

MUSIC ★ GROOVE ★ SOUNDS ★ DANCE ★ LOVE

FREE TO PARTY PEOPLE

TANGENT OPOLI

БЫЛЫ ІО БРЭЕ БЕРЫГЕ
ОТ УТРАД

LOVE ★ DANCE ★ SOUNDS ★ GROOVE ★

ISSUE 26

road protest special

USE
ABUSE
ENTHUSE
BLUE SUEDE SHOES
C.J.A. NEWS
RECORD REVIEWS ...
... OH AND
LISTINGS AMONGST OTHER THINGS

highlights

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The fight continues. Highlights this month include George Monbiot on the continued persecution of the travellers (p.9).

Sylvia Pankhurst on the riots in Hyde Park in 1914. Plus DEFENDING YOUR FREEDOM, the first part of our in depth analysis of the CJA.

Drugs R Us.....p7

By all means take your drugs but what are you really taking them for?

Party Reviews.....p14

What will our party reviewers think of a long weekend in Brittany? Or an even longer weekend at TONG in Wales?

Going down in party history as the most expensive free party EVER? Plus Club TV in Milton Keynes is crap. We don't believe it. And all of the 7th Heavens and much, much more.

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A Night Out With Dracula by Davey King may well be an analogy for our older pranksters mystified by the new youth culture. Or then again...

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House Music...all night long. Now what was the name of that track that goes.... Deep Unity sorts it all for you with the very best of the months house releases.

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#not including grief and harassment (see article p.9)

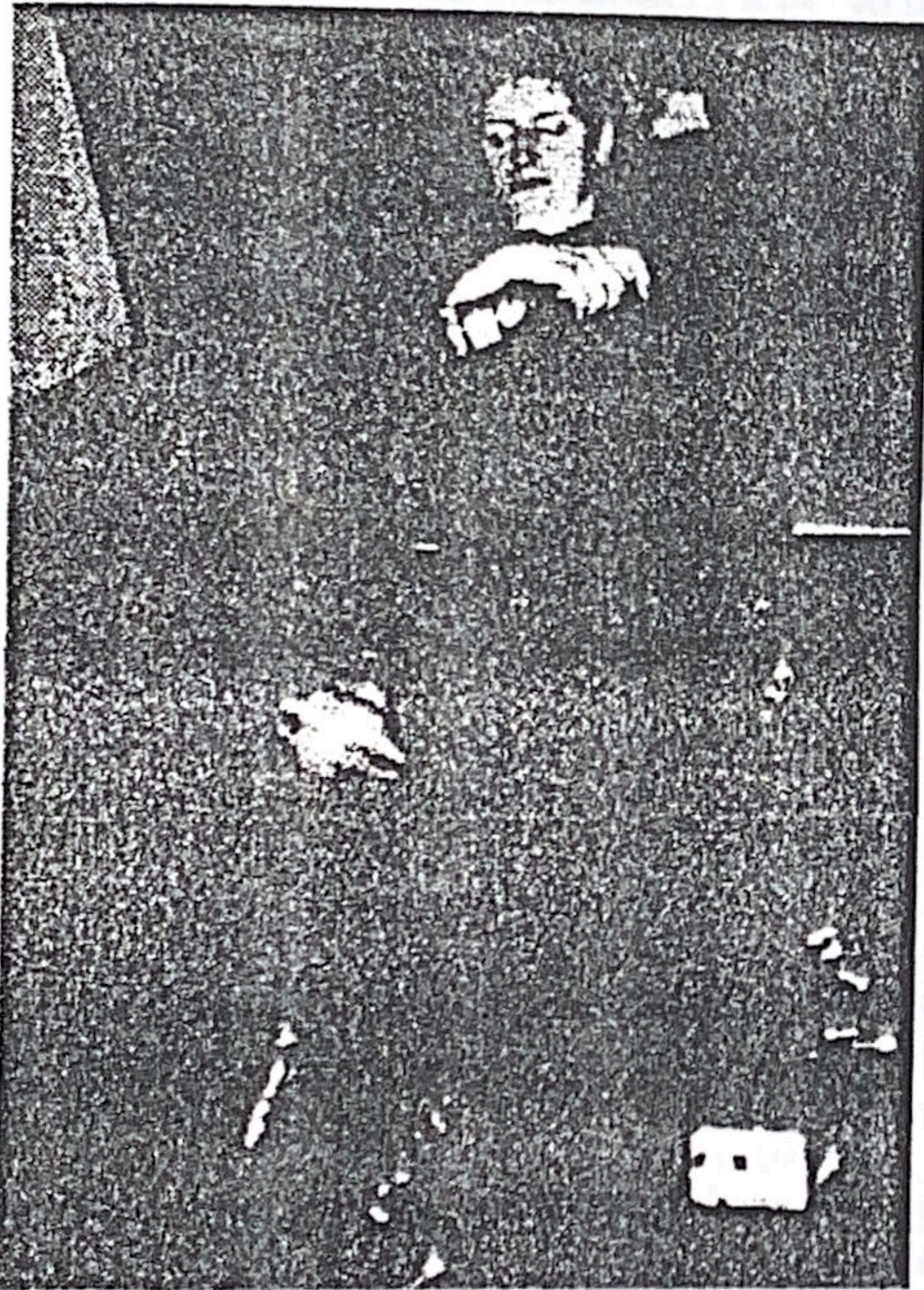
*nearly 1000 animal rights activists arrested this year

FREEDOM

Freedom - that consuming goal above doubt or criticism, desired as moths desire the candle or emigrants the distant continent awaiting to parch them in its deserts or drive them to madness in its bitter winters! Freedom, that land where rogues, at every corner, cozen with lies and promises the plucky sheep who judged it time to sack the shepherd! Unfurl your banner, Freedom, and call upon me with cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer and all kinds of music to fall down and worship you, and I will do so upon the instant, for who would wish to be cast into the fiery furnace of his neighbours' contempt? I will come to you as the male spider to the female, as the explorer to the upper reaches of the great river upon which he knows he will die before ever he wins through to the estuary. How should I dare refuse your beckoning, queen whose discarded lovers vanish by night, princess whose unsuccessful suitors die at sunset? Would to God we had never encountered you, goddess of thrombosis, insomnia, asthma, duodenal and migraine! For we are free - free to suffer every anguish of deliberation, of decisions which must be made upon suspect

information and half-knowledge, every anguish of hindsight and regret, of failure, shame and responsibility for all that we have brought upon ourselves and others: free to struggle, to starve, to demand from all one last, supreme effort to reach where we long to be and, once there, to conclude that it is not, after all, the right place. For a great price obtained I this freedom, to wish to God I had died by the hands of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when I sat by the fleshpots and ate bread to the full. The tyrant wasn't such a bad old sod, and even in his arbitrary rages never killed as many as died in yesterday's glorious battle for liberty. *Will you return to him then?* Ah no, sweet Freedom, I will slave for you until I have forgotten the love that once consumed my being, until I am grown old and bitter and can no longer see the wood for the starved, dirty trees. Then I will curse you and die; and will you then concede that I may be accounted your loyal follower and a true creature of this earth? And, Freedom, was I free?

Richard Adams.



Nicki demonstrates what freedom means to her and why it needs defending

DEFENDING YOUR FREEDOM

Part one of our **new regular column** by **Len Lucas and Alan Murdie** sees them taking specific areas of the CJA and describing the sections in detail, saying how they will affect you and what the police can do. The first part deals with Raves and section 63.

RAVES

Section 63 of the Criminal Justice and Public Order Act introduces specific restrictions on "Raves". Giving a legal definition to such events for the first time. The other side of the coin is that an event which does not fit this definition is **not a rave and therefore not covered by this section**. Section 63 reads:

63(1) This section applies to a gathering on land in the open air of 100 or more persons (**whether or not trespassers**) at which amplified music is played during the **night** (with or without intermissions) and is such as, by reason of its loudness and duration and the time at which it is played, is likely to cause serious distress to the inhabitants of the locality and for this purpose -

(a) such a gathering continues during intermissions in the music and, where the gathering extends over several days, throughout the period during which amplified music is played at night (with or without intermissions); and

(b) 'music' includes sounds wholly or predominantly characterised by the emission of a succession of repetitive beats

WHAT IS A RAVE?

For a gathering to be a rave it must:

be a gathering of people on land and in the open air, **an indoor event is not a rave** although a place partly open to the air may constitute land in the open air;

have a 100 or more people present;

it must involve the playing of music at night and that music must be amplified, it need not however be continuous.

A rave is also characterised by the fact that it is likely to cause **serious distress** to the inhabitants of the local area. **If there are no local residents, or their distance from the site is such that distress from given factors will not be serious then an event is not covered by the section.** The criteria of forms of distress that must be filled for a gathering to be a rave are:

its loudness,
the duration of the music, and
the time at which music is played.

A rave may fall within this section even if permission of a landowner or occupier has been given. Trespass is not an issue.

A gathering which has an entertainment licence cannot constitute a rave. An entertainment licence is a licence granted to a local authority under schedule 12 of the London Government Act 1963, section 3 of the private Places of Entertainment (Licensing) Act 1967; or schedule 1 of the Local Government Miscellaneous Provisions Act 1982.

POLICE POWERS TO DIRECT PERSONS GOING TO A RAVE.

Where a police officer of at least the rank of a superintendent reasonably believes that:

- (a) two or more people are preparing to hold a rave;
- (b) ten or more people are waiting for a rave to begin;
- (c) ten or more people are attending a rave which is in progress

that police officer may direct those people and any other people who come to attend the rave to leave the land and remove any vehicles or other property which they have with them on the land.

As with other elements of the act these powers call upon the police to have recourse to that new item of police kit - the crystal ball. The powers only apply if the event meets the criteria

above but are exercisable prior to the event. They can also only be exercised if there are grounds for the police officer to hold a reasonable belief that the event will meet the above criteria.

Section 64 gives a police officer of at least the rank of superintendent the power to authorise any constable to enter the land to ascertain whether or not an event is likely to be a rave or to exercise their powers to issue directions and make arrests. This authority does not require a warrant.

PEOPLE WHO ARE EXEMPT FROM SUCH DIRECTIONS.

Some people may be exempt from such directions. These are the occupier of the land, any member of their family and any employee or agent of the occupier. People whose homes are on the land are also exempt.

ACTION FOLLOWING THE GIVING OF A DIRECTION.

Where direction has been made under s63(2) and a person knowing that that direction has been given (under 63(4) knowledge will be assumed providing reasonable steps have been taken to bring it to attention) and they either:

- (a) fail to leave the land as soon as is reasonably practicable; or
- (b) having left re-enter the land within 7 days

then an offence is committed. On summary conviction there is a maximum of 3 months imprisonment or a fine not exceeding level 4 on the standard scale or both. It is a defence to show that there was reasonable excuse for failing to leave the land or for re-entering the land. A constable in uniform may arrest anyone who is reasonably suspected of committing such an offence.

FAILURE TO REMOVE VEHICLES OR SOUND EQUIPMENT.

Under section 64(4) a constable may seize and remove vehicles and sound equipment *if* there has been a failure without reasonable excuse to remove any vehicles or sound equipment fol-

lowing a direction from the police. This also arises if a person subject to the direction re-enters the land as a trespasser with a vehicle or sound equipment within 7 days from the day the direction was given. Vehicles or sound equipment belonging to an exempt person cannot be seized.

Sound equipment is defined as equipment "designed or adapted for amplifying music and any equipment suitable for use in connection with such equipment". There is no power for the police to seize anything other than sound equipment or vehicles.

If a person is convicted of an offence under section 63 and they were in control of sound equipment subsequently seized by police the court may order that the property is forfeited (section 66(1)). This has no bearing on any other sanction made on conviction. In making such an order the court must take into account:

- (a) the value of the property; and
- (b) the likely financial and other effects on the offender of making the order.

RECOVERING THE PROPERTY.

The owner of the property, if they are not the convicted person, may make a claim to the magistrates courts for the property to be returned. Such an application must be made within 6 months from the date of the order leading to the forfeit and the claimant must show that they had either:

- (a) not consented to the offender having possession; or
- (b) not suspected the use to which it was to be put.

Section 67(1) also gives the Secretary of State the power to make regulations governing the disposal of seized equipment. Regulations may also be made governing the retention of vehicles.

Where a person is not convicted of an offence sound equipment may be held until the end of legal proceedings under s63.

The costs of seizure, retention, disposal and destruction of any vehicles seized may be charged to the person from whom the vehicle was seized. A vehicle may be held until such

charges are paid.

Where the police have seized other property in connection with their investigation of a suspected offence (e.g. a banner being taken away from an arrested demonstrator) an application may be made under the Police (Property) Act 1897. A person may make a complaint to the magistrates' court for the property to be returned to the owner.

Proceedings are brought by making a complaint to the magistrates' court and costs may be awarded against the police under s64 of the Magistrates' Courts Act.

POWERS TO STOP PEOPLE GOING TO RAVES.

Section 65 of the Act enables a constable who reasonably believes a person is on their way to a rave subject to direction under s63(2) to:

- (a) stop that person; and
- (b) direct them not to proceed.

This power can only be exercised within 5 miles from the boundary of the site of the rave. It cannot be exercised against any exempt person. Contravention of such a direction can lead on summary conviction to a level 3 fine.

The most likely punishment for many offences under the Act where a person is found guilty will be a fine. The magistrates' court is expected to take into consideration the income of the person when setting the rate at which the fine is to be paid. Fines may be deducted from income support.

The magistrates have a range of punishments but only the maximum allowed by the section or six months in any other case. Persons under 21 should not be sent to prison. The scale of penalties applicable to summary convictions is as follows:

- Level 1 - not exceeding £200 (7days in default)
- Level 2 - not exceeding £500 (14 days " ")
- Level 3 - not exceeding £1000 (28 days " ")
- Level 4 - not exceeding £2500 (45 days " ")
- Level 5 - not exceeding £5000 (3 months " ")

NEXT ISH: Aggravated Trespass

THE HISTORY OF POPULAR DEMONSTRATION IN HYDE PARK part 4

The year is 1914, a year which saw the campaign for the votes for women becoming increasingly bitter. Militant suffragettes were committing widespread acts of arson and sabotage to draw attention to their plight, with the authorities reacting by jailing the women and forcibly feeding them. According to Sylvia Pankhurst, "Railway stations, piers, sports pavilions, haystacks were set on fire....A bomb exploded in Westminster Abbey.... one hundred and forty one acts of destruction were chronicled in the Press during the first seven months of 1914". The Women's Social and Political Union was banned from holding meetings in Hyde park.

The following account of a demonstration on 4 April 1914 in Hyde Park is taken from The Suffragette Movement by Sylvia Pankhurst, 1931.

On April 4th, the Ulster Unionist Militants organised a demonstration with processions to Hyde Park. Such a challenge to the Suffragettes (still, Sunday by Sunday, battling to regain the old meeting place, which the government had forbidden them) could scarcely be allowed to pass. The WSPU immediately demanded the raising of the ban against its meetings but met the old refusal. A procession

to the park was accordingly announced, and members of the local WSPUs marched with sticks decorated in purple, white and green, escorting Mrs Drummond in a dog-cart. Lively scenes ensued. The police led the vehicle out of the park. Flora Drummond descended and was hoisted to speak on the shoulders of her supporters, but was immediately arrested. Women rushed for the Ulster platforms and were repelled by the police.

On another occasion that same year, a water carnival was announced for the Serpentine by the WSPU.

Women paraded with decorated sunshades. Others appeared in dominoes, each carrying a letter of the word Suffragette on her chest. One girl in Japanese dress turned up in a rickshaw drawn by a girl companion in knee-breeches. The Office of Works, shocked by the prospect of such merry advertising by persons who had banded themselves together for the commission of serious crime, had prohibited the Serpentine to all comers that day, the boats being lashed together in midwater to prevent their use. Nothing daunted, the suffragettes flung off their wraps, revealing themselves in bathing costumes, swam out to the craft and cut them free. The police sprang onto boats and followed them, captured the offending navigators, brought them to the banks, and took them dripping in their bathing dress to the police station. **Next ish: 1931 and the benefit rate is cut by 10% leading to demo's in 1932.**



DRUGS R US

Are We Happy Now? The 90's use of clubland pharmaceuticals makes the mythical 60's swing look decidedly lacklustre. DAVID THOMPSON asks if we've been sold a dud...

Repeatedly questioning the health risks of popping pills and snorting powders would be a little beside the point, given the likelihood that most

clubbers now realise their particular spice may come only at a price beyond a hastily exchanged fifteen pounds. Stories of grim convulsive

deaths and psychotic episodes seem to carry little weight with the nation's full-on fraternity, and indeed the notion of illicit psychoactive thrills minus the merest hint of danger is arguably an unattractive one. As with sex, which, in a sense, can never be "safe", the very risk involved may well, for many, be a large part of the appeal. A more fitting question might be to ask what other, rather less emphasised, side effects and motivations might there be at a time when the taking of a little Saturday night something is hardly the exception, but almost the norm.

I t shouldn't take the keenest of

minds to grasp the present unprecedented appetite for chemical comforts

in a climate of accelerating social mutation and cultural degeneration. The swell of interest in club culture, and particularly the drool-inducing treats it increasingly relies upon, may well be symptomatic of a growing number of disenfranchised, and effectively obsolete, young people left with little more than their ritual six hours of dancefloor derangement. Similarly, the brutal nihilist extremities of Europe's techno soundtrack could be seen as the amplified distress signals of charmless and unhappy German white boys, lost in a perpetual tantrum of frustrated stomping. Indeed, the trance fanatic's parrot calls of "bangin" and "kickin" imply a distinct hostility toward something.

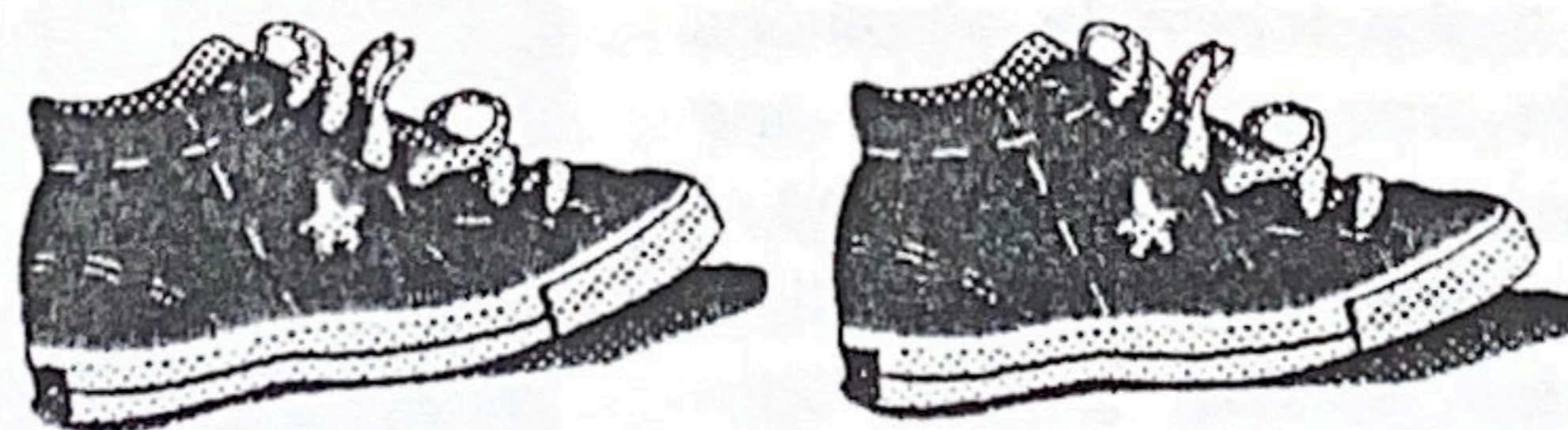
Human beings have always pursued some means of getting high. A desire to find a temporary escape from the familiar and routine, with the objective ranging from spiritual transcendence and psychological insight to giggling marathons and merely passing the time. Only the method has changed during our colourful, if unsteady climb from caves to clubland. Recent years

have seen a dazzling cocktail of industrial strength substances used on a scale never seen before, though used, it would seem, primarily to obliterate consciousness rather than heighten it. Of course many clubs offer a Saturday night experience so unrepentantly appalling, a heavy dose of mind cushioning chemicals would be necessary simply to endure such a heady prospect.

It could be that few readers would argue against the desire and freedom to be intoxicated with a choice of substance not currently on the legal menu, and indeed the state can have little legitimate interest in who puts what inside their

o w n body. But the arguments of legislation are

not to be endlessly rehashed here. Ours, after all, is an age where equally powerful mind



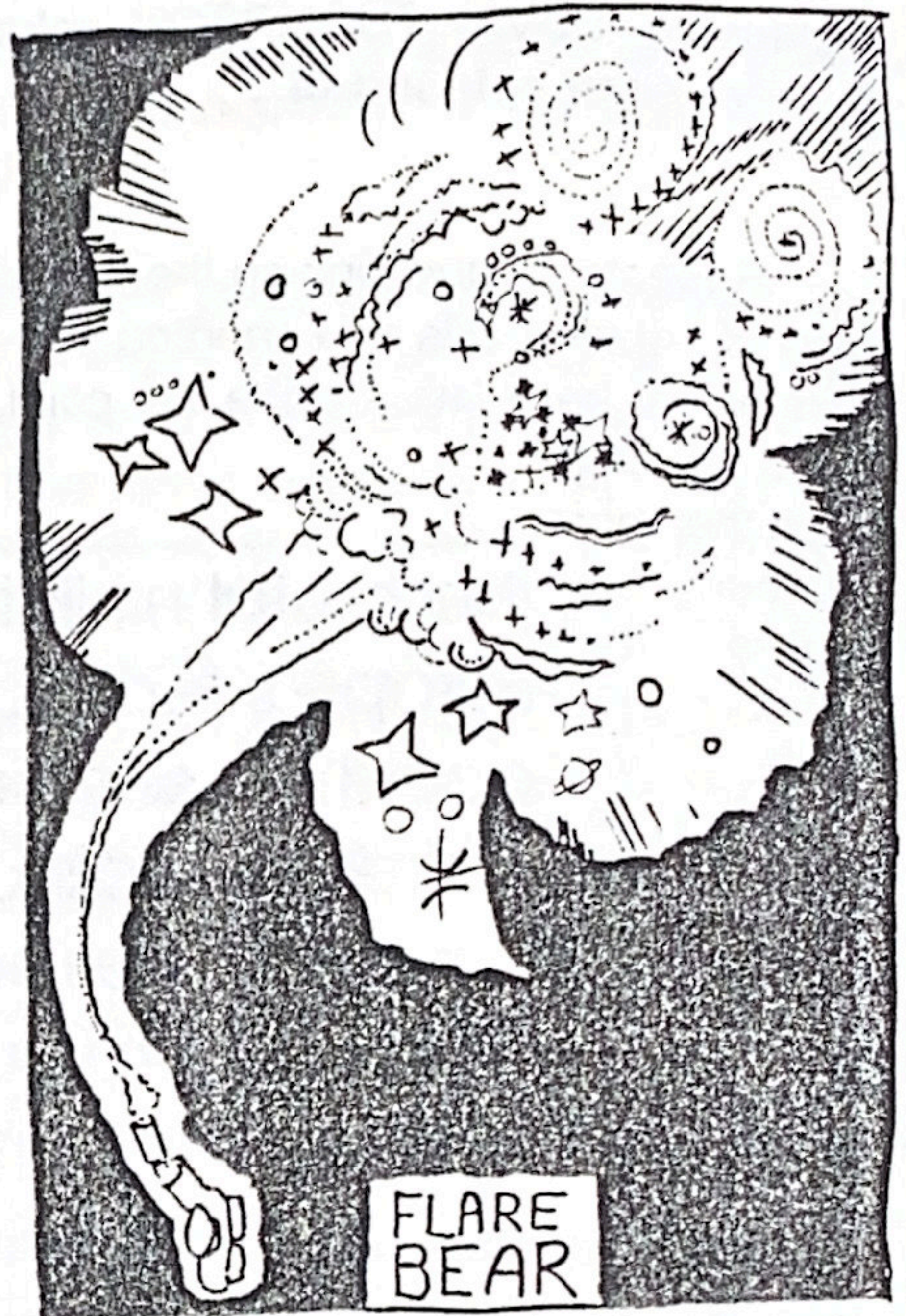
8 *Tangentopoli*

bending drugs not only carry the government's seal of tacit approval, but are actively peddled to the unfortunate, the feeble and the unsuspecting. Prozac culture looks set to outstrip the use of Ecstasy very soon, and this prescription high brings with it implications no less disturbing.

Those familiar with the works of Aldous Huxley might recall his brave new vision of a population blissed out and blasted on a drug called Soma. Here, the doors of perception remained not only firmly shut, but also unnoticed. It may well be worth pondering the similarities between such a vision and the less than great legacy of our own working class E culture. Perhaps the calls for the decriminalisation of agreeableness in a pill might be seen as an unwitting form of implicit social engineering with consequences beyond a few weekends spent grinning inanely. Looked at in this light, a certain Glasgow label's choice of name seems rather less ironic. For many, the motivation which underlies snacking on Ecstasy seems barely distinguishable from the interest in popping a Prozac. The imminent golden age of information and leisure, where no-one will be expected to till the land or scabble in holes for fossil fuels, is certainly attractive, but there is no such thing as a free lunch. Those unable to take part in the digital era may well find their lives increasingly unpleasant. Temporary escape from an unyielding here and now is understandably appealing, though the means and its consequences are as questionable as ever.

The mythology of Ecstasy is the assumption that just because it makes you feel good, it couldn't possibly do you any harm, like barking up the wrong tree for instance. The mythology of Prozac is the presumption it will somehow help you address your problems, rather than merely stop you thinking about them. The problems, as so often, may not lie with the particular drug in question, but more with the user's own motivation and their expectations of what the drug will somehow mysteriously bring them. Certainly Ecstasy and Prozac make tolerable situations which otherwise might provoke resistance and outrage. The interminable metronomic thump of so many clubs would seem trivial, aggravating or mind-numbingly dull without a thick psychological duvet of chemical derangement, and a lifetime's prescription to Prozac is unlikely to resolve problems of any real size and signifi-

cance. It might also be worth pondering whether the Suffragette movement would have struggled to gain the vote for women had Emily and her associates been under the influence of either drug. The growing number of people whose lives revolve around such psychoactive sweets might do well to remember the strength and enlightenment they seek can never come from the drug, only from inside their own heads.



pam and jon find temporary escape from an unwielding here and now

An Act Of Enclosure

George Monbiot discusses the current purging of the travellers lifestyle and how the new laws used to do this indicate a nation wracked with insecurity.

Only a society without confidence needs to suppress those who do not conform to its conventions. A robust culture, on the other hand, welcomes diversity. The rapidly accelerating persecution of Gypsies and New Age Travellers suggests that, as a nation, we are losing faith in ourselves.

Travellers in Britain are a mixed bunch, comprising those who were born on the road, who may or may not be of Romany descent, those who have taken to it recently - seeking homes, work or a change from city life - and those who travel seasonally. They number anywhere between 10,000 and 100,000. But they are united by one inescapable fact: their mode of existence sets them apart from other people. It is this cultural difference, rather than any disruption they cause, which underlies the scarcely clothed efforts of government, landowners and local authorities to eliminate their way of life.

This summer travellers of all descriptions will be confronted with a battery of new laws. The Criminal Justice Act enables police officers to direct people to leave land if they are held to have damaged property (damage can include urinating in a hedge or leaving footprints on the grass), if any of them have - in an officers estimation - been threatening, abusive or insulting, or if together they possess six or more vehicles. Vehicles - ie travellers homes - not removed during what the officer considers a reasonable period (practice suggests that this can be as little

as two minutes) can be taken to the scrapyard and crushed, their former occupants having to foot the bill for their destruction.

The act also relieves local authorities of their duties to provide sites for travellers. What this piece of housing legislation is doing in a criminal justice act has not been satisfactorily explained but it means that government funded provision of travellers' sites has been terminated just as the police have been empowered to prevent travellers from stopping anywhere else. The act aims, in other words, to end migratory life in Britain.

The new provisions were necessary, the government maintains, because travellers, in particular New Age Travellers, have become a scourge upon society. They damage landscape features, leave litter, steal from residents, harbour drug dealers and sponge off the state.

Among travellers there are, of course, people who commit all these crimes and misdemeanours, but no scientific study comparing crime rates among travellers with rates among settled people has ever been commissioned. Instead, the Government's analysis relies upon reports in newspapers, some of which are true, some exaggerated and some inaccurate. Instances of individual behavior have been generalised in order to suggest that the entire class has criminal or antisocial tendencies. This is the time-honoured means by which discrimination against any group - ethnic or cultural - has been justified.

Nor is the criticism of travellers without a certain measure of hypocrisy. The Country Landowners' Association, which first proposed the new anti-traveller measures, claims that travellers have to be contained because they damage hedges and archaeological remains. Yet the disappearance of these features has nothing to do with travellers and a great deal to



In an insecure
nation policies dis-
criminating against
a weak minority will
always find favour
with the majority

do with landowners. The same lobby's charge that travellers' are a waste of taxpayers' money may seem strange when their own state hand-outs can run to Dresden china and Daimlers in the drive.

Many of the travellers I have met have chosen their lifestyle because they wish to minimise their impact on the earth. Among them are people with a deep understanding of and respect for the countryside, some of whom have never drawn a giro, but survive as blacksmiths, foresters, mechanics, hedgelayers, wagon makers, clothes designers and musicians. Yet the new laws make no distinction between travellers. All are to be punished for the crimes of a few.

Some MP's have sought to distinguish between Romanies and New Age Travellers. The use of ethnic identity to distinguish "good" travellers from "bad", or long established travellers from more recent ones, is not only misleading but also at variance with other radical policies in Britain.

In an insecure nation, policies discriminating against a weak minority will always find favour with the majority. The Government has hit a soft target. The new laws, uncontested in the Commons, are among the ugliest expressions of populist politics this country has seen. While attending to none of the underlying problems, they are likely to make the lives of some of the most abused and vulnerable people in society still more perilous.

Last year, as implementation of the act approached, extra judicial actions against travellers by both police and vigilantes, in some cases acting in concert, increased. Travellers - linked by inclusion in the act with terrorists and child pornographers - became a legitimate target, whose very existence was equated with criminality. In separate incidents, their homes were petrol bombed, blasted with shotguns, hauled away or smashed up beyond recognition. Tethered dogs were maimed and blinded by farmers and possessions were "permanently confiscated" by police officers. There are allega-

tions against the police of both sexual abuse and unreceipted instant "fines". The travellers are more sinned against than sinning. Conflicts with landowners have escalated because local authorities have failed to discharge their legal duty to provide sites, at the same time as traditional travellers sites have been disappearing. Research into four counties by the architect Tony Thomson suggests that, since 1986, between 60 and 90 per cent of traditional sites have been lost; perhaps the fastest enclosure of any resource in British history. Even derelict land, which no-one has any intention of using, has been cleared of its travellers. This is Little England at its worst, mean-spirited, vindictive and narrow-minded.

The new provisions can fairly be summarised as punishing those non-conformists who, in one of the most enclosed nations on earth, have nowhere to live; who, in the nation which now has the lowest percentage of people employed in agriculture, have lost the seasonable labour which was, for many, the traditional means of subsistence.

In the consultation paper that led to the lifting of local authorities' unmet duty to provide sites, Sir George Young recommended that travellers should buy their own land. Yet, for most, land purchase is far out of reach. For those who can afford it, planning permission for sites is turned down in over 90 per cent of cases. Whether the act succeeds

in wiping out travellers or not, it will add hugely to the costs of both policing and housing. In 1993-4, Avon police and county council spent some £1 million simply in moving travellers on, without providing any solution - in the form of either sites or bricks and mortar - to their homelessness. Site provision is cheaper than either persecution or assisted housing.

A nation depends on its diversity. Without alternative cultures, beliefs and moral codes it stagnates. Without diverse approaches to its diverse problems it disintegrates. If travelling comes to an end in Britain, we will all be the poorer for it.

This is Little England at its
worst, mean spirited and
vindictive

HOW DOCTORS PRESCRIBED SPEED TO HELP KEEP CHURCHILL ON THE FAST TRACK

Historians have known for some time that Adolf Hitler regularly took amphetamines that made him feel on top of the world and possibly explained why he thought he could conquer it.

But it now appears that Winston Churchill may have been helped by the drug commonly known as speed while his insomnia was treated with barbiturates, a letter published recently reveals.

The details of the "uppers and downers" used in Churchill's treatment come from Professor Richard Lovell, who in 1992 published a biography of Lord Moran, Churchill's physician. Churchill gave the pills nicknames, calling one set "Morans" after his doctor, and another "minors", but details of what these consisted of have not been revealed before now.

In a letter to the British medical Journal, Professor Lovell says that unwittingly the treatment may have extended Churchill's life by helping to protect him from the full damage of the strokes to which he was prone in later life.

Professor Lovell has obtained permission

from the present Lord Moran, son of Churchill's doctor, and Churchill's surviving child, to identify the various medications. He says that from 1940 onwards, Moran prescribed "reds" to promote sleep. These were quinalbarbitone tablets, better known as Seconal.

In 1953, when Churchill complained of muzzy feelings in his head after his first major stroke, Moran prescribed a pill that Churchill said was of great benefit - so much so that he dubbed it a "Moran".

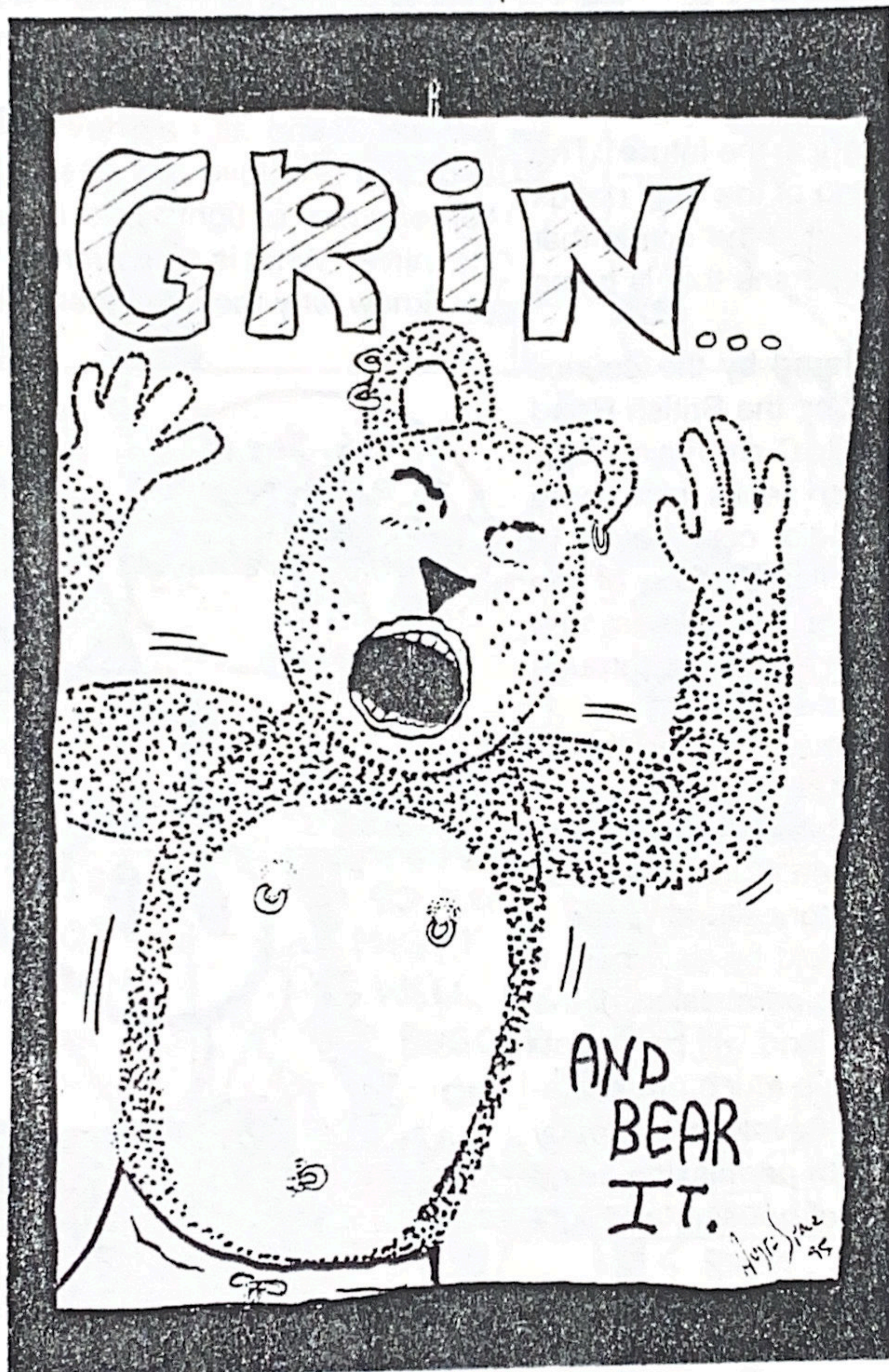
Moran gave his patient a test dose of the pill a few days before Churchill's important speech at the Conservative Party Conference at Margate in October

1953. The drug, it now emerges, was amphetamine.

Professor Lovell says that from 1953 Lord Moran tailored his administration of drugs to specific situations, but that alongside barbiturates and amphetamines, Churchill regularly received low doses of aspirin.

Professor Lovell says: "I doubt if those familiar with treating the symptoms of cerebrovascular disease in those days would do other than applaud Moran's use of amphetamine and the way he fine tuned the dose".

Churchill, however, was not the only MP of his era to take speed. The lack of judgement shown by his successor, Anthony Eden, in the 1956 Suez fiasco may also be attributed to his taking large doses of amphetamine.



A BRIEF HISTORY OF LOCAL PROTEST AGAINST THE BLUE ROUTE

The Thanet Way saga has been alive for about 5 years, with Chestfield parish Council almost bankrupting itself trying to fight the Blue Route. A local farmer spent £5000 of his own money fighting it.

The Department of Transport offered initially 4 proposals to upgrade the missing link of the Thanet Way which was built in the thirties. Far sighted county planners at the time purchased sufficient land on either side of the existing road to dual it if necessary in the future. The fact that this particular stretch of the road needs upgrading is not in dispute, it is the option that the council have chosen to persue that is being questioned.

All the proposals offered by the council were road based. (Remember, the British Road federation, the AA and the RAC are major players in the "Road Lobby" which seeks to promote road building, and are all major contributors to the Conservative party's coffers). One of the proposals involved a flyover for almost the whole length of the road as it passed through the urban sprawl of Whitstable.

Perhaps one of the major issues raised by the eventual choice of the blue route is that of planning consents and land development. The blue route will enclose an area of land between it and Whitstable, which is agricultural grade 1 and 2. Land on which it would be very hard if not impossible to get planning permission. If the blue route goes ahead, this land will be 'blighted' and planning permission is much more likely to be given. Several local developers already have options on the land, with permission being sought for the development of housing and light industrail units.

The blue route will go through ancient woodland, Grade 1 and 2 agricultural land, severing, as it does so, 8 farms and 2 golf courses. Roads will always fill to capacity, however many are built. They generate traffic. Simple road-based solutions are not the answer. Hence the protest.

YOUNG MALE ROAD PROTESTERS GIVE WHITSTABLE GIRLS A GOOD SEEING TO.....

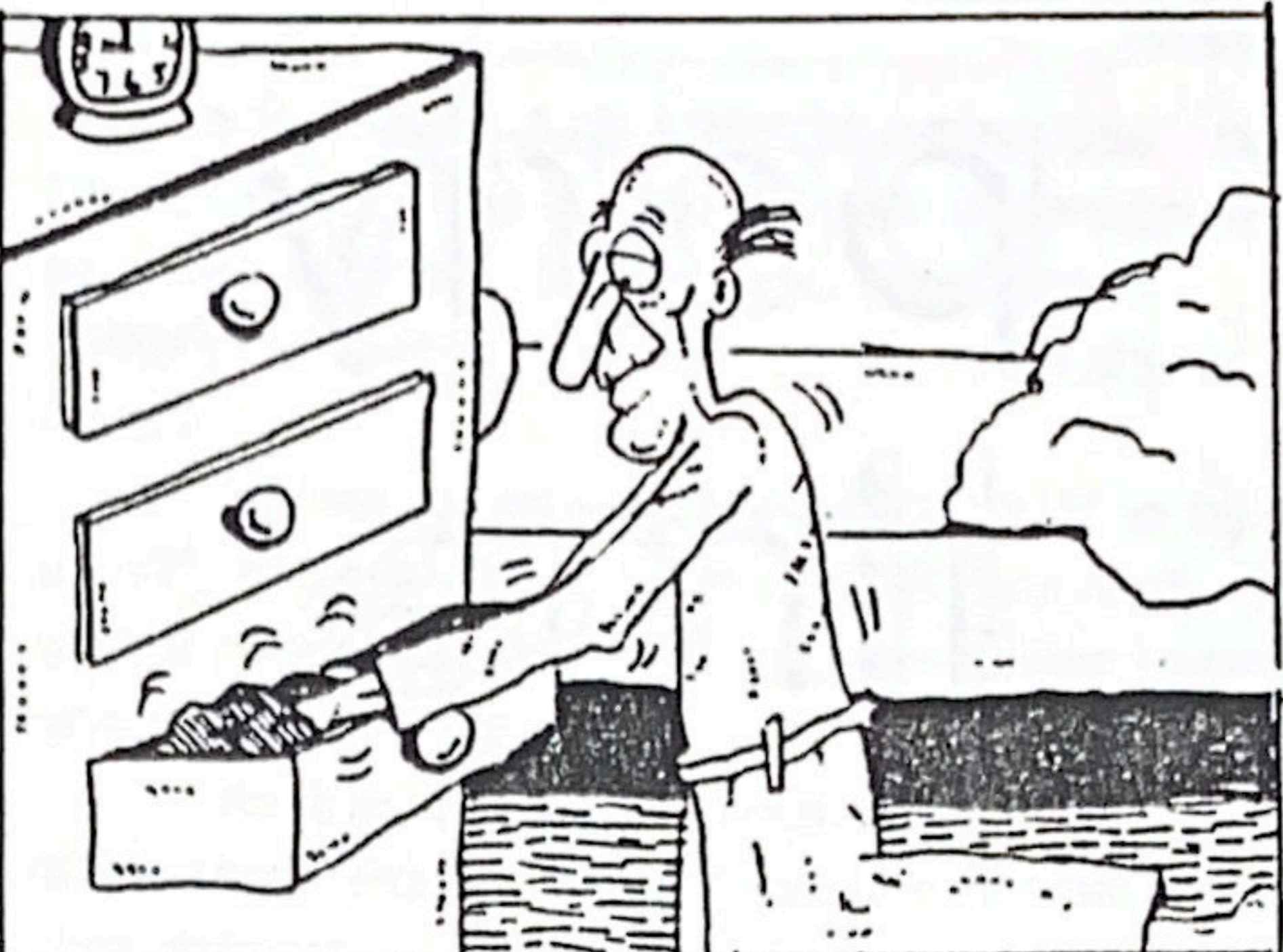
Whitstable "gels" are getting a bloody good rogering thanks to a new service industry just opened up in the East Kent area. Relationships are being forged at pubic meetings, awash with the sound of sturdy, thrusting young loins (not doing much road protesting admittedly). Young(ish) girls from Whitstable have found a new purpose in life under the guise of (il)legitimate protest. Echoing the antics of their grandmothers 50 years ago and their lusty exploits with exotic GI's, Whitstable girls are falling into the arms of young men (who don't just sit around all day developing a hefty drug addiction and love handles) without the attraction of a pair of tights or chocolate as an added incentive. What is it about roads and sex? Now you know why they call them the dong-as.



THE ROAD TO NOWHERE.

PART THE SECOND.

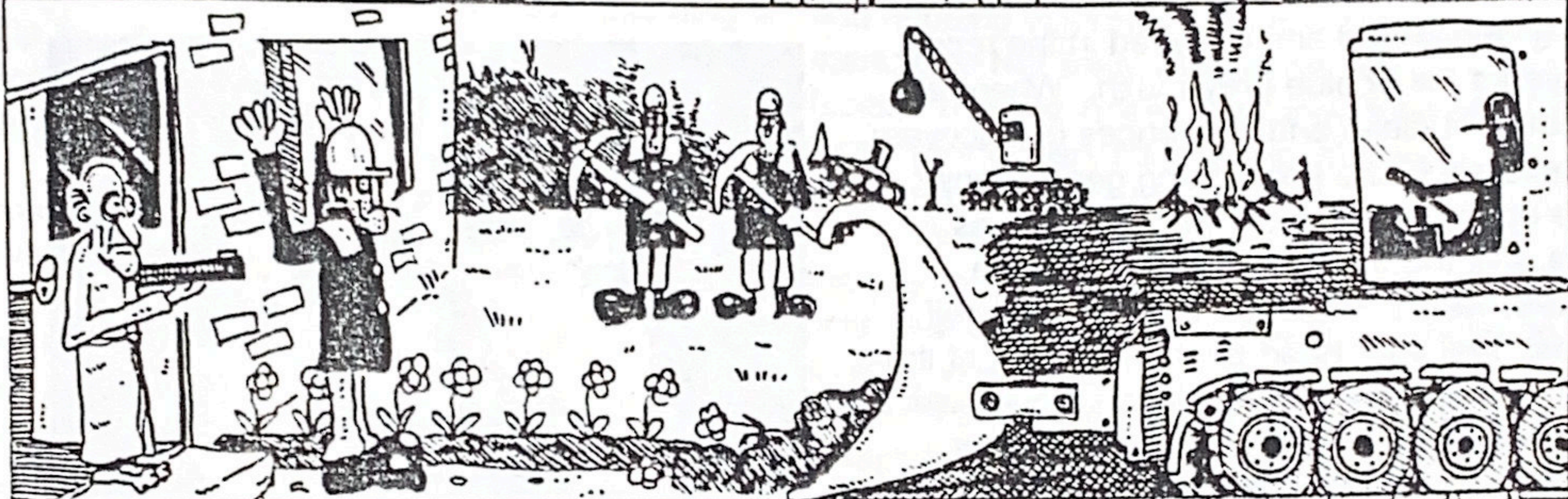
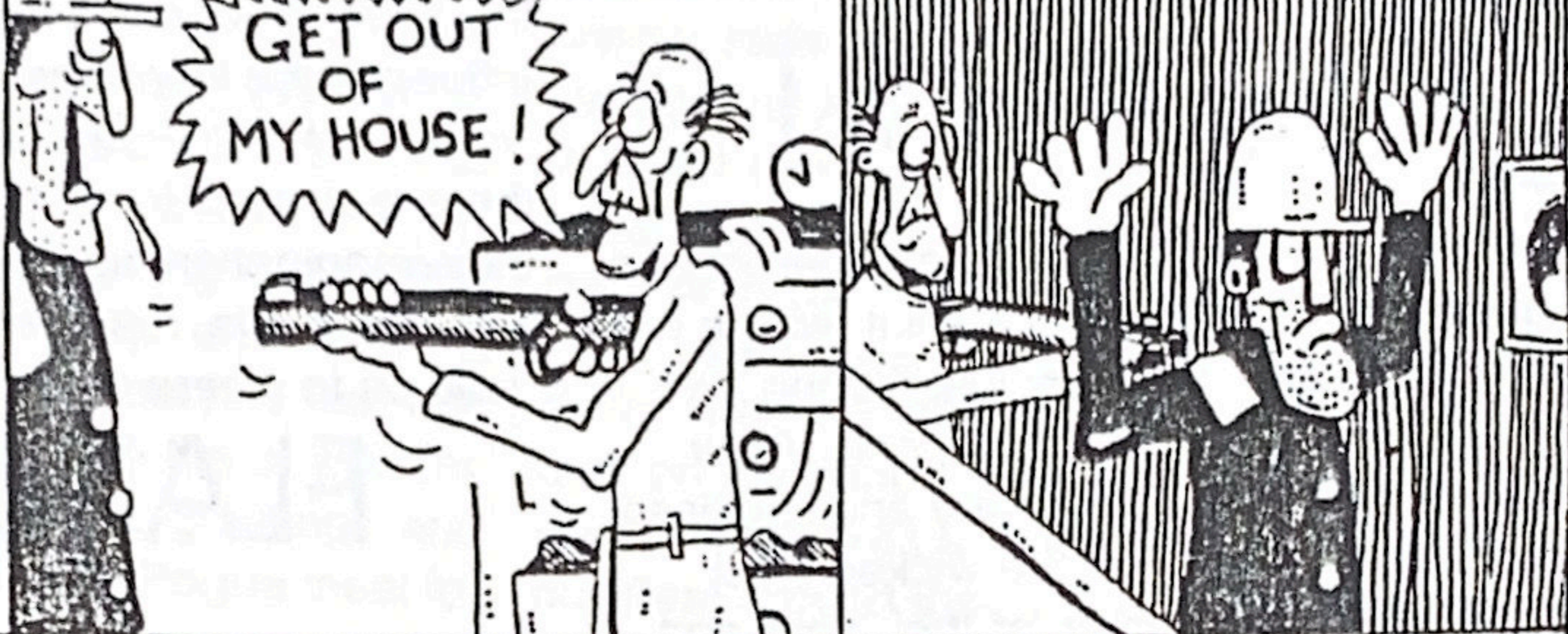
In the last exciting episode: Sydney J. Trout was being evicted by the naughty Department of Transport who want to build a road through his house.



COME ON GRAND-DAD! GET YA STUFF AND GET LOST!



GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!



YOU'RE NOT COMING IN!



SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL ALL BUGGER OFF!



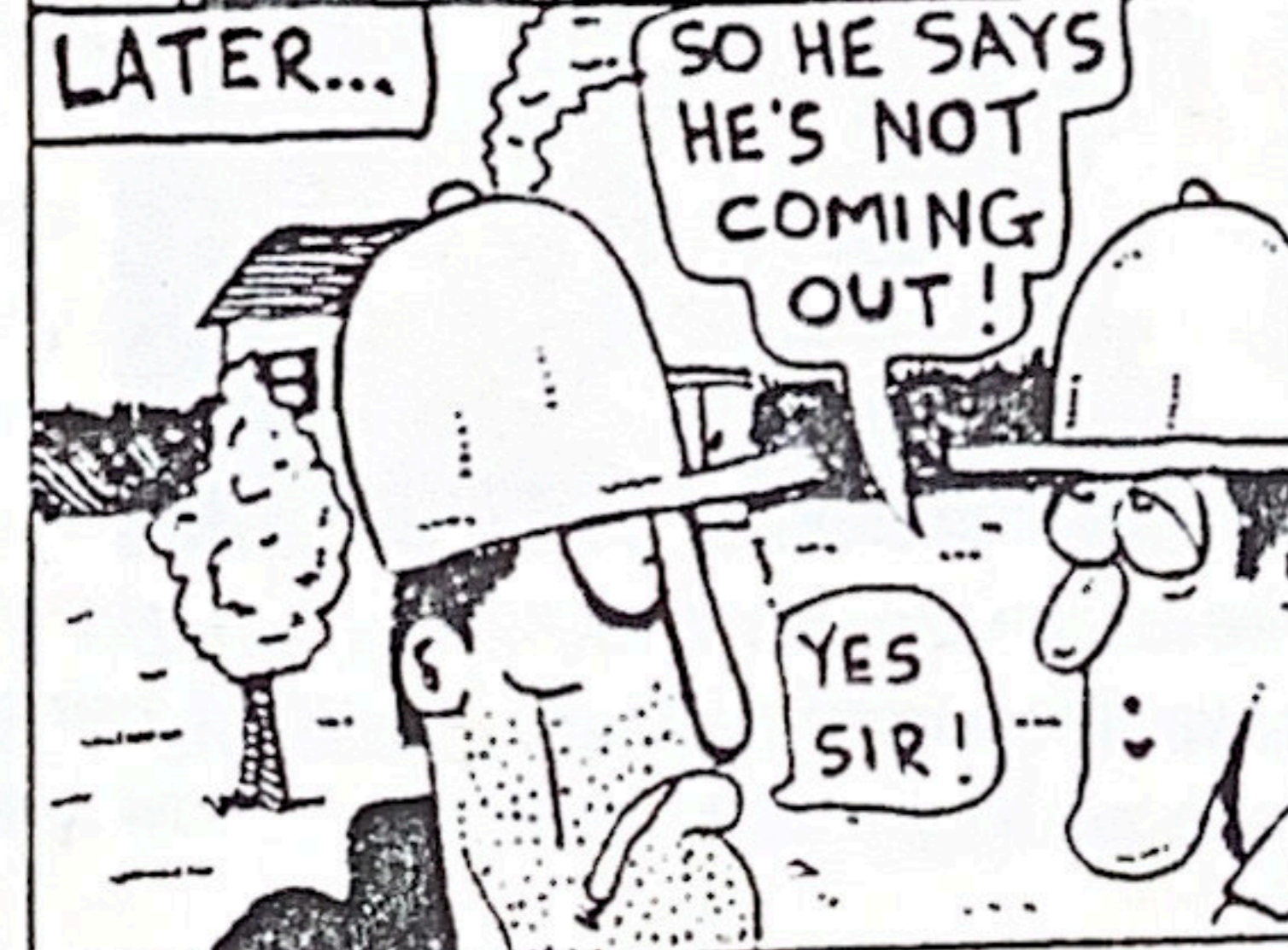
SLAM!



LATER...

SO HE SAYS HE'S NOT COMING OUT!

AND HE'S GOT A GUN?



YES SIR!



RIGHT! SEND IN THE S.A.S.



NEXT EPISODE: Gratuitous violence and nudity.

party time

FLAME ON

Darkness has risen. Dousing a generation in poor quality semi-combustible spirit, where too few shine brilliantly, the best just fizzling, like indoor fireworks on a wet night, one colour and a flash and it's all over, safe and sanitised. Our peers, the children of the wicked west have lost either their minds or their balls and appear dampened and engulfed in the recent long years full of blue-grey mush. Where are the rampant ideas and challenges of discovery so prevalent in the preceding generations? Wake up, bust the crust, dust off the ages waste, ask tough questions. Realise the smokescreen of statistics, the selling of self interest, feel your heart beat the rhythm of the world, live in perpetual revolution around our sun. Earthlings Unite! Life's pace forever quickening, rushing feverishly, working the will, working the grind, working the body, working the mind. Cruise the commercial pressures, balance with a human lusting for pleasure, celebrate and dance, emerge and release, join in the brilliance of life. Come hear our heart beat the rhythm of the world, feel mother earth throbbing between our toes; escape the business of a world of waste, indulge as the weekend goes wild. Share in it all. Support the individual, encourage diversity, consider each other. Information is power, quality information equals quality decisions; freedom of information, freedom of decision. Empower yourself. get information, use it. Cut through the hot smelly air passing from ministers, careering through and screwing with our developing lives. Grasp the personal revolution, be yourself. Spread change, share the feeling. One planet,

one being, one life, deserve a good time. Command technology, develop yourself, develop your partners, lets drool over the potential while planning for dreams. Lets claw back the rights of man, infiltrate and open the doors to change. Break sweat at work and play, glory in your day and all through the night. Make your entrance, promote improvement, demand a rise in the price of blood. Restore the balance. Form the idea, make the difference. Life is change, evolution is revolution, react to your environment. Get off the touch-line and play the game of your life. Voice for us all. Influence the key-players. Remind them who we are, who they are, who is yet to come. Ask them questions to rattle their existence, to fire their imagination; ignite the touchpaper, dance with our spirits, make heaven on earth; boldly lead us to where no-one has gone before.

FLAME OFF



kate and mike wake up, bust the crust, dust off the ages waste and ask tough questions

A PRONOID SPARK?

The Tong Weekender - 2nd - 4th June
South Wales

Late Thursday night, see, and we walks

into the bar and there's these, ooh, fifteen or so people sitting and standing around these twin 1200's spinning some cool house tunes in the dark. They are all extremely pissed up. A small hatch at the side of the bar serves us up some brews and we pull up the chairs to begin what was to be the first networking sesh of the weekend. Creativity, friendship and learning merge in one tiny spark of pronoia (the fear that someone is helping you) as a bottle of whiskey is passed our way and smiles, greetings and names are exchanged. **tVC** and **Rogue** meet for the first time. Within an hour we're planning a trip to Lincoln, they're coming to Kent and DJ spots are exchanged on the respective sound systems over that weekend.

Much later that weekend, and walking past the the balcony of the best room in the hotel. The windows are cast wide and a group of people mingle in the open air, shouting loudly to no-one in particular on the ground. They are all pissed out of their minds. I'm sure I see someone with curly hair, pontif style, bless the gathering with a sprinkle of (holy) spirit. The sun sinks slowly over the Welsh horizon.

A lot earlier **Johnny**, one of the organisers, reluctantly agrees to lend **Austin Space** his mobile. Bad move. "Hi **Pam**, its Nost. Oh yeah. All right. It's great. I've just had my morning swim and sauna. Oh yes. Last night? Room one; sunken jacuzi. Oh I know it's terrible isn't it? I'm just off to the dining room for breakfast now. Byeeee!" Haw, haw, haw. Oh how we laughed. Living the pop star myth to the max.

Earlier, smoking with "**Lights**", he whispers, in that conspiratorial "this may be potentially dangerous information so keep it quiet" type of hush that he speaks in, "I'd avoid the heirarchy here this weekend if I were you". Strange. "Oh", I say, inevitably drawn into this hushed huddle. Leaning forward to catch his every word I ask who that might be then,

"Those in rooms 1 to 10?" "More or less", he says. I get it. The pecking order is designated by room number. Network to your hearts delight but avoid rooms 1 to 10. Anarchy or what?

"What room number are you lot in by the way?", says another person. "20" we reply. The whole room pisses itself with, for some reason, uncontrollable mirth.

As the weekend progresses into a series of messes, Friday night sees the ambient massive lounging plush cush. **Tash** and his extraordinary slides tease, entertain and alternately outrage out THC tingled senses. A soundtrack of mood altering washes, pulses, chimes, slow breaks and beats accompany our immersion. A huge ohm sign reflects all back.

Next door, about as excited as you'll see them, are the wotsit surfers, perched in the dark on the edges of their seats in small huddles (in what was to be a weekend of small huddles) around their deity, talking in whispers and nodding vigorously at each new advancement. Live Net links. Dungeons with 3D interfaces. They are indeed a strange tribe of pasty faced young men. Like us though they enjoy staying awake *all* weekend.

One particular group, more animated than the others, draws me in. Let's live. Here, now. In Wales. Let's sit in a field, in a hotel, in a room, in a computer, in a game. In **Doom2**. Although looking back at a few photos it looks suspiciously like **Doom1**. Wham. It hit me straight in the chest. Don't they know there are cheat codes?

The three room bar has three Welsh people in it. They're pulling pints. The other 300 are in full swing. It is a glorious, dense, rapid exchange of information. Signals are picked up, read, discarded or acted upon within nanoseconds. All eyes flit. All senses are in overdrive. These people suck it in like their lives depended on it. It's subtle and it's obvious. This is club-land. And it's cool.

Conversation is one to one. Always has been and always will be in clubland. Especially if the booming rig is anywhere near. In full flow the clubber can have 60 one minute conversations or one 60 minute conversation per hour. There's very little time to dance you see. Only clubbers know this. There is too much to talk about. There's people to meet. Experiences to

be had. So little time.

Relationships between clubbers can be quick or slow to develop. It depends. You can meet the same person 12 different times in 12 different clubs over 12 months time period. And have a one minute conversation each time. Total time spent developing relationship over that one year - 12 minutes. That's not much time. There's something there you see. That makes you remember. That makes you talk. That keeps it going. That keeps you coming back again and again for more. Sustaining what many fools without insight see as a tenuous relationship with fleeting strangers. Sometimes it is too much but most times it isn't. We are the party people.

Rich, deep and complex. We're a tribe, see. And we look after each other. And we're here, in Wales, at Tong. To do one thing and one thing only.

Eight ay em saturday morning. The ambient room. A quality core of late ay em gurners congregate to worship. Little is spoken. A lot is shared. The DJ soothes the previous hectic 24 hours of rush disorientation with a benign, transcendental vapour of mellow treats. By the time we get to this level of consciousness we are ready. Movement, graceful with purpose and significance, rules. The ancient body language of dance dances its timeless step. An inward cheer each time the DJ makes that perfect, un-noticed transition from tune to tune. Mixing done the only way it should be done. Without awareness that it is happening but totally aware that it is. A gentle, smooth upward curve to a higher plane. There we float in spiritual harmony with the world and ourselves. A place of peace and pure goodness. A world within a world. Balance. The universal power of ecstasy overwhelms in its simplicity. tVC and Rogue party it big time mamma.

Six hours later the ambient hardcore want their decks back and a piece of the action. OK. We're due in the gym but decline the offer of another five hours. While we whooped it up with ambient thrills **Smokescreen** played in a room to five people meant for 200. Call us sad if you want but we just wanted to stay where we were. Pointless stringing out the already thin crowd further...

Sunday morning, and the excellent **Gary Marsden** finishes his set in the bar. Just before

he goes on the decks a certain scamp offers a wee line to our very own **Oz**. "Cheers mate", he says. "what was that? Charles?" "No", replies the grinning imp, "K". Unused to this powerful anaesthetic, coz he's never had it before, he proceeds to take up position behind the decks. Gets a few mixes in then decides its too cramped behind the decks. Joining the throng front of decks he proceeds to dance merrily away with his fellow dancefloor compatriots. Completely forgetting he was supposed to be DJing 'till the inevitable silence that only comes with the ending of a track envelopes the room. Wayyy to go **Ozzy**. "Sorry about that", he shouts to the room. "Don't worry". says one of the the **Marsden** posse patting him on the arm, laughing, "it was fucking funny". And you know what; it was.

One last anecdote. It's daytime and we chill outdoors by the love tent set up on the billiard table of a lawn. We're in front of "the cedar" as we call it. It must be 4 or 5 hundred years old. At least. And it completely blows everybodies mind by its outrageous dominating beauty. Some old US house blends well with the hot sun. "Play for Today", an old **Jovann** mix from '91 comes on. Out of the blue **Simon DK** appears for a chat. His favourite artist is....you guessed, **Jovann**. Spooky. But then again the whole weekend was like that. If you know what I mean.

For those into the names behind the feelings you felt look no futher than the excellent **Optimist Creed** who rocked saturday night. DJ's **Jes** (chunky and funky) and **Para** (hard but groovy) skate the front line. Ambient DJ **Fluffy** (oh yes. believe it) shone like a maglight in a dealers hand. Ambientcore. **Dikko**, from **Rogue**, top geezer. As was **Conrad**. Club vetran and **Pendragon** supremo **Mark Sinclair** caught with his tribal trews flapping elegantly. Justifying his excellent reputation as all round top geezer. And last but by no means least **Tribal Drift** rocking that outdoor marquee big time. Superb and well deserving of hotel room number one. **DiY**, swaggering scamps to a man, arrive saturday night and proceed to mercilessly frolic full on in the only way they know how. Managing, somehow, to out "pop-star" the whole fucking lot of us. Phew! Rock 'n' roll.

"Free" party of the year anyone?

Somme-esque trench foot terror

Lazy House Crew Free Party - Exeter 27th -
29th May

What a hoot. With two spots promised at the first outdoor free party the **Lazy House Crew** have done for two years expectations ran high as the pump-mobile sped it's erotic (or is that erratic) way south west. High on life and it's little, er, highs the twats, vaginas and cunts posse (thats TVC to you fellow me lad so don't get the wrong idea that we're somehow sexistentialists who like using vernacular words for the sexual organs of females just for sake of it) vainly tried to stay awake, focus on the road, be nice to each other and other such sundry occurrences that always happen when you're in a car full of loonies speeding into the sunrise.

Waking up our new chums at 7am wasn't the big hit we thought it was going to be, but **Matt** gamely mustered the energy to put the kettle and childrens' TV on. We were here. We were fit. Ready for anything. We had a party. We had friends. We had tons and tons of money burning a massive hole in our collective pocket. We were dying for...some kip. God I hate that. Sleep; that scourge of wakefulness. The antipathy of movement and achievement. That spoiler of weekends funsome frolics. That denier of fun and consumption. That...that sweet dreamland.

Eight hours later and I'm fucking raring to go. Straining at the leash. Back in the Lazy's front room there is many phone calls, much beer drinking, much smoking, much more. 11pm approaches and "we're just waiting for the marquee crew to get in touch". Oh. "They're Welsh", is offered by way of explanation. Come 1am and

a whisper that they've been spotted at the designated site is the cue for rapid movement of limbs and much cramming of bodies into cars then blasting off at high speed into the hills laughing uproariously.

The weather is atrocious. A tad damp to say the least. By the time we get "up top" on to Dartmoors "oh my god there's no one living up here wilderness" the rain is lashing down like there's no tomorrow. The Lazies take it in their stride.

The word is the Marquee is now 30 mile away, the other side of Exeter to where we are. By the time the vehicles are dragged out one by one from the Somme-esque trench jokingly referred to as a field we are the last to leave. Bad move we were to find out later.

After a stop for dry clothes and to top our refreshment up we're off again. Driving round

the six possible entrances to the hill that the police have unfortunately blocked off. They are cruel and unhelpful. We do however find a small back road after hours of high driving with just a touch of mescal in the corner of ones eyes. The party! A little soggy but enough people



still here to make it happen. It's completely daylight by this time and off we set for some beer. This is it. It may have taken us a while but we found it. Just as we were finishing congratulating ourselves for being way too cool the sounds go off. A threat from the forces of law and order to forcibly arrest the entire site has our welsh chums, in a severe state of headless cakdom, dismantle the equipment and spirit it away as if it had never been there. The police, smug, tired and victorious may have won this time but, hey, there's always next weekend ain't there? And the weekend after that and the weekend after that....

was in full swing. Oz all funky basslines and breakdowns (the french lapping it up), Paco trancing it out playing a lot of Dutch stuff (the dancers move up an elegant notch). Then Johnny T making an impressive "comeback" by playing a fine set of retro house from two years ago to the ecstatic, bouncing delight of all present. Will finished off with a mesmerising, left field, off kilter set that had us all metaphorically filling our keks bonkers style 'till 6am. Albeit in own laid back groovy manner of course. The only spoiler was some knob (had to be English) throwing food around the dressing room in a pissed up tantrum involving him shouting "fuck DJ's" and other such cosmic punky commendables. Apparantly he was a mate of Austins so there you go.

Later, the sun already warm, we gallop the few miles out into the countryside to a beautiful forest near Mouron. Here, in the picturesque splendour of a small clearing sit two 1200's and a small rig. Perfect. The post E'Space clubbers filter here during the course of the morning and by midday (temp 27c at least) we roast in the shadow of the trees to a fluffcore selection from the tripped out Lazy Housers and tVC. Loved up and dubbed up and e'spaced out we munch on pasta and salad. talk bollocks, skip and smile and chill 'till the sun goes down.

Back at Sylvies for more (yes more) food, talk, smoke and wine with her friends from Paris (one of whom produces the French version of Blue Peter believe it or not) and her children (who never seem to tire) 'till exhaustion overwhelms our bodies and rest unwelcomely beckons us to sleep the sleep of deep subconscious wanderings.

Meanwhile back home the first Tribal Gathering swelters and a free party in Suffolk is broke up by riot police.

Just time to plop in on pranksters **Jan** and **Angelo** and we leave with hugs and a promise to be there at his 50th birthday party. Before we know it we're back in front of the TV and wondering if the weekend was all but a brief visit to dreamland. A land where all the people love you and all your experiences enthrall and endlessly entertain you in a non stop flicker through time. The word boredom doesn't exist here.

Deep house snobs in teeth grind terror

7th heaven - thursday 11th may
Canterbury

Clive of the FX variety ducks out here tonight as he's off to that mecca of something, Portugal, to spin some tunes. **Jes**, now living in London but Dover born and bred (you's better believe it), limbers in as the last minute substitute and wows and inflates the heave-oners to the euphoric heights of pumpdoms lofty peaks that only, hey, a class DJ can achieve. Listen, coz I'm only going to say this once, to play a blinder is achievable. To play two in a row? Hmmn, we might be getting somewhere. Consistently to play blinder after blinder after blinder (what a great word). Now *that's* something. Check this guy out NOW and see if you don't agree. We are not worthy, we are not worthy. Grovel grovel. Lick lick. Scrape scrape. Bow bow. Shiver shiver.



Oz, in his first headline at 7th for three months, mellows it, keeps it one stop from Rampton and ensures that the gnashing teeth of the deep house snobs (and indeed the hand bag fascists) grind on in a sigh of disapproval heard by everyone who happened to be within earshot of the dirgey, pianoey corners of the club. Hey, hey. Only joking lads.

Another full house of knowledgable clubbers, all on first name terms it seems. romp in the sheer pleasure of each others company till the lights come on and the **bar manager** stops the last track dead by casually walking across the dancefloor and pressing the stop button on the deck. **YOU. BASTARD.** Don't EVER do that again.

A VIEW FROM THE OVERGROUND

Club TV, Milton Keynes 22nd April 1995

Having experienced many underground parties from Cobham Woods to Nottingham's Marcus Garvey Centre, receiving free entrance to Club TV's opening night, along with tVC DJ Jasper, I was intrigued at what this up front and legal venue would offer, especially as the line up of DJs included an old mate, one Tony Future.

We arrived in Milton Keynes just before midnight and found the venue, which was previously the hardcore club, The Sanctuary.

After the 2 and a half hour drive, we craved alcohol and were thankful that our invites allowed us to bypass the queue. Thanks to Charlie for sending out the invites, and for ushering us into the club. Security was tight - pockets turned out, a walk through metal detectors and a particularly close frisk from a burly bouncer. It's okay I told myself, he's a professional, like a doctor, and anyway he probably takes far too many steroids to have any sexual interest in either men or women. I passed and walked through the black doors, from the bright foyer into the dark club. Eventually my overworked pupils returned to their normal state and I could see again. In front of us was a wall of black fabric draped from floor to ceiling, creating a strange and uninteresting triangular area, free of any decoration, with the bar in one corner. After waiting in the crush of would be drinkers, we were served and the stress of the drive and the crush of people began to melt away.

We started to explore and found our way around the curtain where there was another larger triangular space. This was called Studio 1 and was also the main room. A rather crashing house set was being played. The tunes indistinguishable from one another, drowned by the pounding beat. I was reminded of a recent private party where the next morning a neighbour remarked "It wouldn't have been so bad, if only they hadn't played the same record all night." Well, this DJ and many like him have only that one record.

Further exploration led us upstairs to

Studio 2. Here, yes here another DJ was torturing that same record, you know, the one that goes boom, boom, boom. One could have expected something different - lighter - heavier in this smaller though rectangular room. Off of this room was a veranda which should have overlooked the whole of Studio 1, but didn't because of the drape mentioned earlier.

Retuning downstairs to the large uncomfortably shaped Studio 1 Tony Future was now on the decks. The first hour of his three hour set passed rapidly. The crowd loosened up, but then disaster, something sent the stylus skidding across the record. This was quickly corrected, but one deck was definitely playing up. From this point on, although the problem was 'sorted' the excitement faded and we were treated to two hours of garage hits of '93. Jasper went on for a short set and began to lift the flagging clubbers, but after spinning three tunes the 'star' of the night, complete with make-up and long blond hair arrived in the DJ booth.

The music stopped and we were invited to give a big hand to Jon Pleased Wimmin. He started his set with one long, slow tune followed by another, dropping the excitement created mainly by Jasper, only to start building it up again. This farting about in the DJ booth, often with his back to the decks (and the audience) was probably to boost the audience's memory of his set and forget anything that went on before (and not the rest of his own set 'cause it was absolute shite!) I felt sorry for those clubbers and then began to realise that this is all the government want to allow us. All the promoters want is our money, all the DJs want is to be pop stars. Just another paid for entertainment. No fellowship. No fun. Just another disco with shite music and shite people.

Jon



GLOW -Friday 5th May - Dover

For the Dover P.A.P.S (party animal posse) Glow seems to be bedding in nicely. The club is cool for people after a mellow edged underground tip (who isn't?) and with Timo as its pivot it's attracting a full house every month.

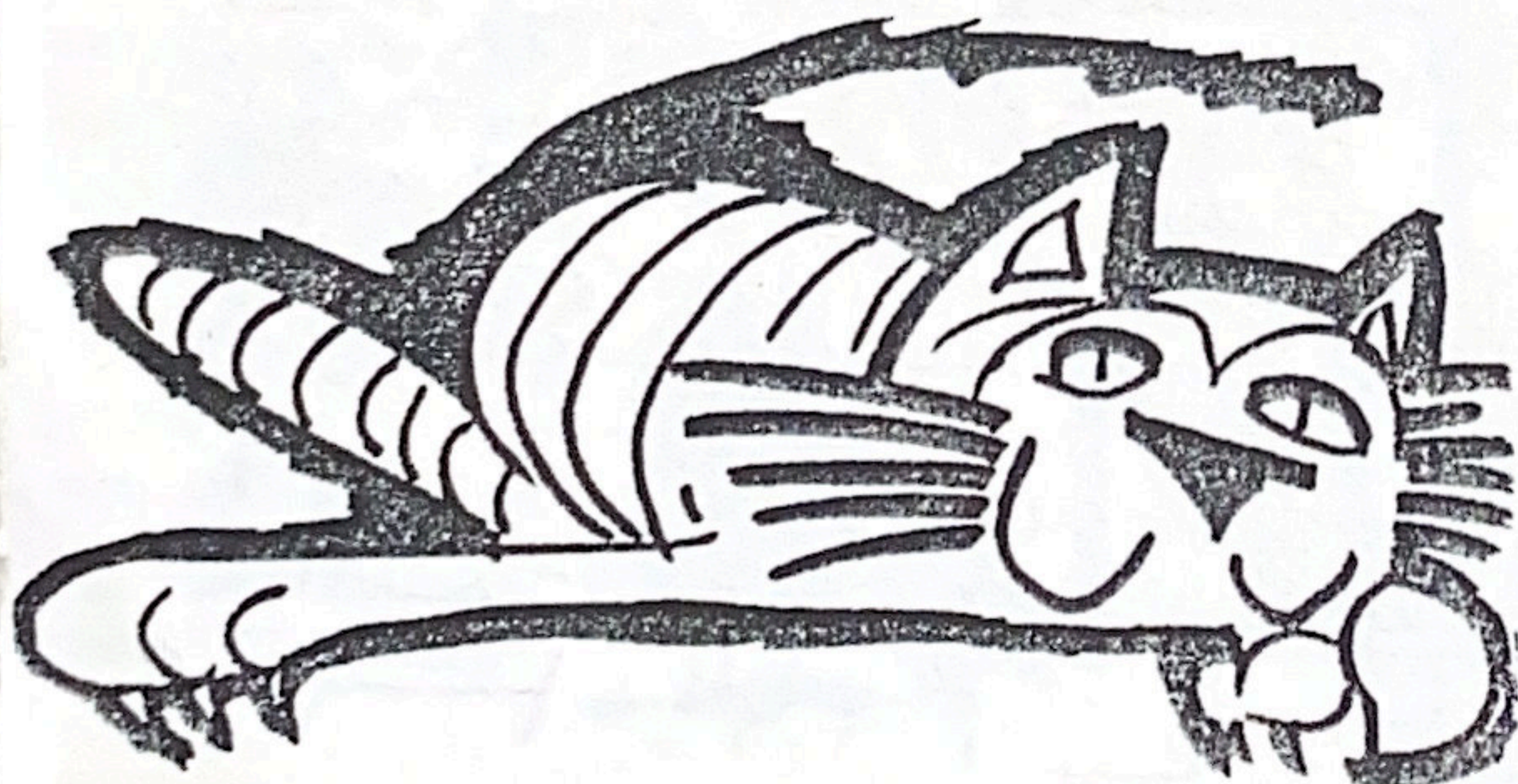
Tonight **Jasper** and **Nicki** from some dodgy transvestite crew in Canterbury are booked. Unfortunately "wor Jasp" as he is affectionately known is literally on his back chillin' with some R and R and hash cookies. His back is now welded and he should be back out working again real soon. Unfortunately 10mm shorter as he's lost a disc. And no, it wasn't a promo.

Stepping in to cover was **Oz** on his second appearance down here giving the PAPS a sneak preview of the set he was to play in France that very same weekend. **Nicki** warmed up, as she always does, with her fine, deep US grooves whilst **Timo**, resident top spot, took us through a selection of the current underground monsters.

A well up for it crowd slammed and shaken well into the early hours. The in-house JBL rig overstretched the limiter and was the only dark spot in an otherwise topp night out.



top clubbers in outdoor party pose shock

**roasting in the shade****FUNDAMENTAL -Renne, France. Sat 6th - Tues 9th May.**

For the totally vegetarian curry crew it was a quick blat from Dover to Portsmouth after the post Glow chill sesh. Our chooms from Fundamental Promotions (France) **Russell** and **Reg** (R & R?) are making the delicate move from free parties to club parties and tonight at L'Esace in Renne they prepare for the takeover of Northern France with some cool English house grooves. **Will** and **Johnny T.** from Exeters famous **Lazy House Crew**, **Oz** from tVC and **Paco** the big Brittany trance DJ currently making it in Amsterdam are the DJ's on the menu tonight. Yummy.

Time first for a few hours acclimatisation as the long drive and even longer ferry ride are gently washed out of system by some superb French hospitality courtesy of **Sylvie** and **Simon** who cook a great meal with even greater aplomb. A vigorous bout of outdoor late afternoon sunshine, a childhood reminiscence and a few smokes (Les Quatre Cents Coups?) some peaceful countryside vibes. Then quick dash to the city to the club for more VIP high jinks. Everyone made us feel really welcome. All got heartily stuck into the free beer that flowed copiously in a raging torrent all night. Even at the bitter bleary end frantic searches for discarded two litre plastic containers ensued just so we could finish the barrel off. We duely sealed the tops with two inch sections of cucumber and some parcel tape. Well, it would have been a waste wouldn't it?

As the club filled with the extraordinary french clubbers we knew this was going to be a good one. They looked stunning. tVC had done a few parties in Brittany last year and on numerous occasions the perplexed french free party peeps would approach the decks saying "what is this music?", or, "we want some trance-core" (pout pout). Just one year later and they now embrace house culture with open arms and ears. Dressed up and raring to go they give the DJ's a damn fine response. Whistles, hoots, cheers, at times louder than the superb 10K Martin PA, dominated the evenings electrifying two way conversation between DJ and house appreciators. All the DJ's pumped it up early on and soon the party

whitstabalites in night club attendance shock SEVENTH - DIRTY DETT AND BIG 'ED

After the last 7th, which was literally a heave-on for moi, where I'd over-indulged in very the wrong direction, tonight was a revelation, not least by the unexpected (?) excellence of the music from beginning to end, apart from the first hour when that skinny, mouthy bird who can't mix played. Ed's set was one in the eye for all the whingeing handbaggers (*we do love them don't we?*), with him proving once and for all that deep doesn't mean dreary. He had the floor whooping like no-ones business as the club quickly filled to capacity. It was during Ed's set that I threw caution to the wind, and floated off with it somewhere, only to land a week and a half later. Tonight was the first night of my two weeks off work, and I started as I meant to continue..

Shockingly there were quite a few Whistable-lites here tonight who had managed to make that extended trek from Whitstable to Canters on a deserted nighttime road. And the place was better for it too. Everyone fell into a huddle of mutual back-rubbing a la Dent. eye-rolling and face pulling being observed on quite a few occasions, and stumbling was definately de rigeur.

Then in no time at all it was **Dirty Dett** in the mix, and for those of us that never get to hear him play, but pay homage at his great record emporium each and every day, it was farking soo-perb. We bobbed, bounced, jumped, slipped, stumbled sturdily, flipped flop-pily, loved dupperly, grimaced grinningly, esque, elly, etc and slow-on and slow forth... Gosh.



Eyeballed

Floyd, disc jockey **Chris Marshall's** bull terrier, ate the £600 artificial eye of Geoff Woods, owner of the Zone nightclub, Port Talbot, when he saw it on a low table. Mr Woods, 52, is now waiting for natute to take its course.

gary clail is a total wanker

CHUNKY CHOONS - THE ESCAPE CLUB,
BRIGHTON MONDAY MAY 15.

Brighton, Monday night, a quick blat doon, in our chauffeur driven, white BMW, supping Champagne, feeling plush as it dribbled down our chins..

We arrived at the club after having to carry the records up at least two massive flights of granite steps set into the sea-front. And realising once we got to it that we could have driven to the door! We flop wheezily into the newly revamped splendour that is the interior of the new **Escape**. Wierd shaped speakers adorn the walls, moulded into the shape of soundwaves, then put against a two-bar electric fire and melted. We gratefully sup beer, and collapse onto high bar stools and watch **Oz** warm up the warm up (for a change). The decor looks excellent with our old chums, **Afi** and **Philip** from **F.L.Y.** doing the honours. We socialize relaxedly, and sup more beer. Apparently **John Digweed** and some bloke called **Sasha** are playing the same night a few doors down the road. Whoops. **Keef** and co. appear, fresh from the vigours of a hire car and B&B, "hello's" and idle pleasantries exchanged and more beer drunk. The room we are in suddenly gets shut down by the bar owner to concentrate the crowd downstairs. I hadn't realised there was a downstairs..

Downstairs we are reliably informed is where the bulk of the decoration has taken place. And very good it looks with **Nagual's** art arranged around spectacuarly. A nice little crowd, warming up. **Drew** has failed to show. It was probably that piece in **I.D.** proclaiming his undoubted greatness that means he doesn't have to do Mondays anymore. So **Luke** and **Jes** take the helm and move proceedings in a much more houserly direction. The crowd respond accordingly, and things hot up. I even think I can spy **Keef** sans top. (So no change there, then).

I prop up the bar (so no change there, then also) and get nabbed by some short pissed bloke who turns out to be **Gary Clail** of **On U Sound** fame. He half-heartedly tries to

talk me into shagging him. I laugh. Loudly. In his face. A lot. He laments his lack of shags and I ask if perhaps his attitude has something to do with it. The bar stewards by now are pulling funny faces behind his back, mouthing "total wanker" and pointing. I understand, from their subtle body language, he's a bit of a pain. He agrees to come and play at 7th, for a grand. No wonder he gets no work. I laugh, again. After kick out he manages to talk our trusty driver **Gazzock** into dropping him off on our way home. So a few miles out of our way later we wave him goodbye, after politely declining his offers of sex, drugs and a sneak preview of his "new un". I remember I have to go to work in 4 hours and automatically feel twice as pissed, and loll even more pathetically in the back, shrieking to Gazzock to stop so I can let loose some of the beer swishing around inside me.

The next day at work is a total nightmare, the whole time is spent trying to stand up, stay awake and not be sick...urgh! I'm never gonna get pissed up again on a Monday night.....



reaffirming belief in the magic of house music

SATURDAY 17th JUNE
JUMP - 414 BRIXTON
FLY - THE EAUZONE, WOOLWICH

A very pleasant surprise heralded our entry through the portals of the 414 in Brixton, having had a less than euphoric experience on our last visit there. What with a couple of chums in tow, **Watson** and **Sam** (back out after the vigours of childbirth, it's good to see your smiling face back on the scene Sam) and a better spot for Oz than his seemingly permanent place as warm up for the warm up, things were already looking up. I had not been feeling too excited by the thought of another night in the gloom of the 414, yet I ended up having one of the best nights out for a long time, due to the spot on music and the much needed revamp that has taken place in the club. With a new very clear and loud sound system that left our ears ringing, a room filling and mind boggling lighting system and a large fan suspended above the dancefloor, it meant dancing was a much more comfortable and exhilarating experience.

The first DJ was a young lad, who on later investigation turned out to be called **Reuben**, and he played an absolute blinder of a set with a top choice of tunes on a deeply uplifting tip. He was cracking. On talking to him later we promptly offered him a spot at 7th heaven and we discovered that this was the first time he'd played out. Sickening! Anyway, expect to see him at your local top house emporium in the not too distant future.

Following hot on his heels was a not so young chap of the Geordie variety. Very relaxed due to the imbibing that took place before his set, he played an absolute fucking stonker of a set. So deep it was practically subteranean, so off the wall that it fell off yet uplifting without being obviously so, that it reaffirmed my belief in the magic of house music. If I was whacky Walt I would have shouted "Go on Oz, let 'em 'ave it". He had the floor erupting into spontaneous whoops and whistles half way through the first tune and it just got better from there on. It was good to see him back so spectacularly on form and being

appreciated so unreservedly. I actually danced for the first time in ages and feel stiff as fuck as a result. By his last record, which reached extraordinary anthemic proportions I felt renewed with vigour for the love of house music and filled with the belief that anything was possible. Revelation indeed.

Oz was followed by **Glenn**, but alas we couldn't comment on his set as we were off to another party, **Fly at the Eauzone at Woolwich**. So we made our way to the car and drove euphorically across London to Woolwich, passing a convoy of police vehicles parked by the side of the road, just outside of Brixton, with the police officers stopping and searching occupants of the cars. Luckily we were not one of those! But a few nicker changes were in order.

By the time of our arrival we discovered there was no entry to the club after 1.00am, part of the series of restrictive measures the council have unleashed in part of their unrelenting campaign to deny the place a licence (they've already lost their drink licence). Our faces and hearts dropped when we were refused entry, but after desperate blagging (and luckily being on the guest list) we were let in and tripped off merrily to meet our chums.

The Kent posse was, as usual, quite substantial, seen in all their shimmeringly tarty, stumbling, retching, sweating, chatting, prattling, eye-rolling, glimmeringly smiling glory were;

Gone and Clammy, Loo Roll, Scottie Jon and beloved, **Dungeree Steve** sweat drenched as usual, **Polly and Walt** (still ignoring **Maurice** and vice versa) **Ollie, Rowan** still working on yet another job, **Aaron** in top sweaty mode and **Pancake Leslie** on her birthday celebrations dancing furiously.

We heard from Afi that lots of people had been unable to get in due to the 1.00am curfew unless they were on the guest list, and even some of them were unable to get in. With the licence being until 7am, most of the people would probably be arriving between 12 and 3, after other clubs, so the 1am cut off point was a real problem for them. It prevented the party from being the normal full on affair that we have come to expect from Fly. It was subdued by reasons outside of their control, by peoples friends not being able to get in because of the

ridiculous curfew on entry and the lack of booze. The club, however, looked absolutely stunning, with the arrangement of **Nagual's** paintings evoking the atmosphere and impression of being in a vast cathedral with luminous stained glass windows. We were the worshippers in this cathedral dedicated to the new religion in life but one also as ancient as man himself. Life, love, music, celebration, enjoyment, friendship. Hurrah!!

We'd missed **Mark Sinclair** who we heard had been really good, getting the crowd going big time, but caught **Mark Shimmon** midway through his set, and he seemed a bit off form. **Maurice** had been enthusing about the "shit hot" female DJ, **Kim**, who had played earlier and we had sadly missed. Apparently she had wiped the floor with the rest of the Dj's, and as we all know, Maurice doesn't give praise lightly, especially to women.

We escaped the heat of the club to go outside and sit in the park to suck indigestion tablets, frighten the pigeons and lounge insouciantly in the early morning sun. Yes, at last, the sun was actually out, it felt if summer was actually here, and we luxuriated in the glories of life and the pleasure you could get from each other's company.



resident DJ - organise everything and play early to no-one?

How To Be Topp - friday 16th june 1995 - soundhouse Hawkinge

"Interesting" name for a promotion but, hey, they do great parties OK? Or didn't ya know?

Veteran club sound engineer Magnificent **Maurice** does himself no harm at all by providing a topp quality, crystal clear, deeply and significantly bottom ended of a bouncing public address system. Rising interior decor star **Dylan** does a grand jobbie internally, secreting a silky new look each and every gig, transforming the rather boxy with a bar nature of the room rather succinctly. In fact he so caught the eye of the tVC junta, who incidentally do that goose-step oh so naturally, that he was promptly signed up, offered loads and loads and loads of money and is now a fully wanking member of the team of sordid, drunken, immoral reprobates. Or crew for short. Add to this combination the talents of resident DJ's (i.e. organise everything, under-right all losses, and play early to no-one) **Liam** and **Nick** and guests **Kier** and **Tom** (deep house purists to a man) and you have all the makings of a large sticky cake topped with chocolate double cream. Yum. Or a bloody good party.

One thing missing. 150 shit-faced dancing maniacs. However, by 11.30 this aspect of the bloody good party had been well and truly snorted out. Despite tough competition from **Avelon John** (or John as we call 'im) who, for some reason only known to himself, was doing a party in Canterfucker that very same night.

Seen movin' and groovin', smoovin' and, er, losin' (it) were the following hard working reprobates. **Mike** and **Kate "E"**, **Clammy Pammy** with **Loo Roll**, top Tangentopoli party reviewer and artist **Jon** "loose tooth" **Who-am-I** **Whatdayisit**, the Dover "Priorities", DJ **Tim "O"** (that's short for oral, girls!), **Gary** "1000 mushrooms" **Ceder-Tree** (coming in for touch-down any week now), (piss)artist "no I haven't got big glasses" **Pete** (dennis) **Taylor**, **Aaron** "I don't need drugs" **Dancing-King** seen, er, dancing a lot not on drugs. How do you do it mate?

Gurning superstar **Aaron2** (fucked to dance) **Maurices** badly over-worked tea/whipping-boy and topp humper/apprentice sound engineer. **Nick Renny's** bro, **Will**, who incidentally looks just like a younger, less wasted version of him (sorry Nick, only joking). **Kier** dancing. **Leila**, shuffling shufflingly all night long on the extremely slippy beer sodden floor without falling over or tripping over them stupid bits of lips hanging over the floor (you know what I mean). **Keef** (who's been well and truly stitched up by the corrupt forces of great and good). Don't let them bastards get to you mate. We're right behind you ALL the way. The whole lot of us. Right? Topp door man **Lee** who even pulled up the **Imelda Marcos** of the East Kent dance scene **Nicki** on the door demanding "pay". We think her reply was a little too unsavory to print in a family magazine. Oh all right, she said "PAY? PAY? PAAAAAYYYYYY? FAAARRK ORRRRRFF YOOOOOOO CAAANTTT!" or it was something like "I say old chap if you consult with your boss you will probably find that he has included us on his not inconsiderable guest list". Oh, and **Trudy** was there too setting a fine example to us all in behaviour and decorum. Her brother **Dylan** (a different Dylan to the drape man) who makes music under the name of **FUNKY DORY** doesn't come down to 7th anymore because "it stinks of sweat". Two words spring to mind. OK? Right. Next party.



nicki and oz in gratuitous photo opportunity

the wierd and wonderful world of non-house music

High on that glorious creation known as LIFE, and completely un baffled by the infinite, yet ordered complexity of the universe that great fractal pattern known as **The Woodpeckers Hotel** beckoned for a sumptuous chill-sesh. The perfect backdrop of a hot June summers day and the endearing hospitality of our hosts **Ed, Ted and Pat** primed us all for what turned out to be a fun filled bask in the innimitable glow of the beautiful Deep Kent party peoples' presence.

First things first though. That dreaded yet necessary four letter word. Work. Despite promoter Ed's promise of a "marquee crew" we turned up Sunday morning to the sight of the marquee laid out on the grass un-put-up. It turned out WE were the "marquee crew". We were also the PA humpers. Hey, a charity do for the Air Ambulance needed organising, so rather than do our usual and moan extremely loud and long, we just got on with it. **Dylan**, our new chum, arrived to put the "washing" out, or rather create a sculpture from strange metal contraptions and painted backdrops. A few white camouflage nets (so our position wouldn't be revealed if it snowed) and some wooden stand up designs added to the air of wierdness. A barbeque, meaty smells unfortunately curling the noses of those sensitive vegetarian types, stood in the corner manned by a bunch of loonies. A boxer dog called **Monty** chewed everyones ankles indiscriminantly. The **Faversham Favourites, Walt, Polly and Olly** watched proceedings from the comfort of white moulded plastic chairs and dished out useful advice (e.g. "the bar's open now!") Ed (wardo) manfully handled those last minute panic attacks.

It was great to see all the usual night owls out in the day accompanied by small, young people who looked uncannily like themselves. Must be something in the DNA methinks. **Austin Space** (tangentopoli's top toonster and later on bird table smasher extraordinaire) and his daughter **Hokey** arrived. Ten seconds later she says "daddy I'm bored" in exactly the same tone of voice **Nost** uses. Uncanny. Other great parent/child lookalikes

included **Tara and Kirk, Anna and Georgia, Louie and Tyrone, Dawn and all hers, Suzanna and Isaac, Sara and Woody, Ted and Ed, Nicki and Oz**. And, ooh, loads more.

Music wise and first up we had **Oz**. Flushed by the success of his set the previous night in London (or something else) he attempted to repeat this in Kent, in the open air, in day-time, to approximate half a dozen people already stretched out on the grass. His moody, magnificent, deep delightful brand new test pressings and promos of house laden UK delights satisfying. One hour and ten minutes later **Liam** had a little spin before **Andy and Avelon** warmed up for the band with a choice selection from the wierd and wonderful world of non-house music. Yes indeed, The tVC love-tent playing something other than house music. The first time this has ever happened. The times they are a changing? Whatever next? Jazz muso's playing rock? Well, er, yes as it happened.

Astounding the, by now, horizontally packed lawn the **Family Mayfield** (cough, live musicians -and what a bugger we had finding seven microphones) proceeded to work their way through some (admittedly delightful) funky, jazzy, trip hoppy kinda stuff only to change to to, er, rock-ish-esque workouts with funky jazz flourishes (not so delightful). They finished with some impromptu jazz improvisation jam "session sort-a-thang. (As you can probably tell I'm no expert on this music). The last third of the set suffering from lack of vocals abley supplied earlier by the excellently voiced lead singers who'd buggered off to the bar or something. Still they all looked like they were really enjoying themselves. The crowd chilled full on unused to the gaps between tunes and feeling slightly embarrassed as they realised that it was a cue for some polite, rippled applause. Dance people ey? Meanwhile, poolside, **Nost In Space** entertained the, by now, extremely excited younger members of the audience.

But, musically, we weren't here for that. We (well, me and approximately 95% of the crowd) were here to hear some hoos moosic believe it or not, and for the last two hours or so **Ed** then **K+T** laid out a smooth rhythm, U.S. based (of course) to the, by now, shit-faced massive. Five minutes before it finished (and eight o'clock is *far* too early) the lawn filled with

vertical thrusting, dancing bodies well up for a lot, lot more (bouncing) entertainment (that was just Dawn). Unfortunately at 8.15 the music stopped.

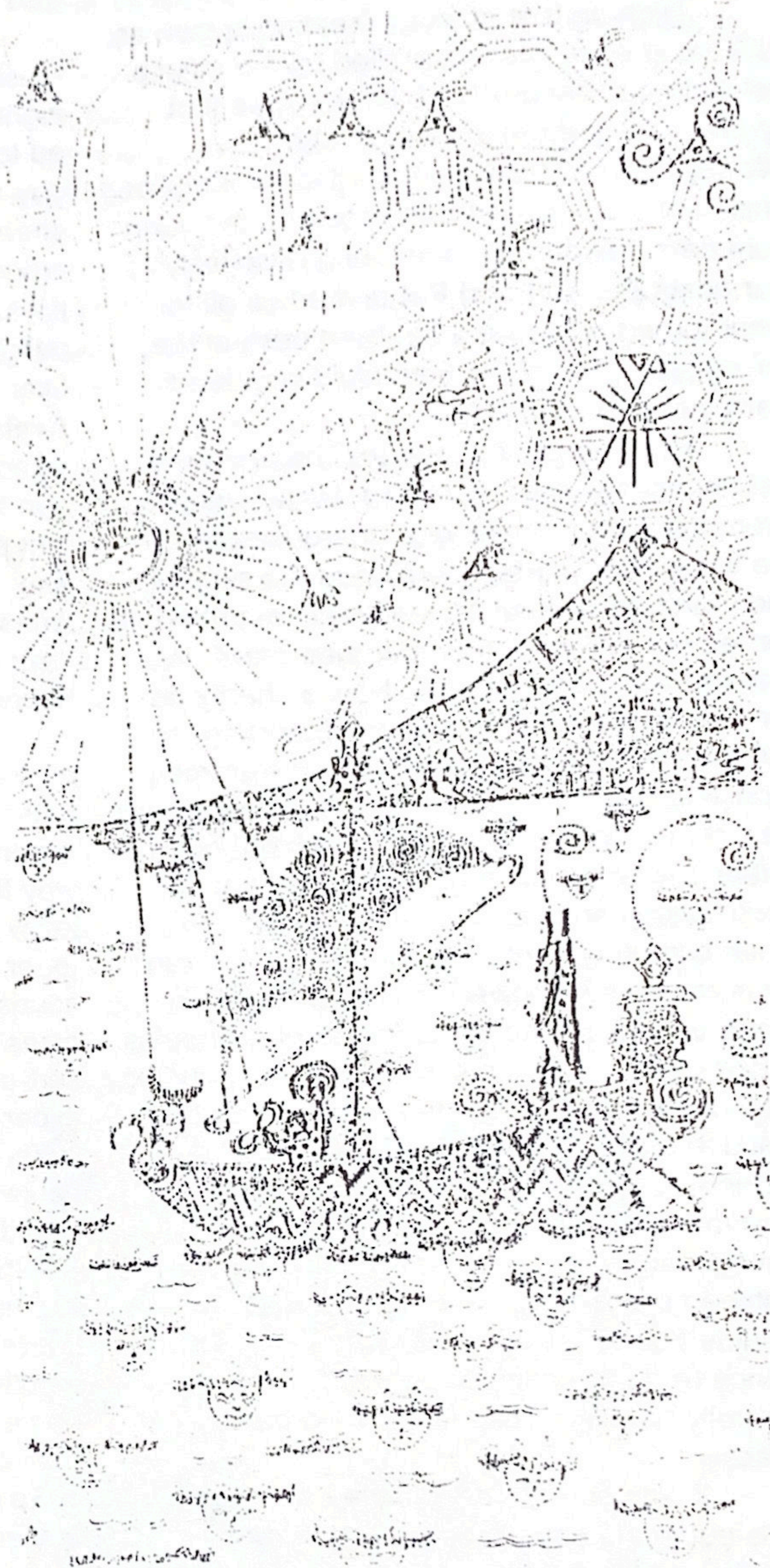
It was, all in all, a great family day out in all senses of the word. Family of the day had to be the **Millards** with Ted in particular enjoying himself immensely. Even if a few days before he told me he wasn't going to be there coz he "didn't know how we could listen to THAT sort of music".

The day was however marred by the very same Ted's beligerent ejection of top party peep, **Tangent** hack and extremely talented artist **Jon** (Jilly) from the garden for "drinking a bottle of K cider" (which they don't sell in the bar). Whilst ALL around were spotted Sainsbury's Lager, small bottles of French imported blond beer, champagne, bottles of wine, bottles of spirits including gin and vodka, cans of Grolsch, etc etc etc (ALL not sold behind the bar). What we want to know is why no-one else was "thrown out" and why no apology was forthcoming?

Jon spent the rest of the party sitting in his car feeling justifiably rejected by one and all.



lesley shows the way to go at Perfect World's April the First London jamboree



Seventh heaven What are the other six?

In ther Cabbala a Jewish Mystical system of technology and metaphysics (developed mainly between the 9th and 13th centuries), it was maintained that there are seven heavens, each rising in happiness above the other. In this cosmology the lower heaven was the region of the stars; the highest, also known as the heaven of the heavens, was the abode of God and the most exalted angels.

This classification passed into Islamic theology in which the first heaven is of silver and in it are the stars, each with an angel warder and strung out like lamps on golden chains. This is the abode of Adam and Eve. The second heaven is gold and the domain of Jesus and John the Baptist. The third is of pearl and allotted to Joseph; here Azrael writes the names of newborns in a large book from which he expunges the names of the newly dead.

The fourth heaven, of white gold, is Enoch's. Here dwells the Angel of Tears, who ceaselessly sheds tears for the sins of man. The fifth heaven is Aaron's and is of silver. The sixth heaven, which is ruby and garnet, is presided over by Moses; here dwells the Guardian Angel of heaven and earth, half-snow and half-fire. Seventh heaven is the most beautiful of all. In it is heard the most heavenly music. It is coloured in many a vibrant hue, populated by angels who hug each other united in their love of music and dancing.

latest: hunt sabs scent blood

Measures in the 1994 Criminal Justice Act designed to curb blood sports activists are proving a failure, according to figures compiled by the Hunt Saboteurs Association.

Only 11 of 154 saboteurs arrested or reported for summons to the end of May have been convicted, and one bound over to keep the peace. Of the rest, 67 cases have been dropped before reaching court. Five saboteurs were acquitted last week, and the other cases are still pending.

The Association believes that 90% of those arrested under the act, which created a new offence of aggravated trespass, are hunt saboteurs.

The new offence consists of trespassing on land and doing anything intended to intimidate, obstruct or disrupt activity.

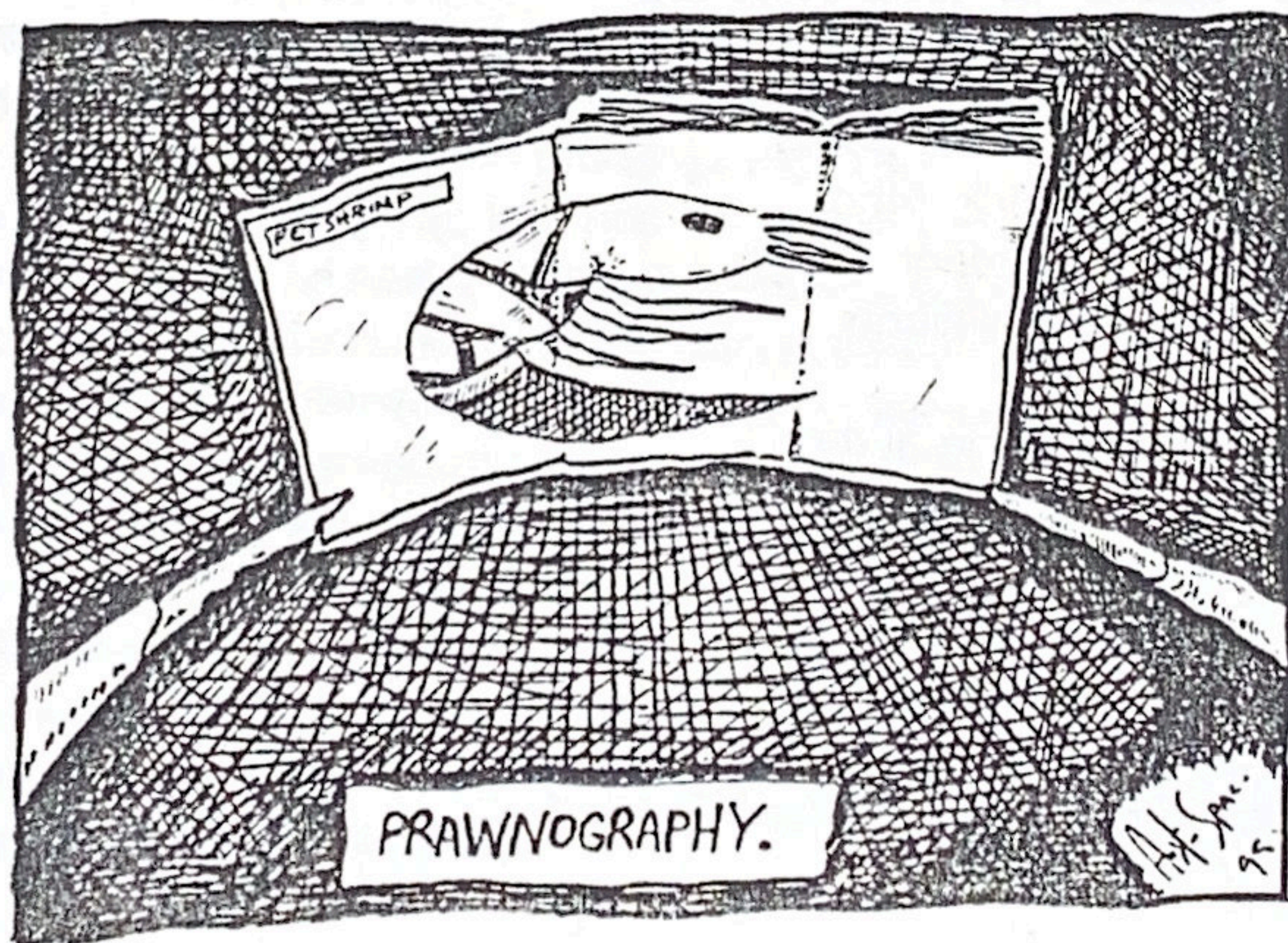
Tim Carey, a Norwich solicitor who represents anti-blood sport protesters, said: "There's no consistency of approach. It's a badly drafted, ill thought out piece of legislation.

If it did what it set out to do, it would stop anybody protesting anything at all."

The act -also used against road protesters- is being exploited more enthusiastically by some police forces than others.

In Cheshire, dozens of people are planning civil actions against the police after being arrested for breach of the peace and aggravated damage, then released without charge.

Clare Dye



A Night Out With Dracula

short story by Davey King

"Drinka pinta blood a day, that's his motto. Tonight he feels like getting blotto on cheap red Rhesus Positive."

Full moon, Friday the 13th, and it's Hallowe'en Night at the Cabaret Macabre, where the zombies hang out. They look like death, with blood-shot eyes, ghastly white complexions, asphyxiated blue-black lips. The men wearing nooses for ties, the women in chains for necklaces and manacle bracelets - bondage is the fashion among this set. Bright Young Things that go bump in the night are doing the Dance of Death on the disco floor, howling and wailing, rattling bones, voodoo-music from the obi-man synchronised with flickering strobe. By the end of the record there are piles of corpses.

Vamps snog and hump in spooky corners giving playful lovebites. They're only having fun, it's just a bit of harmless plasma. The clientele aren't easily shocked.

Devilishly-difficult to decipher decor in the dark. A cross between a crypt and a dungeon. Cobweb curtains courtesy of the management's specially trained spiders. Bats hang upside down from chandeliers, candle wax dripping from their leathery wings, guttering flames extinguished by chill draughts from behind the blood stained arras. "I smell a rat" mutters a tricky customer beneath his alcohol breath, stabbing his swordstick into the thick fabric. The distinctive stinking odour of brimstone tobacco smoke heavy in the putrid air. Dry ice vapour, ectoplasm. Stock, mock shock horror movie special F/X. Interior design by Heronymous Bosch. Unearthly delights, undead stylish.

Centre, spotlight, seated alone at the ouija-board table, someone whose features look somehow familiar, your fiend and mine: Uncle Dracula, now a pale shadow of his former self. Perhaps he's anaemic, lacking red corpuscles. One of the Guinless. He's that sanguine about his prospects tonight. You couldn't

blame him for appearing bored. He's seen it all before. He's one of the regulars. Everyone knows he's claimed more victims than we've had hot dinners. His victims *are* hot dinners - no cold stiffs for him. They lose their flavour when rigor mortis sets in.

The pub grub here is strictly for carnivores, catering for cannibals a speciality. It's the kind of place to go if you like your steaks rare. The Tomato Ketchup is real Hollywood blood.

Old Drac, though somewhat long in the tooth by now, still has an appetite for life, fancies a bite to eat. He reads the menu but chooses the waiter instead. The scream as sharp teeth pierce the jugular isn't heard above the hubbub. Drinka pinta blood a day, that's his motto. Tonight he feels like getting blotto on cheap red Rhesus Positive. People are generous about giving blood. The waiters leftovers, suitably seasoned, will serve later as kosher meat curry. As token of his gratitude, Drac leaves a tip in the clammy paw of the raw new cadaver, and, in accordance with the ancient custom, a coin on each eye. His thick Transylvanian accent and ill-fitting dentures make "thanks" sound like "fangs".

The stand-up comic is telling sick jokes. Have you heard the one about the Marquis de Sade? The audience laughs 'till it hurts. The comedian, over confident now, makes the mistake of cracking a joke in good taste. The crowd turns hostile and starts throwing blunt objects. A promising career is abruptly cut short. Audience participation. Manslaughter on stage. It's a hard act to follow.

How about some Hari-Kari live before your very eyes? It must be admitted the performer has guts. For an encore, he decapitates himself, neatly catching his head on a platter. Some people will do anything to attract attention, but going for a cheap laugh is professional suicide. When he takes his final bow, the spectators in the front row are drenched in blood from the severed neck. Wild applause as the topped trunk topples and crashes to the boards. Showman that he is, even on his last legs, he rises to the occasion, dragging himself to his feet to do a soft shoe shuffle like the death throes of a headless chicken. Dead funny if you're queasily amused.

Dracula yawns. Call this entertainment?

Why in his day... The Count, it should be explained, is an old-fashioned gent at heart. He has certain standards. Would not stoop to sheer sensationalism. He disapproves of new fangled video nasties, preferring horror of a more traditional sort.

Once upon a time a man could make his mark. Drac used to make his on the neck. Now he wouldnt scare a four year old. they are weaned on stronger stuff. Nowadays, multiple murders, chainsaw massacres, gratuitous genocide, hardly raise an eyebrow let alone make the hair stand on end. A pair of filed canines seems tame in comparison to an all-out nuclear holocaust.

He reminisces, calling to mind the good old days, when there was still something sacred to desecrate, when evil merited a capital letter. Then it was possible to blaspheme, offend, be thoroughly outrageous. What was there left for him but to retire gracefully, with his scrapbook of memories, a fading silent film star, past it, left behind? How could he compete against the real world?

He sighs. Where have all the Werewolves gone? Hirsute brutes with hidden soft centres, entirely at the mercy of the changing moon. Those that are poor languish in NHS asylums, while the wealthy undergo long and expensive psychoanalysis under Dr Jekyll, Harley Street specialist. Fascinating cases all. Basically nothing wrong with them that can't be cured by a packet of razorblades and the paperback Freud.

The poltergeists are getting rowdy. Glasses of wine and spirits flying. Yes, they're having a smashing time. Chaos and mayhem at the bar. The drinks here cost you an arm and a leg. Mutilated survivors stagger through the debris. Gorgeous naked witches from the local coven form a circle, chanting wickedly seductive spells. Anyone for an orgy? They do things with broomsticks that Mary Poppins never dreamed of. Let them take you for a ride. Later the skeleton staff of the club will hide in cupboards. Someone will order a molotov cocktail and shortly after the place will become a burning inferno. Happens every weekend.

He decides he's getting too damned old for this sort of thing, secretly longs for a quiet night in, cosy in his coffin with *Tales of Supernatural Terror* or some such soothing

bedtime reading.

Leaves early, wearily retrieving cloak from cloakroom. The evening-dressed bouncers look bloody mean, wielding meat-cleavers which they've used on more than one occasion. Once they would have called him sir. Why, he was dead before they were born.

Wrapped snug against the thunderstorm, he slinks furtively down violent alleyways, merging with shadows, avoiding vulgar mercenary muggers. It's no longer safe to stalk the streets at night.

Good Christian Souls are all asleep by now, gruesome crucifixes above their snoring heads, garlic hanging from every door. That stuff gets right up his nose. Can't quite understand his bad reputation. Thinks of himself as a philanthropist really - a kind of mobile Blood Transfusion Service. He's not greedy. Takes only what he needs, nor more, and the lucky donor becomes one of the living dead. Most people would hardly notice the difference, they're half dead already.

He hastens past the Carpenter's Workshop, now closed for the night. The Carpenter, a man devoid of moral scruples, has made a killing at his sharp practice sharpening stakes. Sometimes the Count feels like a persecuted minority, an endangered species. Ain't it a crime that a sadistic bloodsport like slaughtering innocent vampires should be allowed in this day and age?

Three balaclavered vandals, late back from the Sack of Rome Winebar, spray graffiti slogans discreetly where they can't be seen. They take it in turns to piss and vomit in a public phonebox, sticking two fingers up at society and down their own throats. They throw a few bricks thru neighbours windows, then meekly trot home, their duty done. The youth of today, anaemic-looking lot, not worth his notice.

A gang of skinheads swaggering along the opposite sidewalk, 666s tattooed on their closecropped skulls, swastika armbands and regulation heavy-duty bover boots. They glower menacingly at the poofy-looking figure in effeminate cloak, not one of their kind. But just at that moment, conveniently, something nearer catches the malevolent attention: an unlucky black cat, its ninth life squandered, squashed flat (by a passing hearse no doubt) now rotting in the yukky gutter, asking for

aggro. Obliging, they put the boot in and boot in puss. Upstart hooligans with no breeding. Not at all Drac's class of villain. Equal opportunity, he thinks, can go too far. Necrophilistines, why don't they pick on someone their own size and species, preferably alive and able to fight back? Not wishing to give them the chance, Drac hurries on.

Leather-clad Hell's Angels, Cocteauesque Messengers of Death, burning up the long night street, en route to little white-haired fuckless mothers fretting in their widowed beds. With sawn-off shotguns underarm, they fire at random as they speed away.

The Count catches a stray bullet between his incisors. Tasting the hot metal, deciding against it, he spits it out disdainfully, as if it were an inferior wine not worthy of his aristocratic palate. When it comes to inflicting grievous bodily harm, he's not impressed by alienating technological innovations. Prefers the more plite personal touch. He's always tried to cultivate a suave bedside manner - just a little prick on the neck, so. He's not some ill-bred butcher, more a skilled surgeon, a true white-collar black-tie professional. Apparently that counts for nothing nowadays. He's lumped together with the likes of common criminals and all manner of plebian anti-social elements. The tabloid press give him a hard time with their lurid banner headlines (PENSIONER IN BLOOD BATH ORGY or GORE GALORE FOR EURO NOB). He needs some better PR. He has an image problem. Sometimes he thinks he's just a figment of other people's imaginations. All he wants is a quiet life, as a genteel collector, a connoisseur.

He passes a house with lights ablaze, pulsating to repetitive beats. There's a party going on. Silhouettes gyrating in the windowframes. Fancy-dress by the look of it. Half a dozen Dracula lookalikes, or rather crude caricatures in joke-shop costumes, spill out of the open front door, raucously laughing and pointing at him. Such goings on would not have been heard of in his day. Boring old fogey, Dracula could be a pain in the neck sometimes. He's a trifle peeved but nonetheless flattered that his noteriety has travelled this far. His name and image taken in vain. He receives no royalties whatever, however.

Long past curfew, but never fear those

fiery red eyes staring at him from the blackness. It's only the man-eating Doberman-Pincer on the 4am patrol of the android police, doing their rounds beating up honest citizens for their own protection. The cold beads of sweat on the back of his neck take him by surprise and he hastens his gait, almost jumpy now at the sound of his own footsteps echoing on the broken glass strewn pavement. Past the graveyard, through the fog, trying not to notice those looming ghostly shapes, his imagination playing tricks.

Relieved, he turns the rusty key, pushes open the creaking oaken door, to be greeted by his ravening wolf and cute pet leeches. For a long, long while, he paces the cold stone slabs of his ancestral vault, lost in deep thought. Time for a nightcap. Pours himself a Bloody Mary to steady his nerves, the last thing he needs is any bad dreams, - ah, Mary, he remembers her well, nice girl she was. Sacrificial virgins of the right blood group nowadays are hard to find. Is it too much to ask for a few sweet drops? His intentions are honourable> He takes serum seriously. He has to be careful, doesn't want to catch any diseases. What's the one about the gay medical student who, starting at Guy's, got given his First Aids kit? It's no joke.

Glances at the mirror as he takes out his teeth and grins. He looks a fright.

By sunrise, he's safely tucked up for the day.



"MAGIC GARDEN OR NOT, WE'RE STILL PUTTING A ROAD THROUGH HERE!"

tVC DIARY

THURSDAY 6TH JULY - 7TH HEAVEN - The Works, Canterbury. 9pm - 8am. £3.

Simon Stonehouse bags the top spot again after his storming set in March had them swinging from the chandelier. Charlie C pumps the house up big time and, making his tVC debut tonight, Lee T brings us gently to the boil. Rolling!

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

"The Mother". Try United Systems on 0181 959 7525 / 0181 889 5214 / 0171 652 4602 / Express Party Line 0891 517147 or the Freedom Network on 0171 738 6721 or the Anti Criminal Justice Act Action Line on 0171 501 9253 or write to the Free Information Network (Guil'fin PO BOX 217, Guilford, Surry, GU2 6FF) or tVC on 01227 773194. If we find the location we'll leave it on the answerphone. Obviously Fri 7th is going to be a busy night! Don't give up. Keep trying. You'll get through in the end.

THURSDAY 20TH JULY - 7th HEAVEN - The Works, Canterbury. 9pm - 2am. £3.

Joining the swaggering, staggering, bulging eyed regulars will be some well cool, intelligent, good looking night movers either going absolutely bonkers on the dancefloor or networking in a conspiratorial huddle in the corner. Personally I'd rather stagger into a corner. Jes and Luke provide a go for it soundtrack, whilst new boy Jason T shows us how to warm up.

THURSDAY 27TH JULY - SUNDAY 30TH JULY - DANCE FUNDAMENTAL - Olivault Ceauce, 61330, Normandy, France. Tel/Fax 010 33304274. Tickets £15 from tVC or Primal Vinyl (coach if enough interest) or 100fr.

Oh Yes! Set in the grounds of a castle this four day love fest should be a snorter. Highlight, for us lot anyway, will be the DJ's (of course). Expect Lazy House Crews Iain Lazy Smith, Will and Johnny T and tVC's Oz, Jasper and Nicki plus about 40 others. And the obligatory juggling (the circus equivalent of child molesting?), a fire show, art and craft stalls, giroscopes, bouncy castles, projections, 15 rock bands on their own stage (don't know about that one) plus loads of really cool English and French people and travellers from all over Europe.

SATURDAY 29TH JULY - HOW TO BE TOPP - The Soundhouse, Hawkinge. 9pm - 2am. £3.

Ho.T.Be.T moves to the obviously more satisfying Saturday night slot. Mark "dirty" Dettmar headlines so well worth checking him out if you haven't seen him yet or can't go to France with the rest of us. Stuart "local hero" Long supports and resident Rick Nenny warms up.

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

The new look 7th Heaven continues apace. Free party peeps the Lazy House Crew guest. So if you didn't catch 'em in France now's your chance. Iain Lazy Smith, Will and Johnny T thrill with their various deep house shenanigans. Mark "Tejentopoli" Sayer gets in free on the guest list. Arf, arf, arf. Iain wants a "word".

SATURDAY 5TH AUGUST - FREE PARTY FOR FREE PEOPLE - Somewhere in Kent

A full on tVC party with guests - you won't be surprised to hear - the Lazy House Crew up for the weekend and finishing off with a few choice sets. Weep openly, it's OK you know.

THURSDAY 17TH AUGUST - 7th Heaven - The Works, Canterbury. 9pm - 2am. £3.

What with Dylans interior design adding new spice and Robin's Logomotion projections we're now changing something else: the line-ups to one two-header once a month. This involves giving two DJ's the whole five hours and letting them sort it out. Oz and Timo are the first two to either indulge in some interesting new wanking techniques or provide a pumping, snorter of a night.

FRIDAY 18TH AUGUST - SOUTHERN EXPOSURE - Atomics, Unit A, Hart Street, Maidstone, Kent. 9pm - 2am. Non members £7 all night, members £5 before 10.30, £6 after.

Timo, Jasper and Oz geek out big style. Dylan smarts it up and the tVC posse show 'em how to it.

SATURDAY 26TH AUGUST - HOW TO BE TOPP - The Soundhouse, Hawkinge. 9pm - 2am. £3.

Oz celebrates his birthday with the topp slot here tonight. Expect lots of surprises as the deep house monthly reals with a broad sucker punch to the metaphoric jaw. Nicki and Liam team up to provide support. Bust the crust.

TOP RECIPES FOR PARTY PEEPS

Recipe number two in this occasional series (remember number one "the flying ointment"?) mixes oil, THC, lecithin and vodka into a devastating drink that won't see you going anywhere for 6 - 18 hours.

WHY BOTHER?

Although just eating cannabis, or making a tea from it will get you quite stoned, both are fairly inefficient at getting much of the THC and other cannabinoids into your bloodstream. The main reason for this is that THC is almost insoluble in water, but it is very soluble in non-polar solvents (e.g. fats and oils). This is why tea is so inefficient (and expensive). If there are no oils or fats in your small intestine when you eat hashish, very little of it will be absorbed into the bloodstream. Marijuana is less badly affected.

A more efficient way is to make of THC in an oil such as olive oil, and then to emulsify it so that it is digested and absorbed much more rapidly and efficiently. (An emulsion is a solution of fat in water, as microscopic fat droplets, held in the water by an emulsifying agent like lecithin. Milk is an emulsion). Lecithin is used as an emulsifier because it is (relatively) cheap and easy to obtain, completely natural and is used by your body to help disperse fats in the gut. Lecithin from health food shops is of course, of vegetable origin.

INSTRUCTIONS

1. Take either 1/32 - 1/16 oz. resin, 1/16 - 1/8 - oz of weed or 1/32 skunk for each person/victim. Note: the quantities specified of other ingredients make this unsuitable for more than four people.
2. Finely powder the cannabis and add to about 50ml of olive oil in the bottom of a small pan.
3. Add six heaped teaspoonfuls of lecithin granules. (450g of lecithin granules costs under £5 at most healthfood stores).
4. Heat very gently until most of the lecithin has dissolved/melted in the oil, making sure the

oil does not reach boiling point, as overheating will reduce the THC content. While heating, swirl the liquid in the bottom of the pan about, so that it is fairly evenly mixed.

Turn off the heat, and add 50 ml (a double) of decent vodka (minimum 40% abv). This will start boiling when it touches the oil. Again swirl around to mix evenly. After about 2 minutes, add 1/2 - 1 pint water (depending on how many people are drinking it). Mix vigorously with a whisk or spoon (not wooden) until the mixture looks like milk, and there are no fat droplets on the surface. Alternatively you could use a liquidiser if you have one - most of my friends don't.

6. The liquid can be diluted 50/50 with milk (full or half fat), milkshake etc to flavour it. It is now ready to drink. The residue at the bottom of the pan, if you want to get really fucked up, can be eaten.

TAKING IT

For maximum effect the emulsion should be drunk on an empty stomach (if you can't be bothered with that, avoid eating salty foods for an hour or so before and after - they reduce the effectiveness). On an empty stomach, it usually takes 30 minutes or more to come up, with the effects peaking in 1 to 3 hours. The effects can last from 6 to 18 hours. The intensity of the hit and the buzz depend on the amount and type of cannabis used - if you use 1/16 oz of Manali charas (rich bastard) don't expect to be walking anywhere for a day or so. Similarly if you use skunk, don't expect to return to earth for at least 12 hours.

LEGAL WARNING/DISCLAIMER

Under the Misuse of Drugs Act (1971), Cannabis emulsion is Class B, Schedule 1, being a 'product or preparation' of a Class B controlled drug (cannabic resin or cannabis). This has been written in preparation for the day that the pointless criminalisation of pot smokers is abolished. If you are nicked for this you should have washed up while you were waiting to come up. This document in no way constitutes incitement to commit the offence of possession of a controlled drug. It is rather an incitement to emigrate from this undemocratic little shithole.

Copyriot AlanInfo.

deep unity

WOODGATE & CLARKE - "i want you" (Smokin' Vinyl). Plump, funky bass laden skipper. Damn suitable for those dark and dirty, hot and sweaty 4AM plus packed back rooms that tVC are so desperately fond of. The U.S. house mix is big time boomtastico.

THE ELASTIC BAND - The Banned E.P. (Deep Trouble) I dunno. An EP in my day used to be four tracks. The three tracks here, two if you discount "DJ Klub Toolz" (a dirgy filler), are both overflowing with their individual ooze of merit. Pete Doyle, leaving his "Soapy Bottom" days far behind, hits paydirt on "Hold Your Head Up High". Snare and high-hat skip sooth senses up for a US slanted shuffle / UK sideways sticky out movement of the bottom kinda thang. "In fact it makes you want to soap everyones bottom. Front and back", says Nicki reading this over my shoulder. Saucy blue vinyl too.

JODECI - Freek 'n You (MCA) No we haven't gone barmy or sold out by recommending a major label release to you. Dive, from a great height, into Mark Kinchen's dub, surprisingly called "MK Dub". It's a, er, freekin' superb deep bass bad ass snigger snigger of a monster (at least for the first half dozen plays anyway).

FREQUENCY HIGH E.P. - Can't Get Over (Rise & Shine) Michael Jr. and MG Jackson enter stage left with a nice and fluffy UK deep edged flapper on a new label. Gets them feet swinging and arms moving with a fist full of girly samples, a crisp production, inventive builds and breaks and user friendly loping bass lines. And, coz it's got four strong tracks, I'd call it an EP too. Ey Pete Doyle?

DEEP DISH PRESENTS QUENCH DC - Sexy Dance (Tribal UK) Deep Dish go from strength to strength. Sharan and Dubfire with possibly their best yet. The Sunday early morning crowd at Tong went ab-so-lutely crazy. Deep, powerful and is really in a class of its own. Can they better it, we wonder?

DE'LACEY - Hideaway (Slip 'n' Slide) Deep Dish again and yes it's at least as good as Sexy (if not better). This time with a great vocal from Blaze slap in the middle of a great extended tribal workout. One mother of a beautiful tune.

HATTRIX - Ole Ole' (Sound of Ministry) Fraid this is only a white so don't know the cre-

ator. But once I find out I'd like to shake his hand. It's that wobbly penetrating bass line. Put some male and female vocal samples and a few great breaks and builds and you have deep house heaven. Floor reaction is immense in it's extreme as the original twists and turns mystify even an experienced audience. Recommended.

ANDREA MENDEZ - Bring Me Love (remixes) (Azuli) Frankie K. you are a genius. To slap the towering, happy slab of sentimental lushness half way through is like being transformed to the falling in love scenes of a seventies movie. Every one, shocked initially, beam broad. Some even openly laugh. It's that good. It ends, contrastingly on a darker note. Tuff, sparse workout.

TO-KA - "Underwater EP" (Rubberneck) Rubberneck 2 and the Nottingham label produces another snorter. Side one sees some stripped down heavy dub grooves, whilst 2 lightens the tone and ups the groove quotient to funky overload. Remember banana + sub acqueo = Toka.

SPIRAL STARES - Without Your Love (Fresh) Light, mellow easily accessible and and certainly not what any clean living deep house freak would expect from Fresh. Alun Harrison is the guy understating well.

FURY PHREAKS - "Gonna Find a Way" (Shindig) Charles Webster provides Shindig 5 with another quality tune for those discerning floors, fit for only the best in low down party funky throbathons. Scotty, Scooby and Bradford toughen it up on side 2. Yesss! - and soften it down.

FATHER AND THE PROFESSOR - "house-matic" (Urban Hero) Ashley Beedle and DJ Prof. produce an excellent tune. Don't listen to the negative shit this tune's been getting. It's really good. Ok some of the 'rap' is a little corny but so what. It doesn't detract.

ST. GERMAIN - Boulevard 2/3 (F-Comm) Not as good as 1/3 (but that's a classic) it is nevertheless more along the same vein. Total deep feel. Basslines to throb too. Jazz weaves in and out of grooves to devastating late AM meltdown.

FRESH TUNES #2 - W.B.W.U. (Fresh Fruit) Yet another unusual offering from DJ Zki and Dobre. It's deep, yes, but wierd in a fluffy way. If you know what I mean?

RIOT POLICE BUST TECHNO PARTY

Preston police used officers in full riot gear to break up a techno party at the town's Art Lab on May 27th. A number of policeman wearing bullet-proof vests and carrying riot shields raided the invitation-only party about half an hour after it had commenced and impounded the sound system, decks, CD mixing equipment and the DJ's records. 21 people were arrested, mainly for drugs offences. 19 were later released after cautioning. The police apparently raided the Art Lab - a voluntary cooperative which has been holding fortnightly parties featuring acts like 808 State, Red Marc and Hippies With Attitude for over a year - searching for drugs and pornographic material.

"It was madness", said Art Lab organiser Alan Deaves. "The party was invite only for people who are involved in the Art Lab project. We hadn't even got everybody in before the police stormed in. I don't know where they got the idea that we're producing pornography from, but it was pretty heavy-handed operation they cordoned off the street and had dogs and hydrolic battering rams with them. They took all our books, all our paperwork, things relating to the CJB".

A spokesman for Preston CID refused to comment further than confirming that a raid did take place: "The only information I can give you is that several people were arrested. Nobody has been charged as yet, because we're waiting for forensic tests on certain articles that were seized."

Deaves, who was arrested, detained for 19 hours and released without charge says he will continue to host techno events: "This is what I do and I'm not going to stop," he said. "They can only raid us once a month. The parties are free and well organised, people are vetted before we invite them. The police get more trouble from the pub down the road than they do from us."



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