

!- tangentopolis

ISSUE 24

30TH MARCH 1995

free to party people

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CJA NEWS

"HI-FI SEIZURES" IN LAW TO CUT NOISE

Alex Bellos writes in The Guardian 28\3\95 about recommendations being discussed to stop noisy parties\neighbours

Tough laws against noisy neighbours, including on-the-spot fines and the immediate seizure of hi-fis, are recommended in a consultation paper on the problem of loud music and all-night parties.

Proposals in the document, published yesterday, include a criminal offence based on an acceptable indoor noise level at night of 35 decibels, which is quieter than a boiling kettle to a person in the same room.

"Such an offence has the potential to provide a swifter remedy than the current statutory nuisance regime for some of the most disturbing neighbour noise problems," said Robert Atkins, the Environment Minister, who unveiled the paper in a parliamentary answer in the commons.

Public pressure has been mounting for tougher laws on noise nuisance, which has been blamed for suicides, violent attacks and murder,. Under present law, noise is most often treated as a civil offence, which can be tricky to administer. Last year only 3% of noise complaints to local authorities ended in prosecution.

The document, the result of a working party set up last October, recommends fixed-penalty fines of £40 or a maximum £1,000 if the case goes to court.

Local authorities should be encouraged to arrange to get warrants to enter houses to confiscate "noise-making equipment" temporarily or to silence intruder alarms, it says. They could charge a fee for the equipments return.

Seizures would be made by environmental health officers, assisted by the police if a disturbance or resistance was likely. Local authorities could seek orders for permanent confiscation, after prosecution.

The document was welcomed by Graham Dukes, spokesman for the Chartered Institute of Environmental Health, which says that noise complaints to local authorities had risen by more than 700% in the past 20 years.

"The recognition that swifter remedies are needed in many cases is extremely welcome," he said. "the proposals for a new night time offence will need to be investigated as to the practicalities, and we will be looking into these to ensure that any such offence when introduced is workable."

But Brian Etheridge, Association of District Councils' spokesman, had a warning: "We will certainly respond positively to much of the Government's proposals, but we would want to give some thought to the implications of the power of confiscation, which could be very confrontational.

"The most common neighbourhood noise problem is noisy parties - and we are talking about a large number of people, generally enjoying themselves - and the idea that someone would waltz into

the living room and turn off the stereo or confiscate it, is confrontational."

The Labour leader, Tony Bluergh, has supported Government proposals to give local councils the power to confiscate home hi-fi systems which are deemed to be too loud.

ALSO COMING SOON TO GREAT BRITAIN PLC 1995

ID CARDS (Green Paper this month); NATIONAL DNA DATABASE (FORCED MOUTH SWABS) (Section 59, CJA); ARBITRARY STOP AND SEARCH ("SUS" LAWS) (Section 60, CJA); CHILDREN'S PRISONS (Part 1, CJA); BUILDING PRISON SHIPS (Section 100, CJA); BLANKET SPY CAMERAS (Inc. Section 163, CJA); MORE FORCED MEDICATION FOR MENTALLY ILL (Supervised Discharge Orders, Mental Health Act amendment); ABOLITION OF RIGHT TO SILENCE (Section 34 - 38, CJA).....

FREEDOM NETWORK have set up an action line which will be updated every two days detailing ALL national events 071 501 9253

SchNEWS is a Brighton based newsletter published weekly by Justice? and carries lots of useful info on the CJA, police, squatting, arrests etc.

For your copy send stamps / donations (payable to Justice?) to SchNEWS c/o on-the-fiddle PO Box 2

600 Brighton East Sussex or telephone (01273) 685913.

party reviews

NATURAL INNIT?

7th Heaven - 16th Feb 1995

Kier and Tom did their usual sterling job warming up for fluff-meister Simon DK, our chum from Nottingham. Riding that wild pitch groove, swirling, relentless yet always chuggably delectable. Being such nice, unassuming wax shufflers you can be sure that their deep US musings will remain firmly at the heart of tVC's house nights. Whack.

Tejen 'I'm a buckethead' Majumdar asked Simes for, er, the Bucketheads (aargh!!). "Sorry man, that tune's dead for me", he says. And rightly so. Having just spent a weekend with our loveable yet cheeky scamp, hearing him play that (fucking) tune about 30 times has led to the conclusion that if I hear it again, I swear, I'll smash the fucker to a million pieces. Sorry Tej, only kidding(?) It was good, but not that good.

With Simon 'new tunes' DK, you're hearing one of the best the UK has to offer. Well, especially the UK free party scene.

This is where the professional dichotomy raises it's head. We've been going through the same hoop. Making the move from free party's for free people, to pay party's for free people. Are the people different? Does the relationship change, moving from a field to a club? The answers are of course no and yes. What's changing? Is it a matter of political statement or the paying of the rent? Is it amateur (doing something because of the love and enjoyment) or professional (doing something because of the love and enjoyment and getting paid for it)? Can both edges ever meet in the middle? Does paying for something increase expectation?

As the weather improves and the nights get lighter and warmer it is only natural for the party people to once again become the free party people. The tradition is long established. From free festivals of the '70's, '80's to the free parties in free festivals in the late '80's to free parties in the '90's. From free parties outside in summer to pay parties inside in winter. Natural, innit? Which is why we feel such an affinity with DiY. We identify with their attitude, which is why it is always a pleasure to work with their DJ's. It gives our people a chance to see, hear and meet them. Interact.

So now the authorities step into this complex equation. The Criminal Justice Act's indiscriminate powers to arrest and seize at will have shaken the free party culture to the core. Who will stand up to it?

This summer may well be a summer of confrontation in more ways than one. But only time will tell. At a free party in Dover last week a heavy police presence (some armed) saw the party peeps run away. Those that stayed were in no mood for polite acquiescence. The party was stopped at 2. On April 10th the CJA grants powers to confiscate sound equipment. The 3 grand given to DiY for a "spare" PA by Network Records will help one stage of this particular struggle. But the threat to open air parties cannot be overstressed.

Meanwhile carry on as normal. Substitute pay for free and dancefloor for field. Good vibe for better vibe. Licensed for unlicensed. No competition really? Is there?

'Till we get outdoors and commune with nature (and our music comes into its own then)

clubs are the best we've got. And while we've got clubs we've got professional conduct.

The free party peoples time has come to stand.

Simon DK is worth every penny it takes to get him here but come the summer he'll be back in his true environment and he'll be as free as a bird. And so will we. Nice one mate.

A GORGEOUS COLLECTION OF POUTING, ARM SWAYING, STRUT- TING PARTY ANIMALS

1ST UNIVERSAL LOVE FRI 17TH FEB

The South London underground house culture has matured into a fine beast. Promoters, DJ's and party people blend together to form a delicious soup. With crews like Jump, Deliverance, Optimist creed, freshly squeezed and now King Louie playing the full range of house from hard to soft weekends in Brixton have never been so pumpy. the focus of all this activity is Steppers or the 414 as it is now known.

Tony and Louise have made a big effort to transform the place. In, is a new rig and new decor and, soon, new air conditioning.

Tonight the Universal Love posse go for it fun time. The DJ's (oz, Luke, Paul Venn and Adam) pumped up those deliciously drugged up swaying vibes to a gorgeous collection of pouting, armswaying, strutting party animals. Lovely. Did we go for it or what? Blissed, funkied, chunked and hunked we were. And, quick as a flash, it was six and it was all over and it was a damn shame. Big love to every one who supported this blinding first night. Loved up, dubbed up and clubbed up? Yeah man.

A FISHY AFFAIR-FULL ON AND FUCKED UP

SARA'S TOP NIGHT OUT - FEB 24TH

In trying to review the party everyone's memory is shadowed by a dense chemical cloud, especially mine! The events of the evening which do stand out are Keef's set, Eric and fish and Nicky and myself failing to seduce two uninvited members of the local constabulary with our house whore charms and having to settle for a mere snog with the boys in blue. Needless to say they left as soon as Nicky and I let them go, informing us that they had to go and catch some REAL CRIMINALS which they said we weren't. Nice one!

The night's offerings of musical ecstasies began with a rare sample of DJ Austintatious' vinyl wizardry followed by life celebrating sets from Nick, Jasper, Ed, Keef, Liam and Paul, keeping us floating in a serotonin sea well into the bright morning sunshine.

By the time a fourth person had given me another small round birthday present the house was heaving and Deep in mud, fishes, piss-heads and mad, glad and dangerous to know party peeps from North London, Dover, Folkestone and a Whitstable welcome to Ashford chums (some of which discovered dancing for the first time and haven't stopped since!) and not forgetting the bloke in the anorak from the Umbrella Centre.

Fellow fishes celebrating life were Sarah and Katiee who went home for a few hours so Mikee could give her a birthday present! A camera which was incriminatingly flashing away all night has managed to capture the essence of the

night's fishy frivolities, where our memories have evaded us.

Big Love and thanks to all the fantastic residents of 15 Westgate Terrace for the use of their home, to Terri for my watery party dress tailor-made in 3 hours and to tVC and everyone who helped make it an unforgettable birthday (apart from the bits I can't remember!)

FUCKING FREEZING

STONED WORLD -25TH FEB

This Down To Earth promoted event proved to be a free party in the end, so apologies to people put off by the £5 price tag our listings put on it. Taking place in a large warehouse in Erith (pronounced Ee-rith, believe it or not) they could have got a good 400 going big time. Instead 50 virtually froze as the temp slumped, leaving a lovely ground frost on the grass in the morning. Nick sat huddled in front of a calor gas heater and then in the car with the engine running and the heating on. It was cold. the crowd gamely danced to warm themselves.

Anyway, finishing at Erith at six, not having the heart to ask for any money, we left. After having to change the front tyre, which was so bald the metal threads were poking through on three sides, we made our way to some chums who were having a gathering back in Kent. It was still pumping full on at 7. Excellent. Spotted amongst the debris were a few of our party chums such as Mr and Mrs, who'd left Vogue's because it had been so awful, and made their way here to shake a leg, and do whatever one does at these dos. It was just so good to be warm again, and amongst friends.

A BIT OF A LOST WEEK-ENDER THIS ONE...

Thursday 2nd March

A bit of a lost weekender this one. Ever one to take up every single, solitary scrap of work offered to us (as it should be) the tVC paint your band wagon wheel did it's usual lurchly stumbling limp wristed E-Pot impersonations and saddled down into various towns throughout the Meridian and Carlton regions.

Tying the burro beast outside the 7th Heaven saloon it was only a matter of time before the house version of one of them bar room brawls kicked off. A metaphoric version of course. Being the peace loving, non violent, smelly (especially after a good pump missus) flour dusted missionaries we are real (ugh!) chairs smashed over backs and glass bottles on heads (in heads maybe) cannot be tolerated. But you understand the frenetic, choreographed energy and pin point timing needed to pull one of these brawls off. Now who's going to be John Wayne? Jeremy Healy? Wanna fag Big John? John...? Put that down Barry didn't mean it.

Warren and his positively glowing entourage fly in from L.A. for the night. Well he gets a lift off his mate and drives in from Faversham.

Now, you're probably aware that this particular part of kent-dance culture has the Tangent.. moniker of "the pound-meister". Forget all that bollox. No pounds in sight for Warren. He was as slim and as tall and as handsome as he normally is.

The heaveners welcomed him with lofty extensions of the upper limbs. Palms touched and untouched in recognition of yet another glorious Kent DJ kicking some goddam ass. Or burro. Yee ha.

Doin' the do Warren believes in the power of kent natives and was genuinely warm and relaxed in front of his home crowd. Dare we say it but but he positively enjoyed the rapture so generously and deservedly bestowed upon him. Nice one maan. More soon from de man like Eraser as he's put on the books for more work real soon.

Throbbingly warm was Ed. Then he jumped in his trusty steed and came to Canterbury to

play us a set. Ed "3 day" Millard done his usual exemplary sweep through the new deep doddling doodles drenched in dreams.

Such was the reaction ensued (pout, pout, have you got that pig bag tune, what sort of house is this etc, etc, yawn, yawn, well WE love pumping house and WE want our house pumping all day and all night and all day and all night so we can pump to our pumping house pumping, yeh, etc, ad nauseum) that we knew he'd done really well lad. Hand bag fascism spluttered whilst deep house devotees (never one to feel superior) smiled knowingly and got down to some serious enjoyment. True. Flying the flag.

Tej proffered as warm up. (That might seem a trifle short or indeed rather brutal review of Tejen set but you see we don't write about Tejen and his jolly japes anymore 'cause we upset him. Even at little things like calling him Tej). So even though he was with us all weekend and we had a really good laugh with him he won't be mentioned anymore. Imagine him as that member of the Magnificent Seven that no one can remember the name of but you can picture him

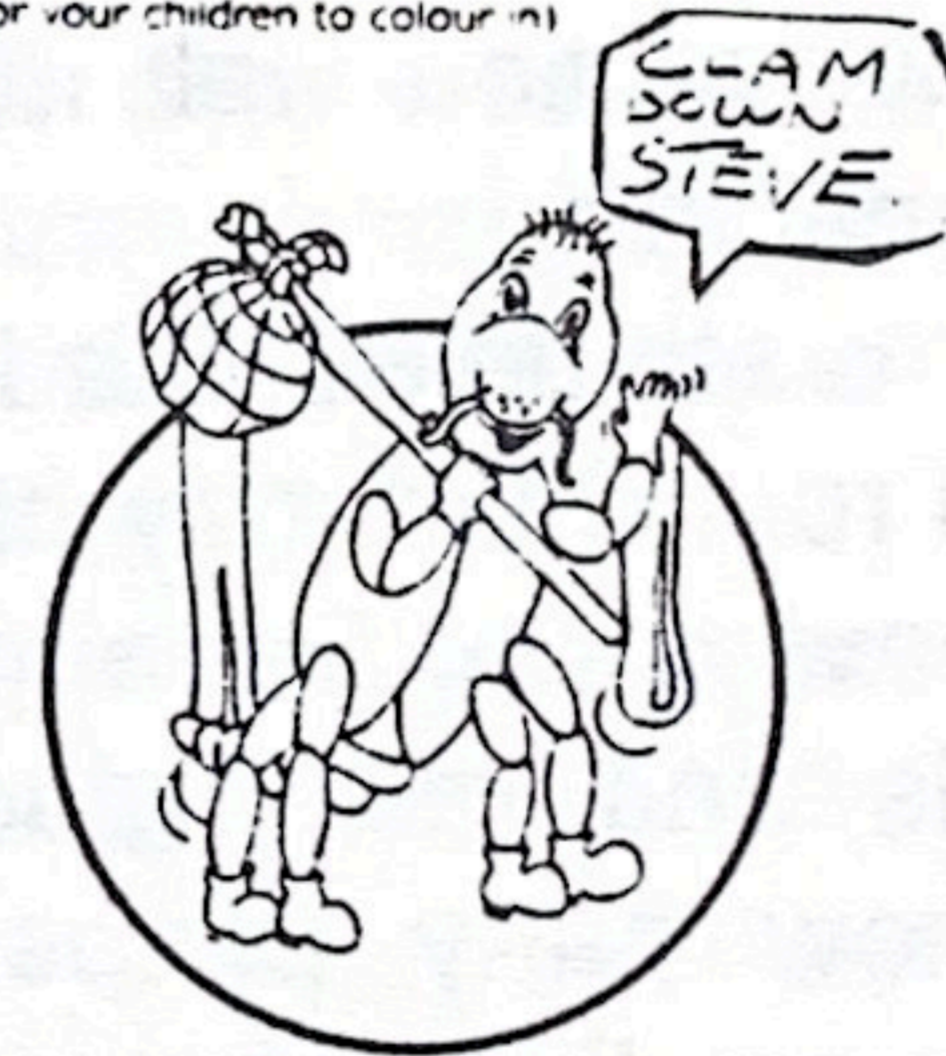
in your mind and he's in virtually every scene.

The crowd, this particular night, as

usual, was full to bursting with nutters, wide eyed, jaw chewing, over polite and extremely pumpy peeps raring to go (and that was just the drug squad "mingling" in). The dancey dancers danced, the drunk drinkers drank and the winky wonkers, er, done something else. Loads of dead famous people never turned up. Neither did Roy's missing electric, or should that be eclectic, fan heater. Only a mere 40 managed to blag in on the guest list (ya slippin'). Gary Cooper cowered and looked pensively around as the clock struck eleven..

LARRY THE SKOUSE

(For your children to colour in)

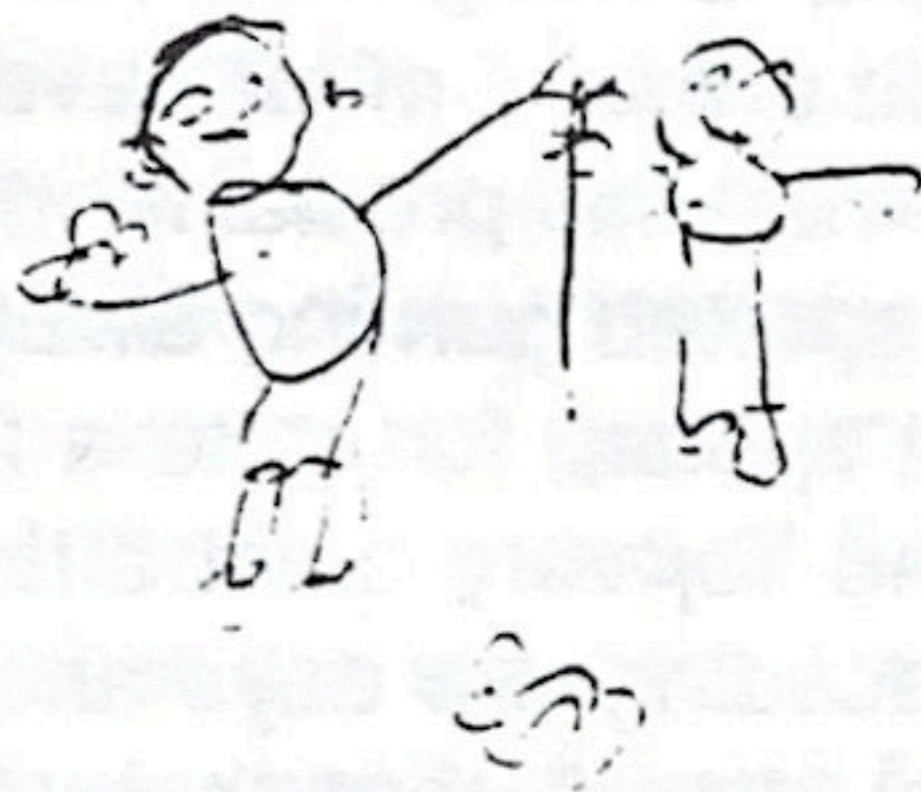


in his trusty steed and came to Canterbury to

HEADY HEIGHTS ACHIEVED...

FRI 3RD MARCH

After the statutorily obligatory zero hours sleep, it was time for that lying bastard known as Oz (zee-poos, wald) to pack 10 records into a frayed carrier bag (ah the good old or present days) and play at that well known sarf London venue, the fucking-hot-and-packed or the 414 for short. The heady heights achieved by the first Universal Love, were not exactly replicated and despite being pissed off for being missed off the flyer, Oz gamely showed the way to go. His whole one hour needle time dedicated to Sherlock's memory as a Jump DJ. As Sherl himself might say, "It ain't worth getting out of bed for mate, staying up all night, driving all the way there and spending shitloads of money waiting to play 10 tunes for an hour then pick up a paltry wage, then do the whole lot in reverse again." (Well, not he might say that, he did say that). He ain't gonna lose sleep over it. Suffice to say, Nick, Austin and that well known professional dancer, Sara, chomped, pumped and stomped their way through what can only be described as a mediocre nights entertainment. Longer sets and name on the flyer next time girls? The train pulled out of station revealing a solitary figure and the barren cinemascopic landscape behind him. A cut to a double barrelled shotguns muzzle sees a fly emerge from the opening only to be flicked away, casually, by the man holding the gun. He waits. Watching.



SATURDAY

Breakfast TV consisted of Blind Date and the first hour of Pot Night on C4 (scamps). Breakfast consisted of Indian curry with onion and vegetable bhaji starter, mushroom fried rice and two garlic nan washed down by fizzy brown shit and a couple of cones in praise of Jah (or Pot Night). After setting the video to tape four hours of C4 it was time to saddle up and all wagons ho to, er, Sittingbourne to see our new chums George

and Lou from the Happy Days ranch. They very kindly lent us their club for the night and gave us carte blanche to do our own thing. Per Se. Pass the beans cowboy.

Despite only 600 or so flyers to advertise it, a full house ensured that the party went with a bang, not a whimper. The cattle train waved their hats skyward and Josie led the salutation to the great god and did a sterling job warming up the herd. Jasper headed us out of the pass and provided a seamless blend of old and new, get on your feet campfire tunes. Jes, from the triple "o" Jump rodeo lassoed the steer and had the branding iron glowing in his hand waiting. Quickly running over to the decks he warmed them to the next level with his eclectic selection of housey pumpdom. Cruising full on, was Sherlock with his go-for-it Brit and Euro profferings. And just as quickly running out of western metaphors we time warp back to Blighty to take us into a service station for some fags and lucozade where Kier and Tom donned their US keks and toasted their marshmallows real gently. At 6 K&T dopplegangers from Nottingham (via Portsmouth) arrived in the earthly form of Rick n' Pete aka Digf and Woosh. Simon DK in tow. What a lovely finish to the night. Gentle, pumping, serotonin soaked lovely-ness permeated the air and R&P showed us how to chill it down in fine style. Despite a severe toothache, DK still found time to groove merrily in front of the DJ booth. Sorted.

At 8 it was back to an already trashed, HQ, to fill in the few hours before the pub opened with a cuppa and a smoke of an extremely large amount of, fags. Austins shenanigans (or public humiliation, depending on your P.O.V) ensured much mirth amongst the assembled post party peeps. Or maybe you just had to be there.

Finally getting rid of everyone, post pub (we had after all been our and about in peoples company for nigh on 3 days and 3 nights solid) we settled down to a few hours of pot night, taped from the night before. 7th Heaven dope filled chocolates. Cool. Fuck, fuck, fuck, the bastard tape hadn't taped, had it? I'm off to bed. I'm up for work in the morning. Can't wait. Louie I want MY old video back. There's a John Wayne movie on tv I want to tape it to show at the next 7th Heaven.

THE MOST REALISTIC PORTRAYAL OF A DRUNKEN ENGLISHMAN ON HOLIDAY IN LAN- ZAROTE



IVC at Sittingbourne, Saturday 4th March 1995

Despite the fact that only a thousand flyers had been distributed (we do at least 4000 for 7th Heaven), with the wrong date, with misspelt names (no, we didn't do them, I hasten to add) and with the club being notoriously difficult to get people to attend, the night developed into one of those rare things, a bloody good one. Or a right royal rogering (of the house variety). And this in Sittingbourne too. A town that has been in the national papers twice this week.

For being the scene of a brutal murder\siege at gunpoint, and also for being one of the tenth worst towns in the country to have a business (Does this extend to nightclubs, we wondered?)

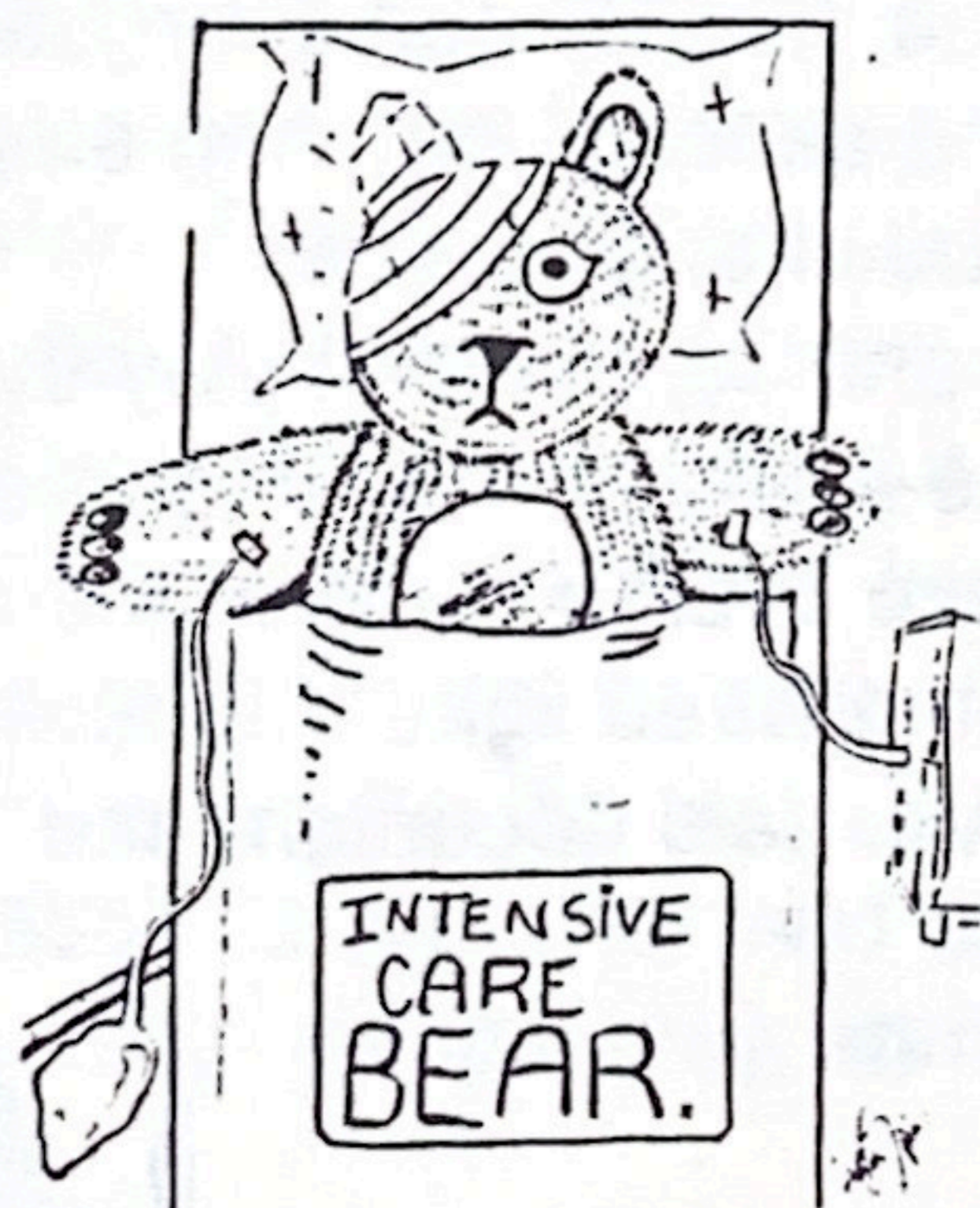
A car, full to bursting, of the tVC hardcore (still drink sodden from the post 7th alcohol guzzling frenzy that lasted well into Saturday, before everyone suddenly remembered that they had an 8 o' clock kicking out time to enjoy in a few hours hence, and collapsed unconscious in various stages of undress\disarray) made its way to the clubbing capital of the world. It was a very quiet party posse that found themselves in a Sittingbourne pub, at 8.30 on a Saturday night waiting for the club to open. Not an experience we recommend, it must be said. However, once gaining entry everyone brightened up perceptibly, and began shovelling much needed liquid lubrication down parched throats, whilst Nick spent ages putting one backdrop up. The club was greeted with surprise by anyone who'd ever gone to it before, and the peeps whose eyes lit up when they saw the backdrops that were adorning the walls, faces fell, when I said that they were the clubs.

Josie initiated the proceedings, showcasing her new set (she'd been up to London and spent 70 quid that day) and she was blinding! Steve

'he's gay', danced proudly on the podium, and even the partied out tVC bods started to throw their feverish carcasses round the dance floor in keen anticipation of the delights that were to cum. Oochie Oochie threw his hunky, muscle bound torso around in perfect anticipation of the beats, Austin shuffled around shiftily, Sara throbbled mightily, and Nick tried to convince any doubters that she could dance, really, to little effect. Far too soon, Josie's set was finished, as the perps started to fill the room. Jon, Jaspers trusty driver, Pamless for the time being, looked forlorn. Jasper stomach of the night by a unanimous decision (Oochie was a piss poor runner up, but Now Ey and Austin had been the only competition). Mariella, and quite a contingent from Canters. Sall and Evs, surprising everyone by turning up and definitely outdancing everyone, except for Dawn that is, of course, and Sall winning loved up factor of the night (when she wasn't telling people to fuck off). Simes, and his bro, and dancing princess Anna. Kat and Mik who won the 'most realistic portrayal of a drunken Englishman on holiday in Lanzarote' (wait till you see the picture!) simultaneously with best stumbler of the night (Pamelot a close follow up). Oz managing to pump away energetically, all night, although he had had a very badly strained ankle, it must have been all those pain killers, he kept proclaiming innocently. How ya didlin' spotted gurning away expertly, in a fashion not spotted for quite a few fun-filled party's. Loz and Tej very quiet after the jolly capers of the preceding two days and the consumption of a roast dinner that 'he who never eats' had cooked for them. Gazzoer with his innocent chef in tow, soon spotted wandering around with 'go away' Dent's underpants over his head, and a bemused expression over his eggstatic features. Gazzoer spotted exercising his tongue muscles expertly in the corner. 'Go away' Dent in his fetching new dress, nickerless much to Oochie Oochie's pleasure \ shock. Caroline asleep on the stage. Now Ey and Jon staggering around incoherently, don't ask, but it was even more than Mike. Toby and his lethal cake... Suffice to say it all had this party person crying at the beauty of life, love and friends during Digf and Woosh's set, as was one of the bouncers due to said same cake. Pamelot turned up, even though she wasn't coming, after

getting a taxi at 2.00 in the morning, much to everyone's delight. Toby arriving via Gravesend for whatever strange reason (he'd probably had some more cake).

For me it was one of those nights. It started good, and got better. All the right ingredients and all the right people, Lots and lots of cool sounds. Josie was followed by Jasper, who in future will DJ topless (as a condition of winning stomach of the night) and the floor was hotting up nicely in fine pumpathon mode. Swiftly followed by Jes down from London, with his well chummy chums, who continued the party vibe in fine form. Sherlock then took over the reins and began whipping us to a frenzy with Brenda at the head of the dancefloor, only to relinquish control to Oz as he was just warming up. With Oz the sounds reached their peak before he started winding things down for our chums from Nottingham, who were driving down after a gig in Bognor (Portsmouth). Come 5.30 though, they still hadn't shown, so Kier and Tom took over the helm and treated us to their deep and dirty meanderings, until D & W showed. Treating us to their wonderfully mellow, beautifully uplifting strands of housey delights. It was at this point that a combination of the excesses of the previous 3 days, combined with the beauty of the music and all my friends, plus of course the aforementioned cake, that I started to weep, not quite uncontrollably, transfixed at the loveliness of it all, determined to remember the moment for the rest of my life. But that wasn't allowing for the after-effects of Tobe's creation. Oh well, maybe the photos will jog my memory. A topp night, and, oh, I love y'all. And I mean that most sincerely folks.



“HOW BAD CAN THINGS GET?”



Off we set for Broom park and Pig Love, er, party, organised by the Students union and something or other records. We raced through the lanes between Ramsgate and Bridge. Duggy taking in the bumps in the back and Jasper, in the passenger seat, tried to relax as we tore round blind bends, stormed through villages and eventually found our way onto the A2. We turned off for the Crematorium, an omen perhaps, and yes, a sign for Broom Park.

We missed the entrance (going too fast) and had to turn around further along. Approaching from the opposite direction, we missed it again, but reversed and entered broom park. No party posters, no helpful directions, no pointing day-glo arrows. We drove into the dark forest, down a narrow road and eventually stopped outside of a lighted building - it wasn't the place. Off we set again and soon reached the public road once more. We retraced our path to the 'main gate' and re-entered Broom Park. This time taking a different fork, we arrived facing the front door of a small-ish grand stately home. Totally dazzling the doorman guarding the entrance with our cars full beam headlights. Jasper got out and negotiated with him, and yes, we could go in this way. if only we'd turn off the bloody lights.



So, into the unknown stepped the three men from Thanet. I mention our origins because nothing and no one in Thanet is posh, if they sound it, they're faking it and are probably either ex-sub-postmasters or retired East-End gangsters. So into POSH we walked, through a short entrance hall (slightly larger than my lounge) through mighty double doors and into the main hall.

This imposing room, with its rococo ceiling, oak panelling and portraits of steely-eyed colonial bastards in military uniform, looking down on us, had by 10pm a goodly sized throng of happy young people - mainly students I supposed.

In this grand hall a type of house music was played, a type that relies on bad mixing and miscues to make it totally awful. Several DJs with record boxes, slunk away after talking with the pair playing.

Perhaps they'd play until forcibly removed?



So, off we set exploring and found arena 2. Here the music, techno-trance, with the emphasis on techno. Not so many people here, obviously a minority interest, probably a more cerebral crew, yet they looked much like the lot in the first room. Yes, that was it, something I've not previously witnessed at one of these events; they were all completely straight, some were getting drunk in a well behaved sort of way. No illicit herb had passed this way. No little white pills or powders had blown in here. The security on the other hand, although handling it all very professionally all looked completely mashed, probably on a mix of amphetamines and steroids.

Further exploration led to the subterranean depths and another bar. here I bought a coke and wandered bemused through an underground Wimpy. With the smells of burgers and chips all around I finally reached the end of the fast food warren and arena 3, or the disco as the sign read. Here a pallid youth manipulated two strained technics turntables to produce a slowish techno-jungle, almost entertaining, except for the blue light.

Returning to arena 1, I found Jasper (bored), Duggy (looking crazy), Laura and Tejen (the other tVC DJ booked that night), Austin, who earlier had seemed to be enjoying himself (probably leeching the barely post-pubescent maidenhood) now looked as bored as the others. The music, now played by another DJ, was equally as awful, but the happy throng of



innocent party goers lapped it up. For a moment paranoia embraced me; perhaps it was me, perhaps all of us. Looking over the jaded tVC crew I began to think that yes we are all burnt out, our tastes lacerated by the exquisite house music played not till 2am for £8 a head but all night and often for free. I looked again at the joyous crowd intoxicated on good English Ale and some imported foreign stuff in weird bottles, happily and energetically dancing and dancing and then stopping whilst the DJ changed tunes.

Jasper and Tejen didn't play that night as the promoter had overbooked DJs but were offered spots in the crypt room with the wired light, but declined the offer. We said goodnight and departed.



HIS NOT INCONSIDERABLE GUT

GLOW at LEGENDS, DOVER FRI 10TH
MARCH

At last it was a chance to show our lovely, but mad Dover and Folkestone chums that we could travel over to their manor, partying on their home turf, with the best of them. At least they would have a night off from driving.

A posse of 2 made it over in our car, as some had decided to go to Pig Love and oggle the barely

pubed adolescents of the student variety, where tVC wax shufflers Tejen and Jasper were meant to be playing. We'd left Austin there at 8.30, dropping him off on our way to Dover, and he was already well warmed up (with 2 litres of 8.4 % cider already

in his not inconsiderable gut when we left him, shouting obscenities at the DJ who had done one of many bad mixes) with some relief. He feared he'd have to behave himself a bit more if he came to Dover.

The club was big, a nicely designed space (apparently by the peeps who did the Ministry. The dancefloor was massive with JBL rig and an impressive collection of lights (operated by our very own Tobes who sat blankly in front of them most of the night looking cool).

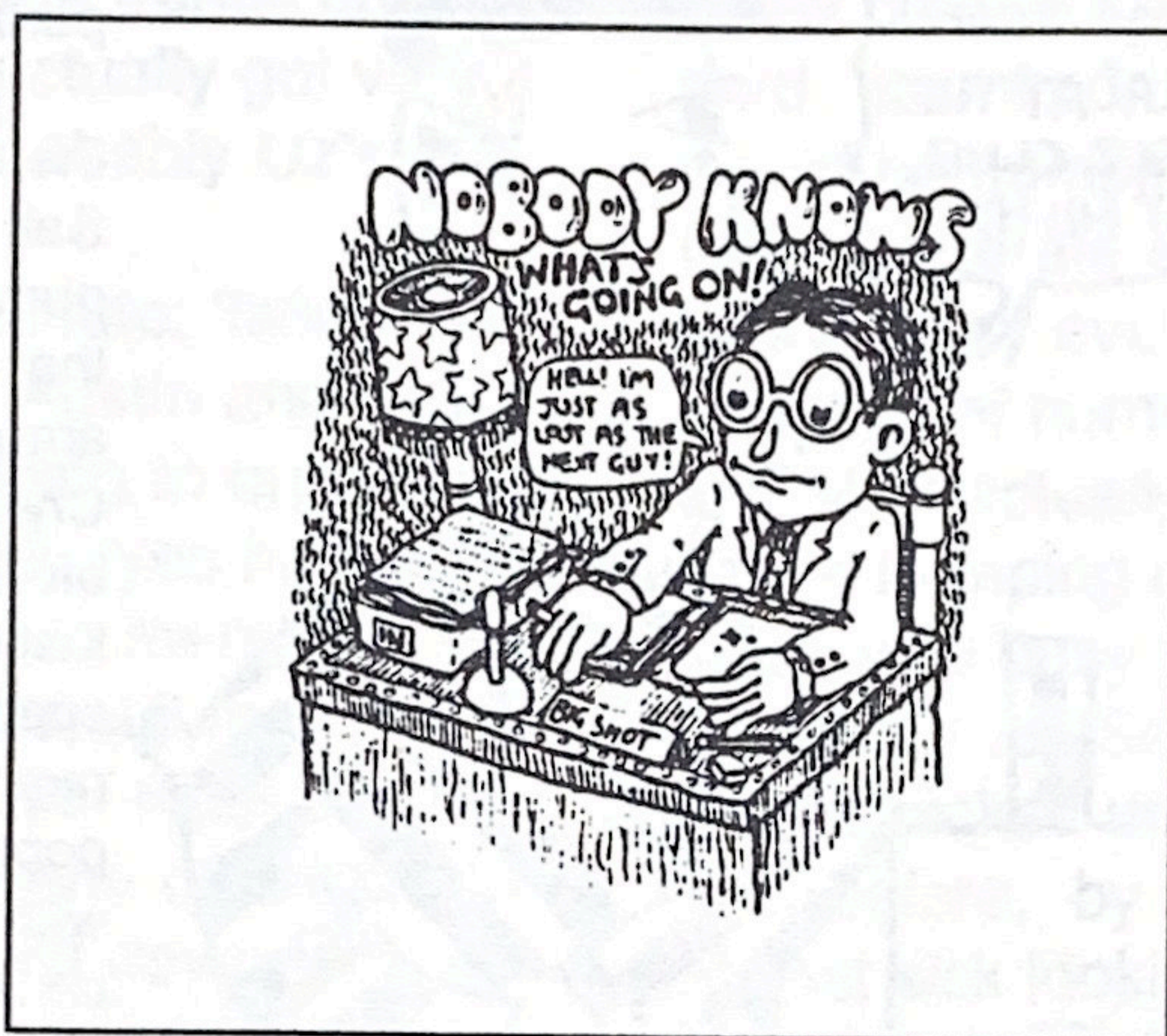
I don't know who the first DJ was, but Timo took control after and cracked the house whip impeccably, stirring the

crowd into pumping mode. Oz continued in this (throbbing) vein, whipping the crowd up into a stomping mass of sweaty enjoyment. The place was packed to the rafters with Timo's chums from all parts of the map, and the atmosphere was one of friendly chumminess. And yes, everyone from Dover is mad, it must be something in the air.

Now Ey turned up half way through the night grinning from ear to ear, in his usual gnomelike manner, just back from , pause dramatically "the 'Pool", "our kid", "now ey, carm doon" etc. This

brought the Canters\Whitstable contingent up to a mighty 3!! Those of you who were unable to make it, you missed a damn fine night. Unfortunately Whitstable posse has now lost the mad partying bastards crown, as it has officially (after a number of

nights, it must be admitted) passed to Dover and Folkestone posse, who have outdanced, outpartied, out outed us crap lot. There is a seizure of the party crown planned, but us Whitstable lot have to gather troops and discuss tactics after the heavy blow of such a major defeat. After Legends it was off to various peoples houses, but we left Stevie See flying the tVC flag as I had to get up for work the next day. I heard he wore them all out though by 5 the next evening. Yes, the onslaught begins! Next Glow at Legends will be on Friday 5th May. Dj's include Timo and Nicky from tVC. Well recommended.



PUMPING MIGHTILY ATOP THE SPEAKERS

7th HEAVEN - THURSDAY 16 MARCH

A night that started strange, and proceeded to get stranger - well, it was a full moon (nearly) so what did we expect? I should have known what was to come when I was queueing in that excruciatingly slow queue (that is always in the Co-op) where you wait 10 minutes just to buy a pint of milk, when Austin suddenly appeared, loudly, at my side, with the whole shop gaping in open mouthed bemusement.

Then, later, whilst setting up, discovering that we had no amp leads (so therefore no music) at a quarter to nine. This was just another indication. This managed to get sorted very easily by some quick thinking and the swift deliverance of two kettle leads. Which turned out to be far too short. So M disappeared in his faithful (parking ticket attracting) hire van, to 'a friends', to secure longer leads. It was now at least 9.30. So we sat down. Had a drink. Watched Tom and Jerry and waited for something to happen. Pen turned up (I said it was going to be a strange night) And he bought me a drink!! Hoorah for Pen.

After a disaster of major proportions put everything into perspective, we relaxed, said 'fuck it' and got into it. Oz 'warm-up man extraordinaire' warmed up. Extraordinarily. Manfully managing to complete his set, before staggering to a stool, sitting down, and passing out. Face down (allegedly after Pamelot sat on his lap). On that rough, hard wearing, club carpet (nice carpet burns mate). Luckily it looked more spectacular than it actually was. It wasn't even as exciting as an asthma attack, but was the result of being in bed for four days with the flu, and then going out, carrying heavy speak-

ers up stairs, and drinking three pints of beer (quickly, because beer's good for 'colds') in a rapidly hotting up environment. Despite a bloodied nose and swollen lip, the damage was mendable, and luckily Carol came to the rescue and whisked him off home, so that he could have a well needed rest.

The show must go on, as go on it did. Throb Felt seized the reins and galloped along jauntily, whipping the crowd up nicely. It was a damn fine set too. Then Simon took over and really took the crowd to 7th Heaven. And left them there. The floor erupted in one big, long celebration of ecstatic dancing and the pleasure principle. Maurice had the sounds down to a

tee, with it sounding the best ever. Farkin sooperb.

Spotted:- Gurner of the night award won by Sall (again?) who pumped mightily a-top the speakers, doing an amazing bit of gurning. Chest of the night to the bloke who throbbed lustily a-top the other speaker for most of the night. Rowan, who popped in after a drink with her hockey playing chums, showed us the way it was done with her four to the floor antics, whilst M looked on fond-

ly. Those mad Folkestone and Dover bastards, in slightly more upright positions than when last spotted at this hallowed sanctuary of house music (Tobes was hugging the floor most of the night). Aaron and Pete trying to out-dance each other (a draw). Kat and Mik (Throb's number one fans\groupies) with Mik holding court at the bar. Trudy and Wayne, fully recovered from their travels in India (where they had a wicked time). It's good to have you back, although we shall shortly be saying goodbye to Debbie, who is off to work in Turkey for the summer. See ya when you get back. And thanks to all the usual marauding gangs of life-loving hedos that are the tVC crowd, who turned up to strut their stuff. Nice one.



HUMPING TONIGHT

OOCHIE'S BIRTHDAY CELEBS - SAT
MARCH 18 - WHITSTABLE



....Louie and Steve show off alarmingly to their hearts content, without managing to pull, again

Well a bit of a weird one this. That once you'd resisted the frantic urge to run away and hide, actually got very good (but that was probably Oz's 10 hour set).

This was a last minute, 'talked into doing' jobby. Louie, Austin and Steve decided they were going to organise (?) a party for Louie's 30th (yes he's 30 girls). Oz and I were to merely lend the equipment, as Oz was still recovering from his nasty fall in 7th Heaven, and the desire for a weekend off began to be strongly felt. Steve got down to business 'organising' that Thursday night, letting everyone know the wrong date for the party. Oh well. We had a succession of people phoning us up on Friday saying they were coming to the party, that night, at OUR house. Feelings of horror began to grow, at each hour, as I witnessed the debacle of Steve's organisation, first hand, and we began to realise that we were no way, going to have a night off.

Louie managed to avert disaster by staying in that Friday night and turning away the well dressed throngs who appeared all night, telling them to turn up tomorrow instead.

The next day, time moved on. At 7 o'clock, still no equipment had been moved, in preparation. And we'd seen neither hide nor hair of the 'party crew'. Then Steve turned up, and you should have seen the fucking state of him. Hangover central or what. He staggered anaemically up the stairs to Louie and Austin's bachelor pad par excellence. As to be expected one of the 'party crew', Austin as he is otherwise known, lived up to one of his party commandments and was nowhere to be seen, once some humping (of the speaker variety) needed to be done. So the 'party crew' was already depleted by a third. It looked like just Steve and Louie would be humping tonight (and despite their desperate efforts all party and into late Sunday evening, that remained the only sort of humping they even got close to). Well actually, for a while, Steve had all the humping duties to himself as Louie was busy playing 'wif' his boy. You could tell Steve regretted never having picked up at least one speaker ever before, by the extremely strained, almost sick looking expression that overcame his features as he tried to lift it. He looked like he was going to expire. Oz and I had great fun not helping, lounging around insouciantly while all this was being done. In other words behaving just like everyone usually does when we carry the speakers. It was great. Everytime Steve looked pathetically in our direction, his eyes pleading for help, we'd exclaim, 'Don't look at us, this is your party, it's nothing to do with us' and carry on relaxing, talking to our chums, drinking cups of tea and eating choccy biscuits. Louie finally came to help when there was only three speak-

ers left, and Austin miraculously reappeared as the last speaker was carried over the threshold of his and Louie's love nest. Teamwork.

Once the party kicked off, the flat predictably filled to bursting with drunkards, and some strange young people who proceeded to smash the place up. The drunkards fell asleep after half an hour, and we kicked the callow yooofs out, with them went the strange atmosphere that emanated the flat. Unfortunately the 'boys' had forgotten to let any of their friends know that there was indeed a party that night, so the Whitstable posse was, again, noticeable by its absence. Instead we had to put up with those mad Dover and Folkestone bastards who changed the party round from being an awful, toe-curling experience, to a wonderfully experienced experience. Cheers. Those of you who we had never met before, it was truly a pleasure, although it meant we also had to put up with Aaron, all night. Dancing, and enjoying himself. Again. Although it must be admitted that artist Pete outdanced Aaron on this occasion (as he has also on others) as Aaron was spotted sitting down a couple of times (ok, once then!) With Oz on the decks the mood moved into another dimension and everyone visibly relaxed and began the serious business of enjoying oneself. There had been a major panic on all fronts when Pam -'I'm not coming out tonight or next week, or probably the week after either'-elot, turned up with Sall. Yes Sue has been replaced with Sall. Jon looked frightened. Nick looked frightened. Everyone looked frightened as they wondered what has been unleashed.

Even Pam looked frightened. Watch this space for descriptions of debauched womanly antics, never before witnessed. Louie frantically tried to pull, all night. Without success, as usual. Maybe if there had been a couple of 10 year olds floating around, or trussed up in the bedroom, the story might have been different. But there wasn't. So he had to resort to pathetic pleas of, 'it's my birthday. Can I have a cuddle/kiss/shag?' Sitting with his eyes level with Sara's crutch, licking his lips in the most obvious manner ever seen outside of a porno movie. To no avail. Sara was having none of it. She blithely ignored his hot little hands and beady little eyes. Although she did relent and pose for a snog with him (after Louie promised her a tenner).

Whilst all this was happening, our little speaker lugger extraordinaire, Stevie See seemed to be having problems keeping it up, and kept yawning and sinking to the floor with a fazed expression on his luminous face. Austin was in the backroom, showing off with tubs of baking powder. He was in the backroom, because he was hiding. Because for the second week running, he had ritually, and publicly humiliated himself. This time it was to do with mistaking some extremely beautiful homegrown Coltsfoot with something else, and proclaiming to all and sundry what a nice smoke it was, while we all looked on pityingly and felt superior. He was also in the backroom, because for the first time in 6 hours he had managed to find his beloved Nad after she had disappeared with some women (no not Sall and Pam, thank God).

And as the morning drew in, that 'I

must have alcohol, NOW experience began to be experienced, more and more strongly, till it dominated all feelings, and something had to be done. So Nad and Pam went to the rescue.

These party peeps disappeared when things looked like they were going to start to get really debauched (we were having a night off after all) and let Louie and Steve show off alarmingly, to their hearts content, without managing to pull. Although apparently Louie did manage to get Sall and Sara in bed, wearing only a red bow tie, but that's another story.

TARDY TECHNO TERROR TOT (T4)

**ALBERRY'S - WED 22ND MARCH-
CANTERBURY**

Been going a good few weeks now and still settling in, yet may have potential for the restless Wednesday night pussy cats on the tiles in search of a bit of action.

This week saw top tVC party peep Bev's, er, son, DJing warm up, with Oz doing (provisionally) 11-12, then techno tart Cloud (T4) doing the (last) 12-1 slot. In theory.

After the DJ overbooking debacle that was Big Love at Broom Park the other week (see review elsewhere in this ish), Pete from Merge Promotions was getting another chance to prove his promotional mettle. After all we overbook DJ's all the time, so what's the problem. It's what they're for innit?

The problem with this venue is that it relies heavily on student support and tonight, with the students off for some break or other, it was down to the locals

to fill the numbers out. 7th Heav-on regulars Keef, Mariella, Gazza, Lee, Peter, and Keef's new girlfriend done the biz and tarted around merrily, flying the house (hand) bag. The rest of the crowd followed obligingly. By 12 there was still no sign of techno terror T4 supremo, so (when asked) Oz was more than pleased to do an extra hour. What with Gazzer keeping the beer and tabs flowing merrily, we got royally pissed and what was supposed to be a "quiet night" with just "a few beers" turned out to be a totally unexpected little soiree. More slots promised for the tVC mafia soon, but the next proper tVC pre-party bar-do is Merefields on Friday ? April. Sounds till 1. Mein host - Gazza. Entrance nada. Cool.

CAN'T WIN 'EM ALL

**JUMP AT THE ARCHES - SATURDAY
- 25th MARCH**

A night that started off double booked with Sherlock and his Perfect World organisation, Jump had booked it first so they retained the night. Although in retrospect it was a bad night to do an all-nighter, as the clocks went forward and so an hour of partying was duly lost.

Plagued by technical hitches, such as the electricity going off through the night, the DJs professionally carried on. And Jump as a club got used to the shock of having so much space to dance around in after the narrow, and dark confines of the 414. It was still as hot though. For this party person the night failed to gell, I found the mix of 16 DJs styles of music a little heavy going and atmospherically it just didn't seem to take off. Oh well, you can't win them all.

So a car load of the usual die-hards (although we were actually missing Now Ey, which must be a record) sped back to Kent (via Holloway where there was meant to be a Systems No party in a "mansion" (which turned out to be a terrace house!) but there wasn't) where we got up to the usual jolly japes\tomfoolery that are now becoming legendary amongst those indulging in them. And, yes, Now Ey did turn up, and proceeded to wear those of us out that were still standing.

SHERLOCK '93

NEXT FORTNIGHTS GUEST AT 7TH HEAVEN

tVC welcomes Sherlock and Duncan Scott from Perfect World. And to commemorate Sherls third appearance down Canterbury way we thought you might like to know how the PW/tVC alliance was first forged.....

Sherlock first played with us at the small barn party all nighter in Blean near Canterfucker in May '93. His partner, Linda, approached the crew with a proposition that a "shit hot" DJ "who has played at the Ministry" was interested in playing a "garage" set for us. Meeting this sharp dressed dude who smelled of after shave and not sweat (like us) we were a little taken aback. Although we thought if his credentials were true why not? He did know Afi and Suzanne after all. And if it was bullshit, deck time would tell wouldn't it? Anyway he swept us away smart move style and we aint looked back since.

Now this particular night was a weird one with a slightly unusual twist in its tail. Let me tell you all about it...

Superstar DJ's Edspin and Tejen had refused to play at this particular tVC party because they were DJing at a hip hop "jam" in Canterbury that very same evening. "Sorry man, we're already booked". "OK" we say. "Please yourselves".

Thanks to Nick, Oz, Kier and Sherlock and about 200 really cool party people rocking the night away in the spatial surrounds of Suzannes dads luxury mansion a truly snorter of a time was had by one and all. And we can thank Ed and Tej for not turning up thus giving us a new DJ to work with and as its turned out, a good friend.



HOW TO CUT DOWN ON DRINKING AND SMOKING QUITE SO MUCH

This month's literary proffering is by L. Rust Hills who explains how to cut down on those frivolous excesses that are so important a part of life...

The trouble with most advice you get about smoking and drinking is that it comes from the wrong people. It's people who have somehow managed to quit smoking entirely who are only too willing to tell you how they did it and how you ought to too. It's the alcoholics who couldn't handle booze at all who are always trying to tell you you have to give up entirely. Their solution is worse than your problem. You don't want to stop smoking and drinking, you just want to stop smoking and drinking so much.

Cutting down is a good idea, then, because it's the best way of assuring that you won't have to stop. No drinker wants to have to give up drinking. And smokers feel the same way. Lung cancer is a terrible thing (my father died of it), and early death from emphysema or heart trouble doesn't sound too good either, but a life without cigarettes for your average smoker would appear to be the way unexamined life was for the Greeks: not worth living.

Some smokers say the only reason to eat is how good a cigarette tastes afterward. People who drink can't imagine having a cup of coffee without a cigarette. Life is (I have been heard to say) a Three-Legged Stool, supported

by Booze, Coffee, and Smokes, which interdepend essentially. Kick away any leg of the stool and the whole corpus comes crashing to the kitchen floor.

One good thing about drinking (besides how it makes you feel) is that it is legal and socially acceptable more or less everywhere. In this, it is just about unique - except for sex, which is different - among all the euphoria-producing things, but there's an underestimated aspect to smoking, too, one that's very singular in this dislocated modern society where we're all made restless and anxious by a lot of hidden desires and aimless longings. Longing for a cigarette is one of the least aimless longings there is. Cigarettes create their own recognisable desire and the means of fulfilling it.

Several years ago I was bitten three times by two wasps (different pairs of them, of course) about six months apart, each time with a fantastically worse reaction. The third time I nearly died. I thought I'd had a heart attack. Coming finally out of the anaphylactic shock or whatever it's called - believe me, it's like coming back from the dead - well, coming back from the dead, the first thing I wanted was my sense of humour back and when I saw I'd got that the next thing I wanted, the first thing I wanted after I saw I was alive, was a cigarette. Dr. Haliday, who had rushed over to give me the adrenaline shot that brought me back (since gone to the grave himself), had given up smoking about six months before, but he breathed a great sigh and had a cigarette with me. Some people, if they died of lung cancer and somehow managed to come back to life, what they'd want first is a cigarette.

They couldn't imagine taking a break

in their work - for coffee or just for a rest -if they couldn't have a cigarette. There's no point in stopping at all, no point in even doing a job, much less doing it right, unless when you're through you can reward yourself with a cigarette.

But the 'reward' idea is one of our main troubles with smoking and drinking. When the work's going well you think you 'deserve' to smoke as much as you want. After a long hard day of good work at the office you deserve to unwind with a few drinks. After the long, hard week, you feel you deserve to get drunk on Friday night. All that's true, you do deserve it. But ultimately so much self-rewarding becomes self-punishing. Feeling lousy all weekend is the reward you get for your hard weeks work. It doesn't seem fair, I know; and if I were God I'd make it that people never got hangovers unless they didn't deserve to get drunk. I would do that for you but I can't.

It may also be that you drink and smoke so much because you like it: you like the feeling that a drink, or lot of drinks, gives you; and while you may not actually like the feeling a cigarette gives you, you sure as hell don't like the feeling you get when you haven't had one for an hour or two; also, you may actually like the taste of tobacco and liquor. But the real reason you drink and smoke so much is that you still have the idea, formed somewhere way back when, that smoking and drinking too much is really a very romantic thing to do. It seems very grown up to you if you are young, and it seems very youthful to you if you are old.

In his autobiography, Lincoln Steffens describes his romance with

drinking:

Once for example, as I staggered (a little more than I had to) away from the bar, I overheard one man say to another: "Those boys can carry some liquor, can't they?"

That was great. But better still was the other loafer's reply: "Yes", he said, "but it's tough to see young men setting out on the downgrade to hell that way."

The idea that one has a brilliant future somehow being ruined by drinking is natural to a college sophomore, but it ought to be abandoned in maturity. The trouble is it remains in the subconscious, sneakily invidious, so that even the ugly hangover becomes glamorous. When I was young and seldom got hangovers, or not bad ones, I'd often pretend to be in a very bad way "the morning after". It made for a lot of companionable talk in college about the "hair of the dog" and getting a "quick one". Drugs - which come complete with that great language about "turning on" and "highs" and "freaking out" and "coming down" and so on - must seem equivalently dangerous and romantic. Years and years later, when stupid pride in a hangover was replaced by sensible shame on a number of occasions, when for various reasons I tried to conceal how my hands were trembling, I remember even then having that invidious secret sense of how romantic it was that I was in such a bad way and actually trying to conceal it.

It's in our earliest, most impressionable youth that we learn how romantic it is to be dissolute. I remember how we used to hang around Lou Berry's stationary store in Williston park endlessly discussing Wilbur Slaymacher, a stunted unattractive kid we all admired because all he ever had for breakfast was a coke

and a coffin nail. Once you have come to the realisation that Wilbur Slaymacher, "setting out on the downgrade to hell that way," as Lincoln Steffens puts it, despite the fact that there was nothing else to recommend him at all, is nevertheless a genuinely romantic figure, once you grasp that, in late childhood or early adolescence, it is something (a lesson learned, or something) that you never get over. It is with you the rest of your life, this misconception.

It's no use trying to point out the horrors of smoking, even to young people today. All you do is contribute to the creation of more Wilbur Slaymacher figures. Danger is romantic, and at that age sickness and death seem very far away. The more horrible the facts and statistics that come out about smoking the more attractive it seems to be to a certain kind of normal irrational adolescent mentality - that is, most of the kids and virtually all the adults I know.

One of the ways to cut down is to work a kind of jujitsu on this crazy secret conviction. Get it in your mind that cutting down is really just as romantic. Instead of confessing (really boasting) about how much you drink and smoke, confess-boast about how much you used to drink and smoke. "Boy, I had to cut down," you can say. "I was slowly killing myself."

The actual methods you use to cut down aren't as important as getting your mind right about it. The basic idea is that you limit yourself in certain specific arbitrary ways. You can set a limit on how many you'll smoke each day - say ten or fifteen or even thirty - and count them out each morning into the elegant silver case you got from your grandfa-

ther or a junk store.

The system gets thrown off when someone disastrously bums a cigarette from you, but there's joy when someone offers you one of his, an extra you don't have to count.

A scheme that worked awhile for me was writing down a reason for every cigarette I had: "work break," "before lunch," "after lunch," "need to reconsider what done so far," and so on. When I found myself writing down ten reasons in advance one afternoon so that I could just go ahead and smoke whenever I wanted, I gave the system up.

All these systems eventually break down: that may be in the nature of using system as a process of personal reform. You're interested in the system for a while; then you get impatient with it. The thing to do then is switch to another. I'll admit a system isn't much of a system when you're switching from one to another all the time. But it's what you have to do, all you can do.

I had one hell of a system once for cutting down on drinking so much. I was sharing a big summerhouse with a lot of city people, and I came to realise I'd been getting bombed every night. I was there all the time; the others would come up at weekends or on their vacations. Anyway, I'd devised this incredibly clever system: the idea was, I'd plan ahead just exactly what I would do drinking-wise for each and every day of a four-day cycle. On what became known as A First Day, I wouldn't drink at all - nothing, not a single drink. This was to prove that I wasn't an alcoholic and could do without it. On the next day, A Second day, I would have one drink before dinner and one drink after dinner - that's all, no more, no matter

how often they told me I was a no-fun person. This was to prove I could drink abstemiously, if that isn't a contradiction in terms. On A Third Day. I'd allow myself to drink what I'd call moderately. And on A Fourth day, it was all-out, anything goes, as much as I wanted. This was to prove I was still a fun person. then it would be A First day again. And so on.

Well, the system did sort of work for a while, but there were difficulties with it, as I guess you must have imagined there would be. On A First Day, after A Fourth Day debauch, is of course just when you need a drink most, at least one drink just before bed. On A First Day I'd be irascible all day and go to bed early and not be able to sleep. A Second Day was all right, nothing to get excited about, but the way sensible people live regularly, I guess. A Third Day was always a problem, because my idea of "moderately" kept changing as the evening wore on. A Fourth Day, of course, was just the normal disaster.

One of the main problems with the system was the four day cycle when everybody else was more or less on a seven day week. I can't for the life of me remember how I decided on four days or why on earth I didn't change it when I saw it wasn't working. If my Fourth Day were to come, say, on the others' Tuesday, there wouldn't be anyone to drink with me; it was awful having A Fourth Day go to waste like that. Then, others couldn't keep track of what day mine was. They'd prolong the cocktail hour unconscionably on A Second Day that happened to be their Friday night. Or I'd be moderately having a couple of drinks on A Third Day, maybe weaving a little as I told a long winded

story, maybe making myself one more at the same time, and I'd overhear one of the householders ask another, "Say, is this A Fourth Day, or what?"

Toward the end, I began switching my days around to accommodate, like a good householder, so my good days would coincide with their good days. Thus on A Second Day Saturday night, I'd decide during cocktails to have my Second Day tomorrow and my Third Day today; then later in the evening I'd decide to make today my Fourth Day and have my Third Day tomorrow and have my Second Day after that. But things tended to get confused, and of course the First and Second days got kind of lost, and pretty soon every day was a Fourth Day again. It's really hard to organise systems when you're sharing with others.

But good planning is still really the central secret in cutting down. Good planning features (or would feature, if one could ever work things out right) each cigarette and each drink as a pleasant event occurring routinely in the course of a well ordered day. You would have your first cigarette with your second cup of coffee after you'd finished your breakfast. You would have your second when you took your coffee break. Then if you take a glass of sherry before lunch you have another cigarette then. And so on, through a prescheduled, ordered day.

So there should be a sense of occasion for having your drinks. I don't for heavens sake mean a party or anything like that. There's nothing worse than a party for making you forget you're having your drink! No, I mean like a particular time of day to have it, or them. If you're only having two or three you'll

want to make them good big strong ones with some punch to them, so you know you're having them. Nice brown drinks. Certainly you'll want one, or two, before dinner. Maybe you'll want one before lunch, or a glass of wine with lunch (counts one half); and maybe you like to take a nice scotch on the rocks upstairs to bed with you? That's fine as long as it's not a TUD - although for some reason, the TUD is the best drink of the day. "TUD" is an acronym for that Totally Unnecessary Drink, the so-called nightcap, as used in fond phrasing like this: "I think I'll just make this last little Tuddy to take up with me to Lily White's party."

A good way of creating a proper sense of occasion about drinks is to have a different kind of drink for each of the different occasions.

Anyway, my theory is that if you enjoy each of your drinks you won't want so many of them. What gets you drunk is thinking that subsequent drinks are going to pick you up the way the first one did, but of course it doesn't work that way.

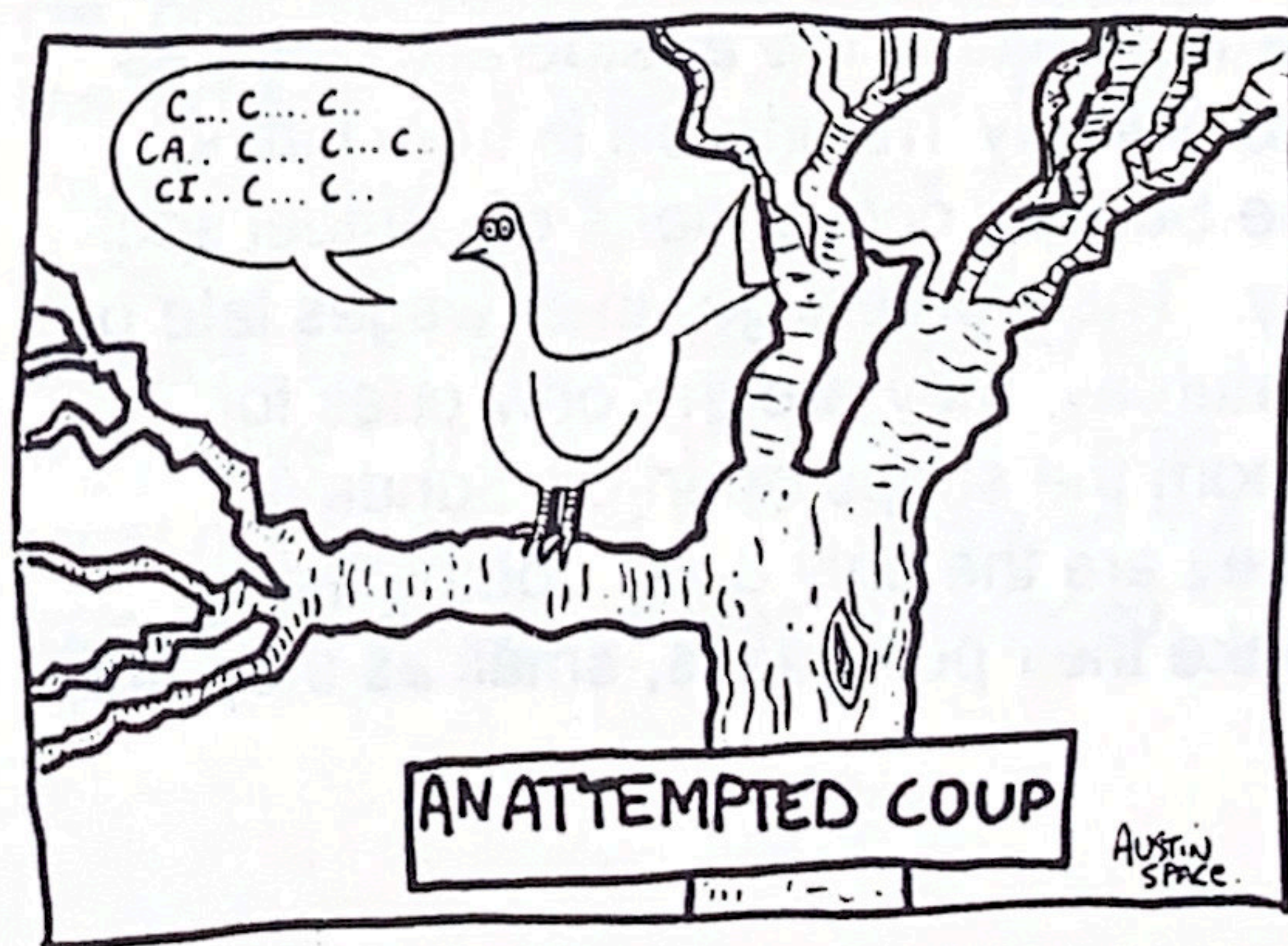
Drinking to a schedule presents some of the same hazards and delights as smoking a definite, limited number of cigarettes each day. You have to get everything all set and ready so that you realise both that you're having your drink and that you're appreciating it. Sometimes you forget, or get busy doing something else, or you're talking with somebody and you forget you're having your drink, or you just drink it down, and then you've drunk it and didn't even realise you were having it, much less appreciate it, and that makes you feel as if you'd been cheated out of it, so you have to have another right away to

make up for it, and that's bad.

It may really be that routines, schedules, systems, and the general imposition of order on one's self and one's life are ultimately no match for the tendencies toward indulgence, excess, and chaos that are abroad in the land and apparently inherent within. But you do see, don't you, that all the things I've been telling you hang together? An ordered system-schedule ought to work, God knows. It takes fully into account your first realisation about smoking and drinking - that you feel you "deserve" a drink or smoke as a "reward". And the method accounts for - in fact, utilises - your second realisation - that you think smoking and drinking are romantic - for this is a really grown-up way to drink and smoke. And your third realisation - that the ordered, scheduled life ultimately provides more pleasure (I realise you haven't really realised this yet) - will be manifest in the relish with which you appreciate each cigarette and each drink as it becomes available to you in the time scheme you set up. Awful as the waiting is, it's better than giving them up. Needless to say considerable anticipation can develop by the time to have the next cigarette or drink comes around.

Say, what is it getting to be?!

(1972)



THE HISTORY OF POPULAR DEMONSTRATION - PT 2

1855

In June 1855, Hyde park was a scene of mass defiance of the authorities. The spark was Lord Grosvenor's Sunday Trading Bill, which sought to stop shopping and other activities on the Sabbath, and would have mainly affected the poor. There was also resentment at the Crimean war and at the hypocrisy of the aristocracy who wanted to parade up and down Hyde Park on Sundays while stopping others from enjoying themselves. It was not surprising therefore that the park became the centre of opposition to the Bill. The first protest took place on Sunday June 25th, and among those present was Karl Marx, then in London, who wrote a report of the events for the German newspaper *Neue Oder Zeitung* :

There has been a rapid succession of measures of religious coercion. The first measure was the Beer Bill, which shut down all places of public entertainment on Sundays, except between 6 and 10pm. Then came the Sunday Trading Bill. In both cases these are religious penal laws against the lower classes to set the consciences of the privileged at rest. The Beer Bill was as far from hitting the aristocratic clubs as the Sunday Trading bill is from hitting the Sunday occupations of genteel society. The workers get their wages late on Saturday; they are the only ones for whom the shops open on Sundays. They are the only ones compelled to make their purchases, small as they are,

on Sundays. The new Bill is therefore directed at them alone.

This was the occasion yesterday of a mass demonstration in Hyde Park. We were spectators from beginning to end



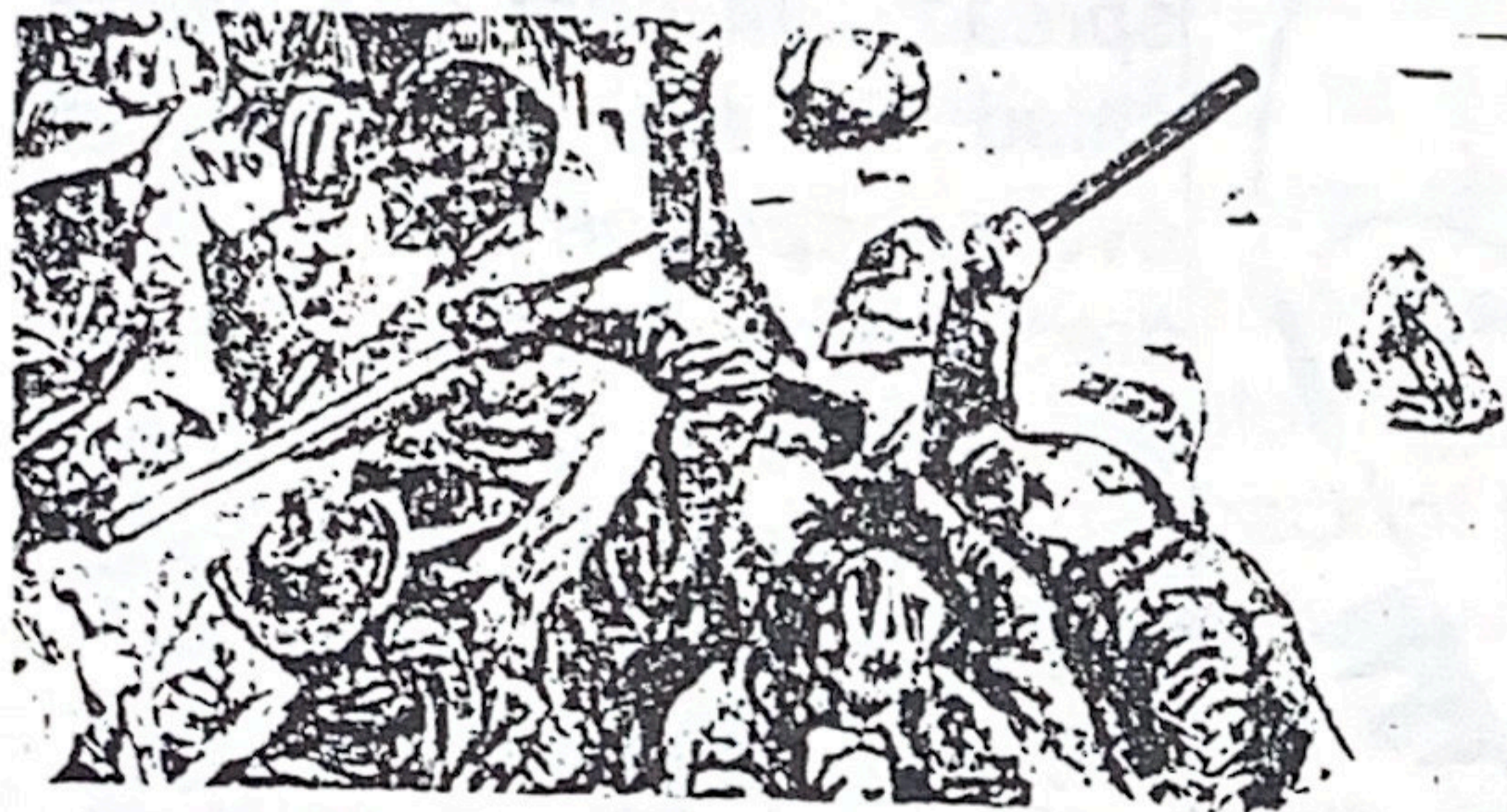
and do not think we are exaggerating in saying that the English Revolution began yesterday in Hyde Park.

Lord Robert Grosvenor, who fathered the Sunday Trading Bill, when reproached on the score of this measure being directed solely against the poor and not against the rich classes, retorted that the "aristocracy was largely refraining from employing it's servants and horses on Sundays."

"we are treated like slaves"

At 3 o'clock approximately 50,000 people had gathered on the right bank of the Serpentine. Gradually the assembled multitude swelled to a total of at least 200,000 due to additions from the other bank. Milling groups of people could be seen shoved from place to place. The police, who were present in force, were obviously endeavouring to deprive the organisers of the meeting a place to stand. Finally a rather large crowd made a firm stand and Bligh the Chartist constituted himself Chairman on

a small eminence in the midst of the throng. No sooner had he begun his harangue than Police Inspector Banks at the head of forty truncheon swinging constables explained to him that the park was the private property of the Crown and that no meeting might be held in it...meanwhile Finlen, a member of the Chartist Executive, rushed to a tree some distance away followed by a crowd who in a twinkling formed so close and compact a circle around him that the police abandoned their attempt to get at him. "Six days a week," he said, "we are treated like slaves and now Parliament wants to rob us of the bit of freedom we still have on the seventh."



Suddenly shouts could be heard on all sides; "Let's go to the road, to the carriages!" The heaping of insults upon horse riders and occupants of carriages had meanwhile already begun. The constables, who constantly received reinforcements from the city, drove the promenading pedestrians off the carriage road. They thus helped to bring it about that either side of it was lined deep with people.

"A music that could drive one mad"

The spectators consisted of about two-thirds workers and one third members of the middle class, all with women and children. The procession of elegant ladies and gentleman in their high

coaches-and-four with liveried lackeys in front and behind, did not this time pass by in review, but played the role of involuntary actors who were made to run the gauntlet. A Babel of jeering, taunting, discordant ejaculations, in which no language is as rich as English, soon bore down on them from both sides. And what a devils concert it was. A music that could drive one mad and move a stone.

Meanwhile the metropolitan electric telegraph had informed all police stations that a riot was about to break out in Hyde Park and the police were ordered to the theatre of operations. Soon one detachment of them after another marched at short intervals through the double file of people, each received with the popular ditty: "Where are the geese? Ask the police!". This was a hint at the notorious theft of geese recently committed by a constable in Clerkenwell.

The spectacle lasted 3 hours. Only English lungs could perform such a feat. Shortly before the end, the demonstration increased in violence. Canes were raised in menace at the carriages.

Most of the London papers today carry only a brief account of the events in Hyde Park. No leading articles as yet, except in Lord Palmerston's Morning Post - it claims that "a spectacle, both disgraceful and dangerous in the extreme has taken place in Hyde Park, an open violation of law and decency - an illegal interference by physical force in the free action of the legislature." It urges that "this scheme must not be allowed to be repeated the following Sunday, as was threatened."

THE VIEW FROM THE BEACH

Don writes from Goa

His mental continuum having bearily* survived meltdown after days of joyswirls with old lamas and little buddhas in the 120 degree heat of Gandentropolis - the dark side (and there is always a dark side, even in a pure land) being midnite vomiting and high speed runs to open

holed toilets in the pitch dark of powercuts with only malarial mosquitoes, 3" cockroaches, salamanders, snakes and 10K rats for companionship - so it was that Zombie Face was next transported to two nights of full moon partying in Goan Heaven.

Refuelled in advance by momos, buckets of thugpa and Tibetan T, the posse for this trip comprising our intepred travellers, 5 hardened party goers (or goan partiers) and 2 paratrooping freedom fighters - all from the land of BOD - commandeered and proceeded to fill a taxi 4 in the front and 5 in the back. In the spirit of compassionate friendliness towards everything that moves, emanating from these boddies*, the inteprid travellers resolved to party themselves out for the benefit of friends, acquaintances and enemies alike - but especially for those still stuck inside of England with the Eest* Kent Blues again (Loz and Issie

where are you?). At least they could record and share the taste of this experience in print, and expanded waffles on their return. For return they must - if only to point the way for others to this partiers paradise.

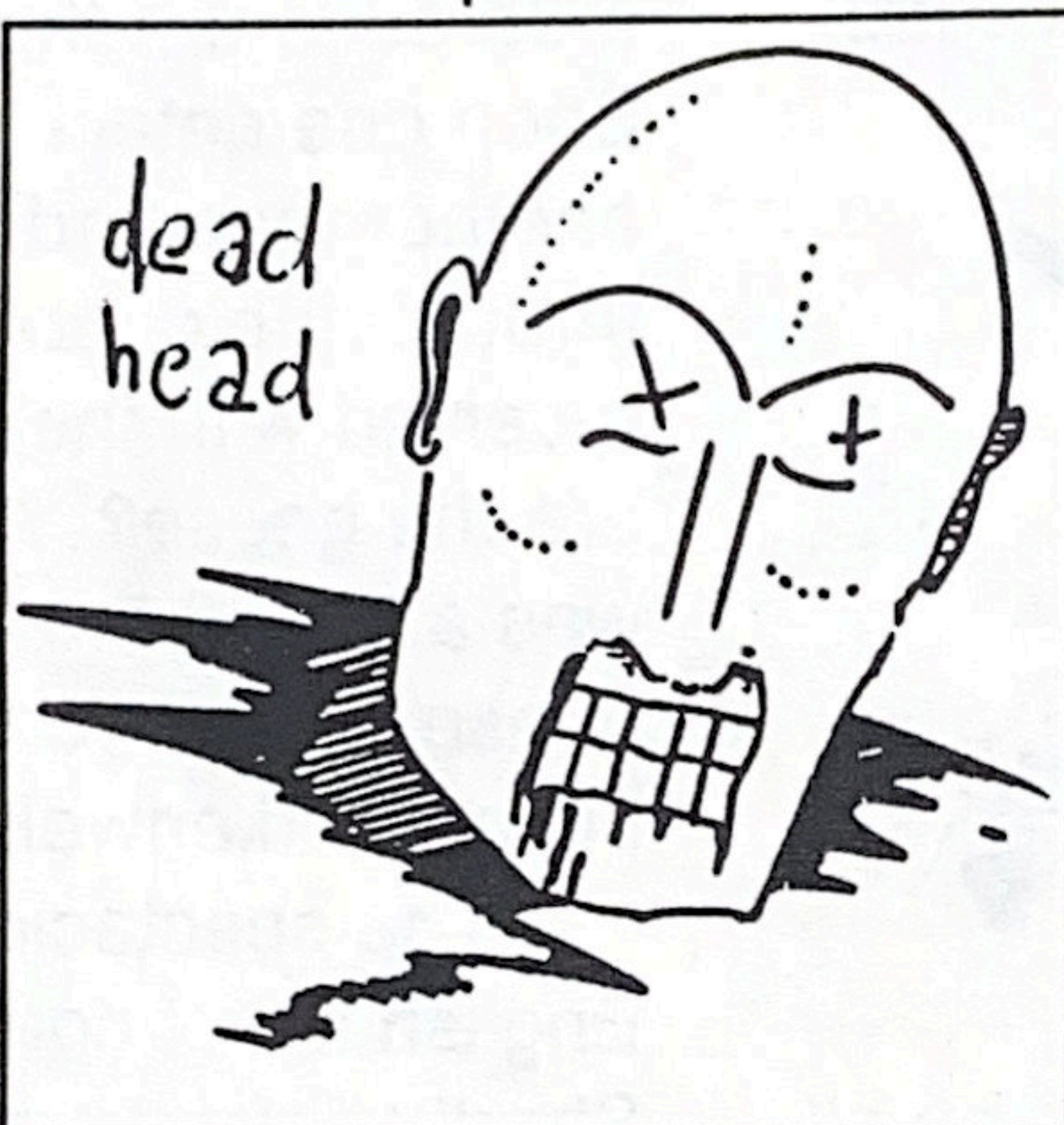
So picture this: battered jeeps and taxis transporting trippers from every direction, and every continent. At least 500 Yamaha 100's, 350 Enfields and Honda Kinetics, all parked up like cowboy's horses or small hogs at a bikers convention. In the distance, like myriad pixie lamps the light from small, spluttering paraffin stoves, boiling water for coffee or chai (sweet tea), tended by elve like

dusky Indian ladies. Around each one are straw mats spread with neat displays of salad rolls and fairy cakes of every shape and size. A hundred British afternoon picnic tea parties held at another time and another place under Mother India's sacred skies.

The party chooses it's stove and refuelling spot -base camp for the night's repeated

forays into the dusty dancing ground, the beach and the warm sea. All the usual party trappings - UV, neon, strobes, and day-glo backdrops - but here slung from giant coconut palms. Magic mushroom sculptures, lights in trees and above all the full moon and stars. The chill out zone is Vagator Beach itself - here the waters lap around your feet at 3am eternal in Grand Central.

And what of the sounds: dual DAT tape decks sing through mixing decks, overdriven amps and three huge stacks - relentless, vocal free, brain twisting, mind wrenching acid drenched beats. All



mixed by native Goan DJs - Whitey is nowhere to be seen in the sound crew.

Earlier that day, wandering alone among sand dunes and beach shacks, where chickens, cows, pigs and dogs and gentle, sensitive Goan natives mingle harmoniously in a sub-tropical paradise, Zombie had freaked at the arrogance of Whitey's sound invasion. Here were the incipient signs of cultural imperialism and attitude: British (national?) Party music - club stylee. Western noise pollution in full effect.

Padlocked minds blasting out house music from behind padlocked doors, oblivious and unwilling to mix with the natural rhythms of the lifestyle all around. Music with the subtlety of a flying mallet replacing the delightful idiosyncrasies of light Goan rhythms appropriate to life's joker or a priest - an escape route other than E. He fell back into further deep thoughts of analysis and transformation. Then from somewhere in the back of his minds, Bob and Jerry's words came trucking into prominence - strangely mutated by the pounding beach heat beat, but appropriate nonetheless:-

"Most of the cats you meet on an E speak of true love

Most of the time they're growling or angry at home"

or at work, or with the kidz - he already knew this to be true. But then as if written on a signpost to a new space, back came the answer:

"One of these days you know they'll have to get going

Out in the world there's a whole new trip to be found"

To put it another way:

Expand your mind! Travel! Go(a) for it!

*the spelling mistakes are all intentional.



ATHIE

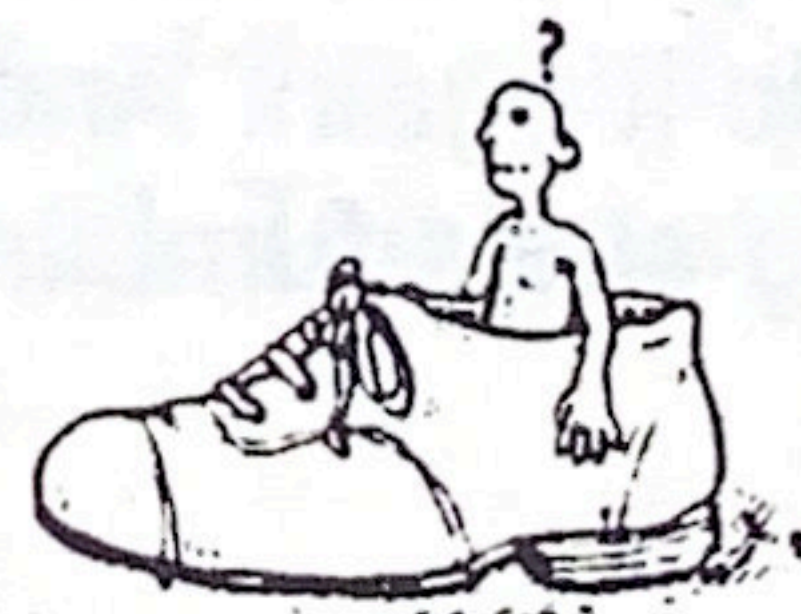


CJ STONE ON DRUGS, OPTIMISM AND THE FUTURE

I met Athie at a party. It was Hallowe'en and we were all in fancy dress. Someone told me about this woman who had some E. So we went into this room -I was dressed as a priest- and Athie handed me my little package. And something struck me about her immediately. A startling candour in her eyes. A certain poise. A sense that she's at ease with herself and her world.

Since then I've bumped into her at demonstrations against the Criminal Justice Bill, and have been struck by her joyous collision with life. I've seen her confront burly Policemen head-on, and laughed as they actually ran away. I've heard her husky voice ringing out over the crowd, a proud warrior, a fearful opponent, and someone definitely to be noted. And I've wondered where this powerful spirit came from.

She was not always like this, she told me. Although her early life was idyllic -she grew up in the wilds, in a tiny cottage without electricity or running water, and with no roads for miles- her teenage years were fraught with confusion. This was after her Mum and Dad split up and she'd moved back to London. She was taking drugs by the time she was 14. Bunked off school and got herself expelled. Fell-out with her step Dad. Then, after she'd been forced to move in with her Dad, she fell out



with her Dad's girlfriend too. Tossed from here to there like a burning coal, too hot to handle. And a messed-up kid became a messed-up adult in a messed-up world. The story of our time, maybe.

Athie was a very negative person. She really believed that the human race was done-for, finished, pegging out its last days in a mad ritual of despair. So what was the point in working for anything? She saved up her money from her first job, jacked it in and then went off to Goa.

It was here that things began to change. There was a new thing happening. It was happening in Ibiza too, and in Amsterdam. And by the time she got back it was happening in London. This mad new music. This revelatory new drug. A new spirit and a new hope: Acid House. And it was beautiful for a time. "For the first time ever there were situations where there weren't any barriers. There'd be Rastas and skin'eads and punks, and everybody was just partying together and there was this amazing feeling of strength and unity and people were really starting to communicate." And as she speaks her eyes are shimmering, and there's a tone of relish in her voice. This was '88-'89, the Summer of Love.

After that she hit a bad one again. She thought, "but this isn't actually gonna get anywhere, just living it up, never doing anything." And after 2 years of solid E-ing: well, the inevitable depression. A negative worm was eating at her insides. And she spent one last weekend over-the-top partying in a deliberate attempt to do so much she'd never want to do it again. And on the Sunday morning she's fumbling about in

a shop, spaced-out, when this bloke comes up to her and says, "you know today is Earth Day?" She's confused. Why does he want to tell her it's his birthday? "No: Earth Day," he says. She looks at him sceptically, and says, "look, I really think we've done irreparable damage, so let's just get on and enjoy the last bit." And on the word "irreparable", she can see that he's agitated. "You know any Junkies?" he says. Yes, a few.

So he goes on to tell her about a Smack-head, how he's at death's door, and all his friends are sat at his bedside thinking this is it, he's had it now; and how, three years later, he's kicked the habit and this guy is a healthy, happy human being, with a kid and a future. And as this story is drilling into her she realizes he's not only talking about a Junkie. He's talking about the Earth.

Later she's labouring up a hill, and she can feel these thoughts zooming in from somewhere, from some secret space in the Universe, and she rushes home and writes. "Athie: three things. 1) Do not try to justify your existence, merely exist. 2) Goodness is everywhere, you only have to look for it. 3) Any form of energy never ceases to exist." And she says to me: "In the end, whether we survive as a species or not, it's alright. If we don't it's because it's best for everything else, and anyway energy carries on." And ever since then she's been a positive person.

Well, this is her life, and it means something. Athie is the product of a new culture. Her Dad was a hippie, and she's a raver. And it's not the drugs (she saves them for special occasions) it's the lifestyle. She went to her first festival when she was 14, and was amazed that

such a place could exist. The sun was shining and everybody was relaxed. No Police presence, and yet people seemed to get on. Later, after the post Acid House revelations, she took to the road herself, moving from festival to festival, doing a tea-stall. "What a way to make your money and survive," she says. "Freedom. People living as they choose instead of being dictated to. Community. People caring for each other without being scared because of the barriers they put up."

Well the Criminal Justice Bill is now Law. It exists, in part, to stop this lifestyle, to stop travellers and ravers and road-protesters and animal-rights activists. It is an attempt to suppress nature, she says, just like the road-building programme. It wants to cover our feelings in Tarmac, and chop down our dreams. But it shows the Government's fear. It shows their desperation. You can't legislate against the spirit, she says. And all it has really done is to unite the disparate groups against it.

So it's New Year's Eve, 1994. Two and a half thousand people at a party, in a warehouse so huge she thinks she's in the open air, until she looks up and sees the roof-arch like a firmament disappearing above her. She speaks to no one, but she doesn't have to. This certain something. This indivisible spirit. The music is saying it. She's hearing it in the lyrics, and in the relentless flood of sound and rhythm. People's eyes are saying it, in the startled realization of their common humanity. People's movements are saying it, in the joyous expression of dance.

We all come from the same source. We all have the same aims, the same hopes, the same fears. And in the

sweating melee of their mutual triumph they all seem to be having the same thought too. 1995 is the time of change. Spiritual time. Revolution time. Not an end, a beginning.

Manchester 0, Bolton 4

CJ ATTEMPTS A DRIVE TO SCOTLAND AND EXPERIENCES MORE THAN JUST A BREAKDOWN ON THE M6 JUNCTION 21a

I was warned. I knew it would be too much. You don't ask a roadside cafe cook to put on a banquet for the Queen. You don't ask a 1976 Fiat Camper with a leaky engine to take you to Glasgow.

But I wouldn't listen. The I-Ching told me. I asked: "Should I take the van to Glasgow tomorrow?" I got Hexagram 62, Preponderance Of The Small. "Small things may be done; great things should not be done. The flying bird brings the message: It is not well to strive upward; it is well to remain below." And again: "The little bird meets with misfortune through flying." The little bluebird in this case, as the Camper is a nice shade of blue. And everyone else told me. Even the man who sold me the van, just three days before, told me. "It's an old banger," he said. "I don't want you ringing me up from Scotland saying I sold you a bummer." I said, "I wouldn't do that Dave. Anyway, I've got faith."

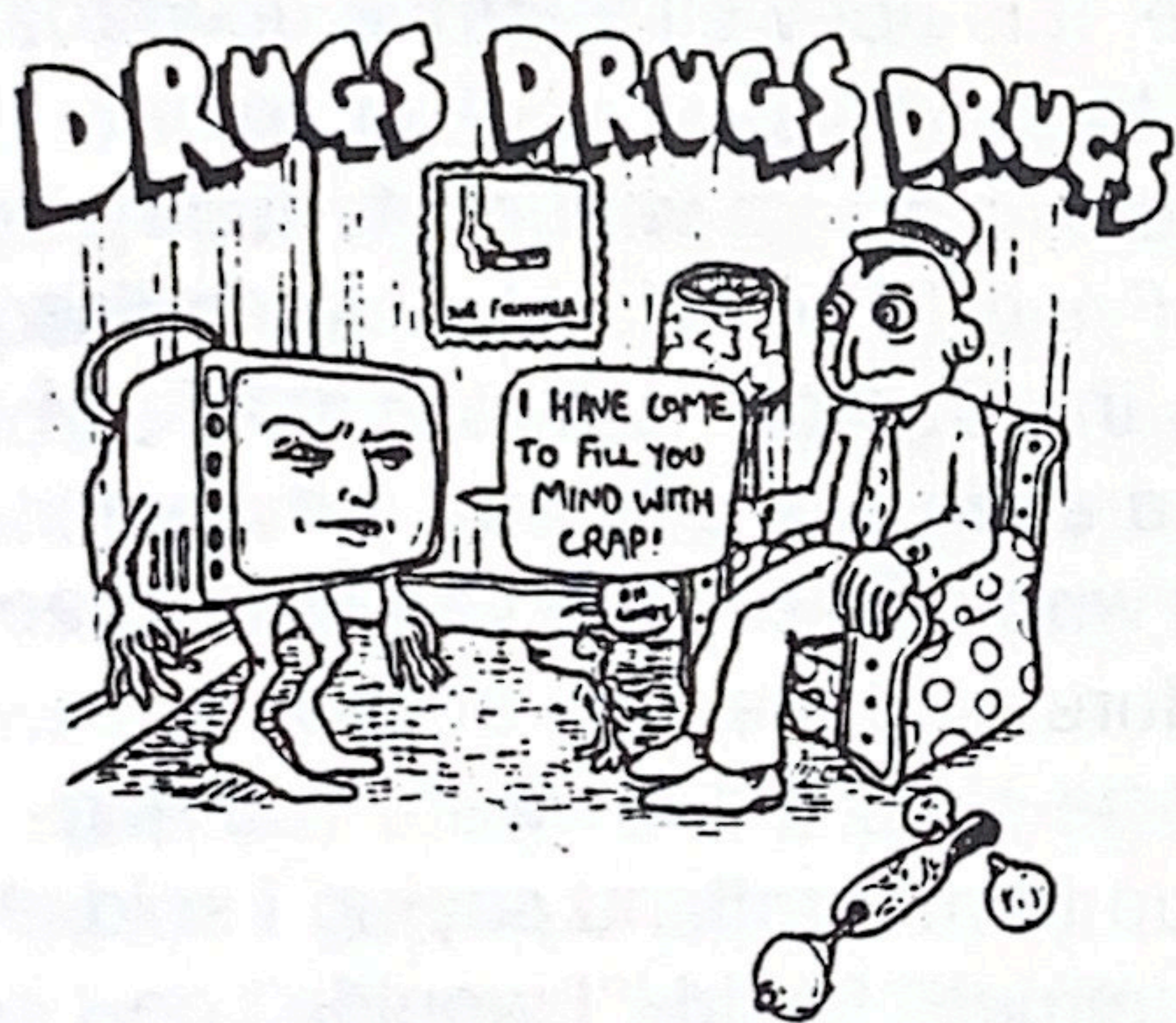
So much for faith. It can move mountains, but not a 1976 Fiat Camper with a seized engine.

I knew something was wrong at the petrol stop just North of Birmingham. The entire back of the machine was splattered with oil. This wasn't just

some messy old engine that smoked a bit too much, it was coming apart at the seams. Kodan chanted over it for me, as I added the last of the oil from the bottle I'd brought the day before. "Sri Ram, Jai Ram, Jai Jai Ram," he sang. Which means, "Glorious Rama, the fountain of all strength." Or something like that. Even Kodan wasn't too sure, despite his years as a Krishna monk. It was meant to give the vehicle the power to undertake the journey. Only it didn't work.

Just North of the service station the engine began to smoke. I mean, really smoke. I could see it out of the side mirrors, pouring smoke, like a joint of beef that's been in the oven too long. And then the engine was rattling and the vehical was juddering, and I just knew that this was it. I should've listened to the I-Ching.

So we're sat on the hardshoulder, Kodan and I, waiting for the AA man to



turn up -on the M6 at Junction 21a, the Liverpool/Southport turnoff- and in front of us is one of those overhead gantries holding up the traffic signs. On one side the sign says: M62 Liverpool (M57) Southport. On the other side it

says: Manchester, Bolton & Leeds M62 2/3m. Next to the word "Liverpool" someone has spray-painted the figure zero, and underneath he's added: BWFC 2. Underneath the word "Manchester", halfway along the gantry, he's written another zero, and underneath the word "Bolton", even further over the road, the figure 4. What strange alchemical calculations are these? What is it he's trying to say to us?

I say "he". It could only have been a man. Think about it. Liverpool nil, Bolton Wanderers 2. Manchester nil, Bolton 4.

It was Kodan who pointed this out to me, as we huddled in the Camper sipping hot coffee from the flask my Mother had made up for us: that someone is so fanatical for Bolton Wanderers Football Club -so mad, so unremittingly deranged- that he's climbed up this gantry, maybe in the middle of the night, in a buffeting wind, with traffic roaring and hissing by beneath; that he's shuffled his way along, clenching the thin scaffolding between the cheeks of his arse, and hanging onto the thin metal of the signs as they bucked about in the wind, to construct a totally fictitious scoreline for his favourite, not very good, football club, against perhaps two of the most successful clubs in the world, these two giants of British Football; that he's risked life and limb for a futile fantasy, that he would die for the love of his team. Why? What for?

There's a lesson in this.

Only I can't be bothered to think about it.

To be continued...

CJ Stone 1995

"OH TO BE IN ENGLAND"

The Techno Torquemada

Norman's a narcoleptic. This means that in his sleep his body slows down so much that his life signs become almost negligible. In the past people afflicted by this strange ailment were often buried alive. I'm willing to speculate that it may be a source of many of the zombie myths prevalent in parts of the world.

Norman has found his own personal antidote to his narcoleptic comas, namely Hashish. Basically, when he smokes he doesn't die in his sleep. Strange but true. Norman also belongs to a generation of street level scottish villians with extreme violent tendencies. The man's as hard as nails. When involved in fights he uses his head, to great effect. I'm sure his head must be made of reinforced concrete. He doesn't use his head much these days. Hashish serves a triple purpose in his life. He gets stoned, has no narcolepsy, and his aggressive moods are blown away when he blows.

Norman has been squatting around London for a few years now. He shares with a whole community of expat Scots who are into drugs, Techno, parties, Astrology and the whole gamut of counter-culture activities and philosophies. Among the BeeZerk Posse, as they term themselves, Tibb is your Astrology man. He's very knowlegable in

this field but his knowledge is coupled with his paranoia and extreme gullability. Due to these traits he definitely serves as the Aunt Sally for everyone's pisstakes. This pisstaking I'm sure is one of the oldest Scottish passtimes as well as a sort of perverse sign of love. It's like the more you love someone, the more you take the rise out of them.

Tibb had been staying in Amsterdam for a month and had returned to the squat when his money ran out. He and Norman have a sort of disciple/Guru relationship, with Tibb as the disciple. This is due to the mystical experiences Norman undergoes when in a narcoleptic coma, and Tibb's attraction for all things Astral. Norman has experienced these things since childhood when he was put down as a strange and cranky kid. Since reaching adulthood, however, everyone has realized that the descriptions of his comas exactly corrolate with everyone who has ever claimed to any near death or Astral type episode. He's a working class Mystic is Norman, and Tibb more than anyone else is thirsty for the knowledge he has gleaned from his far out experiences.

So, Tibb is sitting there, pining for some inspiration from his Guru, and Norman, never one to miss a chance for a classic tall tale, begins by telling Tibb about a fictional Hash drought that had happened whilst Tibb had been in Amsterdam. He explains that due to this, he has had his heaviest out of body experience yet. "I left my body, right?" says Norman. Tibb nods furiously, with his eyes big and round like a Bushbaby. "Then I started travelling towards The White Light, Tibb, you know." Tibb can't

contain himself and blurts out: "But you die and enter a new body if you go into The White Light," says Tibb. "Yeah, but I didn't go into it, brother," says Norman, "I got close, but then, out of The Light comes the face of God." Tibb makes a strangled little noise and begs for Norman to continue. "He spoke to me," whispers Norman, then adopts the booming theatrical voice of the Hollywood version of the Judaic God. "THE TIME HAS COME, MY SON. JUDGEMENT DAY IS NIGH." Norman goes on in his Charlton Heston roar, "AS YOU NORMAN, ARE THE REINCARNATION OF TORQUEMADA, YOU MUST SERVE ME BY BECOMING MY HEAD INQUISITOR. YOU MUST CARRY OUT MY JEALOUS JUDGEMENT ON THE SINFUL." Tibb is sweating and shaking by this time, his face is a picture of utter fear and absolute belief. "The problem is," says Norman, returning to his own voice. "Even though I've got the haircut to be The Inquisitor," (He's very bald on top) "I think I'm too mellow these days to shout things like, ARE YOU THE SLAVE OF SATAN? So I thought," he continues, "I thought I'd be true to myself and inquire of people more along the lines of, How's yer mother doing? or, any chance you could lend me a fiver till Tuesday?" Everyone in the room creases up into hopeless laughter at this point. Tibb just sits there looking pale and disappointed and with a look of disbelief that he's been caught out in such an obvious wind up. After a few seconds however, even Tibb breaks out with a smile.

Norman is an ordinary man who has experienced extraordinary things.

Some people could get a bit precious if they had experienced what Norman has. Norman, however, is from a dirt poor home in the West of Scotland, and like most of us from that situation, he shares a precious gift. It's been drummed into us all our lives, that is, don't take yourself too seriously! I think Tibb learned a little of that lesson too.

Alan Ashcroft 1995

WORDS FOR THE 90'S.....?

An occasional series

1. DISORGANISATION n.

An unstructured protest group of the mid-Nineties, without the leadership of a conventional organisation. Want to join one of the loose coalitions such as Justice?, fighting road building and criminal justice laws? Don't expect to fill in an application form.

2. COOL [kOOI] (fig.)(coll.)(sl.)

Calm. Level headed. Sophisticated. Smart. Subtle. Relaxed. Self control. You're sick. I hear what you're saying. I agree with what you're saying. Yeah, let's do it. I have assimilated your suggestion and may or may not act upon it. I like you. I feel that you understand me when I use words like "cool" (or I'm using a word that has 50's beatnik origins yet 90's connotations and can appreciate and understand the modern interpretations and subtle inflections. As you can). Your suggestion is completely outrageous but merely to be able to think of it leads me to think of you as...cool. Yeah, the type of behaviour you have just described I approve of and would probably behave that way myself given the situation. That's a great suggestion, I wish I'd thought of it. Now, what you've told me I find hard to believe but could well imagine you doing that even if I probably wouldn't. I don't quite understand what saying but it sounds good. That's

VERY funny. That's VERY serious. You handled that situation really well. Yeah, I like it. Tell me some more. You're Dutch.

DEEP UNITY

After lightweighting DU outlast ish, we're back with a deep sonic boom to mark April and the return of the good weather and the gradual move outdoors again. Kicking off with a gem from Gemany, **SENSORAMA - Traum Funf (Ladomat 2007, Ger)**. Chugs and trumps like a choo choo, building up to a right head of steam. A sunsual skipping loper, ideal for them sunrise blues. For some bass driven deep vocals look no further than **FAYLEINE BROWN - Higher (Freetown)**. Remixed by Ricky Montanari and DC Vaz, this kicks from the start with a b-line to flex that spine to. Sumptuous and pipey. **F&A - Champagne (Going Down) (Fat Wax)** is a nice early morning techno tinged houser that shuffles up to a great finish. Well sound. **DEEP SIX - Kentish Man (Ten Pin)** sees Richard Salter and Pete Doyle (outa Rainham) give the Kent house massive it's very own acknowledgement for April. Or not. Whatever, it's Doyles best tune to date. **SOHANTE FEAT. BSJ - Playhouse (Ital UMM)**. One of those Ital jobbies that, yawn, only they can do. Claudio Cocculuto houses it up fine style. **ONE FAMILY - We Got Love (PD)**. Those a little disappointed with Chapter 9's new single, should search this remix out. Thankfully shaving the vocal excess and beefing the whole tune up a tad with wondrous results. **CHEEKYBOY - Hope Your Body (Cobi)** lives up to it's name and samples some "interesting" nuggets from musics back catalogue (daren't tell you what they are). On the label is written "These tunes are for air play only. Not for sale....written by Cheeky Boy except when not." Which means play 'em in clubs and buy me, please! **THE ESSENCE - Looking For Love (Deep Trouble)**. First release for Nice N' Ripe subsidiary Deep Trouble. Grant Nelson applies additional keyboards on this late am chugger. **BABY BUMPS - Funky Singer (Azuli)**. Doesn't quite live up to the hype, but still a solid top o' the

night chicken flapper. A handy list of all Azuli releases on the back will keep the locomotive noticers happy, I'm sure. **EMISSARY - Give it to Me (Urban Collective)**. Not written. Or produced. But "composed". Nice and funky and pumping. What more can one desire in a pique of wobbliness. **STATE OF GRACE - Sweet Life (Six)**. Top tune. Catchy. The crowd really love it. Nuff said. **ST. GERMAIN - Boulevard 1\3 (F. Comm)** The deep sound sound of, cough, PA-REES. Tune of the week. Thank God the spirit of FNAC lives on in Ludovic Navarre and F. Comm.. Deep, jazzy and capable of ripping the fluffcores heart out. **HUMAN CLOSE TO ORGASM -Late Night Extension EP (Rubberneck)**. Oh yes. Tim and Max follow up the classic ESSA with another tune worthy of the sunrise set. Builds and builds and builds. **2 DEEP - Te Adore (Impirial)**. Gerald Elms and Joey Musaphia produce a floating excursion to loveland. Italian samples, recorded in London, released in Glasgow. Deep as fuck.

tVC DIARY

MARCH 17TH - MARCH 31ST - ELDAD DRUCKS EXHIBITION - The Cave 64A Oxford Street, Whitstable, Kent. Info 01227 772544 For those that have marvelled at the work Eldad has done for tVC may be pleasantly surprised as he shows the full range of his not inconsiderable talents at this etchings exhibition in Whitstables newly opened New Age cum Head cum Clothes cum Art shop.

THURSDAY 30TH MARCH - 7TH HEAVEN - The Works, Canterbury. 9 - 2am £3. Jes and Luke Brancaccio guest from the deliverance posse outa Sarf Landon. Nick flies the deep house flag for tVC.

FRIDAY 31ST MARCH - SOUTHERN EXPOSURE - Atomics, Unit A, Hart Street, Maidstone, Kent. 9 - 2am. £6. Info 081 293 5355 Steve Proctor, Breeze, Andy Morris and Jim Waite guest at this 800 capacity house venue.

SATURDAY 1ST APRIL - PERFECT WORLD -

The Arches, Goding Street, Vauxhall, London.
£10. 10 - 6am. Invites: see Oz or ring (01227 773194)

The first PW of the year and sure to be another sell out. Guests this time for those pumping pounders are Mark L'Hat, Tommy Skinner, Damien McSorley and Oz. Perfect World regulars Sean Leonard and Sherlock (with a three hour set) are merely the whipped double cream on this well tasty trifle.

THURSDAY 13TH APRIL - 7TH HEAVEN -

The Works, Canterbury. £3 9 - 2am.

For those too busy or too skint or just plain too lazy to trek up the Smoke we bring London to you. Catch Sherlock (on his third visit) and perfect World stablemate Duncan Scott in this one off spesh. Jasper warms the cockles for tVC.

FRIDAY 14TH APRIL - SOUTHERN EXPOSURE -

Maidstone. (see 31st March for details) tVC take over room two with Timo, Oz, Nick and Liam slammin' thar thar missives in from the trenches. Or something like that anyway.

THURSDAY 20TH APRIL - MEGATRIPOLIS -

at Heaven, The Arches, Charing Cross Road, London. 9pm - 3am. £5.

Sound System night sees Jump take over the Cathedral whilst tVC commandeer the Cauldron and Grub the sound shaft. Expect the sarf london massive and the Kent Lager Front (KLF) to dominate the crowd of reckless renegades that constitute the Mega peeps.

THURSDAY 27TH APRIL - 7th HEAVEN-

the Works, Canterbury. £3 9 - 2am.

Nick Brown, resident at Southern Exposure is our special guest for the night. Tejen flys his flag for us and Charlie makes his tVC debut.

FRIDAY 28TH APRIL - MEREFIELDS -

Canterbury.

tVC do a freebee at this wine bar freshly acquired in the management department by our Gazza. Sup designer beer out of frosted

glasses whilst going completely ape to the deep sound of Canterbury.

FRIDAY 5TH MAY - GLOW - Legends, Dover.
£3.50 / £4.

The second Glow sees guests Nick and Jasper (tbc coz he might be playing in France) join resident Timo for more fun filled pumpy frolics.



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