although you would never have gathered by the authoritative way in which he tried to take control of the situation, a strenuous gritting of the teeth prevented major bloodshed combined with a feigning of deafness.

Thank fuck we arrived before I began to regret coming. So being a sad, ignorant twat with absolutely no consideration or willing to give a millimetre to anyone, anytime, especially that fucker that I live with, we arrived. I dumped the sad fucker immediately and proceeded to make a complete arse of myself and all my so called friends, embarrassing everyone within earshot as my foul mouth was swung into gear. Now I don't know about you but what I find most effective is simply to drink 10 pints of lager, pop a few pills and, bobs yer uncle, foul mouthed. Thank fuck I'm reasonably goodlooking enough to just get away with it. Anyone else would have had a damn good slappin' by now. The charmed life of a not bad looking short-arsed big mouth. Toodle pip.

Despite initial misgivings, with Paul saying that if we didn't fancy it we could go at 3, we found that the numbers of us sitting timidly on the nether regions of the dance floor, rapidly began to disperse, as

Paul was the first on the floor (which he never left all night), swiftly followed by the rest of us. Mike secured the stage (a move Dawn would have proud of, although if she had have been there I don't think she would have allowed Mike the unlimited access to it that he enjoyed) and Katee his beloved and Nick proceeded to wave at him whilst doing silly dances. Paul started his' lets wave a lighted fag around and pretend it's a torch' dance very early in the evening. Nick danced so ferociously she had to stagger out to the toilets, where on looking in the mirror she was horrified to see a purple faced, swollen, steaming thing looking back at her. Half an hour later, it still hadn't died down, and she was much quieter on her return to the dancefloor. (Remember she had already been dripping with sweat in the car, before she even hit the club. That's why she regards Stevie Sea with jealous disbelief, as he can dance all night (and other things we hear!), wearing at least 2 thick tops, without his top lip even breaking out in a sweat. Bastard.) There was one person who sweated more, but that's another story. Anyway Afi and Philip, we really had a jolly good time, the music staying just the nice side of hard all night, the crowd was well chummy, and the club nicely cosyfied with the hangings.

Quick exit to car, once ended (not before seeing Martyn nearly pull down his whole amp rack, as a speaker wheel got caught on a lead, whoops) quickest drive back to Kent yet, with no arguing at all, Mikee gurning becomingly in the back seat while everyone laughed at him sniggeringly, momentary feeling of mind numbing fear, as we realised that yet again we had 4 and a half hours to wait till the pubs opened, aargh, only to be saved by aforementioned Mike who gave us a bottle of plonk (which Now Ey wouldn't drink coz it was 'too bitter' (I kid ye not!!) (what do they drink in Scouseland?)), which Nick managed to consume, even though she wasn't going to drink, quick drive over to Fav once the pubs opened to rescue TVB (which had been stolen 3 weeks previously and mysteriously turned up outside the \*&\$@\*?+£!) only to find it's inside had been totally stripped out!, so back to



Whitstabubble and got totally rat-arsed, again. And so the sun sets on another excellent weekend.



# CHUDDAS

TEJEN'S PARTY - 14th JANUARY

Tejens 21st was a right larf. Although b-day shenanigans and high consumption of various pick n' mix stimulants and depressives were no excuse for what happened (I'll tell you later), we did enjoy ourselves. Somewhat.

If I may be permitted to use an oxymoron, the posh Hackney house the party was in could not have been more ideally suited. An attendant garage, hastily draped with laid back consumerism, served as the Pen's-making-an-arse-of-himself-again-room, or chill area for short. A nice wooden dance floor and a cut-away balcony, complete with voyeurs, served the party peeps very well for the specific purposes that they had envisaged. Other rooms to talk bullshit in included a kitchen, complete with table and chairs (I told you it was posh) and outside balcony (where Pen and Tejen kept disappearing from(!?)). What with such a famous next door neighbour as Christopher Biggins, who, incidentally did not come and spin a few tunes as we hoped he would, the scenario was complete. The stage was set. Cue lights and ..... action.

First DJ to arrive (from the pub) was Oz who was unceremoniously slapped on the decks from 10.30 till 1.30 (just a short set, this one then?) At least it kept him and his big mouth out of trouble for a while, much to everybodys relief.

Next on Tejen, who stayed on all night, till about 5, then when the floor was well and truly devoid and most people had gone home he let Jasper on, before Mark Sayer toughened it a tad. Sue politely informed him to 'Fuck off' which he did. Fluff forward in a non sexist way, of course to 12.

It was an alcohol fuelled debauchery full of drunken yaks, flailing egos and an overwhelming sense of 'my god, it's just like someone's 21st birthday', etching itself in the air. Down the pub at 12 for a top up, only helped increase the sense of surreal bizarreness.



NEARLY THERE



And I only have one word to say  
"Chuddas!!"

## BUNGALOW BOY

7th HEAVEN 19TH JAN 1995 JUMP  
SPECIAL

Well, no drape hanging tonight, hurrah, no sweaty armpits before the dancing even starts, as the Jump Boys were bringing their own drapes. Allegedly that is. Once Louie and I realised it was 8.45 and still no sign of them, we decided we better put his very capable hands to use and stick some up pronto before the punters started coming (just as well really because they turned up way after people started entering the club). However, not letting a small matter like none of the DJs turning up worry us (Oz excitedly said he'd play all night if necessary), we merely got down to the serious stuff, like ripping the piss remorselessly out of each other and sinking some serious piss at the same time (well Steve and Martyn did anyway). Lumpy had a brain wave and managed to re-arrange the speaker stack, and it did make a vast improvement, and then the peeps started drifting in, just as Tim O sauntered through the door. Louie, by this time was already reaching nirvana, strutting his stuff as only he knows how on the dancefloor. The room was warming up nicely, with the arrival of those mad bastards from Dover and Folkestone who shall remain nameless, but let's just say that Aaron gave Louie a run for his Money on the floor, whilst Toby magnificently avoided the teenyboppers that were standing 3 rows deep at the front of the floor. At 10ish the Jump boyos were spotted, and we relaxed even more than we already had been relaxing.

The Whitstable posse were out in force tonight, which set the show nicely on the road to mayhem and debauched lunacy. In fact everyone was out in force. Spotted; Katee and Mikee making a grand rear entrance, hurrah, he's fanny, Cath for the first time in ages (you know what

it's like when you get a new lover), Sue fresh from the vigours of driving a Roller around the previously quiet Kent country bends, Walt and Mrs Bates his new beau, Michael having a few hours off, Steve the artist for the first time in ages, and Pete the other artist, Anna in a floozy dress, Pammy Poos and Jonjily, and lots of bug eyed, red faced, sweaty handed individuals that we are lucky enough to have had the pleasure of sharing a nights entertainment with.

The music was spot on, unlike the last proffering, although spot of the night must go to Sonar (who has now changed his name to Jes) who with his consummate mixing skills and topp tunes had everyone going for it quite severely. Grub was seen to have a little strop later when there was a minor disagreement over money, but nothing could detract from such a good night. After it was off to a certain house in Chavsham because a certain person was away, and you know what they say about whilst the cat's away, well, it's true. What went on here is really too debauched to put in these pages, but it was very alcohol inspired, if that's an excuse, and involved, for some, the using of a lot of energy. Cath taught us a few lip movements as we all watched her, through the door whilst giggling uncontrollably, Steve and S had a long, meaningful talk, I farted in Louies face, blowing his moustache off and stopping his snoring at the same time, Bungalow got jealous and hung over, Walter pretended to be crashed out so he could hear us slagging him off and trying to undo his fly, and Sandals danced all night. I missed work the next day, and in a gin sodden haze decided I should be honest about why I was away, so was, and then regretted it. Luckily we went home before the real debauchery took place 12 hours and 6 gallons of malt whisky later...





# CAKEY

NICK'S BIRTHDAY 27/1/95

Hitting 29 can induce one of at least half a dozen states of mind, ranging from relief to mindless panic. Nick went through the whole gamut of emotions here (as she does everyday). To say life with Nick is a fast, emotional roller-coaster, would be an understatement. Temperamental and (always) demanding, yet fun filled and (always) rewarding, she is one of a rare breed of women who lives and loves life to the full, is well educated and travelled, loves people and all the myriad forms of social interaction that they produce (the more diverse the better), has a fucking wicked sense of humour. She just rushes over you like a train; her energy sucks in everyone who meets her.

Anyway, to celebrate all this a 'small gathering' is declared for b-day night. A gang of motley associates arrive early for the buffet of 'Food for Thought' chilli (quite honestly the best chilli recipe you are ever likely to taste), roast potatoes and nibbles of various olives, jalepeno peppers, Mexican refried beans (mushy peas), and a wide assortment of eclectic drinkiepoos brought by the guests.

With that little lot dispatched, as well as a few cards of Doom 2, and other things, the posse had an aperitif at the Labour Club, after first calling into Jenny's new shop to wish her luck on the opening day (The Cave, Oxford Street, Whitstable. Sells candles, clothes, joss-sticks etc) . Even CJ managed to sink a few bevs without writing an article on poor, depressed people being mad and annoying him. So far so small.

Little to our knowledge, or should I say mine, the whole of Whitstable knew of this 'small gathering', so, once back at HQ hundreds of very drunk people appeared from pubs and proceeded to eat, drink, smoke and trash everything in sight. It was, it turned out, a great party, with the Dover posse crapping all over the tVC 'party' peeps by staying awake all night and day

and still managing to remain witty and interesting. Mia, ducked out and had a long sleep in the car, only to emerge full of beans in the morning.

"Just look what Steve's done to me", pipes Nick, appearing suddenly in front of me. The centre of her face is smeared in fruit pulp (I hope). "Why did he do that?". "Because I put a plum down his trousers."

Fanny; Steve having the sweats and practising deep breathing exercises, sitting on the toilet, coz he'd lost it badly on Terr's cake. I think we all lost it rather severely on Terry's fungi surprise. "It was fucking unbelievable that cake" in tone of whispered awe.

I didn't manage to get to 'bed' till 4pm, was up at 7pm for Blind Date, some nosh, a smoke before jumping in the car and blatting off up town to play Jump. By 4am I was well and truly scuppered and sneaked off home to have some sleep. Burning the candle at both ends, can sometimes have terrific rewards, but this weekend it just tired me right out. It's that fucking cake of Terri's, man, I'm still having serious flashbacks now, and that's 3 days later.

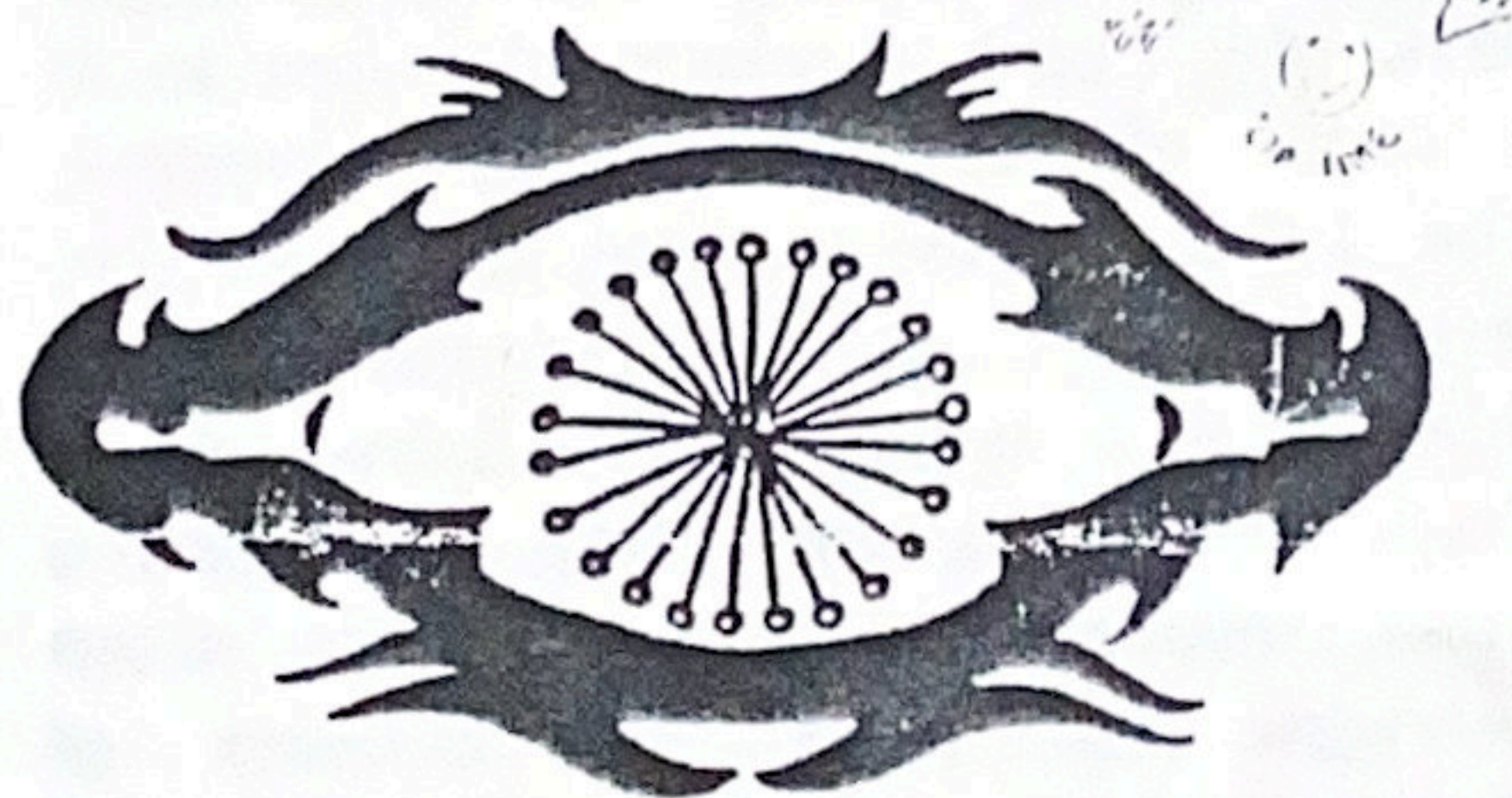
The party was made for me by Terri's cake, Oz's set, and that kind old boy in the Labour Club who bought me a Port and made me puke all over the loos (for the first time in years). In fact once I started puking I couldn't stop, and thought at one stage I would have to go home and crash out! But once I stopped throwing up alcohol there was always liquid cake to throw up instead.

The drinking that went on before we even reached the Labia Club involved sinking as much piss, of whatever variety, as quickly as possible, just like in the good old days, which isn't surprising when you're in a room of resting/practising alcoholics. The Labia followed along in that rich, rewarding vein, and the party started to look as if it would surely follow, when Terri, heroine of the party, produced a small, square, brown cakey object, which everyone fell upon like a pack of malnourished clubbers, devouring



mindlessly, heedless as to the consequences later on ..... Yum yum.

And later on, things that caught the eye; Louie me loochie cavorting throbblingly on top of the speaker stack, beating his chest apet-astically, Dawn dancing in her rightful place, yes, you've guessed it, back where she belongs, in the bosom of her chums astride the speaker, Now Ey giggling uncontrollably and (shock horror) actually taking off one of his many tops, surely for the first time ever! Martyn said to Steve "you know that fucking 'orrible rag you call a shirt?" "Yeah, our kid" says Steve. "It was a birthday present from me brother". "Well ah binned it", S & M snogging away passionately, Cath snogging away with a certain individual, Austin on tipp topp form (finally managing to batter down Louie's resistance and talk him in to allowing him to move in with him, although Louie now seems to think he's going to be involved in some weird sex practices involving animals the size of a donkey, well he hopes he is, that's if he's already not), the stallion conversation (and I had a dream about a stallion last night you bastards and he was the most beautiful example of male I've ever.....), Jasper playing our old records, very well too, timo performing admirably and all his mad bastard cohorts wearing us out yet again, ie Aaron sharing his plums with us, Pam shimmying away all night despite having a bad attack of indigestion, Pen managing to get absolutely slaughtered despite leaving the necessary "on the dashboard" of someone's car, I do not jest (see Austin's 10 commandments no.2) and he was actually quite amusing too and we only fell for 20 of his blags, thanks to Sara and her spag bol cake, and everyone else who helped make it a snorter of a party that at times almost had me crying in sheer ecstasy.



## DEEP UNITY

Nineteen Ninety Five begins, not with a whimper, or indeed a bang, but with a full blown scream in yer ear, as a first rate crop of deep and housey delights emerge from the holiday torpor to assail our far from cynical feet, loins and brains. Indeed they are a direct link to all three. **BASEMENT JAXX E.P. - Deep Inside Your Love** (Atlantic Jaxx Records) is a case in point. Ratcliffe and Major fail to tread the well worn yet comfortable path to dance obscurity. Yes it's deep but let's stick a few new ingredients in shall we? Let's challenge the complacency. Let's give it, now what shall we call it, a British edge? Brep House anyone? Yes! Born of the rain soaked, narrow, overbearing streets, or even sweaty, cramped studios, whatever, it's steeped in it's own dynamic. A dash of field splashing intensity. Ecstasy (#) soaked inspiration for the nude wave of oppression. Fresh for '95 suckers. So you'd better keep an eye on the deep. The ol' sleeping dog is about to have its day.

"Boomside" is mellow, more conventional. "Bopside", darker, edgy, sinister, very druggy. Don't stop it cause you can't stop it. **THE OUTSIDERS - Beyond The Ego** (Mainline Records). Release three for South London based Mainline Records sees the long wait justified. We are now about to begin a journey out of our mind. As the B.P.M.'s drop through the floor and the groove factor increases; as tough techno twaddle throttles the little soul it had; as drum 'n' bass jungle licks reggaes back catalogue to recreate and re-sell itself - yet again - the people demand and create a groove quotient fitting to our times. And as # quality gets better and higher (don't whatever you do believe the propagandist bullshit) the vibe gets deeper and our collective hearts sing in divine blisshead worship.

"The Outsiders" straddle neither re-hash nor groundbreaking new territory but provides another clear and pure unrelenting drip from the deep house tap on the



forehead of dance culture. Indeed no longer a "mere" culture to most more the way of life. No life-style. Life. Hey, it's dead serious this is mate. And dead funny.

Sweet as funk breep dub. The "Do Dat Scat" off-beat on side two sings high ho on the yum factor mountain.

As does MUSIQUE TROPIQUE - Prelude (4AM Records). Right on cue, entering stage left, "Prelude to the Storm" becomes our first divination anthemic torchsong of '95. An instant classic and an understated, melancholic-techno-wash-tribal-tinged-house-stomper. But only in the most laid back of senses you understand. Them Scottish are canny wee bastards and make no mistake.

CHANTEL - A Better Way (Provinyll Records, U.S.) was acquired for the "Deep In Dub" mix. Of American it may, be but such an excellent reminder of our house roots from the country that created the rhythm can only add more depth to the perspective. Solid, vocal sample laden and deep as fuck piano.

MBW - Get On It (MCR, Italy) is typical of this cross cultural beat bending anathema. Italians in New Jersey. Sounds perfectly natural to me. An epic, breakdown and bongo laden rug stuffer. Eclectic or what? The voice is not confined in the small cultural ghettos of pre hyperspace. It's a global phenomena that speaks with one voice. Music is merely an accent. And in any tongue its message is "groove ya fuckers". Seek out the clubs, the cafes, the crews, the record labels, the writers and the D.J.'s that communicate this voice Champion them with all the spirit and love you can call forth. Watch it grow. Watch it grow exponentially. It doesn't matter if you're on-line or on drugs, though it helps to be both. It's smart.

With SWEET FACTORY PRODUCTIONS - Daybreak (Underground Network Records) Partridge, Ronson and Christian plunge into the heart of the happening new deep cognisance. People don't see it. Don't know it exists. It doesn't, like most of the voice, emerge at night. It emerges from the wee small, twilight hours of the early morning breakfast shift onwards. Once the

beer-monsters have puked their dizzy sore-headed way home and the coke fiends ego crash lands on an empty mattress the fluffcore safely emerge from the corners of dank clubs and (in season) dew laden fields across the land. The time is now ours.

Dancing 'till mid afternoon and early evening in after hours clubs, fields, warehouses and squats from Glasgow to Nottingham to San Fransisco to Milan to Sydney to anywhere. Dancing, dancing, dancing to the sensual sounds of love and equality. Floorlevellers extraordinaire. The voice that whispers.

"Daybreak" is pipey, tribally and fucking pumping. Side two is tuffa and just as impressive.

OLD SKOOL E.P., - Cauz I'm Learn (UMM, Italy). Milan, again. Old skool it ain't. # soaked it is. Yet another missive winging its way to a cool dancefloor near you. Four tracks of positive, uplifting, groovalicious pumpathons with breakdowns and high strings to live for. Hope coz I've learned to cope.

Despite the off putting sexist shite cover, ELEVATORMAN - Funk and Drive (Wired Recordings) sees the rising talents of Grinstretcher, fresh from remix duties on BC Nation's - Learn To Cope, deliver the goods yet again. A low down dirty dog. Woof Woof Grinstretcher. Revoking the "classic" Funk and Drive 'till there's not a trace of the original left other than the (overheard) vocal refrain what emerges, on "Mix" is hard and driving. "Dub" has ethereal percussive work-out with a fine sprinkling of the ever present piano and, of course, the obligatory fuck off breakdown. Funk me inside.

"The grooves come thicker when they're on Vicar" proclaims the label of THE MEN FROM MARS - Live From Mars E.P. (Vicar Records). And rightly so. Funk flourishes vie with disco vocal samples and complicated, edgy rhythm patterns only to disappear to nothing but a high string or, gasp, silence. A smattering of D.J. "tricks" add to the thick delight. As does a useful accapella and a rather excellent deep tribal work-out. There's no credit but, with all the flair of a crap publicity stunt, the secret is out. The Hed



Boys. With a price tag (from Mars no doubt) of £6.50 on all new Seka Records (Lee and Livingstones record label) releases methinks they doth taketh the pith.

D.J. Mark Parker and Paul Rayner proffer a delightful party tune produced to uplift the daily grind blues. THE FAT LADS E.P. - Tazmanic (On Yer Toes Records) is smile inducing laugh. Or rather laarf. Bags of energy and a juvenile bouncy sense of fun all add to the pedigree (sic) of this cheeky euro spotty poppy pumper. Cath of course called it "Oh no, euro pop!" at Martyn's "soiree". Hear that groove so I can move. Do that beat, stomp my feet. Get the picture? Wear the jumper. It fits. And it's warm. "Fat Piano" is self explanatory while "Can't Get Enough" is very O.T.T. funky with big tune flourishes and the usual effective snare roll peaks. At Nick's birthday party Cath said "ooh this is nice".

IN 2 U - Everything (white). Itchy and Scratchy, no doubt basking in the flushed glory bestowed upon their "The Bitchin' Continues EP" (released in Nov), start to glean profitable remix perks. Ah, the music biz ey? Here ripping a well known piano from '88 and I + S'ing it onto "everything can be what you want it to be" vocal and well pumping happy rhythm. Good uplifting floor fodder but not great uplifting floor fodder. Much better than their current remix on Positiva at the mo', though.

THE TWO AMIGO'S - Everybody Get Up (Footwork). Footwork three and Wybrow and Phoenix don't disappoint. A quality, cheesy, piano led (guess which?) hands in the airothon which gradually toughens into bongo and handclap led break before that bloody piano sample comes back to haunt us yet again only to finish on acid and dark piano chords. Nice and 'ard.

Back to the lovely world of feeling good. With DEEP DISH presents PRANA - The Dream (Tribal UK) wunderkids Dub Fire and Sharam are on the tip of the deep house wedge currently being kicked under the door of our nations clubs. Pumps it down and dirty and includes more ideas into one tune that the previous ten records

ever could possibly hope too. (Perhaps a slight exaggeration). Esoteric, chunky bass line complements keyboard flourishes, naggingly insistent vocal loops and kicking snare snaps. Laarvelly. Repetitively. Trance inducing top draw. Tribal side toughens a tad.

SUBCULTURE - Our Love (Savage Bliss) is the first release on Platform 12's subsidiary label. Although the old P12 favourites Linear Logic get their teeth into remix duties (and produce the best track) the overall sound is more deep tribal in focus with a tough edge soulful vocal. The Carter and French "deep mix" doesn't quite work coz it's too simplistic but is well worth a spin. Still, good to see a new label added to the deep beats growing and somewhat formidable bandwagon, sorry, roster.

LAFAYETTE - Better Late Than Never (Work, Dutch). Oh oh here come the Dutch. With a little gem. However not all is as it seems as a close look at the label reveals all. Kerri Chandler (might have known), Tim Jefferies (Brighton's very own), even Stonebridge have a remix finger in the pie. At the end of the groove it's the Work Dub winning the day with a simple dubbed out, blissed up, vocal-less, dreamy, er, work-out. Baboski and DJ Eric E (what a name) we salute you.

LOST THE PLOT - We are? / You Bastard (Lost) is the first release on a new label but furnishes no details of who don what (for a change). It's good. It's uplifting. It's as bouncy as funk (not supposed to say that).(Funk that is). It puts a smile on the day. As does GRANT PLANT - white (GPOO1). A long bongo, hi-hat intro leads into an anticipatory bass drum. More layers; a vocal snippet, an acid break, another drum, another vocal. Interaction and interplay ensue.

Breakdown. Or rather breakdown and a half. Acid, hardhouse, techno, harder, more tribally, lots of space. Bonkers. Good bonkers. The flip is more conventional and drops between piano/string/vocal diva-quave and nice pumping hard house.

D.M.B. - "If We Lose Our Lovin" (Metropolitan Music). Doug Osborne (Sourmash) and Russell Coultard (Disco



Volante) House it up high style. Original Club Mix is groovin', slappin', pumped up deep side excellence. Razors Edge v's Disco Volante Dub is corkin' Rob Vanden-esque hi NRG spaghetti wonderland.

**DANNY TAURUS - "More Lies EP"** (Dansa). Danny Taurus might have left Eastenders and with him Pauline Fowlers dreams of a man that actually paid attention to her. He only went off to tout the Lies EP round the remix circuit. Grant Nelson serves up the Nice 'n' Ripe vibe with an immensely high groove quotient entree. Xen Manra re-do Step to the Rhythm and improve it ten fold. Deep and excellent. The Son toughens the bass drum, increases gentle keyboards and skats up the rhythm.

**SWUNGBEATS - "KingSize Blues EP"** (S4G). DiY's latest offering from the S4G studios in Nottingham shows the way to go come 6am. The dance floor. 2 tracks, 2 mixes of each. Vintage blues builds slow, has a high string to rub your back on and pumps like a good 'un. The pan cake mix, reminiscent of that 'crime' tune Rhythm Graffiti is a snorter (arf).

Two Kinds of Blues (TO-KA-DUB) skips on it's b-line whilst early morning melancholia saturates the air. **CARLOS BEDEKOS AND CHINCO FRANCO - Dropping Science EP** (US, Nachos). Latinos on Parole is from Santa Monica but UK influenced. A rip roaring, shindiging, everything thrown in trip to house heaven and should be thoroughly danced to at every opportunity afforded to your groove starved body. OK?

GO - ZO - All The Bitches In The House (Kool World). The title provoked a nervous giggle from Nick and Sue on Wed. afternoon as we lunched in Canterbury's newest bar, sympathetic to the party people, Merefields. tVC as usual have wasted no time, as new host Gary will soon be opening the downstairs to the deep deck gurus on weekends and the upstairs to a Cyberia, internet cafe franchise. can't wait. Expect 7th heaven guests down here first, as well as lots of other cool chums.

Don't know if this is part of the sexist shite overload the house scene is currently experiencing (have you seen some of the

flyers going round at the moment?) you sad twats. No-one, especially women are going to go to a party with tits on the flyer and "ladies free B4 12" in the blurb. Or is it part of the porno house renaissance? Rude yet squirty? Neither. It is squirty, but slap a full on bongo work out on, and a trendy trip hop break before the pumpcious pull out the stops ending, and you have a, phew, blindin' (sorry Sherlock) tune.



## Competition Results

To celebrate Tangentopoli's 'coming' of age on the 22nd December, Mental continuum sponsored a competition (see issue 21), in which he cited the 10 commandments of rock n' roll, and asked someone to state how the Party Posse was different/similar to the r n' r posse. The prize was a copy of Rushkof's "Cyberia" a "handy guide to cyberspace and guaranteed to blow your mind, anytime". After perusing the sackfuls of entries, we are pleased to announce the unanimous winner, a young lad called Austin. Below, in full, is his winning entry.

### THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF THE PARTY POSSE

1. Suck up to the people with the best drugs. (myself usually). No problem.
2. Leave all monies at home/in car. "It's my girlfriends".
3. Dissappear before the rig is due to be moved.
4. Get pissed on fizzy, shit drinks on Sunday.
5. Respect no one's property, especially your own. (See 2. Wow man, go on, it's only money!)
6. Take devastating drugs.
7. Take the piss out of people gushing on E.
8. Shout at everyone on Tuesday and Wednesday.
9. Ignore people in the week who were your best mates at the party.
10. Go on, lend me a tenner till Monday.



## CHILDREN CAN GET 14 YEARS 'JAIL' FOR HANDLING STOLEN GOODS

The Guardian 9/1/95

Children aged 10 to 13 who commit robbery, rape, assault, burglary and handle stolen goods can from today be kept in custody for more than 14 years under section 16 of the Criminal Justice and Public Order Act.

Previously, only murder and manslaughter qualified.

Paul Cavadino, chairman of the Penal Affairs Consortium representing 24 reform groups, said that any necessary long-term detention should be brought in through civil proceedings.

"In most other West European countries, and in most states of the USA, offenders aged under 14 would not appear before the criminal courts. They would be dealt with in proceedings similar to those of our own family proceedings court when children need compulsory measures of care. In appropriate cases this can lead to secure detention, for long periods where necessary, in units designed for difficult or disturbed young people."

Mr Cavadino found it "particularly disturbing" that powers of long-term detention were being made available for children committing non-violent offences such as burglary and handling stolen goods. Such detention was hard to justify.

The HUMAN RIGHTS COALITION are to launch an appeal to the European Court of Human Rights in an attempt to have parts of the CJA outlawed. Send a SAE for info etc to  
PO Box 187,  
Chestfield,  
S40 2DU

If you are arrested for aggravated trespass, etc or one of the myriad now illegal things to do under the Act, Liberty have report forms available for you to fill out details of your arrest as part of their campaign against the Act. Return them within 3 days if possible.

Liz Parratt,  
Campaigns Officer,  
LIBERTY,  
21 Tabard Street,  
London  
SE1 4JA

## tVC DIARY

**Friday 3 February - Southern Exposure,**  
Atomics, Unit A, Hart Street, Maidstone, Kent.  
9pm-2am £6. Info 081 293 5355, 0956  
261732

tVC have a 'special party' in room 2 with Kier & Tom, Ed, Oz & tejen. In the big room, Luvdup & Biko spin the big choons and a live PA from Fire Island add to the topping.

**Friday 10 February - Ship Centurian,**  
Whitstable High Street 8pm - 11.30pm  
Open decks in the bar for the stay at home types.  
Expect the lazy DJ's or those that aren't working that night to keep the vibe.

**Saturday 11 February - Kudos presents Lush** at the EauZone, Woolwich Town Square, Woolwich New Road, London SE18 6ES. 10pm-7am £10 advance, more on door.  
'Be stylish' their flash ad in Mixmag gushes. Tuff pumpin' house in the big room from Billy Nasty, Mark Shimmon, James Hastings and Warren Blackmore whilst in the deep room Jazzy M, Rob Phelps, Pete Hamel and Paul Heath serve up the frothing vibes.

**Thursday 16 February - 7th Heaven,** The Works, Canterbury, off Rheims Way, opp. BR Cant. East Station. 9pm-2am £3.  
7th heave-on's 1st birthday knees up with guests, Simon DK & Cookie from Nottingham and Tom & Kier from 'ere.

**Friday 17 February - Universal Love,** at Club 414, Coldharbour Lane, Brixton, London SW2 10pm-6am £5  
A Valentine special, launches the first night of a new club night: Universal Love. Loved up. Dubbed up. Clubbed up vibes from Luke Brancaccio, Oz, Paul Venn and Adam. On one.

**Saturday 25 February - Party in Erith.**  
188 Manor Road, Erith, Kent DA8 2AD  
A little shady on details at the mo' but the venue is a car auction during day. It holds 700 and Oz is playing from 4-5.30am.

**Thursday 2 March - 7th Heaven** has Warren and Ed.

**Friday 3 March - Universal Love** at the 414 has residents Luke & Oz plus two snorter guests.

**Friday 10 March - Legends,** Dover 9pm - 2am £3  
Tim O and chums have guest Oz down for some spanky, cheesy crackers and whine.

**Thursday 16 March - 7th heaven** has Simon Stonehouse, Kier & Tom and Nick.

**Tuesday 21 March - The Vernal Equinox.**

**Saturday 25 March - Jump** at the Godding St. Arch, Vauxhall.  
It's a cert., Jump, Deliverance and tVC mix it up for that big party vibe in 2 rooms. More details soon.

