

TANGENTOPOLI

issue 25

free to party people

C.J.A. News

Parties

Record Reviews

Listings

Articles from

C.J. Stone

Karl Marx

Fran Lebowitz

CRIMINAL JUSTICE ACT AND OTHER NEWS

THE NEW 37 WORD POLICE CAUTION ON ARREST

"You do not have to say anything, but it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence."

WE HAVE SOUGHT LEGAL ADVICE
AND RECOMMEND THAT IF YOU DO
DECIDE TO REPLY TO THIS STATE
THE FOLLOWING -

"My Solicitor has advised me to answer no
comment."

KEEP THE SPIRIT ALIVE

The Guilford Free Information Network on
the prospect for Free Parties this summer

The weather improves and people start to think of the summer and outdoor fun. Requests for "Festival Lists" come rolling in from folk who want to plan the months ahead.

Alas, gone are the days of the free festival circuit when, as one event broke up, the next gathering beckoned. The season of celebrations based on the Pagan calendar, ancient sites and folk traditions have been stepped on by the authorities over the years culminating in the freedom lovers nightmare, the Criminal Justice Act, with powers that can wreck virtually every stage of a festival goers movements and potentially make life on the road a hell on wheels.

The Stonehenge Campaign have realistically decided not to print their annual "Festival Sheet" this year. There seems little point in just repeating the previous years dates if no new info' is likely to be available and no guarantee that anyone

wants to risk getting the ball rolling; on a large scale anyway.

Getting enough people together in one place, in a short space of time (such as Castlemorton) and making it a major headache for the police to stop will probably take a great deal of effort. Planning could only be done once and this is the plan (keep July 7th free in your diary!)...So many people are going to be concentrating on this one "happening" and everyone should be turning up. Pass the word around...

In spite of new guidelines supposed to make licensed events easier to put on, many of last years' such as Hackney Homeless, Forest Fayre, Brighton Urban and the Strawberry Fayre won't be happening. The unfree festies get more expensive and regimented. For example; it'll cost £30 for extra for campers and caravans on top of £65 (plus admin. fee) at Glastonbury and there's a rumour going around that this could be the last (one story about Michael Eavis having cancer..?)

So what of the future? Green Fayres can start off small but can evolve - check Maidstone in its second year (mon 29th May, Mote Park). Folk Festivals are not always what you would expect. Anti Criminal Justice demonstrations can become carnivals and road protest camps can call on gatherings that become mini festivals. Keep your ears to the ground for small localised "picnics" or better still do your own and keep the free spirit alive!

To contact Guil'fin or for a copy of their free information newsletter with south east alternative listings send a large (ish) SAE and any donation to:

GUIL'FIN
PO BOX 217
GUILFORD
SURREY
GU2 6FF

ANTI CRIMINAL JUSTICE
ACT

24 HOUR ACTION LINE

(updated every two days)

0171 501 9253

'RAVE-BUSTING' POLICE ACCUSED

Duncan Campbell

A council has voted to hold a public inquiry into the behavior of its police force. The decision could lead to other councils that believe police may have misused their resources following suit.

Bedfordshire County Council has voted to "vigorously pursue" a full inquiry into Bedfordshire police's dealings with the Exodus Collective a Luton based group which organises raves and is involved in local squatting and community initiatives.

A motion passed by an overwhelming majority of the 73 strong council reads: "The county council believes there should be a full public inquiry into Bedfordshire police's and others' activities against members of the Exodus Collective and others, chaired by Mr Michael Mansfield, QC, the country's leading civil rights lawyer.

"This inquiry should examine the defences' claims ... of allegations of malpractice by the Bedfordshire police force and others in the investigation and prosecution of these cases.

"The county council will vigorously pursue the need for this inquiry with the Home office and as its contribution will make a venue available for the public inquiry."

The leader of the Conservative group, Philip Hendry, who is also the chairman of the newly constituted local police authority, supported the motion.

The inquiry call follows a lengthy saga involving a series of raids on the Exodus Collective and the farm outside Luton on which members live.

The collective organises some of the biggest raves in the area and uses the money collected to restore derelict property for housing the homeless. Although more than 30 criminal charges related to public order and drugs offences have been brought, all but one of the cases has resulted in acquittal.

A spokesman for Bedfordshire police said the force noted the decision.

The police "strongly denied" malpractice.

He said he could not comment further on matters which have already been fully dealt with in court.

Regarding whether or not the police would cooperate with an inquiry, the spokesman said it would need to see the terms and requirements before a decision could be made.



**IF YOU ARE CHARGED UNDER
THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE AND PUBLIC
ORDER ACT CONTACT LIBERTY
AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AFTER YOUR
RELEASE FROM CUSTODY**

LIBERTY
21 TABARD STREET
LONDON
SE1 GBP

Tel 0171 378 8659

NEW CRIMINAL OFFENCE OF "NIGHT TIME NEIGHBOUR NOISE" PROPOSED

Spot fines and seizure of sound systems have been proposed by the government to end noise nuisance. The proposals, published in March, are aimed at tackling the spiralling complaints made to the police and local councils.

The Right To Peace And Quiet Campaign who claim that noise disputes have led to assault and murder, and cause stress and sleepless nights, have had a sympathetic hearing from government ministers. Under the new proposals a new criminal offence of "night time neighbour noise" would be created. If a spot fine failed to bring noise within the exceptionally low 35 decibel threshold, seizure of so called "noisy equipment" would follow. Equipment would be returned to the owner, for a fee, after a set period but would be lost for good following a second offence. The draconian new laws will not just cover stereo systems but vacuum cleaners and washing machines as well.

Pilot projects to test the spot fines and seizure option will operate in six cities this summer, though response from the town halls has been cool. 90% of councils believe they have adequate powers to deal with both domestic and commercial noise. Event promoters already view Environmental Protection Act fines as operating costs - Bromley LBC's noise patrol was offered a cheque for £5000 by a promoter who refused to turn down the volume. £5000 is the maximum fine for causing a noise nuisance.

THE CJA ARRESTOMETER

as of 7.4.95

148 Hunt Sabs
57 Football Fans
19 Road Protesters
11 Travellers
8 tree defenders
3 Anti Live Exports

(Source: Brighton Justice)

POLICE INITIATIVE ON DRUGS SHOWS THE WAY OF THE FUTURE

Police are more likely to caution people found in possession of small amounts of Class A and B drugs than arrest them, following a drugs initiative by Greater Manchester police.

The initiative, which has been in operation for several months, involves targeting drug dealers rather than users, as Sergeant Bill Lloyd of Manchester police's drugs unit explained: "If someone is caught in possession of any drug whatsoever in an amount for personal use, then they will be cautioned. If they're caught again, as long as they're not taking the mickey, they'll probably get another caution. We want to put our forces into harm reduction. We're not going soft on law enforcement, we're more interested in catching traffickers than personal users."

The initiative even extends to not deploying police officers in minor drug cases. "If, for example, we receive a report of a group of youths smoking marijuana, we would now send a youth worker or a drugs service officer if they were available rather than a police officer," said Sergeant Lloyd. "If we send a police officer they'll just run off and be back the next day."

Other local forces have been quick to pick up on the initiative, which has also led to a government white paper on dealing with drug offences, published April 26th. Sergeant Lloyd has recently addressed representatives from Nottingham, Leicester and Devon and Cornwall, while Inspector Richard Groves of the Metropolitan Police's drugs unit, said; "I very much admire the strategies set up in Manchester. It's something we've been doing in London for some time. We currently caution 60% of offenders."

Both Inspector Groves and Sergeant Lloyd were keen to stress that cautioning is not a "soft option"; "We're increasing the number of cautions, but we're also increasing the number of arrests," said Inspector Groves. "I wouldn't want people to think we're going soft on drugs or that if you're found in possession, it's a guaranteed caution."

Michael Linnel, of Manchester's Lifeline agency, said: "It makes sense because there are so many people at it. If the police arrest someone they have to fill in 50 pieces of paper. With a caution there's only two. If you stick to some basic rules it's likely you'll get a caution. You have to

admit the offence. In the past, it was best to keep quiet until you got hold of a solicitor."

Over the past ten years, the number of people cautioned for all crimes, rather than arrested, has risen from 2% to 50%, according to Home Office statistics.

SCIENTIST WITH A MISSION TASTES THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY

James Edgar, boffin, was tasting freedom last night for the first time in 18 months. His desire to produce a revolutionary air freshener had cost him dear.

There was a tiny problem in it's manufacture. Each time he attempted to refine production of Airbourne Ten, also an anti-pollutant, he kept making drugs: £400,000 worth of ecstasy to be precise.

Detectives raided his premises on an Industrial Estate in Takely, Essex, in November 1993. His life has hardly been the same since.

Water Boards had been showing interests in his plans. Tropical countires wanted the product to counter smells at sewage treatment plants. He hoped it might even combat acid rain.

Airbourne Ten had been tried out on a pig farm. It had been featured on BBC 1's Coutryfile programme. Edgar's protests fell on scornful ears. Police believed they had caught a major supplier of the designer rave drug. There was, as the judge put it, a bathtubful of the stuff.

Edgar admitted at Snaresbrook crown court in East London that he had produced Ecstasy, a class A drug, but he had never intended to do so. Indeed, it was a source of real frustration to him.

Ecstasy has the chemical formula MDMA. He was, he said, aiming to produce MDMPA. He told Judge Richard Haworth the constituent chemicals would "split" when he used the required high temperatures. In frustration he turned to safrole. Safrole kept turning into isosafrole, essential in ecstasy's manufacture. Detectives found 16 flasks of the drug, weighing 1.3 kilograms.

Jeremy Carter Manning QC, prosecuting, said Edgar had produced the drug deliberately and knowingly. It's manufacture was no fluke.

The jury acquitted Edgar, who had been remanded in custody. The judge ruled that seven more counts relating to the alleged manufacture of steroids and trade mark offences be dropped.

"I WAS SO FRIGHTENED I NEARLY DIED!"

"...Seven police used a battering ram to smash their way into a grandmothers home to search for cannabis.

Emphasiema sufferer Willma Mitchell, 79, was in bed with an oxygen mask on her face, when they burst in with two sniffer dogs.

Mrs Mitchell said: "I was so frightened I nearly died!..."

HAVE FUN - STAY FIT

If your life's one big social whirl, you're in luck! Partying and having fun can keep you healthy.

Researchers reckon one good night out can boost immunity for a couple of days. But having a row depresses the immune system for a day - leaving you more open to infection.

"Positive events protect against illness" says Dr Lucy Yardley, a psychologist at University College in London. "Enjoyment of other people's company counteracts the bad effects stress has on the body."

CRIMINAL (IN)JUSTICE ACT CONTACTS LIST

UNITED SYSTEMS / ADVANCE PARTY

0181 959 7525 / 0181 889 5214 / 071 652
4602

EXPRESS PARTY LINE 0891 517147
(representing raves / festivals)

FREEDOM NETWORK

372 COLDHARBOUR LANE, BRIXTON,
LONDON SW9
Tel 0171 738 6721
(uniting CJA opposition)

ROAD ALERT

PO BOX 5544, NEWBURY, BERKSHIRE,
RG14 5FB
(networks road protests)

AHEAD OF IT'S TIME

Did you know that Whitstable is years ahead of its time? In the mid-sixties there was a substantial protest movement against the mere proposal to use Whitstable Harbour for the animal export trade. In the normally conformist central area of town, hundreds of signatures were gathered by door to door petitioning. When unable to meet in the Church Hall in Middle Wall, the concerned public held an open air meeting in the car park beside it. Support was not entirely unanimous; my dad, helping with petitioning, would find many bristled with indignation at the challenge by some, to show themselves against this aspect of the prevailing order. Virtually all managed to muster a Not In My Backyard attitude, and this distaste for that unsavoury line of commerce was to prevail. The authorities banned the use of the harbour for cattle export. And afterwards, even those who supported the intended scheme would deny they ever did. And so Whitstable shows itself again to be not exactly the vanguard of the current protest, but certainly the Avante Garde!

Levi Limestone

THE RIGHT TO PARTY IS NON NEGOTIABLE

Forget the sturdy footwear, the hottest accessory on the illegal party circuit this summer is a lawyer. The party - not to mention liberty - busting criminal justice bill is live for '95, but surprisingly, there has been little evidence of police using their new powers to date, as parties continue to bang on strong up and down the country.

A spokesperson for national party network, United Systems, confirmed, "Police contact so far has been minimal." Regardless the momentum of protest shows no sign of waning.

In early April, Cardiff witnessed demonstrators dancing their merry opposition in the shadows of the city's castle. Yet a real indication of what the Bill is up against came at an after hours warehouse bash across the Severn Bridge in Bristol. Organised as a party of protest, it was a clandestine gathering of epic proportions, as 3000 house nomads gave the term 'feelgood factor' a whole new meaning.

With collaboration between Bristol collective Sunnyside - complete with three lawyers on standby - and Devon based sound system Fun Factory, the atmosphere was vibrant and the message clear - the right to party is non negotiable.

WHY WE DO WHAT WE DO a statement from United Systems

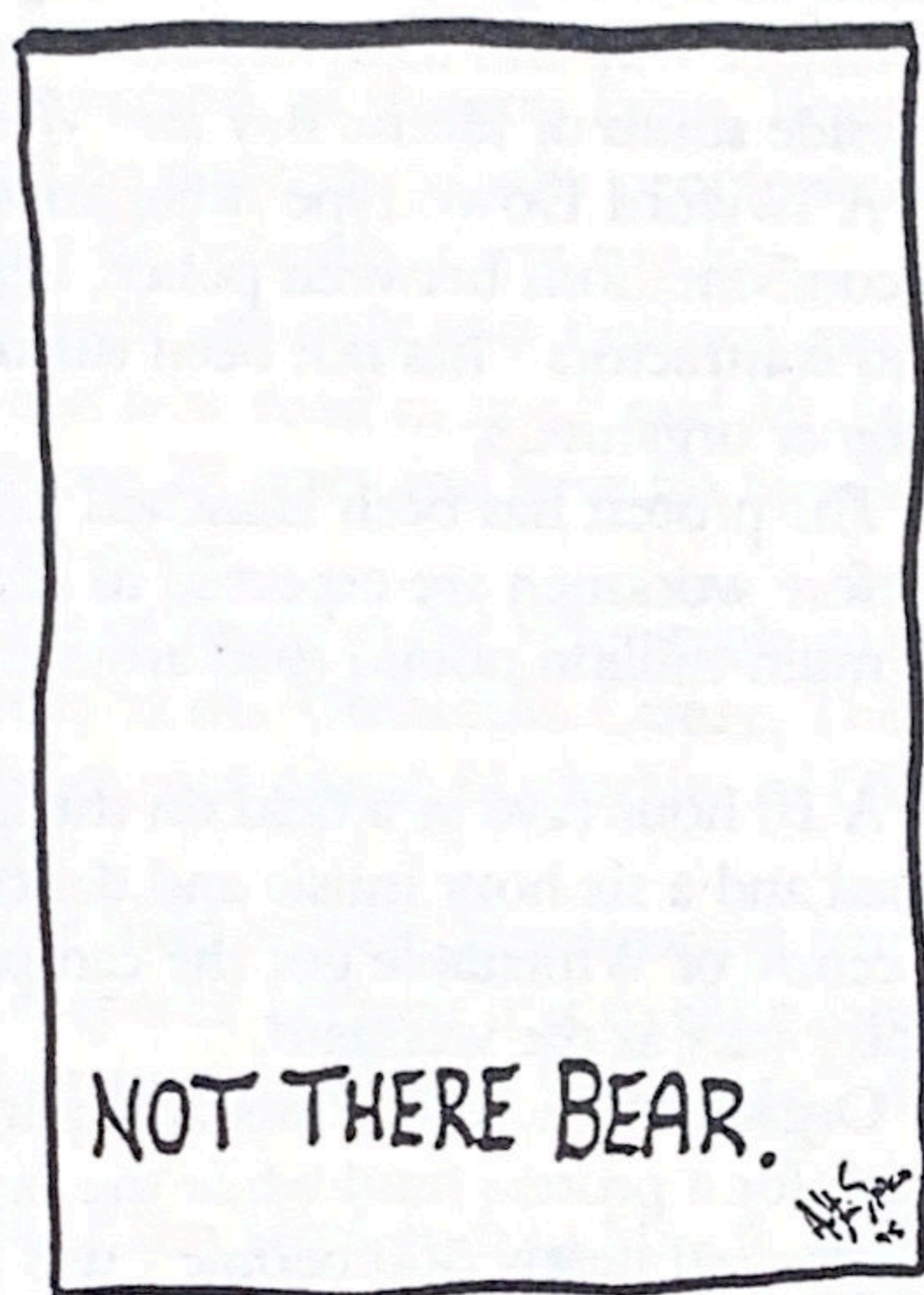
Since the dawn of human history people have come together to perform rituals and celebrate life with music, song and dance. They have also always taken drugs. From the opium poppy and cannabis used by Neolithic people over 6,000 years ago, fly-agaric on the Siberian steppe to extracts from giant toads and the peyote cactus in Central America, mankind has looked for substances which allow entry to an altered state of consciousness. Drugs were taken as part of ritual, to bond tribes together under a shared experience and they formed an integral part of esoteric lore. The desire to sing and dance and be together, whether aided by intoxicants or not, is part of human nature. It is a celebration of the spiritual dimension of Man which is lacking in the modern world. It is denied to us by the prevailing materialistic economic system which values consumption of resources and economic growth above everything else. Society has created a spiritual vacuum, the result of which is loneliness, alienation, social unrest and a materialistic culture which is rapidly destroying our planet.

The capitalist system and the State it vindicates upholds the illusion that consumption of resources equates with happiness. Any group which questions that illusion questions the system itself. By creating our own entertainment and coming together to celebrate each other and the strength of the human spirit we are making a statement so subversive and so threatening to the State that they will go to any lengths necessary in order to try and stop us. They will accuse us of petty offences such as "breach of the peace" and "public nuisance" to cover up the real reason why they want to stop raves and festivals. They might even bring out a bill that contravenes peoples basic human rights.

It is sad that we live in a world that denies human needs: our need to sing, dance, get back in

touch with nature, with each other and with ourselves. Our ancestors knew the importance of drugs in enriching our lives and making us aware of our own sanctity and that of our planet. We must keep on having parties, raves and festivals, standing up for what we believe in because it is our human nature and part of our culture. It is a continuation of what people have been doing for thousands of years. They may stop our parties for now but no Criminal Justice Act can ever kill the human spirit.

FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT TO PARTY



INTERNATIONAL FREE PARTY NETWORK

In the last few years the intentions and actions of the British Government finally brought home to people previously unpolitical, the seriousness of freedom, and the need to protect it. These times gave birth to the "Advance Party", a collaboration of ordinary people using the issue of free raves and their proposed outlawing, to highlight the greivous abuse of civil liberties about to take place in the form of the Criminal Justice Bill.

As the times have developed naturally the areas of concern and action have also expanded,

and we no longer find it relevent to think solely in terms of English problems and small scale solutions. International civil liberties are the issues that need to be addressed. It is no longer a question of whether or not we have the right to hold free parties more whether or not human beings have an equal choice of how we live our lives, and the direction in which humankind as a whole might lead.

The energy, enthusiasm, persuasiveness and ingenuity of the underground rave culture is now to be brought to bear in this arena, and must incorporate international politics, global awareness and responsibility.

To this end a new organisation has grown from the soil created by the "Advance Party", with representatives now in England, France, Spain, Germany, Holland - and spreading fast. This is United Systems, the "I.F.P.N.". It is to represent a new chapter in the work for a New World Sense, with a clear and unified purpose that shall be its strength.

WHAT: United Systems is a collection of information, contacts and resources with individuals and organisations to make use of them. It does not exist beyond the interaction of all its parts.

WHY: The advent of harsher degrees of oppression in this country and others have led to more serious degees of organisation and dedication amongst the peoples of the counter culture. The joining of forces of underground sound systems, together with the use of media and legal resources is the brightest option for our culture of joy.

WHERE: United Systems already belongs to sound systems nationwide and is firmly established throughout the European underground scene. And spreading fast. Enquiries and connections have been made as far afield as Mid West America and Australia. We are soon to go global on the Internet and E-Mail systems.

WHO: United Systems has no leaders or core members. Simply a network of minds sharing the same basic belief and hope for the future
THAT ALL LIFE IS PRECIOUS.
If this is your belief, Then YOU are already part of United Systems.

UNITE THE SYSTEMS...UNITE THE
PEOPLE...UNITE THE FUTURE.

The Missing Link: Discovered

Where you come off the M2, heading towards the coastal towns of Whitstable and Herne bay, you drive on a section of road which has recently been upgraded to a Dual carriageway. There's not much doubt in anyone's mind that it was a very necessary bit of road construction, as previously drivers would come off the Motorway at high speed and find themselves bottlenecked into a chicane. If you continue along this now duelled section of road, still heading for the coastal towns, you soon come upon a section of carriage-way that, as yet, hasn't been improved. This is the bit between the Long Reach roundabout at Whitstable and, seven miles further on, Herne Bay. They call it The Missing Link, ho ho. It's a two lane nightmare at the best of times, but in Summer, when everyone's heading for the seaside, it's pandemonium. It's faster on a pushbike, and somewhat less dangerous.

So, which of the following routes would you choose if you were a road planner, taking into account the following factors: It has to be cheap, quick to construct, have low environmental impact, won't encourage more cars onto it, will improve the traffic flow, and serve its purpose well (if you have any children under the age of three, you might like to ask them to help you with this):-

1) Improve the existing carriageway. The Green Route.

2) Add another road cutting through virgin countryside, creating several deep cuttings and desecrating natural habitats, while acknowledging that the existing route will still have to be improved in any case. The Blue Route.

3) Do nothing at all. The Non-Existant Route.

Now let's see if you chose the correct solution. Yes, easy wasn't it? Did your children get it right? Of course, it was b). This route enables KCC to destroy the livelihood of several Farmers by vandalising the countryside; it means they can spend MILLIONS of pounds of YOUR money doing it; they can attract hundreds of thousands of new motorists onto it; they can stretch out the work for much longer; and after the monster is complete they'll be able to fill in all the green spaces between with industrial sites and shopping

complexes(planning applications already received). It's called The Blue Route because it's supported by Tories and it gives everyone the blues. This can't be allowed to happen.

The Whitstable Flat Oak Society meets on Tuesday evenings at 8.00pm in the East Kent Pub, Whitstable. We mean to stop this road. We can win!

JOAK.

RAVERS IN ROAD ACTION

A protest campaign has been launched by anti-roads activists against the widening of the A299 Thanet Way and its diversion across open countryside south of Herne Bay and Whitstable.

A Twyford Down-type occupation - which led to confrontations between police, demonstrators and contractors - has not been ruled out by campaigner organisers.

The protest has been launched just a few days before workmen are expected to start work on the multi-million pound road around the two towns.

A 10 hour rave in a field on the line of the new road and a six hour music and dance party in the centre of Whitstable got the campaign off to a noisy start at the weekend.

Organisers say the Whitstable party was to raise cash for a protest fund while the rave - which attracted nearly 300 people - was the first event on their on-going campaign to draw public attention to the destruction the new road will cause.

The two parties were advertised extensively through handbills and posters as "A Summer Roads Camp By The Sea against the A299 / Thanet Way Noise Monster."

One handbill said organisers were The Whitstable Flat Oak Society and The International Antidiluvians.

The leaflet continued: "At a modest cost to the taxpayer of £65 million, Kent County Council wish to provide the seaside resort of Whitstable with its very own pollution Superhighway to environmental oblivion!"

The rave was in a field on the edge of Convict's Wood, about half a mile from South Street, Whitstable, where a marquee was set up under an ancient oak which will be felled to make

way for the road.

COLONY

One of the organisers, Chris Stone, of Whitstable, said on Sunday: "We are questioning the logic of destroying yet another beautiful piece of countryside for yet another motorway."

He pledged protesters would return - and in strength. "We have sent the word out across the country and we expect to return with a whole colony," he said.

"If you want to be noticed you have to take extreme measures."

The land is owned by farmer Neil Strand, who said he did not know about the rave until he was contacted by police after a complaint about noise.

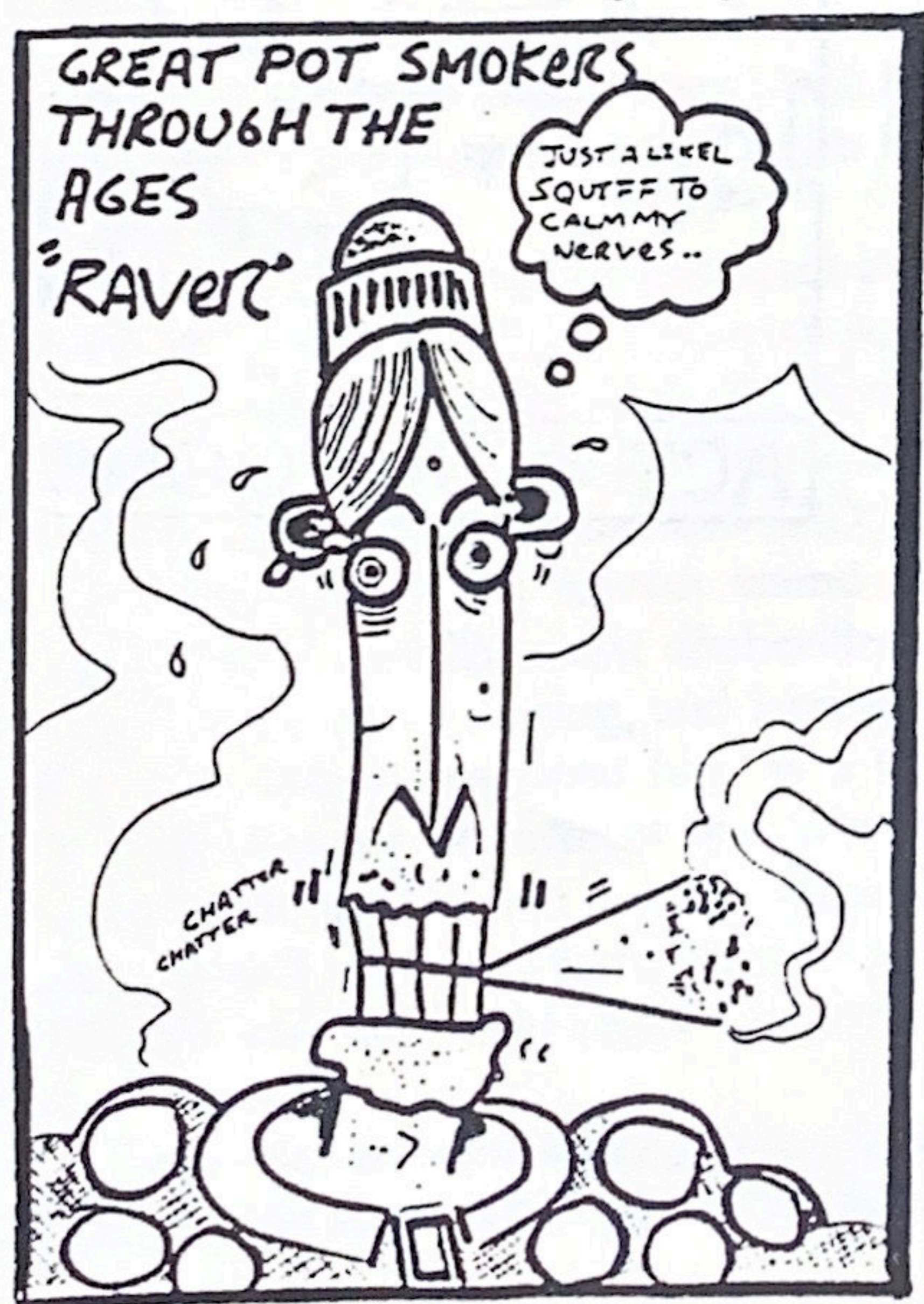
Mr Strand, of Burgess Farm, Bogshole Lane, said he understood why people wanted to protest but he believed it was too late.

"People are only now realising just what damage this new road means," said Mr Strand, who will lose 28 acres and have his farm cut in two by the route.

One of those at the Whitstable party, held on Saturday at the Umbrella Centre, The Horsebridge, was Sheila Maclurkin, of Old Ford, Chestfield.

"We hold regular dance parties here but this one is special because it is to raise money for the fund against the Thanet Way route," she said.

Whitstable Extra week ending May 5, 1995



Everyone's Wally

It's 21 years since the Wally Tribe first occupied Stonehenge and declared it a free festival site for the duration of the Summer Solstice. They were known as the Wally Tribe because everyone called themselves Wally. There was Sir Walter Wally, Wally Egypt, Phil Wally, Kris Wally, Wally Arthur, Wally Robert, Wally Hope (resplendant in the full dress uniform of an Officer of the Cypriot National Guard) and Wally Woof the dog. 30-40 people, all with a sense of humour, all called Wally. They spent the Summer of 1974 living in Geodisic domes built of twigs and branches gathered in the local woods, often naked, and discussing the expected Revolution: "Guitars the Tommy Guns, drums the missiles, Sun the bomb," as Wally Hope said. And so began a tradition that has influenced successive generations of youth and Underground culture, from Freaks, to Punks, to Ravers, and that continues to this day in the free party scene.

Eleven years later, in June 1985, the festival was brutally suppressed. People were dragged, kicking and screaming, through shattered Windscreens, while their vehicles were smashed. Small children looked on while pregnant mothers were kicked and beaten. Skulls were cracked, arms broken, homes destroyed, human rights trampled on, all in the name of British "Justice". A truncheon-wielding Amphetamine army in the uniform of the British police trudged about glazed-eyed unable to see the humanity of the people they were terrorizing: the Battle of the Beanfield as it became known. And since then Stonehenge has been traumatized by razor-wire and out-of-bounds to all but the paying tourist.

Festivals are a tradition in Britain, the Northern European equivalent of the Mediterranean Carnival. From May Day Fairs to August Bank Holiday processions, from Easter rites to Hallowe'en bonfires, festivals have always punctuated our year in a grammar of gathering and mutual celebration. Tan Hill in Wiltshire, for example, was the site of an annual festival from Neolithic times until 1932. More than 5,000 years of continuous tradition. And the builders of Stonehenge itself may well have been part of an ancient cult, identified by their main artifacts, and known to Archeologists as the Beaker People. It is at least arguable that the free-wheeling, drug-induced anarchy of the Stonehenge Free Festival had more in common with the proper meaning of

the monument than its current use as an historical theme park. It's what the Beaker People put in those beakers that matters. It certainly wasn't tea.

Along side the free festivals and parties there have also always been pay festivals. Glastonbury Fayre was born in the same era as Stonehenge, and was a free festival too in its first year. But if anyone wants to know the difference between a free festival and a pay festival, they only have to visit Glastonbury to see the monster it has become, and to reflect that nearly three-quarters of the entrance fee goes to pay for policing and security. You need money to organise a pay-festival, and as the cost of licensing escalates it ensures that only the very wealthy are able to cash in. The difference is that free festivals are free not just in the economic sense. There are no security fences at a free festival. There is even talk in some quarters of pulling the fences down at Glastonbury this year, and of turning it back to what it originally was.

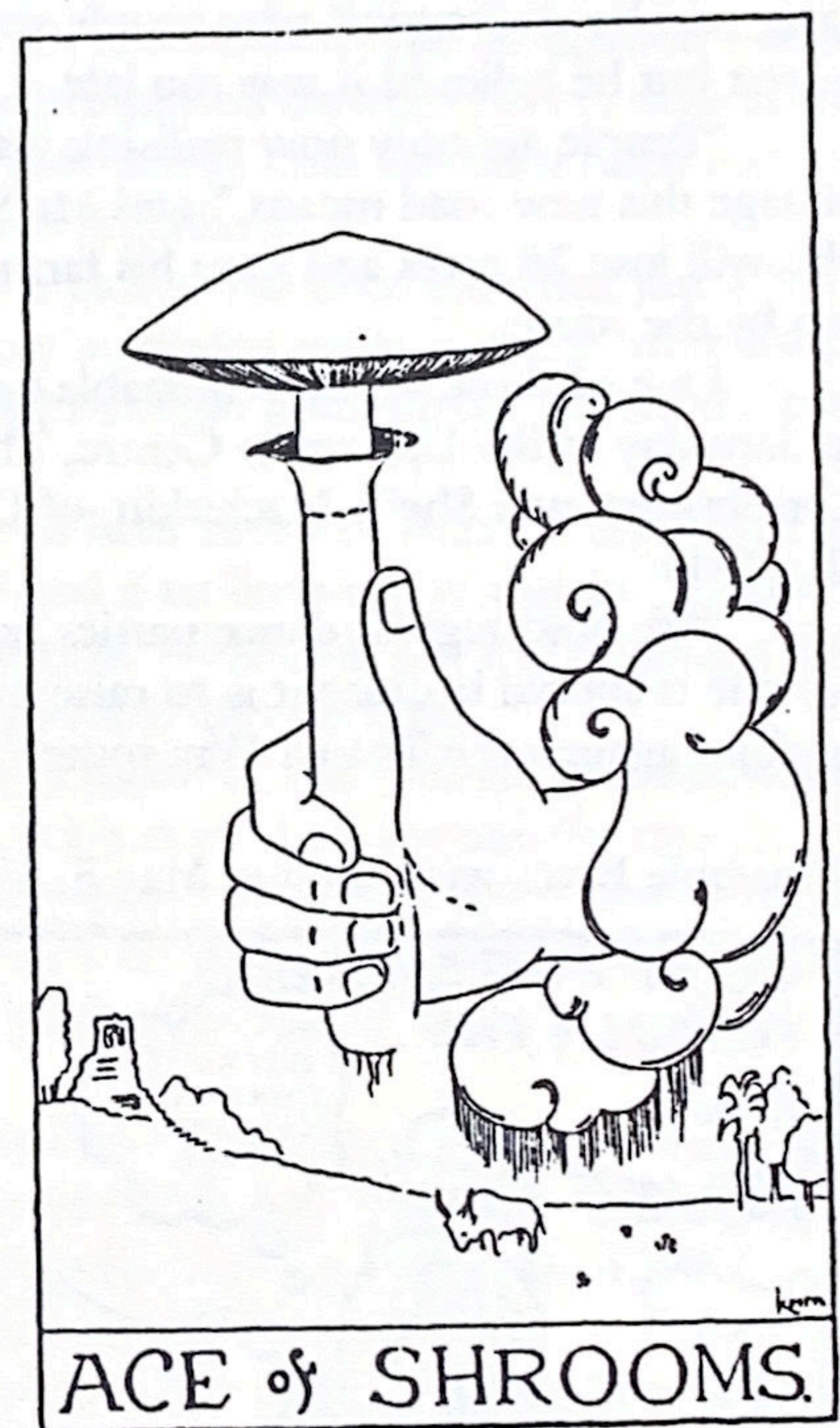
The Criminal Justice and Public Order Act 1994 (a long and pompous name for a bitter piece of legislative bigotry) makes the likelihood of continuing this easy-going tradition at best uncertain, at worst impossible. What the Act does is to make official what was already established procedure. The Battle of the Beanfield took place, remember, without the Criminal Justice Act, and throughout 1993 and 1994 the Police managed to hold off the majority of festivals by a variety of methods now enshrined in the Act, including the enforcement of exclusion zones. What was carried out in previous years, unofficially and illegally, will no doubt be pursued with increased vigour now that Officers know they have the full sanction of the law behind them.

However, all is not lost. At least according to certain members of the free festival network. Free Parties have taken place throughout the Winter, regardless of the Act, and will no doubt continue to do so. And meanwhile there is talk of one large free festival this year - project name, "The Mother", suggested date, the seventh of the seventh- "to take place on a large area of non-agricultural land far from habitation." The venue has already been decided, I was told. "We know what we're looking for. It's going to be our festival, organised by us the way we do it, and it's going to happen." They have a number of back-up sites arranged.

The aim is not primarily in defiance of the Act, but simply to pull off one large event. However, if the Police use their powers to stop the

festival taking place, then the event will inevitably become a mass trespass, an act of civil disobedience against the Criminal Justice Act. "We'd like to see the Police try to enact the CJA against 20,000 happy party-goers on a piece of land no one goes to and no one can do anything with." There are plenty of people out there, it seems, who have no intention of taking the Act lying down. As Maya, the newspaper of the Windsor Free Festival 1974, said: "We shall celebrate with such fierce dancing the death of your institutions." Or as Wally Hope put it: "The best revolution is by example."

CJ



Naff Brigade Are In The Area

“...Red Bear was supposed to be the drippy hippy full of luurve and optimism and global consciousness, and here she was belting Punk Bear full in the face...”

Non fiction by CJ Stone

"Valerie Polaris says..." said Kodan.

"Who's Valerie Polaris?"

"You know, the woman who wrote the Scum Manifesto..."

"Valerie Solarnis. Polaris is a missile."

"Same thing. Anyway, she says that whenever men speak they're showing off," said Kodan.

"And, you know, I've watched them, and it's true."

"Well you must have been showing off when you said that," I said, showing off.

This was the plan. Kodan, Kirsten and Nick were going to set up a puppet show, and we were going to drive round the country visiting all the festivals. Kodan would write the script, Kirsten would make the puppets, Nick would collect the money, and they'd all perform. I'd just keep my weather-eye open and write about it. They were calling themselves Pan's Puppets. "Sort of Merry Pranksters on chip butties," said Kodan, and he blushed. He always blushes when he says something clever.

Kirsten is Kodan's girlfriend. She's a bright, vivacious 18 year old, with an expansive personality and a bosom to match. Nick is a devotee of Pan, and is looking more and more like an old goat as the years go by. He likes beer and LSD, preferably in combination. He lurches round in this strange chemical daze like some disshevilled devil, grinding his jaw and sweating, and leering at the women. I've always described him as a friendly psychopath, because he believes that whatever is going on in his head is true for the whole world. Which may well be true, who knows? It would at least explain why the world seems so utterly crazy at the moment.

I gave Kodan some money to be getting on with the puppet show. We'd got a date set at the

Labour Club on the first of April, in about a month's time. I bumped into him later, and he had four cans of Tennent's with him. Later still I called round and he was opening a bottle of red wine. A couple of days after he was round at Nick's place brewing up Poppy tea, using dried poppies he'd brought from the flower shop. And that's how he spent the entire month leading up to the their first gig. Red wine, beer, opium tea, crack cocaine, cough- medicine, cigarettes, LSD, Ecstasy, sweet tea, and Vitamin C tablets; anything he could stick in his gob, or up his nose, or into his lungs. Kodan thinks you can beat addiction by changing your drugs every day. He's like some monstrous baby with an uncontrollable appetite for dependency. He said, "I wish there was such a thing as a push chair for adults." I said, "they're called wheelchairs, Kodan, and you'll be in one soon enough."

The afternoon of the show Kodan and Kirsten came up to see me. Kodan was still writing the script, and Kirsten was typing it up for him. This is two hours before the show was due to start. I lent them my wordprocessor while they squabbled their way through the last pages. Neither of them had had any sleep the night before, and they were tetchy and ill-prepared and at each other's throats the whole time. I left them to their devices.

When I got down the club later that evening Nick was still fixing the Puppet show together with screws and brackets, and other people were running about preparing this and that. It was a shambles. When Nick finally stood the flimsy structure on its end it was clear that he'd fitted it together all wrong. It was as if he'd imbued it with his own personality. It was reeling lopsidedly, like Nick on a binge. But there was no time to take it apart and put it back together again, so it had to stay as it was. Then Kirsten had to wrap the sheeting around it. She'd hand-painted some material in purple and yellow, with horned faces. She stapled it to the drunken structure. Unfortunately she'd forgotten to leave a gap. The entire structure was shrouded in cloth, and no space for the puppets. They quickly cut a ragged hole, and hung a picture frame over it. Meanwhile people were beginning to turn up. They were sitting at tables watching the chaos as if this was part of the show. You expected them to clap as each part of the set was erected, as the puppet show was placed on the stage like a symbol of our shot-away times.

Someone was coming through the door while I made my escape to the bar. "Naff-brigade

are in the area," I said. Later I extended the analogy. "Remember the Angry Brigade, whose finely-honed anger was like a knife to the heart of Capitalism?" I said. "Well, we're the Naff Brigade, whose over ripe naffness is like a squelch under the foot of Capitalism. I need a drink."

Finally the show was under way.

First up it was Kodan and Tracy reading their poems, which were fine. Tracy is Kirsten's friend, and rolls her eyes like a 1920s Flapper while she reads. Her poems are very striking. Then it was the Puppet show. Kodan, Nick and Kirsten disappeared into their lopsided coffin.

Pan popped his wrinkled head over the edge.

"Before the show starts," he said, "which is our version of the Teddy Bears picnic, I have to tell you that unfortunately Pink Bear's run off with Madonna. However, Emu's prepared to step in at last minute notice."

It was Nick, putting on a quavering voice to represent Pan. And Pink Bear hadn't run off with Madonna, they'd just not got round to making it. And Pan wasn't a puppet, he was a battered old doll that Nick had wandered around Glastonbury with the previous year, off his tree as usual, and taunting people with the strange loopholes of his logic. You could see Nick's fingers clutching the doll from behind. Still, we were suspending our disbelief.

"So," continued Pan, in his thin, quaking voice, "without further ado I present you with... Pan's Puppets," and he slipped behind the curtain.

There was a pause. A long pause. A very long pause.

"With some further ado," Nick added, after which you could hear Kirsten mutter, "What puppet am I?"

There were three of them squeezed into that cramped, teetering space. You could see them struggling in there, elbows and backs pressing through the material, as the whole thing rocked and jolted like an Archbishop's cassock with a choirboy beneath. Nick was holding the script and shaking, and Kodan was hissing, "keep the fuckin script still will ye?"

Finally the Teddy Bears appeared. Red Bear and Punk Bear and ... yes, an Emu. You could tell Punk Bear was a Punk because it had a dog-collar round its neck. And you could tell the Emu was an Emu because it was an Emu. Only you didn't notice it because it was staring abstractly into the corner most of the time, keeping its back to the

other two. All you could see was its mouth.

Red Bear: This, my dear chaps, is what I call a beautiful day.

It was Kirsten sounding drippy.

Emu: Yup. Oh to be in England in the summer time.

This was Nick, using the same voice he had for Pan.

Punk Bear: Aye, England. Home of the brave, land of the free. But it'll soon be buried under concrete.

This was Kodan, sounding like Kodan.

Red Bear: Cynical nihilistic bastard, this is our land, we can wander as we please, just so long as we love the Earth, no harm will come to her.

Punk Bear: Wander as we please? Three miles from here There's a fuckin army base ya numfsty. Just try wanderin over that telling them you love the earth. If they don't shoot ye, they'll fuckin cart ye off to the looney bin.

Red Bear: Yeah, I take your point, but surely you see that there's the beginnings of a global consciousness which will sweep away the oppressor under a tidal wave of love and truth and give the land back to the people.

Kirsten's drippy voice was getting the most laughs. She pronounced "love" as "lurrrrve".

Punk Bear: God, you're an innocent bastard int'ye. Haven't you noticed that most of this country has fenced itself off intae wee Barratt house estates. But the fences aren't just made of wood, they're made of fuckin fear and suspicion and the fuckin myth of ownership. What do you think the Criminal Justice Bill's all about, eh! Why's nobody trying to stop it except the sad bastards that it dispossesses? It's cos the fuckin nine to five wage slaves, fear us and hate us man. They agree with the act. They want us done away with cause they're envious of us and our freedom.

Red Bear: So what do you think we can do about it then?

Emu: Well we've got to come together don't we!

Punk Bear: Yeah, yur starting to get it. The mistake they've made with the act is that they've marginalized too many of us, and most of the groups they've picked on are getting radical. Guys, we're Teddy Bears, our two greatest weapons are our numbers and our joy.

Emu: Revolution, beginning in your Reeboks.

Nick had no idea what this line meant. You could tell by the way he muttered it with a question mark at the end. No one had any idea what this line meant. It was obviously the product of Kodan's blighted imagination.

Red Bear: Yeah party right on!

. ENTER WIZARD.

There was another long pause, and more rustling and shifting about. "Scuse me while I turn the page," said Kodan, as Kodan, and the Wizard appeared, a wide-eyed papier machet puppet with dreadlocks.

Wizard: Did I hear someone say party! I hope you kindly young Bears don't mind if I plonk my tired old ass down by ye! I've been on the road a long time and I'm in need of some relaxation and a bit of the crack. It's so nice to see some youngsters enjoying our land, before it's all swallowed up in what they call progress. Ye'll get used to me I do go on a bit. I hope I haven't interrupted your conversation my dears.

This was Kodan too, also sounding like Kodan. The Wizard was meant to be Irish, and Kodan can do a fairly decent Irish accent most of the time. Only he was so carried away he forgot. You'll also notice by now that Kodan has all the best lines. Infact he has all the lines. Well, he did write the script.

Punk Bear: Naw, Naw not at all mucker, sit you'self down, have a cup of tea. We've just been discussing the C.J.B.

So that's Kodan talking to Kodan. Two characters, same voice. It was perfectly impossible to tell who was talking to who, or why even.

Red Bear: Yeah, I heard you mention being on the road so I guess that'll affect you quite adversely if you've been travelling.

Wizard: I'll tell you young Bears. The government have drawn the lines now, and when the shit hits the fan everyone better know which fuckin side they're on., And there have been serious fuckin developments in fuckin government legislation. I'm sure you've heard the latest fuckin policy to come out of Westminster and the fuckin Home of Lies and Deception, or the fuckin Home Office as they call it.

By now Kodan was completely carried away, swearing constantly. Suddenly the barman marched in, dressed in his red sweater. "Oh no," I thought. "He's going to put a stop to it." I had no idea why he would want to stop it, except it's the kind of thing he was likely to do. Just exercising his power. Instead of which he slipped onto the stage and joined the others in the teetering booth. You could see him pressing into the already overcrowded space, with just his buttocks sticking out. Everyone began laughing, including the puppeteers. The man was obviously deranged. Maybe he wanted a part in the show. Then Nick's voice erupted from the booth. "Francis Green's Mother wants her urgently," he said. And the barman

added, coming out to address the crowd, "The baby wants her." So Francis got up and was putting on her coat. "Bye Francis," everyone said. And someone else added, "Is that in the script?" Then it was Kodan's turn, still from behind the booth, but being Kodan now, which was exactly the same as being Punk Bear or the Wizard. "What d'ye think," he asked, "should we give up now instead of embarrassing oursel's?" "No. More," everyone shouted. They wanted them to carry on embarrassing themselves. So they started up again.

Punk Bear: What have the bastards come up with now? It can't be more fascist or ludicrous than the C.J.B.

"He's not speaking, he's speaking," added Kodan, indicating by jiggling the puppets around. You couldn't tell. Punk Bear was flopped over the edge as if exhausted, and Red Bear and the Emu were just stuck there without lines or anything to do. Occasionally one of them would move, and you'd hear Kodan hissing, "keep the fuckin puppets still when they're not talking." The three of them are sweltering in this confined space, Kodan doing all the talking, with two puppets on the end of his hands, trying to read the script over Nick's shoulder, while Nick's was shaking like a leaf. "Keep the fuckin script still," whispered Kodan, frantically, the very model of the fascists his characters were railing against.

Wizard: You think not my angry and idealistic young Bear. Just consider for a second, the mass outbreaks of revolutionary violence and civil disobedience that have gone down in this fair land of ours over the last couple of centuries. How have they been dealt wi'?

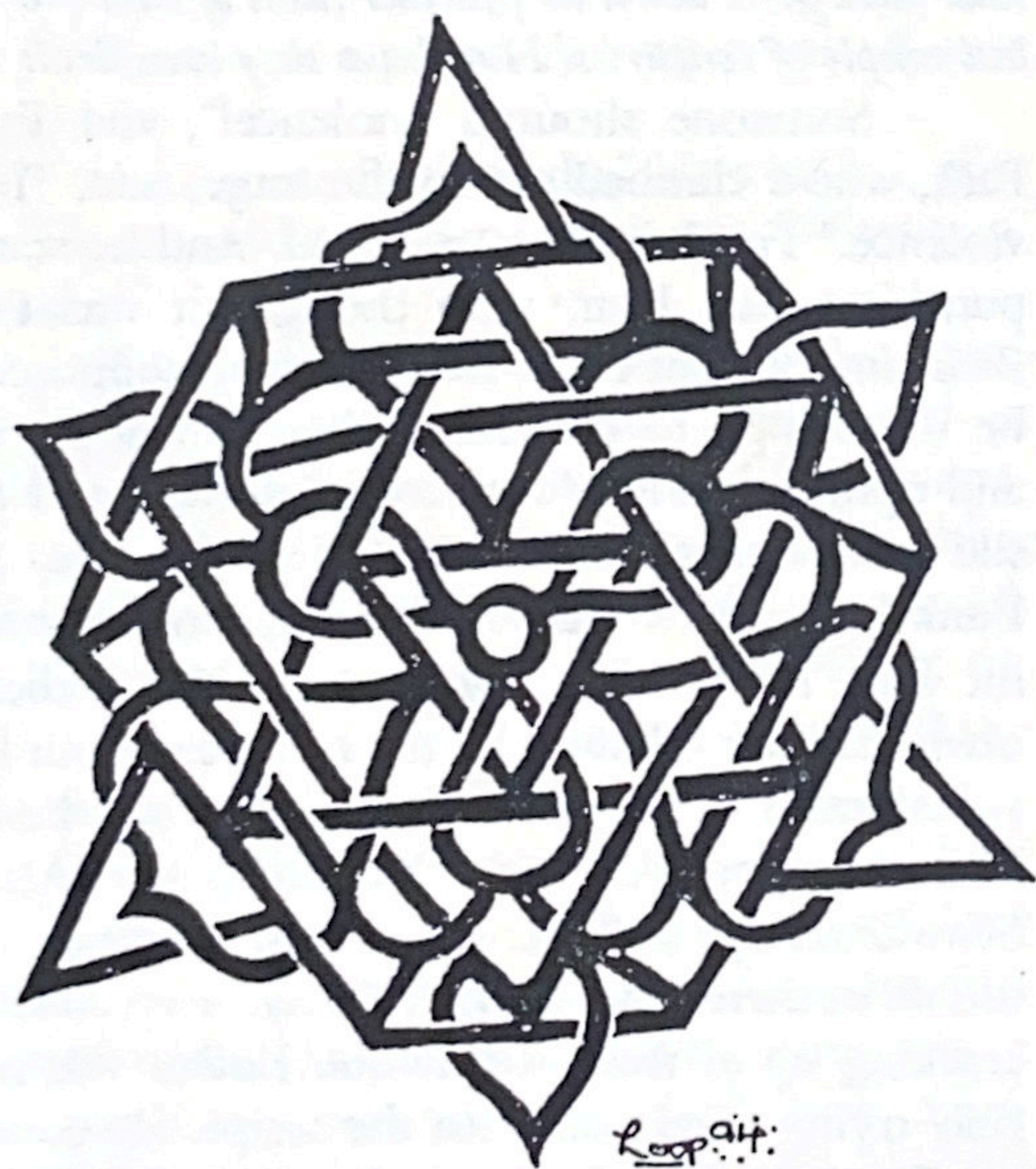
Someone shouted "violence!", and Frank Park, who'd climbed up on the stage, said, "Yeah, violence." Frank is nine years old. And he started punching Red Bear, who thought it was Punk Bear, and hit him back. Red Bear was supposed to be the drippy hippie, remember, full of lurrve and optimism and global consciousness, and here she was belting Punk Bear full in the face. And Punk bear hit Red Bear who hit Punk bear who hit Red Bear, while someone in the audience, obviously carried away by the realism, let out little stifled gasps of pain everytime a blow was landed. She thought she was watching an Arnold Schwarzenegger film. Frank said, "Isn't it a bit unsafe in there? Just don't fall over." Everyone was cracking up at this. Meanwhile Kodan was manfully trying to get on with the script. He couldn't see Frank Park up there on the stage. He thought everyone was laughing at the confusion in the

script. He walked out in a huff, a monomaniac with a Wizard on one hand, and a Punk Teddy Bear on the other. By now everyone could see that it wasn't going to work, and clapped. Nick brought on the Fascists, a cardboard cutout regiment on the end of a stick with swastikas painted over them, and wiggled them about a bit. And that was the end of the puppet show. I went off to get more beer. So did a lot of other people. Everyone was in need of beer that night.

I've seen the script, by the way, and it's good. A bit of work, a few more jokes, a few less lines for Kodan, and a few more for the others, and it would have been alright. And a bit of rehearsal too. The main contention involves the government surrounding Highbury at the Arsenal-Millwall game, force feeding both sets of fans with PCP and Flyagaric, giving them uniforms, weapons, ammunition, amphetamines and Special Brew, and then letting them loose on the rest of us. A plausible scenario, I feel. They're already here. They're called Security Guards.

So, anyway, I said to my friend Anne: "Is it true what Valerie Solarnis says, that all men are always showing off when they talk?"

"Yes, it's true," she said. "But I don't agree with her about what we should do about it, you know: the violence and that stuff. Actually, it's quite endearing."
CJ.



Only A Love Story

Life extends only as far as the imagination. And everybody dreams. It extends only as far as we think we can presume upon it. And we can presume upon it forever as long as we don't ask too much.

The more we kill the more we die. Conversely, the more we love, the more we love. Capitalism exists upon the principle that we can go anywhere, do anything, as long as we have the money for it. The future exists upon the principle that we can go anywhere, do anything, as long as we have the love for it.

I'm gonna start walking soon. I'm gonna start that long walk back home. The horizon comes back on itself, and yet there's an infinity out there, waiting to be experienced. I have this old dream, that there's two people walking out together... no, in my old dream we were skateboarding... and we just find each other crossing each other's paths. There's no one else there, just the two of us, skateboarding down ramps, moving with a swift intelligence. And we just like each other's company. And then we're holding hands, and laughing together with the exhilaration of the game. And then, suddenly I can see that we're near the end, we can actually win this one. So I start urging forward. And she's still holding my hand. But I'm breathless with the anticipation. And then, as we cross the line and we've won, she gives me this look. Like: "You've missed the point. You've lost the thread. Why didn't you stay with me?" But I'd thought I was with her, struggling for us both.

I'd like to swap notes with someone.

We humans are three-brained beings. Gurdieff says that. The head, the heart, the loins. William Blake says that. The head abstracts. The loins feel. But the heart mediates. I say that. I believe that ancient trees are an accumulation of consciousness on this planet, and that we should defend them against slaughter. The planet won't die, but our consciousness might. We have to give our desire to the Universe, because we are the Universe's desire. Life is a game. The ball's in someone else's court.

Love.

CJ.

The Prophets of Renfrew

JOHN THE PROPHET THEY CALL HIM.
OR JOHN THE BASTARD. A LIVE WIRE
SPARK OF ELECTRIFYING INTENSITY...

Someone has scrawled graffiti on a pebble-dash wall as you turn into the estate: "Etheopa is Kirky. Give us your money." Roughly translated it means, "Kirklandnuek is like Ethiopia. We need help too." There's a certain humour in this, and a certain poignancy too. You really feel you are entering some forgotten realm.

This is where Michelle lives, in a small council flat just inside the scheme: one of many in Renfrew. There are rows and rows of faceless grey buildings surrounding a school, all served by a couple of shops. And that's it. Nothing to do. Nowhere to go. Like a thousand council estates up and down the British Isles, and with all the attendant problems. Unemployment. Poverty. Alcoholism. Drugs. A sense of worthlessness. An all-pervading sense of despair. There's been five drug-related deaths here since 1990. That's in an area covering just 12 streets.

Michelle is in the middle of decorating, so we sat in the kitchen, perched on a couple of high stools, as we sipped our tea and she told me the story of Renfrew United, the organisation set up to rehabilitate drug-users through sport. And her own story too. The two stories are inextricably entwined.

She became involved with the organisation after her lover, Dunkie, died. He was working part time in the local community centre, and he had access to the keys. One night, after everyone had gone home, he climbed into the roof of the hall, tied one end of a rope round his neck, and the other round the rafters, and jumped. Suicide, they say. Except that Michelle refuses to believe it. She calls it "psychological murder". He was an actor as well as a caretaker, and he was about to break into the big time. He'd done some adverts, had a small but significant part in a film, and two appearances in Taggart. People said he was gifted. He was going somewhere. The men who killed him were jealous, Michelle says. Jailhawks with no hope and no future, into drug-dealing and crime, creating a mythology of gangsterism out of the pointlessness of their lives. She says they warped Dunkie's mind.

It was like this. They took Dunkie aside when they were all tripping and had a "wee natter".

They took their masks off. Innocent enough phrases. Except that "masks off" means revealing the monster within. And that the "wee natter" involved telling him that his woman was getting out of hand, and that he should "doink her one". He did. He cracked her across the head with a bottle. Who knows what pressure he was under, what deep convulsive forces were at work? Who knows what things they did and said to him after she'd run off to escape the weirdness and left him in their clutches? Except that when she saw him again he was walking round like a zombie, and that he had marks on his face. Bite marks. He was dead within days.

Well they know. The people that did this to him know. The people that drove him to suicide. And they're still around in the town. Still selling drugs. Still spreading their influence like some dark disease.

Michelle was devastated by Dunkie's death, of course. She was haunted by the awful co-incidences that seemed to conspire against her. Like that her last words to him were "I love you to death". And that she'd just had a Guardian Angel tattooed on her shoulder -he's her Guardian Angel now- and that in his final note he'd written, "God be with you". She thought, "Am I a really bad person? Is this God's punishment?" She even thought of taking her own life, just to be with him again. But no. She held on. "This is God's planet," she thought. "I have to see it through."

It was at this point in her life that she went to the first ever meeting for Renfrew United and met John. John the Prophet, they call him. Or John the Bastard. A live-wire spark of electrifying intensity. A glorious madman of biblical proportions. When I spoke to him he said, "Do you want the Renfrew United story or the blow-your-socks-off story?" and I opted for the latter. And it didn't so much blow my socks off as put me in a state of severe confusion. It involved a near death experience, in which he went up to heaven, and a wordless conversation with Christ. He saw a vision of the world glowing like the sun, an ideal world. After he returned there was a series of co-incidences (God-incidences, he calls them: "once is a co-incidence, twice is God") in which he met the Pope, Pele, and Mohammed Ali as he said he would. This was in the space of 37 days, 37 days after his sister's death. Christ had said to him, during his near death experience, that he was to "Go back down and sort that lot out". Which is exactly what he's doing.

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There's a photograph of him staring into Mohammed Ali's eyes. And Mohammed Ali is backing off looking startled, as if he's thinking "what on Earth is happening here?" John is no doubt telling him that he's a Prophet.

Of course the bulk of people who turned up at that meeting thought he was off his crust. But Michelle felt different. And I can vouch for her feeling. Mad he may be -whatever that means- but he's also a beacon of positive energy transforming the world around him, a believer in the power of the imagination to change things.

"Thoughts are things," he says. "Everyone's thoughts will come true. Bad thoughts are like boomerangs. Good thoughts will change the world." For John it's not just a matter for Renfrew. It's a matter for the whole planet.

Michelle said to him, "I want to be an Aerobics instructor." John said, "If you want to be an Aerobics instructor you will be an Aerobics instructor." And the following day they're walking down the road when they met a man from the council who said, "we can get one of you on a training course to be an Aerobics instructor." Michelle thought John had set it up. Only how could he have? It's just one more illustration of his basic philosophy, that we are destined to create a world from our imagination, a world beyond our wildest dreams.

So Michelle trained as an Aerobics instructor, as she'd wanted. And she holds her classes in the very hall where Dunkie died. It gives her a warm feeling to be doing her work here. "Where I do it gives me the energy and the confidence to do it." And now, nine months after Dunkie's death, she can't believe how much things have changed. Renfrew United are going from strength to strength. There were fifty people at that first meet-

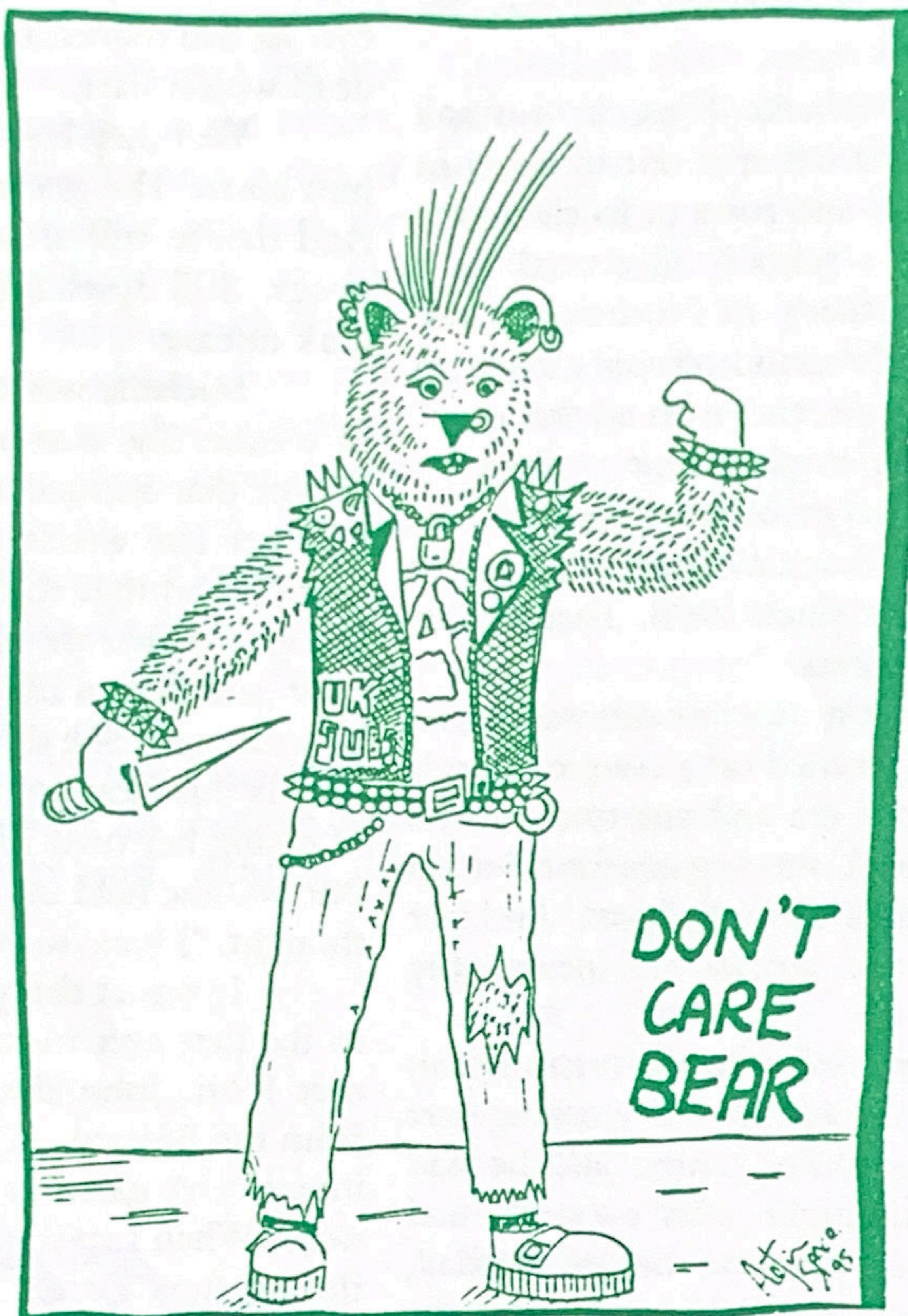
ing. There are 350 involved now. They have big plans. They want to transform Renfrew into the healthiest community in Britain, and hope to provide sporting and other activities, "seven days and seven nights," for the whole community. "If someone wants to play the cello, we'll get a fucking cello" says John, showing that, for a Prophet, he's certainly not self-righteous. And all free of charge. This is important. It's part of the "big-picture" as John calls it. Not only are drugs out of fashion, but money will become out of fashion too. "Money is just power-tokens," he says. "People are addicted to money. We've got Alcoholics Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous. We'll be needing Money Anonymous next."

According to John the organisation is destined to grow beyond belief. "We'll make £12,000 in the first year. Then it will grow tenfold year on year." After that it will turn into Help International, Christ's own weapon to blow all the drug-mongers, the violence-mongers, the money-mongers off the face of the planet.

"Gonna blow them all

out of the ocean. Boom! Boom!" and he cuts the air in a swift chop and flicks his wrist in a dismissive wave, as if by the gesture itself his plans are already accomplished.

Renfrew United are principally based upon Calton Athletic of Glasgow. However, there are a number of important differences, not least that they don't impose a strictly no-using policy. "People respond to people," says John. "They know we're trying to help. We're offering them a choice. If someone comes down just two nights, that's progress." And bit by bit, he reckons, they will see their lives improving, and will keep off the drink or the drugs of their own accord. Neither



John nor Michelle are seeking to impose anything. Ex-users themselves, they are now shining examples of resolute sobriety. As people see the transformation in them and match it to their own lives, they can judge for themselves which way is best.

John says: "This life is a vapour. Death is eternal life. This is a shell. The spirit comes from within you. Everyone is a prophet. Everyone has the ability to create their own future. If you expect to receive what you pray for, then it will happen." And he believes in the power of ESP to change things. "The people that killed Dunkie, they got into his mind. But when me and Michelle get together, we get into people's minds too. Only what we create is a vision of an ideal world." The implication is, who needs drugs?

John and Michelle are visionaries, but not everyone in Renfrew United agrees with everything they say. Susan is 23 years old, and training to do the half-marathon. According to her brother "she's a lazy cow", so this is a positive move in itself. "This is a town full of drugs," she says, "though it's not all junkies, mainly hash and booze." And she questions some of the principles that lie behind John and Michelle's philosophy. "For some people this is not about religion. It's about getting people off the drugs and into health." She adds that the emphasis on religion is likely to put people off. Not that John minds. "I'm here to carry a message," he says. "If people don't want to listen, that's their problem."

As for Michelle, this last year has seen a complete turn-around in her life. Dunkie's death, horrific though it was, has brought a sense of purpose to the whole community. When people recognise the enemy, then they will know how to act. And she's not bitter. "The people that killed Dunkie: they're sick," she says. She even feels sorry for them. And though it's not up to her to forgive them -in the end they are answerable to themselves- yet she knows they cannot begin their own rehabilitation until they recognise what they have done. Then they must beg forgiveness. She says that this is for their sake, not for her's. Forgiveness is the only cure.

After she'd finished she looked up at me from what ever deliberations her mind was on. "Is this a good story?" she asked. I looked into her eyes. "What do you think?" I said. "Yes," she said, "it's a good story."

DEEP UNITY

Tangentopoli's monthly look at the best of the new house releases

BUDEFELLAS V'S WAXWORKS - Hullaballo (Tumblin') sees Tumblin' carrying on their good run. Scott, Bradford, Scooby, Gibb and Gordon shine the torch for the new deep enlightenment with four superb tracks of totally out there sumptuousness.

CHEEKY BOY - Sedukted (?) Worth it for this track alone. Power and simplicity vie in acres of beautiful dub bass laden meadows.

FRESH AND LOW - Interlude (Strictly 4 Groovers) Calum Walker and Julian Dembinski with a tough workout so deep in the trough it's mesmerising in its singlemindedness.

LASH - Hard Love (Universal Groove) Another oddball yet excellent FYT record. Flutes and soft keyboards fly over sparse hi-hat and cybal rhythm. Chunky jazz.

MALONE AND MOLLISON - Blow My Mind (Underground Vibe) Another label picking up momentum with yet more quality house music. Bubbling, deep, happy, soulful, bouncy house. Nuff said.

IMPULSION - I Like Remix (Loaded) is notable for this solid deep stomper with a great breakdown. Best Loaded for a while.

SHARP TOOLS - Volume 1 (Sharp) Track three is the one here. Smile inducing bouncathon with an alarm clock breakdown that gasps "I can't believe it" half way through as if in confirmation of the fact that that, yes, they can do it and, yes, they can get away with it.

THE SCALLYWAGS - What We Need (Grass Green) Mellow, trancey workout with those techno washes so beloved of the those early morning open air types who wear funny sunglasses, even funnier hats and wobble around with their laces undone.

2 BE FREE - Reach Out (Test Pressing) Strong debut from new label Test Pressing. Rob Maynard, Dominic Moir and JC Whitehouse build and break with great aplomb and it all chugs along rather nicely.

ALEX NERI - Planet Funk (Wildflower, It) Seven top tracks on this double pack of total and absolute funky, housey heaven. Mix 'em all back to back and watch 'em weep.

95 NORTH PRESENT THE BELTWAY

BANDITS - Let Me (Slip 'n' Slide) Slip 'n' Slide! Where do they get their tunes from? Awesome readily springs to mind. Piano. Gospel loops. Uncheesy Hammonds. Repetitive and spiralling.

ITCHY AND SCRATCHY - I Want U (Spot On) Seb Fontaine and Jules Verne with another classy pumpathon guaranteed to fill floors nationwide.

RHYTHM MASTERS - Come On (Y'All) (Smokin Rhythms) Another hardish edged euro pounder from the Rhythm Masters. Bass driven with a nice percussive edge and sure to get those feet stompers furiously working.

SKUNK - The Party Faithful (white) Ethereal choirs kick it off. A seventies brass workout fills the first breakdown and the whole thing breaks and builds with great groovy skill.

CHROME - Bumper (Consolidated) Consolidated three sees Law, Slow and Salmon with a bongo laden, drumroll heavy excursion to the outer reaches of the delicatessen counter. Not bad.

BUCKLE AND FOGY feat. PASTOR JUGGLER - Yeow (Distinctive) Second release from Distinctive sees Happy Larry and K Green use ragga-esque vocal on a skipping, pipey party tune of not inconsiderable poppy girth.

THE LOST BOYS - Feel It (Test Pressing) TP 3 and their weakest to date, although the Screaming Passion Mix sees Bewick and Frost (these boys are pretty prolific at the moment) in full on Sherlock mode with immense breaks and builds and an OTT euro edge.

BLUE ROOM - I Feel High (Thumpin) Amlot, Williams and Liassi produce the bass line of the month in a top o' the night groovetastic hands in the air euro proffering. Sounds immense on a big rig and gets 'em going big time.

SIRUS CORPORATION - Bahia Blanca (Platform 12) Cheeky, rather large and rather tasty, with a great rolling, rollicking bass reminiscent of Pete Bones' The Shaker. Ain't nothing wrong with that ey?

ROLLIN' GEAR - white (UFG) A lone cow bell and an extended drum roll herald the start of a breezy, funky bass driven smile inducer. Banana central for the tVC crowd as whoops and flailing arms signal their obvious approval.

ZERO THE HERO - Rock Around The Block (Ugly Bug) Speaking of Pete Bones he's finally back with a brand new recording to follow up The Shaker. A tailor made tune for the Perfect World

Posse. High, pumping, immense breakdowns and enough catchy hooks to keep things rolling nicely.

ANETHUM - Silence is a Rhythm To (Movin Melodies) Patrick Prins and Ardi D with another hard groove meisterwork. Been hearing this played by everyone with inclinations from house to techno. Sweeps across boundaries.

WEST COAST CONNECTION - The Rollerball EP (Tropique) 4AM was a classic but this gives it a good run for its money. More conventional in structure it nevertheless hits the late am gurners in the right spot. Deep house from Scotland.

KEY STATEMENTS feat MIYON TREMAYNE - Over You (Soiree UK) Strong first release on a new UK label and credited to Death Becomes Me. Deep and flappy.

BLUNT - Funkers Remix (white) Track 4 is the one. And what a snorter it is too. "Gods an astronaut, everything is true". Chill time at sunrise has the fluffy bunnies going bonkers. Record of the month.

LOGIC GROUND - The Return (Rise, It) A snare with some wobbly dark dark percussion and a pounding bass intro hide a track that kicks the arse off the cow pat dodgers and has them leaning with ecstasy as the MK style hook rips their braeth away. Top tune.

PHAT 'N' PHUNKY EP - I Want You (Nymph) Off kilter, left field, er, phat 'n' phunky. Todd Terry-esque off beats and skips vie in a dense if open experiment in space and tempo that is original if nothing else. Dutch influenced a la Peter Parker.

CHECK POINT CHARLIE - I Can Feel It (GB) Gary Van Den Bussche uses piano and strings "sensibly". "I can feel it" vacal hook. Builds to a darker edge but with happy overtones. If you know what I mean.

GASS - Dark Side (Public Demand) Richelle Price and Plastic Jam with a great example of new deep (un) consciousness. Floats in acres of space with pipes, strings and all the other required accoutrements that say "top deep tune". One for the mellow maniacs.

BLAKKAT - Ario's Garden (Olympic) Bell and Stallings tune gets four varyingly good remixes outa house mecca Blackpool. Felix Da House, Blakkat, Medic and Welding, Jounhson and Noble do the duties. Relaxed and consumer friendly in a wild pitch without the edges kinda way.

DEEP PEACE

tVC DIARY

TWO FACED EP - (Crash Records) Lushly pumping, jazzy afternoon (or early morning in a field?) lets git funky music. Washes of lurvely pumpiness. Soo-perb and epic. Deep wha's of bass, and when the bass does come it's beautiful mwar mwar. All tracks cool, and progressively more laid back. Start vertical and end up level with the horizon. Grinning.

KENLOU - Moonshine (MAW Records) Yes believe the hype. A jazzy house extended work out, moving house into new dimensions.

TURNSTYLE feat. ALTHEA MCQUEEN - Reachin' Higher (Strictly Rhythm) The first Strictly I've bought for ages, since they've gone all hard and trancey. A real garage stormer, with diva shrieks. It's when she sings "I wanna feel the sun on my face" that you imagine it played at sunrise, and yes in a field!

RENEE - 2 gether (Serious Grooves) Strange one this. Has a piano mix (not like any piano mix you've ever heard), with strange, harsh clanking noises beforehand. Someone remarked it sounded like a bad mix, but a definite grower, and in the right place at the right time, well....

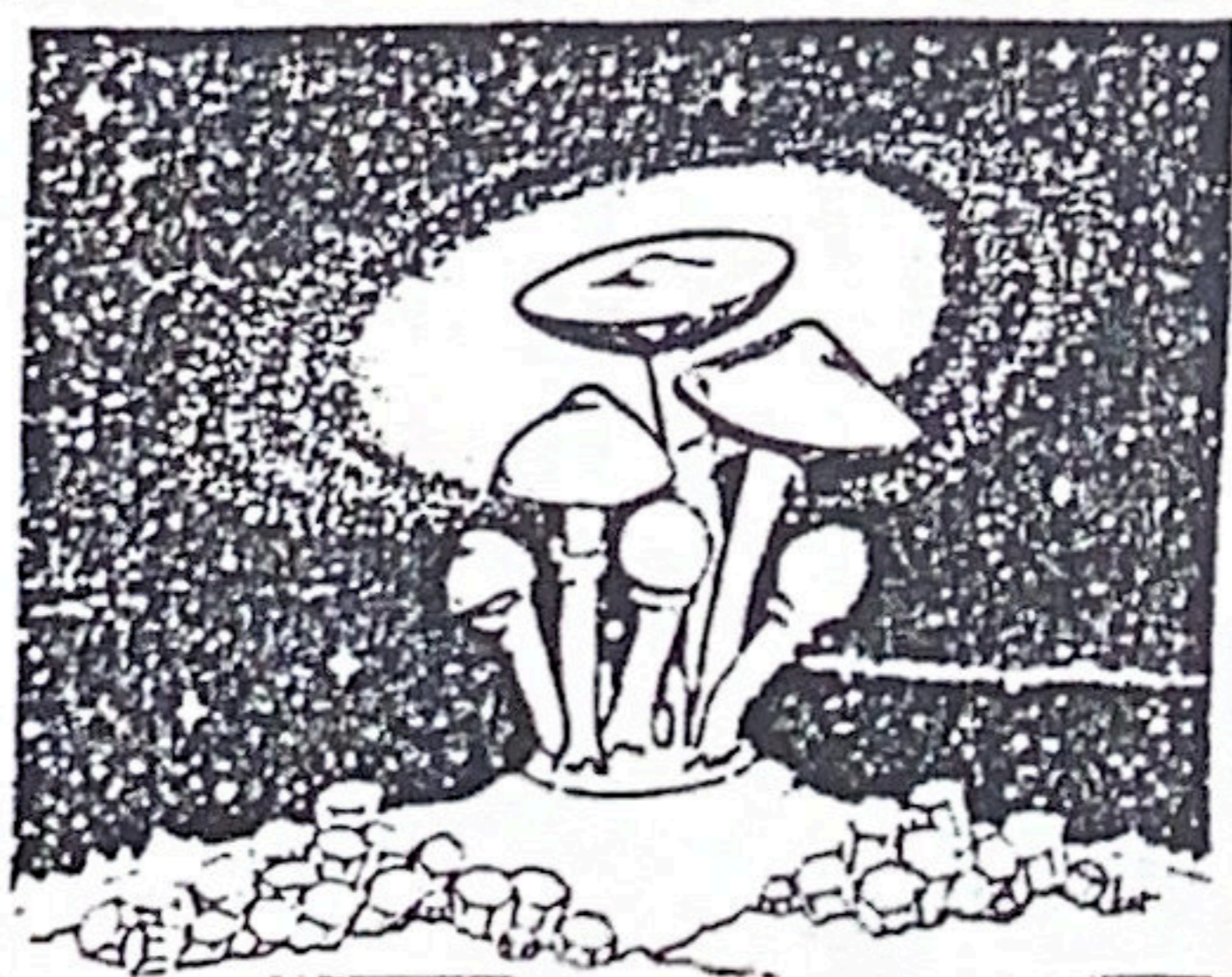
DARYL JAMES/DAVID ANTHONY PROJECT - Where Do We Go? feat. Fay Victor (Freeze Records) Couple of nice dubs. Not ground breaking, but does the job, with some nice bass sounds.

TABASCO - Fixed & Addicted (NYC) Borrows some obvious noises and samples, but drives along nicely.

HARMONY HOUSE - Hand in Hand (Malega Records) Fave at the mo. Really is what it says. Deep and uplifting. What it's all about.

THE HENRY STREET UNRELEASED PROJECT - (Henry Street Records) Wow. 6 tracks of sheer housey bliss.

WILDCHILD - Legends of the Dark Black pt 2 (Hi Life Records) Deeply original vinyl excursion. One side deep and housey, t'other deep and hip hoppy. Watch the reaction to this.



THURSDAY 11TH MAY - 7TH HEAVEN - The Works, Canterbury. 9pm - 2am. £3.

Guest Clive FX can't make it tonight coz he's going to Portugal. Still Oz and Liam and surprise guest pump up yet another night of gorgeous groovy gurglings.

MONDAY MAY 15TH - ESCAPE CLUB - 10 Marine Parade, Brighton

Little London sees the invasion of a motly crew of medieval brigands if ever you saw one. Rob Campbell (WOSP), Drew (Tender), Jes, Luke (Jump / Deliverance) and Oz (tVC) mix them down low and underground for a (hopefully) happening monday crowd.

FRIDAY 19TH MAY - SUMMERHOUSE '95 - The County Hotel Ballroom, Ashford, Kent. 9pm - 2am. £3.50 b4 10 and £4.50 after.

With Top Kent DJ Sherlock being joined by Jasper (if his bad backs better and he's out of hospital). Our new chums Amigo promote, so it's gonna be loud and clear.

THURSDAY 25TH MAY - 7TH HEAVEN - The Works, Canterbury. 9pm - 2am. £3.

Mark Dettmar plays a bouncier set for the fluffy bunnies. Ed warms up for him in his own inimitable stylish way. Both DJ's will play 2 hour sets. Nicky gets a chance to practice for All Basses Loaded as she warms up the warm up.

FRIDAY 26TH MAY - ALL BASSES LOADED - The Soundhouse, Hawkinge, Kent. £3. 9pm - 2am.

Nicky and Timo join residents Liam and Nick Renny for another monthly excursion into the deeper end of the house music wedge. Magnificent Maurice does the sound.

FRIDAY 2ND JUNE - SUNDAY 4TH JUNE - TONG WEEKENDER - Wales.

The big gathering of the underground clan. Sound Systems include DiY, Smokescreen, Gumbo, Optimist Creed, Pendragon, tVC and more. Plus bands on four stages. Plus a country house. Tickets for this 3 day "industry networking sesh" are limited to 50 per sound system so.... hassle early for one. Location to be revealed.

THURSDAY 8TH JUNE - 7th HEAVEN - The Works, Canterbury. 9pm - 2am. £3.

Timo, Kier and Tom and Josie are tonight's top

tune tumbling terrorists.

WEDNESDAY 21st JUNE - SUMMER SOL-
STICE

THURSDAY 22 JUNE - 7TH HEAVEN -

The Works, Canterbury. 9pm - 2am. £3.

Rob Phelps says his farewells to Blighty with a two hour set here tonight. Rob and Debbie are off on a trip round the world for a year. First stop Australia. Bastards.

FRIDAY 23RD JUNE - SOUTHERN EXPO-
SURE- Atomics, Unit A, Hart Street,
Maidstone. 9pm - 2am. £6.

We're well in here. With a good crowd upstairs things hot up real nice. Gig three and this one sees a mighty lads versus lasses soundclash. Josie, Jasper, Nicky and Oz, splosh merrily around in the most obvious and embarrassing manner.. (So no change there then).

FRIDAY 23RD JUNE - ALL BASSES
LOADED - The Soundhouse, Hawkinge. 9pm
- 2am. £3.

The deep house monthly chugs on. This month sees residents Nick Renny and Liam spinning it with a US slant. Guests *TOM & KIER* shock by playing it real cool.

FRIDAY 7TH JULY - SUNDAY 9TH JULY -
THE ANTI CRIMINAL JUSTICE ACT
FREE FESTIVAL / PARTY - Southern /
Middle England.

The Big One. "The Mother". Every one. Here. This weekend. OK? The right to party is non negotiable. (listen out for details).



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