

Tangentopoli

issue 31

free to party people

feb 29th 96

GO ON, SIGN ON
THE DOLE.



ISSUED BY THE BENEFITS AGENCY.

IT'S BLOODY
GREAT!

news - reviews - parties
cartoons - horoscopes

Appeal "knocks hole in law to outlaw protest"

Owen Bowcott

Wide-ranging police powers, introduced by the Criminal Justice Act to outlaw selected public protests, may prove to be unenforceable following an appeal over rights of way near Stonehenge.

The Crown Prosecution Service is expected to pursue the case against Margaret Jones and Richard Lloyd in order to uphold the offence of "trespassory assembly". The powers were drafted by the Home Secretary, Michael Howard, to bolster the police in confrontations with hunt saboteurs, new age travellers and demonstrators. Dr Jones, aged 46, a lecturer at the University of the West of England, and Mr Lloyd, aged 25, a student, were arrested on a footpath outside Stonehenge on June 1 last year while a police-enforced four-mile exclusion order was in operation. They were the first people to be convicted under section 70 of the act, which deems 20 or more people gathering on a public highway in an exclusion zone to be guilty of trespassory assembly. But this month their conviction was overturned on appeal at Salisbury crown court.

Kier Starmer, counsel for the two, basing his arguments on a 19th century row over grouse moors, argued that since they were standing on a footpath they could not be deemed to be trespassing even under the terms of the exclusion

order. "A peaceful, non-obstructive gathering on a highway does not exceed reasonable and usual use of the highway," he claimed. "The question of numbers present only arises if it can be established that each of the the appellants was trespassing. There is no evidence to that effect." Judge MacLaren Webster, sitting with two magistrates, said the court had to be sure public rights of access had been exceeded in order to establish a trespassory assembly. "We do not find that there is that evidence," he ruled. The civil rights group Liberty claims there have been numerous arrests under the act, but barely a handful of successful prosecutions. John Wadham, the legal director said: "The (act) has been shown to be poorly drafted and unworkable." The Home Office insisted the police had numerous other powers to deal with protesters. But the Crown Prosecution Service is waiting to examine transcripts of the hearing. A Spokeswoman said: "If we think it would be helpful to get the law clarified, then we will have to appeal to a higher court." Dr Jones said her victory rendered part of the act inoperable. "We are delighted." It knocks a hole in one section of the act. "It makes it virtually impossible for the police to use section 70. They will have to fall back on charging people with obstruction or breaches of the peace."



Danger effects of taking ecstasy

Dr Luisa Dillner

The medical advice to anyone using ecstasy at a dance venue is to drink a pint (half a litre) of water an hour, combined with eating something salty, such as crisps or peanuts, to replace the minerals lost in sweating. Users should also wear loose clothing and take regular time out to cool down.

Ecstasy is an amphetamine-type drug that induces a feeling of euphoria and enables people to dance for hours, and potentially ignore warning signals of thirst and exhaustion. The drug can raise the body's temperature and, combined with vigorous dancing, can cause people to sweat so much they become dehydrated. At this point the body stops sweating to save fluid and can become dangerously overheated.

Drug agencies have advised users to drink regular amounts of fluid. But some ecstasy takers have misinterpreted this to mean that drinking lots of water is an antidote to the drug - whether or not they are at a rave. Leah Betts, who died last November on her 18th birthday, drank several litres of water although she had not been dancing. Helen Cousins is reported to have drunk seven litres of water. Ecstasy induces

repetitive behaviour and users have been known to smoke 100 cigarettes or drink 20 litres of fluid in three hours.

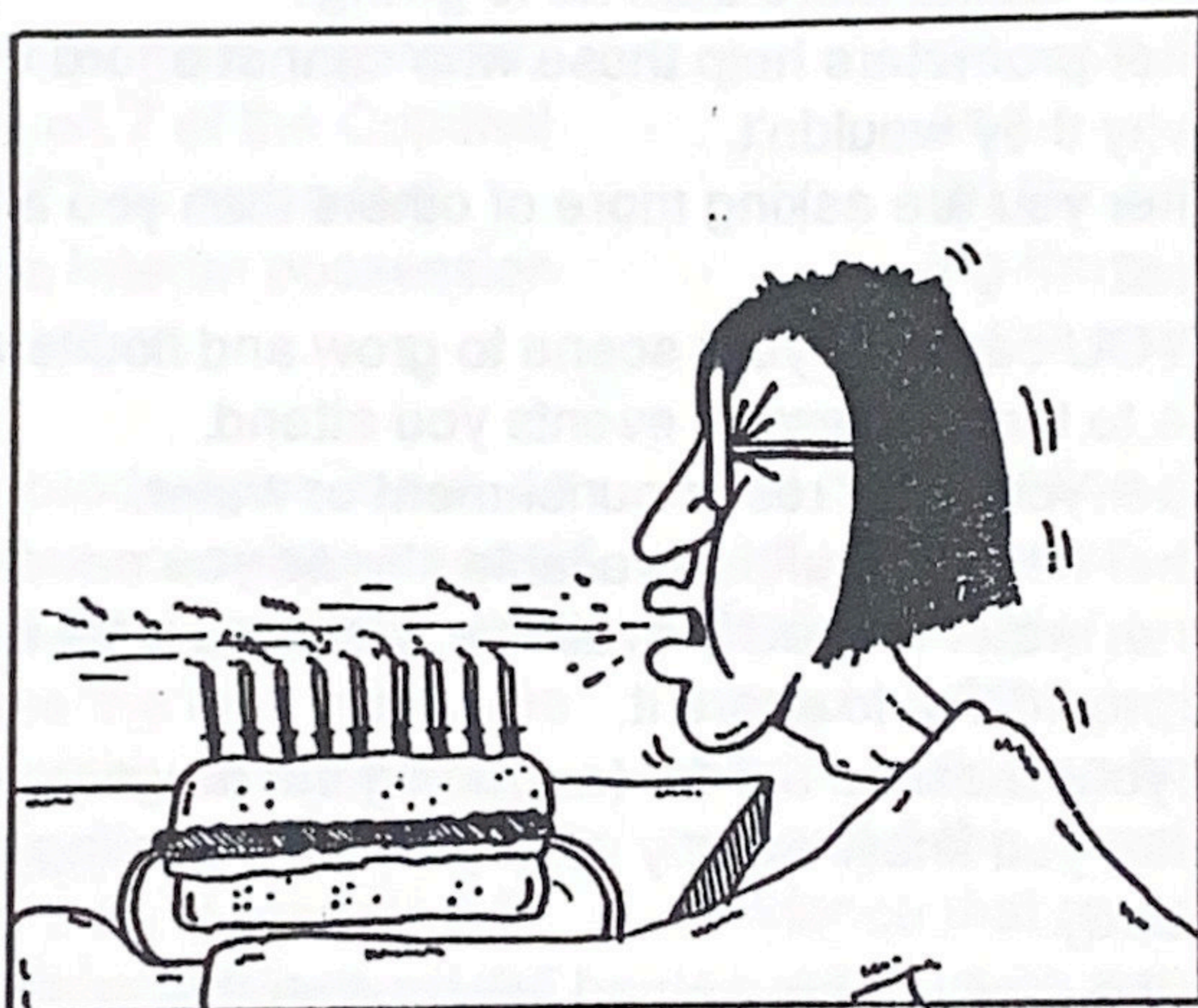
Drinking excessive amounts of water on its own is dangerous because it does not replace the sodium lost by sweating, and effectively dilutes the blood. Ecstasy makes matters worse by triggering the release of a hormone that stops the kidneys from getting rid of the excess water. Water builds up inside the body's cells, which is particularly dangerous in the brain which can become swollen and compressed by the skull. This can irreversibly damage the parts of

the brain that regulate the heart and breathing, leading to a cardiac or respiratory arrest and death.

Warning signs may be a severe headache followed by convulsions and unconsciousness. Someone experiencing these symptoms needs urgent medical help. Warning signs may be a severe headache followed by convulsions and unconsciousness.

About 50 people

have died from taking ecstasy since 1988 but there are no factors to identify who is at risk. Overheating which can cause problems with the body's clotting system, leading to uncontrolled bleeding, is thought to have led to some of these deaths.



EVERY BIRTHDAY MONICA WISHED SHE HAD ENOUGH FRIENDS TO GIVE HER THE BUMPS.

Happy valley the cleft separating the buttocks.

SOMETHING TO ASK YOURSELF

Ask yourself - Why you are here?

Ask yourself - Why you dance.

Ask yourself - How wealthy you are

Ask yourself - What true wealth means to you.

Ask yourself - What makes you happy and how can you obtain it.

Ask yourself - How you can share that wealth with the world.

Ask yourself - Whether you are being honest with yourself and your friends.

Ask yourself - Whether you will be comfortable with the choices you make today later in your life.

Ask yourself - Why you go to these gatherings.

Ask yourself - What do these gatherings do for you.

Ask yourself - What message is the DJ sending with his music.

Ask yourself - Whether you trust yourself.

Ask yourself - Whether that trust should be given away blindly to every person, promoter, or event that comes along.

Ask yourself - Whether you know a promoter, why she/he is doing a party, and what their track record is.

Ask yourself - Whether you are receiving value and where your money goes. Is a promoter taking more than he is giving?

Ask yourself - Whether promoters help those who cannot afford the full ticket price - and why they wouldn't.

Ask yourself - Whether you are asking more of others than you are prepared to do yourself.

Ask yourself - How YOU can help your scene to grow and flourish - as well as contribute to the success of events you attend.

Ask yourself - Whether you need rest, nourishment or water.

Ask yourself - Whether healthy stuff is available should you need it.

Ask yourself - Whether water is readily available. Demand it if it isn't.

Ask yourself - If you would like to share it.

Ask yourself - What your reasons are for (not)doing the drugs you do.

Ask yourself - Whether you know exactly what you are ingesting and what it does to your body.

Ask yourself - What the motives are behind information that comes your way.

Ask yourself - If you need time alone to find your truth.

Ask yourself - If you want to share that truth with others who are willing to listen.

Ask yourself - How your lifestyle impacts our planet - live accordingly.

Ask yourself - Why positive energy attracts positive energy.

Ask yourself - Because ultimately the answers come from within.

LIVE THE LIGHT. LOVE TO ALL.

(REPRINTED FROM A LEAFLET PUBLISHED BY THE SOULS FOR TOTAL FREEDOM, MONTREAL DIV., CANADA. WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO THE MINISTRY OF LOVE FOR INSPIRING US INTO ACTION.)

Defending Your Freedom Part 6 in our series

Squatting

(This section is to be split into two halves as it is so long and boring! Part two next ish.. Here goes..)

The sections of the CJA that deal with squatting amend sections 6,7, and 12 of the Criminal Law Act 1977. Sections 6 and 7 in their amended form are in full below.

Essentially there are three potential routes in which action can now be taken against squatters. These are:

through current civil remedies;
under section 7 of the Criminal law Act 1977 as amended;
through the Interim possession order procedure.

The effect of these procedures is not, as the initial Government consultation sought to suggest, to criminalise squatting. It is more accurate to see the new measures as a strengthening of the civil law with backing of the criminal law.

Indeed the new measures fall considerably short of initial Government intentions. Amendments to section 6 of the Criminal law Act do not, as some have suggested, enable the use of violence against the person in possession of occupied property. Whilst the Interim Possession Order procedure provides simply a filter system which will speed up the repossession process in clear cut cases. In more complex cases property will be held in limbo until the matter is finalised in the normal way.

It is also important to note that

whilst the emphasis has been placed upon the criminal sanctions which affect those using the new procedures. Whilst squatters who contravene the new legal processes risk criminal sanctions so do property owners.

Sections 6-7 of the Criminal Law Act 1977 as amended.

6(1) Subject to the following provisions of this section, any person who, without lawful authority, uses or threatens violence for the purpose of securing entry into any premises for himself or for any other person is guilty of an offence, provided that -

- (a) there is someone present on the premises at the time who is opposed to the entry which the violence is intended to secure; and
- (b) the person using or threatening the violence knows that that is the case.

(1A) Subsection (1) above does not apply to a person who is a displaced residential occupier or a protected intending occupier of the premises in question or who is acting on behalf of such an occupier; and if the accused adduces sufficient evidence that he was, or was acting on behalf of, such an occupier he shall be presumed to be, or to be acting on behalf of, such an occupier unless the contrary is proved by the prosecution.

(2) Subject to subsection 1A above, the fact that a person has any interest in or right to possession or occupation of any premises shall not for the purposes of subsection (1) above constitute lawful authority for the use or threat of violence by him or anyone else for the purpose of securing his entry into those premises.

premises.

(3) It is immaterial for the purposes of this section -

- (a) whether the violence in question is directed against the person or against the property; and
- (b) whether the entry which the violence is intended to secure is for the purpose of acquiring possession of the premises in question or for any other purpose.

(4) A person guilty of an offence under this section shall be liable on summary conviction to imprisonment for a term not exceeding level 5 on the standard scale or to both.

(5) A constable in uniform may arrest without warrant anyone who is, or whom he, with reasonable cause suspects to be, guilty of an offence under this section.

(6) Section 12 below contains provisions which apply for determining when any person is to be regarded for the purposes of this part of this Act as a displaced residential occupier of any premises, and section 12A below contains provisions which apply for determining when any person is to be regarded for the purposes of this part of the Act as a protected intending occupier of any premises or of any access to any premises.

7(1) Subject to the following provisions of this section and to section 12A(9) below, any person who is on any premises as a trespasser after having entered as such is guilty of an offence if he fails to leave those premises on being required to do so or on behalf of -

- (a) a displaced residential occupier of the premises; or
- (b) an individual who is a protected intending occupier of the

(2) In any proceedings for an offence under this section it shall be a defence for the accused to prove that he believed that the person requiring him to leave the premises was not a displaced residential occupier or protected intending occupier of the premises or a person acting on behalf of a displaced residential occupier or protected intending occupier.

(3) In any proceedings for an offence under this section it shall be a defence for the accused to prove -

- (a) that the premises in question are or form part of premises used mainly for non-residential purposes; and
- (b) that he was not on any part of the premises used wholly or mainly for residential purposes.

(4) Any reference in the preceding provisions of this section to any premises includes a reference to any access to them, whether or not any such access itself constitutes premises, within the meaning of this part of the Act.

(5) A person guilty of an offence under this section shall be liable on summary conviction to imprisonment for a term not exceeding six months or to a fine not exceeding level 5 on the standard scale or both.

(6) A constable in uniform may arrest without warrant anyone who is, or whom he, with reasonable cause, suspects to be, guilty of an offence under this section.

Displaced Residential Occupier and protected Intending Occupier.

These terms are defined by section 12

and 12A of the Criminal Law Act 1977 as amended by section 74 of the new Act. The effect of the amendment is to broaden the previous definitions.

Displaced Residential Occupier: a displaced residential occupier is anyone who was occupying any premises as a residence immediately before being excluded from occupation by anyone entering those premises, or any access to those premises, as a trespasser. A displaced residential occupier remains displaced whilst they are excluded from occupation of the premises by the original or subsequent trespasser.

Section 12(4) of the 1977 Act prevents a person occupying premises as a trespasser from being a displaced residential occupier. S12(6) ensures the act treats any person given permission to be on the premises by a squatter as to be treated as a squatter. Whilst s12(7) provides that the allowing of time to a squatter to leave the premises, which might otherwise be argued to be a licence to be on the premises, does not negate their status as a trespasser.

Protected Intending Occupiers (PIOs): The effect of s 12A of the Criminal Law Act 1977 as amended by the 1994 Act is to significantly broaden the scope of the definition of Protected Intending Occupiers. Thus virtually any person with a superior interest in a property to a squatter will qualify as a PIO so long as they need the property for a residence. The categories are as follows:

(a) a person with a freehold interest, or a leasehold interest with more than two years to run (ie an owner occupier) who requires the premises for their own occupation as a residence and they are excluded from occupation of the premises

by a person who entered the property, or any access to it, as a trespasser. Their status must be validated and this requires a written statement to be held by the PIO themselves or any person acting on their behalf. The statement must:

specify their interest in the property,
state that the property is required as a residence for themselves, and
be signed by the person with the interest in the property in the presence of a Justice of the Peace or Commissioner for Oaths, and is signed by the justice or Commissioner to the effect that they witnessed the signing.

(b) a person with a tenancy or licence (other than a long lease or local authority, housing association or similar tenancy) to occupy the premises granted by the freeholder or the leaseholder (provided there is more than 2 years of the lease left to run). Again this status must be demonstrated and the tenant, or person acting on their behalf, must hold a written statement that:

states that a tenancy or licence has been granted to occupy the premises,
specifies the interest of the landlord in the premises, and
states that the premises are needed for the occupation as a residence of the tenant or licensee.

This statement must be signed by the landlord and tenant or licensee in the presence of a justice of the Peace or Commissioner for Oaths and counter

signed by the witnessing justice or Commissioner.

(c) A person who has a tenancy or licence to occupy granted by a local authority, housing association or similar body and requires the premises for their own occupation as a residence and is excluded by a trespasser.

In this case the tenant or licensee requires a certificate stating that they have been granted a tenancy or licence to occupy the premises by the authority and the description of the authority on the certificate is such that the authority can take this action.

MY HEAD SOCIALIST
MY HEART ANARCHIST
MY EYES PACIFIST
MY BLOOD REVOLUTIONARY

ADRIAN MITCHELL

BLACK MOON FOUND GUILTY UNDER SECTION 63 OF THE CJA

On 27th February at Corby Magistrates Court **BLACK MOON Sound System**, from Derbyshire, were found guilty under section 63 of the Criminal Justice Act of organising the illegal "Mother" free "rave" which took place on the 7th of the 7th 1995.

The three defendants were each fined 250 pounds and 6000 pounds worth of seized sound equipment was ordered destroyed. Black Moon are considering an appeal.

Implications for the free party movement are considerable. The Criminal Justice Act has been shown, for the first time, to be effective regarding the control of free parties.

However, Black Moon are said to be "unbowed, undaunted and as full up for doing it as they ever were" said Debby from United Systems.

All defendants charged with conspiracy to cause a public nuisance had the charges dropped. More next ish.

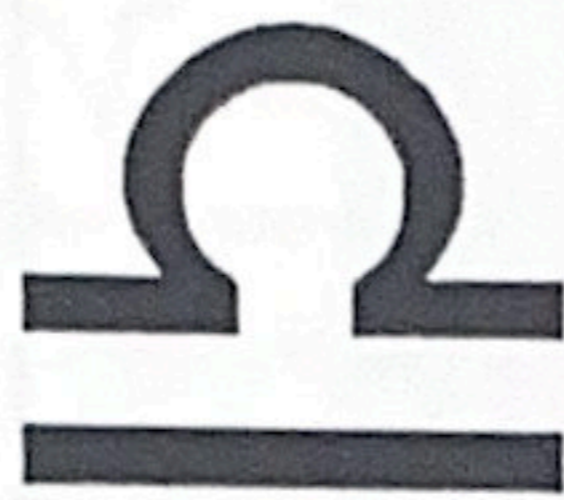
Your Horoscopes*with Kosmic Ker*

Capricorn - Crap at cards you may be, but this is your month for luurve! Due to a once in a millenium conjunction between Pluto and Venus expect your dream date to show up on your doorstep lunch time on the 14th, with a bag full of grade A's and a burning in their loins. Unfortunately you'll be down the housing benefit office all day as you've had no cheques for a month. C'est la vie!



Aquarius - You've been waiting long enough for this new age to start and there's only really one way to do it. For the next month you must give all your money and drugs to an exceptionally tall man, with long hair and a gold tooth. Remember you don't want to be held responsible for standing in the way of enlightenment of all mankind, do you?

Pisces - A good month for travel. Sadly this will involve either being arrested by the Met and being taken to an East London nick for questioning about a gangland murder, or being mistaken for a lottery winner and kidnapped. Destiny sees you dropping a hot pot noodle on your bare feet.



Aries - A great month for being creative, so spend your time thinking up new false names and address' for the next time you get stopped by the rozzers or practising signatures for your next kiting expedition. Destiny sees you being rudely interrupted whilst masterbating.

Leo - You are largely considered by many astrologers to be head of the fire signs. With this in mind you will be upset to hear of irretrievable hot rock damage to your most expensive shirt/jacket or both. Be frugle whilst carrying cash (let's face it, when aren't you?) as many Leos will find themselves being mugged by deranged Big Issue vendors.



Virgo - Well, lucky, lucky, lucky you, sex, money and travel all before the 6th. Oh, hold on that's Scorpio. Actually it's best I don't tell you this month. After all even Nostrodamus held some back in the name of mental stability. Destiny sees you hiding in a cupboard with rampant paranoia.



Libra - Notorious swingers that you are you're probably still staggering around wondering what year it is. Lady luck will smile on you around the next new moon, when you should remember where you live. But avoid supermarkets around the 18th as you will be gripped by an overwhelming urge to steal Shiphams Paste wrappers.

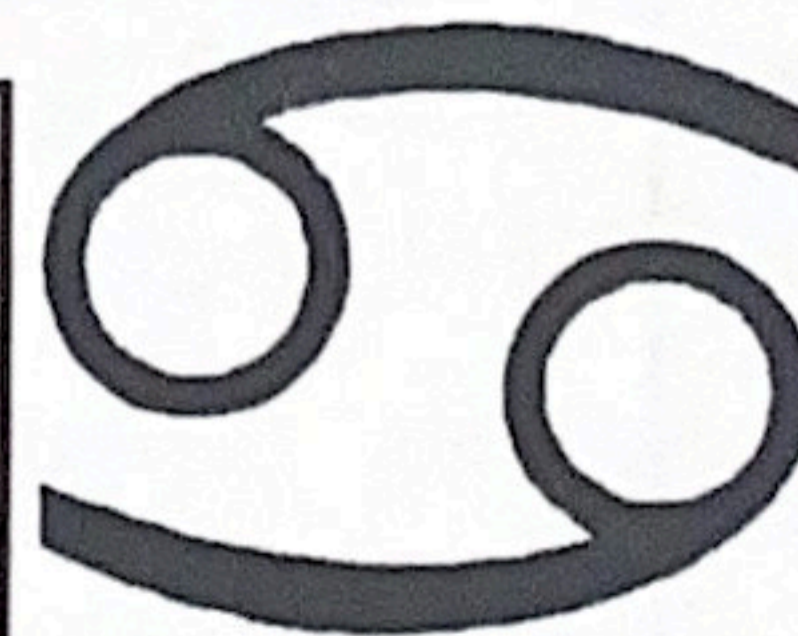
Taurus - You sense that it's time for a change and quite frankly, so does everyone else. So get yourself down to marks and Sparks and buy yourself some new keks! Could be a good time to give up smoking, due mainly to the fact that your left lung's gonna collapse on the 9th. Destiny sees you buying a very tall man several pints.

Sagittarius - This is your year! You can expect to be the talk of the town and gain celebrity status beyond your widest dreams when you become the centre of one of the decades most outrageous sex scandals involving several 'liberal' MPs, a sack of road tar and a tall geordie. Destiny sees you laughing like Sid James at an inappropriate moment.

Cancer - With Mars in your 3rd full moon and the sun in Uranus you can expect to find yourself getting arrested for ABH every weekend until well into June. You will have no luck in hitch hiking for the next two years and destiny sees you becoming flustered in a sex shop while trying to buy amyl nitrate. Expect worse news next month.

Gemini - While Capricorns may appear to be this months love warriors, it's female Geminis who are the real winners in the romance game. You will find true love amongst a group of eager Aquarians with a gold toothed man who will be unable to stand, whilst laughing like a kid and juggling Margaritas. Destiny sees you wishing you'd never talked to him.

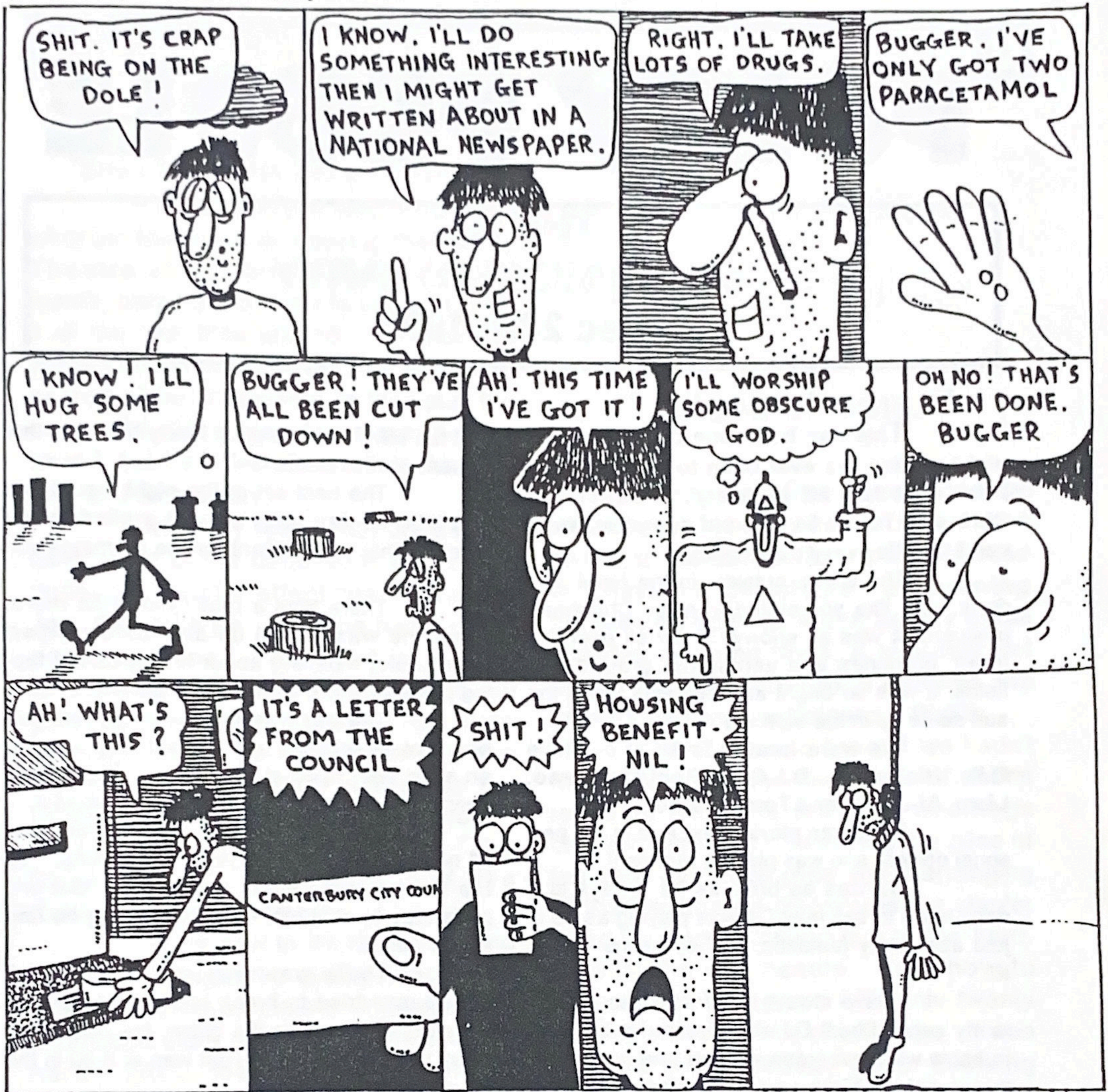
Scorpio - Without doubt one of the most handsome, debonaire, intelligent and sexually dynamic signs in the Zodiac, this, as ever, should be an exceptionally good month for travel, money, sex and meeting interesting and influential new friends. But in reality you'll probably be spending most of it alone, in bed, as no one really likes you, you treacherous bastard. Don't bother buying a lottery ticket!



That's all for this month.
Kosmickly yours (maaan).
Kev.
May the farce be with you!



HOUSING BENEFIT ILL.



AT LAST A GOOD STORY !!

Gorilla salad thick hairy pubic area
Cheesy having the foreskin lined with smegma. Stale and musky smelling.
 "The sailor was so cheesy that I felt like asking him where he hid his crackers."
Grand Canyon loose fitting anus, as complained about by an active partner.
 Synonym: **Lincoln Tunnel**. **Grand Canyon Suite**, noisy sloppy sounding intercourse.

More than one in three people think that newspapers, security companies and the insurance industry have a vested interest in making people more afraid of violent crime.

PARTY PEOPLE

THE tVC
WOODPECKERS PARTY
Dec 28th 1995

This has been one of the best all night parties I've ever been to and I've only been to a few all nighters, because I'm Chris and Terri's 14 year old daughter, and I can't handle every party going.

The scene outside, in the hotel gardens, was like something from a Christmas postcard. It was all snowy. Snow all over the trees, branches and across the ground and fields. It was so bright and beautiful when the sun came up in the morning.

We were treated to all of our fave DJ's; Nick a.k.a. DJ Gap, Paul/Oz, Timo, Liam, Al-Jay, Kier & Tom, and Ed.

Nick was playing first and in my personal opinion she was playing trumps!!!

Oz was as brillo as he always is. I don't need to say how Oz was playing as he is just absolutely fantastic, and everyone knows it.

I have always admired Timo and he is my second best DJ after Tejen. He seemed to know what everyone wanted and how much they wanted. Timo you were playing soooooo brilliantly I could of sloppy kissed you (sorry Lin).

I have never heard Kier and Tom play before but I was deeply impressed. You two gorgeous guys were terribly terrific.

Ed, also known as Hattitude Ed (because of his multi coloured striped hat) was playing blinding tunes. Must be the hat. Ed's mum was complaining. She said: 'Edward, take

that hat off. You have such lovely hair'. But that remark went unheard.

The best set of the night was Liam and little Al-Jay, they played a blinding set together that was brilliant for the mornings sun up.

There was a really nice vibe there. Everyone was fluffed up and cuddly. Apart from Louie, moaning about his tapes not tapping properly, there were no complaints.

The bar was open all night and we had a lovely dressed barman who was wearing an all in one, open at the chest, shiney lycra short suit on a tartan kilt. It was most bizarre.

Did anyone notice the man shouting all night? He kept on saying, or shouting, 'Hip Hip Hooray'. Lisa made a comment: 'Got any gaffa tape to shut him up?' By morning he had a sore throat.

There was only one accident. A pissed man tried to break into a caravan and cut all his arm up on the glass. He was taken away in an ambulance. That was at 8.30 in the morning. Nice ending.

Al-Jay brought two friends from Leeds along to the party and they loved it. They thought it was the best thing since... well, since the first parties ever started.

How to end my teenage review. Thank you Ed for the best party of the year and see everyone next time. No doubt we will see everyone before then, but not at the same spot. A special thanks to Ed's mum. Happy New Year Everyone!!

Ria.

Underwear (camp) a drag queen's five o'clock shadow. "Your underwear's showing=you need a shave."

FLIRT

Saturday 23rd December

"Sexy Music for Sexy People"

For those of you who don't know what the Flirt boys do down at the Penny Theatre every third Saturday of the month, may I advise you to catch up with it all the next time around. For those of you who do know however, you may have heard it all before (seeing as they play the same old disco classics each gig) so have I, but I still feel it's worth looking up time and time again.

Driven by Andy (AJ) Jones, the deep roots of the dancefloor are reborn under the careful attentions of Avalon Jon, AJ and Kyle. Now the name of the game is disco. Yes, Flirt is a night focused (soul)ly on disco, the same old groove that lends a thousand rips, licks and samples to the ever present House movement. It may be a little bit on the cheesey side, but hell, the "Flirtatious", they love it, and tunes such as "The Street Player", "Car Wash" and "It's Raining Men" are timeless.

Flirt is now in its third year and has always dropped a quality dance night without any compromise. However the undoubted stars of the show are the die-hard Flirt massive themselves. Encouraged to "wear less to impress" there is free entry to those who look the part. Thereby the Flirt crowd is an uninhibited army of flare wearing, glitter lashed groove chicks, intent on doing it large.

Infiltrators catching the vibe included beards, K and T, Vicki (of Mr Lard), Baz (more often found banging out tunes in the M of K), Mark and Anthony (always larging it) and of course myself. Needless to say, we all were drawn on to the Flirtatious frontline to funk.

Warning: The Penny is still a sweatbox.

tVC

Christmas Day Beano

"..close chums.."

Despite a last minute change of venue, from luxury, stuffed arm chair surroundings, to a public house in Chavland, Christmas Day morning comes and goes as much as any usual Monday morning does. A leisurely set up through the afternoon catches the vibe chilled with anticipatory thrills.

Well it would have, if we hadn't had to clean up the mountains of debris left over from the previous evenings drunken festivities. Sweeping the piles of fag ends into huge piles and rearranging all the furniture we discovered our stapler to be no longer working due to the hardness of the oak beams. Shit, how to hang up the backdrops with only twenty drawing pins and a bit of cellotape. It was hard but we managed. Just. Drinking copious amounts of chilled beer to cool our sweating bodies, we indulged in the usual pre-party banter. "Where've you put the fucking drawing pins *now*?" and "No, *you're* the fucking cunt!" resounding in the profanity drenched atmosphere.

That done we await the presence of the holders of the two hundred invites dished out to our close chums during the previous few months.

And as surely as night follows night they came. Well at least Walter did in excitement when he found an unconscious Gap in his bed later that night....

Twirl the pearls to dance.

She had started off proceedings music-wise, with an unusually good set that contained noticeably less clashing beats than of yore. Then carried away by the euphoria of it all, she drank half a bottle of Stoli (in ten minutes) and by the time Oz came on at 3 she could be seen slumped unconscious behind the decks in most unbecoming manner. Imagine her heart stopping shock on waking 4 hours later to find the party over, and in Walters bed. With **Walt** looking over her shoulder grinning, and a room full of people laughing at her pityingly. Shit. Fucking good **Sandals** impression though.

A most excellent night to have a party it seemed as usually, by Christmas evening, after having to spend the day with batty old relatives and vaguely disapproving parents, with over excited rug rats and farting partners, you are rewarded for your day of torture by most pubs being shut and a night of exceptionally shitty TV. What a lovely change to spend it instead with your real family, where no behaviour is too outrageous or activity too debased, listening to excellent music, partying yourself **s t u p i d**.

Friendships were strengthened and ties reinforced in all the best ways as we reflected on the past years highs and imagined the ones yet to come.

Drip dry lover man with small penis.

Seventh Heave Ho Duncan Scott and Timo February 1st

"Amsterdam can wait.."

Thursday night, the beginning of what was to be a long sleep deprived weekend of an extravaganza of the finest underground house music this, and that side of the English Channel.

The Works filled up slower than usual tonight, so with plenty of room to bounce around, **Timo** warmed us up deep Dover style. The Folkestone folk

were out in full with **Aaron** on his last night in the country, all of us probably aware that with an all-nighter to come Saturday, there was little chance of **Aaron** missing it. Amsterdam can wait, **Sheppey** first! No **Gary** tonight coz he's on his way to India, to find as many new highs as possible.



After immersing ourselves fully into **Tim's** tender, uplifting, rhythmic strikes, a sense of 'coming home again'

prevailed amongst the tVC crowd as **Duncan Scott's** superb set of new and nostalgic tunes was greeted by a dance floor of old friends and new faces. Party peeps doing what they do best. High and happy and dubby times. Spotted on the 'Werks' floor for the first time this year was **Our Stevie**, trying out a new Dover-based natural high.

For each person who religiously ascends to **7th Heaven** every fortnight, it is a sanctuary, to find peace of mind with friends, after a fortnight of every day life; work, kids, unemployment, college. Guaranteed to find warm smiling faces, a selection of Kent's finest fun-lovers, gathered together because they choose to be. A warming vibe of together-ness.

Iain 'Lazy Bastard stitch-em-up-with-this-smoke' Smith joined us before setting off with **Nick, Oz, Oochie, Al** (and on a late night impulse - **Lisa**) on their journey to **Fundamental**, in France, the following day. **Bazil** decided to stay at

home to water the plants. Despite having to leave straight afterwards to catch the Shuttle, and an 8 hour drive across **France** our KLF representatives poked themselves liberally into the full swing of things, hoping to catch a few hours sleep during the drive.

After **Duncan Scott's** 3 hours of splendid sounds (which actually felt like 3 instead of 1) the crew set off for France and we headed off into the freezing Friday morning, with the general opinion of the nights entertainment as having been one of the best nights in ages. Some of us off home to recharge in time for **Saturdays Sheppey Shenanigans**. Others to set sail for the **Ship**, including a quartet of Margate bound die-hards, **Pam, John, Tony and Steve** who successfully managed to obliterate Friday using various tried and tested methods and massive alcohol consumption.

Sara.



SHIT, THERE'S A FOREIGN PERDON. HOW DO I COMMUNICATE WHEN I CAN'T EVEN SPEAK THEIR LANGUAGE?

Thursday 1st February - Timo and Duncan Scott - 7th Heaven, Canterbury
Friday 2nd February - House Work, at le Stanley, Rennes, France
Saturday 3rd February - 'avin' it Large in Paradise, Sheppey.

With yet another Thirstday night dawning at our fave club, it was time to open the ol' arms to welcome Duncan Scott, Perfect World's under-rated (but not by us or PW) warmer upperer, into our panting yet fulsome bosoms. Support came (oo er) in the form of our bestest Dover DJ - Old Toffo himself, who provided it better than a new pair of lycra ribbed tights with extra stretchiness ever could. Duncan was elevated, for a change, to top spot pershshishion and, as we expected, performed moist admirably in his allocated role, keeping the mostened heaveners on their toes and on one (missus). His deeply garaged and dubbed out US/UK profferings were sweatily lusted after by the family of music appreciation society (Canterbury Branch). Suffice to say all the usual shiny and shapely shenanigans took place. Gone looked 'mad'. BGNK and his 'girly' (his word not ours) graced us with his presence. Those Lazy Bastards Dave, Iain and Kirsty, turned up and slimmed around moist luxuriously plus the usual hordes of no-nonsense hedonistic heaveners enjoyed themselves in a moist opulent manner.

I had to take it relatively easy, as we had what was to be the moist excessive few days ahead (let's see you try to keep up with Lazy Eeny and see how long you, or your money, last).

Straight from 7th we were off to catch Le Shuttle to Calais, from whence we would begin our long trek, ending in Rennes. Once there we would stagger around in an unusual fashion, hop in motor and drive back to not avin' it at all, in 'ell. But that's another, and very long, story.

On Thursday we were still intent on conserving our energies for the constant bombardment that the next few days (hopefully) promised to throw at us. Gap, aware of the 500 or so miles that

remained to be traversed, kept her drink consumption to an absolute minimum (that's if you can call that watered down slop they sell at the Werks 'drink') and only managed to consume five or so pints; although it was the "or so" bit that worried us.

It was at this stage that it was decided that a certain young Whitstable socialite, the "L" "L", should be kidnapped, thus giving her a *proper* excuse not to go to work the next morning. The Lazies had a plush hire car (diesel, which is just as well considering the amount of miles they ended up driving) which in true hire car stylee had the shit thrashed out of it and over two thousand miles added to the clock. Whoops. With AJ and Ooch making up the select band of inter-continental party peeps, we set off

straight after the club in excited anticipation of all the brain cells that we'd bid fond fairwell to over the next 24 hours or so.

With Gap already feeling sleepy before she left the club, we stopped off at Folkestone, to powder our noses and drink lots of tea, so as to have to stop for the optimum of piss stops during our journey. With LL maybe experiencing a few last minute doubts, ie would she be sacked if her bosses found out that instead of bad period pains, she was actually going to France to party herself rotten, we drove expectantly onto the posh, brand new Le Shuttle along with a small handful of other folks (3). The staff seemed desperately glad that we were using the service. They resembled first time party promoters who were shitting themselves that no one would come to the gig. They looked on indulgently as we put the cassette player (cheers to Jenny) atop the car and played music with repetitive beats. It seemed an ideal situation for terrorists with a car full of semtex just waiting to blow the tunnel up, as there were no car/luggage checks. They didn't even say anything to us when we left our boot open, with Oz's DJ box complete with requisite 'Car Bomb' sticker on full view. We were laughing.

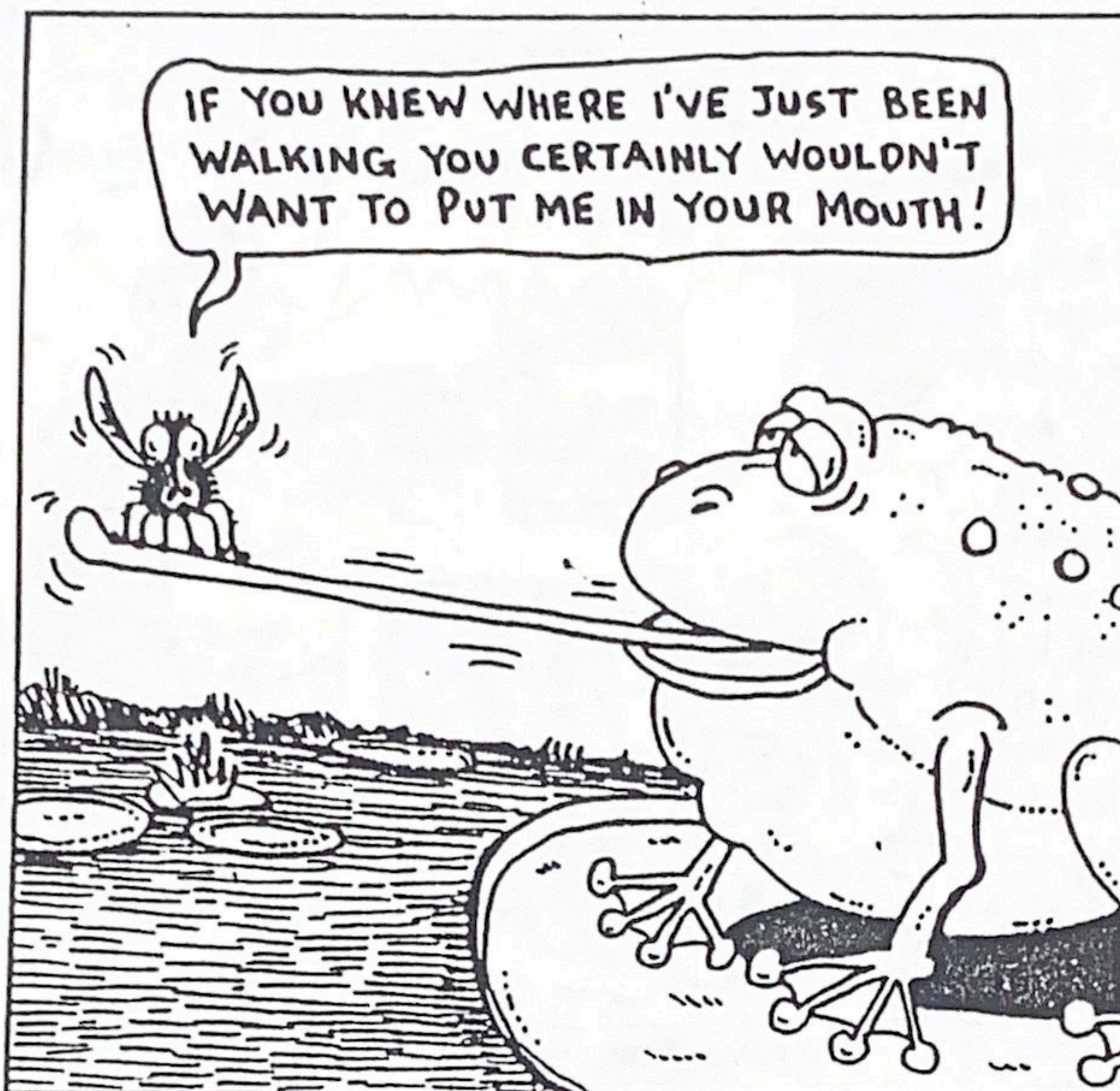
Especially at the massive "strictly no smoking" sign as the fag was lit in front of the cameras.

Basically you sit in your car for half an hour and then you're in France. It's that fucking quick. By the time you've put out your fags, gone for a piss and compared 12", you're there, and it's time for the long drive ahead.

Driving in close convoy, we entered the

darkness of France in all its immensity. That fucking country is larger than Liam thinks he is. You'd think that with all that space they'd build some bigger roads a la anglais, but they seem to prefer the quaint concrete impression of the old fashioned dirt track (do they have a better road protest network than we do or what?) Single lane road transportation. Fine if you want to poodle around in 3rd gear behind 3 juggernauts for 50 miles. It's rather like driving along the back road between Whitstable and Canters, and being stuck behind a Bretts lorry, but for 80 miles. No way either to overtake as it's too dark and windy.

So for at least 50 miles you



dawdle along, feeling your blood pressure rise and getting extremely wound up at your slow progress. Plus there's Ooch in the car in top "stay awake at all the crap times of the day

and sleep and miss the party" mode, and he's

conveniently forgotten his backy (not that old chestnut. Again).

So every five minutes it's "ave you got any fags?" Al

had to pretend to be asleep (!!)

and put his head under his coat to escape when asked for the 45th time. He didn't.

No one did. Ooch was wired to fuck. It wasn't a pleasant time.

Everything started to resemble

one of those nightmarish journeys of your extreme youth that you *have* to take with your parents....

All of a sudden the road widens for a milli-second, quick, overtake before it narrows again for another 25 miles. A few moments in fifth before the next lorry appears on the horizon. That's why the journey took 8 hours!

However with the arrival of sunrise, maan, and a little bit of help from other departments, spirits were lifted and we motored happily through the vast bucolic sprawl of Normandy. Every single town looked exactly the same. With houses grey and stone built clinging to either side of the rutted track that sliced

through their midst. No signs of life. No shops. Pharmacies with big green neon crosses outside were much in evidence. Probably there to dispense the bucket

loads of anti-depressants needed to survive driving on such long boring roads.

A strong feeling that maybe these 'villes' weren't inhabited, but were maybe part of a massive film set prevailed.

Luckily the sunrise was pretty spectacular, as shafts of sunlight pierced the layers of

cloud, before coming to rest on various froths of mist that hung in wreaths above the frosty grass. Not half as beautiful as Brittany, which is throat achingly photogenic, Normandy was a succession of flat, massive farm lands with severely mutilated trees scarring the horizon. You could feel Europe stretching for thousands of miles beyond.

At last. A motorway! This would take us on our (supposed) last leg of the journey between Rouen and Caen. The foot went flat to the floor and we sped into the rapidly lightening sky line cheering uproariously. Hurrah! Until Eeny left the lovely, smooth, fast motorway in favour of a pitted single track that wound it's way

THINGS TO DO WHEN ALL THE COUNTRYSIDE HAS BEEN DESTROYED...



#2 URBAN FOX HUNTING.

interminably through various sleepily similar French hamlets. At this rate the next 130km would take 3 hours.

Making a snap decision we waved the perve-mobile down and made them turn round to rejoin the motorway. Balance had been restored, not before the spectre of toll gates hovering in a shimmering haze in the near distance, rapidly brought us to a halt. Shit. Guess

what? No money! In all our befuddled eagerness to get to Reg's ASAP we had forgotten one quite important thing. Money. We hadn't changed any. None at all, and now a French toll booth operator was asking us for 23 francs for the privilege of using his motorway. With a brief conference ensuing we decided to offer him l'argent anglais. He seemed to be

quite familiar with this way of doing things and gave us change in francs. Probably thinking what arrogant bastards we were. All we have to say on the matter is 'when's the fucking ECU coming in then?' coz it'd make life a fuck of a lot easier for arrogant bastards like us to go abroad when we don't have to worry about such minor things as changing money.

Disaster averted we drove off, confidence restored, having experienced

our first 'shit, there's a foreign person, how do I communicate when I can't speak their language' confidence shrinker. This misplaced security didn't last long as yet another toll loomed grimly on the horizon not ten minutes later and we realised we didn't have enough change left to pay for it. So out came the fivers and the previous experience was repeated.

Much lighter in pocket but at

least with a few francs on us now, we arrived in Caen, approximately 4 hours after leaving Calais. Our instructions were to drive to the centre and ring Reginald, who would "come to pick us up". We stopped outside a cafe (that stood next door to a shop run by A. Bastard much to Al's mirth) and looked for Reg's number which Eeny

readily provided. Only one problem it wasn't R's number, although we didn't realise this at the time and left a message on the answer phone anyway.

Then we sat, lamely and skintly, with about 50 francs between 8 of us pondering what to do. Luckily Gap had remembered at the last minute to bring the address book, and it was discovered that Eeny had written the wrong number down. Whoops. Oz phoned. Reg



HAVING DISCOVERED THAT, ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF PHYSICS, BUMBLE BEES SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO FLY, Mr. T. SPUTUM DECIDED IT WOULD BE BEST FOR EVERYONE IF THEY WERE WIPED OUT.

answered. We got the directions and everyone relaxed, momentarily. Al went and ordered another coffee, not realising that he wouldn't be able to pay for it and for a while it was quite embarrassing for us, but extremely so for Al as he realised he couldn't pay. We all giggled hysterically as we watched him deal with it, each glad it was him and not us. Luckily the woman gave it to him.

Disaster laughed in the face of, we set off down the road to Rennes to find R at the **Symphony of the Butts** (oo er). Refusing to let the fact that our petrol was severely in the red we set off on the 'few' kilometres down the road. With instructions that basically were 'turn right after the restaurant and the phone box' we managed without much difficulty to find chez Reg, who could be spotted standing in the middle of the road awaiting our arrival expectantly. Hurrah. **We'd arrived.**

Greetings and introductions followed as we plopped on cushions in a most fucked fashion. The room was already full with expectant party peeps over from England. Pleasantries and cups of tea were exchanged before the desire for sleep became overwhelming and everyone sloped off to the most comfy looking spot they could find.

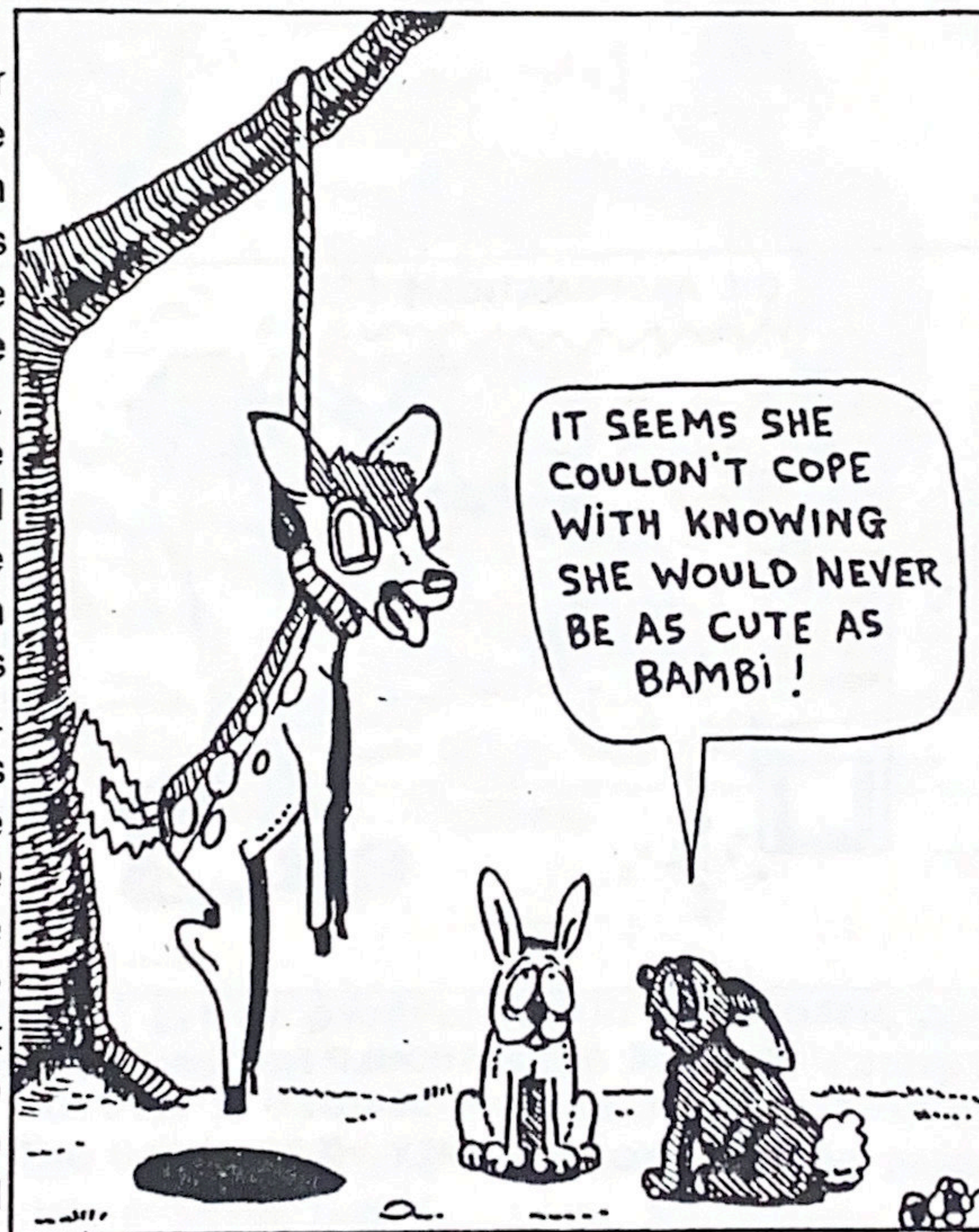
Curled up together in all our clothes, we lamented our failure to bring a sleeping bag *and* a duvet, a la Lazy Style, and shivered our way into immediate unconsciousness, only to be woken a couple of hours later by Ooch who had obviously decided to sleep at the party when everyone else would be having fun (so no change there). Reg had prepared

a steaming bowl of stew that did the job very nicely and while he and cohorts set off to decorate the club, we lounged around insouciantly, pondering how to feel the vast stretch of time before we set off for Rennes, a mere 190km or so away!

Gap and LL decided to go for a walk, for the first time since childhood, to try and warm their frozen digits. Fucking quiet. No one around. Sun bouncing off

the frosty grass. Too energetic. Let's go and wake the boys up, go to Rennes and drink some beer.

We go back to a silent house. Oz is awake and walking towards us. Everyone else is asleep, especially Ooch who looks really quite disturbing stretched out like that on the couch. This is to be the position (missionary) that he is to maintain for much of the weekend. AJ staggers out of the car looking rough and



hungry, crumbs of chocolate chip cookies in his stubble. We conspire to wake the **lazy bastards** up, who are still slumbering on blissfully, swathed in mounds of fluffy duvets. The heat from their breath misting the windows, which are ajar as it's so fucking hot in there. Bastards. **LL** has been volunteered to do the job, to wake the **Lazies** up! With tempting offers of stew and coffee, she is up to it and they stumble bleary eyed and sleep addled to fall in lazy tumbles upon the cushions.

At last! We're ready to leave! We kick **Ooch** in the 'ed to waken him and set off in convoy to **Rennes** ("it's just up the road"). The 200F we borrowed goes in the car for petrol and we drive off into a gorgeous sunset where the sun hangs low, hovering above the horizon in a flaming red orb, before suddenly slipping behind the earth's curve. Where are we...

Once we get to **the bar** that old problem's come looming back. No money and no means to exchange the crisp pounds that are burning holes in our pockets. **Gap** and **Oz** disappear for a frantic hunt about the town in the vague hope there'll be some bureau de changes lurking on street corners. There aren't, so admitting defeat we retire to the bar and sit on low plastic chairs rescued from the sixties and seventies, while our stomachs growl in agony. The bar, **al modo** is the meet before the party which doesn't begin till 12 (they go out late in France) and has decks in the corner and more than a smattering of Eenglish over for the party.

All of a sudden **Bruno**, the owner of the club, **le Stanley**, where the party is to be held, appears carrying 3 of the largest pizzas I've ever seen. This is food that he's bought for us. He also buys us some beer. Overcome at the realisation we've met a club owner who's

spot on we thank him and tear into the pizzas, the veggies i amongst us removing the ham first. Restored somewhat by this we all relax and the vibe in the room visibly alters as the party begins.

Reg is on the decks and doing a good job as we leave, along with the perve-mobile and another van load of peeps to follow **Bruno** to **le Stanley**, which apparently is in the middle of nowhere. It is. Despite **Gap** driving there with no lights on we arrive in one piece expecting a small refurbished barn of some description. In the darkness it resembles from outside a small refurbished barn, and we follow **Bruno** inside.

Wow, what a venue. Absolutely impossible to describe, it brought smiles out in wreaths upon our travel worn faces and our knackered bodies knew immediately that they wouldn't get any rest that night.

Apparently **Bruno** had rebuilt the place, from derelict. And what a fine job he has done. Being small and intimate enough to feel that your have been invited into someones home, as soon as you walk in you relax. On two floors, both totally made out of wood, downstairs is where the decks are. Two small wooden dance floors with strips of tiny flashing fairy lights across them wink invitingly. The whole space is curved with lots of places to sit on well plumped plump cushions in darkly intimate little nooks and crannys. There is a pair of majestic wooden stairs that lead from the dance floor to the floor above which resembles an Austrian skiing lodge. Chestfield sofas and comfy seats are arranged all round the room which is beautifully warm. It's lit by a myriad of oil lights that hang low from the ceiling kissing the table tops. We all flop in pleased amazement on the seats and pretend to fall asleep, but our bodies refuse to play, apart from **Ooch**

who immediately falls into deep sleep. Laughing at his lack of stamina we set about the serious business of enjoying ourselves.

Iain and **Oz** played with each other for the first couple of hours. To the side of the decks there is a roaring log fire and we have been given 24 cans of Stella to get on with. The cans are only 33ml size though, so can be drunk in two gulps. No one starts to come till about 1am, and as the floor fills **Oz** takes over to warm them up.

Upstairs by now is so hot you can't really sit up there and the smoke machine downstairs has gone into overdrive so **Oz** can't see his records at times. But we don't care and skip around in a huggy, chatty sort of way. As one does. **Reg** turns up with entourage in tow and a UV cardboard cut-out of **Colin the Dog** under his arm which is given pride of place at the head of the dance floor. By now **the French** are gyrating as only they can. One group has a pair of shades which each member wears for a few thrusts and then passes on. **Al's** eyes light up at all the young totty and **Lisa** looks totally unsuitable to go to work. **Al** manages to wake **Ooch** by saying we all know what a crap dancer he is, and **Ooch** wakes immediately, falls onto the floor, starts throbbing and says in a hurt manner "I'm an excellent dancer". It doesn't matter he's up now, for the duration, and **Al** smirks off, his job well done.

Oz leaves the decks just as the smoke machine (which is under the DJ table) reaches its belching peak, and **Iain** takes over. By now, well fluffed up we go outside and marvel at the venue again. Outside there is a marquee for 500, gardens and a very large pond. The back of the club resembles an olde worlde oak beamed English manor house. It's lovely and as **Al** points out, no one is trying to

sneak in the back door like they would do in Britain. Everyone is well behaved, apart from **Iain**, but luckily he's behind the decks and his impressions of a melting candle don't cause too much consternation. And the night passes in a warm, contented haze of talking, drinking, chilling and dancing.

After **Iain** is **Doc Leaf**, from London who 'does it himself' and proceeds to get everyone chugging along nicely. By now **the French** have consumed a lot of beer, but at no stage do they start to behave like their British counterparts do when under the influence. The place is packed and very smokey. **Ooch** is found sitting outside in the perve-mobile as the smoke "hurt his chest."

After it's off to a small bar, **Betty Boops**, in a nearby village a "few" km's away. Inside it's packed. The perve-mobile had driven off early so **Iain** could secure the decks. The bar is playing techno, and **Iain** is on the decks (again) in the tad overcrowded back room. We sit in exhausted groups. Around us some of the French blokes seem a bit desperate to pull as a woman gets groped and one takes his trousers down behind my head. Remembering the festival last year and gonads in hot knife bottles, we smile. **Al** finally manages to get on the decks just as it's decided to go, so the next hour is spent trying to prise him off (difficult).

The Lazies announce their departure, but then end up waiting for us, so we can follow a bloke who knows the way back onto the main road. We hug **Reg**, **Jonny**, **Marina** and others goodbye, thanking them profusely for such a good night and set off on the long trek back.

It is 9am and has just got light. **Iain** and the bloke who knows the way have been waiting for us for ages, but after they go the wrong way once and

then again we leave them to get on with it as we spot the correct route. It is at least a couple of hours later that **Iain** finally overtakes us. He is making wind up signs next to his balding pate before he motors off into the distance. I bet they go wrong again laughs **Gap**.

In no time at all, **Calais** looms large. We have sliced 3 hours off our time. It's 3pm as we drive through customs, who take one look at our ravaged faces, take our passports and make us wait while they try to find some dirt on us. We have 15 minutes to catch the train. We sit there yawning as they keep us waiting for 12 minutes, before one of them hands back our passports looking most disappointed. With no time to get duty free we go straight to the train for the final leg of our journey. **The Lazies** are nowhere to be seen.....

...We wake suddenly. It's 9.30pm and we have to be at **Sheppey** in a few hours. We plan a slow meal and a gradual wake up culminating at the party, until **Gap** remembers that she's providing the decks for their room. On cue **Maurice** phones, and asks where the decks are, and we reassure him they won't be long. We phone up **Al** to tell him to get his arse round ours and discover the perve-mobile only got back at 6.30pm, a full 3 hours after us. They got caught speeding (75 pound on the spot fine) and made a detour via Paris, but didn't seem too disheartened.

It's time to go off to Paradise, to 'ave it large' as the flyer says. Questioning how **Sheppey** can possibly be described as 'Paradise' we spend the rest of the night looking for it (Paradise, not **Sheppey**). A holiday chalet park catches our eye and sure enough, a faded painted sign proclaiming Paradise declares it to be our destination.

After a while the bouncers deign to let us in when we explain that 'no we are not paying as we are playing'. Doncha just love b o u n c e r s ? There's something "universal" about their "polite but friendly" psychotic steroid door manner.

Everyone's pleased to see us but that's because we have the decks, which quickly get set up. **The Rogues** are there, fresh from a five hour drive from **Lincoln**. They too had not been allowed in. Their first impression of the party had been someone spitting: "I don't give a fuck who you are, you're paying like the rest of 'em". Mmn.

The room we were in wasn't the room we were supposed to be in. We were meant to have the much smaller room upstairs, with oak beams, but **Maurice's** equipment wouldn't fit up the stairs (missus). So blame him. The room we were in had flooded two days before, so the carpet was wet enough to grow



gress on, and it was bastard freezing.

There followed an unseemly fight for the gas heater after it got taken from our room and put upstairs. After being fobbed off for an hour Oz went up and stole it back, whilst **Alistair Aphrodisiac** pleaded "Please don't take the heater!". Take it we did and the atmosphere in the room thawed by a degree. With the wet splashing up your legs, close your eyes and you could have been outside in February. It was certainly damp and cold enough.

The tVC faithful desperately tried to rally the troops and struggled gamely to establish a mood, but it was looking decidedly dreary. Admittedly we didn't have any lights, which didn't help, but when we managed to block off the light from the corridor and the bar and **Jes** introduced his deep Dutch meanderings things suddenly started to warm up (metaphorically speaking) and it looked like we might actually be having a party. Just as **Timo** took over and the room was much more animated, the music got turned off. The police had erected road blocks preventing people getting to the party. Now they were stopping it. It was about 5am. Oh well, at least we could go somewhere warmer. And we did.

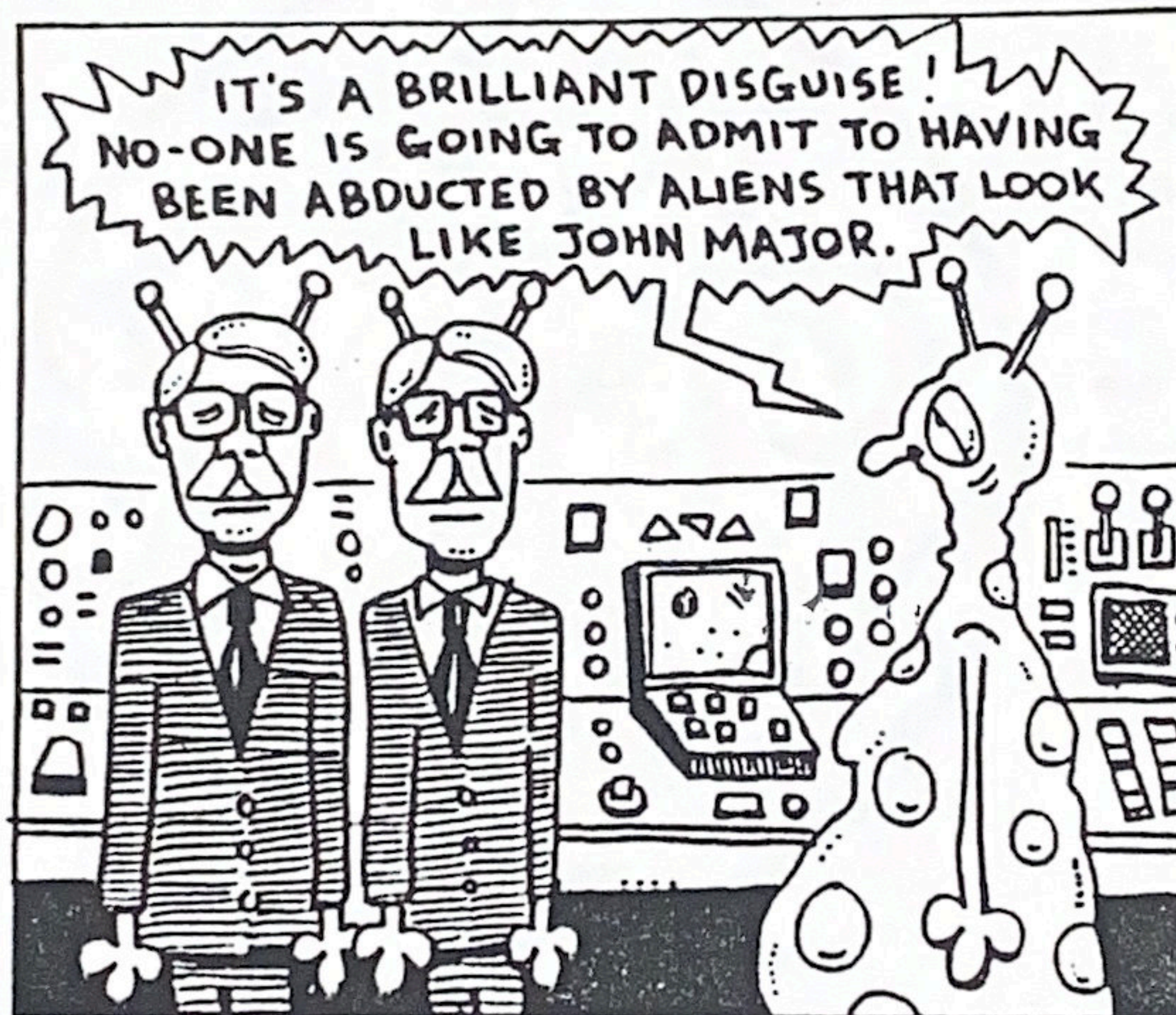
Basically we upped the party

and moved it, rig and everything to somewhere we knew we'd be made welcome, at **uncle Walt's**. He had spent the previous night in hospital having his head stitched after some scumbag had broken in and stolen his bar takings, leaving him unconscious on the floor. Never being one for letting the details of life bring him down, he opened his arms and welcomed us to his bosom. And we thanked him for it. We warmed ourselves by his hearth and soaked up his generous hospitality,

listening to great music. What a difference it made. And at least the **Rogues** hadn't driven down for nothing. Every one relaxed and got into the mellow vibe as **Al** upped the spiritual quota. "Yes Suh!" Totally, damn fine. We love you **Walt**.

Sunday was the birth of a new occasion. Now each and every Sunday when you're all partied out but don't want to go home yet, or it's too long to wait till the **EK**, come to **The Ship** all day, for a spiritual experience, or just to drink lots of beer. Or both. Or neither. Sounds courtesy of **Maurice** and those dodgy tVC bods.

Fall off the roof 1. to menstruate. "She can't answer your call buddy. She fell off the roof last night." 2. to be irritable, over sensitive, cranky.



The East Kent

- Sunday Nights in Whitstable. An overview

It would be impossible to do separate reviews for each and every shenanigan down at the East Kent, mainly because I (thankfully) can never remember quite what happened, but rest assured that basically the same things happen each week.

Max welcomes us to his ageing bosom once a week and we proceed to get rat arsed, after having been partying solidly since Thursday. Not for us the finer points of social etiquette, we shout at each other in drink sozzled amusement until Max kicks us out at closing time. Often parties develop afterwards and great hordes of beery party peeps stream in ever increasing numbers to the nearest available house with adequate hi fi to party the night away into the early hours of Monday morning leaving vast mounds of vomit in the once tidy bathroom.

Originally meant as a chill sesh, after the weekends usual hard (enforced!) hedonsim, it has turned into something

of a celebration itself. A celebration that after all you've managed to put away, you're not only still alive, but also still standing, making less sense than ever. It's a real macho proof of stamina and the women enter in to it (as usual) even more excitedly than the men. Through all of this, Max smiles indulgently, putting up with our worse excesses by thinking happily of how much cash he's made.

You can drink Hurlimans to a throbbing deep house back beat whilst slagging off/falling out with all of your friends. The perfect antidote to post party blues, it sets you up magnificently for the torturous week ahead, by making sure you feel hung over to fuck all day Monday and probably half of Tuesday too.

Then you have to remember who you were incredibly insulting to (which is usually easy as they will be avoiding you) and just make sure that you're extra nice to them at the next party. Simple innit. Meanwhile in a few weeks you will find that your alcohol consumption has trebled and you're a(n even) fat(ter) fuck because there's now no excuse to stop festivities. So join us in the worship of the only God we know - excess.

THINGS TO DO WHEN ALL THE COUNTRYSIDE
HAS BEEN DESTROYED ...



#1. FAMILY WALKS ALONG THE HARD-SHOULDER.

Saturday 30th December

Jump at The 414 Club, Brixton

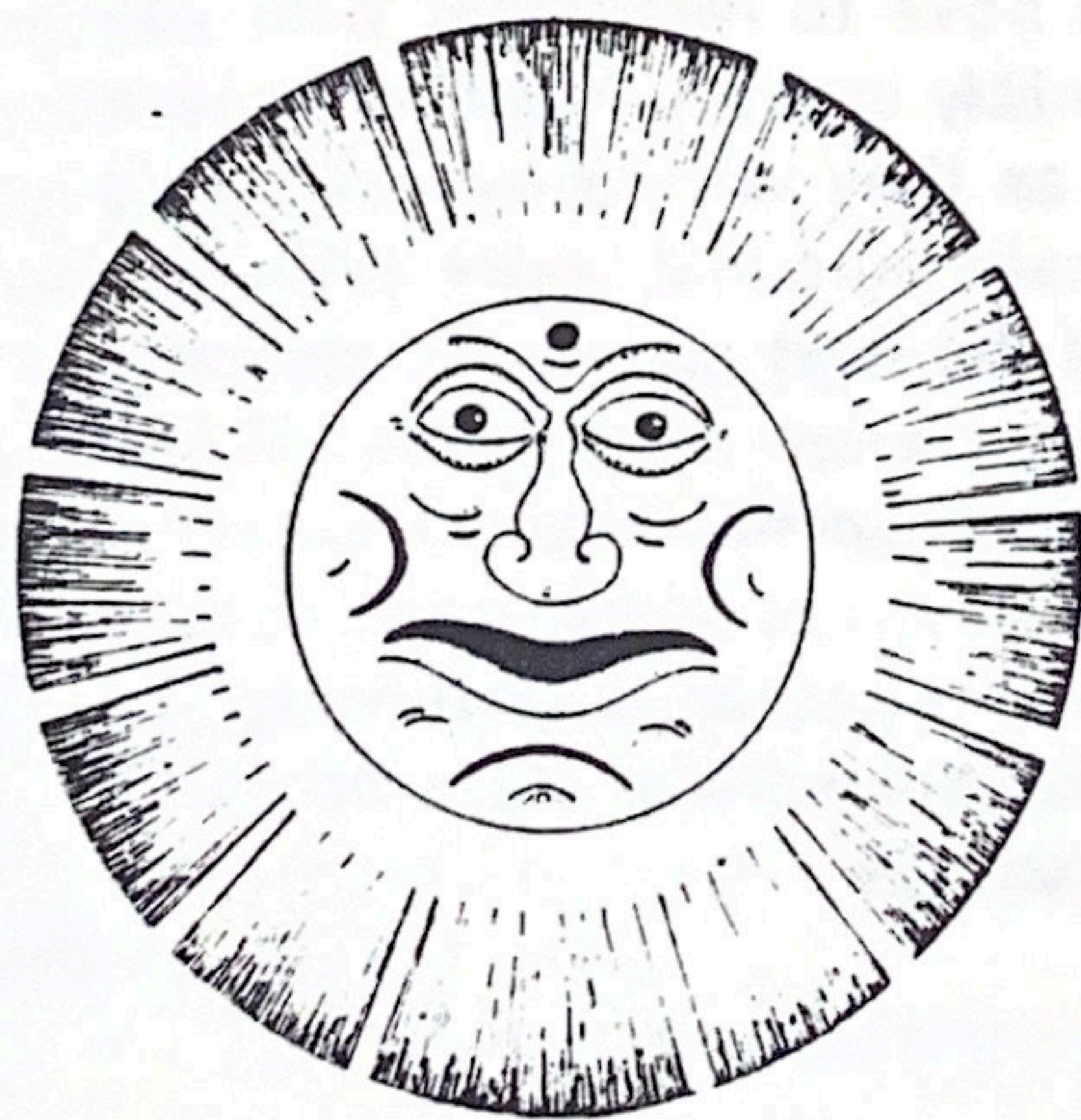
"..they came down and
played a few crap sets..."

Oz is asked back to Jump for the first time in a long while (it must be those 'few crap sets') and we look forward to a night of bangin' tunes, inna London stylee. Taking young(ish) AJ along for the ride (missus), Oz is first on in the upstairs 'chill room'. For those of you that've been to the 414 before, it's not the same dingy club of yore. Tony, the main man, has invested quite a lot of time and money in the place (not before time?). The rig is new and sounds good, and the lights are most impressive for such a small space. Even the bogs have started to be done up! Still no running water though, so a bit uncomfortable if you want a shit.

Oz keeps it chilled and pumpny upstairs and AJ slips the odd one in too. Downstairs the bpm's have rapidly risen from the 160 that opened the evening. Young(?) men dance with their tops off, punching the air, hormonally. Upstairs

some nicely dressed young ladies bounce around receptively. AJ eyes them up appreciatively. Oz waves his fag and Gap hides in the corner a-top a table, yawning. The place soon fills up and before no time at all, Grub is here to perform for his admirers. The bpm rapidly rises through the stratosphere and he bounces around enthusiastically behind the decks.

Downstairs things have reached an ear crunching plateau. Tim, hot and sweat drenched as ever. Melissa and Andy can be spotted throbbing amongst the throng. AJ is in the corner shaking his head. After a brief conversation we decide to go and save ourselves for the activities the following night. Personally I liked Jump when they were fluffy. Now it's just too fucking hard. But that's just personally. Everyone who was there seemed to be enjoying themselves. We leave without collecting Oz's money as he can't find Tim and we can't be fucked to wait, and sleepily pile into the Chwe mobile. In no time at all we're back in Fluff-ville and soon our sleepy heads are snuggled in our pillows and we dream of a magical world where parties go on for weeks on end, fuelled by top notch essentials playing deep groovy sounds....



Lace (Curtains) dangling foreskin of uncircumcised penis. Synonyms: *blinds, curtains, drapes*. "My dear, there was so much dust on those drapes that I'd sneeze when I got near him." *Opera capes, onion skin, goat skin*. Related terms: ***Draw the blind*** to pull back the foreskin. *Ride a blind piece* to fellate an uncircumcised man.

Sunday 31st December
Oz, Jes, Timo
Deep Space, Legends

'..somewhat crumpled..'

New Years eve, the most over rated night out of the year. It's *always* cack. With so many parties fighting for your attention you can guarantee that every one will end up going to different ones. And there'll also be loads of dickheads out drinking for the first time since last year, that will try to kiss you in the immediate few hours near midnight. Fuck right off.

Anyway, this new year didn't start particularly well for a certain aging tVC-er. She fucking crashed the fucking car, din' she. With a car load of male 'experts' there along for the ride. Giving them an excuse to reflect on their obvious superiority in all things 'cars'. Driving ridiculously fast (so what's new there then?) for the wet and foggy conditions, she approached a round-a-bout too fast and drove smack into the sign in the middle. Whoops. Oz remained ominously silent. Now Ey giggled admiringly. Ooch didn't even notice (until 10 minutes later when he found himself changing the wheel). The vibe most definitely altered. No one was hurt, but the bonnet looked somewhat crumpled.

There was no one around, so hurriedly we started the engine and drove off, before the police spotted us, and surveyed the damage. The bonnet was *quite* crumpled and the front tyre pierced. Luckily we had a spare... although unfortunately we didn't have any tools. Gap ran off to a nearby garage to buy a wheel wrench. The lads stayed by the car, guffawing. Gap

returned, san wheel wrench. Shit. It was nearly 11 and we were a few miles from the club. Gap ran back to the garage and phoned a taxi. Whilst waiting for it to come, Creaky and Offwat were spotted driving towards us and Now Ey jumped out and waved them down. Creaky had a wheel wrench. Hurrah.

The taxi turned up and whisked Oz off, while we tried to change the tyre without getting oil all over our posh club clobber (jeans and trainers). The police pull up and Gap puts on her best 'dizzy little house wife out in hubbys car' act. After being reassured that we're just changing a flatty they drive off, despite the grass verge being scattered with bits of rig for the party after. Wheel on, we continue our journey, covered in mud and oil.

When we arrive at the club, the boys rush in. Gap is stopped by the tossy bouncers, who, surprise, surprise, won't let her in. 'Six quid' the massively un-smiling 'female' grunts. 'I'm the DJ's girlfriend' (sad, I know). 'So, he's already had one person in'. 'So, I'm his girlfriend and I'm not paying. It's the only perk of the job.' 'You'll have to pay. One guest per DJ.' Then they took her car keys while she went in the club to hassle Oz to get her in. Still they wouldn't let her in. So Tim hassled them and they still wouldn't let her in. So Oz's guest had to be dragged out to pay. Nice start. Then they wanted to search her. For 5 minutes. Arseholes. Stress.

Finally getting in we had to put up with the horrendous distortion coming from the rig. Sounding particularly bad it was quite impossible to tell what record was being played and when so I can't really comment on the sets, although the tapes sound good. You may as well have been standing next to a body builder with a steroid habit banging a biscuit tin with a wooden stick.

Nice. However not being ones to let such 'minor' details spoil our fun we headed quickly towards oblivion.

The night turned out to be Timo's final one at the helm(et). Due to increasingly being undermined, he decided finally to part company with the owners and conserve his energies for Wiggy. As 12 dawned we looked forward to another year of mayhem and tried to avoid being kissed by pissed up chavs, (Kevin and co). Some left early not being able to put up with the strangled sounds emerging from the rig any longer, the rest of us waited impatiently for the party after. Chunky and Chunkess waited excitedly to jet off to warmer climes and shag.

The party after? Mellow. Drunken. Small. Fun. Excessive. Melissa. AJ with a bevvvy of young beauties eager to mend his broken heart, stroking his hand across the speaker.... Cheers to Mungo for having us. See you next year?

7th Heaven
Thursday 4th January
Al Jay and Liam

"..glad to be crap.."

After the exaggerated excesses of the last years, we dragged our rave -ished carcasses along to the club, really rather preferring to stay at home and watch TOTP's and Eastenders instead of having fun with our friends. For the first time in nearly 2 years I just couldn't be arsed and felt like indulging in nothing more than a cup of herb tea and an organic flapjack or two.

No such luck. Duty beckons and all that tosh. Expecting a quiet night, we sat in the corner, supping beer hopefully, expounding expansively on the meaning of life, whilst Lard and Spiritch (Little and Large) cracked the whip and had themselves a damn good spank.

Numbers wise it was the quietest night ever, but this was good for all our creaky old limbs as we could stagger around in crap impressions of people out having a laff without being witnessed by the arrogant eye of youth. Glad to be crap and wrinkled in all the right places. The deep and dirty spanking the boys gave us, acting as a life restoring elixir of, if not youth, of younger, fitter days. We put thoughts of pain racked limbs behind us, as we supped yet more beer and looked forward to unconsciousness. Happy New Year? Let's see..

7th Heaven
Thursday 18th January
The Lazies

"..sausage.."

Message, sausage, loveage, chunkage, pillage, cabbage, pumpage, stompage, lumpage, luggage, drinkage, funage, sewage, swillage, fluffage, rummage, scrumage, plumage, swaggerage, lushage, smokeage, deepage, smellage, overage, underage, glowage, bandage, passage, mashage, homage. *frottage*

DEEP UNITY

new house releases

Cos we've been a little, er, celebratory the past month or so and what with somehow forgetting to publish Tangentopoli in January (life on the fanzine frontline or what) the releases have been building up high on the turntables here at tVC HQ. So without further ado let's get cracking and give you our recommendations... with not a little help from guest reviewer Al-Jay (who sticks in a few of his faves as well).

SPANISH RITUALS - MORIR SONANDO (STRICTLY RHYTHM, US) Another solid serious groove from Mike Delgado this time with partner Dirty Harry. Inspiration is drawn from Sueno Latino. Tastfully done. Will please on the harder and grooved up floors. SOLID!

KERRY "KAOS" CHANDLER - RAW GROOVES E.P (LARGE, US) Kerry Chandler provides a fierce chunky dub groove 4 tracker. No gimmicks, fluffy dice or go-faster stripes here. Strong is the only way to describe this underground cut. Four tracks that deliver. Rough house muzik! You better fight for this one.

SWING 52 - THE JOY YOU BRING (CUTTING, US) Follow up to the colour of my skin much in the same style. Taken from the forthcoming Swing 52 album. Arnold Jarvis delivers his usual quality, deep, loving vocal. Nice guitars, flute and rolling organs. Music with a message. Also check out the dubs and bonus beats.

DJ DUKE - HOT FOR YOU (POWER, US) DJ Duke takes a side step into more melodic territory and is all the better for

it. The main mix has familiar Willy Ninja "hot for you!" samples, but for the real action head for the deep side. Minimal house beats with nice trumpet riffs drifting somewhere overhead.

CHRIS + DERRICK - "AM" (ORGANICO, US) The real shit from Chicago's Derrick Carter + Chris Nazuka. The new school boys in old school acid mood. An epic journey, subtle acid, deep bass and jazz elements are carefully constructed to give a superb late night, sunrise surprise.

MEPHISTO ODDESSY - THE MOTIVE (MEPHISTO RECORDS, US) Bistro house at it's best. A jazzy affair using live sax, bass, and Santana-esque guitar solo's. Nice instrumental.

DANGEROUS MINDS - LIVE IN UNITY (LIQUID GROOVE, US) Mike Delgado at it again this time with Matthais Heilbron for Deep Zone Productions. Consisting of 2 hard garage vocals imploring us to live in unity and 2 rough dubs that rock. Essential! Also look out for a double pack of remixes going around from "the guvnor" himself and Deep Dish.

THE MIRROR BALL PROJECT (CHOICE, US) Epic deep house large style. Takes it way down there, lusher around deliciously then brings it back tribal tinged all the way home.

YOSHI TOSHI ARTISTS - IN HOUSE WE TRUST (TRIBAL UK) Dished Out Bums and A Glass of Chianti a firm fave on the tVC decks. Dubfire and Sharman, natch, record in Maryland. Other tracks, if anything, show diversity in rhythms, deep dished out by the yoshies.

WARREN CLARKE - UNRELEASED DUBS (ZEST 4 LIFE, UK) Another strong stabby, funky 4 tracker from Zest 4 Life. All useful garage dubs.

THE SPECIALIST - DANCIN FOR DAZE E.P (ZEST FOR LIFE, UK) This is gettin repetative, but it's got to be said; another reasonably strong UK four tracker!

OFF THE SHELF - VOL 2 (AFTER HOURS ONLY, UK) Deep house UK. Four tracks to please. Sometimes hard, sometimes deep, sometimes funky!

AQUA BASSINO - THE SWIRL E.P (F-COMMUNICATIONS, Fr) Deep house from Scotland courtesy of new boy Jason Robertson. A beautiful slice of early Pierre inspired deepness. Subtle 303 with dubby synth riffs on track 1. 2 and 4 keep it deep. Sweet.

HERBS+SPICES

E.P - (FRESHLY SQUEEZED, US)

More wicked cuts from the west coast funksters in San Francisco. Funky techno house with a deep groove and rough drums. Four tracker. Rock the house.

JOE ROBERTS-

HAPPY DAYS

(GRASSROOTS

UK) Vocal inspira-

tion from Joe

Roberts over a

jazzy dubby uplift-

ing house cut. The

dub also hits the

spot. Big.

BROOKLYN FRIENDS - PHILADEL-

PHIA (NITE GROOVES US) A real who's

who of New York production talent comes

together to serve up this massive slice of

US house. David Morales back at his

best, aided by Brooklyn Friends Satoshi

Tomiie, Terry Burrus and Peter Daou.

Complex drum patterns roll over a warm

funky bass tinged with euphoric flute lines

and horn stabs. 3 mixes, all good, but

head for the 13 minute D.M. Experience.

Fucking Huge.

MALAWI ROCKS feat SIMON - MUSIC IS MY FLOWER (NITE GROOVES, US)

Nitegroove 33. A hard one to get hold of but worth the hunt. You can feel the love that's went into this one. Very much a Timo tune, poetry in motion. It's a classic.

PRESENCE - THE PRESENCE E.P (REMOTE, UK) The launch of a new

British label, the first offering from Charles Webster. Four tracks of deep

underground house that just percolates that Love from San Fran groove.

JETAIME -

DONT WAIT

(KULT, US)

Keeping with

their recent run

of solid tracks. A

pretty dubby

affair with funky

sax loops. 95

north produce

the better side

with a vocal and

dub mix to tickle

your taste bud!

TECHNIQUE -

VOL - 57th EDI-

TION (NITE-

GROOVES, US)

Nitegrooves 37

is a deep jazzy, gospel, pumping, 3 tracker. Lovely. Hisha Ishioke produces.

JOHNNY FIASCO - SPECTRUM EP

(PENETRATE, CAN) Tribal percussion

and African chanting kick off "All Over".

"Cycle" is darker but never scary, more

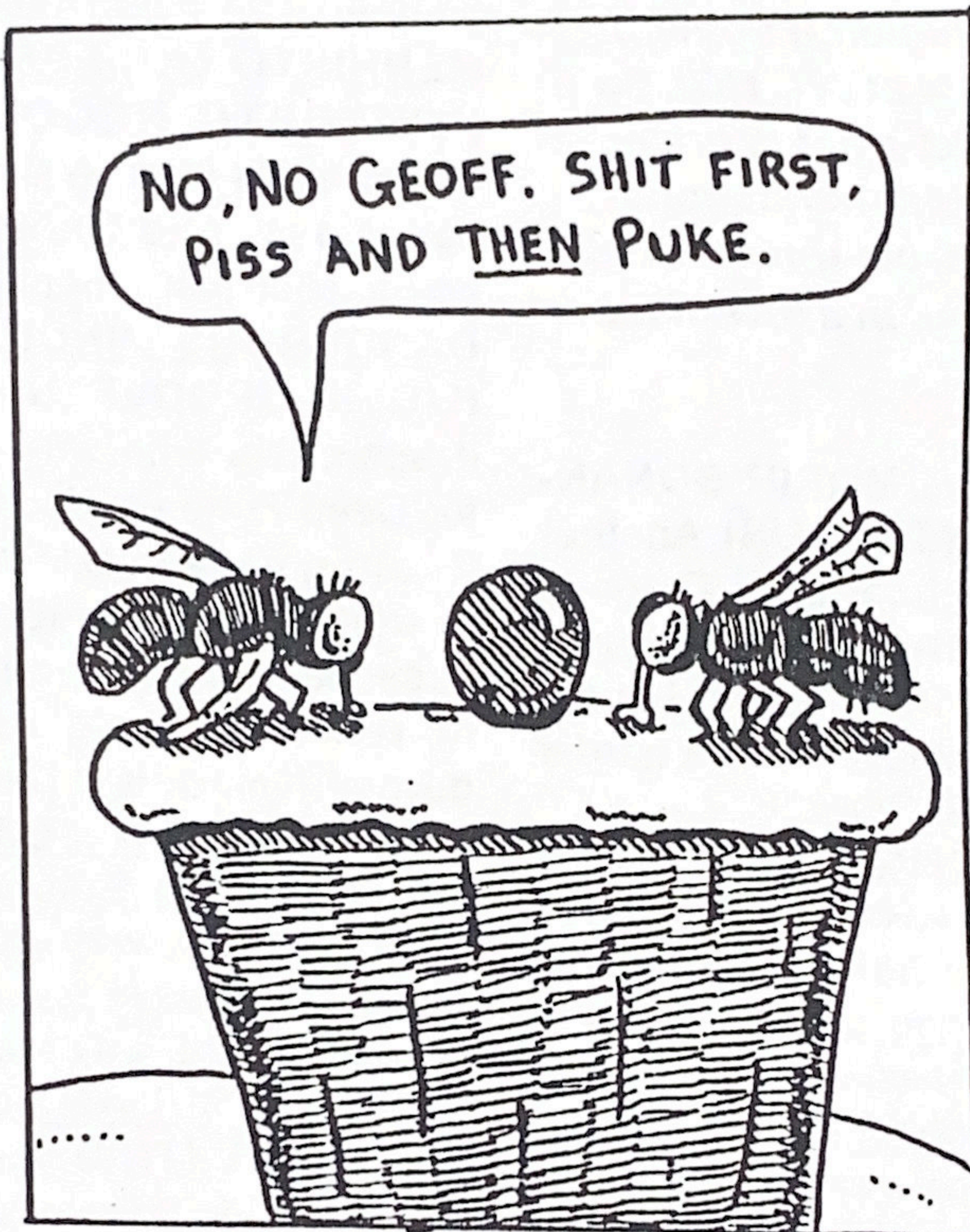
familiar industrial overdrone, looped,

squelched. Builds slowly if repetitively for

that perfect deep house trance out.

Summer's on the way. Recommended.

FIASCO - FAT COW (HOT CAKE PRO-



DUCTIONS, UK) By spooky coincidence the next tune in the pile is by the unconnected Fiasco of Laj and Quaterman for UK house label Hot Cake Productions. Two tracks; "Fat Cow" loops with distorted funk guitar way way in the mix, crisp drums keep it clean. "Nu-energy" touches add atmosphere. After the breakdown it whips out its credentials and reveals its full funk out potential. Phew. "Hot Cake" provides a nice early morning skip for the chugger buggers that'll, er, "let 'em 'ave it" as wacky Walt might ruminare.

THE JAZZ GROOVE SYNDICATE - A TOUCH OF JAZZ (JAZZ CLUB, US) Breaking open the shrinkwrap seal on this double pack out of New Jersey my heart went all a flutter. So, as the February sun gently warmed my back through the window "A Touch of Jazz" the "Jazzee House Ride Mix" was tentatively placed onto the 1200. Cool vibes filled the air and indeed the whole 46 minutes or so of this experience. What can only be described as essential after hours bistro house listening for the clubbed out class of '96. Richard G, Julius Papp, Jeffrey Collins take a bow as the tune drops most firmly into the "bloody expensive but must buy" pile.

DJ MARK LEWIS - HOUSE OF LOVE 2 EP (VGR, US) Mark Lewis, Byron De Lear and A Plus and Pee We "pay respect to the LA underground, Mother Earth and DJ's that keep the faith" on the record label. A melancholy, mellow groove heralds the arrival of the old simple yet devastating piano riff before jetting us off into a funky groove with great spacey stabs. All good clean sunrise fun from the west coast boys on what looks like the first release on a new label.

DJUL'Z AND ZE RUDE WAITER - FRENCH DRESSING (SM:)E, US) DJ Djul'z and Olivier Abitbol (aka Ze Rude Waiter) give us, on 10" blue vinyl (yawn),

a very deep edged pounder with what sounds a little like that French accordion (or Augustus Pablo melodica) interspersed through a deep, chunky missive of not inconsequential dancefloor power.

REFLECTION feat LAURA ALFORD - NEVER STOP (SUBURBAN, US) Has to be tune of the month just for the devastation caused by the killer B. Essential.

THE NICK JONES PROJECT - IMANI (SMACK MUSIC, US)

Had this top white label promo. Wrote down the title then took it clubbing for a good weekends spanking out and about on the circuit before doing the review. You know, to get a feel for the tune and maybe write about the crowd reaction and shit like that. Unfortunatley some fucker swiped it out of my box and it never really got a play. So it must have been a goody. If you're out there and reading this: "twat".

DRIVETRAIN - ACID REMIXES (SOIREE, US) Epic, guitar led smokey late AM slice of gorgeousness. Pumping that left field brass soaked jazz tip lovliness. Multi layers, understated builds and breaks. Satisfies the vibe.

PALERMO - I WANT YOU (BOMB, UK)
THE \$ PROJECT - RELEASE YOURSELF (RUFF DEF', UK)

A couple of well solid UK's for your attention. Palermo give a nice chunky garage groove whilst The \$ Project, US influenced, pump it down to an altogether more sophisticated level. Check.

BIG C - THE DAWN (S4G, UK) Skinny Malinky's Beat Foundation are behind this latest proffering from the DiY stable. Two well groovy mixes don't go wrong but it's Digs and Woosh who dish the deep techno delights. Playing it down tVC's sunday chill sesh provoked much label scrutinisation from the other DJ's whilst the crowd chugged and smiled most effectively. Strictly for Groovers don't ya know.

continues next ish...

TVC DIARY

SUNDAY 3RD MARCH

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE at *The Ship, 1 West St., Faversham.* 8am - 6pm. Free.

Uncle Walt opens at 8am if there's been parties the night before (when isn't there?). Music from tVC residents **TIMO** and **AL-JAY** keep it deep and fluffy and with guest DJ **ADAM** from Chunky it's gonna be a goody.

SWILL DOWN at *The East Kent, Whitstable.* 7 - 10.30. Free.

Keeping the groove going we move to Whitstable. Spot the up and coming DJ's bonding profusely and one or two of the big guns finishing the night off. Mine host Max, our humble compadre, keeps it all the right side of lunacy. Just.

THURSDAY 7TH MARCH

'76 REUNION at *Alberries, Canterbury.* 9pm - 1am. 2 pounds. Basement wine bar provides the space. **LIAM**, **ED** and **AL-JAY** provide the residents. Expect the usual deep grooves accompanied by the gargling of much over priced designer beer. And that's just Mikee

SATURDAY 9TH MARCH

CHUNKY at *the Pier One Club, 91 Kingsland High St, London E8.* 11pm - 6am. 6 pounds.

Ooh yes! Deep chunky house in London. Mainman **JES** is accompanied by Chunky regulars **ADAM** and **OZ** for that cool, let's get blown away vibe, that only a Chunky party can give. Go on. Lush it up.

SUNDAY 10TH MARCH

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE at *The Ship, 1 West St., Faversham.* 8am - 6pm. Free.

The Chill Sesh has guest **SIMON STONEHOUSE** hoeing in on down. **SWILL DOWN** at *The East Kent, Whitstable.* 7 - 10.30. Free.

THURSDAY 14TH MARCH

7TH HEAVEN at *The Works, Canterbury.* 9pm - 2am. 3 pounds. Special guest **MUTLEY** from Pendragon guests with **OZ** providing support. Hot and pumpny action.

FRIDAY MARCH 22ND

MORE TEA VICAR at *Chilford Hall, Linton, Cambridgeshire.* 9pm - 6am. 15 pounds.

3 Tudor barns in a 50 acre vineyard provides the setting for the second of **GRANT PLANTS** More Tea... parties. **OZ** and **TIMO** from you know where in the sunday school barn with **JAY HANNON** and **KAMA KAMA**. Various premier league players sort out the pulpit barn including **PAUL "trouble" ANDERSON** and **GRAEME PARK**. In the confession box are **VIGI**, **DAVE BERGIN** and **BEN MORRIS**. A **FREE** return coach from Kent for the *first* 50 people to pay Oz. Hurry while stocks last.

THURSDAY 21ST MARCH

'76 REUNION at *Alberries, Canterbury.* 9pm - 1am. 2 pounds. **MICK ROACH** from Back to Basics is the guest joining **LIAM**, **ED** and **AL** for more deep delights. He's also the guest at the **SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE** knees down on Sun 24th March at the Ship, Faversham See ya there!