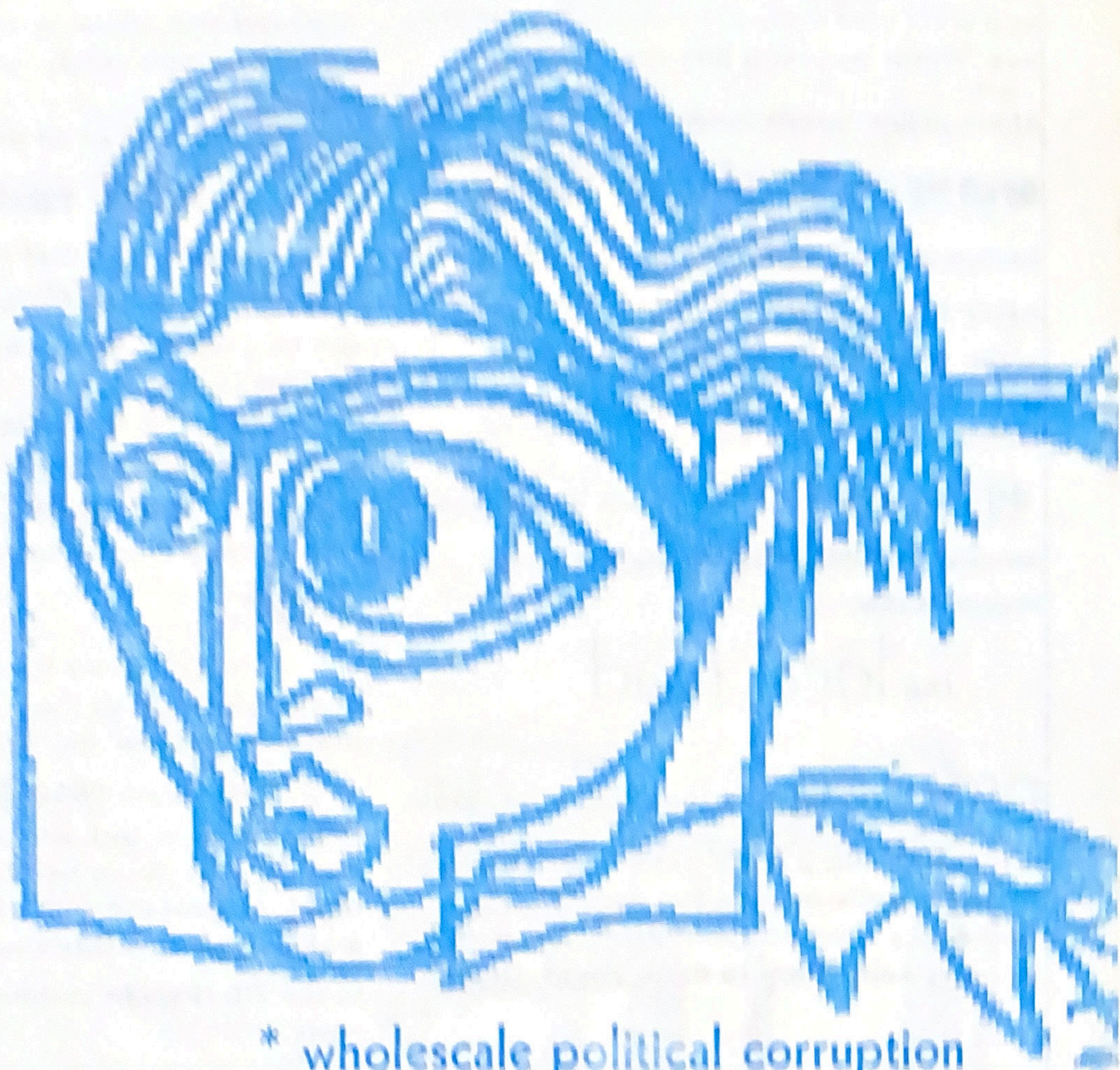


Tangentopoli*

free to party people august 95 issue 27

news
views
parties
gossip



* wholesale political corruption

(mal) contents

Bit of a biggy this ish with loads of stuff crammed in for your defecation. Can't really list it all but I'll give it a try.

On the NEWS front we make significant gains and suffer some TERRIBLE LOSSES. The "Mother" badly

scuppered by well organised police type people on one hand while a **High Court judge** has to hear two groups of **travellers** cases pertaining to eviction under the CJA and child care obligations from the authorities. Worth watching this one. Meanwhile some police forces back our case of **an**

unworkable CJA.

Nicholas Saunders new book **Ecstasy and the Dance Culture** is out soon. Helen Nowicka takes a **peek.**

Part two of Len Lucas and Alan Murdies look at the CJA covers

aggravated trespass in detail. Yet another **unworkable** aspect of our favourite law.

our local road

protest against the A299 Blue Route is covered with a diary from 'Countryman', Tangentopoli's man on the spot, and a review of a recent benefit and party bust gives us something to think about. Ouch.

Plus original **art** work from

underground artists Eldad, Austin Space and the guy who does **The Road To Nowhere.**

Party wise 'The Mother' which never happened dominates but **the**

free parties just

keep on

coming. What with The Lazy House Crew slumming it in Kent, a long weekend in Normandy stumbling around a Fundamental festival, various **7th Heavens** and trips out and about to various woods in the county we can safely say it's been a busy month.

Plus, sick of all those shite flyers filled with **naked "babes"**? Well we're not the only ones. See Bethan Coles article '**Babelicious?**' for more details on the new depths plumbed by the tabloid end of dance culture.

The History of Popular Demonstration reaches its penultimate chapter covering the **Uprising of 1932.** Concluding chapter is the **1994 Hyde Park Riot.**

The tVC diary for the coming month doesn't include all the free parties but is more the 'official' list. Worth a glance.

Phew! Our **record reviews** are on the back page and with a plea for feedback this issue is put to bed late Wednesday night August the 16th 1995 for publication and distribution Thursday the 17th August to the 7th Heaven clubbers. **ON THE BALL.**

Police turn a blind eye to anti-traveller legislation

A NUMBER of British police forces are choosing to ignore the sweeping powers contained in the Criminal Justice Act against ravers, hunt saboteurs, travellers and road protesters in favour of the 'softly softly' approach of old.

Faced with budgetary constraints and job losses, they find that implementing the controversial legislation makes unrealistic demands on officers and can lead to unnecessary confrontations.

Hunt saboteurs and rave organisers have identified East Sussex, Derby, Loughborough, East Anglia, Peterborough, Bedfordshire, North Wales, Leicestershire and Surrey as virtually free zones.

Other forces recognise that mass arrests can lead to costly civil actions for wrongful arrest.

The Act includes an offence of aggravated trespass, largely targeted at hunt saboteurs and anti-road protesters, which makes it illegal to intend to disrupt a lawful activity.

Police also have powers to stop raves or outdoor festivals, confiscate sound equipment, and arrest anyone refusing to leave such an event. At Ditchling Beacon near Brighton last weekend, 500 ravers attended a party from Saturday evening to late afternoon on Sunday, which police made no attempt to break up despite receiving complaints.

Paul Brownjohn of Brighton police said: "We had a substantial degree of co-operation from organisers, who were able to keep nuisance and litter down. The Criminal Justice Act is an emotive piece of legislation and we are always conscious of that when we go in. You have to look at the circumstances very carefully."

Luton police, who regularly face large rave parties, have plumped for a similar policy. "The Act itself has not helped greatly," said Superintendent Tom Owens. "Our interpretation is, if 2,500 have set up for a party, you create more a greater danger if you try to disperse them -there could be conflict, people

running around in the dark, and a risk of injuries."

He added that, while people could be arrested for refusing a police order to leave a gathering, proof might be difficult to present in court, not to mention the labourious process of noting the names of 1,000 party-goers.

"It is more difficult in practice than in theory," Owens said. "We have the power to seize equipment and to order people to leave, but there is a thing called practicality. If we had a practical way of dealing with this we would."

Some forces appear to be even more conciliatory. A rave organiser, who requested anonymity, claims a senior officer recently told him that, providing he chose a different site for his next rave, he would be unlikely to face opposition.

"The attitude is changing. Quite a few police have said to us: "we don't want to do this, we can't see the point of nicking you",," the organiser said.

"Why use something you don't have to use?" Superintendent John Wilson, head of operations in Surrey said. "If you can use persuasion you don't have to get the big gun out."

While the alternative culture will survive the Act, Numbers of large free festivals this summer has been halved to around six, all licensed, and the threat of removing travellers homes has severely affected their activity, according to Friends and Families of Travellers.

Alex Spillius.

SHOP RAIDED IN BOMBS INQUIRY

Detectives from Hampshire raided a radical book shop in Manchester recently and confiscated magazines as part of an investigation into fire-bombings on the Isle of White.

The raids follow similar visits to two Oxford book shops in March after firebomb attacks, thought to be by animal rights activists, on five shops in August last year.

Neil Swannick, a member of the co-operative which runs Frontline Books in Manchester, said: "Just after we opened, four detectives, three from Hampshire, one from Manchester, arrived with a warrant to search for anything connected with two magazines."

After two hours, the detectives left with copies of Green Anarchist magazine. They also took a book on radical eco-protest, copies of the Scum Directory, thought to list the names and addresses of directors of companies involved in road building and animal experiments, and details of people who had responded to a Green Anarchist box number.

"They went through our anarchist book section, looking at books on the Angry Brigade and the Red Army Faction, groups which haven't functioned since the sixties or seventies," said Mr Swannick. "They said they were investigating anything to do with direct action."

"This shows that the new generation of

anti-roads activists have merited the attention of the political police. They are no longer looking for the old lefties under the beds but the young protesters up the trees."

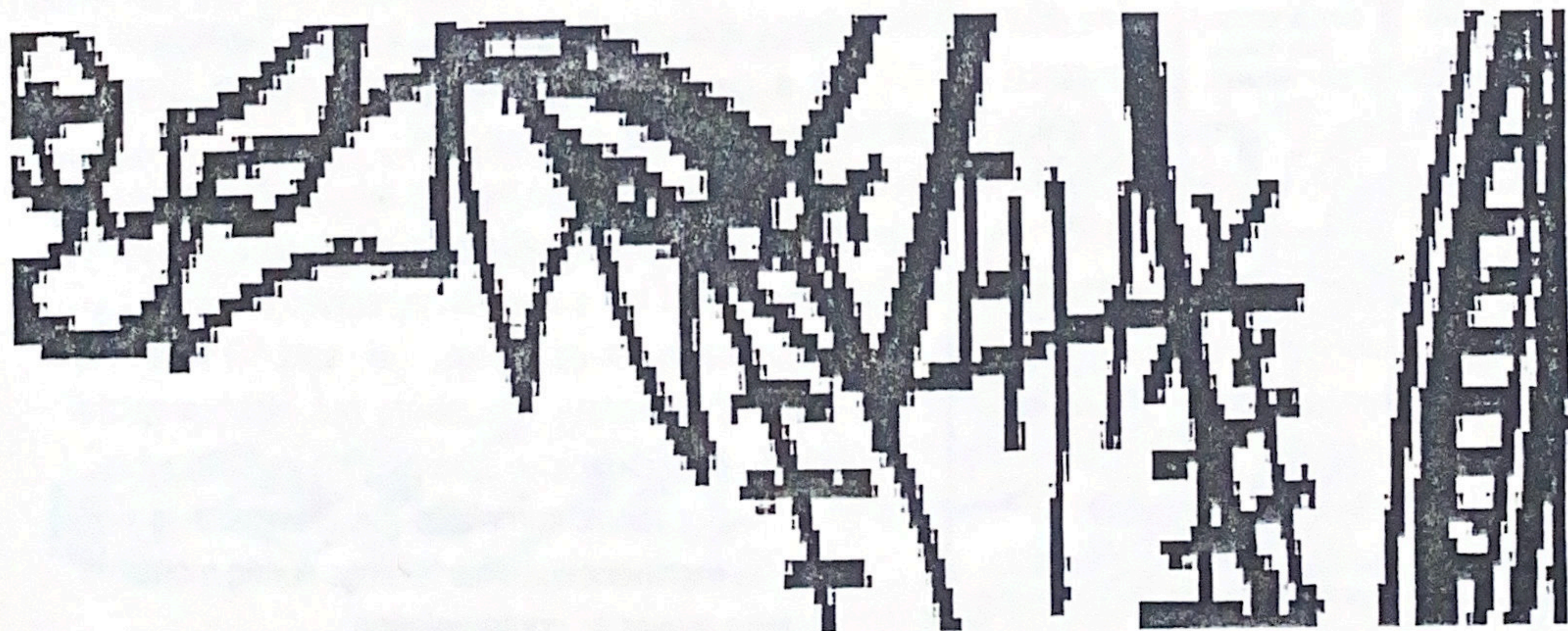
A spokeswoman for Hampshire police said: "The raid was part of a long-term inquiry into people conspiring to incite others to commit criminal damage and arson." It is believed the inquiry has no connection with recent motorway or animal exports protests.

Anthony Cheke's Inner Bookshop, in Oxford, which specialises in "mind, body, spirit and New Age" issues, was raided by eight officers. It has stocked Green Anarchist and at one time operated a box number service for the magazine.

"They are barking up the wrong tree," said Mr Cheke. "They don't need to raid hundreds of bookshops to get copies of this magazine. They spent two hours going through all sorts of papers and found bugger all."

Two officers raided Artemis Books, a general second-hand store owned by Diana Burfield, who said: "They were convinced I was a link in a chain of people involved in animal protests." She added their warrant allowed them to search for "articles made, used or adapted to cause damage or injury to persons or property".

Ms Burfield describes her shop as "of no great pretension". She said: "I have quite a lot of leftwing and Marxist stuff but also a lot of philosophy and English Literature."



CANNABIS AT THE CHEMIST'S

A regional health minister has caused a furore in Germany by proposing that cannabis should be available over the counter in pharmacies.

Heide Moser, health minister in Schleswig-Holstein, was fending off a barrage of criticism from Chancellor Helmut Kohl's government, conservative regional states and Germany's Federation of Pharmacies.

The Constitutional Court decided in March last year that the possession of small quantities of cannabis need not be punishable. The penalty had been five years in jail.

Ms Moser, a Social Democrat, hopes to obtain permission to run an experimental project in which people aged over 18 will be able to buy up to 30 grams of cannabis.

The federal health ministry in Bonn has dismissed the proposal saying that it would worsen the drug problem. But Schleswig-Holstein is trying to persuade other German states to join in the experiment. So far, it has won support from Hamburg, Lower Saxony and Hesse.



MONK RAVES ABOUT THE SPIRITUAL HIGH OF DANCERS' DRUG

Helen Nowicka

'Ecstasy use awakens the will to understand others. It awakens the unconditional love that God has for all of us.' The speaker explaining why he took drugs is not a wild-eyed raver or a New Age mystic, but a 50-year-old Benedictine monk.

He believes that ecstasy, a drug usually associated with dancing and loud music, has aided his spiritual development. Between one and five million people in Britain are estimated to have tried ecstasy, which has been linked to around 50 deaths.

The monk takes the view that carefully regulated use can encourage understanding of the divine, helping transcend the everyday concerns to 'open us up to something that is already there'.

He agreed to discuss his experiences on condition of anonymity - his church superiors do not know of his other habit.

The devout Catholic has taken ecstasy, the street name for the drug MDMA, two or three times a year since he was introduced to it in 1983 by an academic friend who was researching its effects.

Each time he chooses a serene environment that could not be further from the flashing lights and pounding beat of a rave. Sometimes it is a quiet country setting with secular friends, sometimes his monastic cell.

The first time he was amazed by the drug's impact. 'I was totally enveloped with the divine presence. I felt extraordinary waves and waves of compassion for all beings,' he said. 'I was in a state of complete relaxation, but also complete recall. Incredible love was pouring itself into me.'

The monk compared the closeness to God that he experienced to his feelings during moments of deep prayer or contemplation.

'MDMA makes prayer easier because it removes or suspends the ego, so you can be more aware of the divine presence,' he said.

He sees no contradiction between his illegal drug use and his role as a committed Christian who has taken vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, but adds that drugs are no substitute for strong moral foundations.

The monk believes casual use of ecstasy at raves and nightclubs is 'prostitution' of its potential. His views are contained in *Ecstasy and the Dance Culture*, by Nicholas Saunders, an authority on ecstasy, which is published next month. A rabbi and two Zen Buddhist monks who were interviewed said the drug had helped them meditate and pray.

Research for the book suggests a substantial proportion of recreational ecstasy users are affected spiritually by the drug. Of the 137 people interviewed - including several aged over 50 and some earning more than £40,000 a year - 56 felt taking ecstasy 'increased spiritual awareness'. A male 23 year old bank clerk said: 'When people have used E to its full potential and understood what it has to offer, the chances are that their spiritual journey will have begun.'

Mr Saunders suspects that, rather than turning to established Western religions, spiritually awakened ravers seek out faiths such as Buddhism that allow them greater opportunities to explore mysticism. One of the Zen monks said many of his pupils had a history of drug use.

However, Mr Saunders does not advocate ecstasy use as a short cut to nirvana. 'Just as I have witnessed people whose lives appear to have been enriched by MDMA, there are those whose lives have got worse, if not actually ruined,' he warns.

CANNABIS GROWER CAUGHT TENDING MOTORWAY 'GRASS'

Duncan Campbell on how a police patrol stumbled across a bizarre patch of crop cultivation

If the Government is still looking for ways to finance the motorways, they might take a leaf from Robert Wesseley's book.

Recently Wessely, aged 22, from Slough, in Berkshire, was convicted of growing cannabis by the side of the M4, and was fined £200 plus £25 costs.

He was spotted by a patrolling police officer on the hard shoulder near Maidenhead in Berkshire, watering the plants. He had also brought along some bags of peat to help them grow. Prosecuting counsel Karen Bird told Maidenhead magistrates: "The officer saw Wessely holding a large bucket with a piece of rope attached to it. He was trying to get water from a nearby stream. They found the plants in a clearing on the embankment of the motorway."

The plants were said to be 3ft high and 'well developed'.

Defence counsel Rhoda Nikolay told the court that the eight plants would not produce a substantial amount of cannabis. She added: "He admits he was growing cannabis, but the plants were purely for his personal use."

Wessely has a previous conviction for drug possession with intent to supply.

The case points up the anomalies in sentencing for growing cannabis for ones own use. In two recent Scottish cases prison terms were handed out. Rosalind Henderson, aged 44, is appealing against an 18 month sentence imposed at the High Court in Edinburgh in June for growing 13 cannabis plants in a locked room in her home in Brae of Monzie, near Crieff. She has been released on bail pending her appeal, due in October.

In another case in the same area, Robert Ford, aged 37, was also jailed for 18 months after

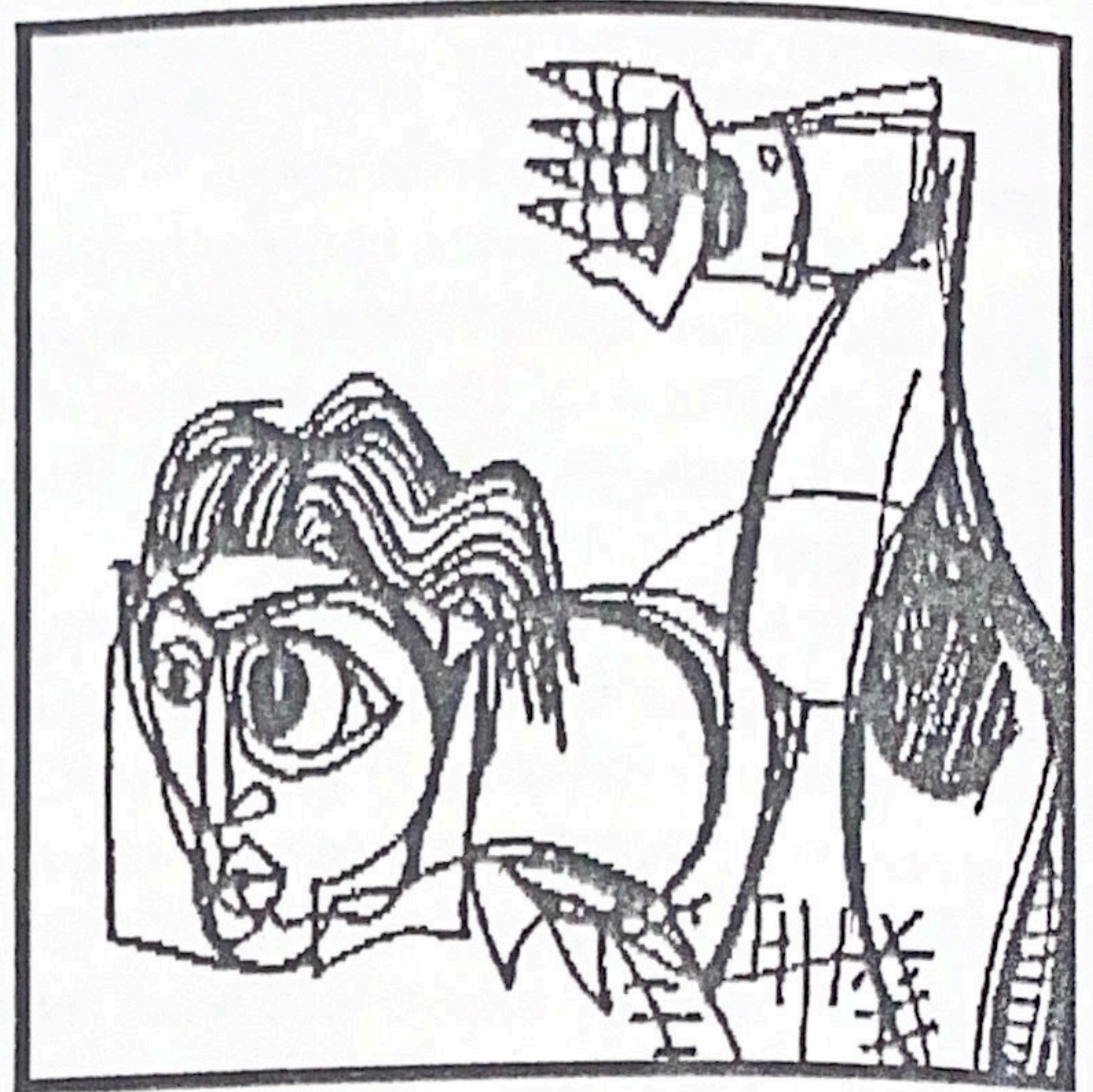


tangentopoli

he was found to have about 40 plants in his house. Ford, a former British Rail worker retired on health grounds because he has chronic arthritis, said he used the cannabis to relief pain. He is said by fellow prisoners in Perth to be in poor health.

Russell Cronin, of the Legalise Cannabis Campaign, said yesterday that cannabis sentences varied greatly across the country, and added: "At a time when Scottish authorities are thinking of on-the-spot fines for cannabis possession, they have imposed swingeing and illogical sentences on people involved in a victimless crime."

In the meantime there seems little possibility of signs on motorways saying "Last cannabis for 24 miles". All of Wessely's crop was destroyed.



What do women want?

What do women want? Well, according to a survey on holiday romances in the August issue of Elle magazine, quite a few want sex with men who don't speak English, who they never intend to see again, who they will not tell their partners about, and with whom they wouldn't be seen dead at home. Hey, *Viva Espana!*

Beef Hash

A Brazilian cow and three heifers died of drug overdoses from eating 40kgs of marijuana, the *Correio Braziliense* paper said. A foreman, Paulo Goulart, found bricks of plastic-wrapped marijuana hidden in a farm pen near Porto Alegre. He thought they were a strong smelling alfalfa and fed them to the animals.



Carry On Protesting

John Vidal talks about the power of civil protest in changing Governments minds and argues that it is only through civil protest that the moral argument can be won.

The body politic - especially the British Government - was never moral. Perish the thought. It's not its remit, function or inclination. Like a bizarre life form clinging to the carcass of society, it has genetically evolved so as to be perfectly out of tune with it's host - the electorate - most of the time.

The biological purpose of government is now clearly survival. To survive, it has learned over centuries that it must first feed vested interests - whether of security, industry, landowners, the status quo, powerful individuals or its own. Only after that can it turn its attention to the rank and file. To believe that 100,000 or even five million people squealing about the bomb, nuclear testing, unemployment, the CJA or anything else will turn a government magically moral is naive.

But sometimes, just sometimes, the M-thing is so staring-it-in-the-face big that even governments can't ignore it. When in the USA business and industry twigged their bread was buttered on the other side, they found themselves

opposed to the military clique within the state - and the US pulled out of Vietnam. Morality could scarcely believe it had won a spectacular victory. Ditto with slavery, women's emancipation, South Africa, the corn laws.

Most civilian protest, though is sub-lunary. It's easy for government to ignore, though it may occasionally need a sacrificial minister or a policy twist. But protest works on governments on a deeper level - most likely by osmosis or molecular exchange. Eventually it seeps into the body politics' bones that its host wants some things and not others. It has taken generations for government to realise that voters mostly do not want war, pestilence, corruption or slavery - and seek justice, equity and responsibility. Yet governments inclination is still to practice one and ignore the other.

For the electorate, it has become an act of blind faith to get up, throw stones, be unlawful, shout the odds, go to prison for a belief or an ideal, or just scream that the government is wrong at every turn. People have to believe (it is not, after all, rational) that the effect of saying no - over generations, - can be immense.

Civil protest has become potty-training for governments on a cosmic level. It works, eventually, though maybe not as expected. You have to believe, as when planting oak trees, that ideals are attainable and that good will come from actions. Only faith tells us that an oak tree will be appreciated in 100 years. Reality shouts that some future Duke of Edinburgh will probably have it chopped down. But that's generic evolution of another sort.

JOHN VIDAL

Defending Your Freedom

PART 2 OF OUR GUIDE TO THE CRIMINAL
JUSTICE AND PUBLIC ORDER ACT 1994

by Len Lucas and Alan Murdie

AGGRAVATED TRESPASS

The new offence of aggravated trespass is created by section 68 of the CJA. This reads:

A person commits the offence of aggravated trespass if he trespasses on land in the open air and, in relation to any lawful activity which persons are engaging in or are about to engage in on that or adjoining land in the open air, does there anything which is intended by them to have the effect

(a) of intimidating those persons or any of them so as to deter them or any of them from engaging in that activity;

(b) of obstructing that activity; or

(c) of disrupting that activity

According to the Act activity is lawful activity if it can be engaged in without committing an offence or trespassing on land.

The new offence is of particular concern to groups or individuals who seek to take direct action to prevent activities with which they disagree.

The offence carries a maximum penalty, on summary conviction, of three months imprisonment or a fine not exceeding level 4 on the standard scale or both. A police officer can arrest a person who is 'reasonably suspected' of committing the offence without warrant.

What the Offence Does Not Catch.

There has been a great deal of confusion about aggravated trespass. By no means all trespassory activity is outlawed. Activity such as:

- rambling or walking;
- non-disruptive protests;
- occupation of buildings;
- disruptive activity on land with the permission of the occupier; or
- disruptive activity on land not covered by the offence

will not be caught by the Act. The discussion below looks at what exactly constitutes aggravated trespass

Aggravated Trespass in Detail.

The offence only applies to a trespasser.

The offence applies only to a person who is trespassing. Activity taking place on land where there is a right of access and that right is not being breached cannot be aggravated trespass. Neither does the section make it unlawful to undertake action on land to which there is a right of access (or private land with the owners consent) that might disrupt activity on adjoining private land. As an example smoke from a bonfire on adjoining land may be a nuisance but it is not trespass. Although a physical intrusion from neighbouring land may be trespass.

Definition of land.

Aggravated trespass uses a concept of land based on the definition given in s61 of the Act. Land includes highways which fall within the classifications given by s54 of the Wildlife and Countryside Act 1981. These include footpaths, bridleways or byways. S61 also includes cycle tracks under the

Highways Act 1980 or the Cycle Tracks Act 1984 as land.

Whilst this may seem restrictive, the implication is that aggravated trespass cannot take place on highways except those that are footpaths, bridleways, byways or cycle tracks. In addition, given that a person committing the aggravated trespass must be a trespasser, activity taking place on a footpath, or similar byway cannot be aggravated trespass if that activity is not in breach of the rights of passage on that particular highway as you would not be a trespasser (reference will need to be had to the by-laws, statutes or common law relevant in each particular case).

S57 of the Wildlife and Countryside Act 1981 requires the surveying department of the local authority to compile and keep a copy of a definitive map of not less than 1:2500 scale of all public rights of way in their area classifying them as bridleways, footpaths or roads used as public paths. The map must be available for public inspection at reasonable hours. It is open to any person to apply to the surveying authority for an order to modify the map and statement. In the event of a refusal there is the right of appeal to the Secretary of State for the Environment. If this formal review procedure is commenced it may be difficult for the prosecution to pursue their case as the path may be in the process of re-classification. Proceedings in the Magistrates Court would probably have to be adjourned until either the local authority or the Secretary of State had reached a decision.

Other difficulties may arise if a path is not included on such a map. Or where it is unclear where a path lies. The prosecution may have difficulty in calling the appropriate witness to prove the trespass.

Airspace and Water: The Act refers only to trespass to land. This leaves open the possibilities that trespass to water or airspace may not be caught. This conclusion is reinforced by one of the princi-

ples of statutory interpretation, that is the criminal statutes should be interpreted strictly and in favour of the liberty of the citizen. As a consequence, it would appear that aggravated trespass would have to be on land to be caught by the statute.

Intent.

Intent is of crucial importance as to whether or not the offence of aggravated trespass is being committed. Intent must be proved by the prosecution in order for a person to be convicted. If a person does not have the intent to disrupt the activity, for example they want to quietly protest holding a placard, then it is arguable that the necessary intent will not arise and the offence will not be committed. A defence to aggravated trespass would be that any disruptive effect of any activity was purely incidental.

Additionally provided that an activity is not meant to be disruptive it should not come within the scope of aggravated trespass irrespective of the degree to which it is actually disruptive. For example a rambler is intending to walk across a field irrespective of whether or not they actually disrupt a lawful activity they cannot commit aggravated trespass.

There may of course be borderline cases which may need to look at the specific circumstances of the case. In the case of hunt sabbing such matters as a persons previous activity relating to hunt sabbing, the nature of the activity and the time at which that activity is taking place might point to it being potentially disruptive, proof of intent may become harder where there is no previous record of sabbing, the activity is carried out at a place at times other than when a hunt is present and the activity has some purpose in its own right.

Trespass itself requires an intention to interfere with the land. Thus the prosecution may have to prove two separate intentions (1) an intention to enter as a trespasser and (2) an intention to disrupt. In *League Against Cruel Sports v Scott*

(1986) 1 QB 240 it was held that the intention to trespass could be inferred as the hunt repeatedly hunted next to land where hunting was prohibited and it was known that fox hounds could not be prevented from crossing the boundary. It may be suggested that where hunting is continually disruptive and trespassory, aggravated trespass may be committed by the hunt (this would also apply to any other activity).

Is drunkenness or intoxication a defence? In order for a person to be found guilty of a criminal offence the law requires that they must have a guilty mind, (known as mens rea). The law divides offences into two types, offences of basic intent and offences of specific intent. The important distinction is that offences of basic intent may be committed by a person who is drunk or intoxicated but a person who is drunk cannot be guilty of an offence of specific intent if s/he was too drunk or intoxicated to know what s/he was doing at the time. An example is a burglary which involves entering property as a trespasser with an intention to steal. If a person simply enters a property as a trespasser but has no intention to steal (eg s/he is too drunk to realise what is happening a conviction cannot be sustained).

Typically Acts creating offences involving specific intent use words like "maliciously" or "with intent" or "aggravated". In such cases intoxication may act as a defence (provided a person did not deliberately get drunk in order to develop the courage to commit the offence).

As the CJA creates an "aggravated" offence of trespass requiring a strong element of intent, an offence of specific intent appears to have been created. As a result, it would appear to be a defence to a charge of aggravated trespass that a person was too drunk or intoxicated to know what they were doing and therefore did not form an intention to cause disruption.

The offence applies to the disruption of an activity

that is being engaged in or is about to be engaged in.

This suggests that the offence of aggravated trespass can only occur where the trespass occurs during or immediately before the lawful activity takes place. In addition s68(4) provides a power of arrest only where "a constable in uniform reasonably suspects that a person is committing (the offence of aggravated trespass)."

Lawful Activity.

If the other party is undertaking activity that is unlawful disrupting it cannot lead to an offence of aggravated trespass. Examples of unlawful activity might include breaches of health and safety legislation on construction sites or any other criminal act such as brutality toward demonstrators.

An activity is considered lawful if it can be carried out without committing an offence or the activity being disrupted is being undertaken by another trespasser. This implies that if a case comes to court the person in possession of the land would be responsible, through their evidence, for deciding which party is the trespasser. (The Act therefore may restrict certain types of activity but at the risk of embroiling property owners in controversies with which they may not wish to be publicly associated).

Disrupting the activity of another person on land where the public have a right of way may avoid aggravated trespass where the activity being disrupted breaches the by-laws or other elements of the right of way. Or the disruptive activity does not itself breach the conditions of the right of way. Of course if the activity of either party breaches by-laws it may itself be unlawful which means that other action may be possible.

Circumstances might also arise where the defence of necessity may arise or the need to exercise rights such as citizens arrest. Where a campaign action is being considered research into the

legality of the activity to be disrupted may be important. The variety of possibilities is beyond the scope of these articles but issues covered by environmental law and planning law may be relevant. *Stones Justice's Manual* may be a good source for investigation.

Penalties.

S68(3) states that a person guilty of committing aggravated trespass is liable on summary conviction to a maximum of 3 months imprisonment or a fine not exceeding level 4 on the standard scale or both. A police constable, in uniform, may arrest without warrant a person who they 'reasonably believe' is committing the offence.

Powers to Remove a Person Committing Aggravated Trespass.

A senior police officer present where people are suspected of participating, about to participate or having participated in an aggravated trespass may direct those people to leave the land (s69). This power also applies where two or more people are trespassing on land with the common purpose of intimidating others so as to deter them from engaging in lawful activity or obstructing lawful activity. Lawful activity has the same meaning as described above.

Where such a direction has been given and a person knowing that this direction has been given and applies to them either:

- fails to leave the land as soon as practicable; or
- having left re-enters the land as a trespasser within three months of the day the direction was given

they commit an offence which on summary conviction may lead up to 3 months imprisonment or a fine not exceeding level 4 on the standard scale or

both. A constable in uniform may arrest without warrant a person who they reasonably suspect is committing this offence.

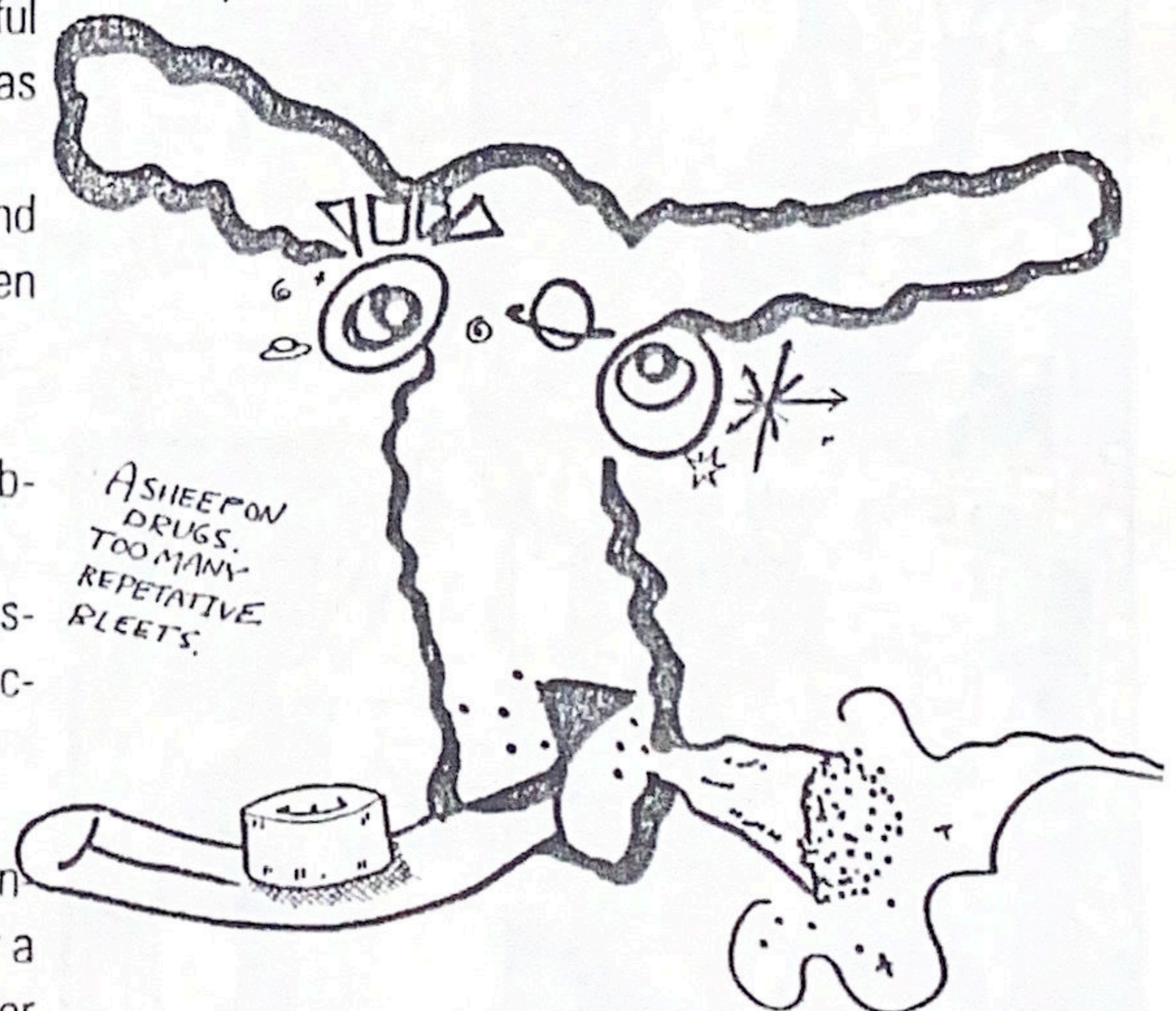
Again an offence does not arise if the trespass is not actually being committed. However, where a direction has been given the police are given a power of arrest if the direction is contravened. Whether or not the direction was legitimate is a matter only likely to be determined in retrospect. The direction can only apply to land where aggravated trespass may be committed.

A person must know that the direction has been given and that it applies to them.

This would suggest some form of direct communication of the direction should take place. Particularly in that section 63(4) of the Act which deals with raves makes specific provision for the circumstances where a direct communication does not occur.

(Next ish we look at the right to protest and the use of the highway).

copies of Len and Alans booklet 'Defending Your Freedom' can be obtained for £5 from Legal Research and Campaign Services, PO Box 2764, London, E9 7EJ



The Road To No-Where

Sydney J. Trout was refusing to leave his house. The nasty man in the suit had called in the S.A.S..

THE S.A.S! ISN'T THAT A BIT EXTREME?

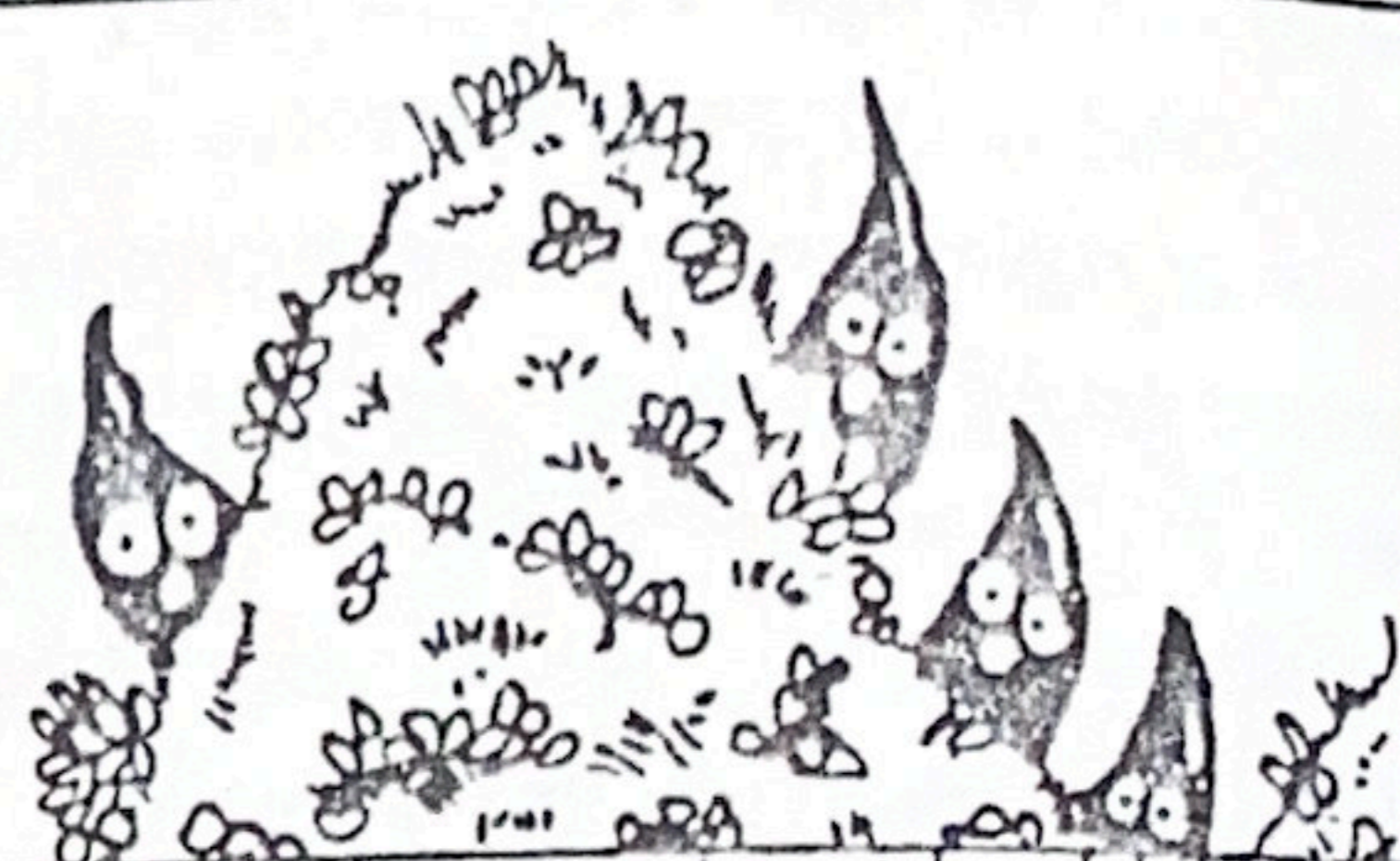
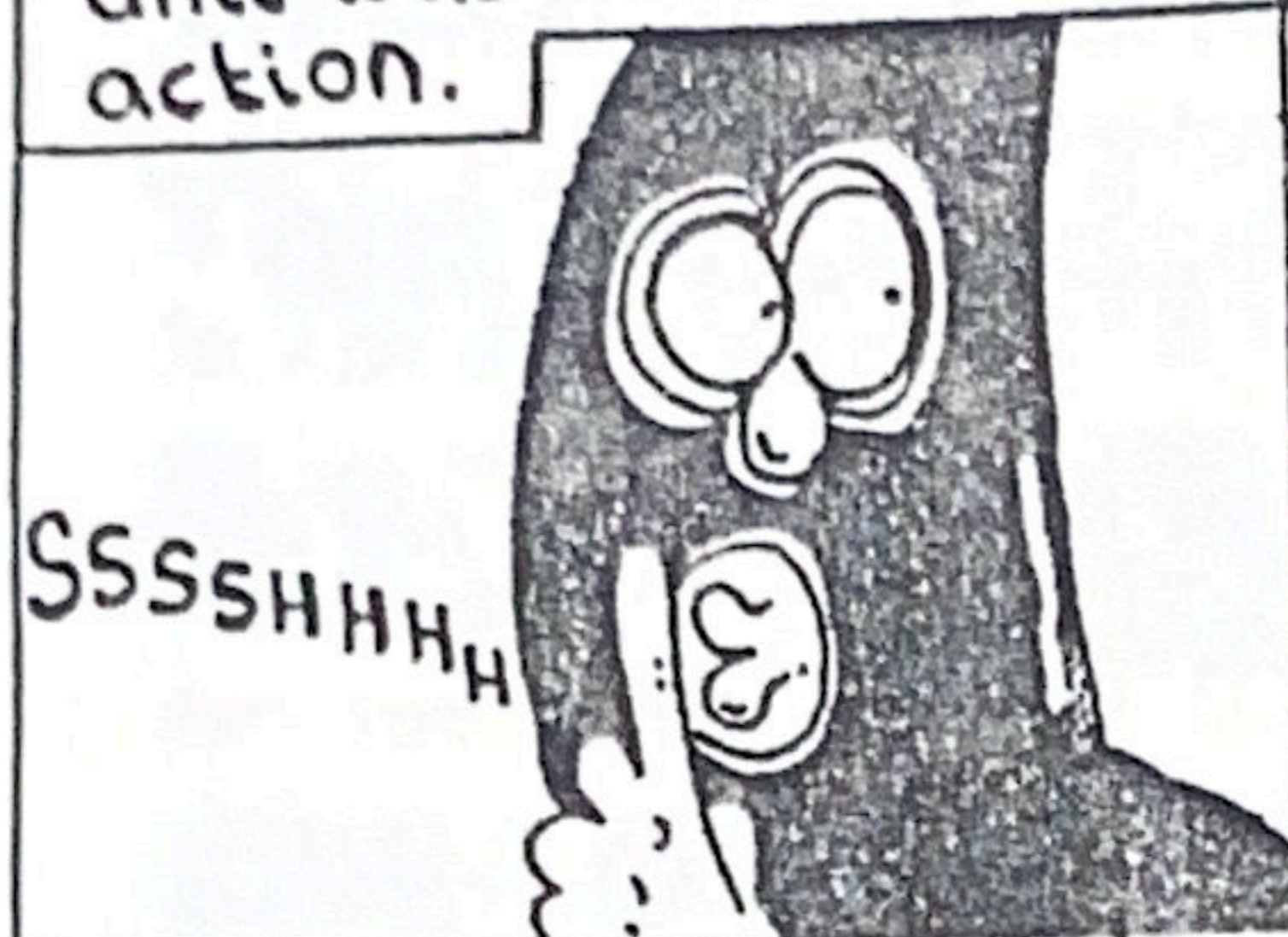
NOT AT ALL! UNDER THE CRIMINAL INJUSTICE ACT NOTHING IS TOO EXTREME.

I CAN DO WHAT I WANT WHEN I WANT! ESPECIALLY IF IT IS VIOLENT!

And so an elite military unit was sent into action.

Between them they had over 80 years experience;

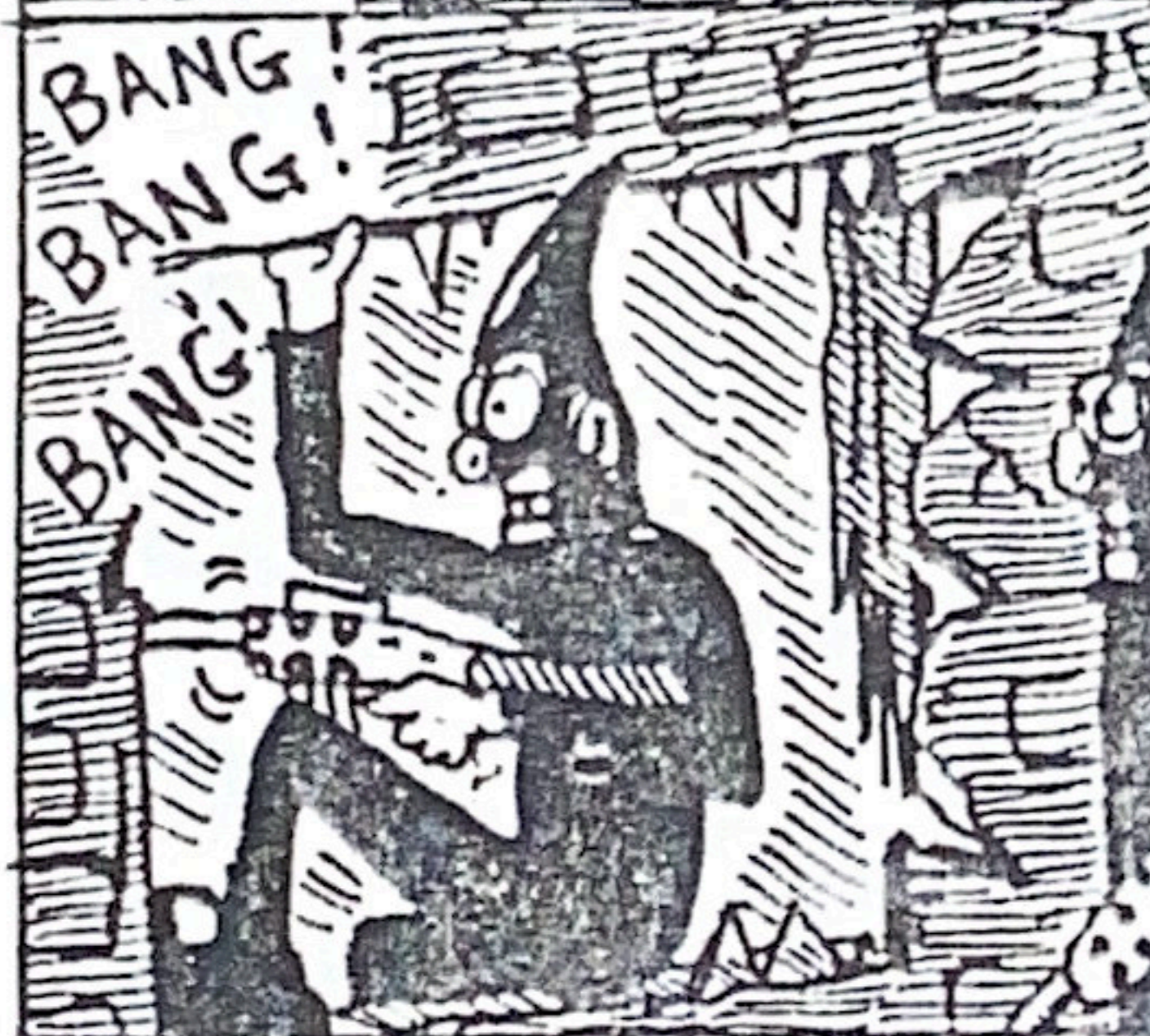
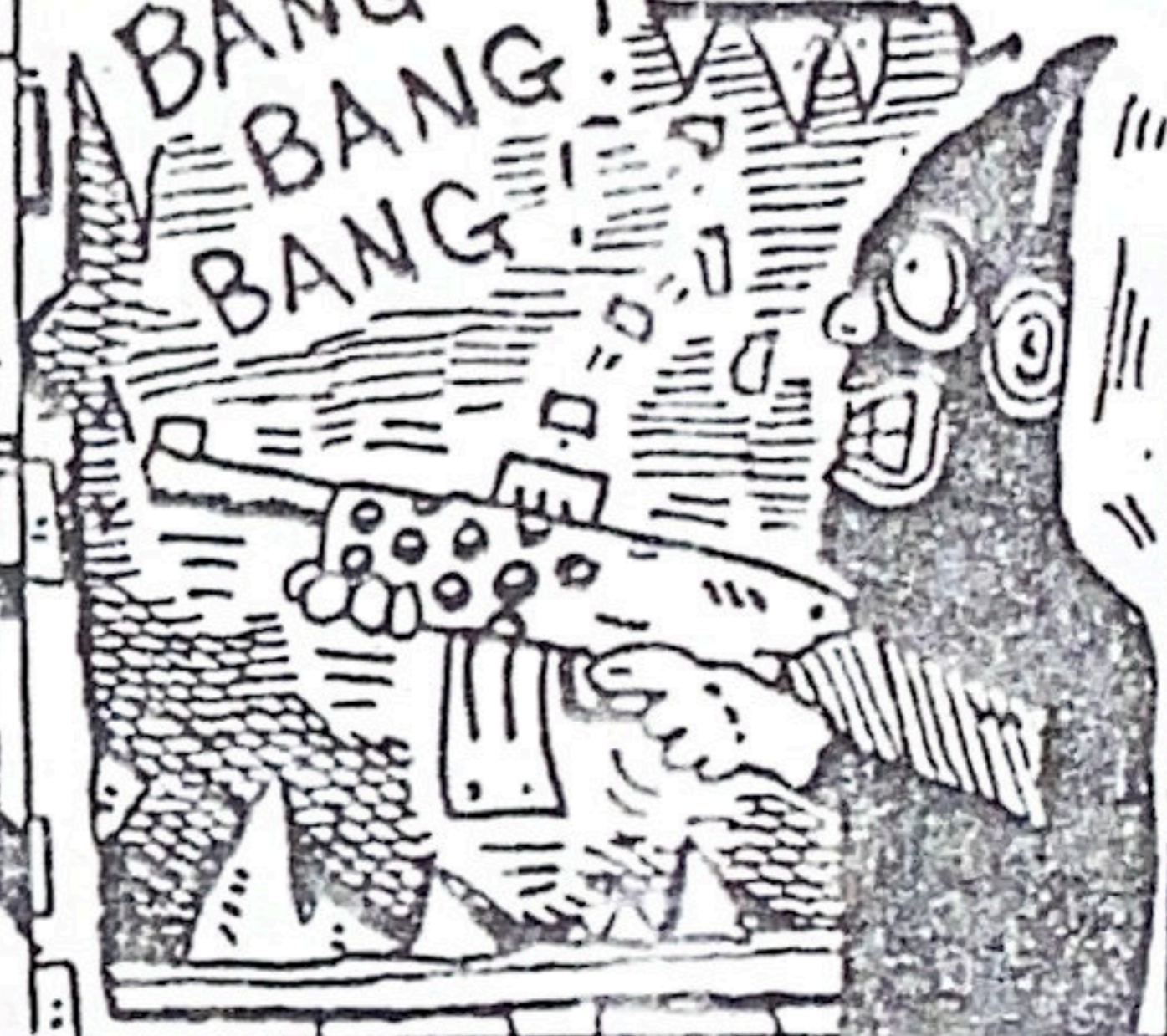
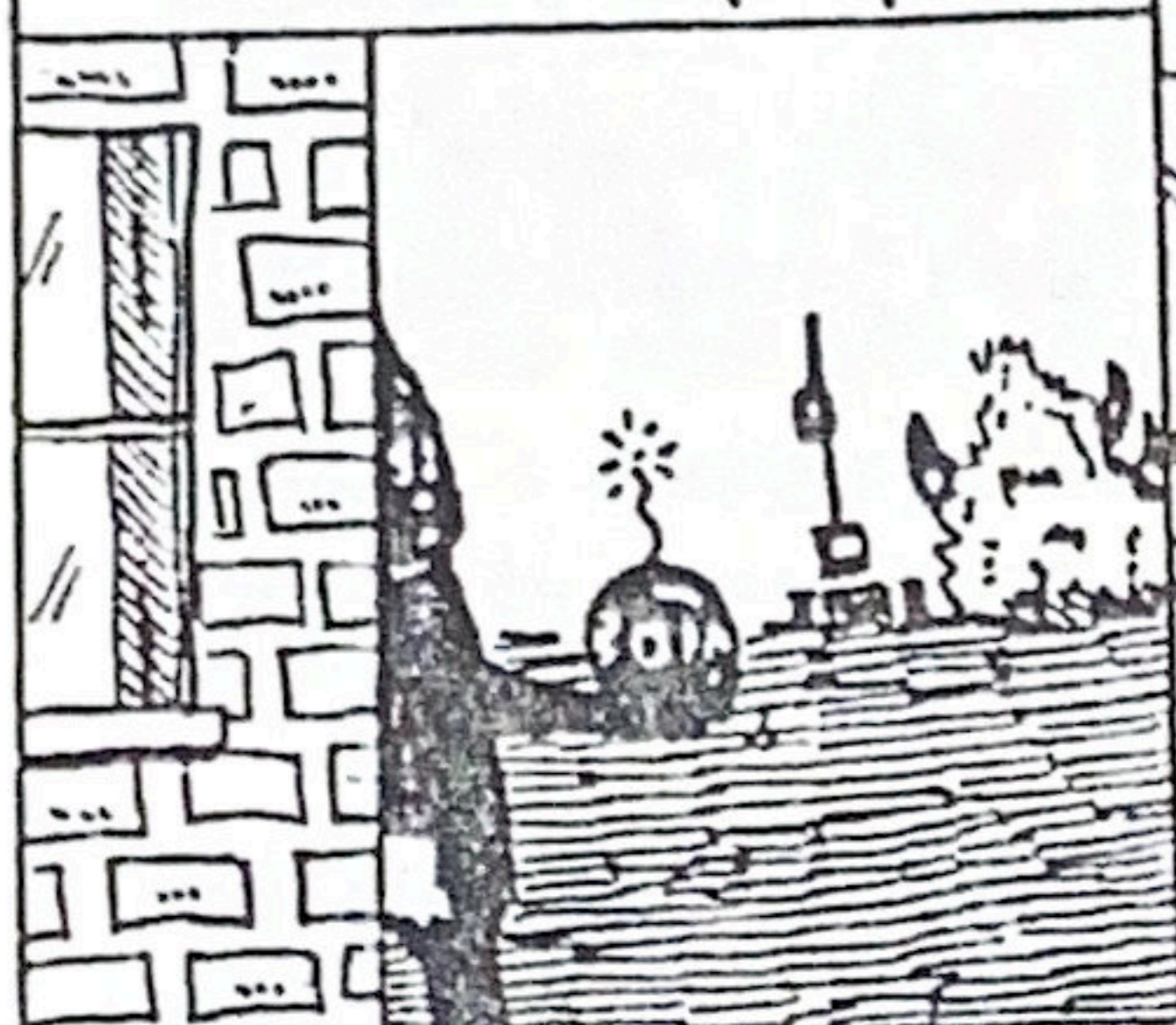
had fought in 19 Wars and covert operations behind enemy lines;



and killed 51 people.

Their latest mission - evict an old man.

BANG! BANG! BANG!



HA HA HA HA THAT'LL SHOW THE OLD GIT!

RUN AWAY!



GET ME THE R.A.F. I WANT AN AIR STRIKE ON THAT HOUSE!

Next - The Cavalry arrives.

DAIRY OF A ROAD CAMPAIGN

"Countryman" gives us an insiders look into the daily ritual of second guessing and non violent protest that constitutes the anti-A299 Blue Route campaigner.

This campaign has been "up and running" in an active way, since the last day of April, or beltane. That was the night of our world famous "rave against the machine", an experience that began at the assembly rooms with a dolly mixture of tunes and vibes, and then wound it's bubbly way out into the lush dark countryside. tVC were, as expected, brilliant, and 350 dancing shamen can't be wrong. Oz and Nick, I thank the great mother that I bumped into you in Canterbury that morning. I wonder what we'd have done without you? We were visited before sunrise, May day, by two police officers, but I admit that I never told them the real reason we were there. I said it was a party and nothing more, which was true; but when the landowner and reporter turned up at 6.30ish it was a different tale we told. "This was a psychic bomb", bragged our man CJ Stone.

I pitched my tent on this night deep in the heart of the woods and began to meditate. A week passed in trance and I was then kept company for a while by potholer Gary, a university student and all round good 'un. Cheers Gaz.

VE Day. 8th June: Tree dressing day. No one really knew what a "tree dressing" was, but it didn't matter much. We had a fire and a drink and a smoke and reflected (after the two minute silence for fallen warriors) on the irony of celebrating the defeat of the Nazi's while in the same week a German firm (Kier - Hochtief) began to destroy our heritage, the countryside. Not that I'm anti-German or anything, you understand? It's just iron-

ic. That's all. We hung messages on the Flat Oak, to the men with the chainsaws, to spare the tree. At the time of writing this, (June 17th) it still stands, although all round it they've wreaked destructive havoc on the land.

Friday evening 12th may. En route to Seasalter I spotted works in progress beside the Thanet Way, near the long reach roundabout. Freaked.

Saturday morning, returned to the site, spoke to the foreman waiting in his car. Watched him drive off. Later, two tree defenders arrived from Exeter to help us out; by Monday morning there were approximately ten or so of us! Still, they caught us out, anyway. A bulldozer had destroyed a large area of wild scrub, several middle -aged trees, hundreds of nesting birds and some very ancient hedgerow before we could stop them. Me and some incredible people walked onto the area as the construction crew drove off it - we were just in time to see the caterpillar trundling onto the Thanet Way's grass verge. One of our chaps jumped onto the upper track and tapped on the cab window. "Morning!" he says. John, the driver of the said monster, was soon chatting breezily about his life in general and the destruction of his children's future in particular. Contractors arrived to put up fencing and we spoke to him about what they were doing. They weren't aware that they were helping to construct the Blue Route, like John the Digger, as they are all affectionately known. Police arrived, but didn't arrest anyone. We left the site and returned to the Flat Oak stupidly thinking they'd quit for the day, as they'd done on Saturday. Later on we saw the bulldozer wreaking havoc in the hedgerows and chased it back into it's lair - they switched it off and it slept for the rest of the day.

Tuesday morning, it was almost the same again, except this time, 5 of us got arrested. We had to make media points and we'd unspokenly agreed to go all the way. Overnight we'd miraculously grown into twenty or so serious defenders of

Gaia. After 11 hours in the cells we were released, 3 with cautions and 2' with erroneous charges. Apparently we were holding an illegal rave!

The next day, I couldn't go onto the 'compound', as we now call it, but about 15 or so could, and did. I watched from a distance with a pair of binoculars and left the area after a short while 'coz I couldn't see what was happening. TV crews arrived and went on site. 4 eco-defenders were arrested and charged with aggravated trespass when they refused to get off the caterpillar.

Later on I visited the folks at Highpoint on Clapham Hill, a house we had requisitioned for the purpose of blocking the route. While I was there they decided to go and stop work on the compound again, as the police had left the area and work had resumed. 4 went and sat on the crane. Andy got punched in the chest by the driver, and they all got arrested and charged as above, bringing the number of arrests up to 13 (lucky for some). John the digger driver got himself arrested because he was mistaken for a protester, so friendly with us was he. The police lied to the nation when they reported on the news that he had had to "run for it". Later on the bulldozer ripped through a hedge that the contractors don't yet own, and let loose a stud stallion worth in the region of £25,000. Our man Ring, who is gradually being fitted up by the police as some kind of Guy Fawkes character, caught the horse and rebuilt the fence.

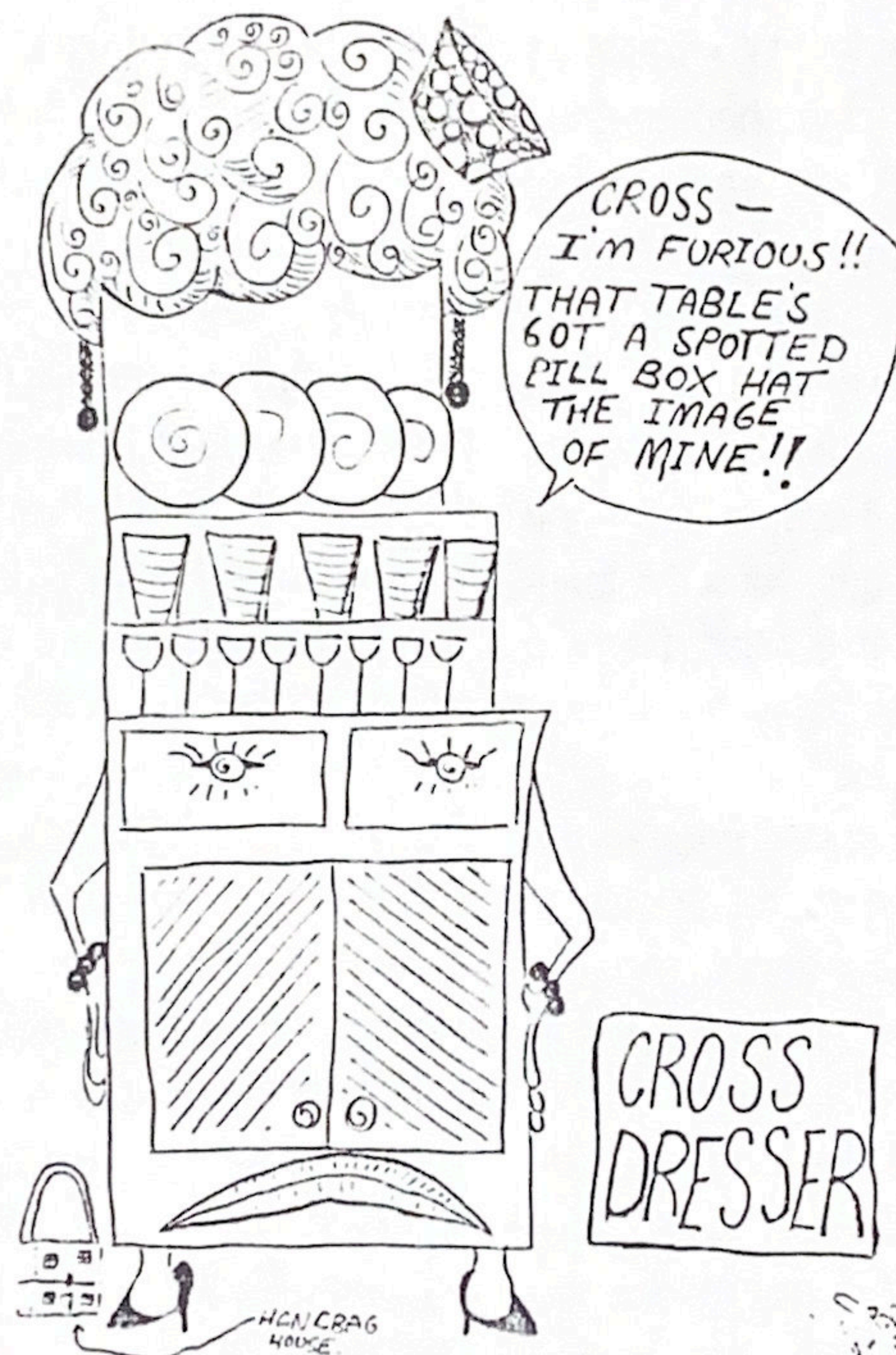
Thursday morning, the police raided our

encampment at the Flat Oak. I drove past the field with CJ and counted 9 meat wagons and about 6 cars. It looked like a disaster, but in fact only served to make us grit our teeth and dig in. Overnight we had become the proud possessors of a luxury bungalow on Chestfield Road, quite near to the camp. So after much mucking round in the rain, most of the people found their way to warmth and security. We decided to "consolidate" our position over the weekend by resting and having a party. Some folks returned to their homes for essential duties and a few of our people drove to Exeter to the "Fair Mile" tree camp, to get an idea of the possibilities open to us.

On Saturday we realised they had caught us

napping again. They had driven a caterpillar into a copse of trees on Chestfield Golf Course and smashed up dozens of trees and loads of scrub and bushes before we were aware of it. Several folks climbed onto the track-wheels of the machine and bought it to a halt. Police arrived and threatened to arrest them. Reluctantly they left the area. Destruction continued for a couple of hours or more and there was nothing we could do to stop them. We pointed out to the police that the contractors were breaking the law because there were no warning notices to the public and

there were no fences around the site. We also informed them that the contractors were breaking the Wildlife and Countryside Act because they



were destroying nesting sites and nests during the nesting season. They ignored our remonstrations and threatened instead to arrest us all. Sunflower, one of our tree-dwellers, telephoned Canterbury police station and was told to talk to the police on site. He informed them that he had done so, but it was a waste of a phone call. They took no action against the contractors, and the site is still in a dangerous and unstable state, with large old trees pushed half over and leaning on other trees. There are still no fences or warning notices and the area is open to the public, being alongside an ancient and well-used footpath.

Next day, we constructed a dwelling on the site and put a fence around it, with all the relevant legal documentation hanging on the fence. When they arrived at 7.30am Monday to start work, they were informed by the residents that this was now our property, and they couldn't enter the site. They switched off their machinery, and walked away to get the police. While they were gone we extended our boundary fence to include their bulldozers on our property. After protracted negotiations with the police and contractors we allowed them onto our land to take them back. But they had to promise us that they would not use them again for that whole day! That's one point to us, I think!

We used this tactic again a few days later at the Seasalter end of the scheme: I spotted them offloading a bulldozer and hiding it in the bushes on Thursday evening. So I alerted fellow members and we all went to investigate. We discovered a shack that had been built around a caravan and moved in immediately. We then erected a barricade/ fence and put all the relevant documentation on it. Incidentally our fence enclosed the bulldozer, and it was now on OUR land. At 7.30am next morning, much fun was had explaining the situation to the police/contractors etc. We were bluffed off of the machine by the police who told us that our shack wasn't a 'dwelling', and that as we couldn't call it a 'squat' we were going to be arrested if we didn't let them have their bulldozer

back! Ho ho ho. So we ran away! Locking ourselves inside the shack whilst they pinched the machine back. We all fell about laughing. In half a minute the police and contractors had disappeared up the Thanet Way, with their toy, back in their possession. Did they think that if they weren't quick enough, we might come back? Anyhow, the whole palaver took about 4 hours of their time up, and we're still dwelling in our non-dwelling. (As of 17 June)

We've discovered some interesting things about land ownership since we began this campaign. For instance, where our little shack is, in Seasalter, was squatted for some years by persons unknown to us. It seems they moved on before the required number of years had elapsed for it to become 'theirs'. And because it isn't registered to anyone, KCC didn't have to buy it. Who could they give the money to? So they were going to build their motorway over this little area for free. It would seem to be true that possession is 9/10ths of the law. As we're in possession of it, they'll have to come up with a novel scheme to shift us. And they will. I have no doubt. This same situation pertains in Chestfield too. Where we erected our dwelling (Ted's House we call it, everyone's Ted Dance) is a conservation area supposedly wardened by Kent Trust for Nature Conservation. As they didn't 'own' the land, merely watched over it (ha ha) and were going to allow KCC to destroy it, it's another case of possession being 9/10ths of the law. We reckon that as we're now replanting trees and plants we should be allowed to stay here. That's why we've begun the legal process of registering the land to the Flat Oak Society, and we fully intend to watch over and protect this copse from the men in the machines. Although there are a million things to tell you about, such as the archeological revelations and dead bodies and other stuff, I'm gonna sign off now, or otherwise this will become a book along the lines of "War and Peace". If you really want to know what's happening then the best thing you can do is pay us a visit or give

us a call. And hoot your horn if you happen to drive by and see some action. Give us a wave and drop a couple of bob in one of our collection boxes. We're friendly!

For the moment that's all there is to tell you about the campaign from the inside, except one thing: we're winning! We've broken all records for road protests with the sheer number of arrests (most of them hilariously inept) and I've come to realise that there is no longer such a thing as a right to protest in this country. Many of us are not allowed within half a mile of any construction work - we are immediately arrested if spotted, and without fail spend a night in the cells. I was arrested for taking a flask of coffee and some sandwiches to my friends!

PS - I'm getting really sick of the attitude of most of the unthinking majority of Whitstable residents. All they do is sit on their fat arses in the pub and criticise our efforts. If they think they could do better - which most of them obviously do - why don't they get on and do it? And, quite frankly, the criticisms we get are often totally pathetic, such as "you look like a bunch of animals". Maybe some of them should try living in the woods, and see how they look after two days, let alone two months, like most of our good people have. Another silly one is - "these people are outsiders, what are they doing here?" I tell you what they're doing here - standing in for you, mate, that's what. They care and you don't. Or how about this one? "Why didn't you go to the public enquiry? You had your chance to complain then." Well, the answer to that is simple: two golfcourses (with all their combined influence) three large farms, a pub-owner and a three thousand signature petition failed to get anything from the enquiry, so why would they take any notice of me? A no-body. I knew it would be a waste of time and effort to go to their do. As it obviously was for those who did go. We're getting the road, aren't we? So there. So shut your gobs and give us some support. Please.

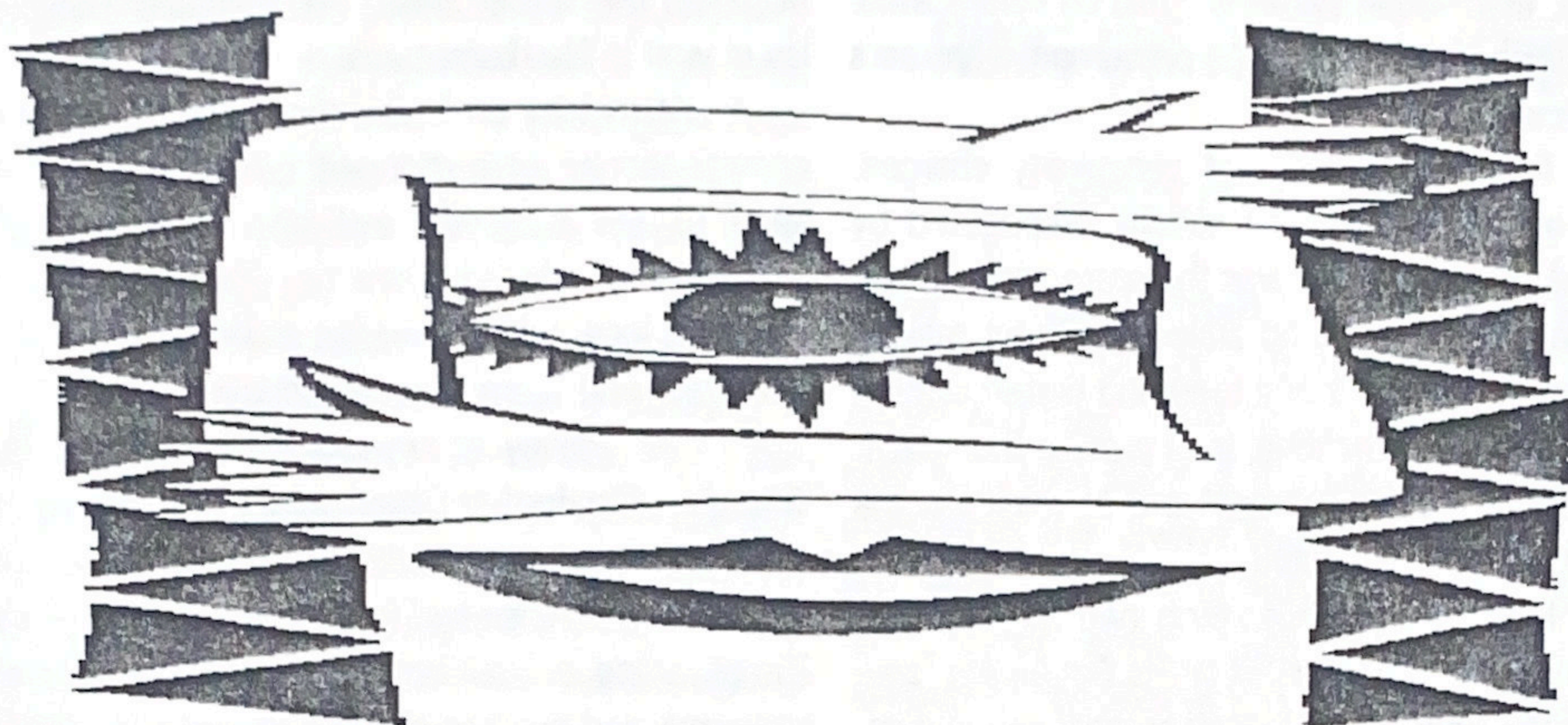
Keep coming to our benefit do's, won't you?



Once an M11 protester, *always* an M11 protester?

Five people occupying an old stable in Snaresbrook, London, due to be demolished to build 25 flats, were evicted last week. They went quietly. An unremarkable event, except that the police detailed 150 officers to provide "reasonable force" if necessary - at a cost to the taxpayer of £40,000. The explanation for this bizarre overreaction is that the five involved were M11 road protesters who had been removed weeks previously from the Claremont Road buildings that stood in the motorways path. The fact that their new home had nothing to do with the motorway and was two miles from the route seemed to have eluded the police.

It's Party Night? Isn't It?



The view from the trenches as party culture's foot soldiers file their despatches from the front lines.

It should have been the Mother of all free music festivals - and one in the eye for the hated Criminal Justice Act. But things soon started to go wrong

DANNY PENMAN reports

The idea had been floating around for months. In April it was decided that the 'seventh of the seventh' would be the day that travellers, ravers and party-goers would prove that the CJA was unworkable.

At nightfall Friday 7 July, thousands of hedonists had planned to descend from all points of the compass on a secret festival site and hold a week long party. Dancing, music and alternative philosophies were to combine in a heady mixture to overthrow the hated Act. The police were supposed to realise that repression was futile and that the time had come to allow people to hold their festivals without harassment.

In April, a meeting between members of a sound system and an underground civil rights group was held. They agreed that the best way to break the Act was to prove that it was impotent. Over the coming months the underground was buzzing with news of the "seventh of the seventh". Everyone wanted to be involved. Party people from around the country had pledged their support - and their sound systems - to the festival. Small civil rights groups gave help and began organising locally.

No central organisation was established because of fears that it could be infiltrated. The date was simply fixed and the rest left up to individual groups to organise locally and co-ordinate nationally. Slowly, it was hoped, everything would coalesce to form the mother of all festivals.

Everyone knew the risks. If the police identified any prominent figures, conspiracy charges would certainly follow. If they were caught at the festival, then sound systems could be confiscated, heavy fines imposed and the presumed organisers imprisoned.

To avoid any fear of conspiracy charges, news of the festival was initially propagated by word of mouth only and was therefore untraceable. The idea was to build up support without making any specific plans. It is a tried and tested system - gain support for the idea, then provide the specific details at the last moment and so minimise the chances of getting caught.

Flyers started appearing two months ago. They called for the downfall of the Act on the "seventh of the seventh" and listed contact phone numbers where information would be left on answering machines in the days leading up to the 7 July. The tapes were changed regularly, each time giving just a few more snippets of information.

Sound systems and travellers then began to think of the best site. Prominent members of the movement held a meeting in a disused factory in South London a couple of days before. The final plans were laid.

A site near Corby, Northamptonshire, was selected. A mixture of old light industrial land and open fields, massive and secluded - it was perfect. It had six entrances and so, it was hoped, would stop police closing it off with road-blocks. The site was to be cracked at 3am on Friday. Maps were given out, memorised and destroyed.

But there was almost immediate disagreement. People from the South West had their own site and wanted to use it. After frantic discussion it was agreed to hold two festivals, offering, it was thought, twice the challenge to the authorities. The other site, at a disused airfield at Smeatharpe, East Devon, was not to be cracked until midnight on Friday. The plan was that, if the Corby festival was broken up, then everyone would head south and join the Smeatharpe rave.

Cars and trucks began streaming towards Corby late Thursday night. They formed ever larger convoys and an advance party of 50 vehicles occupied the site at 3am. Other smaller convoys lay in wait in Northamptonshire.

At midday on Friday the messages on the answer phones were changed: callers were told to head to the midlands and ring back at 3pm. Hundreds of vehicles were heading for the area when the local police moved in and cleared the site after receiving "certain intelligence information".

The convoy of travellers then headed for 'Site B' at Sleaford in Lincolnshire. The convoy of old buses, trucks and beat-up old cars - most of them clearly on their last legs - moved at a stately 25mph along a dual carriageway. Rust, bits of bodywork and number plates scattered the roadway as, every few miles, the whole convoy stopped, another few vehicles would join up. The same was happening in Cambridgeshire. Two other convoys were busily expanding and heading in the same direction. The police were getting twitchy.

In London, two people suspected of organising the events were having their doors kicked in. Debbie Staunton, a member of the United Systems, was taken in for questioning. Michelle Poole, of the anti-CJA group, Advance Party, was taken away, questioned, and later charged with conspiracy to cause a public nuisance.

The police then took over the phone lines. People ringing in for directions were surprised to find themselves being quizzed. Normally information is just handed out, no questions asked. Now callers were being asked to give their names, telephone numbers and information about their travelling companions. On leaving, the police left the phones off the hook, crippling half the party network's communications system. A back up system was kicked in.

Many in the convoys had mobile phones and their numbers were common currency - used by scouts looking for sites and by party-goers try-

ing to join up one of the convoys. But then, mysteriously, all the mobile phones stopped working simultaneously.

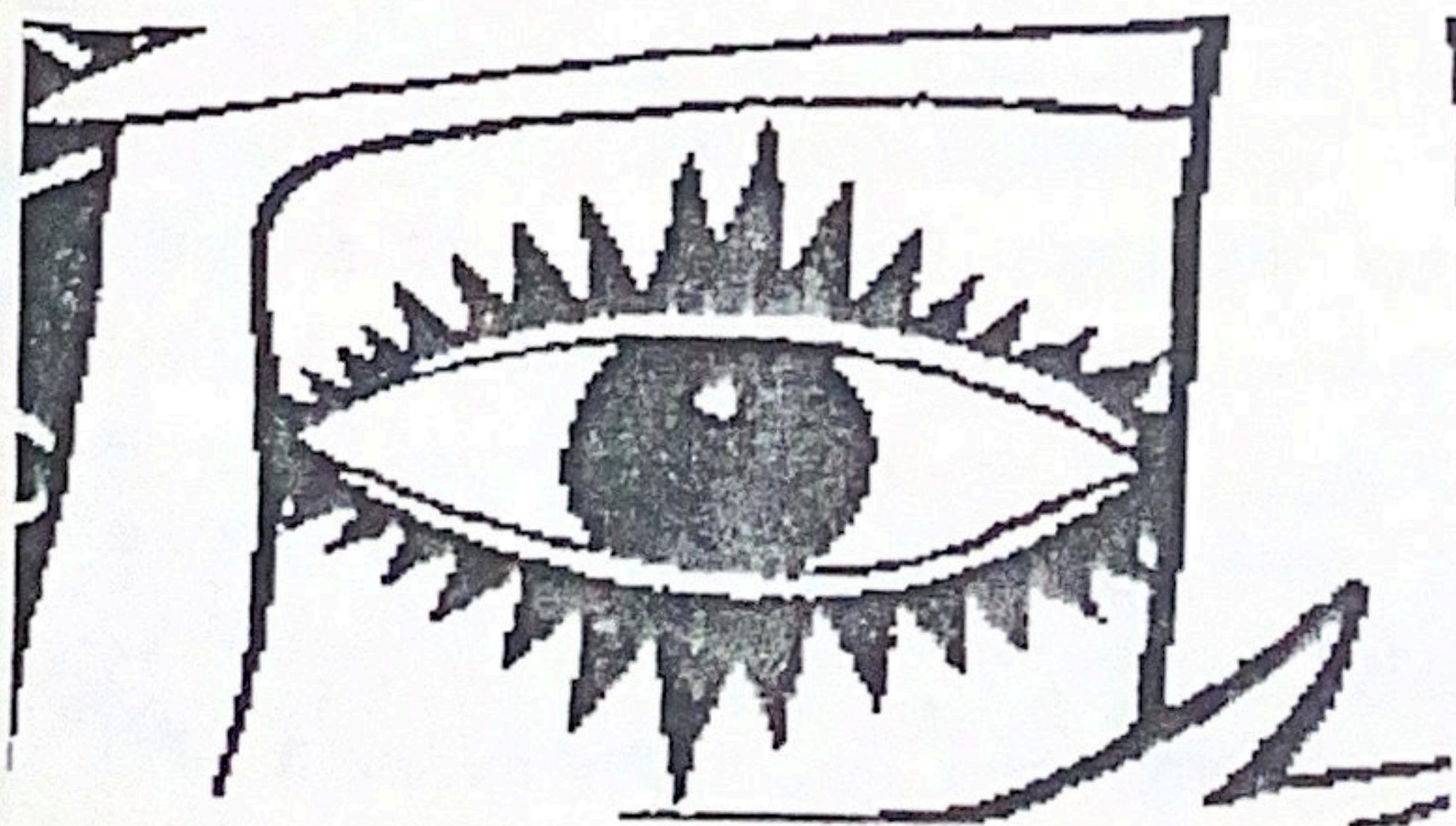
There was only one solution: stop and have a party. The main convoy, now over a mile long, pulled off the main Kettering to Huntingdon Road and wound it's way through a series of Cambridgeshire villages. The locals looked on in amazement.

Eventually it reached the edges of the old RAF base at Molesworth. Now redundant, it would have been a perfect festival site. But again the convoy ground to a halt. The police breathed a collective sigh of relief and closed off the road. The travellers could, they said, spend the night on the road if they wished. The police wanted to keep the convoy moving but they were also keen to stop it meeting up with other convoys and holding an impromptu rave.

At the new site sound systems were unloaded, generators started and several hundred people started to party in earnest as the sun went down. The party-goers of two other convoys over the border in Lincolnshire did the same.

In the South-West the police had mounted Operation Ornament. Units were mobilised throughout Devon and Cornwall and the Smeatharpe festival broken up before it even started. Roving bands of travellers and party-goers set up impromptu gatherings across the South-west.

They may not have broken the CJA but that wasn't going to stop anyone having a good time. Lessons have been learnt and among dedicated party-goers there's already talk of organising the next Big one.



"GET YOURSELF TO NORTHAMPTON MATE, AND RING US FROM THERE"

Diary by Helen Rumbelow

Friday 7th July. 10.48pm. London. At six o'clock this evening I had one telephone number in my pocket and now I have 11. Finding out where the rave is to take place is a treasure hunt of vague information that always begins by finding a phone box, ends with a lot of heartfelt "Cheers, mates" and involves writing down at least three more numbers on the back of your hand. To get to a party like this doesn't just take a few tinnies and a packet of Pringles, but tenacious organisation, a phonecard and a head for motorways. Getting through on my fourth number the voice says: "Things still gotta get sorted, but go north. Right mate?" As instructed we drive up through suburbia, following those fairytale signs "To The North". 11.15pm Neasden: Phone again: "Head to Northampton, get yourself up here, and ring us later - yeah?", and then "Cheers!" is all I can hear before her mobile crackles off. The barman overhears. "You going to a rave? I was going to them in 1989. Brilliant, man. Although one time I came down off my E halfway through, and I suddenly thought, what is everyone doing here in the middle of this field? I almost cried."

12.36am M1, Toddington service station: A coachload of sunburnt kids stuff chips up their noses in Burger King while a man with a pair of Union Jack shorts looks at them longingly through the glass. Phone again: "Head to Corby, north of Corby" - "How far north of Corby?" - "Not that far, and", she adds, sensing the mounting hysteria in my voice, "don't give up now! Cheers!" Before we leave, the Union Jack shorted man taps on the car window: "Either of you fancy a gangbang by any chance?"

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1.05am A43: Turn on some rave music to try to fuel our near-exhausted hopes of arriving. Identify some fellow rave seekers by their ropey car, silly hats, and the way the driver is hunched forward toward the windscreen, banging his torso up and down on the steering wheel. Realise we're doing this ourselves and have to turn the music off.

2.45am Corby: Finally we reach Corby to find the streets filled with aggressively drunk, red-faced lads rutting outside the disco. We eventually locate Corby's only call box next to some lads stripped to their knickers. They attempt to throe up on the car as we roll through our long stash of telephone numbers. Four are now registered "non-operational". Finally one works: "Yeah, take the A15 to Sleaford, second turning on the left after Cranwell, track on the left-hand side. But watch your back, mate, as the place is already crawling with the pigs - oh and hide your gear too - sorted!"

2.56am Cranwell: Depressingly, the sky is beginning to look lighter and more watery, the colour of service station coffee. A policeman flags us down, stuffs his head in the car window: "You wouldn't be going to that rave now would you?" "Er, might be." "Well, you'll be very disappointed," he says cheerily. "Police have blocked all the routes."

3.10am: Our car is the only moving object in the middle of desolate Lincolnshire fields, until suddenly we come across a buzzing knot of fluorescent yellow anoraks. The police guard the entrance to a track, looking very jolly and chuffed with themselves. "You can't go down there. No. Sites closed. It's no good you asking anymore 'cos we don't know." In the next layby are parked four dodgy motors with sleeping people in them, looking eerily lifeless in the grey light. One of them is stirring, cursing the police: "We was gutted as we came all the way from London. I'd do it again, though, 'cos it'd be worth it in the end." As we grimly point the car southwards it is some consolation that so many others were prepared to make this journey, half way up England, in a night that wasn't so much the raving as getting there

MOTHERFUCKER

For tVC in Kent the culling of "The Mother" provides the incentive for a small scale, low hassle replacement....

"The Mother", The Big One, "The" party to unite opposition to the insane CJA. Proving the obvious unworkability of an unthoughtout, hastily drafted, purgatory, racist law, railroaded through the Commons with scarcely a whisper of criticism from the left. The people will speak. We have to. As there is no one to speak for us.

Feelings ran high. United Systems, Anti Criminal Justice Act lobbies, travellers networks, The Advance Party, All Systems No, underground publications; all loosely connected and networking by letter, phone, mobile, fax, Internet E-mail addresses and World Wide Web pages. As well as regular meetings and, er, parties of course. Forming the core of our leaderless organisation.

"I'll have the site destination and plans delivered by mail this Thursday," says my contact. "Don't ring, collect them personally." So, a quick visit to a subversive address before our club night secures a two minute scan of a roughly photocopied A-4 sheet with "Destroy This Information" and "If you are caught in possession of this you can be charged with conspiracy to cause or incite a rave." Penalty; imprisonment. Shucks, we felt like part of an underground resistance network. Actually, we were. A map with a large felt tip circle east of Corby indicated the site. It was an expansive, uninhabited area near a disused airfield. "Don't release this information until midday Friday," warns our accomplice. "Secrecy is paramount."

With this info memorised the East Kent portion of "the network" swung into action. A few discreet key members of our loose circle were notified in order for them to inform their people. For us van hire, generator, marquee, portable rig, DJ's etc needed working on. The phone was busy Friday morning organising this. Unfortunately a rather

heavy Thursday sesh at the 7th Heaven post chill gathering in Broadstairs extended well into the morning, so the usual spaced out, tired but happy state of mind predominated. It meant that no-one panicked or got really stropo (except me of course). At midday the location was put on the ansaphone. Apart from the phones incessant ringing every two minutes all afternoon things were put on pause. Waiting.

Our van arrived at 5 and we loaded up. All that needed doing now was to pick up the marquee and we were off to Corby.

A last ring around the contact numbers produced nought but engaged tones; a good sign. We tried Nottingham. Luck. A friend had just got off a

mobile to a contact who, at that very moment, was sitting opposite the last site entrance watching it being dug up by a JCB. Bad news. Corby

hadn't been "secured". A lot of people didn't know what to do and were driving around in small headless groups. Try later. Here's a few more (yet more) mobile numbers to try but it's looking likely it's a no go. Shit.

Time to make a few decisions. By now there were several cars full and a van load of equipment hyped up wanting the party to happen big time. The flat we were based in was teaming

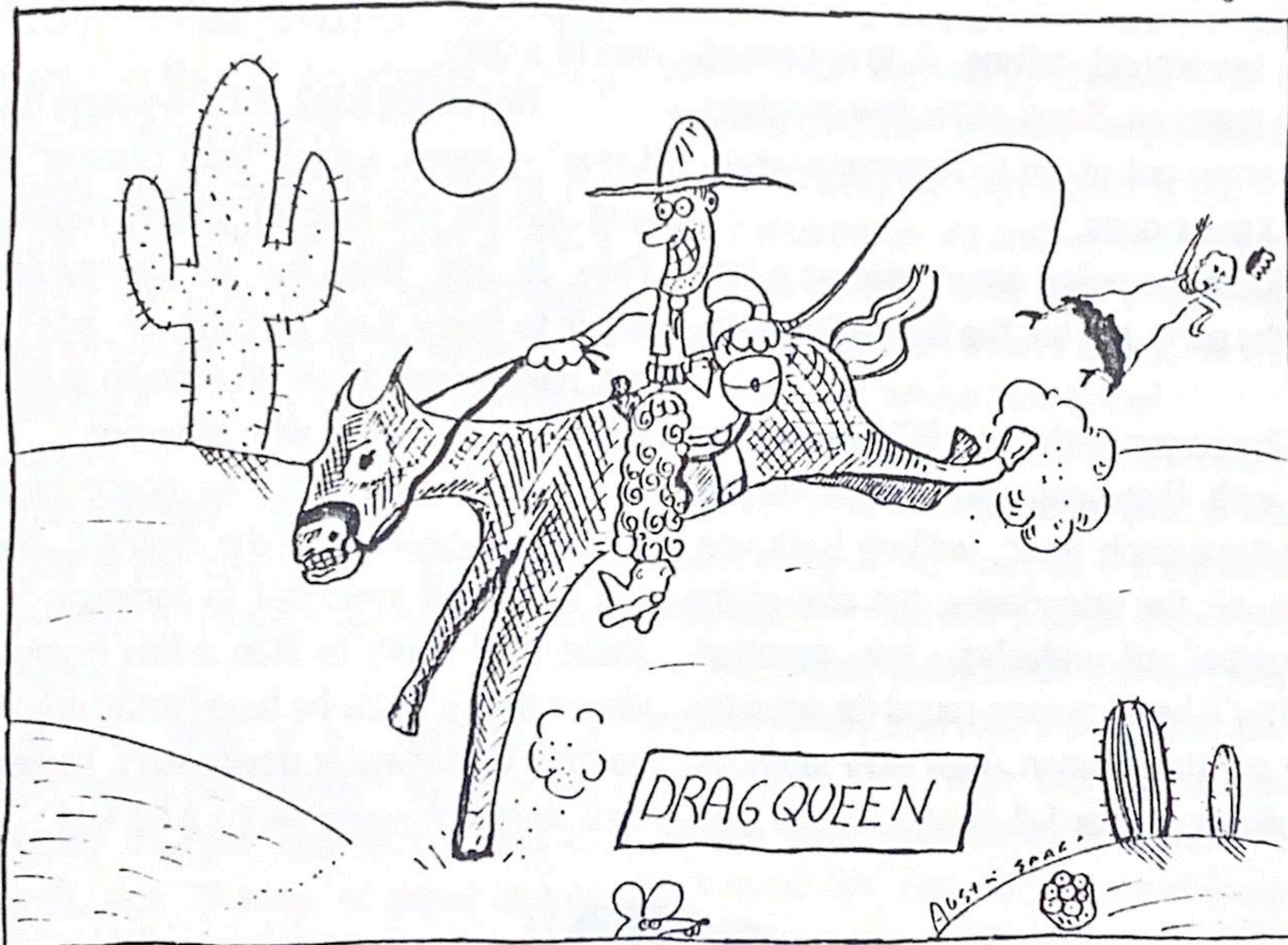
with people; chilling, waiting for the off. Do we take the risk and go on a three hour drive up north or do we bring forward a free party we were planning locally? Corby is well lost and there is no news from the alternate site at Smeetharpe so we decide to check *our* party site again, planned for the week after, to ensure a gate, spotted open earlier in the week, was still accessible. It was. This however takes another half an hour. Time slips by. We decide to go for it. What have we to lose?

One last task; re-ring all our people and let them know what's happening. This takes another 15 calls or so and another hour.

By 10pm, the sun is going down, calls have been made, the ansaphone message changed, the

troops rallied then it's that dash to car cramming mode convoy style and we're off.

A corner of Clowes



Wood became our designated site of special skunkentific interest. Fires were lit from the detritus littered all around whilst ready cut sections of log (conveniently piled up for our benefit?) served as seats arranged conveniently around the fire. This was the only man made light source.

Whilst the crescent moon, high in the sky over the pine tops, shed a silvery glow through the wood, we set to work. Half an hour later and the first tune wafts gently through the still, humid air.

tangentopoli

St Germain, with perhaps the tune of the summer. This was no time to be a melting, dehydrated, stressed out London clubber. This was peaceful, relaxed, easy going free partying at its insidious best.

Cars arrive, lining up the lane, and churn out around 100 people over the course of the next hour or so. Not bad on a few hours notice. A quality core as they say. Some had gone to Amigo's "Pussy Lube" in Ashford. Or Timo's 2am finish in Deal. The A299 Blue Route road protesters, visited on the way up, have a small party on the beach. DJ's Sherlock (his first free party and soaking it all up), Jasper, Oz and Keef turn up. Looking like a two hour set each. At least? Most people seem a little relieved it's local.

Some sat around, talking. A few danced. There was no pressure. Small scale, low numbers, tiny rig. Nine times out of ten this scenario works. Well, here in Kent it does.

At 4.30am the police arrive, give us a little hassle, stop the party, put out the fire and clear the site.

One Sherpa van with three PC's and a sergeant to start with. They hang well back up the lane and await our approach. Then, walking back site-wards, check out the attendance, the size of the rig, the number of vehicles, our reaction. Apparently they'd been cruising round for ages trying to figure out the location. They only stumbled upon it by following a car full of people. We "rea-

son" with them from all angles. They argue we're committing "theft" (burning logs). But with only 50 left by now (the rest probably having that early morning explore in the woods) and it being daylight an all... Inspector Carver walks off, feigning disinterest.

It doesn't bother us 'coz we just move somewhere else. Eventually reaching a beautiful site in the Newnham Valley the last 20 or so of us boil in the hot July sun, snacking, talking, drinking, and smoking 'till well into the afternoon. Ollie entertains with a groovy saturday afternoon glide through his record box and we feel all the better for it. The beer relieves our parched throats. £40's worth of bottles sit in a picnic cooler, ice cubes spilling from the open top. Thank you Uncle Walt, you're a gent.

Reflecting back, it's the people isn't it? "The Crew" - Aaron, Louie, "Deck Breaker" Dent, Pam and Jon (to the rescue), Steve, Hazel and Dave, Polly, Jo, Jay. Great fun. All the new friends met. Big hi to Beery, back partying. Oh, and CJ. A really big, rolling, deep piano breakdown at dawn thanks is well in order to all who attended.

We're not fazed by police tactics up at Corby or elsewhere in the slightest. You know, if it's really that important to someone to put in all those man hours to stop a few hippies having a dance then it may be time for the police to say no to their Westminster paymasters. Parties and politics *do* mix. Anyway here's a hankie!



OH, YEAH OF LITTLE FAITH

7TH HEAVE-ON, 22 JUNE.

For the negative little toss-pot, who was heard to opine how "in a month nobody will be coming here anymore" - oh, how *wrong* you were! On a night that numbers were expected to be down due to the mass exodus to Glaster-fucker, and with that mecca of house music and cool, the Penny (?) fielding a trance/house night with "topp London DJs" (you know, the one's you've never heard of) - at The Works it was a true throberama of hedonistic excess. And we all know that nothing sucks seeds like excess, don't we? It was actually Throb Felt's farewell gig on these here shores before the off with Debbie to them thar shores (South East Asia). You bar-stewards! And Throb performed mightily in the 12" department, leaving us all, quite literally gagging for it.

With Robin (Logomotion) in charge of the visuals (and jolly good they were too) a much needed shot of life was added to the tired Seventh interior. Expect to see more fun in the future.

With our band of trusty helpers, especially Oochie ma loochie and Fat tongue we quickly transformed the carefully constructed Kev and Shaz interior that is The Works into a space most conducive to maximum stumbling around mode for the faithful Seveners.

With all the "mad" D & F bastards at Glasters (Aaron losing his Glasters virginity we hear, Pete getting mugged and Timo trying to smoke a stone(!), plus 39 more of them) it was time for the wetbacks to seize back the mad bastard crown from their erstwhile companions. And we fuckin stuffed 'em. Even Mr and Mrs were spotted lurking in 7th's hallowed portals, shaking expensively dressed legs in the general direction of the floor, whilst Throb staggered impressively behind the decks (and this was at ten past nine!).

With warm-up more than ably provided by Tejentopoli, who played a snorter of a set, the reins were seized by Oz who started whipping the crowd into a nice little canter, both helping to develop the

night into a classic 7th, with all the right ingredients; lots of mad friendly heaveners slipping on their spilt pints on the heaving dance floor, crap music and the crappiest, ugliest DJs you'll see anywhere (apart from London). And Nicki wasn't even playing! What more could one ask for? And yes a few smiling faces were spotted (at the end of the night when everyone realised they could at last go home and listen to some good music).

By the time Throb staggered Pamesquely to the decks, the crowd were raging full on, mayhem central being just around the corner. Faversham posse shouted and whooped, generally making a spectacle of themselves, and that was just Walt adding much needed vocal embellishments to the bouncing sound track. Others contented themselves with eye-rolling shuffles (Mr E), tongue chewing twitches (Aaron), and generally the sort of bad dancing that feels great at the time but if it was captured on vid and viewed later would have everyone covering their face in disbelief saying "I don't look like that when I dance, do I?". Yes, I'm afraid so. But where was Gone?

With things reaching quite nearly a climax of almost respectable proportions, it was obvious that the night had reached it's too hasty conclusion, and it ended in it's usual abrupt sort of manner from those lovely chaps that look after the door and take away everyone's drugs and skins.

Then, left with the age-old problem of "Where now? We can't really invite 150 people back to our flat, can we?", instead we invited 200 people back to our jolly chav chums, W & M's to take the night in a (not so) new and sinister direction. Hurrah. So copious amounts were drunk, interspersed with the usual abuse (some of it self) and piss taking that shows you're in Walt's company. With Nick being sick in a dustbin, Throb collapsed mightily on an overstuffed sofa, Gooey slapping his thighs uproaringly in a leather hot-pant wearing sort of way, and Oz waving that fag around tartily, we knew nirvana had at last been reached. Fucking crapp, or what?

Trying to Get a Sausage out the Effing PA

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE FRIDAY 23RD
JUNE

or the exquisite effects of the night before....

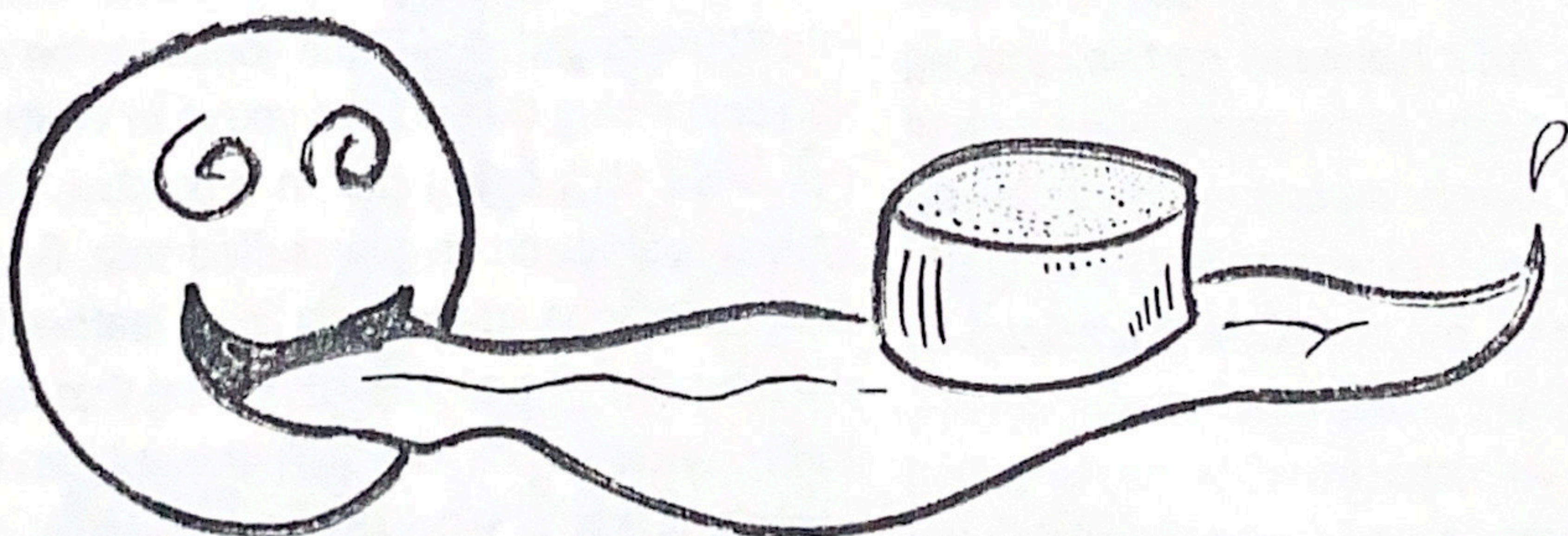
Still suffering the exquisite effects of the night before, yeah of even that morning, it was a sorry looking bunch of us that managed to make our way to Maidstone and fly the tVC flag. It was a definite half mast job, I'm afraid, as we vainly tried ways and means to lift our depleted energy stores to enable us to survive the night. The drapes were hastily erected (oo er) thanks to the helping hand of our tall young chum, Tony, and Nick was first on. But alas and alack the same old problem we always have when we come here. Trying to get a sausage out of the effing PA. This time it was most definitely not having any of it. Only one speaker was making anything near resembling noise reproduction and it was nothing to be impressed by. When we had nearly given up

hope, some young chap stopped by and fiddled around with the cartridges, pulled them around a bit, tapped them on a few surfaces, blew into them (rather expectantly we thought) and then swapped them around. But this succeeded in getting the rig to miraculously spring back into life. Of a sorts. Thank fuck. Although it was rather too late for the already assembling throng to appreciate any of Nicki's wondrous mixing skills as she had already had to do half her set with only one deck.

Followed by Josie, who really showed them the way to do it, it was a woman - dominated evening, as meanwhile Smokin' Joe was playing downstairs (to a rather bemused looking crowd it must be admitted) a deep groove-laden delight of a set that would have been awesome on a kicking system.

Josie was followed by Oz, who allowed his deeper profferings out for a breath of fresh air. But even the high standard of the music on offer couldn't detract from the stale urine smell that has once again regained control of the upstairs room. A night that seemed to be quite definitely down in numbers this was the first time we have played with upstairs remaining stubbornly hard to fill, all night. Even downstairs empty areas could be spotted at various points around the room.

It was left to MD to wind up the evenings listening with a crop of carefully picked and seriously wierd house delights for the few people who did venture upstairs. Then just as usual, as 2am neared we started feeling less tired and yawning rather less. But by then of course, it was too late.....



Space

Crashing Out. Seemed The Most Attractive Option

SATURDAY 24TH JUNE ASSEMBLY ROOMS
Blue Route Action Group BENEFIT
FREE PARTY - Graveney

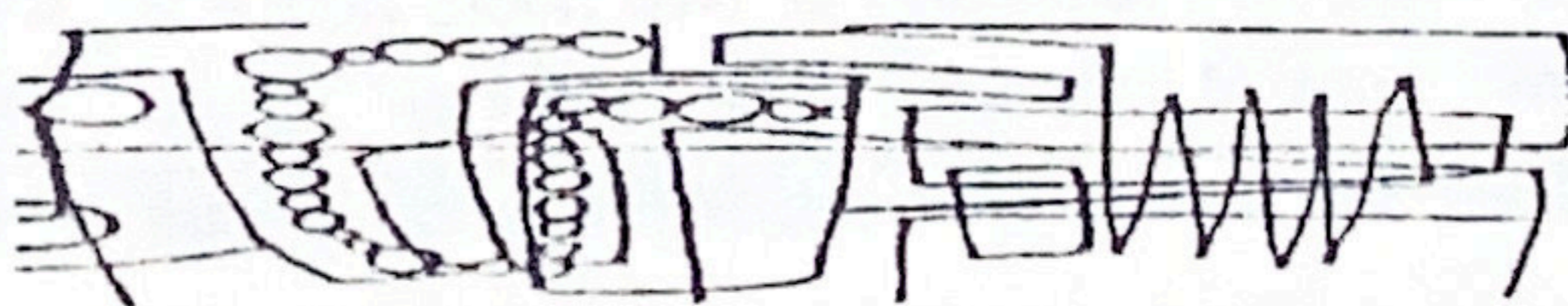
A nice easy night for Oz and Nicky, tVC's representatives for the night. A quick stagger down the road with a couple of boxes of tunes, and we're away. A night marred perhaps by lack of publicity and flyers that were a little difficult to comprehend, the Assembly Rooms remained stubbornly unfull, but the peeps that were there more than made up for it in their amazing ability to cover vast areas of the springy sprung floor without spilling too much of their pints. The other DJ's meant to be playing didn't show, so musical entertainment was left solely in the hands of Oz and Nicki who perhaps failed to grasp the enormity of the task confronting them. Making full use of the Threshers special offer on various beers, ie we could actually afford to buy them, much beer was consumed, even if it was slightly on the warm side. By the time Nicki had arrived back at the hall, after having visited a few nearby pubs with Mr and Mrs to loosen herself up, she had perhaps overdone the lubrication side of things and does not really have much recollection of what records she played, or of how she played them (probably just as well). Luckily Oz took control and stopped proceedings slipping into farce and played a choice selection of choons and 'soon to be featured on top of the pops' rareities. Hurrah. And before anyone realised just what was happening everyone was very collectively drunk and it was time to get to our next place of entertainment. A farm in Graveney where HTBT and someone else were doing a party. This was actually a bizarre coincidence, as we had been planning a party quite literally down the road (NOT going to Glastonbury) but agreed to pull ours and tell all our chums about this party instead, upon the securing

of a DJ spot in return.

I'm glad I didn't have to drive there as by now I could hardly see, and was that drunk that crashing out seemed the most attractive option. Luckily the Whitstable posse were all in the same condition, and scores of us fell steaming and screaming from the flotilla of vehicles that had been secured for our transportation. The noise that enveloped the formerly pleasant party atmos, as hordes of the Whitstable beerheads fell spewing from their motors, would have caused embarrassment, if anyone would have been capable of feeling such an emotion. If any emotion other than that of strange, loud exhilaration that alcoholic oblivion allows one to feel. We had arrived, and we were ready to party until we dropped, quite literally, even if most of us looked like we already were.

Then out of nowhere came salvation which meant we could run around all night shouting and screaming just as loudly as before but without dreaded sleep rearing its head. So we did. And much fun was had. Well by us anyway. Much laughter was had at Maurice's expense when we pointed out to him that he was actually doing an illegal party and under the terms of the CJA his equipment stood (oo-er) to be confiscated, if the boys in blue so decided. Still, it was a first for old Mag Maur. But as usual, they just couldn't be arsed and left us to play to our hearts content all night.

Oz managed to slip a couple of 12" on at dawn which cheered up the assembled throng no end, especially Rowans birthday request, that cheesy test cricket tune. So it was with warm hearts and hideous hangovers that we made our way back into the bubble, waiting for 11 o' clock, that magic hour when the Neptune would be opening it's doors with an all day sesh of music down on the beach. Where we could finish off what was first attempted the previous night, and really drink ourselves into oblivion. What a weekend. Time for a rest?



Complete with bare essentials

Bare-em Woods, Free party. Saturday 22nd July.

Yees! A complete, whole party, from beginning to end without any interruptions, what-so-ever from Her Maj's buoys. Excellent site, farking soo-perb music and top notch company made for a far out experience, maan. To be held in the bosom of an English Wood in the middle of summer, miles from anywhere is an unique experience. Where do you get clubs with such decor? I'll tell ya. Nowhere. The police can fuck off the formerly well established free festival circuit but this is the 90's now and, fragmented though the scene is, it's still here. You just have to go go a little bit more underground to find to find the action these days. The Mother was just conceived to take the piss. Thousands of gatherings have happened. You just don't read about them anymore.

Complete with all the bare essentials for a free party (a hundred or so dedicated dancing freeking misfits, a rig, lights courtesy of the renegade Logomotion crew, a few core DJ's and a large fridge full of booze) the picaresque pines of Barham Woods in Kent's summer lush countryside beckoned (thanks Nick) for a dance till 10am tVC party. All we did was enjoy.

Set to meet in a local pub at two hours notice a convoy snaked through the narrow lanes. Rendevousing a mile down inside the wood we set

about the serious business of releasing the week long pent up frustrations caused by 20th Century, western, industrialised capitalist socities pressures to stay alive. Not a sight very young children or nervous animals would take to.

However, after a sleepless night of hedonistic excess dancing and talking ourselves into a frenzy of lushousness what was needed was a little bit of dust free luxury.

Chill sesh 2 at the Woodpeckers beckoned. Here we set up a bigger rig (thanks Maurice the Magnificent) got the pints in and proceeded to sprawl in a half dazed, semi comatosed manner till we got sick of it and went home. DJ's playing at

both parties included Sherlock (can't get enough of it), Jes (keeping it neat despite swigging unknowingly from Hazels, er, fungal brew), Jasper (tarty git on and off the decks), Oz (dusty and fried with his IQ halved by some-thing), Nicki (Bareham

only but still a succulent slice of DJhood). Al

J a y (Woodpeckers

only but over from, hey, San Fran and playing a bit of a blinder of a deep US

groove jobby), Ed and Liam

("We're doing the last hour" doing, er, the last hour) and last

but not least Kier and Tom, missing out on a play altogether for some reason.

Two guys who muscled in on Al Jays set were spotted behind the dex at the Graveney free party t'other week. Our chum

Theo, who just *happens* to be black, went up to these two and tried to make conversation with them. "Nice tunes man", he begins. "YEH", they reply, "white tunes" and give him a fist salute.

Shhhh..

MOTHER

WAS

JUST

TO TAKE

CONCIEVED

THE

piss

FUN - DER - MENTAL

FUNDAMENTAL -FRANCE

So, we're sitting there on the edge of the stage people watching and Nick comments on this French guy, who is on the ground holding an empty plastic water bottle. He's just staring at it whilst moving it around in front of his face, catching the lights from the stage in its rippled plastic.

"That guy's looking really tripped out", she says. "Fancy losing it right in front of the stage in the middle of all the dancers".

Not four hours later and we're back in more or less the same spot. Nicki lies prone on the grass, rolling around like a loony. "Nick", I say, "remember that guy earlier who you said lost the plot? Well you're doing exactly the same thing". "Shit, I'd better move to the edge then", she replies, and proceeds to roll the five metres or so to the edge of the dance area. The whole crowd watches her with an amazed look on their collective face.

It's Sunday night, or rather early Monday morning, and the sun is not yet up. A thick mist hugs the ground, whilst the temperature still reels in the 70's fahrenheit. The most amazingly mellow house music we have ever heard gently pumps out of the 18K rig. The beauty we share with the other dancers is palpable. Big melty shiny smiles emit a tender glow into the air. We enjoy the cool of the pre-dawn and droplets of dew form on the grass before our very eyes. I would really like to tell the DJ that his music is having wondrous effects on our disposition, but for some reason cannot bring myself to walk the short distance backstage. Ian Lazy Smith plays the set of the weekend and all of us here listening know it. He blends, cajoles and cheekily weaves between tracks, building a vibe second to none. In a word, perfect.

The French no longer keep hassling for acid or trance core. Instead they surrender to the cool

American and English deep house groove that can only be really appreciated this time of the morning.

During this set the sun begins to rise over the horizon of lush trees shrouded in dense ground mist. Quite simply breathtaking. A rare shared moment of house heaven. We truly are in the lap of the Gods. It is why we are here. Peaceful, relaxed, totally at ease, the whole festival sharply focuses a pure bright dream of shared co-operation, joyous life affirmation, and a sense of occasion.

Our friend Sylvie, who popped here for a day four days ago, dances like a beautiful angel, her worries forgotten.

Just before this, in a rare moment of lucidity, I decide to get us all a drink. I manage to get through to the makeshift bar inside a barn next to the main stage and order the drinks. People lounge in all their tanned, tattooed dreadlocked glory talking incessantly. I talk to these two people as I sort some money out. Suddenly I forget what I'm trying to do and am aware I am looning out badly. I look at my hand and see coins but don't know what to do with them. Faces contort in downward spiralling fractals. Eyes appear large and dilated like deep black wells. I try to explain to the English guy with the beard what is happening but can't explain and my voice trails off. All he says is that I'm losing the plot badly. The people around laugh knowingly. It takes me, what?, five minutes to come around and I can just about muster enough logic to finish the transaction, give the guy a beer and head back into party.

Near where we are camping a combine finishes harvesting the wheat and leaves great curling bails of hay scattered around the hill. We decide to watch the sunrise from the top of one of these ready made seats right in the middle of the field. With oranges and water our only companions we bask in the beauty of the rolling Normandy countryside, as the sun slowly rises through the mist, all red and burnt orange through the trees. Shimmering glows flow back and forth. Infinitely complex fractal patterns merge and blend. A thou-

tangentopoli

sand shades of green and yellow and blue shimmer in all their DNA glory. Our altered minds enjoy nature's interactive complexity without fear while the music flows liquid like from the main stage half a mile away. Slow dub reggae permeates the air and its echoey effects tease and please effectively.

A few days before we meet these guys from Devon who have a tricycle. On the front of it a single ring boils water for tea. A large parasol with a bottle of Calvados spirit complete with measure tied to it, dispenses shots into the tea. When the tea finishes two knives and a bottle with no bottom come out. The French, curious, gather round. Once explained they take to it like ducks to water and soon a queue forms and hot knives are dispensed to an eager public. For the rest of the festi they set up over the bridge by the brook every night. "Not one of them ever coughs", notes Mathew, "I don't know how they do it". And neither do we. A naked, tripping French hippy is offered the bottle and tries to drink from it before putting his genitals in the open bottom end. He's later found masturbating backstage and is thrown off site. Next day however he's back; with his clothes on.

Days are spent frying in the 90+ heat and no-one really emerges till sundown. We all fit our activities into the 12 hours between dusk and dawn. Food and drink are plentiful and flow liberally. The bar consists of one tap dispensing the English expats favourite drink, ice cool 1664, to a thirsty public. It's a nice touch. We lap it up.

Three sets of 1200's scattered around the site and playing virtually 24 hours a day ensure that the DJ buzz is well satiated. Bands, playing everything from thrash to rockabilly, play on the main stage from 2pm till 10pm each day. The remainder of the time is taken over by DJ's. Lazy Houser Johnny T sorts out rough playing schedules but each night the bands overplay and this goes right out the window. C'est la vie.

The English DJ's rule the roost. Jasper lays

out a ripe slice of girlyness. Oz a more pumping edge sans vocals. Johnny T's seamless house motions. The two reggae DJ's with PA Inner State Fun Factory. Of course Iain Smith's set. Mark Sinclair's acid and pumping drum patterns. Aaron and Will keep it smooth. Nicky knocking dead the late morning meeting of the chuggy club. French DJ Paco managing to squeeze in a great set of euro edged stompers before jetting off to play a late one in a club somewhere else. Projection from Sub Vision and VLC add an clubby edge.

Overall the last night spot on. House of course. The rest of the festi had all bases loaded with a cross section of all the current dance trends. One night techno trance, another hard house. Some jungle from the dub boys. Trip-Hop and ambient to full out tribal grooves from the Pendragon Stage. Their 17 strong posse representing London well at home in the rolling Normandy hills.

"S'like World Dance", says wor Jasp with just a hint of humour in his well tanned voice.

I meet this jazz musician who regales about the impromptu jam sessions that occur backstage at the Glastonbury festivals Jazz Stage. All the stars mucking in, having a laugh. He suggests that he'd like to play along to some slow house as he's never done it before. That night I have a spot on the Pendragon stage and invite him up. He dives in and soon it's like he's been doing it all his life. The combination of his plaintive sax playing, joined by a bongo playing MC, and the cool house grooves attract a crowd to the top of the hill. The Pendragon's set up a tape recorder and the whole lot is captured for posterity. We think.

The last morning sees us hanging around outside Reg's bus waiting the few hours out before the short drive back to Caen. News hits site of an accident. A van filled with people has pulled out of the entrance junction into the path of an oncoming car and came off the road down a precipitous bank dotted with trees. It flips over and, luckily for the occupants, the back end catches a branch and prevents the weight of the van crushing the roof.

Everyone emerges unscathed, a little shaken, but otherwise unhurt. One woman is taken to hospital suspected of internal injury. As they filter back to the festival site the full story emerges and we all feel that collective fear of death and the fragility of human mortality. This time though the grim reaper goes away empty handed.

While this is being discussed by the group on the grass I catch the eye contact of this guy. "You don't remember me do you?" he says. "Er...". "The other night! In the barn! You'd lost the plot?" "Oh yeah" I say, embarrassed like. He shouts "How Are You?", grabs my hand, shaking it profusely, laughing uproariously. He pulls me to him and gives me a great big hug.

"bi"

6th July - 7th Heave-On

Lee T, Charlie C, Simon Stonehouse

Another week, another hedonistically, excess drenched night of fun and mirth down at our favourite local record playing emporium where fun (and the having of it) is a *dirty word*, and we open our sweat soaked arms to envelope our guests within our collective, pierced nipped bosoms.

Lee T a friend of Maurice and therefore "a proper DJ" (as Maurice keeps liking to remind us) surprised and warmed up the assembled peeps very adequately. His blend of deep vocalled, mellow dancey rythms hitting the spot perfectly. A regular player on the Midlands/Northern club circuit expect to see more of him in the not too distant future.

With such good music to greet each other too and play out the wierd Thursday bi-weekly rituals we soon got down to business and an average 7th Heave-On was soon achieved with little or no effort ie people of all sexes and tastes crawling around, blabbering in-determinately about anything and anyone to anyone who'd listen (and that was just the DJs).

Simon thrilled with his deeper look set, keeping the vibe nice n' light, mellow all night.

Well Named

Thursday 3rd August
The Lazy House Crew
at 7th Heaven

As yet another Thursday dawned glimmeringly over the horizon we drew a collective sigh as we thought of all the fun and games we would be forced to enjoy before a new day dawned. Resigning ourselves thus, we dragged our burnt out, nearly corpses from their places in front of Top of the Pops, stuffed a few bits of sheet in the boot and a couple of pairs of slipmats and set off on that long and dangerous journey, that is so difficult for Whitsablites to make, into Canterbury. Being too late to take advantage of The man of Kent and swill a few beers, we leapt straight from 'the motor' into the plush interior of The Works, ready to do the only hard bit of work that we do all night. With no Oochie Oochie and his awesome muscles to help (waiting on 'his man') poor old Maurice had to carry his equipment up the stairs (well I don't know about 'poor' but definately 'old ') we were all sweating within 2 minutes rather than the obligatory 5. I'm afraid that Maurice didn't have his shorts on tonight, and those who had made the effort to come out, just because they'd heard a whisper that Mag Maur might be in his shorts, were sorely disappointed. However he wasn't to disappoint us in other areas that night, with the sound for example.

EyeSaw was attendant again tonight. After the losing of his virginity the previous fortnight there's now no holding him back, and he was set up, and sampling his own delights before you could drink 2 pints.

At about 8.45 Iain and Baz strolled in. Timed to perfection. On seeing our pathetic excuses for slipmats, their's were whipped out and ours taken off (oo er) and it was time for the night to begin.

tangentopoli

With people starting to drift in as soon as the doors were opened we knew we were in for a busy one, and even this club with all its air-conditioning got unbearably hot. With the Lazies keeping everything on a very mellow but housey tip the vibe was quickly established and the Seveners strange stagger (that is actually a very complicated dance manoeuvre) was spotted throughout the club.

Spotted; Lazy Iain Djing with his shorts around his ankles and his arse in the air (which was well behaved for him according to Baz), Polly and Jasp enjoying their reunion and slinking off early!! (Jasp only undid his ponytail and slinked his hair through his hand 25 times before they left too (too busy doing other things)), Scotty John, P and J, That Dover lot, Mr Legend himself, Artist Pete busy courting, the Canterbury Wholefood gels getting legless, makes a change from fucked, Deck breaker (not drinking, unfortunately), was that Watson spotted, lurking (or was that the fortnight before?), Trudi (when I eventually managed to find her through the throng), Pen, and yes he was, Swishy and Bonnie swishing extraordinarily, Bev, Walt, Rowan, Aaron of both varieties/species, Guy, Stu and Angie, Lou, Nasal (but where was Creaky), Pete, Keef and Jo, Mariella, lots and lots of good looking women.....(and men?)

A night of exquisite harmony was had by one and all with 2 am being reached far too early, as usual, and everyone being unceremoniously kicked out and sent on their way. What to do next being the next usual problem to be dealt with, small amounts were invited to HQ where the party continued into the not so early hours of the next day. With Iain and Baz doing the do on the decks back here as well everyone was soon up and dancing. Asking if we never had complaints about the noise, we confidently replied "nah" and plugged an extra bass bin in for good effect. We later learnt that one of our chums who lives in a house down another street had been knocked out of his bed that morning by an irate neighbour screaming

about the loud music he was playing! Whoops. Our landlord also complained but said "If you ask me, I think it's 'him' upstairs". Well, 'him' upstairs being Oochie and Austin we readily agreed with him! Sorry Ooch.

My god that crew are well named! Maybe they should swap 'house' for 'bastards' though.

This night was taped, courtesy of Oochie Oochie tapetime productions, and in future this and all 7th H's will be taped and be available (for a nominal fee) from Oochie.

Maybe

We are building a NEW world.

Maybe we'll paint marshmallows purple
Or free circus elephants. Maybe we'll ride
on a **chocolate merry-go-round**, or make
tennis shoes for camels. Maybe we'll find
a child who feels unsafe at **home**, and take
her out of there right away. Maybe we'll
mail so many letters to a God, that **everything
gets all healed up**. Maybe when we see a
sign that says "Drawerbridge" we'll get out
and do a lovely bridge sketch. Maybe we'll
make airplanes out of the same material
that the black box is made of. Maybe we'll
live in **equal communities**, equal for
everyone. Maybe a 100% of people will not
vote and **start a new world**. Maybe **everyone is
an Angel**. God, animal, nature all rolled into one
bundle of nerve and tissue, lip and bone.
Maybe all the homeless will move onto the golf
courses. Maybe schools are filled with
imagination and prisons have nutritious food
and **spiritual** programmes. Maybe we are all
free, loved and safe. We all want the **same**
things. Maybe we all love everyone,
maybe one day we will all be together as one.

Stay young. Stay lucky and keep dreaming.

General buzz, general exit

MASS TRESPASS AND FULL MOON PARTY

August 10, 1995

The movement against the C.J.A. and the road protests in general, have united and educated many of us in the need to protest against that which we don't agree with and the need to have a closer if not direct connection to the decisions which affect our lives. Many of us feel that despite the sense that the weight is loaded against us, and that the Blue Route will one day be finished, the fight is 100% worthwhile; as an enlightenment to other people and as an empowerment to ourselves. The result has been an increase in "ordinary" peoples' realisation that direct action, especially in the face of the C.J.A., is the best way to voice dissent. That direct action is far more effective than writing to your M.P.. That direct action can be used to protest about general issues as well as specific ones (for example the "Reclaim the Streets" protests) and that breaking the law is often an effective and viable, if not the only, option.

The Mass Trespass and Full Moon party of August 10th, was yet another example of a confusion of defeat and success, which in the end should only serve to strengthen us and our cause.

Lots of people arrived in Whitstable to discover that the prospect of the mass trespass, had caused the contractors to give their workers a few days off. It had been a success before it had even started. But I reckon a few people, especially those who had travelled here, felt a bit double-bluffed by this sudden lack of diggers to dive. Still, there was a good feeling and people managed to walk the Blue Route, as well as find out various details of this particular road protest: dodgy deals, sacred fountains, land claims, the over-policing of the eviction at High Point last month, and so on. In fear of the expected thousands the Whitstable Times headline had been: "Invasion of the Road Protesters". As a relatively subdued act of intimidation, protesters and visitors relaxing at the bunker on High Point, had to endure van loads of bored police and security, observing them through binoculars and taking photographs from the now heavily guarded space where the house used to be. Some vehicles were stopped by police and generally hassled in an attempt to persuade people not to enter the area.

Despite this, lots of people from elsewhere managed to get here. During the day, there was a general buzz throughout the town in anticipation of the party to come.

At ten, I cycled up the hill to get the low-down on where the party was. Near the top I bumped into some people who told me not to go, as it had all gone crazy up there. As soon as dark had fallen, the police had entered the small encampment next to the bunker, and ordered everyone to leave. Individual police, when questioned by the protesters, were revealed to have no idea of the details of Section 63 of the Criminal Justice Act. The police had to accept that those actually living on site were "allowed" to stay, but anyone who could not convince them of this were made to leave in a pretty swift operation, whilst police infra red cameras flashed into protesters' faces in the darkness. Rumours were all over the place, but I heard that there had been seven arrests, all people who understandably could not hold their anger in the face of such provocative behaviour. Luckily, there was no degeneration into real violence. The only culprits of this were the police in their heavy handed show of power. At the top of Borstal Hill, all that could be seen was the darkness of the empty campsite. Resident protesters had secured themselves in the bunker, with about ten police vans parked up. Hopefully there would still be a party despite the bust.

At 12, two friends and I, biked up to the Chestfield campsite crossing fields to avoid some cops on motorbikes, riding around looking to hassle people. I heard later that police had been stopping people on the M2, trying to prevent them from getting to the party. Finally, on site, we discovered a party in full throw; the Tofu Love Frogs playing, fires blazing and good feelings all round. After

the earlier hassle, at last we were doing what we wanted. Two to three hundred of us. At 3 O'Clock, a few police arrived, and two came on site. Some tried to persuade them that their presence wasn't appreciated, and that they should be able to see for themselves that nothing bad was going on. In this small area of countryside, which was quite secluded, who could (if they happened to be up at that time in the morning) possibly be disturbed by the sight of campfires, people dancing and talking, and the sound of electronic music? The cops left and the party continued, but they could be sensed, still hanging around the far edges, nearby.

At about 4 in the morning, three or four bright headlights were turned on to us from where the police had been. They were amassing, and "negotiated" the turning off of the sound system. Most people didn't realise this, and thought it was a small technical hitch. In minutes, up to 100 cops (or more?) had swarmed in, shining torches in our faces. They escorted the equipment off site, and with "reason to believe" we were holding an "illegal protest and rave party", ordered us to leave in the name of the C.J.A (except those who "lived there"). It's a miracle there was no violence in the face of this utterly provocative, Gestapo style attack. Lines of stern faced cops (earning who knows how much overtime money at the end of a long day which cost the tax-payer who knows how much money) surrounded us, forcing a general exit from the site. The party was over. Police torches scanned the countryside and even hedges, ditches and trees for groups of evil hippies, ravers and protesters trying to sneak back into the site under the cover of the clandestine night! It was farcical!

It may be a sign of our learning from the past, that there was no violence, this time. The more this happens, the more likely that violent reaction may occur, but then, hopefully, it will be on our terms, with people who have decided it's the best thing to do. There, in the dark (with people of all ages, with no previous experience of what had happened, who didn't know the place they were in, and with the frustrated police) violence would have been a sad, disastrous, unnecessary tragedy.

As should be well known by now, the media "war", increasingly the most important one, would have been lost in the face of official lies and the reluctance of people to accept that the police could be so barbaric. It's hard to understand their motives. The juxtaposition of their approach with what we do (peaceful party and protest) is absurd. Do they believe the C.J.A. is needed? Don't they realise that each time they do something like this, hundreds more see through the farce of British "justice"? Young and old, people from all walks of life. So many people there saw and experienced what the police are about for the first time; if not the second, third, fourth or fifth.

And there it goes, just like that! Whatever sympathy for the person behind the uniform I ever had before has gone. I haven't got a second for the police anymore. Whatever intelligence I half-thought their superiors had early in the day, to police "with restraint" (and in so doing "keep the peace") is obviously not there. Maybe they are completely

stupid in pulling stunts like the two busts that night. Because of the domino-like effect creating general dislike of the police, the potential for actual violence or rioting could easily have been provoked. Either they are just stupid for not predicting those reactions or they actually wanted to provoke violence by attacking us in the dark. Or maybe they really do believe that we are a force worth suppressing in this way.

Although they spoiled the party and scared and depressed some of us, they did themselves more harm than good. Even more people are now against them and are willing to stand up against their stupid laws and macho-posturing. More people can see the urgency of that fight. Prevent these things from happening again and again.

The strange success, especially if the temptation to violence is resisted, as it was so strongly on Thursday night, is that each time it happens, the closer it is to the last time.

THE TRUE STORY OF NIK NAKS

BY ADVERTISING SPACE

WE'RE HERE AT STILLBIRTH SALES HAVE A PROBLEM..

I THINK BASICALLY WE'RE TALKING CONSUMER BOREDOM

AND GIVEAWAY GIMMICKS

ONE OF OUR CLIENTS - NAZISNACK CO'S SALES OF CRISPS ARE DOWN.

WE'VE HAD FUNNY SHAPES

BOORRRING...

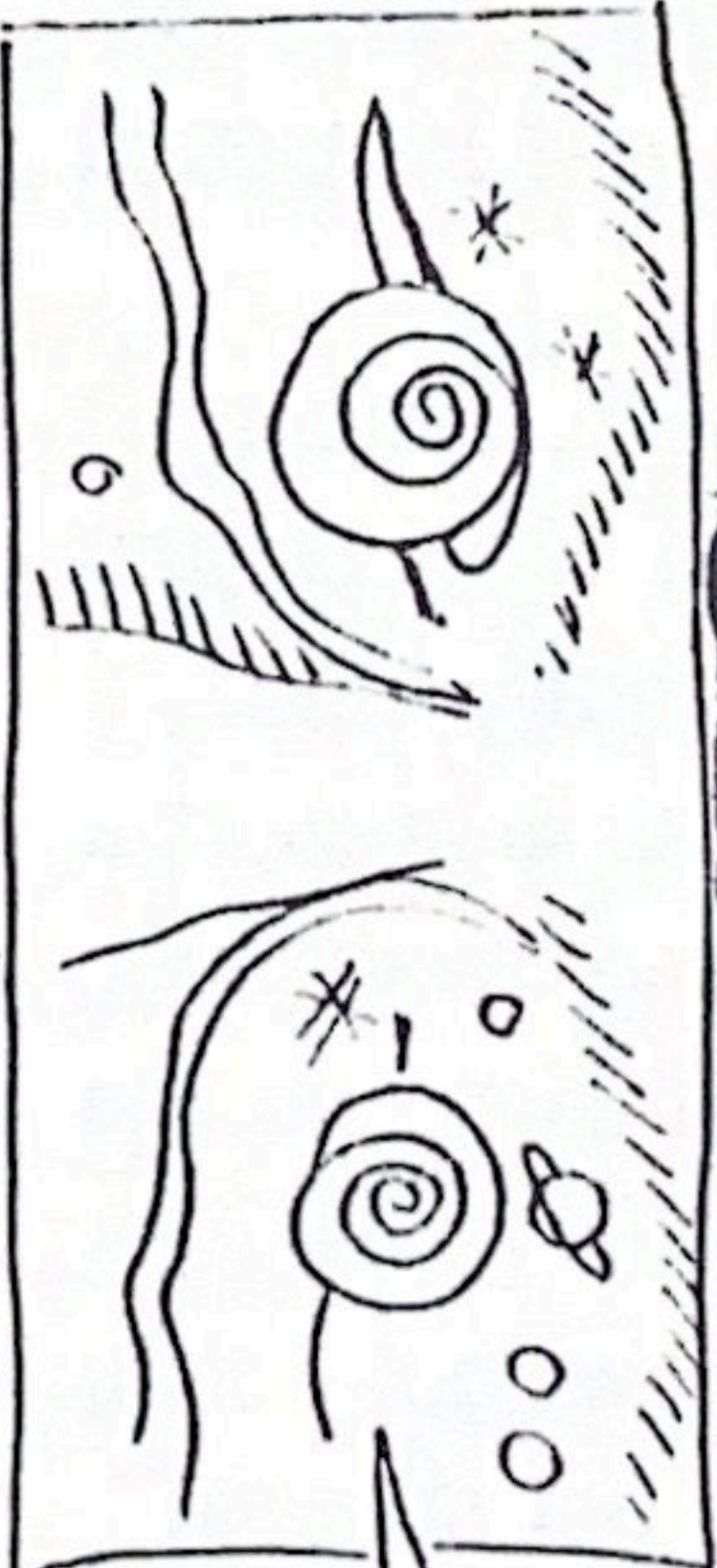
NO MONSTER MUNCH THEM..

NOOO!!

NO MONSTER MUNCH?

WE'VE HAD EVERY FLAVOUR UNDER THE SUN INCLUDING PLAIN, CHEESE & RAIT, CHEESE & ONION, CHEESE & RAIT, SALT & VINEGAR, SALT & SALT, SALT & SAND, VINEGAR & VINEGAR, GREEN SALAD, BEEF, TOMATO, BOUILLI, CHICKEN, CURRY, MONKEY SPURTS, GLASS, NAPALM, PETROL, SASSAGE, AUGER, DUST, & WATER FLAVOUR YOU SEE THERE'S NONE LEFT TO DO! OR IS THERE? WHAT ABOUT PEOPLE FLAVOUR?

PEOPLE HAVE CERTAIN UNMENTIONABLE FLAVOURS THAT THEY CARRY IN THEIR HEADS FROM CHILDHOOD. THIS IS OUR NEW PRODUCT AREA. WE DISGISE PEOPLE'S INITIAL DISGUST BY GIVING THE NEW FLAVOURS OLD NAMES



DON'T GET ME NOT WRONG! I'M NOT TALKING FLESH EATING!! (WELL NOT AT THE MOMENT) IT'S ALWAYS JUST BEEN A HOBBY, I'D BRING TO WORK THOUGH. GIBBER PR00T!

THE FIRST THREE SAMPLE FLAVOURS WHICH ACTUALLY CONTAINED...



THEY SOLD LIKE WILD FIRE & BODY FLUID FLAVOURINGS BECAME VERY POPULAR.

"CALL OUT GOURANGA, GET STEAMIN'!"

Non-Fiction by Kodan

"A couple of professional Scotsmen," hissed Andy, hoping he wouldn't be overheard. He's got a vicious, almost bitchy sense of humour, but like many men from the south of England, he needs to know you and trust you before he'll reveal this side of himself.

I'd just spent two years in a monastery and was still wandering around with this light in my eyes. Looking on everyone I met as a Bhoddisattva or great saintly being. Generally being dippy and humble, lionising and serving everyone I'd meet. The first friends I'd made in this sleepy English seaside town were sweet and idealistic people. Squatters, dippies, hippies, techno-zippies, punks, disfunkts, revolutionaries, visionaries, mad, bad and above all individualistic people who transcend all the above labels.

I was in the Labour Club with three such souls. Andy, Toni and Simon. We were playing pool, sipping pints of beer and generally having a relaxed and chummy time of it, when in breezes a two-headed, eight limbed, brash and swaggering monster of Scottish maleness. All slaps on the back and "How ye doin' Kodan, ya auld fenian bastard ye?", and "couldnie handle doin' wi' oot a shag then?" and even "call out Goranga, get steamin'". These were my good friends Steven and John, full of beans at seeing me again after so long and passing me a bottle of Jamesons from the proletarian shopping pocket of Steven's overcoat.

At the first sign of this influx Andy, Toni and Simon just backed off with bemused looks on their faces, but I knew from the sardonic smile on Andy's lips, that he understood I'd be forced to change gear totally and start wisecracking wildly, or I'd be bulldozered into the ground by this over-

whelming barrage of Scottishness. He was right. Steven turned on these friends and hit them with a withering look. "What are you doin' wi' these hippies then Kodan?". At this point, Toni, wise and beautiful girl that she is, guided Andy and Simon back through the pool room and into the main bar area. Not, however, without a backward look of apology to me. I felt like shouting: "Rats leaving a sinking ship, eh?" but managed to restrain myself and simply winked instead. Toni was right, there are some things that a man has got to face alone. An ex-pat Scots bravado contest is one of them.

With an inward sigh to steel myself for the ordeal ahead, I turned back to face John and Steven. I'm ashamed to recount this, but the first words out of my mouth on the exit of my good, kind, wise and gentle southern friends were, "Typical closet Orangeman, can't even keep a civil tongue in yer heid. Anyway John, ah huvvny seen ye' fur two years, cump over there in yer' hard man cowboy boots and get the pints in, or I'll tell everybody in the toon that yer' a Motherwell supporter".

Later on, as Andy walked through the pool room on his way to the loo, he may have been slightly amazed to hear me exclaim, "Stick that up yer' arse ya' wee numpty" as I slammed the eight ball home for my third consecutive victory over John at pool. He's an understanding fellow is Andy. If he has trouble assimilating these two completely diverse characters in one body - Alan the intellectual who waxes lyrical about the perfect union and interconnectedness of all things in the universe; and Kodan, the whisky swilling, swaggering, loud-mouthed Celtic fan - then either he can take a Socio-Anthropological view of my behaviour, or, "The big English bastard can go take a flying fuck at the moon!".

THE HISTORY OF POPULAR DEMONSTRATIONS IN
HYDE PARK - 1932

This issue, we look at the demonstration and hunger march that took place in Hyde Park in the autumn of 1932. Taken from UNEMPLOYED STRUGGLES 1919-1936 by Wal Hannington, we see that this, more than the other demos that had taken place in Hyde Park, bears a strong similarity to the events of today, although society has grown so apathetic we no longer tend to see massive demos or hunger marches when the government makes yet another attack on our already paltry benefits. Rather than growing more vocal in expressing our opposition to government reforms, as we are led to believe that we are becoming, it seems that our grandparents were far more vociferous in their opposition to short sighted governmental decisions than we are. Unfortunately it seems that not a lot changes in 65 years, although think how helpful it would be to have police on demos who could only communicate through signals and the telephone!

In 1931, the benefit rate was cut by 10% and a means test was introduced. Over a million claimants were cut off from automatic benefit and had to declare income and savings of all family members. This meant many young people were denied benefit and had to live off their parents earnings. In September 1932 the first of what were to become 1500 marchers set off from Scotland on the National Unemployed Workers Movement's fourth hunger march, which was to finish in Hyde Park.

By mid-day approximately one hundred thousand London workers were moving towards Hyde Park from all parts of London, to give the greatest welcome to the hunger marchers that had ever been seen in Hyde Park. It is estimated that five thousand police and special constables were gathered round the park, with many thousands more mobilised in the neighbourhood in readiness for action.

As the last contingent of marchers entered the park gates, trouble broke out with the police. It started with the special constables; Not being used to their task, they lost their heads, and, as the crowd swept forward onto the space where the meeting was to be held, the specials drew their truncheons in an effort to control the surging sea of humanity. The workers turned on the special constables and put them to flight, but the fighting which they had been responsible for causing continued throughout the whole afternoon.

The workers kept the police back from the meetings; several times mounted police charged forward, only to be repulsed by thousands of workers who tore up the railings and used them as weapons and barricades for the protection of their meetings. Many mounted men were dragged from their horses. From the streets the fighting extended into the park and back again into the streets, where repeated mounted police charges at full speed failed to dislodge the workers. The foot police were on several occasions surrounded by strong forces of workers and terrific fights ensued. Many workers and police were injured. Inside the park one could hear the roar of the crowd as they fought tenaciously around the Marble Arch and along Oxford Street.

As dusk came on fighting was still proceeding, more severe than ever. The police chiefs had established a post on top of one of the high buildings in Oxford Street, and were directing the operation of their forces by a system of signals and telephones. Hundreds of police would move in formation against the workers down the main drive of the park, or up Edgware Road or along Oxford Street, but still the workers fought back and repeatedly broke through the police charges. As the great meetings came to an end many of the marchers had become involved in the fighting, along with the London workers, but as the bugles sounded the termination of the meetings, the marchers who were scattered around the area of the Marble Arch began to make their way back to

the centre to rejoin their contingents.

The workers also pressed forward in order to reach the marchers and give them protection against the police as they marched out. The surge forward on the part of the workers broke through all police resistance, and tens of thousands who had been fighting all the afternoon poured into the park to line up again under their banners and march out with the hunger marchers.

The Times on 28 October 1932 commented on the march, declaring that "professional organisers have decided to exploit a cheap form of discrediting the government...small crowds indulged in stone throwing..some shop windows were broken.. such trouble as occurred was attributed to the rowdy persons who are always ready to create disturbances on the slightest pretext. A feature of the most ugly incidents was the number of women who took part."

concluding chapter, next ish: CJA Uprising, Hyde Park, 1994.

BABELICIOUS?

Is there a place for women in the dance music industry? Only as fetish objects on flyers, complains Bethan Cole.

A woman bends over, bare buttocks facing the camera, hand pressed up between her legs in a suggestion of penetration. Assorted topless girls (heads out of view) clutch phallic shaped flyers over their breasts. A female in high heels and bikini bottoms stands by the poolside, see-through wet shirt clinging to her form. No these aren't images culled from the tabloids', page 3 or soft porn's Readers Wives - but a couple of recent club adverts which appeared in the major dance mags.

Yes, it's now safe to say that club culture, once about escaping from the depressing realities of sexism, racism and homophobia, now feels free (in our post- PC age) to embrace the marketing potential in 'babes', 'chicks' and 'birds', with one

night even being called 'Babelicious'. To engage in an objectification, commodification and homogenisation of women which puts the likes of David Sullivan to shame. But it's ironic, we hear you cry. It's about humour, it's about the new lad, it's about reclaiming male sexuality. Unfortunately irony is passe and the 'new lad' a pathetic media fantasy for middle class wannabees. It's not witty, cheeky or on -the- edge to make thinly veiled visual references to '70s porn on your flyers and ads. No, it's just sad, uninspired and a depressing reflection of the prevalent inequality and lack of opportunity for women in the dance music industry. If, as in the world of indie, a new generation of feisty icons like Justine Frishmann, Courtney Love and Louise Wenner were giving the laddy DJs and producers a run for their money, there'd be no cause for complaint. But the powerbrokers of dance (DJs, PRs, promoters and producers) are still predominately male and, as the big name clubs move closer and closer to the mainstream mecca discotheques in terms of style and content, their promotion techniques are beginning to resemble the medieval misogynies of the world of corporate rock. OK, so maybe Jimi Hendrix could get away with putting a bevvvy of naked lovelies on his album sleeve in the free loved-up, sexist late '60's - but on a club ad in the '90's? What's worse is women have been reduced to the restricting roles of groupie, chick and long-suffering DJ wife in the scenario, and that the image is not a fantasy, but a representation of reality.

But the girls love it, you argue, they want to be babes. Yet the babe is a brainless, identikit cliché in bikini and stilettos. Gone are the goddesses of acid house and rave, the pierced, tattooed, dreadlocked and shaved she-devils, air-brushed right out of the picture. And where gay clubs have flaunted their freestyle sexuality on flyers and posters, the hetero-corporates have reclaimed the neanderthal archetype of gender relations which even car adverts ditched in the late '70s. For club babes, read Stepford Wives.

tVC

DIARY

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

What with Robin's Logomotion projections and Swishy's Eyesaw video shenanigans we've now changed something else; the line-ups to two headers for the next X months or so. This involves giving two DJ's the whole five hours and letting them sort it out. Oz and Timo are this months victims to either indulge in some interesting new wanking techniques or provide a pumping, snorter of a night. Although if the Jes/Luke or Iain/Bazil two headers were anything to go by it should be the latter.

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, Oz and Nicki geek out big style. Eyesaw smart it up with those loony 3D specs and assorted TV's whilst the tVC posse show 'em how to it.

SATURDAY 19TH AUGUST - DEEP SPACE - Legends Nightclub, New Street, Dover. 10pm - 4am. £4 members, £5 non members. (01304) 225555 for more details.

Despite the similarity in name to a certain defunct London techno club this couldn't be further from the techno frontline. Timo hosts four experimental late ones at this old cinema venue redesigned by "the guy who did the Ministry". First up Mike, Johnny B and Oz spin the deep house grooves whilst Big Andy gets those fingers pattering on the old bongos. Decor is by Lucid. Note the 4am finish! I nearly shit meself.

SATURDAY 26TH AUGUST - FREE PARTY FOR FREE PEOPLE

Ring for details. (01227) 773194

THURSDAY 31ST AUGUST - 7TH HEAVEN - The Works, Canterbury. 9pm - 2am. £3.

Visiting sound system night sees those mad house heads from Lincoln The Rogue Boys giv-

ing Canterfucker a good rogering. Quinny and Mark Dixon (Dicko) spin the sounds while the rest of us go bananas deep house stylee.

SATURDAY 2ND SEPTEMBER - DEEP SPACE 2 - Legends Nightclub, New Street, Dover. 10pm - 4am. £4 members, £5 non members. (01304) 225555 for more details.

Resident Timo has top tVC London representative DJ Jes (oops, spelt Jez on the flyer) accompanying him on a journey into, er, deep space. Co-pilots Johnny B and tVC's Liam complete the line up.

SATURDAY 9TH SEPTEMBER - FULL MOON FREE PARTY - Portugal.

Oz and Nicki play on the Algarve under the stars to a well chilled bunch of Portugese, some European holidaymakers and a smattering of travellers. Our chum Paul provides the hospitality and the crew chills it for 10 days. Can't wait.

THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 14TH - 7TH HEAVEN - The Works, Canterbury. 9pm - 2am. £3.

Our favourite slaphead slips into town for a pumpy euro hoedown of magnanimous proportions. In fact it's going to be a Perfect World two header with Sherlock doing a three hour set and Oz providing warm up (natch).

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 16TH - DEEP SPACE 3 - Legends Nightclub, New Street, Dover. 10pm - 4am. £4 members, £5 non members. (01304) 225555 for more details.

Oz again this time with Nicki and resident Timo and Johnny B hopefully see DS3 firmly established as the topp night out in town.

THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 28TH - 7TH HEAVEN - The Works, Canterbury. 9pm - 2am. £3.

These two headers are going down a treat with both the DJ's and the clubbers. This one we try something a little different. Back by popular demand we give you the pumpmeister Warren ably supported by Stu "living legend" Long. Both taking the night up a notch on the old BPM o'meter and toughening it a tad. Just to see what happens now the temps gone down a bit.



DEEP UNITY

FRESH AND LOW - Interact (Bomba) Julian Dembinski resurfaces on Bomba with a smooth, laid back techno-house track of considerable proportion. By far his best tune to date It combines a fat groove thang with a breakdown that mixes in and out seeming like another track. Then its into that crunching snare so beloved by the S4G tribe and off we go. A Fresh and Low meisterwork.

DISCO SLUTS - Kill All Hippies (Dam Mad) 'Disco Sucks' has extended piano intro. Girth large. Kicks ass. But smooth spatial edge. 'Kill All Hippies' main track went down a storm at a recent benefit. The tech-no edged crowd of topless, pierced, tattooed, florescent road protesters practice digger diving by throwing themselves fearlessly in front of the rhythm. Top breakdowns.

KIATA - You Make Me Sing (Soiree, US) Gathering dust on Primal Vinyl's racks for a few weeks doesn't detract from 'Love is Good Mix's obvious superiority. Fluffy house old style. A melancholic edge has the free party sunrise massive weeping and hugging without shame. Cool.

BASIC SOUL - Hi Line (Kickin' Music) Phil Asher with disco tinged cavernous chugger. Its epic proportions guaranteeing it action on the mellower floors right across this great house nation of ours. A winner.

HANI - Victim of Circumstance Project (Yoshitoshi, US) With Deep Dish supremos Dubfire and Sharam as executive producers quality is not in question. An emotive six track drive through some deep acid shows maturity. The housey edged French would love it just as much as we would.

99 NORTH - Taster EP (99 North) New house label outa London with impressive debut. Four tracks, four artists. All have sparse percussive edge and disco tinged tassles. Fun. 'Sweet Peach - Take You Up' standing out from the crowd and includes built in DJ tricks to boot.

VELASQUEZ - Dance With Me (X-Tended) (Austr.) Written, produced and mixed by Roland Bartha (espousing music which gives the listener a creative role?) and Georg O Lubitsch, this Australian tune is notable for conquerer dub 1 and its deep bouncy b-line b-downs to drift in a minimal vocal interference.

MATEU & MATOS - The No Props EP (Henry St Music) US Another 3 track EP? A new trend? Perhaps? Anyway, Rainbow 95 is a snorter. Eddy E-Z and John Roe take it right down build it up and take it right back on down again and keep it there. Perfect easy listening deep house with jazzy overview.

"ROCK - IT" - Exodus to Paradise Pumpin Lee Cromes and Nick Annes (not Nick Annes from 39 Orbits classic The Afterlife EP 1993 per chance?) in a laid back winner. Still, even if unrelated this still has that deep techno/house crossover feel to it. A few choice, but obvious, samples compliment the arrangement nicely.

28th STREET CREW - "O" (Sound of Ministry) Clivilles, Crespo and Cole so you know its gonna beok. Nah, only joking it's great. Usual high standard, crisp production, soulful dubby grooves. Solid.

THE 208 SESSIONS - Gonna Make It (Tumblin) Always look forward to a new Tumblin tune. Gibb, Scott and Edsy continue the fine run of 7 with this pumping slice of groovetationous bounding funsome frolicisiousness. Got top tune written all over it.

JOEY MUSTAPHIA - Mustaphia Madness EP (Centrestage) Joey M with a little help from Andrew 'doc' Livingstone and John 'Tinman' O' Donnell dish up a treat to behold. Driving, tribally hypnotic, fearless not afraid to veer from obvious hangbag to unexpected surprise twists and samples. Go Jo.

DEEP DEEP SHAFT - Stockwell Space Breaker (Quality Sounds UK) DJ Ed Speed with Jay Bold and engineer J Drake present a poppy, euro boulder. Has 'em bounding around like grinning loonies, so doing its job admirably.

BLACK SCIENCE ORCHESTRA - Where were You? (Junior Boys Own) It's Daddy Ash so you know it's gonna be pretentious, over the top, corny and bloody marvellous all at the same time. Or big soul sound Philly style with a smattering of 70's cop show theme with plush strings and brass.

BAR ONE - "Get your Love" (nitedance) Sugar Hill sample forms the back bone of this easy going repetitive shuffler.

Records supplied by Primal Vinyl, St Peters St, Canterbury. Records submitted for Review copies should be sent to the Tangentopoli Office. Yes a sad, desperate attempt to procure lashings of free vinyl. See below for address. Flying the Flag.

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