

Lanquar

Issue 30

Monday December 25th

THIS ISSUE

Ed Stone
exclusive

PARIES

Perfect World

G2

Pure Gold

Deep Space

Sunnyside

Just How It Is

7th Heaven

free to

party people



PARTIES WE HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED IN 1995

- 1. FREE PARTY - The Warren, Folkstone, Kent. 26th August.**
Has to be there, at the top really. Cos it was the bestest. A sun-soaked, life-affirming celebration of all that we love. Held on the spectacular Kent coastline, nestling at the base of enormous craggy cliff faces. 600 turned up to dance for joy and experience anarchy in action and rock to Grant Plant. Mmmn. Lasted for 3 hassle-free, life affirming days
- 2. TONG WEEKENDER - Baskerville Hall, Hay-On-Wye, Wales. Friday June 2nd - Sunday June 4th.**
A financial disaster for the promoters, but a triumph of excess for those of us that were there. A mass bonding sesh where old ties were strengthened and new ones forged, in the splendour of the Welsh countryside. Notable for the vast cedar trees populated by hippies, K and shroom orgies and all that mud trampled throughout the vast mansion. Also remembered (fondly per chance) by some of our Nottingham chums for their drunken escapades that led to everyone being kicked out of the hotel and told to bugger orf. DK; "I had NOTHING to do with that". However a quick grovel and an open cheque can do wonders for your rock and roll reputation eh Harry?
- 3. FREE PARTY - Convicts Wood, Whitstable. Saturday 29th April**
The big "political" one for us. Kicked off the campaign against the A299 Blue Route "widening". Hundreds of marauding marauders party beneath the Flat Oak to a spectacular sunrise and arriving presence of the forces of law and order. "How did you get into this field?". "We came through the gate man." Front page of the local rags kicks the campaign off big style.
- 4. 7th HEAVEN - The Works, Canterbury, Kent. August 17th.**
Oz and Timo and biggest ever attendance. Wot a squeeze. Wot a night. You should 'ave seen the fuckin' state of 'em.
- 5. FUNDAMENTAL - Renne, Brittany, France. Saturday 6th May**
Notable for the first hazy fractal encrusted meeting with the Lazy Bastards, continuing ties with the gorgeous expat party peeps and one fuck off celebration of life, all out in the sticks of Brittany.
- 6. FREE PARTY - Clowes Woods, Whitstable. Friday 7th July.**
As the "Mother" gets a pigging the party posse fragment and do their own thang. Thrown together in two hours we danced in sheer delight at being able to do so. Despite causing maximum disruption to the whole surrounding area's REM patterns we partied till they eventually managed to find us (6 hours later) and pulled the plug at 5ish. (The first and only time this year!).
- 7. FUNDAMENTAL FESTIVAL- Ceauce, Normandy, France. 27th - 30th July.**
Yes! 4 days in the bosom of a spectacularly beautiful valley that shimmered with heat and cool vibes that pulsed constantly through an 18K rig. Lots of mad French casualties discovering how to party the British way. Hearing reggae and The Clash early Sunday morning through the haze after a night of small gold dots. We all learnt a lot about ourselves that weekend...
- 8. CHUNKY - Dalston, London. Saturday 4th November.**
Chunky 2 and Fluffcore takes on London and ends up giving it a rather large, sloppy kiss on the mouth. An unashamed immersion in all things fluff.
- 9. FREE PARTIES - Lyminge, Kent. Saturday 16th September and Saturday 28th October**
Both these parties notable for the rather astute excess of the Kent Lager Front posse whose capacity for extended 3 day ribaldry has yet to be matched by anyone, anywhere. Dave Beer, pull your trousers down. And change yours Toff!
- 10. FREE PARTY - Nick's birthday. HQ, Kent. 27th Jan.**
The infamous "cake" party. Loads of good food. The opening of "The Cave". Puking up port in The Labour Club. Everyone out and dancing all night. Oh, and not forgetting Terri's special and Sara's spag bol cake. Deep core.
- 11. FULLY LIBERATE YOURSELF - Eauzone, Woolich, London. 7th January.**
All the buzz of an impromptu, last minute gathering brought out the best of an eclectic FLY crowd. Afi and Phillip are the perfect hosts and the tV Crew dance their little socks off to music "just the right side" of hard house stroke techno. Naguals visual treats the (he)art in the sandwich.
- 12. 7th HEAVEN - Lazy House Crew - The Works, Canterbury**
Full on trousers round ankles antics from the "Bastards" as they take Kent by storm and pump it on down in a rather disturbing way.
- 13. PENDRAGON - Cris Cris Studio, Brixton, London.**
Form the deepest to the highest the Pendragon Crew test drive their new sub base units, in one pure smooth upward rising curve to house heaven, on this hot sweaty small classic crowd. Wobbletastic.
- 14. ALTERNATIVE CHRISTMAS PARTY - SECRET LOCATION - KENT. 25th December.**
The very party this issue of Tangentopoli hit "the streets" and sure to be a snorter so it's in here already

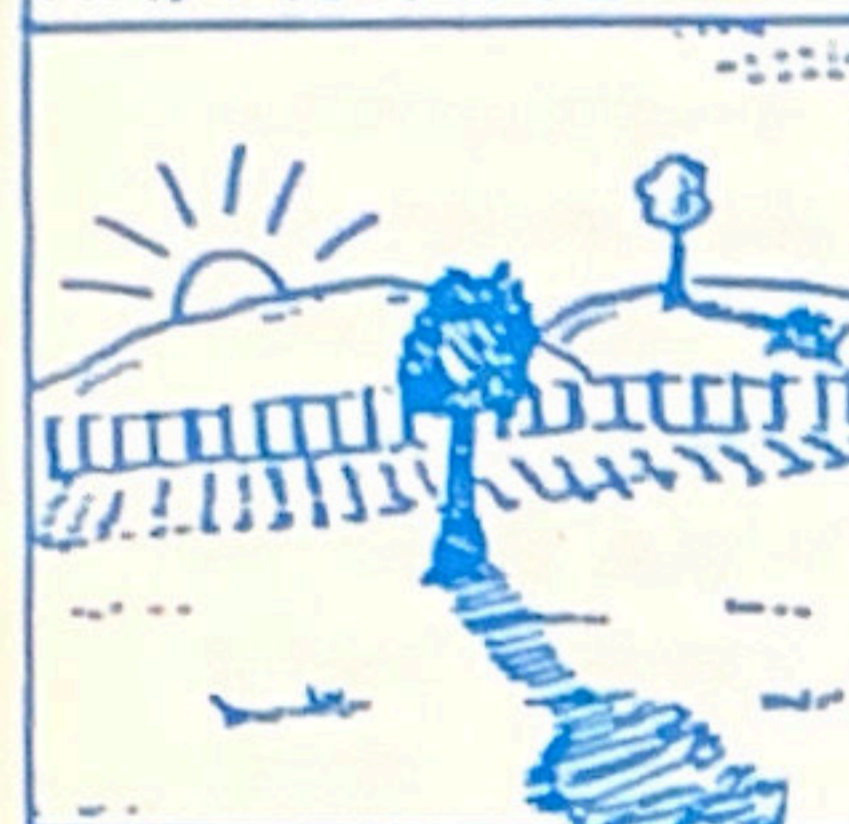
THE ROAD TO NOWHERE.

PART 1

EVERY NIGHT SINCE 1967 SYDNEY J. TROUT HAD RE-LIVED THE WAR IN HIS DREAMS.



HE NORMALLY AWOKE TO FIND THAT IT WAS MORNING



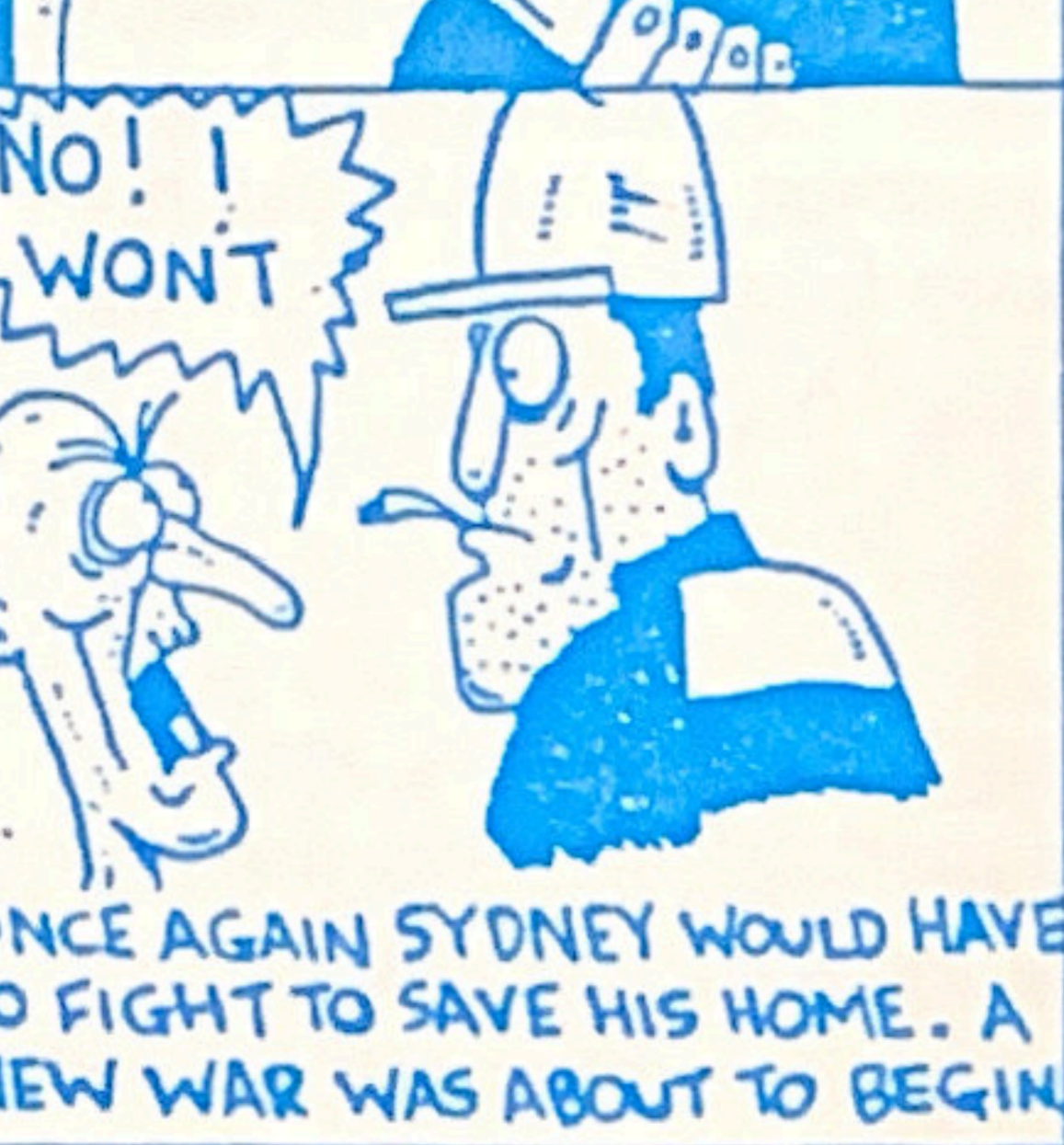
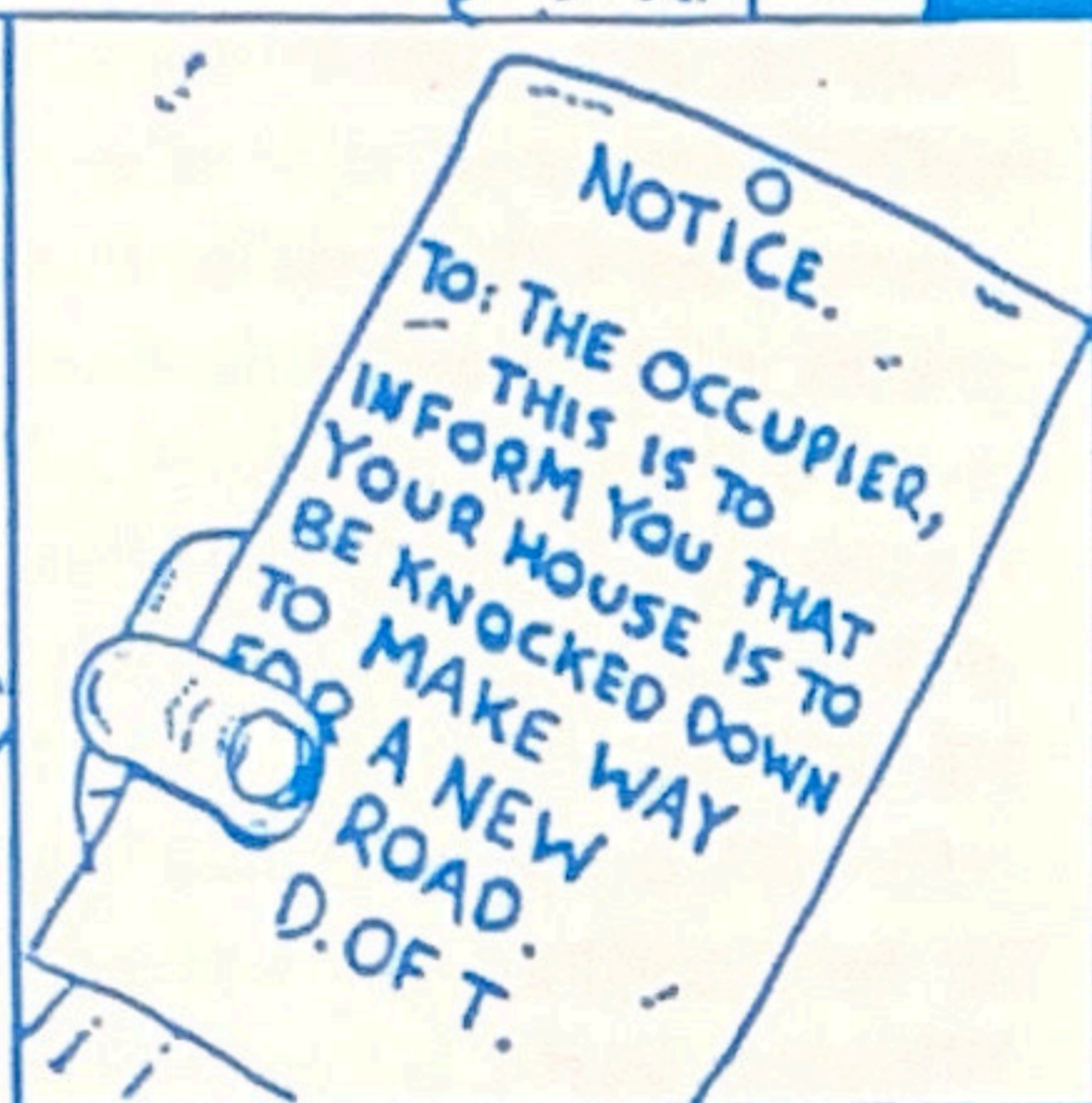
AND HE WAS SAFE AND WELL IN A SMALL COTTAGE IN KENT.



THE WAR WAS LONG OVER.



TODAY HE AWOKE TO FIND A NOTICE PINNED TO HIS HEAD.



ONCE AGAIN SYDNEY WOULD HAVE TO FIGHT TO SAVE HIS HOME. A NEW WAR WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN.

TO BE CONTINUED ...

P.A.R.T.Y.?

COZ I HAVE T'A

Our ceaselessly intrepid band of good time seekers leave no stone unturned in the search of a good night out.

(SOCIALLY LUBRICATING)

7th HEAVE-ON -30th MARCH

Another gathering of the clans, with *everyone* descending on the place who hadn't been seen for a couple of weeks, filling the club to bursting. For all who say they never get mentioned (and also for the DS/MI5) here's the rollcall; Oochie, Heartbreaker, Sara, Sandals, Gusset, P.Poos, Jonjily, Maricemo, Wide-eyed, Tim-O, Fiona, Debbie, Trudie, Fab Jody, Aaron, King Aaron, Prince Pete, Go Away, Pen-Is, Loo, Lee, Moist Rodge, A Monkey, K & M (E), Steph, R the B, Mad Mike, Whacky Walt, Spud, Leila, Liam, Nick(topp), Simone, Folkestone Gazer, Emma, Dave, Fran (no Russ), Bald Phil and fuckin' loads more.

DJs providing topp entertainment for the nights stumblings were Nick -ee, warm up woman extra-ordinaire ("shit don't the records sound totally different when you've had four pints of beer in extremely quick succession") Jes and Luke both down from London, from the Jump/Deliverance p.peeps. And, yes, they were all greeted by an ecstatic crowd of mad up for it bastards. But then again aren't all our guests? Everywhere you looked, there were people dancing, stumblingly, hugging and indulging in idle chit chat, as one does at these occasions.

Aaron and Pete had a brief tussle for the

dancing crown, and I'm afraid it was won back by Aaron, fair and square (much to his delight!) as Pete was both spotted and photographed, sitting down! Not just sitting down, but perched atop a speaker too, and there is only one thing you are allowed to do on speakers, ask Dawn. Who, incidentally has momentarily lost her crown to Sall who has managed to consistently outdance - everyone!

She is also the first person to hold both the gurning and dancing titles concurrently over several parties. So come on all you face stretchers out there, where're your challenges?

Timo brought along his gay papier mache pigs, which he hung from the ceiling, and very nice they looked too. Oochie and Sara stopped dancing long enough at 8 o' clock, before the club opened to help put the drapes up, and the club was decorated in super fast time. This released Nick from her normal responsibilities to enable her to slip a couple of bevs in to help lubricate her, socially of course. Nicely "loosened up", she proceeded, fluffing her best mix as Aaron (the Chav one and close runner up for gurner topp spott) kept talking to her at all the most important moments. Well, that's her excuse, anyway. As she neared the end of her set, and after a couple more beers, she was distinctly relaxed, and performed her usual crowd pleasing trick of leaving nice little gaps between occasional records. (Picked that one up from Cookie?).

With the arrival of Jes, she beat a hasty retreat, and staggered to the bar, only stopping to abuse a few close friends on the way.

Seen shaking a leg (yes he only has one) whacky Walt and mad Mike, taking a break no doubt from the dubious pleasures proffered by nocturnal movies of the adult persuasion and the rigours of self abuse to come and abuse us. Not seen for a long while on these thar' shores, they had a good few months worth stored up to

let off that night and they performed admirably. Walt was pipped to the post in the rudeness stakes by Mike who told a certain young(ish) lady(not), that she no longer looked like a "dyke". It was one of them nights. You had to be there, as half of somewhere obviously were.



Party Time

LORD LAURENCE
WATER-FORD FROG SPEAKS;

"IS JOURNALISM KILLING CLUBLAND?"

After leaving one's leafy suburban abode in Sittingbourne, one minor indiscretion with an underage convent girl and a Vietnamese pot bellied pig and the blasted provinces wanted me tarred and feathered! Never would have happened in Knightsbridge.

One decided to winter in Whitstable, obviously one couldn't return to London, what with my alleged involvement with that terribly messy Brinx Mat business, where One fell (quite literally) upon my old mate and peer Dr Mick of Loaded fame, who was in considerable distress over the loss of his offshore account. Well one's buggered if one knows what happened to the bin bag full of tenners he'd anchored off Whitstable Harbour but anyway over a couple of bottles of Stoli Crystal and a perusal of the good doctors infinite and for the most part physically impossible for a man of my age and weights German skin flicks we got onto the subject of the current UK club scene.

Au fait with this pilled up and pumping pallaver the banter soon turned to certain dance periodicals obsession with "what is killing clubland?". What with the blame laying respectively on the Church, unscrupulous promoters (most of which are personal friends of mine), fashion fascism and London Underground banning the Pam Anderson Hennes ads etc. etc. we both agreed that after a weekend of "caining it" as today's youth so eloquently put it the only thing that was in danger of "killing clubland" was the imminent coronary on the proverbial horizon.

Obviously some in depth investigations will have to be carried out to prove this theory, purely in the name of anthropological science, so all donations would be greatly received via tVC HQ.

Handsomely yours,

L.W.F.

Parties, what parties?

As the tVC massive launched into the unthinkable with an extended period (two sobbing weekends) of no parties, whatsoever, to keep us amused and abused before the festive onslaught (end of November to the first week of January), we accepted it philosophically enough (by most) as an excuse to take lots of vitamins, eat lots of food, catch up on much needed sleep and remind children who their parents were. However, as usual, after the first night of party free living was endured, people the length and breadth of the tVC extended family began phoning HQ in ever more serious need of a party. Even Shirly was heard to phone asking what was happening!

We gate crashed an 18th birthday party, only after much blagging, on the first night of "resting" with Mr and Mrs (it's never a good idea to go out with those two if you're trying to take it easy) where we slid around the floor in extreme levels of intoxication for half an hour, before going back to the Bubble to go to a punk party. This was like stepping back in time 10 years. A party where many were asleep by 12. Those that weren't were huddled in the kitchen, talking maniacally and the dance floor was full of people sitting down on cushions, conversing quietly, the air thick with pot. After a couple of hours we returned home to pick up "just a couple of" records, after waiting for all the punks to go to sleep. Who said old punks never die? They just crash out early. So a certain DJ, who shall remain nameless (let's just say he hails from Newcastle) skipped out with a massive box of tunes (kindly carried by Mr) and a grin spread across his face in the knowledge he was soon to hear some, house music (in hushed reverential whisper). Unfortunately said DJ was so addled he fell over in the street, on top of his headphones smashing them into two fetching but useless pieces and ripping his trousers and knee to shreds in the process. Bravely he

soldiered on to the party, where he discovered only one deck to be working anyway. Life at the bottom, eh?

The next "party-free" weekend saw us attending an 80's night in The Neptune, home of the extremely rude bar stewards (apart from Lisa). And I don't know what we expected of an 80's night (early Detroit, Chicago Trax, 303 rushes, DJ Pierre, early Bally Eric, Sugar Hill, good Jamaican reggae, the fag end of punk, Sisters of Mercy, the Cure?), but it was fucking 50 times worse. After trying to get drunk so it wouldn't seem so bad, it just got worse. Wham!, much to Mikees delight, bad Human League, NO Duran Duran, FR David "Words" (for fucks sake), Altered Images, "them Geordie bastards" Dire Straights (it was, they were), The Spands ("Gold" 'n'all, not even the good stuff, if they ever did any good stuff), endless Madness (FUCK. OFF). Fed up with people coming up to me and saying "it's only a laugh" and nudging me in the ribs, I fucked off realising why I went clubbing and stopped hanging around in crap pubs. And let me tell those people, call me humourless if you will, listening to shit 80's TOTP music (and despite the 80's being increasingly seen as the 'joke' music brigade, there was good music in the 80's) whilst pretending it's only a laugh, is SAD. It's fucking shit and a total waste of time. If you want to go out and have a laugh there's loads of much funnier things to get up to, like being arrested or run over. And after all this, what makes it worse after having a shit weekend, is you've not even spent less money. You've spent twice as much on drinking yourself into the state where everything is funny, if only you could remember...

Pen too eye-poppingly mashed to blag?

Ed (wardo) & Mark 'Dirty' Dettmar
7th Heaven - Thursday 9 November

Ed and Mark back (in a back to back) due to popular demand after their last successful aural coupling, were tonight's entertainment, with "Spangler" Pen as the side-show. It was his birthday, and, (un)fortunately, he decided to spend it with us. Although 'spend' is the wrong word. A night that saw Tejen and Laura, down from the smoke to help Pen's birthday shenanigans go with a bang (although Pen is despairing of ever having one of them again. Any offers?). P & J were suffering from typhoo, having had their jabs a few days earlier and were out only on sufferance or because they thought they might miss something. Stevie Sea missed his second seventh ever. Yes after chants of 'Porchy' all the previous weekend he actually did it. He went. Fucked orf. To Porchy. To visit Fred and Rose (and no one's heard from him since). So without Porchy to take the piss out of it was a funny old night. Pen fucked up big time. He licked a plastic bag that had been found in a club a few weeks before, and left to dry on a radiator for two weeks. Fuck knows what it was, but I don't think Pen was enjoying it too much. Let's just say he was a little quiet, yet too eye-poppingly mashed to blag. To add to the already considerable shocks that were delivered to our jaded party palettes, Mr and Mrs, obviously taking a brief respite from the splendours of the far more alluring 'Sticky Carpet', decided to grace us with their expensively dressed presence. Gone hung around the perimeter, shuffling, looking sorry for himself, with his disease poked arm hung askew. "Don't poke John on the arm" Pam could be heard as yet another of Johns chums slapped his arm in clubbers cameraderie. Seen also, although alas, oh so briefly, was that doyenne of the girly handbag set Jasper, hair freshly washed and tied in a new pink ribbon.

On a night in a month that is always quiet as everyone (supposedly) saves themselves for Chrimbo (although if everyone's 'staying in' why do you always bump into each other in various seedy drinking dens having a shit time and spending more money than if you just went out clubbing in the first place?) those that made the effort got down to business in time honoured. A tad too firm by the end for this reviewers ears, the turgidness of the throb was obviously rather enjoyable to others. And of course, it all ended much too quickly and we were chucked out into the bitter night air before we had time to catch breath.

tVC's flag high, and nicely moistening the appetites of the already burgeoning throng. Nice fluffy party music, appreciated by a sea of smiles and cuddling friends. It was still only 10 o'clock!! I started getting really excited now and took to stumbling around even more energetically than I had hitherto managed, bumping into eye-roller extraordinaire Pampers, and hair erector J. Gazzock in top pink vest rubbing mode (it was his birthday). Oochie sitting on a stool with a certain young daughter of our sound man Magnificent Maurice, perched dubiously upon his meaty thighs (we'll show you the photo M). Lesley going for it whilst being watched admirably by, Oochie, again! Mr and Mrs, stumbling, not snogging. Linda (or is that Brenda) in topp whistle blowing mode. Swishy in topp horny mode. Alex being Alex. Heartbreaker, not breaking any hearts tonight. The Westgate terrace posse being outstumbled by GA Dent. Sall and Sara gurning away in a most professional manner. Lou, Anna and indeed half of Whitstable enjoying themselves in the way that only Whitstable knows how. Apart from those mad party peeps from Folkestone/Dover, who again managed to outdance, out party and just plain out everyone in their usual fun-filled manner. Joint dance Kings Aaron and Pete, Toby, quite wide eyed, it must be admitted. Gary very wide eyed, sorry Toby. Gazzocks chef? No. he'd been left in the kitchen. Liam and Nick R, looking more and more alike, lurching around drunkenly. Roger nice and moist, but not smelly. Jodie, Trudie (not quite as drunk as the week before!), Jodie drunker. Debbie on her last night before going away to Turkey. Scotty Jon, Rowan, Aaron mad Mike and whacky Walt, Chav posse extraordinaire. And everyone else.

What can I say about the music, except it was spot on all night. From the fluffy warm up of Jasp, to the deeply mellow delights of Duncan Scott (of whom Sherlock was heard to remark "he really is bloody good") which he was, even to Liams surprise. Then to topp tune player extraordinaire Sherlock who merely wowed everyone and made us dance ourselves stupid. And alas, 2 o'clock came round again, much too quickly for anyones liking and so ended another great night, of great people, sooperb sounding sounds and topp notch entertainment. Although it didn't end, coz it continued well into the next day at HQ until we suddenly remembered our 'gig' that night in Maidstone. But that's another story, and

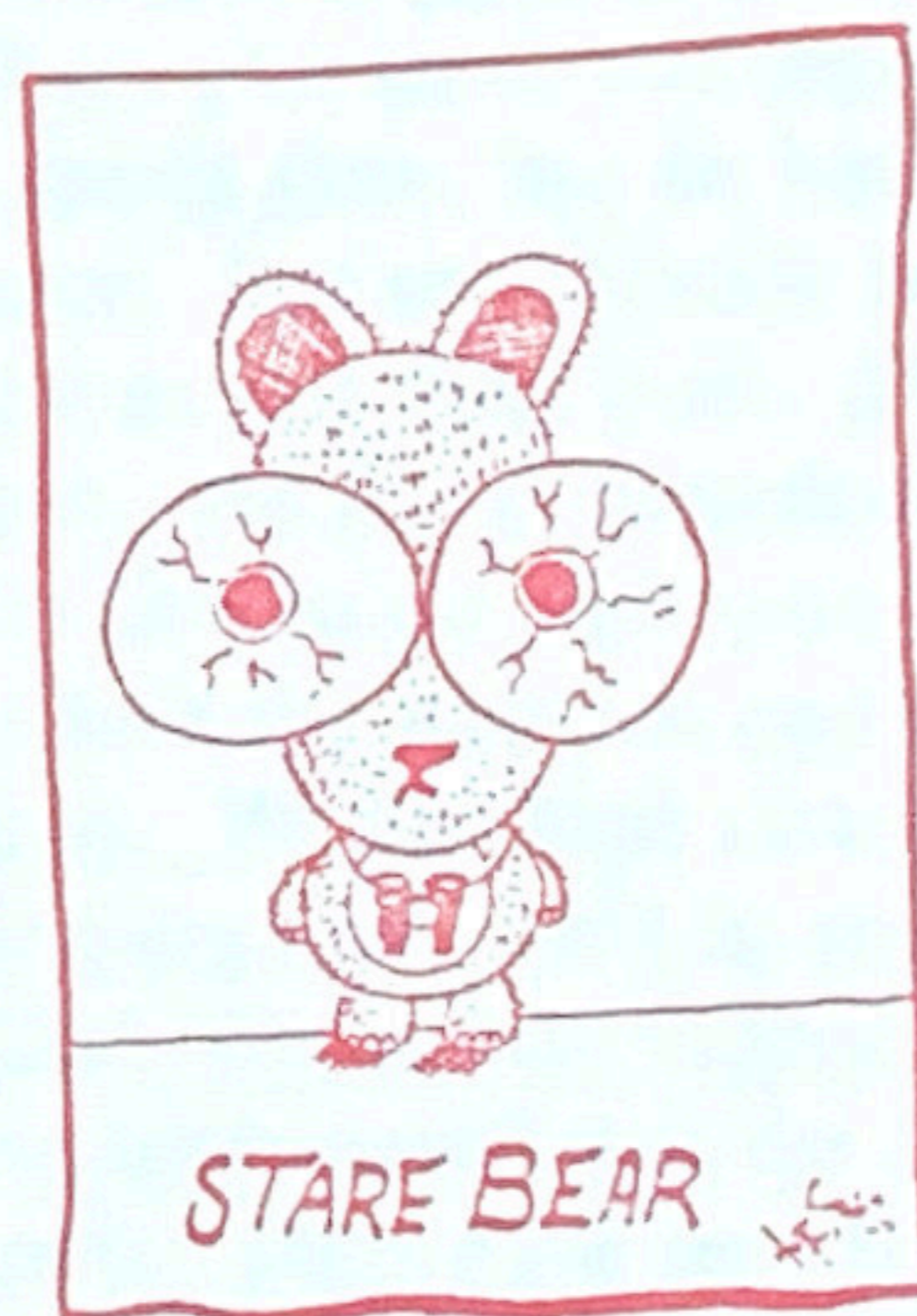
luckily too debauched to put down on paper. So certain people's secrets will remain that way. At least for the time being anyway. I love this life.

THE SOUTHERN EXPOSURE LOT MUST THINK WE'RE THICK

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE - FRIDAY 14TH
APRIL MAIDSTONE

After yesterday with Perfect World at 7th Heaven tonight we knew would have to work hard. After the high comes the low and it was a sorry hungover sight to see as we reluctantly pulled our sad limp bodies from the armchairs and plopped into the car, heading into the setting sun.

The Southern Exposure lot must think we're thick coz every time we go there we sit in the corner staring blankly into space emitting an "uh?" every now and then. It had to be one of those slow build up nights really. You know where by 2am you're just about firing on all cylinders again. Then wham! The lights come on and those blank stares come rolling back. Uh?



We got a decent crowd up for it up top who got their pants shaking profusely to a succession of smooth grooves mixed by Nicky, Timo, Liam and Oz.

The vibe was laid back and easy going. We chilled. Had a few beers and chatted away merrily till them thar lights intruded and we had to take the festivities elsewhere.

The sound wasn't bad but it wasn't Maurice either. And considering how OTT the night before was we didn't do too bad either.

ALL SYSTEMS NO BENEFIT - SUNDAY 16TH APRIL - Nottingham

All Systems No or the house version of United Systems or the northern version of United Systems, what ever or however you want to see them, pulled out all the plugs for this Easter Sunday to Bank Holiday Monday statement against the injustice of the anti party CJA.

And what a statement it turned out to be. A 1000 capacity crowd saw, (deep breath), Babble, Breeze, Gotropo, Floatation, DiY and Smokescreen pool resources, sound and light equipment to produce what can only be described as a good looking, great sounding, packed, hot, friendly, go for it, bonkers, eclectic kind of an evening.

Obviously from the house point of view highlights of the night include Digs and Woosh's set (after which Rick proceeded to fall soundly asleep) and the last hour which we believe was Smokescreen.

Overall the feel of the night was one of a small open air gathering but on a much larger scale. Nice one.

MEGA-GROPE-ALIS

THURSDAY 20 APRIL

7th Heaven goes to Heaven, fat beer monsters heaven or young white glove buzz merchants one.

Again the tVc posse (hardcore of course) did their normal trick. Turned up, sat in the corner yawning, looking thick and fucked. No wonder we don't get any work!

We were to be in the Cauldron and took Mag Maurice's rig up in a hired van to beef up the allegedly inadequate sounds up. tVC's trusty rags (drapes) also made their mainstream London debut, with A. Bunkum, drape hanger extraordinaire doing a soo-perb job, in a room thick with the heady fumes of a graffiti artists spray cans who was hurriedly trying to finish painting the room for that night's festivities. This meant immediate headaches all round, before a single carafe of beer was quaffed, leading to a strange sort of airy feeling where ones brain used to be.

Unfortunately after a good solid 3 hours of drape hanging, a mega chappie came along clutching a lighter to check the drapes had been flame barred. He did this by setting light to said drapes. An acrid black smoke quickly filled the room as drape after drape ignited spectacularly.

Whoops. Flamebar time again. So all the drapes were taken down again, apart from a couple that passed the test, leaving a very bar, black box-like room. Oh well, less to take down at the end of the night. It was at this time that Nick, Oz and Nost disappeared, hurriedly to a sausage bar, where they devoured strange lurid green veggy sausages (cold) with lashings of fried onions and fizzy brown stuff, before returning to the melee only to be denied access by the bruisers at the door, due to lack of passes.

This little embarrassment was soon sorted out thanks to Leon of Jump fame (who were coincidentally playing upstairs, with grub playing a 7 hour dub set in the basement, and Squidly and his band allegedly doing a PA in our room. Who remembers Squidly? Anyway, unfortunately they didn't turn up)

Nicky opened proceedings with her deep meanderings, and played a full 2 hour set, after which she collapsed upon a speaker and didn't move again all night.

Followed by Throb Felt, who was definitely on tipp-top form, wowing the crowd with his bouncy 12" of pure pleasure. A few more of the Kent lager posse started showing up at this stage. Simone, Sheila and GA Dent, staggering admirably as soon as they appeared through the door, Debbie and SS with Throb in full swing, a small person, Austin Space lying flat out on the floor, half in, half out of a steel cage tutting and twitching as people trod on him as they tried to get into the DJ booth. The crowd of brewed up clubbers were loving it, but as one young(ish)wag was heard to remark "they'd dance to someone farting through a microphone here." Quite.

Timo and Oz completed the proceedings and thus 6 hours of heavenly music. And despite what the wag said, for a London crowd, in a main club they were definitely havin' it, and a lot of fun too. The meatheads were easily dealt with too. We just set GA Dent on them, who lurched lopsidedly up to them, one nipple sensuously exposed whilst being tweaked and rubbed simultaneously, declaring "I'll be nice to you!" It did the trick. It was truly a pleasure to behold as one chubby chap in a fetching black string vest, split open at the front to allow his beer belly to poke enticingly through, couldn't stumble away fast enough, and was never seen again. Except by Sheila, allegedly. As someone said, it's just not the same without all your friends around.

UNDER MOON AND STAR LIT SKY

TRUDY writes from Goa on Parties, Hippies
and Indians from Bombay...

Where do I begin? Well, for starters you don't need to travel the world to find a good party. It's happening right here in little old Kent thanks to the tVC crew. Once you tVC-it nothing else will do! They're cheap (no rip off money grabbing), the people are the best party crowd I've ever come across with their big smiles and big pupils. A good mixmatch of people with a good mix-match of DJ's playing everything in the dance circle from uplifting house to that funky disco beat and a good groove. What more could someone ask for?

Well, Wayne and me weren't exactly looking for more when we left for India although we were expecting some party treats in Goa over Christmas and the New Year. We imagined dancing in the sand under the moon and stars with happy tunes and happy faces. What a disappointment. There was sand, and many beautiful moonlit, starlit skies, but no happy faces or happy tunes. Just smackheads and chillum babas, with music to suit their buzz. Deep trance and acid techno. We felt so unwelcome. There's this attitude in Goa to do with who's been there the longest, who's the wierdest and wackiest person, man! Mmn. We just kept saying "we wish the tVC crew were here, we'd all show 'em how to party!" Yes! We had developed an attitude too!

But we understand that the hippies who have been there for years have seen better party days, before the crowds of holiday makers and travellers started coming to Goa making the parties bigger. So the police thought they'd cash in somehow. They're so corrupt, using backshi and taking control of where and when parties are held. So yeah, we can understand this unwelcome feeling, but we never expected this vibe from so-called hippies.

Also Indians from Bombay come to Goa, where they can drink alcohol and go to parties, in the hope of seeing western women, with bare legs and arms, and their hair worn loose. They usually only see women like this in the movies, so they get drunk and can't resist touching the west-



AND NOT EVEN

Thames party, forgotten its name though the night I'll remember forever.

Maybe I was burnt out after the weekends festivities or maybe it was a lesson to be learnt. Seven hours on a boat sailing up and down the Thames and not docking anywhere. A night of total contrast to the weekend. All the energy created by people on Saturday night at Convicts Wood given to me freely was slowly being sucked out by what seemed like a crowd of psychic vampires who didn't want to talk to me, dance with me, smile at me. People so close, but so far away. They seemed to be enjoying themselves apart from a few tired faces and a cry of "let me off this fucking boat" at about 5.30.

The girl who suggested to Lou and I that if we paid more money (it was tragic we'd paid anything) we could continue partying till 12 noon. My face felt like Munch's famous painting - I did try to be polite and make excuses about children etc, because... because I wasn't out of it enough to be honest. Shame on me! As a good friend and Dj once told me "there is so much excellent new music, why play old tunes?" One or two, here and there on occasion, but nearly all night, and not even last years, and not even mixed well, and not even a good rig and not even.....

em girls. Many were getting groped and were running out of the parties, crying and freaked out.

So we gave up on the party scene and just got right into the natural beauty of India, with the knowledge we were coming back to England - The Great Party kingdom - in a few months, where we'd be sure of loads of excellent parties in store. And the tVC crew would still be going strong. Cheers, love you all! X



HAIR CARE BEAR

Anti-face
TT

WHEN SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES ...SHUT THEM

Fran Lebowitz on the problems facing smokers who wish to indulge in public

As a practising member of several oppressed minority groups, I feel that I have on the whole conducted myself with the utmost decorum. I have, without exception refrained from marching, chanting, appearing on The David Susskind Show or in any other way making anything that could even vaguely be construed as a fuss. I call attention to this exemplary behaviour not merely to cast myself in a favourable light but also to emphasise the seriousness of the present situation that makes it virtually impossible to smoke a cigarette in public without the risk of fine, imprisonment or having to argue with someone not of my class.

Should the last part of that statement disturb the more egalitarian among you, I hasten to add that I use the word "class" in its narrower sense to refer to that group more commonly thought of as "my kind of people". And while there are a great many requirements for inclusion in my kind of people, chief among them is an absolute hands-off policy when it comes to the subject of smoking.

Smoking is, if not my life, then at least my hobby. I love to smoke. Smoking is fun. Smoking is cool. Smoking is, as far as I am concerned, the entire point of being an adult. It makes growing up genuinely worthwhile. I am quite aware of the hazards of smoking. Smoking is not a healthful pastime, it is true. Smoking is indeed no bracing dip in the ocean, no strenuous series of calisthenics, no two laps around the reservoir. On the other hand, smoking has to its advantage the fact that it is a quiet pursuit. Smoking is, in effect, a dignified sport. Not for the smoker the undue fanfare associated with down-hill skiing, professional football or race-car driving. And yet, smoking is - as I have stated previously - hazardous. Very hazardous. Smoking, in fact, is downright dangerous. Most people who smoke will eventually contract a fatal

disease and die. But they don't brag about it, do they? Most people who ski, play professional football or drive race cars, will not die - at least not in the act - and yet they are the ones with the glamorous images, the expensive equipment and the mythic proportions. Why this should be I cannot say, unless it is simply that the average American does not know a daredevil when he sees one. And it is the average American to whom I address this discourse because it is the average American who is responsible for the recent spate of no-smoking laws and antismoking sentiment. That it is the average American who must take the blame I have no doubt, for unquestionably the above-average American has better things to do.

I understand, of course, that many people find smoking objectionable. That is their right. I would, I assure you, be the very last to criticise the annoyed. I find many - even most - things objectionable. Being offended is the natural consequence of leaving one's home. I do not like after-shave lotion, adults who roller-skate, children who speak French, or anyone who is unduly tan. I do not, however, go around enacting legislation and putting up signs. In private I avoid such people; in public they have the run of the place. I stay at home as much as possible, and so should they. When it is necessary, however, to go out of the house, they must be prepared, as am I, to deal with the unpleasant personal habits of others. That is what "public" means. If you can't stand the heat, get back in the kitchen.

As many of you may be unaware of the full extent of this private interference in the public sector, I offer the following report:

HOSPITALS

Hospitals are, when it comes to the restriction of smoking, perhaps the worst offenders of all. Not only because the innocent visitor must invariably walk miles to reach a smoking area, but because a hospital is singularly the most illogical place in the world to ban smoking. A hospital is, after all, just the sort of unsavoury and nerve-racking environment that makes smoking really pay off. Not to mention that in a hospital, the most frequent objection of the non-smoker (that your smoke endangers his health) is rendered entirely meaningless by the fact that everyone there is already sick. Except the visitor - who is not allowed to smoke.

RESTAURANTS

By and large the sort of restaurant that has "no smoking tables" is just the sort of restaurant that would most benefit from the dulling of its patrons' palates. At the time of this writing, New York City restaurants are still free of this divisive legislation. Perhaps those in power are aware that if the New Yorker was compelled to deal with just one more factor in deciding on a restaurant, there would be a mass return to home cooking. For there is, without question, at least in my particular circle, not a single person stalwart enough, after a forty-minute phone conversation, when everyone has finally and at long last agreed on Thai food, downtown, at 9.30, to then bear up under the pressures inherent in the very idea of smoking and non-smoking tables.

MINNESOTA

Due to something called the Minnesota Clean Air Act, it is illegal to smoke in the baggage claim area of the Minnesota airport. This particular bit of news is surprising, since it has been my personal observation that even non-smokers tend to light up while waiting to see if their baggage has accompanied them to their final destination. As I imagine that this law has provoked a rather strong response, I was initially quite puzzled as to why Minnesota would risk alienating what few visitors it had been able to attract. The mystery was cleared up when, having spent but single day there, I realised that in Minnesota the Clean Air Act is a tourist attraction. It might not be the Beaubourg, but it's all their own. I found this to be an interesting, subtle concept, and have suggested to state officials that they might further exploit its commercial possibilities by offering for sale plain blue postcards emblazoned with the legend: Downtown Minneapolis.

AIRPLANES

Far be it from me to incite the general public by rashly suggesting that people who smoke are smarter than people who don't. But I should like to point out that I number among my acquaintances not a single nicotine buff who would entertain, for even the briefest moment, the notion that sitting six inches in front of a smoker is in any way healthier than sitting six inches behind him.

TAXICABS

Perhaps the one of the most chilling features of New York life is hearing the meter click in a taxicab before one has noticed the sign stating: PLEASE DO NOT SMOKE DRIVER ALLERGIC. One can, of course, exercise the option of disembarking immediately should one not mind being out a whole dollar, or one can, more thriftily, occupy oneself instead by attempting to figure out just how it is that a man who cannot find his way from the Pierre Hotel to East Seventy-eighth Street has somehow managed to learn the English word for allergic.

(1977)



THE POPULAR HISTORY OF DEMONSTRATIONS IN HYDE PARK - PART 3

1855 cont...

In the last issue of Tangentopoli a demonstration was described taking part in June 1855 in Hyde Park, by Karl Marx. A week later another protest took place in the park, in defiance of a ban on meetings there. Faced with such protests, Lord Grosvenor eventually withdrew his proposals. Marx describes what happened on July 1st:

Even according to the account given in the police bulletin, at half past two already 150,000 people of every age and social estate surged up and down the park and gradually the throng swelled to such dimensions as were gigantic and enormous even for London....once again the crowd lined both sides of the drive along the Serpentine, only this time the lines were denser and deeper than the previous Sunday. However, high society had given wide berth to the place of combat and by its absence had acknowledged vox populi to be sovereign.

It got to be four o'clock and it looked as if the demonstration for lack of nutrition was going to simmer down to harmless Sunday amusements, but the police reckoned differently. Were they going to withdraw amidst general laughter, casting melancholy farewell glances at their own big-lettered placards - posted up on the portals of the park? Eight hundred constables had been strategically distributed. Big squads were stationed in neighbouring localities to serve as reinforcements. In brief, the police had drawn up a plan of campaign which was "of a far more vigorous description," according to the Times "than any of which we have yet had notice in the Crimea." The police were in need of bloody heads and arrests in order not to fall from the sublime to the ridiculous without some intermediate link.

Orders were issued allegedly for the protection of passing carriages and riders. But as both carriages and riders stayed away and there was therefore nothing to protect, they began to single some individuals out of the crowd and have them arrested on false pretences, on the pretext that they were pickpockets. When this experiment was repeated

FIDDLING WITH KNOBS

Perfect World
SATURDAY 1ST APRIL - LONDON

Saturday morning. There's this knock at HQ's front door. Experiencing the unwritable pleasure that only a fuck off stinker of a hangover can bring the noise is reluctantly investigated. All bulging red eyes and clenched teeth.

Golly, it's a policeman.

That's all we need. He politely requests that I come outside (missus) and take a look at the steamroller that has fell of this artic' and is now leaning against our sumptuous abode.

I knew it was April the first and I thought he might be taking the piss. However the only word that escaped my mouth was "pardon?"

A large crowd had gathered to survey the scene. Sure enough, there was this steamroller embedded in the wall just below the, cough, "studio" cum "discoteque". Not one of them little things, oh no, this was your full size "like they used to be" kind of steamrollers. Massive.

Anyway, getting the drivers details, who was well pissed off, and ringing the landlord saw my duties done and I happily left the officer, who was really enjoying himself, and the driver, and the crowd to get on with it.

Now, I needed to practice, a lot, to get a set together for Perfect World. What with the Clubland Refugee away in South Africa for three weeks and being to lazy to go to London I had no new tunes. The ones I had managed to get that week were shite. All my other stuff was too deep (no such thing) for the pumpy PW peeps. Especially as I'd been promoted to the big room. Shit. So anyway, I was getting more and more pissed off, was hung over, had no inclination to work out a set (but had to) and there was this steamroller right outside the window with 50 or so people oohing and aahing and clapping this crew who were trying to move it. It was already a daymare and it was only 10.30am.

Little did I know (snigger) that less than 24 sleepless hours later the 15 strong post PW peeps would be waiting out the hour till the pub opened. Moods and the drugs they put you in.

After a few more hours of tedium (practising, eating, selling tickets, grouping together, driving, going to see strippers) we were walking through the door of the fourth Perfect World. S.M. Arties had done their usual sterling job with "the look" of the place. Eskimo Noise, sound peeps, were displaying impressive new JBL's stacked in the corner and there looked to be some striking new lights strategically placed around the building. What with air conditioning and fans everywhere too it looked like it was going to be a goody. A cool goody.

Another bonus was the fact that Nick had popped into Primal Vinyl after work and managed to procure six rather tasty promo's from Mark who'd just got back from his hols that day! I quickly worked them into my set. That is put them in the front of the record box and decided to work it out later. On the hoofing DJ frontline or what? Lazy bastard maybe?

Damian McSorley warmed up to the usual warm up DJ dodgy doings of no monitor, no people,

technical hitches, people with long hair pushing him aside and fiddling with knobs, lights on etc etc etc. He seemed to cope with it all in his stride. Welcome to the big time Damian. Only another year or so of warm ups and you'll be at my stage. The next slot to warm up.

As people began to filter in the reins were handed over to me. They were still having a few technical difficulties that were being professionally smoothed over and profficiently worked out (that is in a sweaty, headless blind panic). Ah the joys of a crackly earth and the effect it has on sound engineers.

Apparantly, with the new speakers, tons of lights, fans, air conditioners etc etc all plugged into the same antiquated electrical curcuietry of the Arch things were being a tad overstretched. By 11.30 it was found that they could either have lights on in Big Room, no sound in Little Room,



air conditioners on, everything else off. Or fans on lights off sound down. Or any combination of any of the above mentioned things except all of them on. A compromise was reached with some lights on, sound in Room Two turned down some air conditioners on later. The deck was sorted out (dodgy plug) and we were OFF. It was about 11.45.

It had taken me a good hour or so to settle down coz as soon as the first tune was in (post hic-cups) a photographer began flashing away. And believe me when I say this but the faces I pull when mixing, crouched over the decks, don't really want to be seen in public. After 25 minutes or so she was gone then some geezer with a video camera turned up, with the light full on, and proceeded to stick it right in my face. It's hard enough to do this sort of shit without lights in the gish.

So by the time things had settled down, Mark L'Hat, the next DJ, had appeared and I only had 20 minutes or so left. And I'd ran out of tunes coz I'd peaked too early and all I could think of was how straight I was and steamrollers leaning on walls. Jasper rescued me with a fat spliff and as Mark prepared to go on the set was finished with that banging Grant Plant I'd got on test press and the world was cool again.

Nicky whisked me off to a dark corner and plyed me with various narcotics till my head swam and dancefloor beckoned. L'Hat was hard, bouncy and groovy. The back room sounds were superb, laid back, easy listening, early morning, soulful, vocally, groovy housey delights with a US slant. In fact music so beloved by the tVC party posse that we all ended up in here most of the night. Even if the DJ's didn't mix as good as our lot (who can?)

it didn't matter. Even if the sound was low, it didn't matter. It all complemented that "early morning" feel we luurve soo much.

Cum 3 the peak of the night approached. Room 2 emptied quickly as Room 1 became the focus. The reason we were all there. A three hour set every week couldn't do justice to the amount of records Sherlock buys every week. Suffice to say if you could stay with him the full three hours your stamina and energy levels were better than mine.

I'd dance, say half an hour, then cool down in R2 whilst having a chug. Then it was back to Sherlock for another workout with the happy, real-

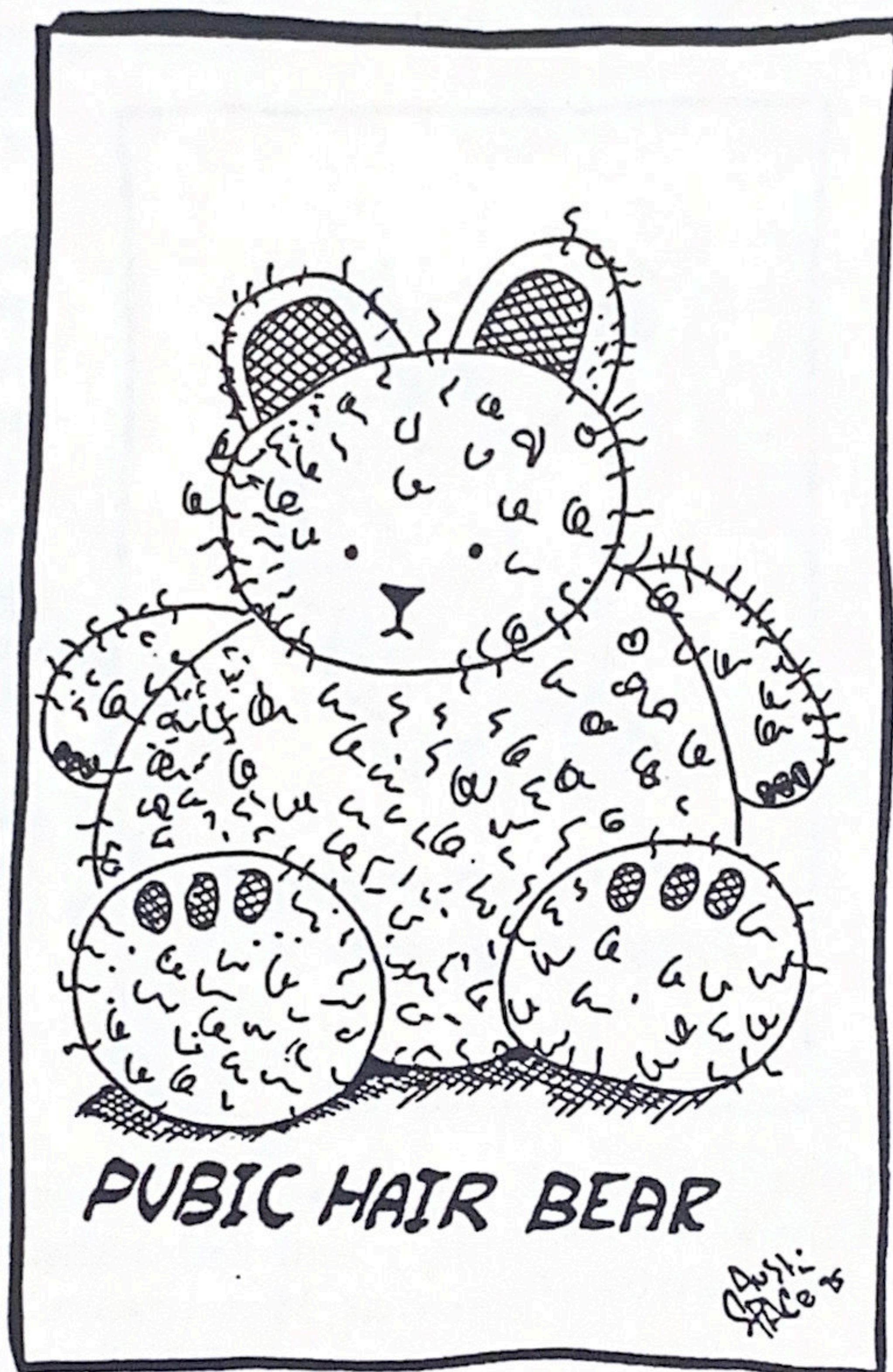
ly effing going for it big time Perfect Worlders. This is said a lot but six came round far too quickly. The shit parties last far too long and seem to drag on interminably. the snorter parties seem to last two minutes. Why?

Puffing, pumping, panting. Sozzed, soaked and satiated. Phew.

Talking to Sherlock afterwards he feels that four parties at the Arch is enough. PW five will be at a different venue. How can you justify such vast cost for a venue that cannot cope with the demands put on it? Plus one of the good things about

going to these underground (i.e. illegal) parties is that we get to see some great, and not so great, "venues". Places that wouldn't normally be seen or be used as venues. One week we could be in a bus garage the next in a film studio. One week in a community centre, the next week in a boarded up night club or a field or a stately home. Anything might happen. Same crews promoting, same "type" of people, different venues. It's great.

Now I wonder where PW5 will be and if Sherlock will like my idea involving a steamroller, a chain, a wall and a clapping crowd of families?



PERFECT WORLD

MOUTH EXERCISES

The only fools at this party were the ones that didn't come (missus). You missed a snorter (literally). We set off early, the plan being to have a nice relaxing drive up, and have a few jars in the pub beforehand. So with a full car, we began the journey, arriving with plenty of time to have a drink. We marched across the parkland at the front of the arches and went to a very rough looking boarded-up pub, which should have been enough to warn us. On entering our jaws dropped in shock - it was a strippers pub, peopled by pale spotty, beer bellied louts (and they were just the strippers) looking lustily at the big chested, opened legged girls casually chatting.

So our pint was very swift, and we left very quickly after one of the "dancers" came up to Oz, shaking a rusty tin, asking for some money for her "dance".

We returned to the silken splendour, that is PW, preparing ourselves for the festivities that were surely to follow.

Not as packed as the last PWs, it was more comfortable to move around and a lot cooler, which was a bonus, especially as the air conditioning units Sherl and Lind had spent a small fortune on couldn't be turned on coz of the very dodgy leccy.

Room one had our very own Oz and Sherlock in fine topp tune mode. With Sherl whipping the crowd into a throbbing, pulsing, pumping, sweating, ecstatic, writhing, grinning mass of absolute housey bliss. Mental!

Spotted: Brian, party animal extraordinaire dancing himself into 7th Heaven. Mr and Mrs stumbling around most professionally (when they weren't snogging) Pamelot and Jonjily clinging to each other for support (when they weren't snogging, and whilst) Jes and Paul. Oz in ecstatic arm waving, fag shaking celebration of everything. Sall stumbling and cuddling just about everyone in the whole room. Evs and his bro, sporting a chic new hair cut done by Sall that very night. Sall and Watson exercising their mouth muscles quite energetically. Nick who didn't stop talking all night, again (Gary's fault). Sara pumping away most magnificently. Chris (after eyeing up the strippers) and Terri and lovely Lesley from Margate. Cheers to Sherlock and Linda for delivering the goods, yet again!!

APRIL 7th - JESS' BIRTHDAY -

CASUAL WOMANLY LEG ANTICS

Well, it's April 7th and off to Chavland for a rendezvous at mad Mike and whacky Walts for Jess' (ex-rave widow extraordinaire) birthday celebrations.

It was a thoroughly good turn out by all the tVC hardcore and party faithful posse, with wax shufflers Oz, Throb, Jasper and Josie providing on site entertainment of the aural variety (well when Walter, Nick, Pam and Mr and Mrs weren't anyway.) A bevy of the faversham beautiful people turned up, to wish Jess their best and shake their well developed beer guts in tune to the ecstatic sounds emanating from Walts back passage (you should see the photos.)

It was a night of total hedonistic excess of the liquid variety and many were particularly the worse for wear. Not quite crawling around on all fours on the carpet (this time) was Mike. Katée drinking variants of all types of spirits in a most admirable fashion. Walt popping upstairs for quickies. Pam sprawled on the love settee in a most lady like manner. Casual womanly leg antics. Nick sprawled drunkenly in a chair clutching an unopened bottle of Diamond White. Mikee looking on proudly at Kate's splashing antics. Jonjily photographed in a variety of unusual positions with a variety of unusual women, looking not quite as healthy as has been his wont in the past. Jess dancing on the speakers, waving her knickers round her head in a liberated fashion. Maurice pot boy extraordinaire (a full week or so before he tried to burn down said same pub, just so he could see the firemen playing with their hoses) promoted to bog standard cleaner and we all know what Walt gets up to with his cleaners, don't we girls?. Oz playing with himself for hours on end, in front of every one, again. No wonder Nick goes to sleep clutching beer bottles girls. Aaron seen shaking a leg (or just shaking) for the first time in ages, and no new togs either? Jasper sitting down all night, with his eye on his "leffer" (which he didn't even have with him!) and lots and lots of very drunk party peeps, just having a good time (surprise, surprise.) Topp value.

A FULL POSSE RAGED AND RAMPAGED

7TH HEAVEN - 13TH APRIL 1995

Haven't had Duncan Scott's tape, made here tonight, off the car stereo. He's good. Damien McSorley and Sean Leonard were also down representing Perfect World but unfortunately were not playing (damn). Linda showed the way to go atop speaker stack, whistle in mouth, pumping away like her life depended on it. Sherlock's mixing was immaculate and witty. He enjoyed himself far too much. He sure knows how to work a floor. "The tape (from tonight) is better than the new Sherlock 6 tape", says Nicky. Damn right. And that's saying something.

300 happening house whores strutted their wonderous stuff. Not one limb remained unmoved. Even Glynn the venue manager, three weeks into his giving up fags campaign, was seen grinning from ear to ear. His craving forgotten, even for a few moments.

A full posse raged and rampaged in the only way they know how. Banana central nicely sustained for a good three hours. Phew!

Jasper, finally ridding himself of warm up slot, eased the speed up smoothly and gently. Duncan Scott played a nice mix selection, pleasing all the tVC DJ's there by spinning something out of all boxes. And quite a few we hadn't heard either.

About the best a pumping house club vibe can get. Savour it. It only comes along once in a while.

SHERLY SHOWS 'EM HOW TO DO IT

7TH HEAVEN - 13 APRIL 1995

Well, personally speaking, this intrepid reviewer had been looking forward to this one for months. The combination of DJ's and the fact that the next day was a bank holiday (last year at this time had been our busiest night ever) proved to be the busiest night we have ever had; even with no students around.

The night started earlier for some of us, as we carried speakers up those bastard stairs (again). And got all our newly washed and powdered armpits sweat-ridden as we hung the drapes in our usual attention to detail observing manner. Well Oochie Ooochie did, and GA Dent, as I sat in the shadows, only too well aware of how much I'd hing by the time the doors opened, quaffing alcohol in expectation of the delights that were to come. If I'd known it was going to take 2 weeks (honestly) to recover I might not have accepted that half Pen-is bought me. Anyway it was a mad night. The club was chock full to capacity of like-minded hedos, swilling beer, smoking tabs, looking up each others skirts. Everywhere there were people dancing, even those hugging the chairs. One chap was heard to remark, perhaps a touch sniffily that he "didn't like this type of music" but I'm afraid 300 party peeps just didn't agree with him, as we punched the air in ecstatic celebration of the pleasure principle and the joys of the flesh.

Jasper warmed up proceedings, flying



LOST THE EFFING PLOT

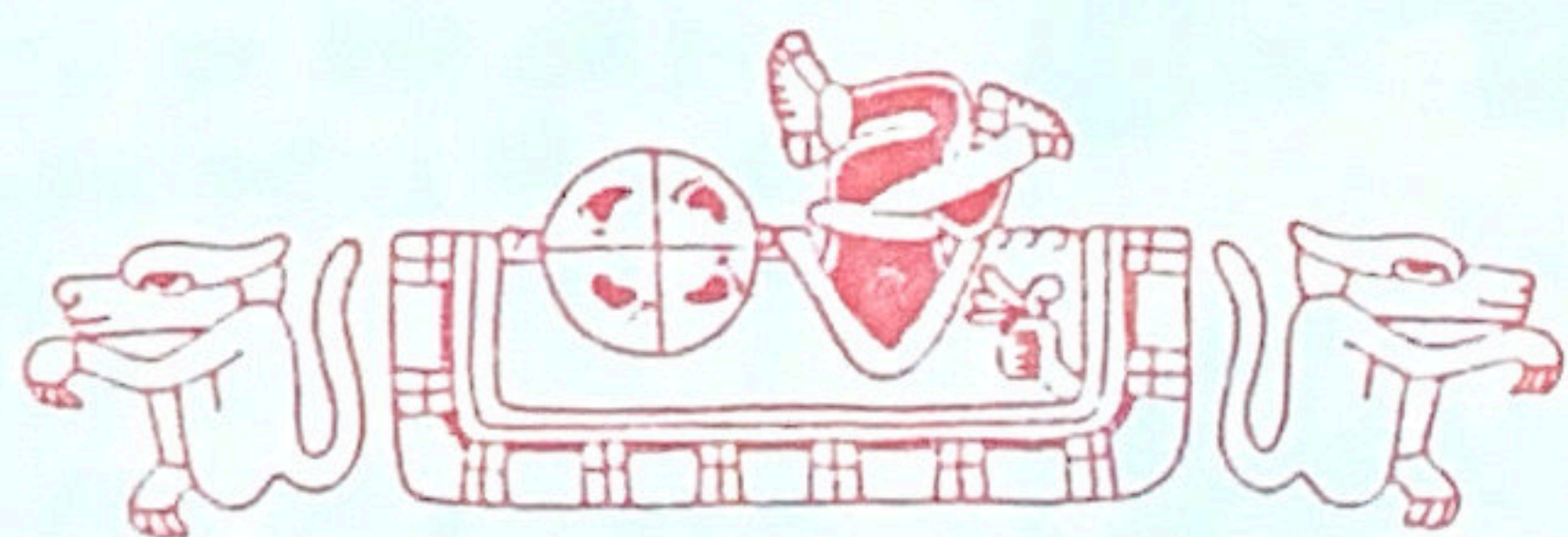
THURSDAY 27TH APRIL
7TH HEAVEN

Yet again the fortnightly meeting of the "what's your name again?" stroke "lost the effing plot" posse convenes and picks up where the last party left off. Wherever that was. Where are we? After the usual staff meeting (a few bevs down the Man O' Kent) the work is swiftly done so we can settle down to the business in hand.

Charlie C was first up. It's funny but we first met Charlie C when we spotted his name on a flyer with the Monicker "tVC" after his name. Wow, a tVC DJ that we haven't met yet. Let's go and see him. So we did.

That hoary old chestnut was realed out yet again of "oh, it's a printing error". Ho hum. So Charlie forgiven (we did know him anyway, he's one of Josies chums) we promptly booked him proper. And here he is giving it warm up welly, and very good he is to. An ambitious young man with a lot of drive we can see him going far.

Nick Brown, our chum from Southern Exposure stroke Club UK stroke Leisure Lounge shows his professional mettle and plays a solid set for the Heave-oners. What with the likes of Chris Davies and co-horts ligging around the DJ box in was a veritable plethora of Kent talent on show. Phew.



Tejen makes an appearance after a long sabbatical avoiding everyone he owes money too (which is everyone). Money may not have been forthcoming to the long queue of debtors but his new tunes, smoothly mixed went down a lot better.

At the end of the night and pay time arrived Tejen's money was whisked out of the promoters hand by various bods intent on denying Tej the pleasure of buying a few new tunes down the local record emporium the next day. Oh well. Life at the bottom eh?

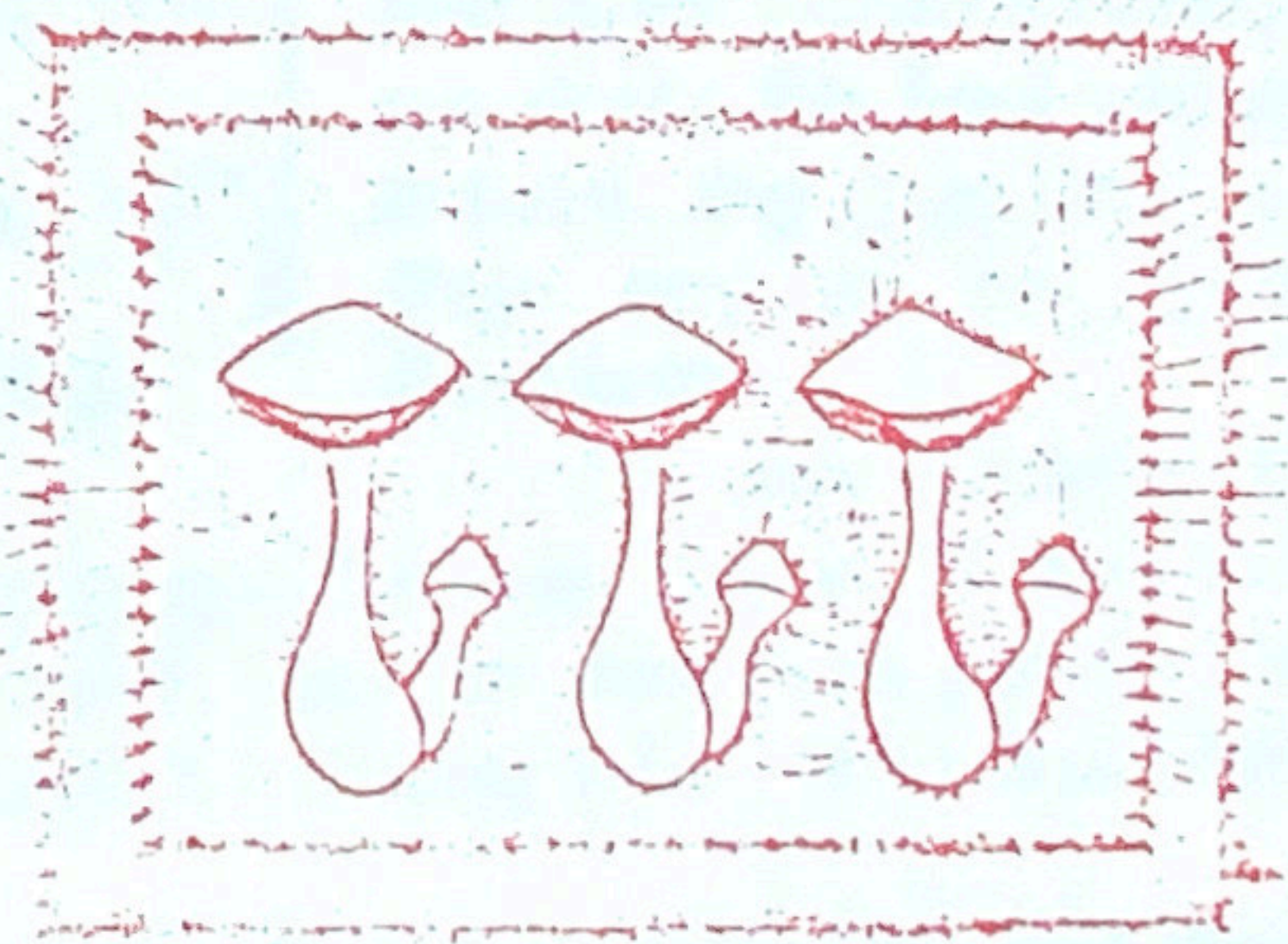
STUMBLING, GRINNING, WIDE-EYED, BOOT, SUNGLASSES AND FUNNY HAT WEARING WEAVERS

SAT 29TH APRIL - CONVICTS
WOOD, WHITSTABLE, KENT.

tVC finally get the free party '95 bandwagon rolling in deepest East Kent. After a few stutters during the first few weeks in April including one arranged with some travellers who lived in a gorgeous orchard which was pulled at the last moment (literally) and a few potential but unsuitable sites finally rejected, we settled in the lush valley of farmland that sweeps down to the sea in Whitstable.

The farmland is slap bang on the proposed seven mile road route that will cut East Kent off leaving us to stagnate in even more poverty. Local opposition to the route was thrown out at a "fixed" public enquiry allegedly involving back handers and "holidays" for key witnesses and now the only cause of action left is direct and peaceful.

The edge of Convicts Wood, named in Napoleonic times after the convicts who would use its cover to escape to the sea, became the chosen site of the various disparate brigands. Obviously the road protesters, strangely rejected by the umbrella Road Alert who'd reneged on an appointment to view the route, were there. As were assorted new agers and travellers there to celebrate the Pagan festival of Beltane. The sound system to protest at the CJA. No boundaries between the groups because all belonged to every group. A microcosm of the 100's of events happening at the same time up and down the country.



Joes Tree, as we knew it, was the focus. The 300 year old tree is the centrepiece of the valley and has long been used by the local psilycibin appreciators as a place for tranquility and reflection. It

is a significant site, and very beautiful. It will be lost when the road goes through.

Local police and farmers were understanding if not sympathetic of our celebration.

The formal end of the fundraiser took place at Whitstable Assembly Rooms where bands Aquasense and Godfish entertained the crowd early on and DJ's from T4 including John Ayres finished the night off. Then it was up for the free party. DJ's there on the night included Nicky and Keef (deftly and ably supplying warm up, despite no table), Timo (playing a blinder), Oz (on mushrooms and fucking useless as usual) and Kier and Tom (who shot down from London to play a snorter of a 3 hour set to the chugging sunrise set).

All that remained come 11am was a small rectangle of trampled earth. The site was cleaned, fires put out.

Of the 200 plus people there (on four hours notice and 10 phone calls) stumbling, grinning, wide eyed, boot, sunglasses and funny hat wearing weavers included the Dover posse (Tim, Mia, Aaron, Toby and their chums), the Canterbury posse including Peter (whos appears to be sprouting piercings and tattoos at an alarming rate), Whitstable Shellbacks Dawn, Simes, Anna, Eric, Dave, John "he's a funny fucker" Parkes and the PLD (on her best behavior), Mitch "I hate House Music" also seen shaking a leg, OHM "Dude" Jim and Obe. Matthew over from Belgium sporting a techno style shaved head. Our Faversham Favourites "Uncle" Walt and his harem (only joking) Polly and Sarah. The "crew" (thanks for all your help lads and lasses, especially Louie and Aaron, without whom it couldn't have happened). The clean up crew - everyone. The police (well chummy). The farmer (Shand). Greg and Cathy taking McKenna's advice and performing "heroically". Guy languishing on a tarp most of the night. And of course all the lovely, happy, hippy, traveller, squatter, raver types who lent such a cosmic edge to the party, but who, as usual, spent most of the night sitting in trees being cool. Especially Andy and Melissa Bunkum.

The two stars of the night had to be Fen (nicknamed Countryman for the night) and his sidekick CJ Stone. CJ sported a shirt, tie and a suit bought for 50p from Oxfam. Press Card handy in case of "trouble". He was heard mumbling to the Kentish Gazette reporter in the morning "last night we dropped a bomb...."

A BELTANE OF A WEEK-END

A NOURISHING PORTION

What a celebration of Beltane - starting with a nourishing portion of house and happiness at our favourite local club, thanks to Tejen, Charlie C and Nick Browning. Added to by a night (and day) of excess with the excellent company of close friends and then off to The Fridge, Brixton, for a large helping of tribal house with Pendragon where I consumed all offered. The atmosphere, the lasers, music, banners all glowed and fed my psyche. For those of you who remember 'one pill makes you taller, one pill makes you small', I was Alice, ten feet tall. Yum Yum: take any opportunity to see them. What tremendous energy they fed the crowd, who screamed and stamped for a second helping but to no avail. An excellent bunch, whipping us up into a frenzy of dance and pleasure.

Certainly a night to savour, marred unfortunately by an incident which shook most people, as a young man fitted badly on the floor. There are notices around the club about the use of lasers and strobes but that's as far as it went. The security who should have been able to cope with the situation had no idea. Only a friends calmness and presence of mind (where did that come from after two days of no sleep/food and hours of continuous dancing?) saved him from being injured/thrown out on the streets! Obviously security need more training in specific areas of care, please.

Onto the streets of Brixton at 7am and meandering around London, then off to visit more friends, further excess. Brief encounters with sleep/food and then Convicts Wood.

What can I say... thank you doesn't seem enough. yet another excellent FREE night. Free minds, free people, no doors (or padlocks). The smell of the earth, the flaming sunrise, the energy given off by all gathered together, Persephone rising with us and dancing in the fields, experiencing the joy of dawn with us. Rebirth from the dark of winter, rebirth of hope that this will be the first of many parties, insisting on our freedom to keep close to the earth and close to each other.

Tucking into the sherberts

Pure Gold

The Old Barn, Hildenborough

November 11th

It was the morning of Pure Gold (6am) I had my ticket and it was looking like a top night out, with loads of faces I hadn't seen for ages. But, and it was no inconsiderable but, this was the day after my birthday and after kicking the arse out of it since Thursday morning, with just 6 hours kip, the only part of my body I could actually feel, were my eyeballs. This was going to be a long day.

7pm and I got into the pub in a dazed state of mild panic. I still had no lift and the chances were getting slimmer by the minute. Fortunately my mate Tim squeezed me into his VW van and we were off. Nice one van bloke!

All day I'd felt a dark sense of foreboding about this party, mainly due to lack of funds and looking and feeling like death, and even that old tarts chestnut of having nothing to wear. This was a dress to impress affair, and I just couldn't get in the party spirit (and I'd tried all day). That was until I'd realised there were 6 cars full of people I knew following us, and I suddenly got that old kick in the gut feeling although it could have been the chilli I ate earlier.

After half an hour of turning around and shrugging, we were there and I have to say The Old Barn is one of the most impressive venues I've seen for some time, plush, spacious and elegant, bit like myself really. The car park attendants were prompt, the security polite and not too heavy and the queue was quick. Once inside you're through a big marquee chill out area and into the main bar, which is nicely planned out and not much smaller than Vogues or The Works where they were playing deep house in a US/Ministry stylee. By now that kick in the gut feeling had gone and all I wanted to do

was get juiced up! Tucking into the sherberts I swayed into the main dance floor, a large, high ceilinged room with the decks at one end of the bar and with plenty of seating at the other. Lots of faces I knew there, all done up to the nines and greeting each other like true high rollers, especially yer man Charlie C looking spangly and on top of it all (ish).

Ray Lock was at the controls and veered from clutch-bag Nu NRG to deep and trancey house all topped off by frenzied live bongos. I floated into the VIP room like a balloon on a string and was promptly met by a large bouncer asking "Got a pass mate?". Instead of my usual "I'm with the DJ" I could only come out with "Eeerr nooo" and for the first time in my clubbing career was booted out and as a result missed my mate Luke Hamiltons set, ooh!

The main room was now rammed and rocking with beautiful young things (well the wifes anyway) and as Fat Tony was once again not leaving London, it fell to Pete Doyle to play out the last two hours in a bumpy house style. Apparently he used to go to my old school, not that I remember and he certainly upheld the old school motto of "Lets get fried and party all night!". Well played peer bloke.

2am came all too soon. Bleeding typical, I was just starting to warm up, and as the lights went on I was grinning all over and thinking I'd definitely made the right move coming (fnar fnar). All in all a swinging night out with a dressed up, good looking and up for it crowd in without doubt the best venue in Kent. Big up to Charlie, Pete and all the Pure Gold crew.

Oz saw Charlie C

two days after and he was saying "It was the best party ever!", and I'm sure from behind his blue satin shirt it certainly was. Nice one barn bloke!

The next one is on boxing day and may have a 6am licence. Tickets from Primal Vinyl, Canterbury's premier dance music emporium. Be there or be horizontal!

Ramone Lazonby (International Playboy)



PERHAPS IF WE SHUT OUR EYES THEY WON'T SEE US.

“..coming together..”

7th Heaven

Lee T & Nick Brown

Thursday 23 November

A night of lubbly, yummy, deeply groovy sounds that had everyone hugging and grinning whilst jumping around. It wasn't always so.

Earlier we'd had a little 'disagreement' with total wanker, OTT, complete fat arse Oil Roy, the overstuffed boss doorman. This 'disagreement' involved him pushing our friend down the steps whilst shouting 'Not tonight, out. Show me your passport and I'll let you in.' Despite the fact that this particular

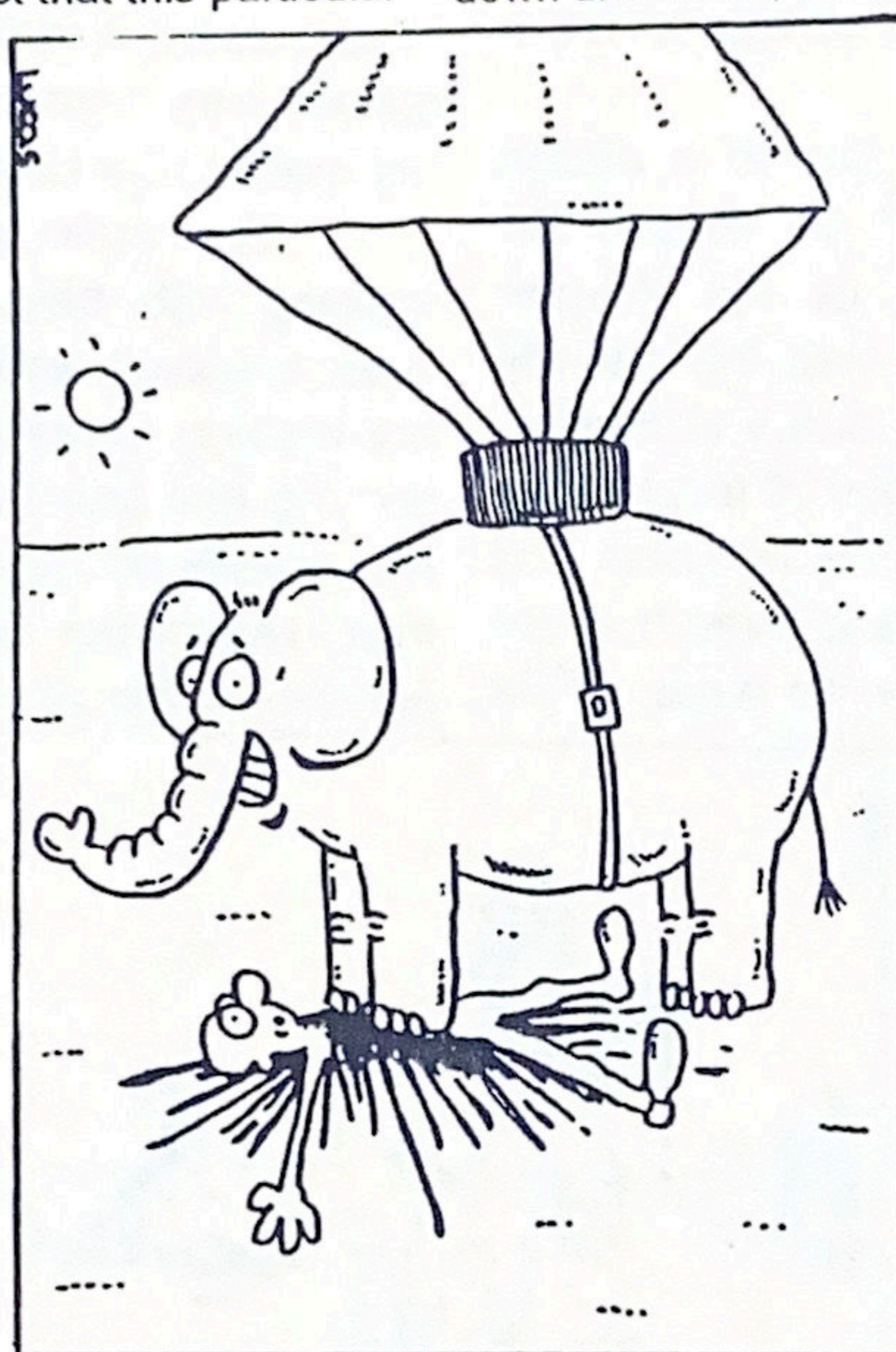
person has been coming with us to the club for the last year and helping us put up the drapes. Oil however wouldn't listen to us, and threw him out. This left a nasty taste. If he was being this aggressive this early, what would he be like after being wound up all night (by us)? It was obviously the night to give all our crowd a hard time. One of the DJ's was stringently searched and Roy, wasn't going to allow him into the club. We hurriedly explained to him, through gritted teeth, club etiquette. He allowed him in eventually, but by now the damage was done. Feeling thoroughly pissed off and let down by neanderthal doormen I was starting to wonder what the point was really, and felt pretty glum. With Oz reminding them that we paid their wages, we tried to put them out of our minds and decided to enjoy ourselves.

Luckily we didn't really have to try too hard as Lee T played such a choice selection of really spot on music, you really did feel all your worries and anger for pig-ignorant bouncers fade away as you were swept off into "that experience" again. The floor was quickly awash with bouncing, skipping, smiling people. Ooch was on the lights (so us gals didn't have to watch his sweaty yet throbbing stumbles) although he was so mashed that he kept turning all the lights off,

and couldn't remember how to turn them on again. (Not the only thing he's unable to turn on, eh gals?). He'd then get Oz and say 'I fink I've broken the lights' and Oz would shout at him and then he'd look at them for 5 minutes and you'd see the mists clear as he suddenly remembered how to turn them on again. Until the next time half an hour-later. Still who needs lights. The peeps were loving it. A throng congregated by the doors, leaping around and punching the air. Liam Large was spotted with his entourage after having been chucked out of the students do at Grove Ferry. For handing out flyers! In a pissed up manner! Way to go!

P & J now both fully recovered from their sweaty discomforts. Big Dave (Catkins) down to see Mr (Barrell.....o' fun) and Mrs (Candy) and Paul (sha**er). Deserted on his own. Strutting up and down arms aloft, shouting 'we're all be coming together..'. Mr and Mrs were probably saving themselves for the Sticky Carpet, thankfully a bastion of good taste in a sea of mediocrity. Ed Formerly (shaven) sporting a dodgy looking goatee. (Lose it). Students, eh? Mr Leg End and Tobin. Tash who had to prise Pen off her in the early hours of the morning. Mwarr. Walter actually smiling and talking and being nice to people (well long enough to secure his Chrimbo invite, anyway).

With Nick "Ibiza" Brown taking over the helm, the vein was throbbled deeply in similar fashion. Top night of top fluffy house sounds with all the usual exuberance of the tvc crowd. And with uncle Walt inviting us back to his gaff afterwards the evening was rounded off in severe drunken excess, as is our wont. Nick crashed out (for a change) as she had to go to work in a couple of hours whilst Oz took a choice selection of top pals round to his pad and entertained them with a marvellous display of Djing wizardry (he put a tape on). Pam skipped (lunch). John (full) beamed and Ooch sweated furiously. All in a most profuse manner. Just building up our tolerance for the hedonistic orgy that December is going to be (we hope). Get over the flu now, take lots of vitamin tablets. Eat lots of salads. But most of all drink farking loads of beer. Like Mike. And we'll see if you last.



IT WAS NO CONSOLATION FOR HARRY TO KNOW THAT THE ODDS AGAINST BEING LANDED ON BY A PARACHUTING ELEPHANT WHILST WALKING THROUGH THE SAHARA DESERT WERE SEVERAL BILLION TO ONE.

house sounds with all the usual exuberance of the tvc crowd. And with uncle Walt inviting us back to his gaff afterwards the evening was rounded off in severe drunken excess, as is our wont. Nick crashed out (for a change) as she had to go to work in a couple of hours whilst Oz took a choice selection of top pals round to his pad and entertained them with a marvellous display of Djing wizardry (he put a tape on). Pam skipped (lunch). John (full) beamed and Ooch sweated furiously. All in a most profuse manner. Just building up our tolerance for the hedonistic orgy that December is going to be (we hope). Get over the flu now, take lots of vitamin tablets. Eat lots of salads. But most of all drink farking loads of beer. Like Mike. And we'll see if you last.

more and more often and the pretext no longer sounded plausible, the crowd raised one big cry. At once the constabulary rushed from ambush, whipped their truncheons out of their pockets, began to beat people's heads until the blood ran profusely, yanked individuals here and there out of the vast multitude (a total of 104 were thus arrested) and dragged them to the improvised block-houses.

Only a small strip of land separates the left side of the drive from the Serpentine. Here an officer of the police and his detail manoeuvred the spectators to the very brink of the lake, threatening to give them a cold water bath. To escape the clubbing one of the crowd swam across the Serpentine to the opposite shore, but a policeman followed him in a boat, caught him in a boat and brought him back triumphantly.

During the demonstration several attempts were made again to hold separate meetings in various places. At one of them an anonymous speaker harangued his audience about as follows: "Men of Old England! Awake! Rise from your slumbers, or be forever fallen! Oppose it every succeeding Sunday, as you have done today... Don't fear to demand your rights and privaleges, but throw off the shackles of oligarchical oppression and misrule. His lordship wants to drive us to Church and make us religous by act of parliament; but it won't do. Who are we and who are they? Look at the present war; is it not carried out at the expense and sacrifice of blood of the producing classes? And what do the non-producing classes do? They bungle it". The speaker as well as the meeting were stopped, of course, by the police.

The following extracts are from the report of the parliamentary enquiry "into the alleged disturbance of the public peace in Hyde Park on Sunday, July 1st, 1855; and the conduct of the Metropolitan Police in connexion with the same".

It was observed that many of the most disorderly characters were collected in front of the rails on the south side of the drive near the Receiving house... to clear the crowd back to some distance from the railings (orders were given) to the police to clear the road and the rails and to use their staves... the police marched with their truncheons drawn along the carriage road of the drive, clearing it of people. Some of whom, not readily yielding or quitting the road, were pushed, struck and roughly handled. The policeman also passed along the drive, striking on the rails, and bran-

dishing their staves over the heads of the crowd there, and in some instances striking at them to compell them to fall back. These proceedings produced or increased irritation and ill feeling on the part of the people assembled; offensive expressions were used to annoy the police, some stones were thrown at them, and frequent collisions took place.



About six o' clock in the evening a large mass of people set out from Hyde Park towards Grosvenor Gate and Pink Street with cries of "Now to Lord Robert Grosvenor's." Soon afterwards a crowd was collected before Lord Grosvenor's house in park Street. No actual violence beyond throwing a stone at the lord's messenger was committed by them; but their number and clamour was alarming. The crowd yelled and groaned calling "Chuck him out." and using other expressions of hostility toward him, and their aspect and proceeding were sufficiently menacing to excite the fears of inmates of the house, though some of the cries were of a jocular character.

The police rushed forward with their staves drawn. Though there was no serious resistance, some of them, whilst dispersing and persuing the crowd, used their staves, and otherwise acted with violence, inflicting severe injuries on several persons who were not shown to have been guilty of violence, but who refused to move when requested to do so, or who, being inoffensively there, ran or stood still when the police came up the street.

METHI

What do small whole apricots, home made pipes and Red Dragon pies have in common? They're all part of the wholefood game. Or didn't you know?

"Does this do the same job as the leaves?", says this guy thrusting a bag of powder my way.

"Obviously", I say, "the convenience of a powder can have its advantages. It's more concentrated in flavour but you don't have to pick the leaves out when you've finished cooking".

"Yeah, I hate that don't you? There's always that stalk of the leaf that gets stuck in your tooth". And to illustrate he picks an imaginary stalk from between two of his back teeth.

"The thing I hate", saying as you brought the subject up, "is biting on a cardamom pod. That sudden rush of flavour completely overwhelms and ruins the meal for me".

"Same with me", says his son. "that's got to be the worst".

"That's the reason I use the powder. It's not toatally the same but it's better than buying one of those paste mixes...".

"Oh that reminds me. Do you have a Balti mix?"

Oops. "Only in a paste I'm afraid", and in a desperate attempt to save the sale, "but they are *very* good for a paste".

"No I don't think I'll bother".

Shite shite shite! Just lost us £1.35 there. Shite. "I agree though", I add lamely, "you can't beat making your own pastes".

To fill in a bit of time I put some small whole apricots in 1 kilo bags (price £2.65) on the appropriate shelf. I slip easily into the past. Specifically the previous hour and our impromptu lunch with Russ and Fran by the river. It was funny. Russ had a carrier bag with half a dozen lagers in it and we were sitting on the wall watching the overloaded tourist boat travel its 100 metre "trip" to the pub and back.

"The gardens on your left..." murmurs the boatman. "are on Common Land", shouts back Russ. "Owned by a gypsy who lives in Whitstable". We all laugh uproariously. One of the tourists smiles back as another of them effing slippery bags slides off the shelf. Slap. I'm slightly

irritated by the small whole apricots. Slap. Another falls to the floor. Now, there must be some way of putting them on so that they don't fall off. There must be...

"What's the difference between butter ghee and vegetable ghee?", asks Methi Man, a deadly earnest expression on his face.

Apart from one being twice the price of the other, not much. "Well, the vegetable ghee is more suited to your day to day curries whereas the butter ghee is more for your, er, special occasions. You know a once in a while type of ghee."

He glances lovingly at his son. "Go on", he says, "let's push the boat out shall we?"

He seems well happy and I got back that £1.35 for the shop that I had lost earlier.

The major problem in all this tranquility is that we've got beer, we've got hash but we ain't got a pipe or tobacco or skins. Fran skips off around the garden, young son in tow, to go from small group to small group. There is a few couples sprawled on the grass and one guy who's painting something on an oversized canvas.

Meanwhile Russ scrapes a beer can with a dent in it to remove the paint and attempts to pierce it with an ear-ring. It fails, the sun beats down, Nick and I smile at each other and Russ and Fran and the children and the garden and the river drift by.

I hear a "slap" and know exactly what's happened. Small Whole Apricots pull me back to the present.

Fran returns and Russ gets it together. A dog craps five metres downwind just to stop the day being too perfect. Funny. Real funny.

I've decided to swap the Free Flow Dates and the Small Whole Apricots around as the date shelf has a lip on that would solve the problem nicely.

Nick gives me a shout. The kettles on and my Red Dragon Pie is just coming out of the microwave. I turn off the till. Put the key in my apron pocket and head for the kitchen.



LORD LAURENCE
WATERFORD FROG SPEAKS;

"THE BONDS OF LOVE"

Bondage! Bondage! Jesus H.M.S. Christ man when one was at Harrow one called it detention! No surprise then that one personally had more chits per semesta than the rest of my tawdry tory shires peer group. But that was before that damn fool Profumo got himself rumbled and the promptly dismissed our detention mistress, poor Miss Payne. Cynthia one thinks her name was. Don't know about dismissal the poor woman should have got a medal for services above and beyond the call of duty!

Anyway enough of this starry eyed reminiscing there is much more sinister point at hand (one is not referring to one's cat o' nine tails). Namely where the bally heck do Skin Two get off charging me fourty quid for a pair of latex opera gloves! Ah yes the price of love is never a cheap one. But fear not my little rubber duckies. One has the solution.

As we have become an ever increasingly DIY obsessed nation One puts it to one - do it yourselves (please keep up, One's talking about fetishism not masturbation). Indeed one can do wonders with a council bin-liner and a hot knife and as my good friend Mizz Emma "Leather Love" Letham pointed out the other day you can have endless fun with a couple of pushbike inner tubes and an old gas mask. Failing that just slip into one of the wives old ball gowns and bob's your aunties live in lover. Until next time my friends, go forth and mutilate.

Yours upside down in a rubber Tu-Tu.

LWF

Days of imprisonment imposed on a cannabis grower for every marijuana plant: 6.75. Fine imposed on a "careless driver" for every year of life of a 23-year-old, cycling postman killed on the road: £8.70.

T4

In 1982, 40 year old Charles Brookes was the first U.S. prisoner to die from Lethal Injection. this was a technique that had been developed 45 years before in Nazi Germany. Invented by Dr Karl Brandt, personal doctor and friend of Adolf Hitler, the technique was used on those considered "medically unfit for life" and was carried out by a team of seven doctors. The programme these doctors carried out was known as T4.

Celebrate into 1996 with tVC

Monday 25 December - Private Party. Yes you're here now, although you nearly never got here due to a last minute change of venue. Have fun.

Thursday 28 December - Private party at undisclosed venue. Kent. 10pm -9am.

Despite changing from New Years Day, this one has been swinging since '92. DJ's are Nicky, Timo, Oz, Liam, Ed, AL Jay and Kier and Tom winding it up with some deep house goodies. See you there if you're still standing.

Friday 29 December - The Feelgood Factor - Legends, Dover. 10pm-4am. £5. Members and guests only. Digs and Woosh deliver some groovy niceness to sooth your party addled bods.

Saturday 30 December - Jump at the 414 Club, Coldharbour Lane, Brixton. 11pm - 6am. £8 or £5 before 12.30am. Tonight sees Oz return to Jump for the first time in a while. Supplying the sounds with him are Luke Brancaccio, Glen, Chris Liberator, Sam Hocking, Mark Muraz and Grub playing you "tough and funky house grooves".

Sunday 31 December - Deep Space New Year Spesh. Legends, Dover. 10pm-4am. £6. Tonight sees Mike Mac, Timo, Oz and Jes providing all the right ingredients.

Thursday 4 January - 7th Heaven at The Works, Canterbury. 9pm-2am. £3

The chill down after the hoe down and we mellow out big time after all the excess of the festive period. Groove masters for your delectation are Al Jay (if he can stay awake), Liam (definatley larging it after all that turkey and booze), and Oz (G to his fans). Expect another top (!?) Oochie tape.

Sunday 7th January - tVC at The East Kent, Whitstable. 7pm-10.30pm. Free. Weekly.

Put on hold for a couple of weeks while Max attempted to keep his regulars happy, we're back (with a vengeance) to annoy the shit out of the darts players and generally get mashed whilst listening to some seriously groovy music in the bosom of our chums. Mmmn.

Thursday 18th January - 7th Heaven. The Works, Canterbury. 9 - 2 £3.

Lazy House Crew large lush mush in the area. Sure to be a snorter as Aaron, Bazil and the incomprable Iain Smith give us a good rogering.

DEEP UNITY "Best Of.." 95 (in no particular order)

4AM - Prelude to the Storm (Musique Tropicale) Understated, melancholic-techno-wash-tribal-tinged-mel-low-house stomper out of Scotland.

DEEP DISH presents PRANA - The Dream (Tribal UK) Esoteric, chunky bass, keyboard flourishes, naggingly insistent vocal loops and kicking snare snaps.

ST. GERMAIN - Boulevard 1/3 (F-Comm) Deep sound of "Parees". Ripping the fluffcores heart out.

ALEX NERI - Planet Funk (Wildflower) Double pack of funky Italian housey heaven. Play 'em back to back and watch em weep.

BLUNT - Funkers Remix (white) "God's an astronaut, everything is true". Chill time at sunrise has the fluffy bunnies going bonkers.

SOUL IMMIGRANTS/PARTY CRASHERS - TWO FACED EP (Crash) Lushly pumping, jazzy afternoon lets git funky music. All tracks cool and progressively more laid back.

FRESH AND LOW - Interact (Bomba) Smooth, laid back techno-house sleeper with a kick of considerable proportion.

KIATA - You Make Me Sing (Soiree) Fluffy house with a melancholic edge induces massive and shameless weeping and hugging all round.

BASIC SOUL - Hi Line (Kickin Music) Epic, disco tinged cavernous chugger promo-ed in August released in November and still doing major damage in deepest Kent.

MATEO AND MATOS - The No Props EP (Henry Street) Rainbow 95 says it all. Perfect easy listening deep house with a jazzy overview. Its a snorter.

FUNKSHUN - Feel Real (Subwoofer) Deep and dirty with a funky bass and guitar riffs, high strings and that lovely, but hard edged, slap snare.

WORKING PEOPLE - (white) Burbly, funky, driving and very, very sensi Dutch groove. But who is it?

STREET CORNER SYMPHONY - (Open) Quite simply an epic "bistro" house classic of considerable girth.

GUSTO - Disco's Revenge (UMD) Dirty, crunchy, crispy chug mode killin' em dead.

IRA LEVI - Do What You Like (Strictly Rhythm) Oh yes! Simple yet devastateing and rocking the tVC dancefloor large style all winter.

VITAL SIGNS - Love Wonder (Large) Johnny Fiasco. Say no more.

4TH MEASURE MEN - The Need (Area 10) Ignore the bad reviews this has been picking up. Mark Kinchen melting hearts and giving it large 95 deep house style.

FOREVER MONNA - (Balance) Chez Damier and Stacey Pullen remastered by Ron Trent on Balance records and quite simply another classic for the late AM wobblers.

TERRENCE PARKER - Emancipation of my Soul (Intangible). From the soul. Deep, beautiful house music.

JOHNICK - Play the World (Henry Street) Jonny "D" DeMario and Nicholas Palermo produce extremely palyable, disco led four tracker of immense quality.

EVIL ACID BARONS give... 6 OF THE BEST 4 CHRISTMAS

1) **CARL CRAIG - BUG IN THE BASS BIN**

Pure breakbeat pressure! Buy it whatever you're into.

2) **PHUTURE ASS ASSINS - SHOT LIKE DIS**

Re-release 4 the original rude boy acid bastards. Massive!

3) **RED PLANET VI**

Christmas obviously comes early 2 Mars and probably lasts 6 months if this dirty techno space funk is what they dance 2.

4) **LASH - KINKY GADGET'S**

Tracks like this justify baldness and rubber. Whipping up a storm.

5) **FREESTYLE - KUSHTI**

Came out in the Summer but still essential (as "Pete" would say). Jungle Samba anyone?

6) **TYREE - TYREE IN THE MIDDLE**

Old school house hero who apparently was selling pizza's last year, returns!!! Help the aged.

Until then - E.A.B.

Unfortunately thats yer lot as far as DJ charts go. As usual, due to lack of submissions or severe lazybastarditus, only Pen and Oz made the effort this year! Poor show chaps. Maybe next year? Who knows.



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