

**issue 23**

**feb 95**

# **tangentopoli**

**free to party people**

**CJ STONE - The Sleaze Factor**

**The History of Popular Demonstration**

**"Over The Housing Benefit Hill"**

**"The Year of the Pheonix"**

**DOROTHY PARKER - Short Story**

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## **The Sleaze Factor**

**It is a measure of the class-ridden nature of British society that we have a number of words for the same thing. On one level it's called "perks" and it goes with the job. On another it's called "back-handers" and everyone turns a blind eye. If you're working class it's called "fiddles" and you get the sack if you're caught. And, on my council estate, the same motivation - to take what you can, to line your pockets at someone else's expense - is called "burglary", and you get put into prison for it.**

**The current word is "sleaze". It's a great word. It even sounds slippery.**

**Everyone is at it. M.P.'s take cash to ask questions in Parliament. Ex-Ministers get Directorships of companies they had a hand in privatizing. Managing Directors of privatized monopolies award themselves huge increases, while cutting back on the pay and**

**conditions of their staff. So now the Nolan Committee is investigating such practices, and we may soon have some idea of the extent to which these self-serving forms of government are undermining confidence in public life. But how relevant is it? Is it merely an exercise in public relations, or does the government really intend to put its own house in order?**

**I spoke to two people on my estate. Both of them are unemployed, and never likely to work in their lives. They said that corruption is the way of the world. But there is a difference between the corruption of public servants, and the petty fiddles of daily life. "It's a crime against the public, isn't it?" said Bill. "It's an insult." Nevertheless they expected it. "There's nothing you can do about it." And what would they expect from the Nolan Committee? They hadn't even heard about it. I assumed it would be a cover-up.**



**I also spoke to my Father. An Electrician by trade and an ex-Shop Steward, he owns his own house, drives a nice car, and has plenty of savings for his retirement. He told me a story. A friend of his, a newly-elected local councillor, was asked to vote a certain way on a planning committee. He was offered £2,000. He asked my Dad's advice. "Take the money," my Dad told him. "If you don't, somebody else will." But when I protested at the logic of this, it was the normal excuse I was offered. "It's human nature. And you can't change human nature can you?" I laughed at that as I always do. Why not? We changed Wolves into Pekinese, Opium into Heroin, beautiful countryside into motorway intersections. We've changed everything else in nature, why not human nature?**

**And actually I don't think it's human nature at all. There are societies where wealth is measured in terms of**



**generosity, where the more you give away the wealthier you are. Wealth circulates. In this society, on the other hand, wealth is measured by how much you accumulate. The more anally retentive you are, the more successful. This is a constipated society. What we need is a laxative. CJ.**



## **POLICE ACCUSED OF 80-FOLD MARK UP ON DRUG VALUES**

**Duncan Campbell on how  
over-valuation affects  
sentencing**

The prosecution in a drugs case which finished this week over-estimated the value of the drugs seized by 80 times a court has accepted.

The case, which finished this week at Croydon Crown Court, is the latest example in what drug experts claim is the frequent over-valuation of seizures which can lead to heavier prison sentences or long periods in jail on remand.

Matthew Atha, a drugs researcher and consultant from Wigan, who gave evidence in the latest case, has been asked to assess values in more than 30 recent cases. He said the latest was the greatest over-valuation he had come across.

The case involved two men from Orpington, Kent, who had been growing cannabis plants on a table in their flat. Eighty four seedlings and 40 'mother' plants of what was alleged to be 'skunk', a strong form of cannabis, which originates in Afghanistan, was found.

The men, John Hone and Colin Bevan, were arrested last July. When magistrates were told by the prosecution that the police estimate of the value of the drugs was £800,000, the men were refused bail. Such a high value clearly indicated the men were involved in the production of drugs for sale.

But this week, Mr Atha told the court that the total value of the plants was less than £10,000. The men, who pleaded guilty to the production of an illegal drug, were each jailed for 12 months. One was released immediately because of the time spent inside on remand. The other was detained because of another existing sentence.

"This is the highest over-valuation, I have ever come across," said Mr Atha, who has been an expert witness in cases since 1991 and has a background in drugs and chemical research.

Mr Atha said magistrates were particularly badly informed. "They are too willing to accept unsubstantiated estimates," he said. "Usually they are given only one valuation, by the prosecution, which they accept." He had come across another recent case in Yorkshire where 'skunk' seized had been estimated at £200,000, which he believed was about 50 times its value.

Mr Atha said that in every case he had been



# THE BATTLE FOR HYDE PARK:

## THE IMPORTANCE OF HYDE PARK IN THE HISTORY OF POPULAR DEMONSTRATION Pt.1

### Introduction

On the huge anti-Criminal Justice Bill march on October 9th 1994, I had a sense of being in another time zone. Sometimes, like when the police helicopter swept low, broadcasting the order to disperse, it felt like I'd been transported to some future techno-totalitarian state, a science fiction landscape out of 2000 AD or Robocop. But when the people with sticks and stones stood their ground under the trees, against charging police armed with stronger sticks and shields and horses, it could have been any time in the last couple of thousand years, a basic technology of power and resistance that hasn't changed much since Roman times.

involved in, whether advising the defence or the Crown Prosecution Service, the police estimate of the value of the drugs had been too high.

Greg Poulter, of the drugs advice agency, Release, who also frequently gives evidence of the value of drugs in court, said "Often the police grossly exaggerate the potential value of the (cannabis) plant." The police sometimes calculated the value of drugs through test purchases, but this gave an inaccurate picture as dealers routinely over-charged people they did not know. Courts were handing down sentences based on officers' opinions and not on hard fact, he said.

Mr Atha said many of his cases had involved home grown cannabis, with estimates being made as to the value of the plants based on the size the plant would reach in it's natural environment.

"The plants grown here tend to reach three to four foot compared with eight or ten in a tropical climate."

A spokeswoman from the Magistrates Association said magistrates were in the hands of the prosecution when it came to drug estimates. They normally decided whether to pass a case to Crown Court on the basis of whether the drugs were for personal use or for sale.



Police helicopter orders the demonstrators to leave the park or face forceful removal



**ruffians, radicals and ravers, 1855-1994**

Hyde Park itself, has seen such scenes before in the 1850's and 1860's, in the 1930's, and doubtless at other times besides. Events of 140 years ago might not seem very relevant today, but in some ways they still have a bearing on the present even at this distance.

Some opponents of the CJA seem to believe that it represents a departure from traditional British liberties. (eg. "Britain has a long tradition of tolerance which the CJB drastically contravenes", David Bennun, *Melody Maker*, Oct 22 1994) A quick look at history scotches the myth of tolerance of the British state. There was no

"right of assembly" at Peterloo, Manchester in 1819 when 11 demonstrators were killed by troops. Nor for Indian people at Amritsar, where British troops opened fire on a peaceful crowd in 1919 killing 379 people, or in Derry in 1972, when 14 unarmed people were shot dead by paratroopers after defying a ban on demonstrations.

Whatever "liberties" we have got today, have not been given willingly. If today we can, within certain limits, demonstrate, form our own organisations, and publish our own papers and magazines, it is because in the past so many people defied the



1855: "it looked as if the demonstration was going to simmer down to harmless Sunday amusements, but the police reckoned differently"

laws that banned them from doing these sorts of things. Today many people take it for granted that thousands of people can demonstrate in Hyde Park, but in the past demos were often banned there. In the 1850's and 1860's people repeatedly ignored bans en masse until the state was forced to back down; the Royal Parks and Gardens Act 1872, allowed public meetings in the park, albeit with some restrictions.

The state likes to present itself as invincible, with laws that can't be broken, enforced by police that can't be beaten. The long battle for Hyde Park, shows that with determination and ingenuity we can successfully resist their laws. The Criminal Justice Bill is now law- but it doesn't have to stay that way.

### SETTING THE SCENE

Hyde Park became royal property when Henry VIII confiscated it off the Church in the 16th

Century. It has stayed that way ever since, except for a period in the 1650's when the King was executed and the Park sold off. In 1637 Hyde Park became the first royal park to be opened to the public, and it was to become a favourite playground for the wealthy who came there to parade in their coaches. The royals hunted deer in the park until 1769.

But if the park was a place of leisure for the rich and powerful, it was not always a safe one. In 1799 an attempt was made to assassinate King George III while he was watching a military review in the park. The bullet missed him and injured a spectator (that evening, another shot was fired at the King as he entered his box at Drury Lane Theatre, while outside the crowd hissed him). The park was also famous for robberies, such as those carried out by the highwayman Maclean who robbed Horace Walpole there in 1749

1866: "The police brought their truncheons into active use, and a number of the roughs were somewhat severely handled"



1932: "mounted police charged forward only to be repulsed by thousands of workers who tore up railings and used them as weapons and barricades"

(and was hanged for his troubles in 1750).

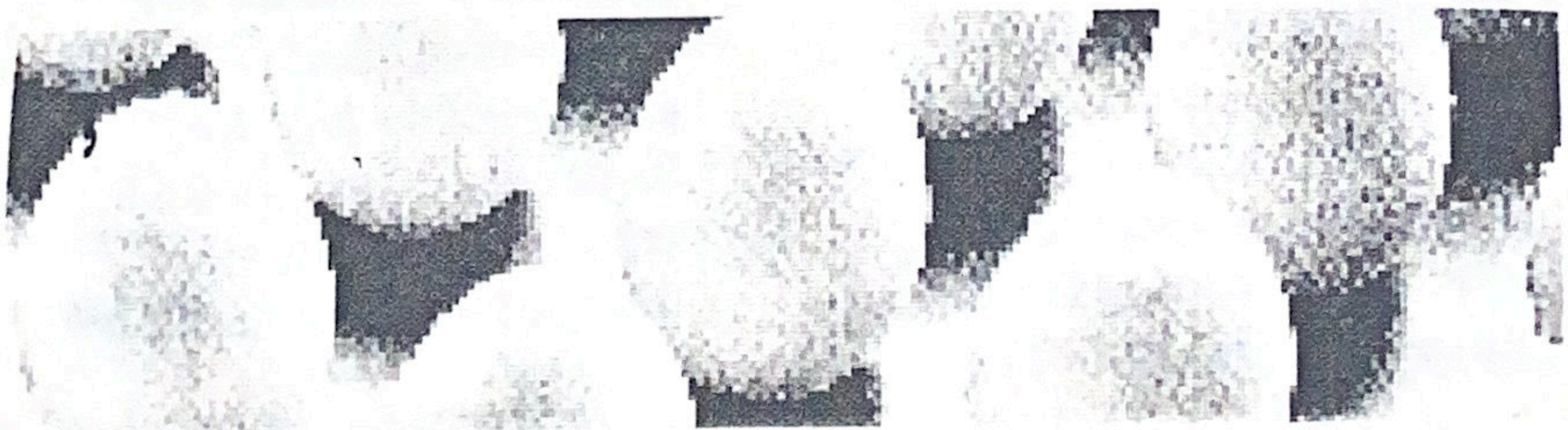
The area was also a place of terror for the poor. The Tyburn Gallows stood at Marble Arch from 1571 to 1783, where in the 18th century more than a 1000 people were publicly hanged to teach the poor obedience and respect for the property of the rich.

During the suppression of the Gordon Riots in 1780, Hyde Park was turned into a military camp, and its importance for the state was recognised in 1848 when fear of revolution again gripped the ruling class. Elaborate military precautions were taken against planned radical Chartist demonstrations in April and June, and the Duke of Wellington argued that "It is in my Opinion absolutely necessary to keep the

Parks, that is Hyde Park, the Green Park, St. James Park, clear from Mobs" by having detachments of soldiers guarding the park gates.

By the 1850's, Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square were the only two major open places in central London, and both were the scenes of conflict as the state tried to stop people meeting in them. A series of confrontations in the Square culminated in Bloody Sunday 1887, when several people were killed by police during a mass illegal demonstration. In Hyde Park, the key battles took place in the 1850's and 1860's.

Next issue - Hyde Park in 1855, scene of mass defiance of the authorities.



1994: "the flashpoint came when thugs opposed to legislation against raves tried to turn the park into a giant party"



# Party Time!

## Chugged Away Merrily

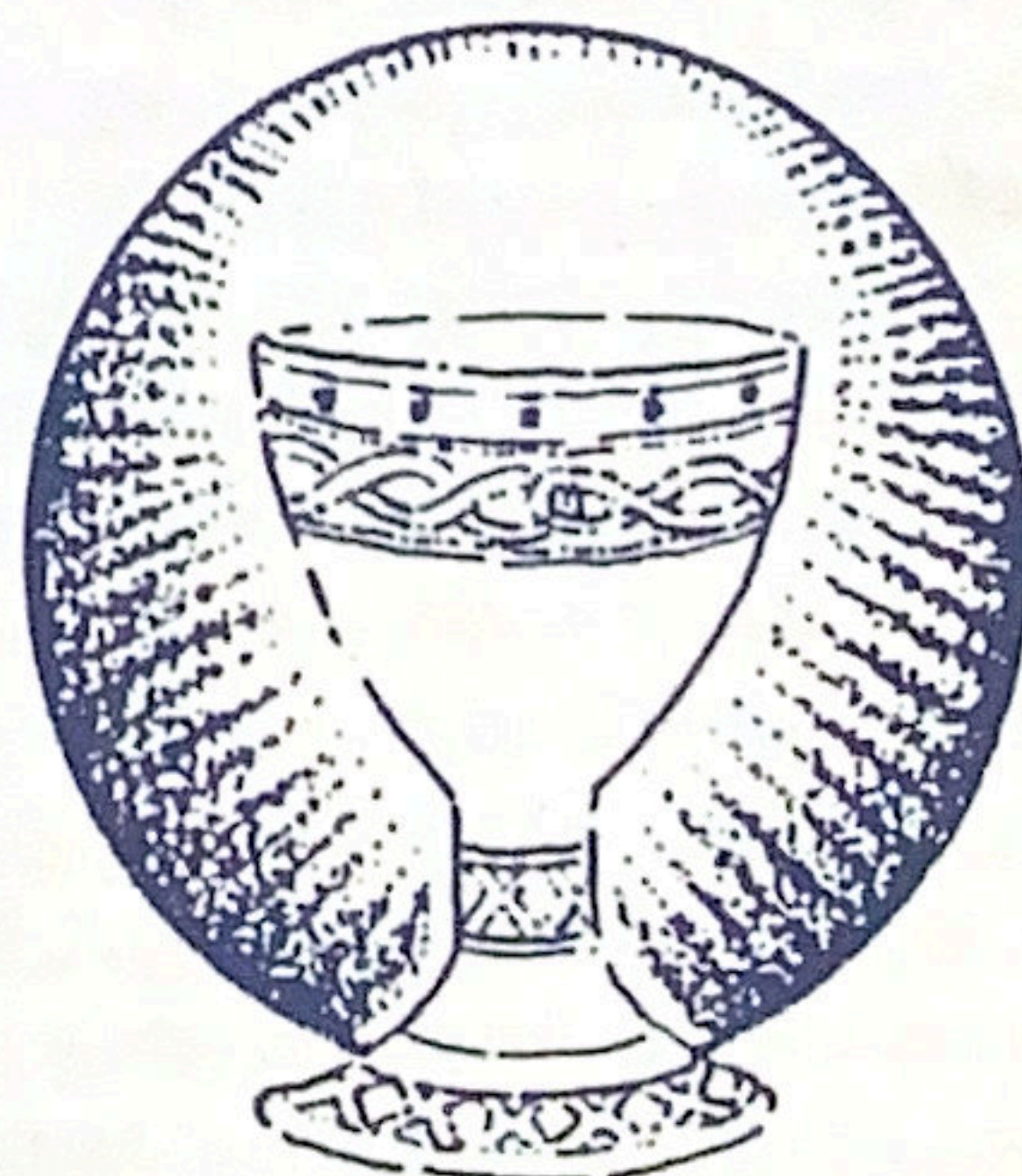
**SOUTHERN EXPOSURE -  
FRIDAY 3rd FEBRUARY**

The vibe was really nice upstairs. We think it was all the misfits who couldn't fit in downstairs.

Despite being promised that we could use our love-core sensual-a-round-a-sound PA, a call late on gig night gave us the sad news that the in-house rig had to be used. Oh well, always a crew to rise to a challenge (plus more money for the DJ's) we gamefully dived in there and got the incense burning whilst Nick Brown and his chums got the shake 'n' vac out (it aint all International jet-setting ya know.) So with the room smelling nice, a brand new, just out the package, set of 1200's, a new mixer in place and a free crate of beer guzzled, the night was off.

Oz was first on the decks (as usual) and played a fucking blinding two and a half hour set of brand new tunes, superbly mixed to Sara, Austin and Nick. At 11 a few of the IVC pop stars deigned to turn up, but all wanted to "play late" (pout, pout). We didn't tell them all the beer had gone. Taking our cue from the guy who promotes High Spirits and who called us "the DiY of the South" (tut tut) we put Tom and Kier and Ed on last.

Tejen, as usual, was good (fluffy) for the first half of his set and (hard) for the second half. Kier and Tom, headlining, chugged away merrily in their, now expected seamless way. Leila danced with appreciative joy. Ed's set was much more up and positive. A better set, with vocals. Ed, playing vocals? Farkin' soo-perb. Groovy, bass-line led sumptuousness. Nice one mate! Sue and Martyn "chosed" tonight to tell all they were running away to France. How romantic. There was only one problem as far as IVC were concerned and that is; he's our fucking sound-man. He was. Don't worry though, we'll survive. As I'm sure S & M will, see ya in a couple of weeks. You all know Maurice the Magnificent - he'll be doing the honours at 7th Heavens from now on, and for the free parties something will be sorted. Welcome to the team. All set for the summer of laugh? Damn right we are. Can't wait for that first open air sunrise set!





## **NITE-SPOT CUM.....**

**7th HEAVE-ON - FEB 2nd**

Another night at our fave local nite-spot cum discotheque saw the temperatures soar to that four to the floor, as they came through the door, and it was heaving. Well the DJ's were (Tejen, Jasper and Oz that is). Josie, unable to attend due to a nasty bout of the flu, ducked out, and her spot was quickly squeezed by that young Chav charmer, Tej. He immediately proffered us his cheesy delights, showcasing some very nice inches of sheer throbbing pleasure whilst so doing.

Practically all the IVC DJ's managed to drag their enjoyment starved carcasses the few miles down the road that was needed to partake in this most wondrous form of social entertainment. As the late, great Glen Miller said "...there is no expression of freedom, quite so sincere as music..". Cool. Tonight saw the rebirth of the Ministry of Crap Dances, sure to get a really large membership surge as the seasons move swiftly towards summers mellow fruitfulness (and all the over the top consumption that will entail). Chief leg shakers were definately Ed Formally and Now Ey, how ya' diddlin', Burns out. The latter, it was readily observed, was hardly on what one would term "top

form", complaining of having flu; in fact just complaining! Austin had already beat a hasty retreat, claiming he was off to get some trousers (don't ask why he wasn't already wearing any). At 10 o' clock at night, in Wincheap? Once returned, just as trouserless from whence he came, he was quite well behaved, obviously saving his best blags for the fun-filled weekend ahead. Pen too was on tipp topp behaviour, and was even seen to procure his own half a lager, much to the shock of his assembled chums/moneylenders. Laura was in gin-guzzling-frenzy mode (watch out), making the most of her day off work the next morning. Pammy Poos, Jaspers greatest fan cheering him on from the front of the floor, along with all the other large lunged house whores of the inebriated variety. And a damn fine set it was too, Jasp. John looking frail and delicate after his near brush with ill health, Roger with his arm-pits only slightly moistened, and in that lovely Armani tee-shirt too! Keef and beau snogging constantly and rubbing their bodies together in a rather suggestive, sex-crazed manner, with Keefs nipple rings getting caught in anything that got close enough, rather in the manner of a Dutch gangster, one young chap was heard to



across East London. The outcome of which was, I'm pleased to say, "give me my property back and I'll go away". Whew!! The scene was then set for more outrageous antics fuelled by borrowed wine, liberated gin, nameless communal consumerables being eaten and complaints from the neighbours all too sordid to mention.



## **PARTY PEOPLE...**

Two comments written in 1895 about the yooof, but equally relevant for the crowd of 1995...

"8 Parker Street..(substitute 7th Heaven)..here at times may be seen 20 women with matted hair and face and hands most filthy, whose ragged clothing is stiff with the accumulations of beer and dirt, their underclothing, if they have any at all, swarming with vermin. Many of them are often drunk..."

(the party was)...a world full of young men passing "an absolutely vacant existence in a round of empty gaiety"

## **A FRIEND IS SOMEONE WHO LIKES YOU**

A friend is someone who likes you.

It can be a boy... It can be a girl... or a cat... or a dog... or even a white mouse.

A tree can be a different kind of friend.

It doesn't talk to you, but you know it gives you apples... or pears... or cherries... or, sometimes, a place to swing.

A brook can be a friend in a special way.

It talks to you and lets you sit quietly beside it when you don't feel like speaking. The wind can be a friend too. It sings soft songs to you at night when you are sleepy and feeling lonely.

Sometimes it calls you to play.

It pushes you from behind as you walk and makes the leaves dance for you.

It is always with you wherever you go, and that's how

you know it likes you.

Sometimes you don't know who are your friends.

Sometimes they are there all the time, but you walk right past them

and don't notice that they like you in a special way.

And then you think you don't have any friends.

Then you must stop hurrying and rushing so fast...

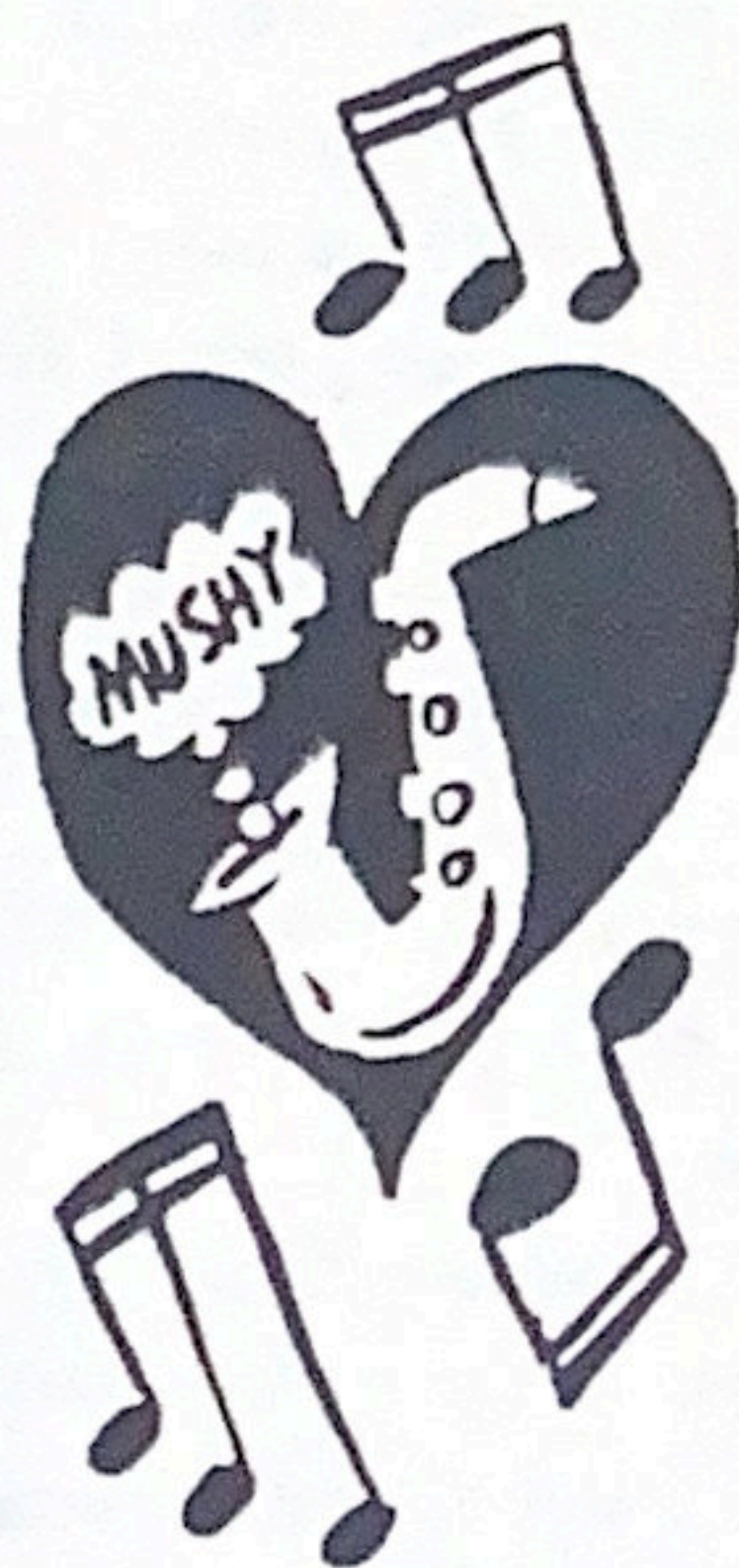
and move very slowly, and look around carefully



to see someone who smiles  
at you in a special way...  
or a dog that wags its tail  
extra hard whenever you are  
near...  
or a tree that lets you climb  
it easily...  
or a brook that lets you be  
quiet.  
Sometimes you have to find  
a friend.  
Some people have lots and  
lots of friends...  
and some people have quite  
a few friends...  
but everyone in the whole  
world  
has at least one friend.  
Where did you find yours?

JOAN WALSH ANGLUND.

WIGGED  
OUT ON THE  
HIPNESS  
OVERLOAD  
OF THE  
LOVERS  
BE-BOP!!



## 2 DIE AFTER TAKING E

Bad start to 95. After the untimely deaths of Liverpool DJ Mark Johnson (22) at the Voodoo Club and Scottish teenager John Nisbet (18) at Hanger 13, Ayrshire in Scotland, now might be an appropriate time to re-warn *our* clubbers about the hazards of overdoing it.

Please look after yourself and your fellow clubbers. Watch for dehydration and heatstroke. The main symptoms are excessive sweating, staggering, thirst and exhaustion. Over heating is unlikely to occur if enough water is drunk.

Dr. John Henry from the National Poisons Unit at Guy's Hospital, London explains the mechanism of heat stroke. Dissolute Intravascular Coagulation (DIC) - blood clotting in the arteries - occurs at 42 - 43 degrees centigrade (c.108 degrees Fahrenheit) and tiny blood clots stick to the artery wall. This is harmless in itself, as the blood clots are too small to cause a blockage, but the process can use up all the clotting agent, with the result that the blood will pour out of any of the tiny haemorrhages which occur throughout the cardiovascular system as part of the normal process of breakdown and repair. Such



internal bleeding can be fatal. Internal bleeding in the brain, combined with high, pulsating blood pressures can cause shakes. To combat this,

**DRINK LOTS OF WATER**

Dr Henry believes MDMA stimulates opioids, a neurotransmitter that acts as an internal anaesthetic. Neurotransmitters such as 5HT and opioids can be stimulated by chemicals such as MDMA. Opioids go into action when the body is injured, so if your body is exhausted or overheating you can't feel that it is.

Kidney failure (or "acute renal failure") is the result of muscular breakdown overloading the kidneys with myoglobin. Muscular breakdown can be caused by intense bouts of physical exercise. In other words,

**REST FREQUENTLY. COOL DOWN.**

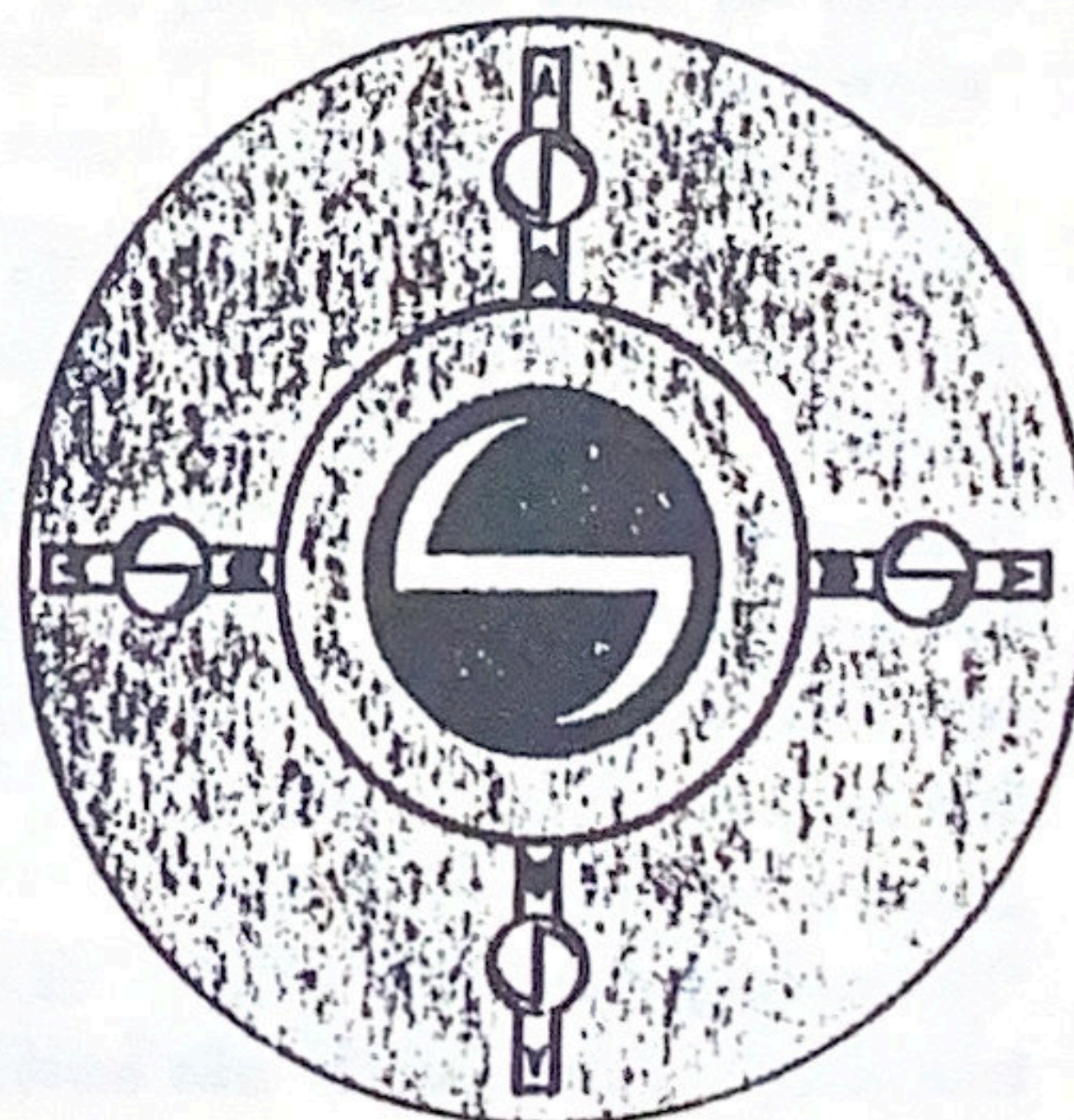
There may also be a link between liver damage and ecstasy use. Liver damage cases in the UK "might be the result of parallel use of alcohol and other drugs". So,

**DON'T DRINK ALCOHOL or MIX OTHER DRUGS WITH YOUR E**

Finally, MDMA can undergo "redox cycling" - a process that liberates copious

quantities of oxygen free radicals. Excessive amounts overwhelm the system and damage ensues. Phenethylamines are stored in highest concentrations in the brain and nervous system. Not surprisingly these tissues are at the greatest risk for being harmed by free radicals (and associated oxidants) formed during the redox cycling of phenethylamines. Excessive quantities may cause oxidative damage. It would therefore be prudent for those taking large quantities of MDMA to take antioxidant supplements as well. These include Vitamin C (2-4 grams) which is water soluble and Vitamin E (1000 iu) which is fat soluble. Also recommended; B-Carotene (5mg); Bioflavonoids (2gm); L-Carnitine (1gm); N-Acetylcysteine (2gm); Selenium (250mcg)

**TAKE EXTRA VITAMINS / EAT WELL**





## **OVER THE (HOUSING BENEFIT) HILL**

We are sitting in the pub behind our beers and it's getting a little intense as he reaches the climax of his argument. "...and that is the whole point, see?" he says, his eyes flaming. I nod, even though I don't really see any point. I don't particularly want to interrupt his flow because if I do we'll both be back to where we started. It's just good to see his passions boil.

Later he says, "I'm just a sad old alcoholic, you know?" That I do know. The words sad and old are normally prefixed, onto whatever emotive description he happens to be using at the time. At this moment, it's "alcoholic".

Now Norman is in somewhat of a quandary. He is the victim of his own failure. He is the victim of his own success. At the tender age of 40, he finds his life on a cusp. Currently he is living in a cramped, damp council flat on "Housing Benefit Hill". With his dog. And with his son.

His whole life, he says, so far, has been motivated by two powerful drives. One, sex, has done him ok. But now as he gets older, he begins to question this most basic of motivating forces. He doesn't have relationships with women. He "has" them. He "falls in love" with them. He "falls in lust" with them. Then he's on to the next one. We used to joke that there were 3 types of men; those that think with their head; those that think with their heart; and those that think with (points to groin area). "I'm defiantly a balls man", he'd say with a glint in his eye. "I'm a horny old scrote."

Mary, one of the highly respected local matriarch, who works all the hours Jah sends at the local sandwich bar, was recently the focus of Norman's lustful attention. He wrote her a love-letter, proclaiming his undying allegiance, his wish to live with her, and father her a son. Popping it through the cafes letter-box, on the spur of the moment, he sat and waited.

Now, Norman and I used to rendezvous at this particular sandwich bar, The Coffee and Guardian, every Friday morning for a coffee and a chat, so come Friday, and no Norman, I began to get a little worried. If anything he's a man of habitual behaviour and for him to break our appointment, caused me not a little concern.



After I'd waited for a respectable period, I began to make my way home, puzzled. I rang him and arranged another meeting. It was at this meeting it all came out. His embarrassment was overwhelming. Ten seconds after putting the letter through the door, he'd regretted it. Perhaps realizing the consequences of the waves of gossip it would create in our small sea-side town, he immediately plunged into a guilt-ridden depression. "I'll never go in there again." And you know what? He hasn't. Mary put the letter on the cafes noticeboard so everyone could have a good giggle at Norman. Dirty old scrote. And every time he walks past, with his large German Shepherd always in permanent tow, he blushes and looks away.

"I developed my crush on Mary while I was tripping. I'd taken 200 mushrooms, and spent the night talking to her. I don't know why, she just came into my head. I called her 'M'" says Norman.

"The following morning I did the Tarot and got the Emperor and the Empress in conjunction. I thought it was a sign. Then later I met Rachel - that was the day I wrote that William Blake piece for Tangentopoli - and I told her about it. I was in a real state. Rachel suggested I write her a letter.

"Later I had to write her another letter to apologise, and went round to her house. I felt I couldn't show my face in the sandwich bar, but she told me not to be silly".

His other, (more important?) drive, is to write. And this gets him into a lot more bother. Really important writing provides some sense of the relation between individual psychology and social change, of the scale of things in general. Norman communicates this. A talent. He has written all his life, but only had his first piece accepted at the tender age of 39. Persistence eventually paying off. Graduating on Housing Benefit Hill. His poverty his key to... what? Escape?

Eventually, a well known national/broadsheet, dressing to the left, accepted an article and offered him a regular column on their Saturday supplement. As you can imagine, he was over the moon. We all were. His life changed for ever. We did have a few beers that night. At the Labour Club.

Because his views were not conventionally structured, his idiosyncratic style (a mix of [a]cute observation, broad statement, concise conversational snatches, and witty political and personal



subtexts) won him many admirers.

Even when he changes the name of the protagonist everyone in the town knows who it is. Sometimes he misinterprets or misrepresents their personality, not out of malice but because that is how he genuinely sees them. Even though this is not depreciative, it still upsets people. And when people are upset about his writing, Norman gets upset. And when Norman gets upset, he gets embarrassed. It's the relationships he really wants, that are out of his control, that bewilder him. Like Mary. Like his readers. How can they treat him like this when he opens his heart?

The honeymoon is over. The town *is* genuinely pleased it has its own "voice in the media" once a month. Norman, after the initial euphoria, is gradually developing his journalistic 'thick skin' (he has to) and consequently as his embarrassment diminishes weekly, his self-confidence grows.

The mental health of all the people in his articles always remains positive. Despite having no money, being on HBH, living in crap, damp council flats, having loads of kids, no decent men around, depression and drugs rife, no-one to care, especially the authorities, people still found some

hope; some reasons to be cheerful. Some motivation to be happy. Their life has some meaning and purpose. Is liveable. The articles tone is always of an insider looking out. Like Norman himself.

The fact that his success will be his ultimate failure has not overlooked him. In fact he's very uncomfortable with it. He can 'handle' getting 'loads of shit'. For now. He 'just wants to write' (he always insisted he was a writer, not a journalist).

Now, a Faber and Faber advance under his belt, people are uneasy. They are afraid of something.

If I try to tell him that he's losing the towns trust, the people's trust, that they begin to see him as an intruder, spying on that most private of indignant suffering - poverty - and turning it into bread and butter, he turns round, shrugs, and before avoiding eye contact says "Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah". He knows.

Norman can probably call himself a fully fledged professional now rather than a writer.

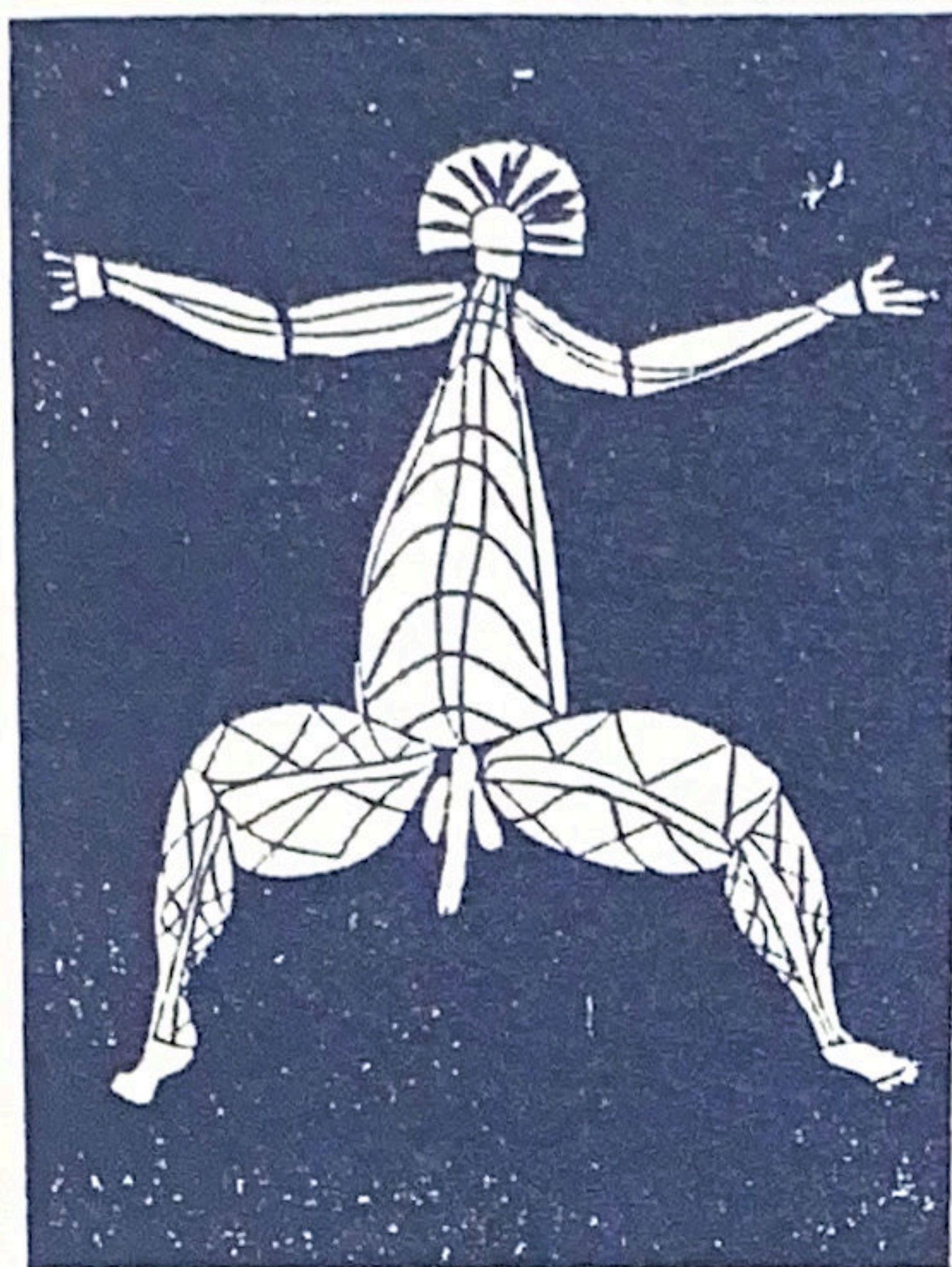
And he's looking for a new flat. Away from Housing Benefit Hill.

(1200 words, as are all the Housing Benefit Hill articles)



remark. Roy (Bouncer) had his heater nicked, for which he is not at all impressed, coz now he's gonna "freeze his nuts off" whilst searching you all for naughty substances. Ok, who did it? Bring it back.

Suffice to say, for this world weary reviewer, 7th Heave-on was reached, and maintained most admirably through the night. Hurrah!



## STRANGE STARES FROM THE LOCALS

SHIP CENTURION -  
WHITSTABLE - 11th FEB

This became a "sort of" pre-Kudos/Lush gathering where, over a few drinkeepoos, lifts were arranged, people met, negotiations made and hands lifted aloft. yes indeedy, despite strange stares from the locals and the constant bark of the pubs maneating dog in the backyard (he was apparantly spared the death sentance after biting "an idiot" through a plea for clemancy), a "sort of" party vibe was created from around 10 to 11. Whistles,

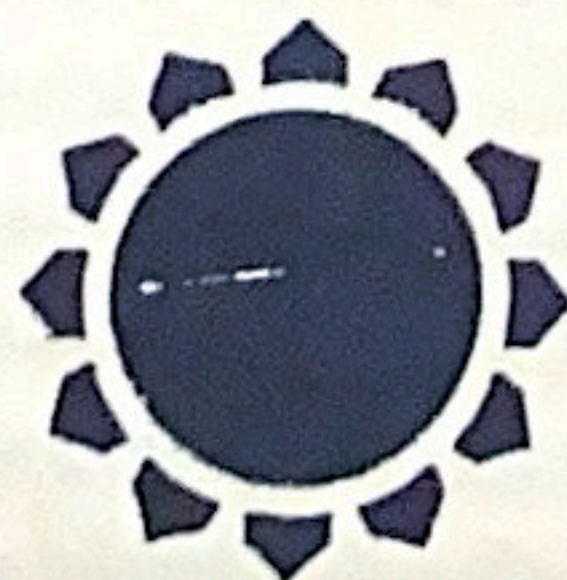
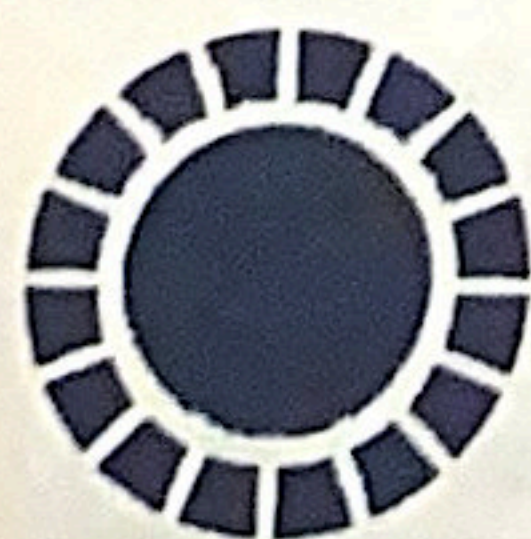
whoops and drinking of shit, fizzy lager was much in evidence.

The E twins, Kat and Mik, slumming it with the stars, well, Throb Felt anyway, were chauffeured to London in the style to which they have become accustomed to, and left early for their lift (begone).

CJ, fresh from his latest mauling (see this ish) held his pen tightly in his hand as his probing (oo er), ever alert journalistic instinct cuts through the bullshit and tells it like it is. And that's just while ordering a pint of beer. It's all technique they say. And Tejen will certainly agree with that. Despite repeated requests from Carole, the landlady (or should that be landwoman, or landperson?) for some "rave", Oz gainfully plucked the latest Tribal UK promo out of his box (oo er) and ignored, in the best and most polite way possible, of course, her birthday requests. "I'm probably going to make a fool of myself," she says, "but do you have any Prodigy, or 2 Unlimited?". "Er, no." "What about something a little faster?". It was 8 o' clock and already Carole and her mates were in full swing. A groovy US deep house tune filled the air. "Don't worry", lies Oz, "this is only warm up music, sort of". When Tejen Normington Hed Boys Majumdar arrived it was only a matter of saying, "oh here's the rave DJ" to get her back amongst the, er, bosoms of her mates. Alas, even Tejen Normington "oh no not that fucking Bucketheads tune again" Majumdar couldn't prevent them from leaving. Fear not, with Watson, Cath, Sandals



amongst others keeping the flame alive 11 came round sooo soon. Those who were, went to Kudos. Those that weren't, went to the post pub party, at top commie Lorraines house warming. It was well civilised as wine, cerebral conversation and food were the order of the early wee hours. With a Timo tape on the cassette ( after enduring 1 side of the Pulp Fiction sound track) a few wines and beers in the old stomach, a sort of party vibe developed, as the 12 or so groovers bounced around for a bit. A tape from Nunca Nunca New Years Eve party (thanks Pam) rocked the house somewhat and when all that had finished (being the last to leave the party is somehow sort of sleazy, is it not?) a few hours (and more) of computer shenanigans filled up the rest of the morning. At 7am I went to bed. A call around 11am to the post Lush party peeps found them ranting incoherently (so no change there) and well into their 2nd bottle of gin. Somehow being fresh and alert, a good breakfast inside me, and the thought of a quiet Sunday afternoon drink on the beach, seemed so much more, er... now what's the phrase?... CJ? CJ? I think I'll ring him up, and leave a message on his new answerphone..... " help!...we are the locals".



## LUSH BY NAME - LUSH BY NATURE

KUDOS PRESENTS LUSH -  
SAT 11th FEB

We should of had it off Saturday, as some others more sensible than ourselves did, but being completely balmy , off we set (15mpg) to Woolwich, where we were entertained more by our accomplices from the coast, than by the party around us. In no time at all, the few fluffcore devotees took the stage yet again, and the hard house, in their stride. Lush by name, Lush by nature - the coastal crew soon showed signs of self-induced autism. By a quarter to four, we were on the dance floor, bathed in lasers, soaking in the heat and vibes from the Kudos crowd.

At this point, things became a little bizarre. Eauzone? The water was turned off - sinks full of vomit, toilets full of crap. Is this what you pay £12 for? I don't think so, we deserve better than this.

The music continued past 7am, which enabled us to adjust to the idea of reality and daylight. The entertainment also continued (well into Monday).

In the firm belief that all property is theft, the garage shop that was our next port of call, was relieved of certain essential items by one of our party. This failed to go unnoticed by the manager, who instigated a highly entertaining (whatever will happen next?) high speed chase



**Whichever way you are living, Time will always be running the right way.**

**But when I think about reincarnation, the nature of the Universe changes for me. It means I've been here forever. That we've all been here forever, since the beginning of Time. That we are part of the process. That we are It.**

**And it also means that Mozart is still amongst us. That he was always amongst us. And Einstein, and Marx. And I expect that Mozart is sat in a bedroom right now, a weird genius with a DAT and a commuter, making house music. Altering our perceptions as he did the first time.**

**Messing about with our melody-lines.**

**Moments are like atoms. Parcels of energy. When we split the atom we unleash the Universe. When we look into the immensity of the moment, all time is there for us to see. In the infinitesimal, infinity is unfurled. The outer reaches of the Universe warp in the smallest particles of matter. Boundless moments expand. An ever widening circle. Ever circling Time. Revolution of the Spirit. Reincarnation.**

**"Jolly Robin in the wood  
Waiting for the gift of  
food.**

**Be he humble or be he  
bold**

**He'll turn a tumble, and  
then grow old."**

**CJ**





# **Year Of The Phoenix**

**Here's a date to remember: 11/11/95. Keep a reminder somewhere so that it can easily be seen. It's so you don't have to keep on pinching yourself when everything gets a bit weird. Mark it in your diary as the day that the World changes. The day the Golden age starts. Eleventh of November 1995. Got that? Good.**

**Astrological calculations show that rare planetary events during this Century are likely to reach their conclusion during 1995.**

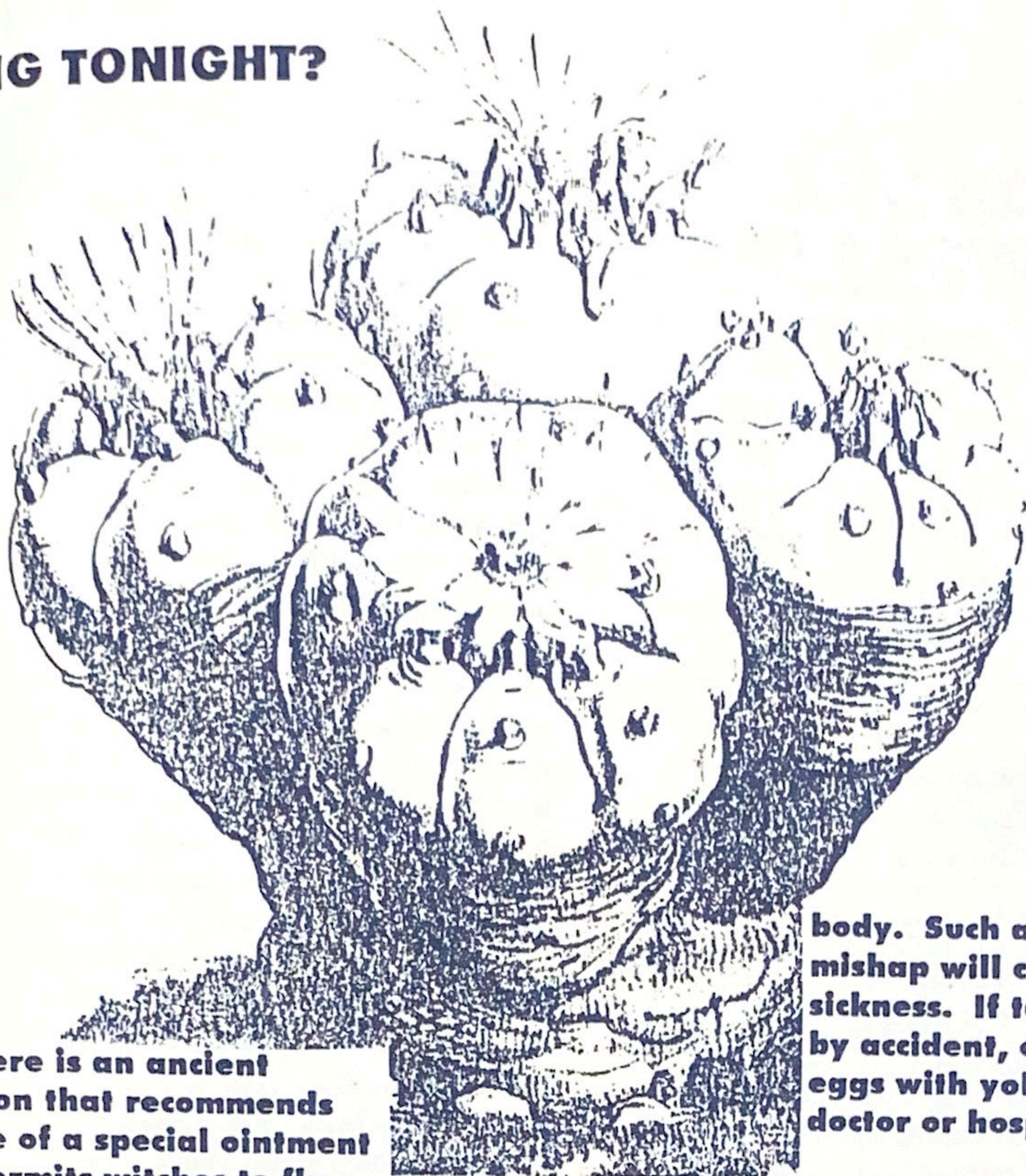
**The 1917 discovery of Pluto, Mankind's landing on the Moon, and last year's cometary collision with Jupiter, have corresponded with happenings in the physical planes of mind boggling proportions. New Agers have long expected a corresponding evolution on the inner planes, and have patiently worked and waited for it to come**

**about. The waiting is almost over. Pluto is due to leave Scorpio, and, as he leaves, the final pieces of the Human puzzle will fall into place. He'll not give us such trouble again for at least 250 years.**

**When a new planet is discovered, it's a sign of a new step in the evolution of mankind. When we landed on the Moon, it showed that the subconscious would be a mystery no more, that we'd explore the feminine subconscious. Books on paganism, magick and mysticism filled the bookshops. Dogmatic religions lost their appeal to the masses, as people looked closer to home for their spiritual guidance. Groups of all kinds were using new techniques that helped people to understand their hidden selves and their own darker side. The liberation of Women began in earnest. Frequent phase changes are a hall-mark of the Moon's influence. Characteristic of the times were rapid changes on every level**



## FLYING TONIGHT?



There is an ancient tradition that recommends the use of a special ointment that permits witches to fly their Besoms. Science claims that this ointment merely creates an illusion of flying. The truth is that Besom riding is a combined power of rider and steed. Just the same, for your interest, here is the ancient recipe for witches flying ointment, which I warn you is very toxic and not to be taken internally under any circumstances:

mix together : 1oz pork fat  
1oz Deadly  
Nightshade  
1oz Hemlock  
1oz Wolfsbane  
1/2oz Soot

Apply to the nape of the neck, under the arms and behind the knees. **DO NOT APPLY TO EYES, NOSE, MOUTH, EARS** or any

body. Such an unfortunate mishap will cause extreme sickness. If taken internally by accident, eat four raw eggs with yolks and rush to a doctor or hospital.

There is yet another witches' flying ointment which is not applied, but is inhaled, or can be smoked. It is perfectly safe, and will temporarily impart the sensation of flying. All ingredients are healthy and quite legal and easily obtained:

Shredded and mixed:  
Damiana, Ginseng, Echinacia  
Celery Seed, Juniper Berries,  
Ginger, Yohimbe, Kava  
Kava, Muria Puama and  
White Oak Bark.

Use as an incense, a cigarette or in a pipe. Not all the ingredients are required, but at least half of them in any combination will give the same effects.

(Taken from "THE WITCHES  
BROOMSTICK MANUAL" -Rev.  
Yai Nomolos, S.P., COSMIC  
VISION PRESS, P.O. Box  
666, Whitehall, PA 18052)



## **YOU WERE PERFECTLY FINE**

**Dorothy Parker**

The pale young man eased himself carefully into the low chair, and rolled his head to the side, so that the cool chintz comforted his cheek and temple.

"Oh, dear," he said. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear. Oh."

The clear-eyed girl, sitting light and erect on the couch, smiled brightly at him.

"Not feeling so well today?" she said.

"Oh, I'm great," he said. "Corking, I am. Know what time I got up? Four o'clock this afternoon, sharp. I kept trying to make it, and every time I took my head off the pillow, it would roll under the bed. This isn't my head I've got on now. I think this is something that used to belong to Walt Whitman. Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear."

"Do you think maybe a drink would make you feel better?" she said.

"The hair of the mastiff that bit me?" he said. "Oh, no, thank you. Please never speak of anything like that again. I'm through. I'm all, all through. Look at that hand; steady as a hummingbird. Tell me, was I very terrible last night?"

"Oh, goodness," she said, "everybody was feeling

pretty high. You were all right."

"Yeah," he said. "I must have been dandy. Is everybody sore at me?"

"Good heavens, no," she said. "Everyone thought you were terribly funny. Of course, Jim Pierson was a little stuffy, there, for a minute at dinner. But people sort of held him back in his chair, and got him calmed down. I don't think anybody at the other tables noticed it at all. Hardly anybody."

"He was going to sock me?" he said. "Oh, Lord. What did I do to him?"

"Why, you didn't do a thing," she said. "You were perfectly fine. But you know how silly Jim gets, when he thinks anybody is making too much fuss over Elinor."

"Was I making a pass at Elinor?" he said. "Did I do that?"

"Of course you didn't," she said. "You were only fooling, that's all. She thought you were awfully amusing. She was having a marvellous time. She only got a little tiny bit annoyed just once, when you poured clam-juice down her back."

"My God," he said. "Clam-juice down that back. And every vertebra a little Cabot. Dear God. What'll I ever do?"

"Oh, she'll be alright," she said. "Just send her some flowers, or something. Don't worry about it. It isn't anything."



"No, I won't worry," he said. "I haven't got a care in the world. I'm sitting pretty. Oh, dear, oh, dear. Did I do any other fascinating tricks at dinner?"

"You were fine," she said. Don't be so foolish about it. Everybody was crazy about you. The maitre d'hotel was a little worried because you wouldn't stop singing, but he really didn't mind. All he said was, he was afraid they'd close the place again, if there was so much noise. But he didn't care a bit, himself. I think he loved seeing you have such a good time. Oh, you were just singing away, there, for about an hour. It wasn't so terribly loud, at all."

So I sang," he said. "That must have been a treat. I sang."

"Don't you remember?" she said. "You just sang one song after another. Everybody in the place was listening. They loved it. Only you kept insisting that you wanted to sing some song about some kind of fusiliers or other, and everybody kept shushing you, and you kept trying to start it again. You were wonderful. We were all trying to make you stop singing for a minute, and eat something, but you wouldn't hear of it. My, you were funny."

"Didn't I eat any dinner?" he said.

"Oh, not a thing," she said. "Every time the waiter

would offer you something, you'd give it right back to him, because you said that he was your long-lost brother, changed in the cradle by a Gypsy band, and that anything you had was his. You had him simply roaring at you."

"I bet I did," he said. "I bet I was comical. Society's Pet, I must have been. And what happened then, after my overwhelming success with the waiter?"

"Why, nothing much," she said. "You took a sort of dislike to some old man with white hair, sitting across the room, because you didn't like his necktie and you wanted to tell him about it. But we got you out, before he got really mad."

"Oh, we got out," he said. "Did I walk?"

"Walk! Of course you did," she said. "You were absolutely alright. There was that nasty stretch of ice on the sidewalk, and you did sit down awfully hard, you poor dear. But good heavens, that might have happened to anybody."

"Oh, sure," he said. "Louisa Alcott or anybody. So I fell down on the sidewalk. That would explain what's the matter with my - Yes. I see. And then what, if you don't mind?"

"Ah, now, Peter!" she said. "You can't sit there and say you don't remember what happened after that! I did think that you were just a



little tight at dinner - oh, you were perfectly alright, and all that, but I did know you were feeling pretty gay. But you were so serious, from the time you fell down - I never knew you to be that way. Don't you know, how you told me I had never seen your real self before? Oh, Peter, I just couldn't bear it, if you didn't remember that lovely long ride we took together in the taxi! Please, you do remember that, don't you? I think it would simply kill me, if you didn't."

"Oh yes," he said. "riding in the taxi. Oh, yes, sure. Pretty long ride, hmn?"

"Round and round and round the park," she said. "Oh, and the trees were shining so in the moonlight. And you said you never knew before that you had a soul."

"Yes," he said. "I said that. That was me."

"You said such lovely, lovely things," she said. "And I'd never known, all this time, how you had been feeling about me, and I'd never dared to let you see how I felt about you. And then last night - oh, Peter dear, I think that taxi ride was the most important thing that ever happened to us in our lives."

"Yes," he said. "I guess it must have been."

"And we're going to be so happy," she said. "Oh, I just want to tell everybody! But I don't know - I think maybe it

would be sweeter to keep it all to ourselves."

"I think it would be," he said.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said.

"Yes," he said. "Great."

"Lovely!" she said.

"Look here," he said, "do you mind if I have a drink? I mean, just medicinally, you know. I'm off the stuff for life, so help me. But I think I feel a collapse coming on."

"Oh, I think it would do you good," she said. "You poor boy, it's a shame you feel so awful. I'll go make you a whisky and soda."

"Honestly," he said, "I don't see how you could ever want to speak to me again, after I made such a fool of myself, last night. I think I'd better go join a monastery in Tibet."

"You crazy idiot!" she said. "As if I could ever let you go away now! Stop talking like that. You were perfectly fine."

She jumped up from the couch, kissed him quickly on the forehead, and ran out of the room.

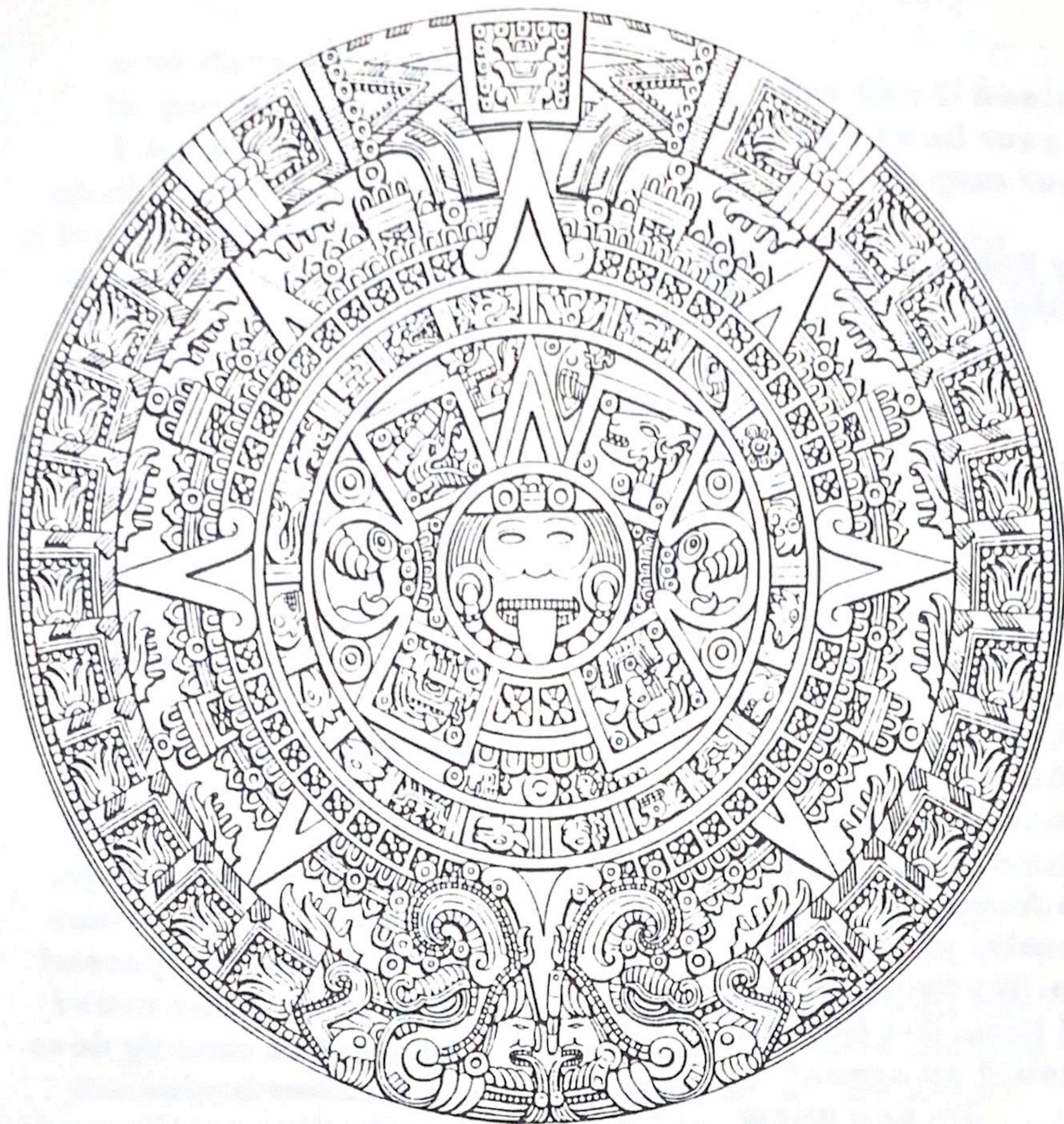
The pale young man looked after her and shook his head long and slowly, then dropped it in his damp and trembling hands.

"Oh, dear," he said. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh dear."

(1928)







## **Time's Circular**

**The Earth is a garden. But if God cannot tend it, then we must.**

**There's a Larch at the bottom of my garden. Except that I don't have a garden. But anyway, it's out there. It looks like a lyre, or some kind of a cock-eyed angel with its wings raised. I put food out for the birds, who gather in its branches, twittering and scattering about, all chaotic**

**activity, squabbling amongst themselves. There's a number of Magpies who visit it regularly, and a Blackbird or two who fix you with malevolent glances. And a Robin. Jolly Robin.**

**Do you know that you can train Robins? They're the least fearful of all the wild birds. Leave food regularly in a trail to your window. Eventually it will wait on the sill. And then you can open the window and lead the trail indoors. Be patient.**



**In the end it will eat  
from your hand and shit  
on your carpet.**

**"Jolly Robin in the wood  
Waiting for the gift of  
food..."**

**I spend a lot of  
time looking out at that  
tree. I do a lot of  
thinking. Sometimes I  
think about Time. I think  
of all the time that is  
gone. All those countless  
hours, what were they  
for? And all those days  
and months and years.  
All those centuries. All  
those Aeons. An  
immensity of time. An  
ocean. We think we can  
count time. But how do  
you count an ocean?**

**Do you know  
that there are dinosaurs  
still on the Earth? They  
were not reptiles, they  
were something else.  
When the cataclysm came  
and ripped out the belly  
of the Earth and with it  
all those lumbering  
monsters, the little  
dinosaurs grew wings  
and became birds. Little  
twittering things, living  
time on another  
lifescale. Echoes of the  
past. Ripples in Time's  
ocean.**

**I think about  
reincarnation too. Not  
that I remember any of  
my past lives. Somehow I  
can't imagine that I was**

**ever a Pharaoh or a  
Buccaneer, or any of  
those other things. I  
expect I've always been  
as I am now, the son of a  
Birmingham carworker  
with a strange,  
speculative imagination.  
I imagine that all  
through the immensity of  
Time I've always come  
from Birmingham, and  
have always been sitting  
here like this, looking  
out my back window.**

**What are we?  
Our bodies grow rigid  
and cold, and we all die.  
But we are  
electromagnetic beings.  
We live on the interface  
between the synapses of  
our brains. In the arc of  
energy. And energy does  
not die. Our brains are  
Quantum commuters and  
we leap in Time and  
Space.**

**Time is a  
product of the Universe,  
like matter. As the  
Universe unfolds, so  
Time unravels. Onward  
and outward. But come  
the time the Universe  
collapses, drawn by the  
inexorable weight of  
matter, the pulsing  
heartbeat of Gravity,  
then Time will reel back  
again. And we will live  
these moments over  
again. Backwards. And  
who can say if at this  
moment Time is running  
backwards or forwards?**



with one fad swiftly replacing another, from fashion to family life, from agriculture to medicine.

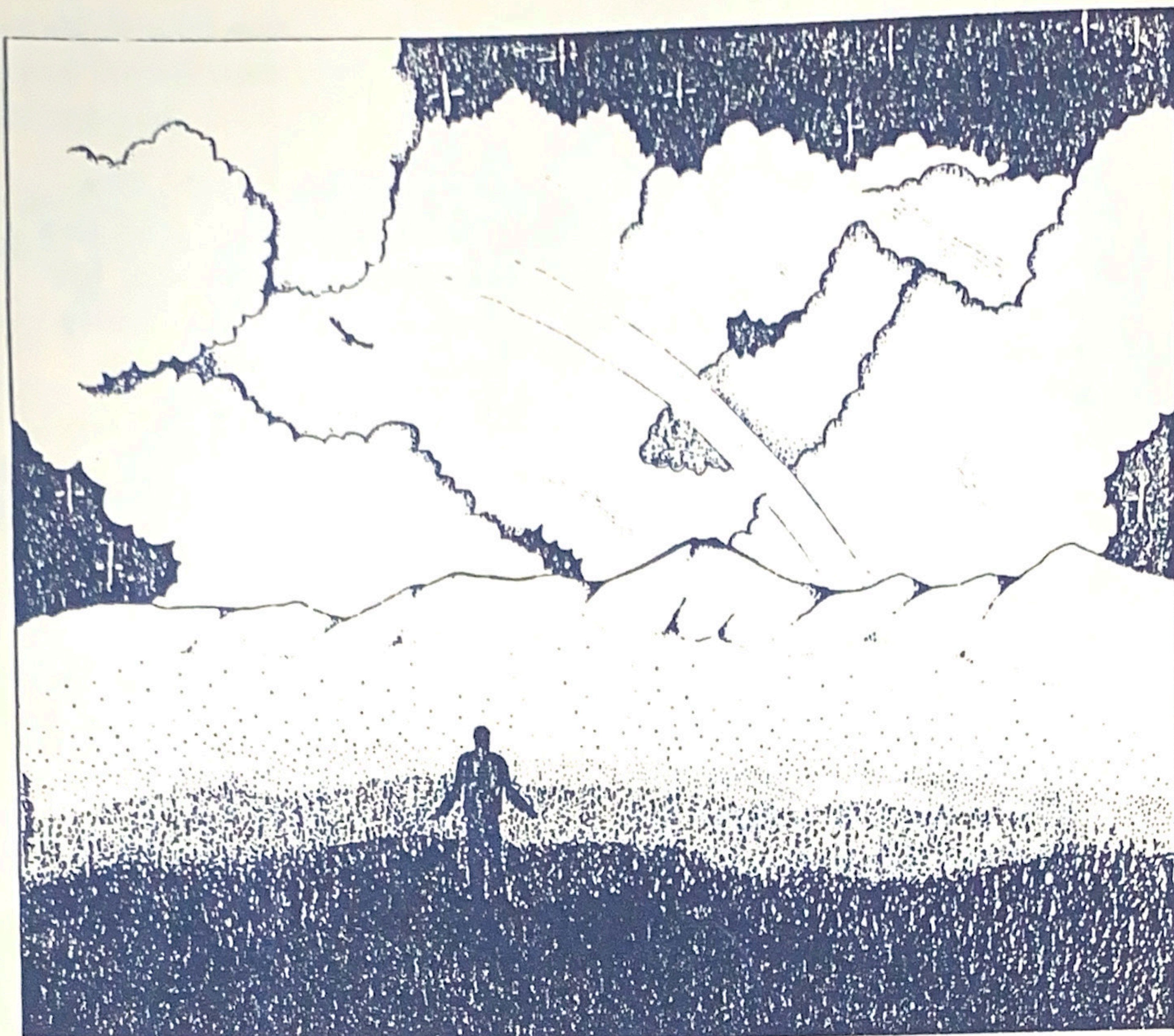
Underlying the 20th Century way of life is one major principle, without which our culture couldn't exist: energy. For hundreds of thousands of years the prime sources of energy available to us were either muscle power or derived from the elements, such as wind and fire. When Pluto was discovered at the beginning of this Century, we were starting to take those same elemental energies and concentrate them—the combustion engine and the generation of electricity are the root and seed of our time. So Pluto came to be associated with, among other things, **Concentrated Power.**

Pluto was first spotted in 1917, but in typical undercover style remained elusive and difficult to locate, and wasn't publicly announced until 1930. The years in between were ones of great

turmoil on earth. The first World war and the Russian revolution, for example. While highly destructive new war machines were one product of the raw Plutonic power, also being introduced to us were telephones, motor cars, radio, aeroplanes etc. These inventions are the tools with which we are meant to build a better world, but as we've all discovered, in the wrong hands they are just as likely to destroy the planet. The era of the dictators was ushered in. The Atom bomb was developed and used. Genocide became an international pastime. Hitler slaughtered millions in the death camps. The Khymer Rouge murdered half the population of Cambodia on the Killing Fields. The negative Plutonian rays are the most violent of any known to man, and growth comes through unpleasant experiences.

Positively, the power of Pluto transforms whatever it touches. It turns Lead into Gold and Sinners





**into Saints. The destruction by Pluto is always followed by rebirth on a higher level. One of the symbols associated with Pluto and Scorpio is the Phoenix, which dies in the fires of lust and destruction, only to rise from the ashes a transfigured creature. For when there is no hope left, when there is nothing but despair, then and only then are we willing to change and transform into something different, something better.**

**Pluto is currently travelling through**

**Scorpio, his own sign, where the power to good or evil is more potent than in any other sign. Moreover, he's hovering around the 29th, Anaretic degree. The 29th degree of any sign is critical. The things that the planet and sign represent come to a head. A Crisis. As Pluto moves through it, issues which have lain dormant for years, decades and even centuries are forcing their way onto the world stage. Political corruption is coming to the surface. We are being exposed to the Demons within and**



without. Events in the outer world reflect events on the inner. For the month or so that Pluto occupies the Anaretic degree people will find forgotten hurts and memories rising into awareness. The deeper, subconscious strata have been stirred by Pluto, and are coming up for cleansing. Those who are embarked on the Spiritual journey will find the period very helpful. Any kind of inner cleansing undertaken at this time would prove particularly efficacious. For those who resist the invitation to visit their underworld, the uprising subconscious contents might be rather uncomfortable. We are being forced, collectively and individually, to come to terms with our shadow. Pluto is preparing the ground for world wide Cosmic Consciousness.

Remember: It's always darkest just before dawn.

**Skywatchers** recently discovered a new heavenly body, just in time to witness it's destruction. Now called "The Shoe-maker", it was a Comet which consisted of twenty or so mountain sized lumps of Cosmic matter. It took everyone by surprise, appearing

very suddenly on an orbit which showed it had been secretly whizzing around the Solar system for some time, and on a direct collision course for the Giant planet, Jupiter. On July 16th last year, the Warheads hit the Jupiterian atmosphere with tremendous force. The shock waves carried the vibrations into the Auric field of the Solar system, and Earth.

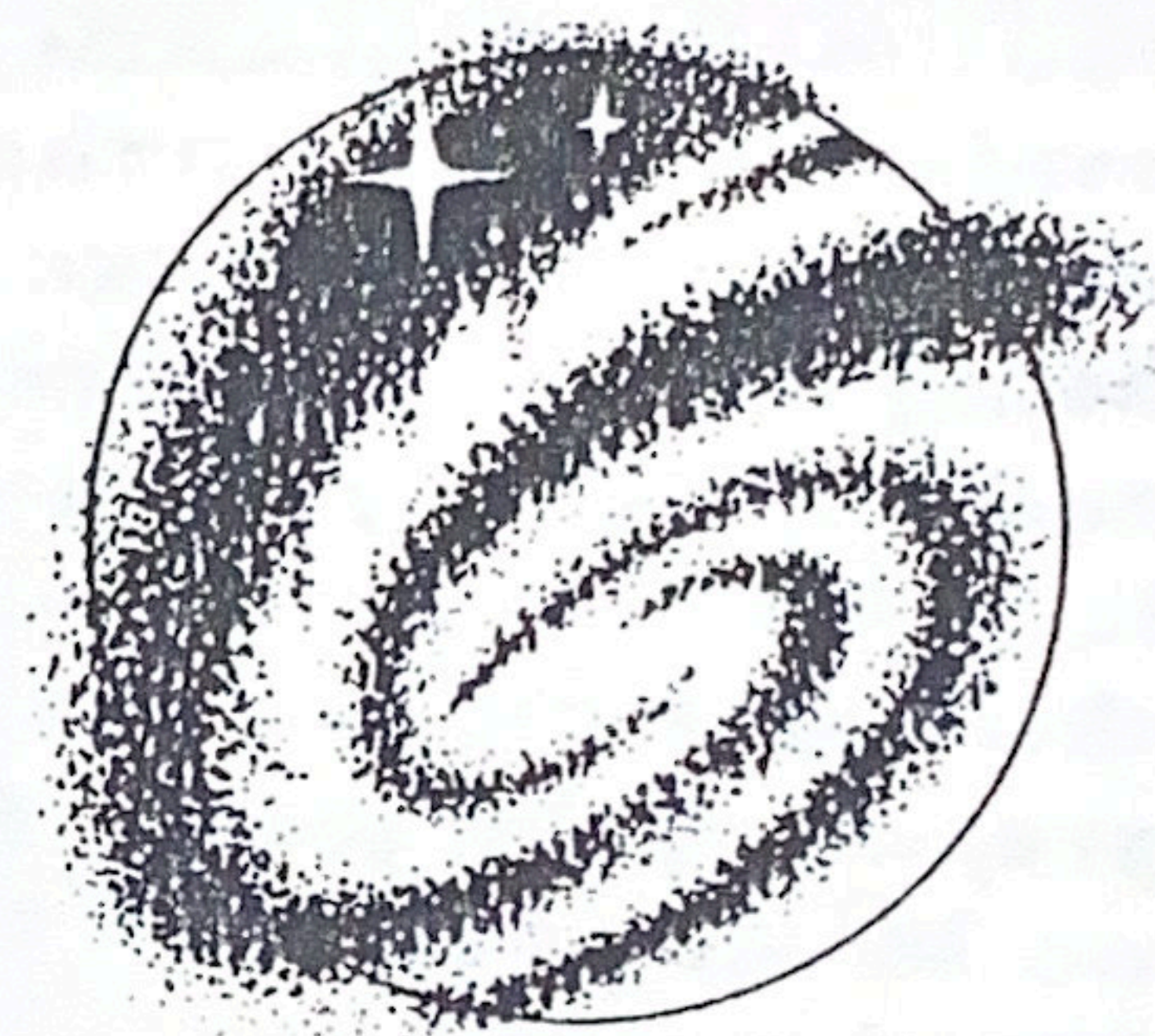
Jupiter is called the Guardian Angel of the planets; the Great Benefactor. With Jupiter, you can be down but never out. A sky with a prominent Jupiter rains down blessings. No one can sanely deny that problems exist here on earth, but with Jupiter now at home in Sagittarius there'll be enough optimism and wisdom around to counter the heavy Plutonian vibes. From mid-January through till mid-April, the pressure will ease off, on two planes: The world stage and the personal one. There'll be a feeling of limbo, a sense that this is the calm before the storm. For while many are signing peace deals and laying down arms, there are plenty who are not happy with the new status quo and are busily



**picking them up again. The media's likely to be full of prophets of doom, but also some genuine visionaries. The stillness, the easing off of pressure will be a sign that Pluto is testing the waters of Sagittarius. But he's only staying at Jupiter's house for three months, 'till mid-April, before he sinks, seething and boiling, back into the murky waters of Scorpio's anaretic degree. Everything goes Critical now. I mean everything.**

**The period between mid-April and November the 11th is going to be remembered as the year that Lead was turned into Gold. Whether you take that literally or symbolically is a matter for your own amusement. Deep within the Human subconscious there are amazing reserves of untapped potential. To use a 20th Century simile, we're a bit like an impoverished Nation that's just discovered huge oil fields in the back yard. It's as though each of us has a lost Continent within. Only half remembered, less than half believed in. Scholars have told us repeatedly that it's all nonsense, that there are 5 senses**

**and a brain, and that's all you are. Atlantis never existed! Only, tell that to Atlantis, for inside a lot of people, a forgotten Continent is stirring. When Atlantis comes up she'll come up in a rush, the way she went down. When the Human branch on the tree of life bursts into flower, it'll be a once only, Universe-changing moment. It'll happen overnight, in the twink of an eye. 1995 is the year that buried treasure and huge wealth play a major role in world events. Some**



**big earthquakes and a few Volcanoes to accompany things. For many it'll be the Dark Night of the Soul.**

**Taboos of various kinds will be getting an airing, being publicly broken in most cases. Taboos are anything not openly talked about, but mainly revolve around**



**Scorpicornic issues; Sex and Death top the list. The events will vary but underlying all things contemporary is the same blend of Plutonic and Jupiterian energies. A perfect image to keep in mind is Windsor Castle's recent experience. It illustrates how the influence manifests itself. First there was the fire which nearly destroyed the building. A Castle represents all kinds of things but mainly it stands for Established Power structures. Here there are 2 Plutonic symbols wrapped up in the same event: Power structure and Destruction. Phase 2 is the Jupiter phase, where they've just announced a massive oil find right underneath the building itself! Power, Destruction and Wealth, all rolled into one.**

**Pluto always comes at you from the outside. First, there is an inner resistance to change. Second, Pluto gets in there and threatens to destroy you if you don't. The choice is clear: make willing changes or suffer the consequences of having the Universe roll over you!**

**While in Scorpio Pluto doubles his speed. It says in the Bible of these days: "Unless time were shortened, there would be no flesh saved". Before anyone knows what's happening the New Age will have sprung up out of the ruins and I'll be saying, "Told you so".**

**You can take this all with a pinch of salt. I'd prefer you to take it to heart. But if all it's done is give you something to think about, my time was well spent. See you in the New Age.**

**Fen.**







**Demonstrations**  
and protests are  
being planned  
around the country  
on a weekly basis  
against the CJA; for  
current information  
about the continuing  
fight against the CJA  
call: United Systems  
081 450 6929/

Freedom Network  
071 738 6721/  
Friends, Families &  
Travellers 0258 453  
695/ Hunt Saboteurs  
Association 0602 590  
357/ Liberty 071 403  
3888/ Squatters  
Action 071 226 8938



# DEEP UNITY

the first 30...

17.2.94

In order of play

- **FIREFLY featuring URSULA RUCKER - Green (Slip 'n' Slide)**
- **SWINGBEATS - 2 Kinds of Blues (to-ka-dub) (Strictly 4 Groovers)**
- **4AM - Kingston (Tropique)**
- **SALT CITY ORCHESTRA - Storm (Tribal UK)**
- **HAPPY CLAPPERS - Here We Go (Shindig)**
- **IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LIFE - VOL. 1.**
- **SMOKIN' BEATS - Not Gonna Do It (No More) (Smokin Dub) (Smokin Beats)**
- **ANTHOLOGY - Music (D.U.P. Dub) (Emotive) U.S.**
- **MR JACK - Only House Muzik (Jack's Dream Mix) (Noise) Belgium**
- **SWEET FACTORY PRODUCTIONS - Daybreak (Underground Network)**
- **THE SOUND DESIGN - Bounce to the Beat (Hard Times)**
- **THE UNDERGRADUATES - Hipswinger (Lenny Fontaine NY Remix) (Graduate)**
- **5 MINUTES OF FUNK - Let's Go Round (MC's Hype Mix) (Fat n' Round)**
- **CHUNKY CHEESE VOL 5 - Sock Or... (100% Cheese)**
- **JAYDEE - Plastic Dreams (Reconstructed by the Rhythm Masters) (R & S) Belgium**
- **CAROLE BAILEY - Feel It (MK Dub) (Multiply)**
- **DANNY TAURUS - More Lies EP - Step to the Rhythm (Xen Mantra Remix) (Dansa)**
- **SLUMBERLAND REMIXES - A Side (white)**
- **STEALTH FACTOR - Drop Zone EP - Surprisingly Different (Stealth Factor)**
- **IN 2 U - Everything (Itchy and Scratchy Mix) (white) U.X.B. - Part 1 (Large Impact)**
- **CARLOS BENDEKOS AND CHINO FRANCO PRESENTS THE DROPPING SCIENCE EP - Latinos on Parade (Nachos) U.S.**
- **LOST THE PLOT EP - You Bastard (808 Mix) (Lost)**



- **F.Y.T. - Sans Souci (Universal Groove)**
- **THE SAMPLER EP - Track one (white)**
- **G.O.D. - Limited**
- **F. ACTION - Closer (Fresh Fruit) (Dutch)**
- **ESTRIMA - Train of Thought Edit (ffrr)**
- **GRANT PLANT - b (white)**
- **D.M.B. - If We Lose Our Lovin' (Razors Edge vs Disco Volonte Dub) (Metropolitan Music)**



## **DANCE IN THE 16TH CENTURY**

**"First of all, the wild heads of the town get together, and choose a leader of mischief, who they call the Lord of Misrule: they crown him with great solemnity and adopt him as their King. The King then chooses twenty, forty, sixty or a hundred lusty chaps, like himself, to wait upon him and guard him. To each of these men he gives his colours, green or yellow or some other wanton colour, and being not gawdy enough they bedeck themselves**

**with scarfs, ribbons and laces, wearing all over, gold rings, precious stones, and other jewels. This done, they tie around each leg twenty or forty bells, with magnificent handkerchief in their hands, and also sometimes across their shoulders and around their necks, borrowed, usually from their pretty babes and loving chicks. With everything in order, with their hobby-horses, dragons, and other antiques, together with their bawdy pipers, and thundering drummers, they strike up a devils dance with everyone,**



and then this heathen company marches towards the Church, their pipers, piping, their drummers thundering, their stampers dancing, with their bells jingling, and their handkerchiefs fluttering about their heads like madmen, and their hobby horses and other monsters skirmishing in amongst the throng: and it is in this manner that they go to the Church (although the Minister is at prayer or preaching) dancing and singing like devils incarnate, with such a muddle of noise, that no man can hear his own voice. The foolish people look and stare, they laugh and flee and climb onto the furniture and pews to see these pageants solemnized. After, they go round the church, again and again, and then into the churchyard, where they usually have their sommer-halls, their bowers, arbours and banqueting houses set up and they feast, banquet and dance all that day, and peradventure all the night too: and this is how these terrestrial furies spend the Sabbath day. Philip Stubbes: Anatomie of Abuses (1583)



## IVC DIARY OF PARTIES

**FRI 17TH FEB UNIVERSAL  
LOVE - 414 CLUB,  
COLDHARBOUR LANE,  
BRIXTON SW2. 10PM - 6AM  
£5.**

King Louie Productions presents a Valentine Special for the launch party of this fortnightly club. Residents Luke Brancaccio and Oz are joined by Paul Venn and Adam spinning those loved up, dubbed up, clubbed up vibes.

**FRI 24TH FEB SARA'S  
BIRTHDAY PARTY - 15  
WESTGATE TERRACE,  
WHITSTABLE.**

One for the Whitstable Hedo's so the usual outrageous antics of The Shellbacks are sure to shock those of a more sensitive disposition. Nuff said.



**SAT 25TH FEB STONED  
WORLD - 188 MANOR ROAD,  
ERITH, KENT. 10PM - 6AM.  
£5.**

Down To Earth promote this one-off at an excellent 700 capacity car auction during the day house club during the night venue. DJ's include Tom, Steve and Richy from D to E, Scotty from Kerplunk and Oz from tVC. All bouncing it up good vibe style.

**THURS 2ND MARCH 7TH  
HEAVEN- THE WORKS,  
CANTERBURY. 9PM - 2AM.  
£3.**

The mid week "the weekend starts here" sesh has special guest Warren joined by house whores Ed and Tejen. The usual errant nonsense, slippery floor shenanigans and wildly exaggerated gossip are only the starting point of this foot to the floor, no safety belt car-crash into oblivion. Or something like that anyway.

**FRI 3RD MARCH UNIVERSAL  
LOVE - 414 CLUB,  
COLDHARBOUR LANE,  
BRIXTON SW2. 10PM - 6AM.  
£5.**

Luke and Oz and guests bring a little agoraphobia to the 414's claustrophobia. A little light to a little dark. A lot of house to a lot of house.

**SAT 4TH MARCH FRUITY  
FRESH MEETS tVC - VOGUE,  
THE HIGH STREET,  
SITTINGBOURNE, KENT.  
10PM - 8AM. £6 / £10.**

At this one-off, for six quid we get; 'till 8am; don't have to drive to London; and a shit hot line up. Joining tVC's double beat bandits Nick, Kier and Tom, Jasper and Oz we have Digs and Woosh

(from you know where), Jes (who's changed his name from Sonar because he's a LOT more mellow these days) courtesy of Jump and last but not least Sherlock, Perfect World supremo.

**SAT 4TH MARCH THE  
FRIENDLY AFFAIR - WEIRTON  
MANOR, WEIRTON PLACE,  
WEIRTON ROAD, BOUGHTON  
MONCHELSEA, NEAR  
MAIDSTONE, KENT. 9PM -  
2AM. £5.**

For those of us who want to make a big night of the 4th (what other sort of night is there?) there is this tasty little offering as the classy hor d'ourve to the tVC all-nighter main course.

Head chef PJ Stewart from The Friendly Affair is in good company with Mitchel Southey (Grin and Bear It), Marc and Ben (Aphrodisiac) and Oz (tVC). Aphrodisiac provide the sounds.

**FRI 10TH MARCH LEGENDS  
- DOVER.**

Timo and the rest of Dover party animals have their own house night. Oz guests.

Feb 1995

