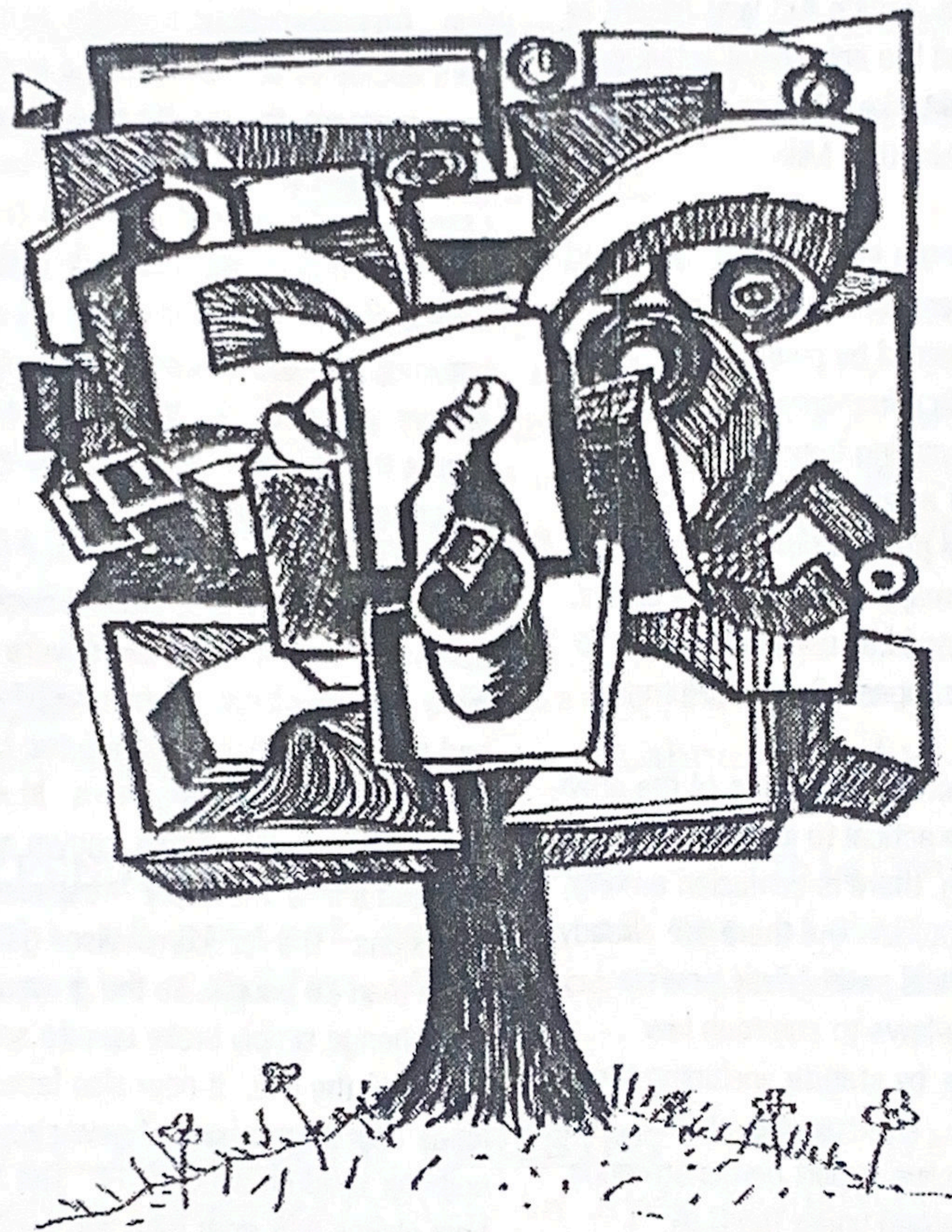


# Tangentopoli\*

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*free to party people*

# \*Kick Back City



## It takes a bad Act to make the law a farce

The Criminal Justice Act was meant to catch criminals and end the anti-social activities of ravers, squatters and the like. A year on, it is failing miserably, reports Heather Mills.

An investigation by the Independent has found that the first year's operation of its public order provisions has been marred by confusion and allegations of misuse. Police implementation of the Act has been patchy, varying from force to force. In spite of hundreds of arrests there has only been a handful of successful prosecutions. The legislation has suffered two major defeats in the courts, curtailing its effects - and key components are to be challenged in the European Court of Human Rights.

The reasons appear fourfold: some of the provisions have proved impractical to implement, there is ambiguity in drafting, there is confusion among police about implementation and there are already available familiar and less problematic powers - from local authority by-laws to common law breaches of the peace, by statute, including the 1986 Public Order Act. For example, of the 1,200 people arrested at the live export demonstrations, only 38 have been charged under the CJA.

Attempts to enforce the Act have been marked by high farce as hunt sabs have found themselves explaining the subtleties of legislation to police officers who wrongly believed the very presence of the protesters at a hunt was now a crime. Similar confusion has led to a 10-year old boy from Stoke being reported for selling the £11 football ticket he could not use for £7, and during a beach chalet eviction 2 squatters were arrested and subjected to DNA testing for possessing a juggling stick "as an offensive weapon".

Official statistics are not yet available, so it is

impossible to form a comprehensive impression. But figures collected by the Hunt Saboteurs Association and Justice? put the arrest tally at 154 for hunt sabs, 113 for footie fans, 71 road protesters, 43 environmentalists, 38 animal export demonstrators, 35 peace campaigners, 14 tree defenders, 11 travellers, 10 ravers, 3 illegal gatherers and one Druid. Of these 493 arrests, they say that about 28 have resulted in successful prosecution. As prosecutions crumble, and growing numbers decide to sue for wrongful arrest and false imprisonment, the results could prove costly.

Some police forces, such as Hampshire and Essex, have been swift to try out their new powers, while others, such as Bedfordshire and Surrey, have preferred to rely upon the wealth of by-laws, common law and statute under which they have always operated. But the inconsistency has led to claims that justice is a lottery, depending upon which force area you are in.

The CJA has been undermined further by two court tests of its public order provisions. Its eviction powers against travellers were watered down by a High Court ruling which said local councils had to take into account the basic human needs of travellers before evicting them. In another ruling earlier this month, a Druid, known as King Arthur, knocked a hole in the key "trespassory assembly" provisions. The Act criminalises gatherings of more than 20 people, so the group gathering at Stonehenge simply broke up into smaller ones to side-step the law. It now also faces another challenge over its provision of new secure training units for children aged 12-14. The High Court will hear claims that draft rules for the "child jails" breach the Governments obligations under the Children Act 1989 and the UN Convention on the Rights of the Child.

But one of the most worrying aspects and largely unseen problems with the legislation, according to civil rights groups and lawyers, is that it has enabled the police to set bail conditions without reference to a court, and has removed the presumption of bail for those facing a second charge. This has led to protesters being arrested for relatively minor charges, but having their activities and movements severely curtailed on bail



conditions enforced by the threat of jail.

A hard line political response to huge poll tax demonstrations and increasingly forceful road protests, the Act has singularly failed to halt mass action, as the highly publicised animal export demonstrations earlier this year have proved. Neither has it forced travellers, gypsies, ravers and others to abandon their life-styles - although there is evidence that some have been deterred. The Act has forced many travellers to go abroad. For those that remain, particularly for those with children, it has heightened insecurity.

What the legislation has achieved is to unite many diverse groups behind a single banner. It has brought to notice just how difficult it is to claim the "right to protest" that many think is embedded in political tradition. It has boosted support for a Bill of Rights and swollen the numbers belonging to civil rights and protest groups. Liberty will seek to enforce those rights through the European Court of Human Rights, claiming breaches of right to freedom of expression and assembly, and the right to private and family life.

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## Travellers' win 'makes Criminal Justice Law unworkable'

*Councils ponder implications as judge calls act 'draconic'. Sally Weale reports*

The Government's new anti-trespass legislation was dealt a blow in the High Court recently (Thursday 31 August) when a judge ruled in a landmark case that two local authorities had erred in law when they decided to evict New Age travellers from unauthorised camp sites.

The case, which represented the first legal challenge to the eviction powers provided by the 1994 Criminal Justice and Public Order Act, could have far-reaching implications for other councils seeking to use the new laws to move on unwanted travellers.

One council affected by August's ruling branded the new legislation "totally unworkable".

Mr Justice Sedley, giving judgement at High Court in London, that Wealden district council in East Sussex and Lincolnshire county council were legally in the wrong when they failed to make proper inquiries about the welfare needs of travellers before taking decisions to remove them.

Local authorities, he said, had a responsibility under their discretionary powers to take into account "considerations of common humanity, none of which can be properly ignored when dealing with one of the most fundamental human needs, the need for shelter with at least a modicum of security".

Describing the new legislation as "in some ways draconic", Mr Justice Sedley said a local authority should carry out its inquiries at the first opportunity before deciding on a removal direction. The situation should then be kept under review.

The case was brought by two separate groups of travellers, among them pregnant women and children, living on 42 acres of private land at Crowborough, East Sussex, and at a separate site in Temple Bruer, Lincolnshire, which had been the subject of complaints from local residents.

Mr Justice Sedley quashed the eviction order affecting the travellers' camp at Crowborough, where the local authority will now have to restart eviction proceedings. The new Criminal Justice Act for the first time makes it an offence not to obey a court eviction notice.

In the Lincolnshire case, the judge refused to quash the removal decision, ruling that the council made "proper and efficient" inquiries about the travellers, though it "erred in law" by not carrying out the investigation at the earliest stage of proceedings.

Following the hearing, Donald Cudd, head of environmental services for Wealden district council,

said from a practical point of view the judgement had rendered the Criminal Justice Act "totally unworkable".

"It's made an absolute nonsense of it", he said. "We are dealing with such a fluid situation with travellers coming and going all the time. I would have to have a team of people on site all the time."

"We acted humanely all along. There was no question of evicting anyone until we had fully assessed their needs. The argument is over timing. This will certainly make council's lives very difficult indeed. We will have to consider an appeal."

Representatives from the Public Law Project, a charity dealing with disadvantaged groups which is representing the East Sussex travellers, said they were delighted.

Stephen Cragg, a solicitor for PLP, said: "This is an important victory. It's bringing the whole thing back to the people rather than just land, and that's very important. Rather than simply just sweeping the site clean, they have to think about the individuals on the site and their welfare."

Michael McColgan, solicitor acting on behalf of the Lincolnshire group, was disappointed the judge had not quashed the removal notice issued by the council against his clients. It was nevertheless a victory for travellers, he said. "What Mr Justice Sedley has done is to temper the law and draw people's attention to the fact that the law is discretionary."

Phil, a traveller from the Lincolnshire camp where 80 people have since been evicted said: "it might change the way the law applies to travellers, but it's only a small change. The whole Criminal Justice Act stinks."



## Squatters face six months' jail

New tougher laws against squatters, promising faster evictions and threatening people with prison if they refuse to move out are now in effect.

The changes come two years after Michael Howard, the Home Secretary, told the Conservative Party Conference: "Squatting can never be justified. There can be no excuse for seizing someone else's property for however short a time."

Under a new fast-track legal procedure, owners of illegally-occupied properties should receive a hearing three days after applying to a county court.

If the case is uncontested, the judge will grant an interim possession order. Squatters then have 24 hours to leave and face up to six months' jail and fines of up to £5,000 if they stay.

There are an estimated 60,000 squatters in Britain, most of them in local authority properties. Each year about 10,000 people seek expulsions through the civil courts, which can be time-consuming and costly.

The new court procedures, introduced under the 1994 Criminal Justice Act, cannot be used against most long-standing squatters. The owner needs to have become aware of the squat only within the preceding four weeks.

Mike Turner, of the voluntary Advisory Service for Squatters, said speedy evictions would make it more likely that squatters became homeless because they would have no time to find other accommodation. He said it would be hard for them to contest interim orders once they had nowhere to live.

The changes are likely to be seen as a climbdown by hard-liners on law and order in the Conservative party. The Home office originally hoped to make squatting a criminal rather than civil offence, and could not say yesterday why it had backed off. It also planned to give bailiffs the right to break down front doors to repossess properties but this, too, has been dropped.

Stephen Ward.

## Right to silence fears

Abolition of suspects' unconditional rights to silence was likely to lead to the conviction of greater numbers of innocent people, a majority of solicitors polled by The Lawyer magazine believe. Since April courts have been allowed to draw adverse inference from a suspects silence.

The magazine poll questioned 204 solicitors practising in England and Wales. Most, 75 per cent, thought the change in the law had increased the likelihood of miscarriages of justice. Only 4 per cent thought miscarriages were less likely under the new rules. A big majority, 74 per cent, said they were less likely to advise clients to remain silent, though 22 per cent said the move had made no difference to their advice.





## Germans roll up for joint venture

Denis Staunton in Berlin reports how everyday objects are being produced from hemp plants to help reform drug laws.

A grin moved across the face of the barman, like the caterpillar in Alice in Wonderland, as he placed a small cube on the counter. "It's 10 marks a gram so that'll be 20 Marks," he drawled, as a customer expertly rolled a joint with the soft, brown hashish.

Bars like this one, in a squat next to the urban scar left by the Berlin Wall, form part of an unofficial network of outlets for cannabis in Berlin, where the possession of up to six grams is no longer punishable by law.

But getting high is likely to become even easier in Germany after the federal Constitutional Court last year instructed politicians to standardise the legal position of marijuana.

In the liberal North, the authorities no longer prosecute anyone carrying less than 30 grams, but in catholic Bavaria a single gram is still enough to warrant a steep fine. The northern state of Schleswig Holstein responded to the Court's instruction with a plan to sell the drug at chemist shops or in licensed coffee houses, as in Holland.

Mattias Brockers, a former journalist, who has become Germany's first legal cannabis entrepreneur, said that the German Chancellor Helmut Kohl and many other conservative politicians are deeply opposed to the liberalisation. "But they forget that at the beginning of this century it was a

kind of universal remedy like aspirin for use against asthma, coughs, migraine, menstruation pains, everything," he says.

Brockers HanfHaus (Hemp House) a chain of 10 shops throughout Germany, offers everything from writing paper and shoe polish to clothes and furniture, all made entirely of hemp. He has developed a range of cosmetics, including a perfume based on cannabis oil. He is now about to launch a hemp washing powder and is looking into the production of biodegradable cannabis computer frames.

Brockers discovered the economic potential of cannabis by accident when he wrote a book about the historical uses of hemp and invited readers who wanted samples of paper or cloth made from hemp to write to him. "We thought it would just be for a few fans but within four weeks we had over 600 orders," he says.

In the little cafe at the Hemp Museum in east Berlin, Rollo Ebbinghaus, 26, lights up a joint as he explains the museum's aim of presenting the cannabis plant in all its possible uses. He is dismissive of Brockers' strategy of focusing on the industrial uses of hemp as a first step towards full legislation. "Once it's legalised you can start working out which use is the most profitable."

Brockers says that although there are already more than 1,000 farmers in Germany who want to start growing hemp for industrial uses - following the recent lift of a ban on the crop by the Ministry of Agriculture - nobody in the country owns a machine capable of processing it. But he is confident that, following the success of his HanfHaus (he plans to open a branch soon in London) the march of hemp will be unstoppable. "If the present trend continues we'll have a fully fledged hemp industry in Germany within the next 10 years," he says. "And we'll have a Health Minister in Bonn who will positively encourage young people to smoke marijuana instead of using alcohol or designer drugs."



## Drug man 'influenced by TV'

Channel 4 was blamed recently for turning a law-abiding family man into a drug-smoking criminal. Martin Metcalfe, a father of two, started a cannabis plantation after watching a documentary on Channel 4's "Pot Night", Cardiff magistrates heard. The four minute slot, called Weed It Out, was criticised by the Broadcasting Standards Authority for encouraging people to grow their own marijuana.

Mr Metcalfe, aged 41, saw the show and thought the drug could help him ease the pain of his crippling arthritis. Magistrates heard he turned his attic into a greenhouse by using artificial lamps and lining the walls with tin foil. When police raided his home at Whitchurch, Cardiff, they found 20 cannabis plants.

Mr Metcalfe and his wife Susan, aged 33, admitted growing the drug and were given two-year conditional discharges. Roger Evendon, defending, said: "My client and his wife got the idea from TV after the Channel 4 documentary led them to believe using cannabis was not as unlawful as it actually is."

Channel 4 declined to comment on the case.



## Cannabis derivative may be given to cancer patients

The Government has bowed to pressure from the World Health Organisation and cancer research bodies by agreeing to allow doctors to prescribe a cannabis-derived drug to patients suffering from cancer.

The U-turn is being seen as a possible first step towards the legislation of cannabis for medical use.

The change was triggered by two parliamentary orders laid by the Home Office at the end of August, relaxing the controls on dronabinol - an active ingredient of cannabis - by allowing its medical use and placing it under the same controls as those which apply for morphine and pethidine.

Although the relaxation was effective from the beginning of September, it has not been officially announced by the Government. The orders were laid by the Home Office which deals with all legislation relating to the use of cannabis, and confirmed in a letter from health minister John Bowis to Chris Davies, the newly elected Liberal Democrat MP for Littleborough and Saddleworth.

Mr Bowis said in the letter that the Government's decision to relax controls on the drug followed a recommendation to the United Nations Commission on Narcotic Drugs by the World Health Organisation that dronabinol is as an anti-emetic for patients receiving chemotherapy for cancer. The drug is claimed to reduce sickness and stimulate appetite.

"I am extremely moved by the stories I have heard about people who wish to take cannabis for therapeutic reasons and can understand their desire to explore every avenue to seek relief from the pain," Mr Bowis wrote. He stressed that companies seeking a product license for the drug would have to supply evidence of its safety and efficacy to the Medicines Control Agency in the normal way.

Mr Davies who was criticised by Labour during his election campaign for raising the legislation of soft drugs said: "This is a positive step. The Government is conceding that there may be positive therapeutic effects from a cannabis-derived drug."



Cannabis issue 'was part of by-election campaign'

## Labour tried to stop drug debate

The Labour leadership tried to suppress a Commons debate on the medical uses of cannabis in case it undermined the party's determination to use the drugs issue against the Liberal Democrat candidate in the Littleborough and Saddleworth by-election campaign, a Labour backbencher revealed on 7 September.

Jack Straw, the shadow home secretary, and other MPs and officials in Tony Blair's private office were involved in efforts to persuade Paul Flynn, Labour MP for Newport West, that the debates timing was wrong - because of the hard fought by-election where Liberal Democrat Chris Davies, the eventual victor, was being accused of "support for the legislation of soft drugs."

The leadership's plea to Mr Flynn not to go ahead with his adjournment debate on July 12 emerged at the beginning of September when the Government caved in on the MP's demand, which had all party support. Labour officials insisted that their interest in Mr Flynn's debate had been confined to ensuring that he was not going to advocate the decriminalisation of cannabis for non-medical use.

Like Mr Davies and some Tory MPs, Mr Flynn, aged 60, a campaigning backbencher who suffers severe arthritis, supports the setting up of a royal commission to examine drug laws. Peers and MPs in all parties are poised to set up a Drugs Reform Group at Westminster.

Mr Flynn recalled: "They were very nice about it, but the front bench wanted the debate pulled because of the by-election. They were terrified that it would embarrass them."

"The unease over the campaign was far greater than reported," another Labour MP said, "not least because limited drug-taking by sensible and rational people is much more widespread than is realised. We are driving these people into the Liberal Democrat fold."

Michael Whitenn

## New Labour?

Straw takes on 'addicts and winos'

Labour's "get tough" law and order policy was dramatically made clear on 4 September when the shadow home secretary, Jack Straw, urged that the streets be reclaimed "for the law-abiding citizen" from the "aggressive begging of winos, addicts and squeegee merchants."

In a speech designed to upstage the Home Secretary, Mr Straw, borrowing openly from American crime policy, talked of winos and addicts as being "obstacles faced by pedestrians and motorists in going about their daily business."

He said their aggressive begging needed to be confronted as it affronted and sometimes threatened decent, compassionate citizens. He talked of the windscreen cleaners at traffic lights as a prime example of the brutalisation of Britain's streets.

The controversy over the switch in Labour's rhetoric on criminal justice was fuelled when the human rights group Liberty produced a legal opinion claiming that Mr Straw's new policy to deal with anti-social criminal neighbours was "draconian, misconceived and could amount to a breach of the European Convention of Human Rights".

Alan Travis





# The poorest in our society are worthless?

You might expect a group named Reclaim the Streets to be flattered when Jack Straw adopts our name as a slogan for his latest policy initiative. However, his bastardised use of the phrase to mean "let's get the winos out of the way of the motorists" is deeply alarming. Let's look at what this says about the values and beliefs of the New Labour Party.

"Cars are good for the economy" -both the major political parties will tell you that. What is less well understood is the way in which the car is an intrinsic part of the divide in society between the "haves" and the "have nots".

The car has come to symbolise affluence; the size of your car tells people how successful you are as a participant in the free market; it shows how big a *consumer* you are. It doesn't matter that the local shops schools and businesses are closing down - those with cars can still reach out of town super-stores and industrial parks.

Labour and Tory alike will continue to build roads and continue to sweep aside unpleasant human debris on the high streets, for the benefit of these valued members of the consumer society.

If you are one of the 33 per cent of households without a car, you are excluded - Norman Tebbit's instruction to "get on your bike" in search of a job is not much use if the only way to get there is by motorway. As for those with only a begging bowl and a wine bottle to their name, they are the first to be brutally swept aside in the name of "progress".

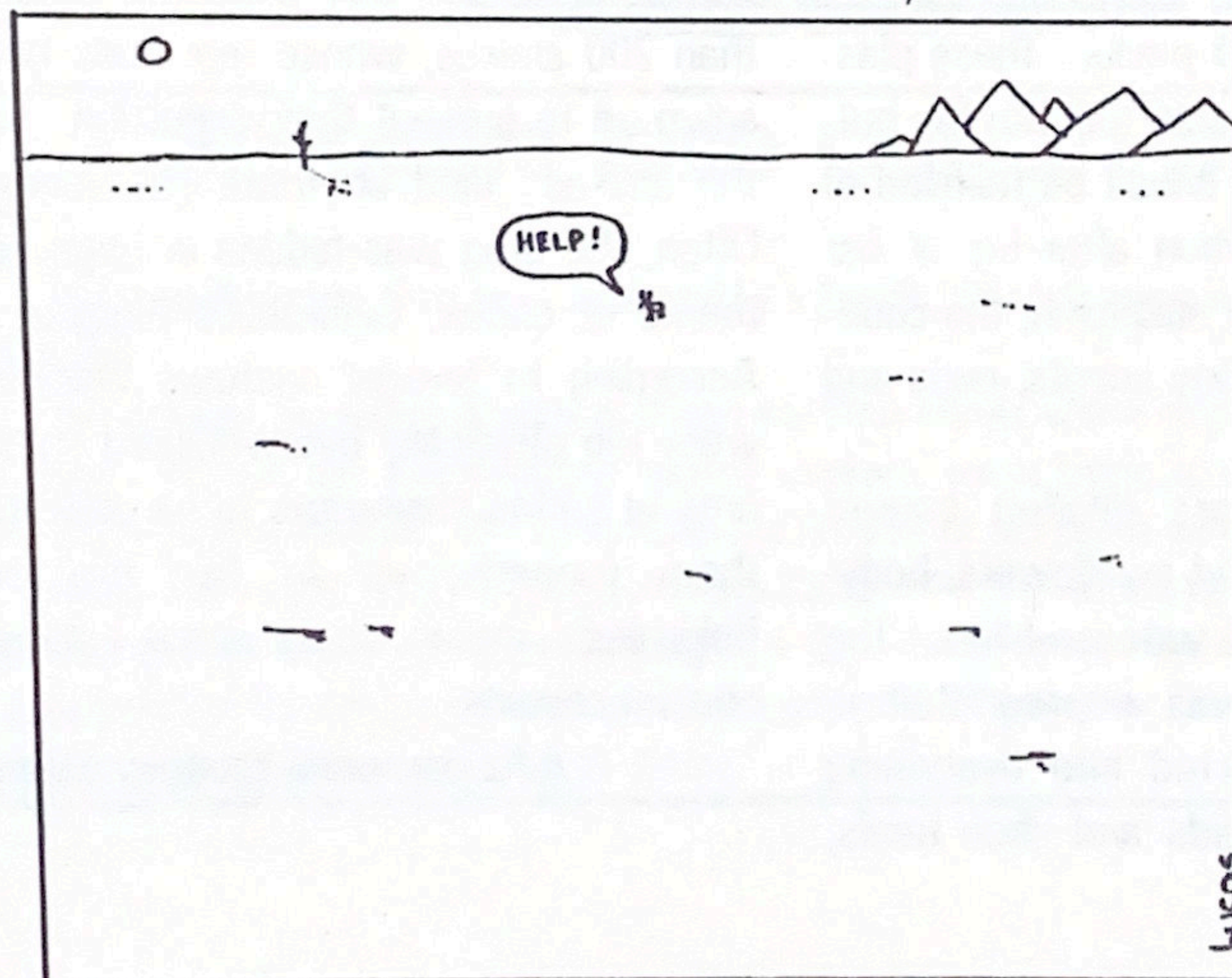
Reclaiming the streets is not just about bringing long-overdue environmental sanity into transport policy. It is about a fundamental ques-

tioning of the economic forces which drive the car culture.

What good is "economic growth" if all it tells us is how fast we are consuming things? If it is constantly taking space away from humans and allocating it to metal machines? If it measures only our "economic productivity" and not our quality of life?

Jack Straw's diatribe will confirm many people's worst fears that New Labour has now sold out completely to a philosophy which measures "value" purely in monetary terms. The poorest in our society are worthless. So too are compassion, happiness and a healthy environment.

With no one to represent these values in Parliament, is it surprising that the public is totally disillusioned with politics?



HENRY - THE AGRAPHOBIC WILDEBEEST.



## Stuff-and-swallowers, body-packers, and suitcase fillers

*Below is an excerpt from Simon Strong's new book *Whitewash: Pablo Escobar And The Cocaine Wars* in which he looks at one of the most infamous drug cartels of all time, where the ruling elite made so much money that they often had more cash than they knew what to do with. Millions of dollars were buried in holes in the ground, where it often rotted, as did \$24 million belonging to Escobar in a Los Angeles warehouse. He had been unable to find anywhere to put it. This excerpt looks at the often ingenious methods used to smuggle cocaine out of Columbia and into countries all over the world.*

Initially in the 1970's, a large amount of cocaine was smuggled out of Columbia by 'mules' on commercial flights. These couriers would usually be working for small organisations, which as their capital increased, adopted more sophisticated methods to move greater quantities. The risk of couriers being detected was minimal at the time, so little attempt was made to hide the cocaine. So confident were the traffickers that Carlos Lehder successfully sent his mother with a load, and one of the Ochoa sisters was arrested in the US with 1.5 kilos hidden in her bra. Soon, however, the cocaine was concealed in false-bottomed suitcases, then it was wrapped in condoms which were either inserted into vaginas or anuses, or simply swallowed - highly dangerous since, if the packages burst, the smuggler was killed by the agonising alkaloid blast - and in the early 1990's the cocaine was discovered in buttock packs. These plastic packs were surgically inserted into the buttocks of the courier who would be relieved of them in a second operation after his or her arrival. In order to deflect suspicion, the couriers often dressed up as boy scouts, nuns and priests.

Customs officers divided courier smugglers into stuffers-and-swallowers, body-packers, and clothing and suitcase-fillers. The water-soluble cocaine was impregnated in clothing; packed or inserted into everything from wigs to shoulder pads and shoe heels,

aerosol cans and toothpaste tubes; solidified into ashtrays, ornaments and other hand-crafts; and in a liquid solution dyed to masquerade as a soft drink, shampoo or other innocent looking product. "You have a million-to-one chance of spotting it," said one European customs official.

It is in the smuggling of cocaine by bulk commercial freight that the traffickers demonstrate their true ingenuity, although the cocaine is often merely packed alongside legitimate cargo. The drug has been found masquerading in tin cans as anything from pineapple chunks to cat food. Detection almost always results from some form of intelligence or a tip-off. In July 1993, it was discovered in boa constrictors. Seventy kilograms of cocaine had been stuffed into condoms inside more than 200 snakes, whose rear ends had been sewn up to prevent their expulsion. Most of the snakes died en route (to Florida Zoo). Often, the drug was hidden in huge consignments of coffee, Columbia's biggest export. According to foreign customs officers, who were too physically overwhelmed by the volume of coffee shipments to be able to check them properly, up to five per cent of Columbia's coffee sacks were estimated to contain cocaine.

A fundamental strategy was to



conceal the drug in exports whose examination was either difficult, time consuming and unpleasant, or simply ruined the legal product. It was found inside huge, Peruvian cotton bales, whose expansion on cutting their wire rendered repackaging a nightmare; inside Venezuelan bitumen barrels, which could only be checked by tipping out the contents; within big refrigerated food loads whose melting destroyed the meat or fish; within flowers or fresh fruits - especially Jamaican coconuts - which depended on reaching their markets quickly and whose examination shortened their shelf life if the shipment were legitimate; and inside lead ingots impermeable to x-rays.

Customs officers have discovered cocaine compressed and coloured to appear like coffee beans; mixed with cellulose in the manufacture of cardboard boxes; and combined with glass fibre and other substances to create hard material that can be moulded into any shape desired. In 1992 US federal narcotics agents seized dog kennels each of which would be ground down and treated with chemicals to extract cocaine with a street value of about \$450,000. "The drug cartels have reached an all-time high in terms of technology," said a spokesman for the US Federal Bureau of Investigation, John Hoos.

*Whitewash: Pablo Escobar And The Cocaine Wars by Simon Strong was published by Macmillan on 25 August, price £16.99.*



## Smokers lose out on pay

Non-smoking shoe shop staff employed by a Kendal, Cumbria company have been given a 15p an hour pay rise.

Tim Powney, managing director of Briggs and Shoe Mines, which employs 57 staff at its 5 retail branches, said: "We are not discriminating against smokers, we're trying to encourage people not to smoke and get a healthy lifestyle. We've reduced the amount of sick leave within the company."

Non-smokers get £3.50 an hour, smokers £3.35. The higher rate was introduced after a previous managing director nearly died after smoking 60 a day. The company now has only 4 smokers on the staff. A spokesperson for the pro-tobacco group, Forest, said: "If any other minority group was discriminated against in this way there would be an outcry."



# Defending Your Freedom

Part 3 of our guide to the criminal Justice and  
Public Order Act 1994

## THE RIGHT TO PROTEST AND USE OF THE HIGHWAY

By Len Lucas and Alan Murdie

*A demonstration in Truro by 130 herbalists against proposed EC restrictions on 'natural' medicine fell foul of the CJA when police pointed out that only 49 of them could march without a permit (The Guardian November 16, 1994)*

The Criminal Justice and Public order Act 1994 attempts to stop several forms of protest action. This may have two effects. Firstly it may restrict the activity taken by demonstrators. Such restriction may be based upon fact or fiction. The above quote provides an example - the new act does not amend the way the law treats marches and further, under the 1986 Public Order Act which does restrict marches there is no magical cut-off point that makes a march lawful or otherwise.

Secondly, given the increased restrictions demonstrators may become more accustomed to acting outside the law to make political points.

Given the new restrictions and the myths that are developing around the Act it is important to look at lawful protest. We provide some background on lawful demonstrations and campaigning activity. The focus is on use of the highway, one area of land to which the general public has at least some right of access.

### The Right of Protest

Given that the UK legal system does not have as a basis a written constitution or a "Bill of Rights" there

is no explicit right to protest. English law permits certain courses of action so that any activity that is not in breach of any statute or common law may be assumed to be lawful.

There have, however, been times when reference has been made to the "right to protest". For example in *Hubbard v Pitt* (1976) QB 142 Lord Denning said:

the right to demonstrate and the right to protest on matters of public concern...are rights which it is in the public interest that individuals should possess; and, indeed, that they should exercise without impediment so long as no wrongful act is done.

The 1994 Act adds to the number of actions that might be considered 'wrongful acts'. However it, like other public order legislation, does (in a negative sense) suggest that there are certain acts of protest that may be taken with the backing of the law.

It has also been suggested that a degree of disruption may be created by a protest without necessarily being seen as disorderly or not peaceful. For example, it has been suggested that protests are not open to legal action as long as they are peaceful and orderly even if they cause some inconvenience. (*News Group Newspapers Ltd v Society of Graphical and Allied trades* 1982, The Times).

*European Law.* Article 11 of the European Convention on Human rights 1950 says:

(a) Everyone has the right to the freedom of peaceful assembly and the freedom of association with others, including the right to form or join trade unions for the protection of his/her interests.

(b) No restrictions shall be placed on the exercise of these rights other than such as are prescribed by the law and are necessary in a democratic society in the interests of national security or public safety, for the prevention of disorder or crime, for the protection of health or morals or for the protection of rights and freedoms of others. This article shall not prevent the imposition of lawful restrictions



on the exercise of these rights by members of the armed forces, of the police or the administration of the state.

Certainly it may be possible to take some matters to the European Commission. Appeal to the convention, however, is unlikely to be of much use to demonstrators arguing with police as to their rights of protest. Like all areas of law, rights may exist but their relevance depends upon the resources of the individual to uphold them.

### Use of the Highway.

Most demonstrations are held on the highway. There is, however, no explicit right to use the highway for demonstrations. The public right to use the highway is simply the right of passage. Indeed to obstruct the highway is a criminal matter.

By their nature demonstrations obstruct the highway to some degree. However, the Court of Appeal has held that a procession is lawful so long as it does not amount to a public nuisance (*R v Clark* (1967) 2QB 315). It has also been argued that a procession that enables others to pass by would be lawful. A static meeting on the highway may amount to obstruction - the distinction being that a procession is connected to the right of passage. However, *Burden v Rigler* (1911) 1 KB 337 suggests that a static meeting on the highway is not always unlawful.

### Obstruction.

Obstruction arises where a person without lawful authority or excuse in any way wilfully obstructs the free passage of the highway (Highways Act 1980). There is a maximum of a level 3 fine on summary conviction in the magistrates' court. Obstruction is a very wide offence that is open for the police to use in a variety of circumstances. However, obstruction only arises when there is an actual obstruction to the free flow of persons or traffic. Leafletting outside a shop will not be an obstruction if there is room for pedestrians to pass. •

### Leafletting and street collections.

Street collections are generally unlawful if they are unlicensed unless they are for charitable purposes. Making a collection without a license is a criminal offence. The sale of articles in the street should also be licensed. However, the sale of newspapers for campaigning purposes does not require a license, however they may in certain circumstances be seen as attempts to bypass the restrictions on street collections. Leafletting is lawful as is the collection of signatures for a petition provided no obstruction is caused.

### Advance Notice Of Public Processions

The 1986 Public Order Act at s11 imposes a requirement that advance notice of a public procession must be given. This affects processions but not assemblies. It covers practically all processions held in a public place other than processions that are held on a basis of custom. There is also an exception where it is not 'reasonably practicable' to give advance notice. This allows for spontaneous processions.

The circumstances where a march is spontaneous are likely to be limited. Although circumstances could arise, for example, where an assembly decides to march to a particular place on the spur of a moment. A further example may be where a march is organised through a 'telephone tree'.

### Giving notice.

A written notice is required. It must include:

- (a) the fact that a march is to be held and the nature of it;
- (b) the date, starting time and the proposed route;
- (c) the name and address of the organisers.

The notice may be delivered to any police station in the area in which the march is to start. Notice



should be given either by hand or recorded delivery post at least six clear days before the date of the procession. If it is not possible to give six days notice, notice should be given as soon as is reasonably practical.

It is a criminal offence not to comply with the advance notice requirements of the 1986 Act. Organisers of a procession that does not comply with these requirements or which varies from the initial notice (eg it takes a different route) may on summary conviction face up to a level 3 fine. Participants do not face criminal sanctions.

The term organiser is not defined but does not necessarily mean only those mentioned in the notice. In *Flockhart v Robinson* (1950) 2KB 498 the person who planned the route of a spontaneous march was held to be the organiser.

Defenses to this offence may arise where it was not known or expected that the requirements for giving notice had not been met or any variation arose from circumstance beyond the control of the organiser or with the agreement or direction of a police officer.

#### *Imposition of Conditions.*

Section 12 of the 1986 public order Act enables a senior officer to impose conditions on public processions. Conditions can be imposed where there may be serious public disorder, serious damage to property or the purpose of the procession is to intimidate others with a view to compelling them not to do something which they have a right to do. Unreasonable conditions imposed by the police may be challenged by Judicial review. Failure to comply with any conditions set may result on summary conviction in 3 months imprisonment and a level 4 fine or both. Offences also arise where there is incitement to breach the conditions set by the police or if a person participates in a procession knowing that it is in breach of the conditions.

#### *Restrictions to Protest Created by the 1994 Act*

The new Act creates new restrictions on protest activity mainly through the new offence of aggravated trespass, and new offenses relating to trespass-

sory assemblies. Aggravated trespass does not apply to most highways. The new restrictions on assemblies enable the police to prohibit rather than simply restrict assemblies. There is no addition to the powers of the police to restrict marches provided in the 1986 Public Order Act.

#### **Basic Preparations for a Demonstration.**

If you fear you may be a victim of the powers created by the CJA - or indeed other elements of public order law the following steps may help in the event of your being arrested or pursued for a public order offence.

1. Identify a local legal aid firm of solicitors and keep their number handy. You could try and arrange legal support in advance of a demonstration.
2. Have some identification with you if you think the police are likely to arrest you for a non-arrestable offence on the basis that sending you a summons to court would not work. If you can prove your name and address any arrest the police may carry out for any non-arrestable offenses may be unlawful.
3. Find out where the local Magistrates' Court and County Court are should you need to use them. If possible visit the courts to familiarise yourself with the proceedings.
4. Keep a note book of what is done, with details being recorded as soon as possible. You may be able to refer to your notes in court.
5. If possible try to arrange to video or film the event. This is the best evidence of all to demonstrate what took place.
6. Do not be afraid to challenge abuse of the law.

(Next ish looks at trespass)



# The History of Popular Demonstration in Hyde Park

*The final part of our series is an eye-witness account of the demonstration in October 1994 against the then soon to be implemented Criminal Justice Act.*

The march against the CJB on October 9 was a huge, sprawling noisy affair of perhaps 100,000 people, with a wide diversity of people on the streets opposing the law; festival and party goers, squatters, travellers, hunt sabs, anti-road protesters, Outrage, Billy Power of the Birmingham 6 and what the Daily Mail described as "a grouping of organisations from Lesbian Avengers to cloaked members of the Druid Clan of Dana."

Police tactics had been provocative from the start, when they seemed intent on making it as difficult as possible for people to join the march by closing down tube stations and blocking roads. The old tactic of having lines of police marching alongside the demo was replaced with having large concentrations of police at particular points on the route, riot gear at the ready. The mood of the marchers was also a bit more defiant than previously as the reality of the Bill loomed ever closer. Despite this, the march was good fun with lots of rhythms being banged out on drums, tins and lamp-posts, with crowds forming in Hyde Park dancing, chatting and listening to speeches by mid-afternoon.

At the Marble Arch end of the park, however, two lorries with sound systems on the back were blocked by police vans which were refusing them entrance into the park. A big crowd was gathered around dancing in the streets and refusing to be intimidated. There were people on top of a bus stop and even a couple of people on top of a police van, dancing. The police put on riot gear, a few missiles were thrown, and some gas let off, but after a stand off the police backed down, letting the trucks carry on into the park, with the crowd partying on and around them. The crowd pulled the police barriers across the road and behind them to stop the

police horses who were following, from charging into us.

As the lorries pulled up by the main stage and people climbed up on the stage and started dancing, police horses charged from the Park Lane side of the park, being chased by a crowd of people running after them. The police regrouped and recharged into the main body of the crowd, most of whom had been unaware that anything much was going on. After the initial panic people turned round and faced the horses. The pattern was repeated several times; horses charging, then the crowd closing in on the police, till eventually the horses were withdrawn, to a big cheer. Next a line of police in riot gear came in, and the same happened - charge and counter charge with the same result of the police withdrawing.

At this point the fighting would probably have died down if the police had gone quietly, and left everybody to get on with partying. But they couldn't be seen to back down, so instead loads of white police vans moved up Park Lane from the Marble Arch end and having lost control of the park established control of a bit of the road instead. This had the effect of blocking in many of the coaches taking people home, so they had to stay, whether they wanted to or not.

"I was pushed down on the floor, punched, hit across the back with a truncheon, and then three police were just kicking me and hitting me with truncheons."

*Vincent Seabrook, Liberty legal observer, New Statesman, 14 October 1994*



For the next few hours nobody moved very far. Although some faced up to the police in Park Lane itself, most ended up inside the park, separated by the metal railings from the riot police. This made it difficult for the police to launch baton charges or send in the horses, and when they tried to force their way through the small gates in the railings they were repelled with sticks, bottles and whatever else was to hand.

There were some very surreal touches whilst all this was going on: people dancing not very far from the police lines, a uni-cyclist weaving his way through the riot police, a man fire-breathing. Alongside the fighting this kind of behaviour was probably harder for the police to handle than a straightforward riot; this sort of unpredictability just isn't in the manual! This was not the blood-crazed anti-social mob portrayed by the media. A lot of people were enjoying themselves and looking out for others. At one point a line of people blocked Park Lane outside the Grosvenor Hotel, but when somebody noticed that an ambulance was stuck in the traffic, they quickly got out of the way.

By about 9 o' clock, a lot of people had gone home, and the park in the dark didn't seem such a safe place. A police helicopter swooped down with a spotlight trained on the crowd, and its own sound system, broadcasting the message "Disperse now or force will be used", and police were moving in on people. But dispersing wasn't easy, even for those who wanted to go home. Lines of riot police blocked most of the roads out of the area, and Marble Arch tube station was closed (followed shortly by Bond St and Oxford Circus) When a gap appeared in police lines, part of the crowd took the opportunity to pour up Oxford St with horses charging up behind and police motorbikes alongside. Some smashed shop windows before dispersing.

Some have argued that the police deliberately provoked a riot to make sure the CJB was passed, but this ignores the fact that there was never any danger of it not being passed, as there had never been any serious opposition to it within Parliament. Others have blamed 'anarchist trouble makers', but if people were that easy to manipulate, why weren't there riots on the other marches?

The flashpoint came when thugs opposed to legislation against raves tried to turn the park into a giant party.

The ravers who call the tune - behind a front of legitimate protest, the underground party organisers who have spread misery throughout the country - music that became a rallying cry for violence.

*"Revolt of the Ravers" Daily Mail, 10 and 11  
October 1994*

The fact was that a resistible police force met the immovable object of an increasingly angry crowd. The police, no doubt thinking of the months ahead, wanted to show they would always have the upper hand. Tired of being pushed around and facing the threat of having an important part of our lives shut down by the CJB many decided that enough

**"Exposed: secret plot to take over Hyde Park"**

"senior officers were aware that agitators planned to start a 'rave' in the park using the sound systems that accompanied the march.....The business of allowing large, mobile sound systems in political demonstrations is a serious new problem that we will have to deal with."

*The Job, Metropolitan Police paper, October 14  
1994*

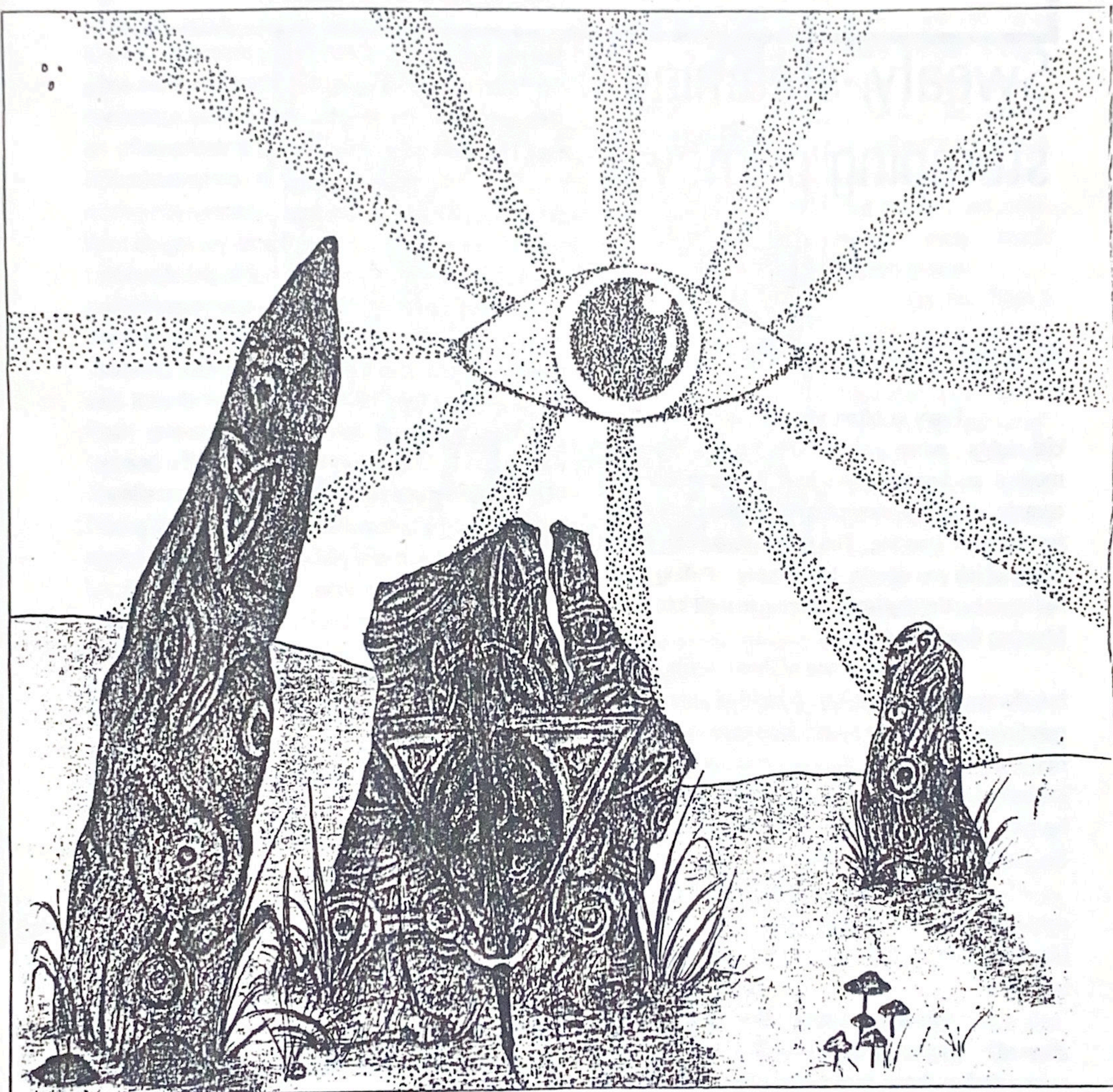
was enough. Some physically fought with the police. others showed their defiance by refusing to budge. As the reports from The Job and the Daily Mail make clear, for the police the people who just wanted to party were as much a part of the extremist plot as those who wanted to fight as well as dance.

The costs were high. Many were injured, and 48 arrests were made. The police have launched "Operation Greystoke" to arrest more of those involved, and the courts have ordered the press to hand over film and photos to the police. But the police didn't have it all their own way; and



people showed that when the police come to close down festivals and parties after the CJB becomes law they won't find it easy.

(At time of going to press sentences are already being given out. Trevor Harris FH1875 got 20 months for affray. HMP Brixton, Jebb Avenue, Brixton, London SW2 5XF. Mark Skelly FH1589 got 12 months for his alleged involvement. HMP Ranby, Retford, Notts, DN22 8EU.)





# PARTY PEOPLE !!!

## Dive into the attitude free clubbing experience

Sweaty, steaming,  
stomping primeval  
soup

7th Heaven Thirstday 17th August Canterbury

Every so often, you get one of those special nights, when *everything* is right. When the music's so fucking good that you lose it, in a sweaty, steaming, stomping primeval soup of ecstatic chancers. Dancing. You ride a glimmering thread along which you vibrate. Luxuriously. Pulling faces. Anticipating the rhythms. Moving to melt into them. Meeting them head on.

Tonight was one of those nights. A rare but always hoped for thing. A night of stop to start good music. Spot on music. House music. A night that makes you forget the daily shit, reminding you instead of the power of magic. Really, I'm glad to be alive. I'm glad you were there with me. Life. Is. So. Fucking. Good. Sometimes.

Packed to the rafters with hedonists of every sex, shape and size. Supping rich pleasures. Devouring fun. Experiencing music. All friends. All believers.

We may inhabit the land of "not allowed" whose language is "No", but it is at moments like these that we create a new world. Our world. Stuffed full with "Yes's". Where we rediscover delight and slip into the luxury of fun.

Childhood revisited, but as it never was.

The rediscovery of that love of life, of people. Of loving living. Goodbye cynicism. Hello blue skies and sunshine. With the air resonating in lusty appreciation I'm feeling a-fucking-live. At last. Again.

Full of mad, up for it, party bastards, nashing and gurning, prancing, chancing, *living* and having a fuck of a good time. Faces you would not believe the like of, made their public debut, under the glare of the flashing, crap lights, wrapped in the arms of some seriously meaty music. What is that music? Where does it come from? (Mark Dettmar (C), legendary topp tune trader). How does it hit that spot, again and again? The music was that right, I had to stop myself swooning at the beauty of it all. The shared look on the heaving dancefloor, followed by the communal grin. God we felt good. We luxuriated in it and just got fucking lost. Riding on, living for, that next tune.

Tonight was the first time that Oz (C) and Timo (C) were publicly joined together in their pursuit of musical excellence. Never having played with each other before (apart from a couple of times in the shower) they slipped into it easily, each working perfectly to compliment and enhance the others tunes. For five solid hours they kept it up (oo er). Remorselessly holding us in their thrall, as they performed their very public aural coupling.

From wall to sweat-glistening wall people danced and howled their appreciation which was milked to perfection by our seducers. I was entranced, invigorated and fucking stinking as I joined the mass sweat soaked worshippers, at their alter of brilliance. (Well this was the first drink I'd had for well over a week, leading to immediate intoxication of the kind generally exhibited by batty old boys in their local pub). "This is what we want", yelled Maurice(T), whilst dancing (yes!) and waving



his moist limbs about in relaxed abandon. Performing an elaborate mating ritual in front of Judith (V), no doubt. (And Judith lost her tVC virginity as she was clasped to our mass bosom for the first, and hopefully not last, time). Indeed tonight was a family affair for old Mag Maur as a further 2 members of his immediate family were spotted shaking in appreciation of the groove-tastic musical delights on offer. Rowan (V) whooped her encouragement like a good 'un ('she's got a good pair o' lungs on her that girl'). Oochie(C), flushed with the birth of his business empire, "Oochie Oochie Tape Productions", celebrated in true Louie fashion by sticking solidly to the dancefloor all night, gyrating his hips with a beatific grin stretched across his chummy features. Grinning coz he knew this set was being taped, from beginning to end, and he'd have copies, out on the streets within 2 hours of the night finishing. Unfortunately he spent so much time dancing he didn't manage to sell many of the tapes he'd already done, but chose instead to give them to whoever took his fancy ie young women in tight tops and hot pants. Keef(T) reinstated in his position of splendour at the head of the tVC dancefloor. Exactly positioned between the speakers, topp off in record breaking time (don't tell Roy) his face wreathed in smiles. Roy(C) appeared to be the only person out of over 350 to miss, totally, the vibe. Charging around, shouting and sweatily chasing someone whom I'm afraid did not appear to exist. Jasper(T)

with his hair down tonight so he could swish it's silky tresses over the back of his neck (constantly) sulking because we've all seen his scar and didn't want to see it again. Kate(V) and Mike(T) (yes) obviously becoming slightly jaded by the superior entertainment opportunities offered by that mecca of sophisticated nightlife, Dukes in Whitstable, decided to slum it instead here. Mike dressed accordingly. There was a time that he sported an expensive new top at every local dance, but this one had obviously seen much action (mwar).

On the "God I didn't expect to see you here list as I thought you were; "giving up partying" (Watson(C) in top old trooper mode), going to Portugal (!?), going to France to do a course (Aaron(T), allegedly), knobs" (a few sharing this thought were in evidence, lurking accordingly).

In fact it was so packed (biggest attendance ever, folks, with 333 paying househeads that's *not* including the massive guest list) it was actually quite hard (missus) to see who was there and who wasn't. Everyone was pulling such funny faces, and had lost so much weight due to the gallons of body fluids sucked out by the heat, that they were unrecognisable anyway. One's whose faces cannot be mistaken however they're twisted include Toby(C) "the safest car parker in town". Gary(C) who was able to tell a certain MM just what that thing held in his sweaty little hand was. Mia and Diane (T's), Timo's official fanclub and looker afterers. Gone(T), hair smoothed back in neat and orderly fashion so as not to betray the tumultuous activi-





ty going on beneath. "What's it like not having the kids for the weekend", we ask knowing full well they're going to Alton Towers. "Er", he thinks for a short while, then big beam, "GREAT". Walt(T&C) in his capacity as stolid, upstanding yet very respectable member of the business community is sitting down all night shouting grotesque profanities and insulting anyone who would listen to him. (Which was no-one, as usual). Polly(T), Trudi(V), Suzanna(V). Jerry(T) back from his round the world exploits, reminding us of his damn fine dancefloor wrist action, maan. Eldad(V) was also spotted indulging in a little of the urgent wrist actions favoured by the more esoteric of our dancers. Artist Steve(T). Pam(C) only stumbling over steps, and down them, and a couple of times in between, otherwise keeping a low profile. Aaron(V) who managed to keep both a thick top and a coat on throughout all the shenanigans. He looked good, but he must have been fucking hot and I bet his pits stank. Pete emerged as a clear challenger to Keef's speaker space. Aaron's wrist action was decidedly limp as Pete managed to nearly outdance him, without even being there. And was that Guy(C), spotted, dancing, on a tVC dancefloor? At last. "That's a bit more like it Ozzy", he says, "a bit 'rder". Stuart L (T) stumbling around extremely energetically, warming up most professionally for when he plays in September. The undisputed, newly crowned "dancing queen" Leila(V), sans Kier(V). Kier's bro Liam(T). Ed Formerly(C), the pain from a cricketing wound bravely borne in the pursuit of 'sinking some piss'. Kate(V). Yes. Alive and well. Roger(V) enjoying his birthday already (as he has been doing solidly since the last one). Freshly deoderised, preparing for his party in a couple of days time whilst giving the dance floor a damn fine rogering with his superb mastery of the light control panel. Those geordie bastards SJ and D(C's).

And fucking loads of others. Thanks for making it such a good night and adding many fine new memories of 1001 ways to stagger around in a sweat-drenched, beer sodden frenzy.

## Erecting their portion...

Southern Exposure - 18th August 1995

After the ecstatic excesses of the above mentioned night, it was once again that time of the month. To do our oft performed "thick and tired" routine that we unfortunately choose to practice without fail when we appear in Maidstone. Maybe if we paced ourselves a little better, perhaps going to bed at some point between the two days, this phenomenon wouldn't be so bloody predictable.

With Swishy Eyesaw following, and Robin Logomotion and chum Paul following them following us we made our way to Maidstone, and yes, went wrong at that same road we always go wrong at. Probably because we're so tired. Or thick.

There were two big, and very welcome surprises awaiting us at the club. One hundred gallons of sweaty water had been sucked out of the walls and ceiling of the upstairs room. In one fell swoop eliminating the aroma of piss-soaked carpet, that is so conducive to that elusive clubbing experience. Although this meant that we no longer needed our newly purchased sacks of joss-sticks, we did not mind. I felt considerably less tired.

Surprise number two though, was the absolute clincher. Standing towering in one corner, looking impressively bulky and bass laden, stood a magical sight, that drew gasps of relief from the assembled tVC'ers. A big fuck off rig, of most solid and bodacious dimensions, sporting that reassuring EV badge of excellence. It kicked into life, first time, as seven and a half K's of arse kicking power thumped resoundingly round the room. Excellent. Excellent. Excellent. And, just one more, excellent.

With a spring in our collective step our yawns banished we got to work, watching Swishy carry five TV's up two flights of stairs and assemble them in record breaking time. Robin and Paul got to work erecting their portion of the visual feast to-be. Clinging teeth-clenchingly, and very sweatily to wobbly tables their equipment was whipped out



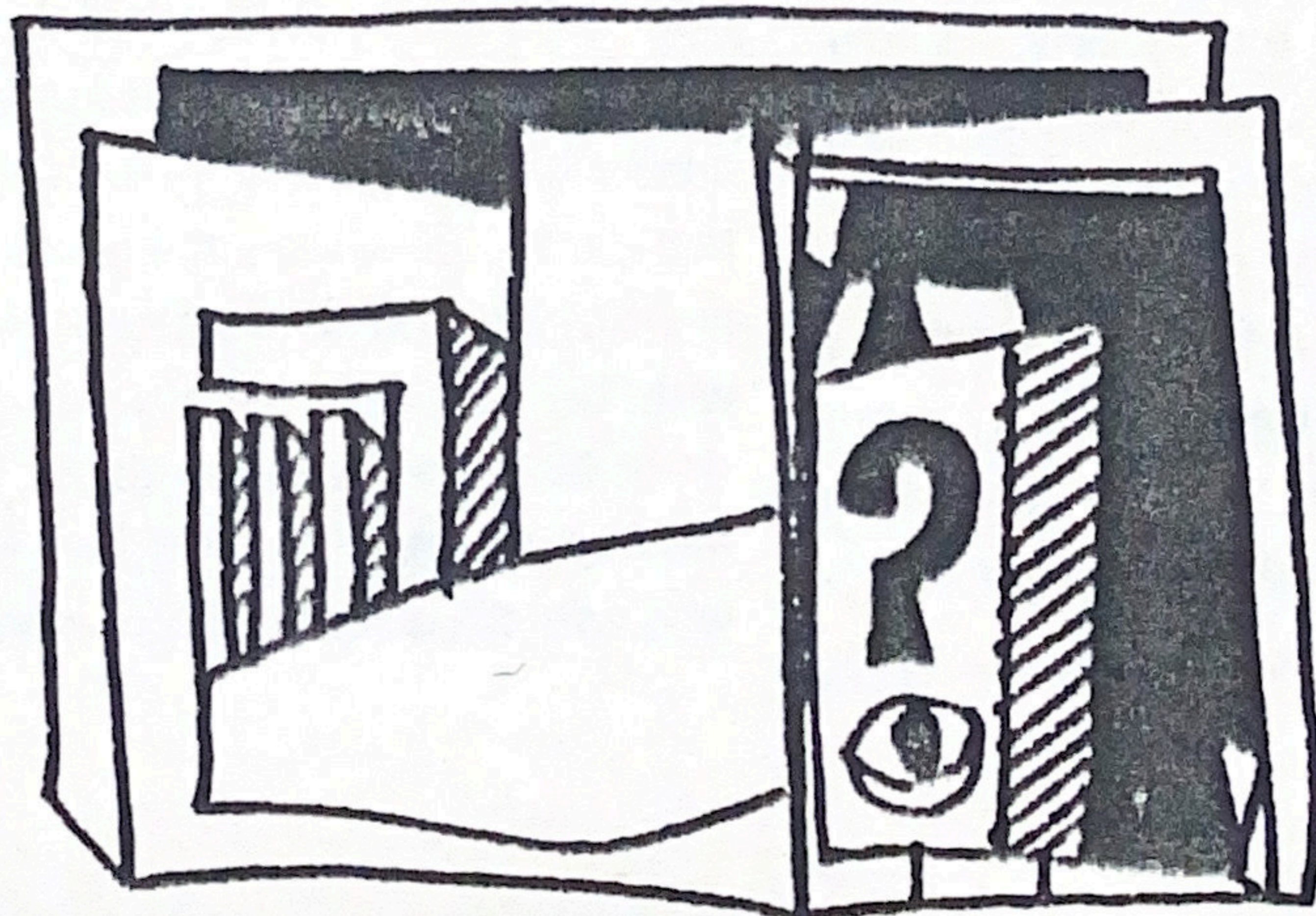
and on display with as much haste as could be mustered when you are drowning in sweat. It was already extremely hot. The bar-steward muttered, rather ominously we thought, "You wait. You should have seen how hot it was here last week. It was like a furnace". We don't care.

Nick was first on. The headphones hung in tatters after the aural activities witnessed the previous night. Oz helpfully switched off the monitors, as Nick wondered why it felt like she'd never done this before and tried to line up beats, whilst listening to the speakers a mere 60 foot away. Who mentioned time delay? The problem of time delay was experienced by everyone in the room as Nick tried to master the mechanics. Things improved considerably, however, when Jasper strolled in, pony tail arranged neatly in an open splay upon his shoulder and, switched the monitors on. Pouting in best DJ fashion (London circa '95) Jasp quickly took control of proceedings as he slapped out his cherished 12" for the delectation of the assembled throng.

The room, it had to be admitted, looked and sounded rather spectacular. Pitch black apart from Swishy's TV treats, and Robin's visual flashes, both complimenting perfectly the pounding PA. With no stale urine smell to assault ones nostrils, it most definitely felt and looked an altogether different room from that we last experienced. And with small handfuls of our hardcore chums coming, we relished their joyful surprise on seeing it's most pleasant transformation. We positively strutted round the room. No longer the tVC reps of old who'd sat rather lumpily, while matchsticks propped open our rheumy eyes. We danced and laughed, soaking up the mellow ambience of the room.

Jasper warmed the pulsating throng nicely, rearranging his pony tail for maximum effect as he played his last tune. Oz and Timo, not satiated by their very public playing the night before, waited eagerly for the chance to repeat their joy's of the night before. Like seasoned pro's they slipped readily and easily, into their stride and did their stuff. Spontaneous whistles and cheers erupted from the dancefloor as we joined in collective celebration of the new-look, new-feel, new-smell room.

It was too hot for me to dance. Just standing up made your clothes stick sweatily (and rather unflatteringly) to ones buttocks (mrow). But the new rig made such a difference to our listening pleasure, we could happily sit 60 foot away from the nearest speaker, supping beer, tapping feet, and still have to shout extremely loudly to one another to be heard. It was great. A generally lively time was had by one and all, the heat failing to stop the more robust members in their incessant pursuit of pleasure. Jasper danced! Yes, we kid you not! Robin talked, Swishy swished in a most glamorous fashion. Sara pumped, Claire and Mia talked of fanclubs, tee-shirt designs and groupie-dom, Dougy told Jasper off for putting in danger his newly repaired back whilst Oz talked profusely, even whilst on the job, wearing out a few unsuspecting sets of ears in the process. Meanwhile Paul listened, escaped briefly, then listened again. Robin talked. Nick didn't yawn, Gone pranced, Timo beamed and we all thought how lucky we were to have two top nights out in as many nights. We also smiled expectantly when we thought of the fun to be had in 24 hours time in the bosom of our mad Dover compadres. I think a few gallons of sweaty water has been reabsorbed back into the walls, and ceiling though.....





## 12" in hand

Deep Space - Saturday 18 August - Legends,  
Dover

So, it's Saturday night, the culmination of three solid nights partying. After a wide-eyed day (again) shared by many of us who were in the vicinity of Atomics the previous night, we began congregating, discussing how much rest we'd had. Not much. Still filled with the joys of partying we set about our tasks with a remarkable vigour. Swishy and Robin, VJ's extraordinaire rose to the occasion like the seasoned troopers they have already become. Although Swish in his enthusiasm to show off nearly dropped one of his TV's off the sack barrow whilst manouvering a slippery slope. Throwing the whole weight of his party-ravaged body on top of his equipment (missus) he managed in a heart-lurching moment to prevent disaster from striking. Quite impressive it was as well. I think even Swish was impressed.

The club looked farkin' soo-perb. The space was used to maximum effect, with the backdrops accentuating the club's unusual shape. Inviting you in. The dancefloor an arena of fun, pulling you in. Maurice had already been along to have a fiddle (missus) with the rig and it sounded better. With a license till 4am what more could anyone want?

The night was Timo's opening night in his new capacity as Mr Legend and he'd done a grand job. We all quickly relaxed in its mellow ambience. Understandably he suffered slightly with first night nerves. As the club is on trial for only four 4am licenses it was important for all of us that the first night be a success. No-one knew how much effect the free party a few miles away would have. With it being such a small scene, there was going to be a definite split in the audience. But worry disappeared, as more and more of the reckless renegades we associate with came through the door.

Much hugging and excited talking about what we'd all been up to in the few hours since we'd last seen each other, took place. The piss was taken out of those who'd exhibited human signs of exhaustion and had maybe flagged by the third day of the bender. We were all here to have serious fun.

Jasper positioned himself under a backdrop, that John pointed out bore an uncanny resemblance to him. And it fucking did as well. It looked exactly as Jasp would if he had blue skin and no hair (instead of brown, and not much). It began to look more like Jasper than he did himself. Then we began to suspect that Jasper really has a day time job as an artists model, and spends his days in a studio, naked amongst strategically arranged articles of fruit, draped in pink silk, 12" in hand. Denied, of course. Gone continued his sponsored dance that had started that Thursday, culminating in a three mile walk that morning to loosen himself up for that nights mammoth sesh. Chris and Terri (on the mend) giggled and squiggled wide-eyed on the floor. Watson, obviously taking this slowing down business to heart tucked into proceedings with gusto, nicely warmed up by his staying in activities on Thursday night. Bonnie climbed immediately aboard the stage and pumped away all night, with Swishy swishing away like a good 'un. Nick was desperate to try out her new whistle, "The Loudest in The World" proclaimed the Kite Shop owner when she had bought it that day. Bought to save a ravaged throat, with a voice gone hoarse through too much shouting and talking (and because the Notting Hill Carnival was coming up), it was fucking loud. So loud that you couldn't really use it again after a trial blow, because you had to rush into the toilet and try and stem the flow of blood from your ruptured ears. Sara pumped away majestically, despite her profound exhaustion. Oochie lost the plot (as well as other things, ask Oz) totally and tumbled around like a loon out giving away all his tapes (so no change there then). Gone were the gels wiv' tight tops that previously gained his attention, tonight it was chaps with big muscles. Robin's video mixing slipped down his list of priorities as he danced all night, (he'd finally stopped talking for a bit) joined by Paul who was still dancing in the car and the next day.



Aaron nowhere to be seen, ill after the exertion of sitting down all night on Thursday. Toby, mysteriously livening up and extracting the piss out of this reviewer remorselessly. Mia and Diane showing how a fan-club should really be run. And lots and lots of other fellow all round good party peeps just doing their best to make the most of yet another good night out in each others company.

With rumours circulating of the Barham party being pigged, and the police not allowing access to anyone not already on site, we got down to serious party business. And, yes, Timo and Oz did play with each other, again, in public. And, yes, we all enjoyed it as much as them. What a weekend. I can't wait till the next one though. That really is going to be some party.....

## Diary of a music festival bust

Uppers and a downer By Hellier Mason

Last month we got busted for dealing amphetamines. Forgive me if I seem blase about it, but actually I'm not a drug dealer, never have been, and should I ever need to change careers I won't become a drug dealer. Me and my partner - a primary school teacher and also not a drug dealer - decided to visit our friend in Swansea. She's a fitness instructor and (no prizes for this one) not a drug dealer either. But we are all most definitely into live music and the chance of seeing some bands that were 'influential' in our teenage years was too good to miss. So we went to the Swansea music Festival.

"We" consisted of three adults, a teenage daughter and her school friend, and our dog. We strolled to the park, boring the teenagers with our tales of where we'd first heard this tune and that single.

We bought our tickets, headed in the direction of the Tom Robinson Band, and, to the horrified stares of the two teenagers began our archaic dance forms. They could stand it no longer, so we gave permission to get burgers and cokes; they would meet us at the beginning of the next set in the opposite marquee, where we would be subjected to "Cajun Grunge" and shown a thing or two about dancing.

I handed my keys and my ticket to my partner for safe keeping in her handbag as I leapt about to 2-4-6-8 Motorway Song. And after Tom had rounded off with Sing If You're Glad To Be Gay we wandered over to our just desserts with the "new age".

Somebody was tapping me on the shoulder. "Excuse me, sir," said the orange-vested security guard, "I have to ask you to leave the festival." My partner and our friend were having similar conversations with attendant dayglo mesomorphs.

We were all taken around the side of the marquee and positioned against the fence. A policeman loomed out of the darkness and towered above me. "Acting upon information received, we believe you are dealing amphetamines at this festival." Over the sudden din of applause, I caught the words "co-operate" and "search". My partner and our friend were being quizzed likewise. I heard them say, "But our kids are here, they'll be looking for us."

And then the man from the Milk Tray advert appeared all in black, with a deaf aid in his ear. I asked the policeman "Whose information?" - but he just glanced in the direction of the Milk Tray man and said he wasn't at liberty to tell. As our friend and I were led away, I looked back to see my partner being quizzed by Milk Tray Man while Dayglo Woman spilled the contents of her bag onto the ground. I didn't see my partner again until after I'd been stripped and searched by a bored policeman inside a dirty old Portakabin with blankets taped over the windows to cover my shame. Of course they found nothing. What do you think we are? Drug dealers?

We received no apologies, no sorries, no nothing. We were, I suppose, to go gambling back



to the festival like sheep after shearing, shouting "Yippee" at being free.

Well, we didn't. We sat dejected, hurt and confused, and then we talked it over between us. The kids arrived and we told them too. I remembered Milk Tray Man staring at me as I sat down to catch my breath after the 2-4-6-8 Motorway Song. I thought at the time, "What's his problem?" My partner told us how this mystery man had insisted that I'd passed her "a white square". I had: it was the ticket of course.

It was a simple mistake, but it was their mistake, not ours. The police had said we weren't entitled to an apology as they weren't to blame. We could, after a 12 month period, write and obtain a copy of the police report. Meanwhile, our details remain on a file somewhere.

We steamed for the rest of the evening, slinking around, feeling everyone was looking at us, accusing us.

Next day I phoned the Swansea police. I was put through to the Drug Squad and told, "Yes, the details will remain on file for 12 months, but they shouldn't affect your partner's work record, or your friend's." The head of the squad was shocked that we'd not got an apology, so he gave me one. Swansea Council declined to comment as they'd only rented the area to the festival organisers and security was the responsibility of a company called Square One. But they contacted the firm on our behalf and were told, "Square One staff had nothing to do with it."

Where, then, did the Dayglo people come from, and who was the Milk Tray Man. The only other organisation acting in an official manner was ... the Rotary club. Whatever next?

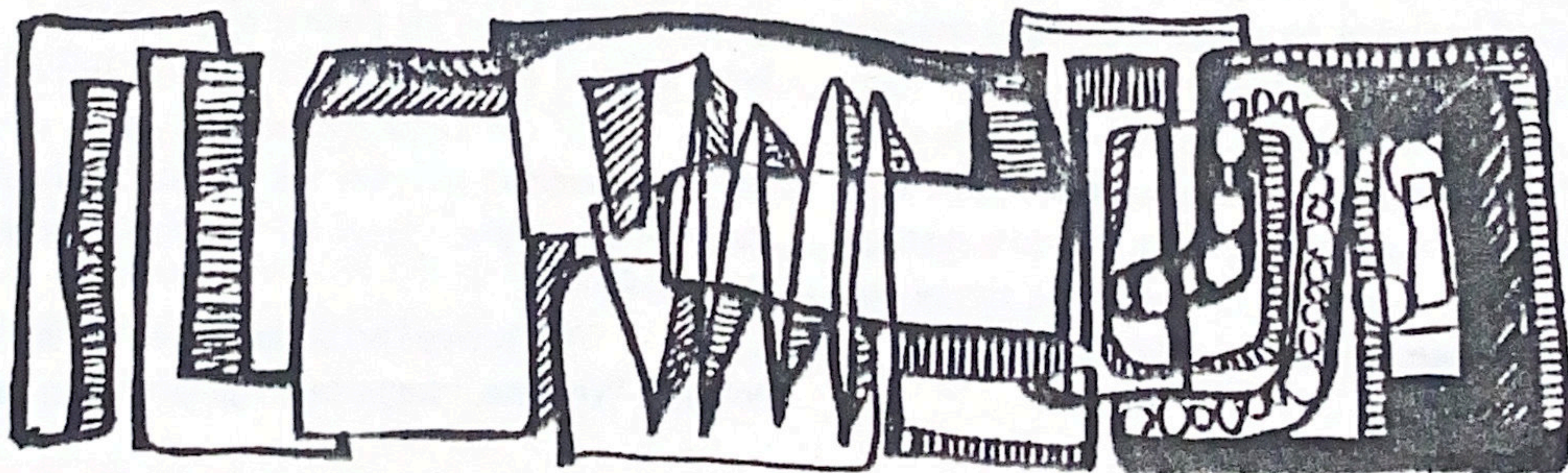
## On Rocks

Saturday 26th August  
Free Party for Free People  
The Warren, Folkstone

Last night we were on rocks. Large, chalk, rocks. Piled high, nestling the cliff base, all square and pointy. At regular intervals during the darkness hours some guy would climb, right up, to the highest point and perch himself on the precipitous ledge. What seemed like footballs of straw were attached to the end of a long rope, maybe 15 or 20 feet in length. These were then lit and slowly swung around his head in a most spectacular manner bringing noisy whoops and screams and whistles from the large crowd below.

In the morning the obligatory naked dancing man was joined by another naked dancing man and they both bounced up and down for an hour or so. The people watching saying to themselves; "No, I won't look at his penis", then looking, in a quick-glance-I-hope-nobody-noticed-me kinda way. A few of the men huffed and puffed. One said to me; "I can take most things but", points to the naked, dancing men, "that is well out of order". When asked why he said; "it just is". At least they didn't try to put their genitals inside a hot-knife bottle. One woman said; "Someone should tell them" and left it at that. I pointed out that this was a naturists beach which elicited a general "oh that's OK then" response.

Grant Plant, top DJ and tunesmith extraordinaire, was our guest. He played the first set after Nicki's warm up. Snorter. Deep, funky house blends with melancholic bouncy beats. The, by now, 500





strong crowd kick in to first gear and we're off. A dazzling, blurred, social whirl that seemed to last 5 minutes but in fact went on for a good two days (and more). With all our basic needs catered for we funking went for it big time. Talk. Walk. Chalk. Everyone with white, dusty bums. The fluro's flapped, all green, red and yellow, shaking sticks with fluorescent tape on and glowing pom-poms. UV moths.

Only dedicated free party people applied. What with steep steps, going on for ages, or steep slopes to surmount, on top of a two mile walk and a police "checkpoint" to overcome only the dedicated attempted it. A thin ribbon, or apron, of concrete snakes below the Folkstone cliffs towards Dover. The walk is spectacular. Pure white cliffs, no barrier or fence on the apron, only a cars width wide, then the

sea, a precipitous drop below. Suddenly this man made barrier against the sea ends and a sandy cove emerges. The sea, now at high tide, all dark greys and silver laps on the shore. Tranquil? Yes and no. 500 persons of the partying persuasion crammed the beach. A "woodwork" gathering, so called because so many people came out of it tonight.

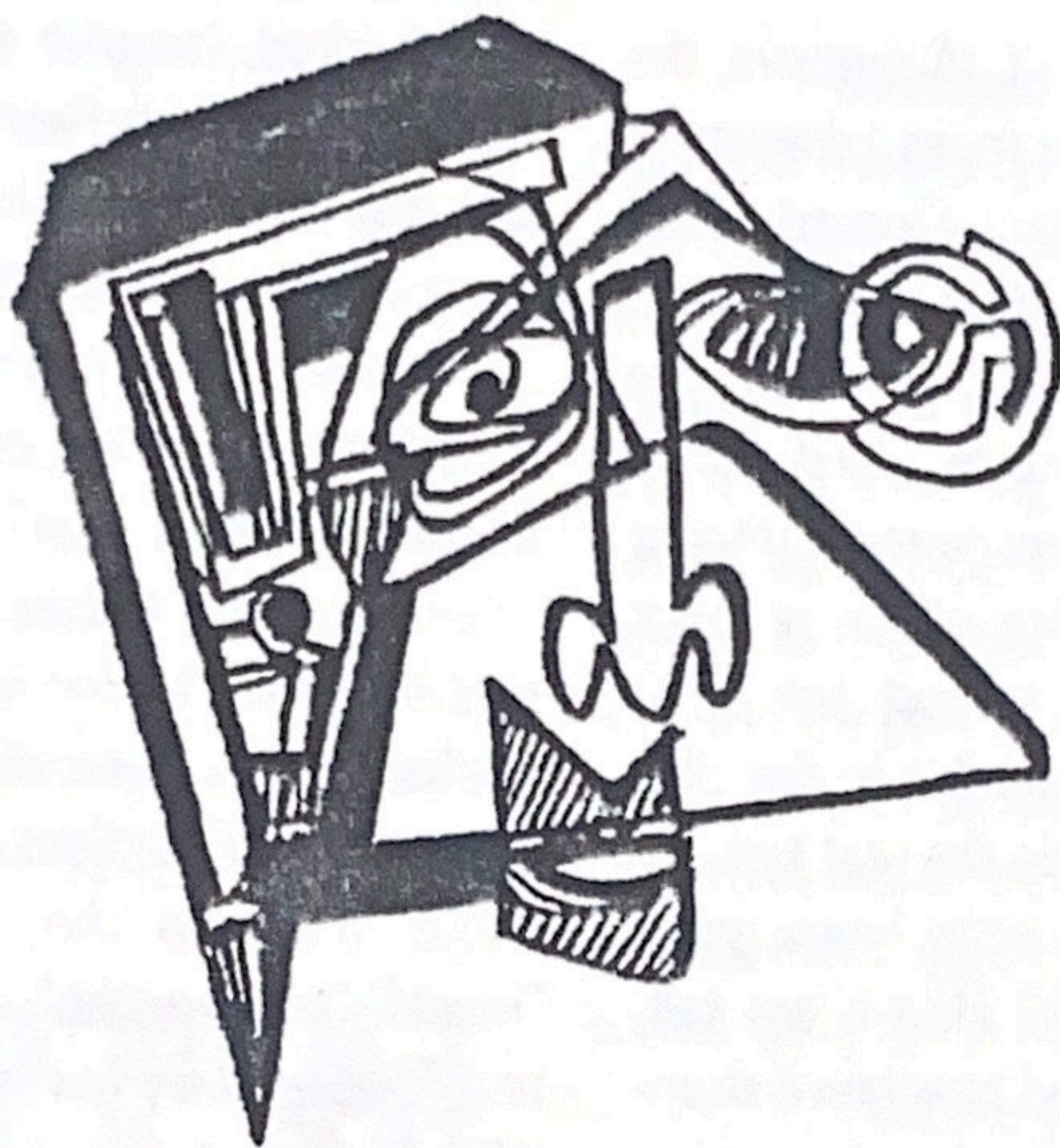
Spotted; Mike-ee walking 5 miles (in the wrong direction!) and losing it (literally, ie himself) for 3 hours, at the peak of the party! Yes he went off to get a bottle of beer (although there was shit loads on site. He just wanted to frolic with Paul in the bushes. You know how excited he gets, Kate). Aaron doing his best to dispel the rumours of his lameness by actually dancing (at his last party too before he hits France. Poor France). Timo (Leg -End (Mr)) 'falling' over on the 'dance-floor'. He tripped over a rock in front of the decks and amused everyone no end, especially as we'd been saying he should have cleared all those dangerous rocks off the dance-floor (actually we think he passed out

momentarily but cunningly managed to disguise it. And if he didn't, he fucking should have (passed out that is)). YSHSTFSOH. Ed's chin, manouvering alarmingly all night (just like the good ol' days, eh?). Well it was his birf-day. Grant Plant, top notch geezer, playing a belter of a set. The pal who came down with him dancing half way up the cliff all night

in a fetching pair of shorts. Kate and Connan (yes, we know) deciding not even cake eating could keep them away. Spencer (straight out of the recording studio) and Charlie. Nicki and Dave, with Nicki looking after us in the morning and clearing up the whole beach. Mia, clearing up the whole beach, and looking after us in the morning, despite being decidedly the worse (better) for wear. Timo finding one of Kevin's pubes (blond (natural)) in one of his packages.

Dianne sorting the collection out whilst we all chickened out and pretended to be paranoid. Makka keeping everyone laughing, apart from those poor lads who tried to pitch a tent. P and J appearing out of various bushes, grinning cheekily. Gary, depressed in the beer tent because he couldn't get his purple beast out (or maybe it was too handbaggy). Paul dancing like a loon all night (we wonder why?) Kate schwinging at Mike in pleasant anticipation of pleasures to be had. Andy and Melissa. Simone and her bro. Nasal and Creaky (and he was). And fucking hundreds more.

Highlights; Grants set. Mike's set. Timo's set. Jes' set. Oz's set. Ed's set. The whole darn thang. The setting. Who needs Goa/Thailand/Portugal when you have Folkestone, that's what we say!! Doing it. Getting away with it (it finally stopped 2pm Tuesday afternoon). Having it. Big time. The best of music, company and scenery on what looks like being the last day of summer. Here's to next year.





## "Who's had their hands all over my Knob?"

7th Heaven Thursday 31 August  
Rogue Sound System

Those hootin', 'tootin' CJA outlaws, the Rogue crew sidle into town for a mass takeover of our deep house consciousness. Conrad, Sue, Quinny and Dicko fresh from their Lincoln and Scunthorpe boltholes, amble rather than sidle down the motorway in their Rogue-mobile. First things first and Mark sees our very own tape distributor extraordinaire, Oochie ma Loochie off on a minor mission out into deepest Kent, to sort out some essential club accessories, very suitable to the '90's afterhours experience. Meanwhile the rest kick off. The tape's recording, the first of many beers got in (jeez-us, the price of beer in clubs? How is any self-respecting heed the baal expected to achieve stumbling mode al dente ay ess ay pee when it costs an arm, leg, foot and another limb just to get the first 10 pints down the old neck. I don't know.) As Old Scouse git, Steve-E-See, "I'm off to Portugal", "Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey, Now Ey", "I've stopped smoking", 40-a-day (and that's just pints) would say later "Ey, isn't it funny? How DiY have their own deep house sound? The Lazies play deep house as well, but have a different sound? Like? Ey? Ey? We have our own sound, which is totally different from the Rogues sound. Wierd? Ey? Ey? Ey? Ey?" He elbows everyone around in the ribs. "It's true. Isn't it?" "Eye, it is" we all agree. Stretching the effing house envelope. The deep down sounds of Whitstable Town keep us movin' right around.

As the 7th Heaven participants part part in a cipient like manner, we all settle into the distinctive Rogue groove. All groovy bass lines, funky rhythms, solid drum patterns and more than a hint of spicy breakdowns. The cruet set of vocals and pianos used sparingly and sprinkled at random. Mark Dixon and Quinny do the laid back business in an alert kinda way. The Heave-oners, cossetted as always, by the swingeing tVC crew, love it. It's not

a hands in the air kinda night (thank fuck) but the dancefloor remains solidly packed, pumping and grooving and dancing and prancing, and yet another capacity crowd gets the house club they so richly deserve. Friendly, loving, huggy, talky, sitty, snoggy, drippy, drinky, druggy, dopey, shiny. Power.

Torchy, nee Swishy, ducks out on the TV screens coz his old chum (and ours) James (strange combination of drunken, druggy, tattooed, dreadlocked, traveller type with a house and job) was off to the Far East for some high jinxed travelling shenanigans with the natives. He had to be seen off in style, so as Eyesaw was ringing in "sick" at approx 10am Thursday morning, James was already beginning the celebrations. "We may come down to the Club later", he says. No chance.

Mag Maurice and Able Aaron provide a snot on sound, bwoy. As usual. Later Maurice flips out backstage, DJ booth (cum cloakroom) style; big time. Out on the floor a delicate breakdown introduces itself to the pee pees with a quaint "mmMMMMwoohhh", looping in on itself and getting progressively louder. WHAT!! Feedback on a tVC night? Fark orf!! But it is! Horrors. We rush to the "rack". Someone has turned it up. Maurice is, understandably, ripping into anyone who is near, especially Conrad, who just so happens to be the Rogue's sound man. It's not a pretty sight and *we're* all used to Maurice's, er, temper. "Who's had their hands all over my knob? It's very sensitive!". I reassure the Rogue crew. Mark, high on, er, tonight's festivities, counter rips into Maurice. Bad move. If there's one thing Maurice is extremely protective about (maybe even more than his 3 daughters virtue) it's his "living". Or "rig" as we call it. It's hilarious watching Dicko and Maurice slug and counter slug for a good minute. It's all we can do to remain smirkless. Anyway it all ends soon enough and life carries on. The Rogues are definitely a little more subdued and remain so for the rest of the night. But the crowd clap and cheer as they end their set. You should hear the fucking tapes. Blinding. Approach Oochie for a copy. They're the dogs bollocks. And a guy comes up to us and says "Did you see me last week?" (at the Warren). Why, we ask? "I was at the party. I took all my clothes off." "Oh! It was you! Why?". "I don't know". "I



put them back on quite quickly again though, not like that other bloke, did you see him?"

Back at HQ for a "quiet smoke". Fuck me. Despite fielding enquiries in the club along the nature of "Party back at yours?" with an emphatic "NO" and then walking off shaking my head the flat is still fucking packed with crew, guests and assorted liggers supping tea, smoking tabs, talking loud and generally settling down for an all-night sesh. My head-ache worsens. The Rogue crew yawn. We run out of milk. All I can think about is how I've got another 2 all-nighters to get through, on the trot. The Rogues leave. Nick goes to work, wide-eyed. I go to bed. Half an hour later the phone rings. The Rogues have run out of petrol 12 miles up the road. Nick has the car in Canterbury, so I can't even take them some petrol out. How useless can one feel? They manage to get the AA out, but ironically Sue Rogue left her purse at HQ with, you guessed it, the AA card in. Life at the top, eh? Ey? Ey? Ey? Ey? Ey?



## What on earth do his balls look like?

The Final Frontier - Friday 1 September

Managed to get 3 whole hours sleep last night and I wake up to my partner returning home from work in the afternoon and deciding to have a go at me coz I haven't done the dishes. Or the housework. For weeks. What a fucking start to the day. What a fucking life. I'm just recovering from a middle aged birthday crisis. And that was last week. 35 years old, and what? A sleepless hang-over and my partner of 10 years haranguing me.

I sit around all afternoon in a wide-eyed comatose state, verging on the catatonic, thinking mid life crisis, underachievement, death. It's all so sordid. And oh so normal.

I decide to cheer myself up by, dahdah, going clubbing. Ever since I was 17 I've been in one reprobate corner of some club or other. It's become such a part of me now I can't stop it. It *is* me now. If I try to stop doing it I'm ok for a week (tops) then, that clawing instinct, uncontrollable "sucking" demands 'have a dance - now - go to a club - now - you know it makes sense'.

I never go clubbing with Nick (my partner). Never have. Well, we *go* to clubs together but once there split off into the two separate entities we are and, er, *club*. At the end we leave together and constructively discuss whos turn it is to drive the car back and various other nonsense. In the club we never see each other. There's too much demand on both our times from too many people. Don't get me wrong, I love it all. Whether it be a quick drink down the pub or a three day allnighter, it all lasts 10 seconds. Then, wham, I'm sitting at home staring at the wall, with barely enough motivation to read a book, design a flyer, cook a meal, watch TV or, heaven forbid, go to work. I think..."I wonder if Pam will ring today?"

Around 10pm I'm well and truly fucked.



What *am* I up to, doing this and staying up late at my age? I think about recent deaths. Michael VerMeulen, the editor of GQ. Aged 38. Dead from a suspected drug overdose. Hard bitten, hard living editor reading, living and believing his own magazine. Jerry Garcia from the Grateful Dead. Aged 53 and looked 93, he checked himself into a detox centre. He was told to do some exercise, did some and immediately died. Nietzsche's dictum - "what doesn't kill you makes you strong" - may be alright when you're in your early 20's. But by the time you're in your late 30's and beyond, what doesn't kill you tends to make you weak. And if you try it again it really does finish you off. So why do middle-aged people - from rock musicians to media people to clubby types - risk it?

It's simple. We're in our 30's, growing older, and wishing we weren't. We're feeling our mortality. We get hangovers after amounts of drink we would hardly have noticed 15 years ago. Smoking makes us cough. We worry about sex. We read that men reach their sexual peak at 15 and somehow feel we missed out on all the sex we should have had.

What do men do about it? Most of them get depressed occasionally and read articles in magazines about 100 things to do before reaching 40. Others suffer from that great invention, the Midlife Crisis, a medical syndrome whose principle symptom involves leaving one's woman for a much younger one. There are other men who simply try to carry on as they always did but the same behaviour has different meanings and different effects at different ages.

Iain 'Lazy' Bastard or 'Total' as Nick calls him has generously put us on Final Frontiers guest list. We decide to go for it and everyone else expressing interest ducks out. It's wierd. It's probably the first time in ages we've been alone together in a club.

We enjoy our chum Nick Browns set as he warms up for Belfast boy David Holmes. The Lazy House Crew, in the cloakroom, sorry, "Shangi-La" room, slap out that underground house with their usual professional pluckiness. No worries from us at all coz we're not promoting tonight. The flyers and Tangentopoli's we do bring are left in the car (so

no change there).

It's a 'no show' for Eddie Flashin Fowlkes, Detroit pioneer - probably coz they spelt his name wrong on the flyer. Oops. However he's replaced by Claude Young, one of the new school Detroit DJ / producers. He co-owns Frictional Records and has recorded for Kevin Saunderson's KMS label as well as Djax here in Europe (The Nocturnal EP). His set is deep techno, groove funk. Vibrant and free.

Still, can't help worrying though. It's in our blood, as it were, and even on a night 'off', in someone else's party, we can't stop it.

Club UK lives up to its reputation. It's hot. It's expensive. It's loud. It's packed. It's fucking excellent. A young, unpretentious crowd just get on with the business in hand and have a great time to a quality line up.

We gather in the "Cosmic Cave", or the 'big room' as everyone else calls it, to pay homage to legend Luke Slater. Wow. The room is buzzing big time. It's pitch black, the rig's cranked up really high, people stand on anything they can, it's so hot it's like being wrapped in a blanket.

Luke Slater's first half hour is one giant warm up. An intro to end all intro's. Sparse drum patterns with those cavernous, spatial, wierd (scary) techno noises 'whoom'ing away like a pulse in the foreground. Hard as fuck and as soothing as an ecstatic experience. He builds 'till the crowd can't take it anymore. People are screaming, yet still it's slow, beating, teasing intro with many false starts. We think it is coming and a discernable peak intensifies, but it is yet another teaser. We all know it's going to kick. But when? The pitch black is interrupted sporadically by flashes of strobe. Please. Please make it now. We can't bear to wait any longer. Luke?

Unexpectedly (the bastard) it kicks. A massive sub bass plunge. A kick drum. Some analogue terror. This is a mighty moment and the whole room lifts off and for a brief moment is as high as high can be. Techno music becoming life itself as we all give ourselves totally to the rhythm and spring and bounce and pulse out our life affirmation with each other. All hail oh mighty Luke Slater and the mighty uplifting purity of techno. Yet again music and it's ability to overwhelm shocks me.



I get bored and want to see what David Holmes is doing in the "other room". Can't stop liggering with DJ's, even on the fringe, that's my problem. "He's not as hard as I thought he would be", says Nick. He's very good, building the crowd, slowly, taking them with him one step at a time like any class DJ should. Immersed in his shiny, techno world.

By now I'm too hot, too thirsty and too pissed off by the £1.60 price tag for 300ml of warm, nitrate laden UK own brand water and this state of mind begins to predominate. I walk into the bog with an empty bottle and, ignoring a sign saying 'no bottles past this point' and a radge gadge sitting in the bog stopping people filling up, and just do it. Yet another club with an aversion to supplying cold tap water. But, it has to said, at least they were on. But only in the men's.

By the door, cooling off and talking. It's great. We reaffirm something that we may have been losing. I suddenly realise that this is why I still do it after all these years. "It" being anything I do with Nick. Relaxing with someone I love. Cliche I know but... It feels good. DJ Claude Young's mellow vibe provides the soundtrack.

Time to see the Lazies. Iain, Bazil, Aaron and Shaughn fly the Exeter house flag high and their room is pumping wildly with groovy people. Iain 'Lazy' Smith wins hands down the 'most off it person in the club' award. He stands by the cloakroom desk barely able to stand up. He's wobbly and slurping, his jaw making them strange left to right movements, while his eyes roll merrily. He wouldn't look out of place on a '7th Heaven' floor, but here in this packed club he's got a 2 metre circle around him. Half an hour later, looking OK, he says "I did lose it somewhat for a short while earlier on".

And with Blake Baxter half way through his set in the other room, the night is complete. Nick turns and says "time to go?" She read my mind. No packing up to do so we savour the luxury of being able to just walk out before the end.

Forgotten is the mid-life bollocks. It's just another life crisis. It's not even a crisis. It's life. David Hockney's phrase springs to mind (as it does). On the wizened WH Auden he said: "I kept thinking that

if that was his face, what on earth did his balls look like?" What was once louchness becomes a drink problem, insouciance becomes an embarrassment to your friends. Same behaviour, different meanings. When I start to look like one of Auden's testicles it maybe time to call it a day. But then again...

Next day the dishes are washed and the hoovering is done. As it should be. Balance restored.

## Bathed in a luminous sweat

### Pendragon Full Moon Party Kris Kris Studios 9 September

After driving up and down, up and bloody down that bloody Coldharbour lane, where every junction (and there are many) looks exactly the bloody same (especially if you're tripping, which thankfully we weren't this time, and anyway, that's another story) we were starting to get a little pissed orf. The road we were looking for, we couldn't even find on the A-Z, it was that small, and none of the people we asked had heard of it either. After asking 4 sets of people, reversing down three more roads, ending up in dodgier looking housing estates, we found we had been repeatedly driving past it for the last half hour. At last, we drove thankfully into its entrance only to miss the studio and end up surrounded by loads of shells of cars, parked 4 deep on the pavement. When asked later by someone, who had just borrowed a very nice car (from his mum?) if "there are any safe places to park the car around here?", we said, "yeah, Whitstable!". It wasn't as bad as it looked, it was only a scrapyard. It was our country humpkin sensibilities that were reeling in shock at being in the big smoke. A four mile trek along a sheer cliff-face in the pitch black we can handle, signs of mechanised life and concrete and we're aghast. We soon got used to it though, and threw caution to the wind, well Oochie did at least.

At last, on finding the venue, we decamped gleefully from the 'mo-ta', desperate to start the evenings activities. After popping inside to say "hi" to Mark and dump Oz's records off, we



went down the pub and shoved a couple of pints down our necks. By now, it must be noted, Oz seemed much more relaxed than he had in the car and ready to slip into his Bobby Charriot duties and try hard, with a vengeance.

Inside the studios it was cosy, just the right size. Upstairs was a nicely draped chill area, with floor cushions (or was that Oochie?) and the downstairs room, UV paradise with the bass bins and sub bass filling practically half the room. It looked brilliant and looked as if it was going to sound even better. We rubbed our hands in anticipation, looked at each other and knew it was going to be a goody. Before even the first note of music was played, we decided, fuck it, we were gonna party. And we did.

Oz arrived at the decks with one minute to go, and at spot on 10 the sounds spat into life. And we set about stumbling in support, becoming more exaggerated in our gestures as through the door seeped a consistent stream of our Whitstable compadres, already "havin' it". Oochie, Scouse, Tony and Lisa were the first to show their collective face. Oochie could already hardly stand up. His features bathed in a luminous sweat that dripped from his crimson skin. He could no longer talk, nor grunt (so no change there girls?). Even his old stand-by, thigh slapping whilst laughing outlandishly at some sexist comment was not achievable. This man was hammered. So hammered in fact that he sloped off upstairs, where he half sat, half lay amongst a scattering of cushions, all red and sweaty, clutching his tapes, making strange "ergh?" noises. For 10 hours. Then when we had to go he perked up. Anyway, Oz does a wicked impression of it.

Oz got everyone's juices flowing nicely (well, mine were) as he eased us all gently into the nights aural experimentation, gently opening up the doors to later possible pleasures if we just relaxed and went with the flow. So we did. Apart from Oochie who had gone with it. And it was fucking brilliant. To be in a room that size with a rig that size was a definite sensual experience. And we loved it. A top, hot, sweaty, loud party, with good sounds, good music and excellent company. What more

could anyone ask for? A thoroughly enjoyable night out. Thanks to Mark and Kate for having us.

Mutley took over the reins and his deep, funky, soulful yet pumping grooves took the night one notch seamlessly higher without anyone really noticing the pace had upped. Excellent. We promptly booked him for a Seventh Heaven spot on 26th October so you can find out for yourself how good he is.

Mark Le Hat, by now a veteran of the London house scene himself having DJed with all the major house outfits (Rhythm Method, Coalesce, Kudos, Perfect World among others) stepped up to increase the thrill factor. His first hour carried on in a similar vein to Mutley by the time the second hour kicked in the crowd were raging full on. Talking to Now Ey earlier on he was asking what format the night would take. "Well, if it's a typical Pendragon party it will probably start mellow, building up, step by step, gradually getting harder and harder and harder. Then..." "...Mark Sinclair comes on," he finishes.

Mark Le Hat does indeed finish on a hard house high, but his finish is Mark Sinclair's start. I stay for the first hour but as the music gets harder, more acidic, more trancey, more tribally I cack myself thinking what it would be like by 6 and decide on a chill. Outside I can have a chat and a smoke whilst keeping one ear on the music.

All the Kent Lager Front agreed that this was a well chummy, intimate little party where many new friends had their first conversations. Once again big love to all the Pendragon crew.





# Throbbing around in a most rumbustuous manner

Seventh Heaven - Shirly and Oz 14 September

Well what can I say that hasn't already be said about these two old troopers? Yes they showed us how to do it. Yes hasn't Shirly's hair grown and didn't he wig us out to his cool housey grooves. The oft used phrase "a damn good rogering" springs to mind when I try to find words to describe the nights musical entertainment. Aural sex. I think they've played with each other before. And definitely in front of people.

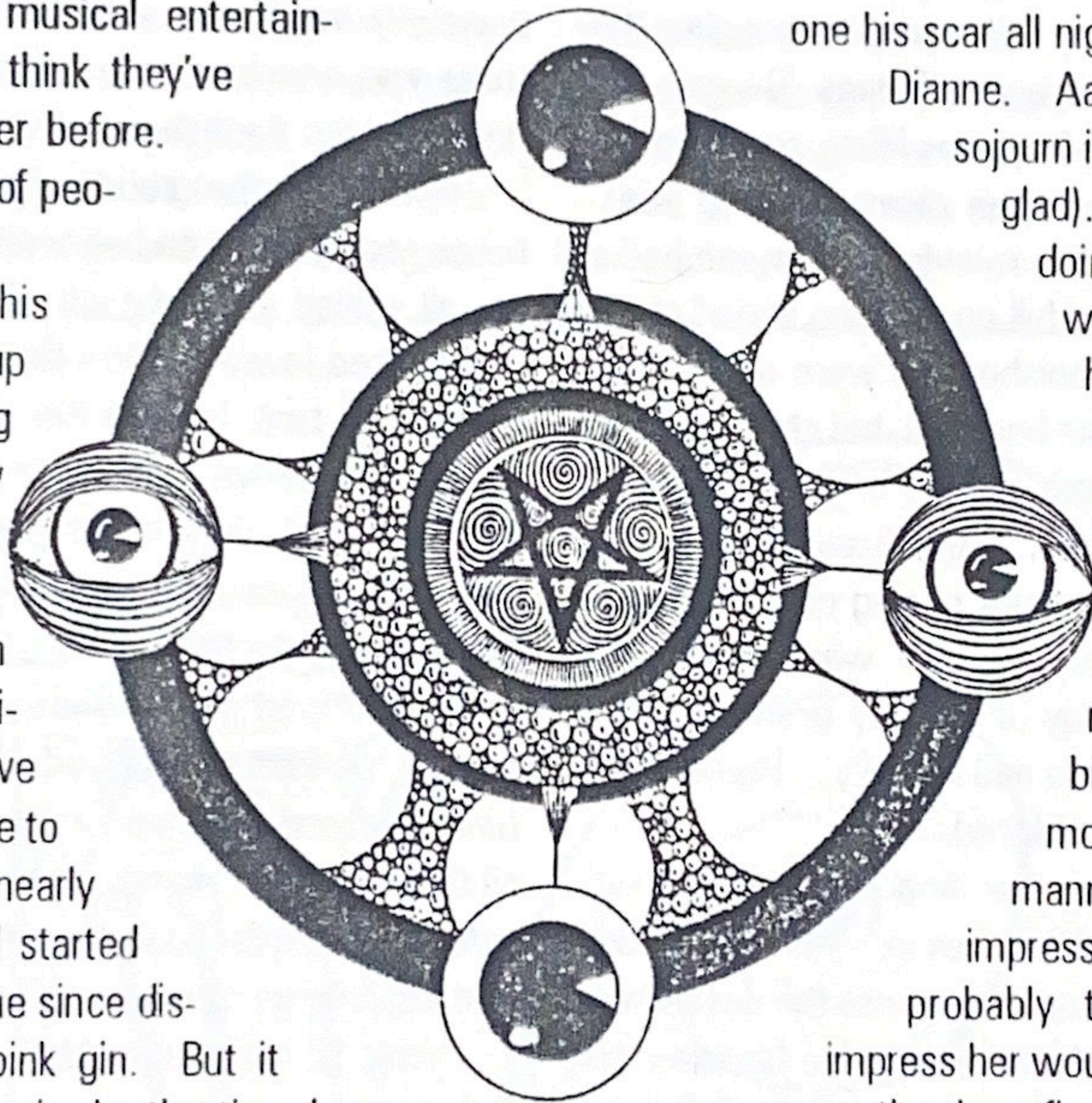
Oz did his usual. Warmed us up nicely, showcasing some of his top new tunes, courtesy of that nice Mr Dettmar, record emporium impresario extraordinaire. I started to move a few body parts in time to the music, I actually nearly got onto the floor and started dancing for the first time since discovering a taste for pink gin. But it wasn't to be. Once again, by the time I came round the night had ended. And fuck knows what happened either. But it was good and I enjoyed myself most successfully, having such a ridiculously good time that it was sickening.

Wiggy managed to really pull people out of the woodwork. Stumbles were witnessed upon the Heave-on dancefloor that we had nearly forgotten the like of. Mrs popped in on the way to cook-

ing a few steaks in the local hotel (you'd have thought she could have changed her chefs trousers though first, wouldn't you?). Mr bending poor Pauls ear all night which luckily meant we didn't have to put up with his strange body movements. Paul not looking quite as lively as he had at the Warren (I doubt he ever will again) and luckily not driving. Well he couldn't really. Leslie (formerly "pancake" now "lovely") in her amazing new hairdo that no one recognises her in. Duffy, at last we've met you. Anna, yes, finally remembering how to find the club. In fact Whitstable-ites shocked us in their ability to actually leave the place for a whole few hours and venture 6 miles down the road! Chris and Terri to whom the trek is nothing. Nasal and daughter. Creaky looking most healthy. Lou in her new hairstyle. Pammy poos. Gone looking, well, gone. Jasper. And he didn't swish his hair or show anyone his scar all night. Honest. Toffo.

Dianne. Aaron back from his sojourn in France (and we're glad). Pete back from doing whatever he was doing. It must have been something quite physical because he seemed ever so fit and danced accordingly. Like a man. Oochie throbbing around in a most rumbustuous manner, trying to impress Lenny. Although probably the best way to impress her would be not to let her see you on the dancefloor really Ooch. The

truth may hurt, but... The lovely Brenda doing her duties at the front of the floor, whistle in mouth. Ey, ey, ey, ey, ey, diddlin' just fine. And lots and lots and lots of yummy, scrummy peeps showing just how much fun can be had by having fun. Tapes available from Ooch, minus the obligatory 5 minute gap now, I'm afraid. Just as you were all getting used to it as well.





## Fuck pacing ourselves

Deep Space Sat 16th September - Dover  
Free party for free people - Lyminge

Tonight saw the third Deep Space, with the night starting to settle in really nicely and the crowds enthusiasm for top notch house music, ably provided by your favourite crap local sound crews, increasing bi-weekly in a most vociferous manner.

With Nick and Oz flying the tVC flag, most definitely not at half mast, things were looking deep but not spacey. Nick (groove mistress) started the ball rolling as she turned up with 2 minutes to spare and threw the first of her housey treats onto the decks, and actually enjoying herself whilst bespangling the air with her deep American profferings. Things were warming up nicely, the floor was filling, people starting to dance and live their pleasure-loving lives. Most were secure in the knowledge that we had a full nights partying and full-on dancing ahead of us, as once Deep Space finished we were off to party within the bosom of the beautiful, but chilly, English country-side, kept warm and dry beneath the most excellent tVC love tent. And luxuriating in this awareness we let rip. Fuck pacing ourselves, was the collective response, as beer was guzzled and fags puffed, in an orgy of sensory overload. And that was just Oz, Oochie and Now Ey. Hurrah. We had hours more to get blitzed.

With Nick reaching the final record of her set, Toffo slipped his first 12 inches in. This was quickly followed by Now Ey bouncing across the dancefloor, a look of absolute disbelief across his features, his thumbs aloft in appreciation. Not realising Toffo had taken over, he thought it was still Nick and that she'd finally got her shit together (mixing shit) and pranced across the room to congratulate her. But alas, it wasn't to be. Not yet. But one day...

Mike gave a virtuoso performance, once he'd prised Toffo off the decks, and the floor was heaving with intense collective maraudings. Anticipating Oz's shimmering offerings we leapt about accordingly, not caring if we looked complete twats, vagi-

nas or cunts. And what can I say of Oz's set, other than that he didn't disappoint us with his dense foliage of deep auditory deliciousness. Bastard. Some nice tunes too.

With the room resounding to claps, cheers and whistles (cheers that he was leaving the decks at last and we wouldn't have to clap politely any longer) we streamed out to find our motors to drive to the second half of the evenings entertainment.

Not for the first time we thanked fuck for the marquee as we plunged into the murk, hearts beating in anticipation of the hedonistic orgy of pleasure that we were about to indulge in for the next morning, day and night. Morning, day, and night. Morning day and night... Nicely warmed up by the pleasures we had just been forced to experience there was soon a convoy of cars, snaking its way deep into the Kentish countryside.

The site, in the ground of a magnificent country house, complete with bell tower was beautiful, and we all spilled excitedly out of our cars across the rain soaked lawns, drawn like magnets to the pulsating love tent, holding the dancers already jiving beneath its canvas, gently to it's bosom. Already full to burstin', with eager peeps of indeterminate age and sex, leaping around in ecstatic abandon, Moondog at the helm. The collective bit was being firmly champed at, we were raring to go. And go we did, as beautiful record after fucking excellent tune caressed our ears for the rest of the night and all the next day. Hurrah for house music heard outside in the English countryside. Hurrah for the love tent keeping us all warm and dry.

With 12 inch duties being shared amongst the DJs, the marquee bouncing away quite spectacularly, and day break pushing the rain back into the clouds that scudded across the blue flecked sky, the garden was full of the shouting and laughing that accompanies human celebration. Those that weren't dancing could be seen stumbling incoherently across the grass, bumping into flower beds, tripping over beer cans, whilst lurching towards yet another beer or tequila slammer. Or huddled in giggling groups, the air thick with a thousand simulta-

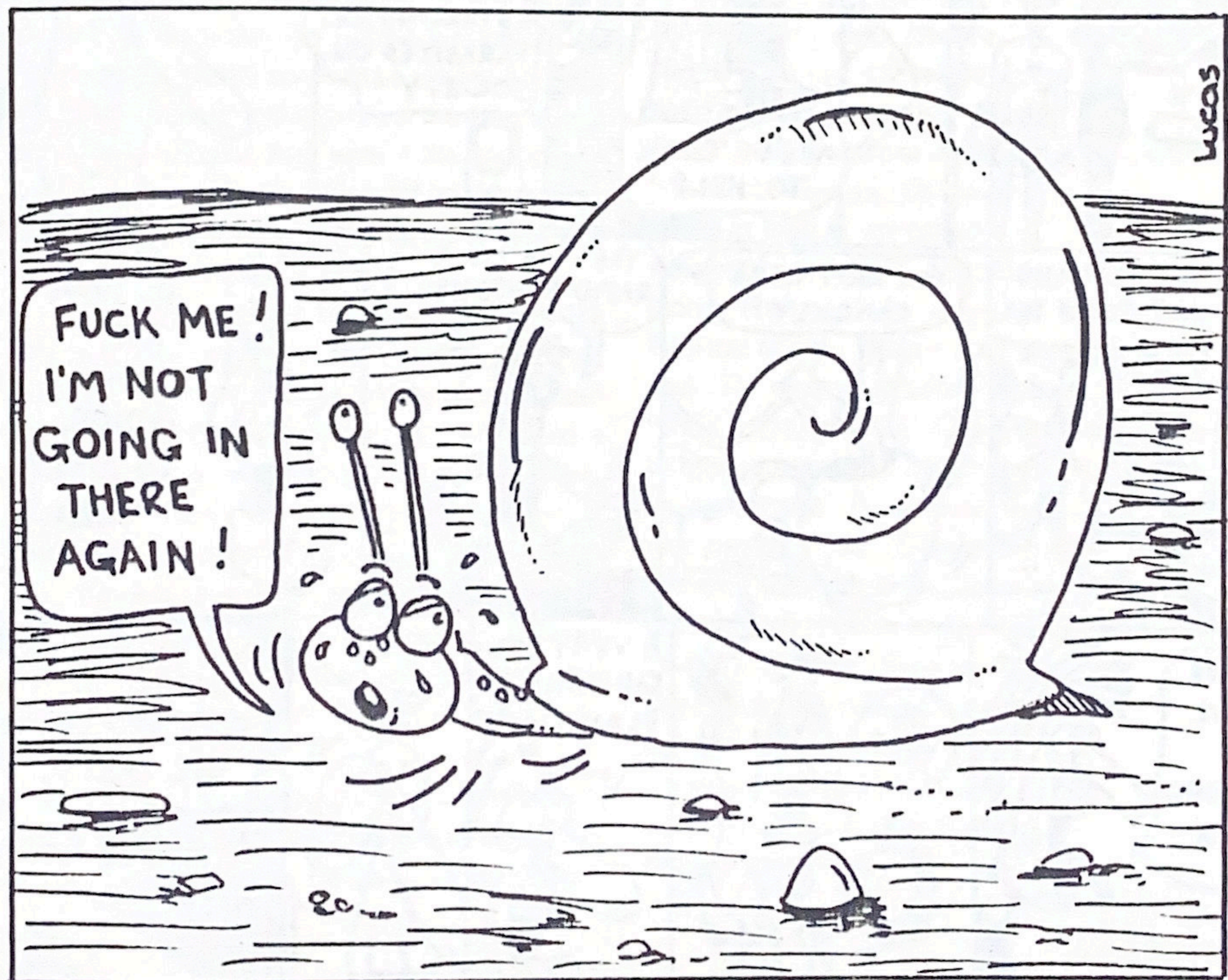


neous piss takes.

This was actually Lindsey's b-day celebration, and that gel certainly knows how to enjoy herself. Carrying a bottle of tequila around with her, she drank thirstily from it as though it were a bottle of mineral water found in the desert, whilst she looked for mischief. The bottle was finished in no time at all. Upstairs, inside the house, there were whole rooms full of pissed merrymakers, mass tequila sessions going on with 20 people. Imbibing anything and everything in a drunken exploration of excess. Makka kept whole rooms entertained. Kevin rolled around on the floor taking off womens boots in sweaty abandonment. Toffo lurched drunkenly, managing to wake Lindsey up with her special little birthday present that he had saved for when they were together. Let's say he was a little moist in the trouser department. And he would not wake up, even when shaken and told some blokes were nicking his records. Watson managing to keep it up all night, rather than sitting with his head in his hands for the last 15 hours. Simone and Lisa, yakking all

night. Nick lurching. Jes (Chunky to his mates) spotted rolling around expertly with young Megan. Aaron clutching a succession of permanently empty beer cans to his breast. The Fav Aaron being too off it to go to work. On day two of his new job. Pete posing away in front of the video camera whenever it came near (yes we have seen the video and hope for the sake of a few of you it doesn't get into the wrong hands, ie How ya Diddlin', Nick, Dee and Tracey who are on nearly every second of film). And doesn't that Kevin pull some funny but interesting faces. So does Makka actually when it comes to it. That old hippy with the large purple protuberence smiling in a most joyous manner. Now Ey grinning impishly. Tony letting Louie straddle his beast (fuck knows why as Louie is incapable of straddling anything). Tony getting his throbbing beast caught in the mud of a freshly ploughed field. Pam skipping. Creaky most definately not creaking, again. Gone, bobbing grinningly, and sleeping dribblingly. Big Dave turning up and actually enjoying himself...

And so the sun sets on yet another grēat night. Here's to the next one.



CYRIL - THE CLAUSTROPHOBIC SNAIL.



# THE ROAD TO NOWHERE

Last episode: Having single-handedly repulsed an attack on his home by armed bully-boys, Sydney J. Trout was preparing for repercussions.

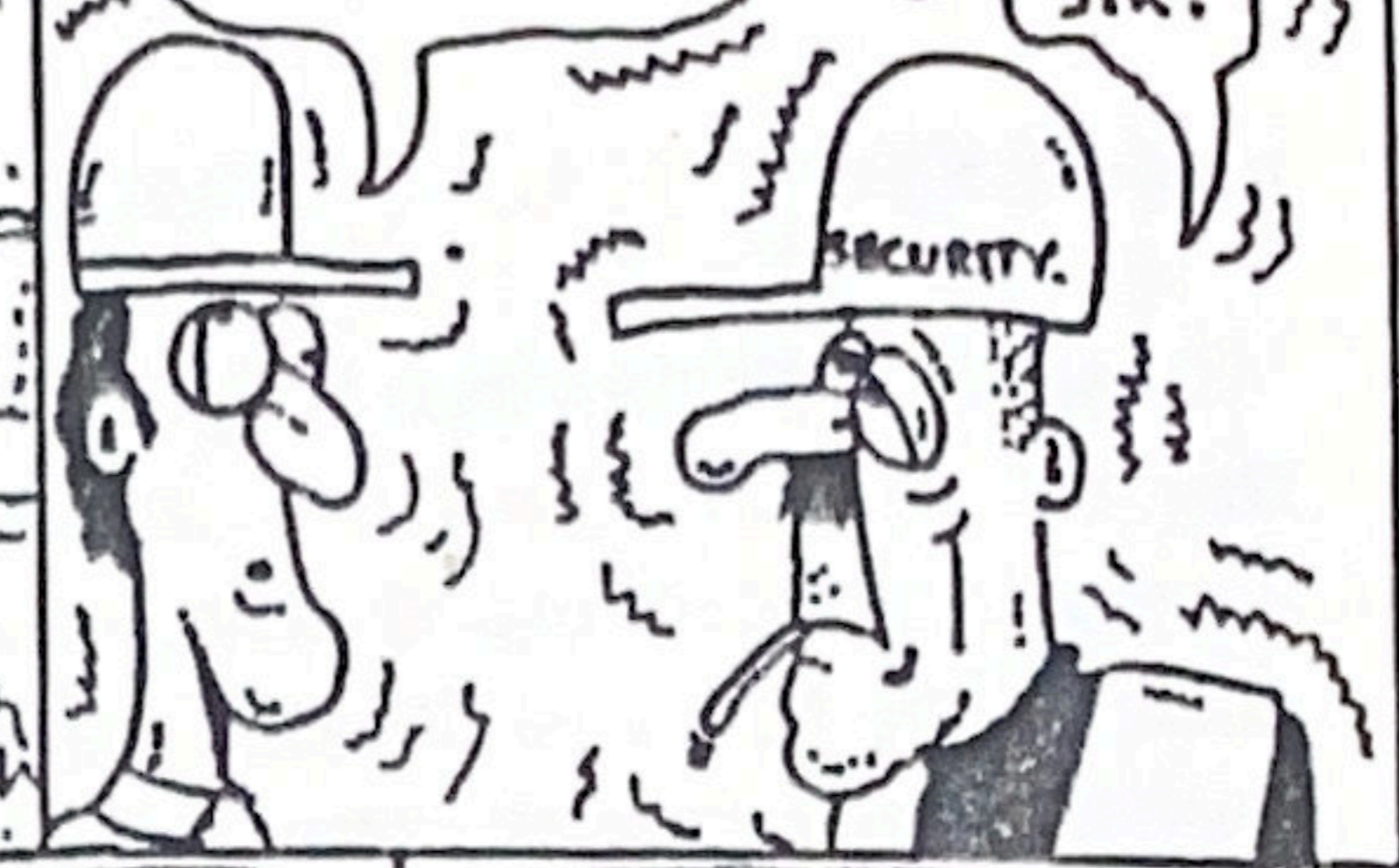
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## RUMBLE



WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT RUMBLING!?

IT'S THE HIPPIES, SIR.



THE WHAT?

THE HIPPIES, SIR. THERE'S A WHOLE CONVOY OF THEM!

BUT UNDER THE CRIMINAL INJUSTICE ACT THEY ARE ILLEGAL!

THEY DON'T CARE, SIR!

OH RIGHT. WELL THEY MUSTN'T GET THROUGH TO THE OLD MAN.

TOO LATE, SIR.

WHAT! YOU SHOULD HAVE STOPPED THEM! WHAT DO YOU THINK WE PAY YOU FOR?!

STANDING AROUND LOOKING BORED, SIR.



YES!?

WE'VE COME TO HELP!

BUT YOU'RE HIPPIES - WORK-SHY, LONG-HAIRED, LAY-ABOUT, DRUG-TAKING, ANTI-ESTABLISHMENT, PARASITES ON SOCIETY!

YES, BUT WE'VE STILL COME TO HELP.



COME IN THEN AND I'LL MAKE SOME TEA

You GOT HERE QUICKLY!

YES - WE'RE A RAPID RESPONSE UNIT

OH! SO HOW ARE YOU GOING TO HELP THEN?



WE'VE GOT A CUNNING PLAN!

OH YES?

A VERY CUNNING PLAN!

YES?

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A FUCKING GREAT BIG PARTY!





# Racism and the drug Laws

If the Law was rational, then perhaps we'd all have more respect for it. But -of course- the Law is anything but rational. Take the Laws on drugs, for instance. How can cigarettes, which kill hundreds of thousands of people every year, at the cost of millions to the National Health Service, be freely available to sixteen year olds, while cannabis, which hasn't killed a single person in the 2,000 years of its recorded history, remains illegal?

Well, there are many reasons why cannabis remains illegal, and none of them are rational. Partly it's pressure from the vested interests (the petro-chemical industry, the pharmaceutical industry, the paper industry) which would certainly lose markets if Hemp was to go into large-scale production. Partly it's that the rhetoric surrounding the very notion of "drugs" has been so successful that it has planted hysteria in the minds of the general public: to such a degree that, even if the government wanted to legalise hash, it wouldn't be able to. But, as I've always contended, part of the reason why cannabis remains illegal is racist.

This point was brought home to me the other day, when a friend of mine, who also happens to dabble a bit in the lucrative sideline of selling hash at Camden Lock, told me that he'd witnessed a specifically racist raid on the dealers who congregate down there. This was on Sunday 3rd of September. The all-white police force had descended on the area. They'd walked passed known white dealers, even with the occasional nod and "how ya doin' then?" They'd left known heroin dealers and known crack dealers alone. The only people they'd picked up were blacks.

The West Indian community has always taken a more liberal approach to dope smoking than the white community. Ganja is a sacrament

amongst the Rastafarians, of course, and I've known a number of West Indian grandads who've liked the occasional (or not so occasional) toke. And, of course, dealing in hash products is considered a perfectly legitimate (though illegal) way for a West Indian to make money. The law surrounding the sale and use of cannabis products, therefore, is a convenient tool for any racist coppers to make an easy conviction. And, until hash is legalised, the potential for racist abuse remains.

By the way -before you start accusing me of having a personal interest in this- I never touch the stuff myself.

CJ

## How to be an artist

Stay loose. Learn to watch snails. Plant impossible GARDENS. Invite someone dangerous to tea. **Make little** signs that say **yes!** and post them **all over** your house. **Make friends** with **freedom** and uncertainty. Look forward to **dreams**. Cry during movies. Swing as **high** as you can on a swingset by moonlight. Cultivate moods. **Refuse** to be responsible. Do it for love. Take lots of naps. **Give** money away. **Do it now**. The money will follow. **Believe** in **MAGIC**. Laugh a lot. Celebrate every **gorgeous moment**. Take moonbaths. Have wild imaginings. Transformate dreams. And **perfect** calm. Draw on the walls. Read everyday. Imagine yourself magic. **Giggle** with children. **Listen** to old people. Open up Dive in. **Be free**. Bless yourself. Drive away fear. Play with **everything**. Entertain your inner child. You are **innocent**. Build a fort with blankets. Get wet. **Hug trees**. Write loveletters.



## Dem bones

*J.Oak writes on one of the many cover-ups that are being exposed by the road protesters over the A299 Blue Route, in East Kent*

The road builders, by law, are obliged to investigate any possible sites of archaeological interest before they are destroyed. And I bet they wish now that they'd never started this Blue Route thing, 'cos there's something ancient and valuable waiting to be unearthed almost every time they put a spade in. Which does present them with something of a problem. (Another one!). These archaeological digs are expensive and slow, and besides that, if anything of real interest gets discovered it could really throw a megalith sized spanner in their works. But if they'd done the job of surveying the area properly before they set out on this course of destruction, there'd be no problem. They wouldn't have tried to build their silly road where they are trying to now, would they? Of course not. Although a cynic might not be so charitable. A cynic might say that they did know what was in the ground, but that they just don't care. A cynic might not believe them when they say: "Oh wow, we forgot that the oldest railway bridge in the world was smack in the way of the road."

So what have they discovered out there in the countryside surrounding Whitstable? And how did we find out about it, bearing in mind that all that the KCC have released to the public so far has been a denial that they've discovered anything of value?

The archaeologists working on the dig were so annoyed that they were being pulled off the excavation only half way through it, that they (allegedly) revealed their findings to us, the protesters, in the hope that we could do something to help them. You see, they had been discovering some very interesting things about our past, out there in the cow pastures, and wanted, above all else, to carry on working at it. They sign contracts which mean that if they talk to the press they will be sacked, or worse, prosecuted for breach of "intellectual copyright."

The known history of this area (our true heritage) was based on guess work until this exca-

vation was carried out. It was believed that up until 500 years ago the ancient primeval forest of Blean came all the way down to the sea-shore. Therefore agriculture and civilization never occurred around these parts until 1450 - 1500, or thereabouts. Wrong. These archaeological digs are the only ones ever carried out in this area of Kent and, according to our expert, anything discovered about it is of major importance. That sounds reasonable enough, wouldn't you say?

Asked why Canterbury archaeological Trust had been prematurely pulled off the sites, KCC mouth-piece Mr Bennet said in the local press: "We have put some more dots on the map and I'm glad to have done that." When CJ Stone (Brinksman/Jester) accused them of a cover-up, saying that they didn't want to unearth anything important, that they just wanted to get the bulldozers in a.s.a.p., KCC's Dr Williams denied it, saying "The quality of the surviving artifacts is the reason for ending the digs, not the time factor."

As CJ said at the time, "they would say that wouldn't they?" Anyway a small victory was won when the Trust was allowed to continue for one more week. Probably with strict instructions not to find anything! But they did find something. Something to which the KCC has so far refused to admit. An intact cremation urn, circa 1500 BC or thereabouts. We took an expert round the abandoned site and he was quite horrified by what he saw. "They've only taken a random section of the field, and they've not looked at any of the near surroundings, which will also be rendered un-diggable by the road. Where they have dug they've used a technique called "half-digging". You put a grid over an area and you investigate half the grid area. This gives a good idea as to what might be hidden in the other, un-dug half, but is only ever used when there is every intention of going back to the site later on. In this case, there can be no later on. The entire hillside, and all it might contain are to be gouged out whole-sale for a cutting."

Three weeks later it looked as though they may have got the message; The dig appeared to have been re-started. Although those JCBs up there on the site could be doing something else...They wouldn't would they? Yes. I believe they would.



## "All I really needed to know I learnt at kindergarten"

by Robert Fulghum

an extract

There's a clay tablet in a British Museum that's dated about 3800 BC - Babylonian. It's a census report - a people count - to determine tax revenues. The Egyptians and the Romans conducted census counts. And there's William the Conqueror's famous Domesday Book, compiled in England 1085.

In America, the census dates from 1790. Soon they will do it again. Counting people tells some interesting things. Especially since computers enable us to extrapolate trends into the future. Take this, for example: If the population of the earth were to increase at the present rate indefinitely, by AD 3530 the mass of human flesh and blood would equal the mass of the earth; and by AD 6826, the total mass of the known universe.

It boggles the mind doesn't it?

Or consider this one: The total population of the earth at the time of Julius Caesar was 150 million. The total population increase in two years on earth today is 150 million.

Or bring it down into a smaller chunk: In the time it takes you to read this, about 200 people will die and about 480 will be born. That's about two minutes' worth of life and death.

The statisticians figure that about 60 billion people have been born so far. And as I said, there's no telling how many more there will be, but it looks like a lot. And yet - and here comes the statistic of statistics - with all possibilities for variation among the sex cells produced by each person's parents, it seems quite certain that each one of the billions of human beings who has ever existed has been distinctly different from other human beings, and that this will continue for the indefinite future.

In other words, if you were to line up on one side of the earth every human being who ever lived or will ever live, and you took a good look at the whole motley crowd, you wouldn't find anybody quite like you.

Now wait there's more.

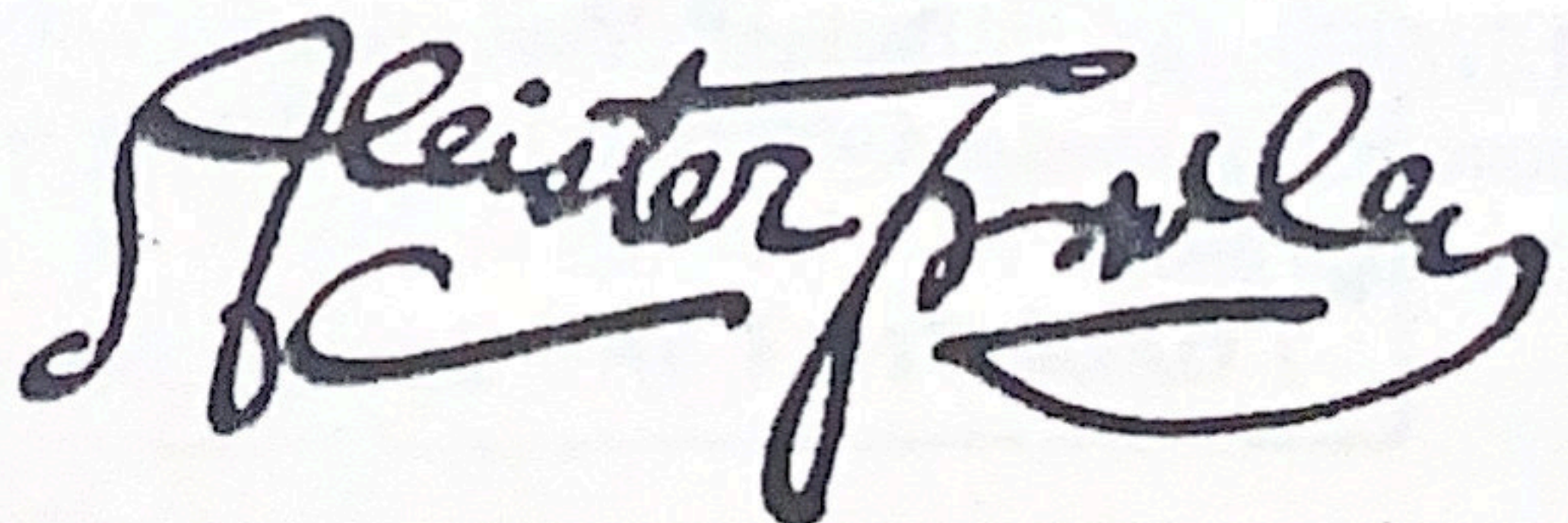
If you were to line up on the other side of the earth every other living thing that ever was or

will be, you'd find that the creatures on the people side would be more like you than anything over the other side.

Finally, this: There was a famous French criminologist named Emile Locard, and fifty years ago he came up with something called Locard's Exchange Principle. It says something to the effect that any person passing through a room will unknowingly deposit something there and take something away. Modern technology proves it, Fulghum's Exchange Principle extends it: Every person passing through this life will unknowingly leave something and take something away. Most of this "something" cannot be seen or heard or numbered. It does not show up in a census. But nothing counts without it.

## There is no god but man

1. Man has the right to live by his own law -  
to live in the way that he wills to do:  
to work as he will:  
to play as he will:  
to rest as he will:  
to die when and how he will.
2. Man has the right to eat what he will:  
to drink what he will:  
to dwell where he will:  
to move as he will on the face of the earth.
3. Man has the right to think what he will:  
to speak what he will:  
to write what he will:  
to draw, paint, carve, etch, mould, build as  
he will:  
to dress as he will.
4. Man has the right to love as he will:-  
"take your fill and will of love as ye will,  
when, where, and with whom ye will."  
- AL. 1. 51.
5. Man has the right to kill those who would thwart  
these rights.  
"the slaves shall serve." - AL. 11. 58.  
"Love is the law, love under will."  
- AL. 1. 57.





# DEEP UNITY

SELF PRESERVATION SOCIETY - Hand Crafted (Strongroom) 3rd release by Dave Valentine on his Strongroom label and it has to be said is the best yet. Taking it down and giving it a deep house edge, particularly on the Morena Vibe Mix, lifts it right up there with the divine on the tVC dancefloor. Recommended chug factor 10.

AMBER McFADDEN - Do You Want Me (Smokin Beats) Remixes of a tune licensed from Plastic Records USA. Notable for the Tonnage remix by our chum Aaron from the Lazy House Crew. He toughens it a la Dutch style and cuts down on the corny vocal excess. Solid.

RUSHMORE & PANUFNIK - The Organ Grinder (Spirits of Inspiration) DJ Rushmore teams up with Helicopter percussionist Jem Panufnik to create a funkier organ grinder with great builds and breaks, guaranteeing dance floor mayhem. Spot on.

JAIMY - Lost Inside (Spiritual, Dutch) Wierd Dutch style, deep, funky, acid trance. Lots of strings and a riotous slow build to a space drop of considerable US influenced girth.

PSYCHOTROPIC - Only for the Headstrong 95 (Underground Vibe) Yet more quality deep n' trancey grooves from the ever excellent UV label, and what a snorter it is too. Slow skips and a Stella-esque string swathes and bleeps of gorgeous loveliness vie in a sea of vocal snippets. Find and love or your life will be incomplete.

NYDC - Up in this House (Tribal America) No credits on the label but it can only be those two doyens of the deep house creedance, Deep Dish's Dubfire and Sharim and Danny Tenaglia each taking a side and smooth flow towards a bass line dub groove summit, the peaks of which set new standards for the words 'deep and excellent'. Top tune.

MIJANGOS feat XAVIOR - Life (Aura Boogie, US) Club Mix is awesome. The reggae-fied bass line feel has a crowd skipping and grinning big time. Nuff said.

FUNKSHUN - Feel Real (Subwoofer) Saw this in DK's 20 last week and well deserves its place in the deep meisters schematic. Herel and Wren produce deep down and dirty US edged with funky bass and guitar riffs, high strings and that lovely, but hard edged, slap snare. Oh yes.

SCAT TRAX - Pt 2 (Urban Hero) Alex Tepper produced vocal sample bouncy, poppy bouncer on one mix. A more NY feel, rolling skip on the other and an (overlong) simple, pipey repetitive groove in Just for Sweat, suitable for that 10am-oh-dear-I-suppose-I'd-better-have-another-pill time of the day. Not bad.

ELECTRIC MISTRESS - We Got the Funk (2012) Disco house funk up for a good time. All good clean fun. If breaking no new barriers it still does its job and gets 'em hoeing down.

DJ SNEAK presents DA Pumpdoggy (Downtown 161, US) Yet more funky bass lines, this time in a no compromise, solid DJ Sneak style, straight outa NY.

GRANT NELSON & RICHARD PURSER - The Audio Sensation EP (N 'n' R) Sensation 2 giving it large funk on the deep yet tough floors, and Nice 'n' Ripe keep that UK flag flying high. Cool.

SHERWOOD - Cut and Paste EP (Mousetrap) Certainly not afraid to shout about its cut and paste foundations and Mousetrap continue to deliver the darker edged garage goodies. 'Wha's Happenin' dishes the dope beats.



WITHOUT WALLS - There for U (Scoff) Tuff and chunky, blippy with vocal samples. Bouncy acid, with stabs and a great b-down on bonus track. Scoff 5, consume with passion.

CAMERRA - Freedom (Koolworld) Notable for Faversham favourite Mark Shimmon (and Woolfson) basstastic bouncer with excellent flourishes mix. Hot on the heels of Stak the Galli remixes Mark and his Jamm studio are on a hot run at the moment. Go.

LAROSA - Loved up Girl (Irma, It) Bologna happy house with a sting from Uovo and Rame. Banana central bass line and cool stabs keep it pushed high. Import record of the week.

GROOVE SYSTEM - Bassin' Rhythm (Calypso, It) Catchy Ital chunkdom TOTP bound (if it had a piano in it).

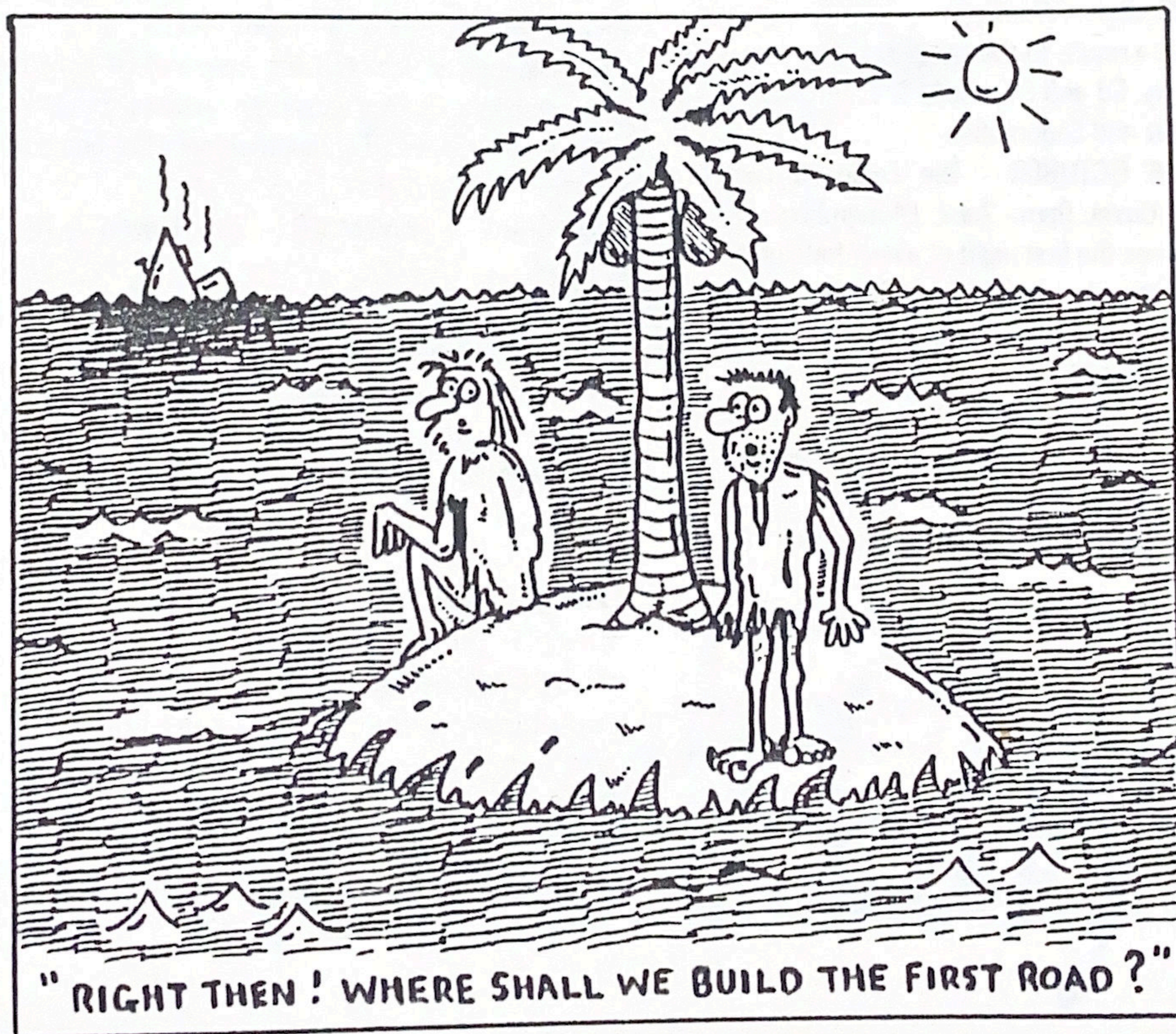
KEN DOH - The Nagasaki EP (Nice Vinyl) 1st release on a new label. A nice piano laden top\_o' the nighter with a breakdown that high strings and swirls with a single bass beat echo before hitting back in after an immense exaggerated drum roll. Poptastic.

IN-2-U - Closer (D & G) Percussive led with killer bass line, nice drop and frugal vocal ("come closer to all your dreams", believe it or not) and a piano introed half way through, give this package a nice happy sparkle.

LENNY LOPEZ - The Model (Flying) Strong 3 tracker each with its own merit. 'Rock the Disco'; pumping and melodic, catchy as fuck. 'Got my own thing' strips it down to skippy, fluffy dub heaven. The 'Get Wild' main track toughens it to a Euro edge, trances it out and is all the better for it. Acquire.

SUENO LATINO presents VALERIA VIX - Viciosa (Steady Beat) Derek May's epic 11' 15" remix - snorter. Atlantic Ocean's remix - Euro tufto toffo (spanky). 'In Progress' mix nicely between the two and, damn it, dancefloor friendly to boot. Phew!

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## LOCAL SCENE

THURSDAY 28 SEPTEMBER - 7th Heaven - The Works, Canterbury. 9pm - 2am. £3. Fortnightly Stuart Long and Warren toughen things up a tad for the Heaveners. An experiment in groovy house sounds.

SATURDAY 30 SEPTEMBER - Deep Space - Legends, New Street, Dover. 9pm - 4am. £4 members, £5 non members. Fortnightly

Tonights profferings being tVC's Liam and Jes, with Jonny B and Timo getting their 12" out too for good measure.

TUESDAY 3 OCTOBER - Grin - Fungus Mungus, St Peters St, Canterbury. Free. Weekly.

Keef and co taco it up with mellow vibes every tues day at this veggy eatery cum chill zone with a bar.

THURSDAY 5 OCTOBER - Sunny Side Up - The Works, Canterbury 9 - 2 £3 Fortnightly

T4's "stompy happy vibe" night. Occasional guests.

FRIDAY 6 OCTOBER - Southern Exposure - Atomics, Unit A, Hart Street, Maidstone, Kent. 9pm - 2am. Non members £7 all night. Members £5 before 10.30, £6 after. Weekly.

tVC make a return to the newly revamped upstairs. Hear Nicky, Ed and Oz whoop it down with visuals by Eyesaw and Logomotion.

FRIDAY 6 OCTOBER - The Feelgood Factor - Legends, Dover. 9pm - 2am. £4 members, £5 non.

Tonight sees the first night of a new fortnightly club night for the big names. Scott Tinsley and Simon Storer (of Cleveland City fame) joining Timo on ze decks for the kick off.

THURSDAY 12 OCTOBER - 7th Heaven- The Works  
Tonight sees those old deep groove stalwarts Kier and Tom playing a three hour set, with that pump merchant Oz rounding off the night nicely. Expect a snorter.

SATURDAY 14 OCTOBER - Deep Space - Legends, Dover.

Yes, it's that time of the fortnight again. This time entertainment being ably provided by Sun Up, Jasper and Wayne Douglas.

FRIDAY 20 OCTOBER - The Feelgood Factor - Legends, Dover.

The guest doing the do tonight is Paul Gotel of Well

Hung Parliament infamy. Should be interesting.

THURSDAY 26 OCTOBER - 7th Heaven - The Works, Canterbury.

The reins are handed over tonight to Pendragon sound system for tonights deep and tribal extravaganza. Pendragon take a break from the vigours of Brixton for some mellow Kentish vibes. Expect a goody. Those at the Kris Kris party and regular Pendragoners will know what to expect. Top London underground house crew.

FRIDAY 27 OCTOBER - Somewhere in Exeter -

Bit sketchy on the details for this one but basically Oz jets off to the South West for a spot of Djing lazy bastard style.

SATURDAY 28 OCTOBER - Deep Space, Legends, Dover.

On the wheels of steel this evening are Sean Baker, Mike and Wayne Douglas.

FRIDAY 3 NOVEMBER - The Feelgood Factor - Legends, Dover.

Tonight sees our favourite Bastards The Lazy House Crew deeping it up big style in not so sunny Kent. Expect a wobbly belter.

SATURDAY 4 NOVEMBER - Chunky - Euro Towers, Courland Grove, Stockwell. 10pm - 9am.

With a license till 9am and Jes, Luke and Oz providing all the right chunks, with Timo upstairs doing his balearic bits, this word of moulder looks like one not to be missed. So don't.

THURSDAY 9 NOVEMBER - 7th Heaven - The Works.

Tonights musical adventure sees Ed and Mark Dettmar at the helm. Anyone who remembers the last time these two played with each other (25 May) will recall it being farking soo perb. And I'm sure tonight will not dissappoint on the thrill front.

TANGENTOPOLI is published by tVC  
SOUND SYSTEM, Kent. ALL

ARTicles copyriot 1995

Contributions, feedback, insults, or whatever. Just show us you're alive out there!

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