

issue 33

free to free party people

june 96

the newsletter of tVC
sound system, kent

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**FREE TAPE!!!
ON PAGE 40**

WANTED FOR THE

Police chiefs want anti-terror squad to spy on green activists

Move urged as frustration grows over anti-roads campaigners

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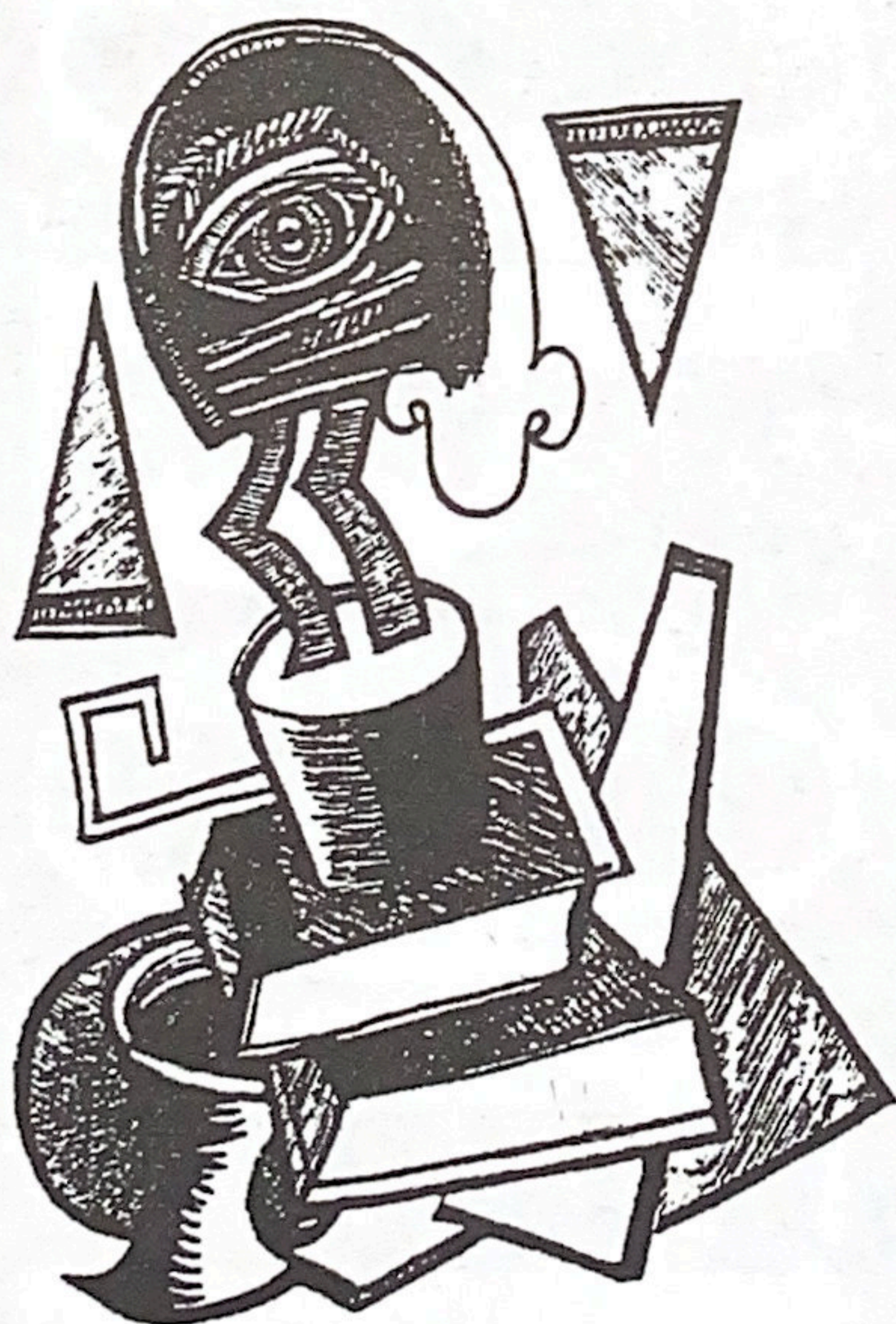
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He also charges the shadow home secretary, Jack Straw, with moral cowardice in endorsing discredited Victorian values and being fearful of breaking the consensus on crime and punishment.

Mr Alderson, makes his allegations in the May issue of the socialist magazine, Red Pepper. "Politicians at the moment seem locked in a vicious spiral of building more prisons and incarcerating more people who will later come out and commit more crime," he says.

His most sinister predictions concern the security service, MI5. He describes its new role in combating organised crime as "one of the most worrying developments of modern times. It is fatal to let the secret service into the area of ordinary crime," he says, because of its unaccountability.

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Self-contained addiction

What's so criminal about taking addictive drugs? The term "substance abuse" suggests sympathy for the unhappy substance being abused. But the true motive is less elevated. We sense that pleasure should only be doled out as a reward for socially useful activities like working, buying and selling things or doing good. Someone who gets pleasure for free, by a simple injection or inhalation, is dodging the work ethic which enslaves the rest of us. And it isn't fair.

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So I suggest a variation. Some diseases may soon be curable by "gene therapy". A few living cells are taken from the patient's body and cultured in a Petri dish. A new or improved gene is put into them. They are then implanted back into the patient, where they settle down as before. Thereafter, however, they release continuously the biochemical the gene has "taught" them to make. With luck, it cures the disease. That's the hope anyway.

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ers the Government sought. "It is quite outrageous that here we have two very serious incursions into people's normal civil liberties and we're only going to have two hours to discuss them".

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- Stop and search pedestrians;
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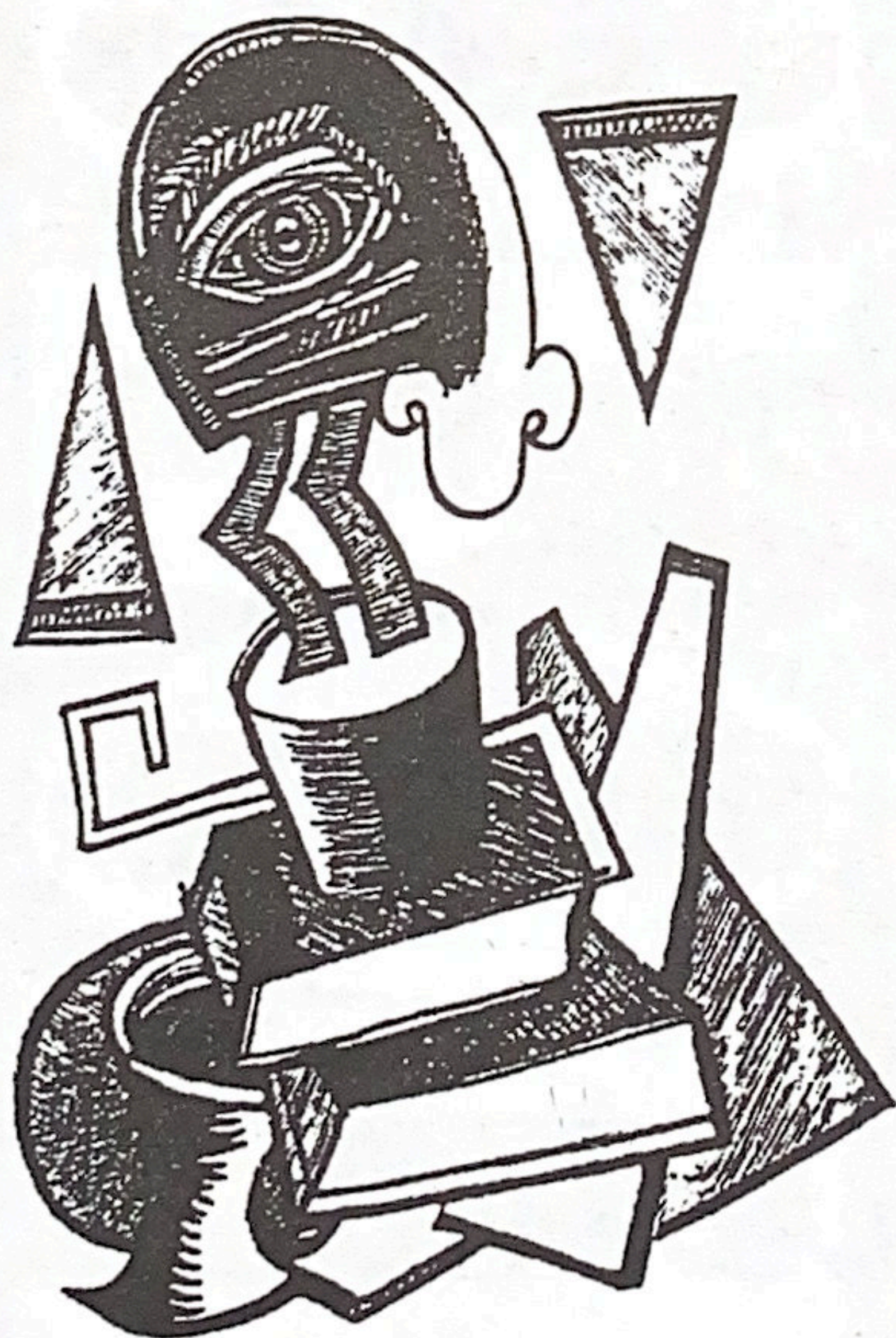
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Prison visit curbs

'to cut drug supply'

Thousands of prisoners face restrictions on their visits as part of a new package of measures to tackle the growing problem of drugs abuse in Britain's jails, the Home Secretary declared in mid March.

Prisoners who test positive during the mandatory drugs programme now in operation in 120 jails will be allowed only closed or non-contact visits until they can prove they are 'clean'.

Nearly a third of prisoners so far have tested positive, mostly for cannabis, although heroin and other Class A drugs are in regular use.

A sixth month pilot scheme, involving 9 prisons started in April, and will end all open visits for inmates known or suspected of misusing, trafficking or supplying drugs in prison. Only visits from solicitors, police officers and MP's will be exempt.

Both non-contact visits and the American style closed visits will be tried in the pilot schemes. In a non-contact visit the inmate is seated some distance from the visitor and banned from touching, or passing any items.

In a closed visit the inmate meets family behind a glass screen and talks to them through a telephone. The system was introduced into Britain for maximum security inmates after the armed I.R.A. escape attempt at Whitemoor prison two years ago.

Penal reform groups questioned whether the measures would be effective in preventing illegal drugs getting into prison and suggested the loss of physical contact with partners and children might be a breach of the European Convention on Human Rights provisions on the right to privacy and a family life.

At the same time drug treatment programmes, including detoxification, and counselling, now under way in about 20 jails, will be extended to a further 22 prisons.

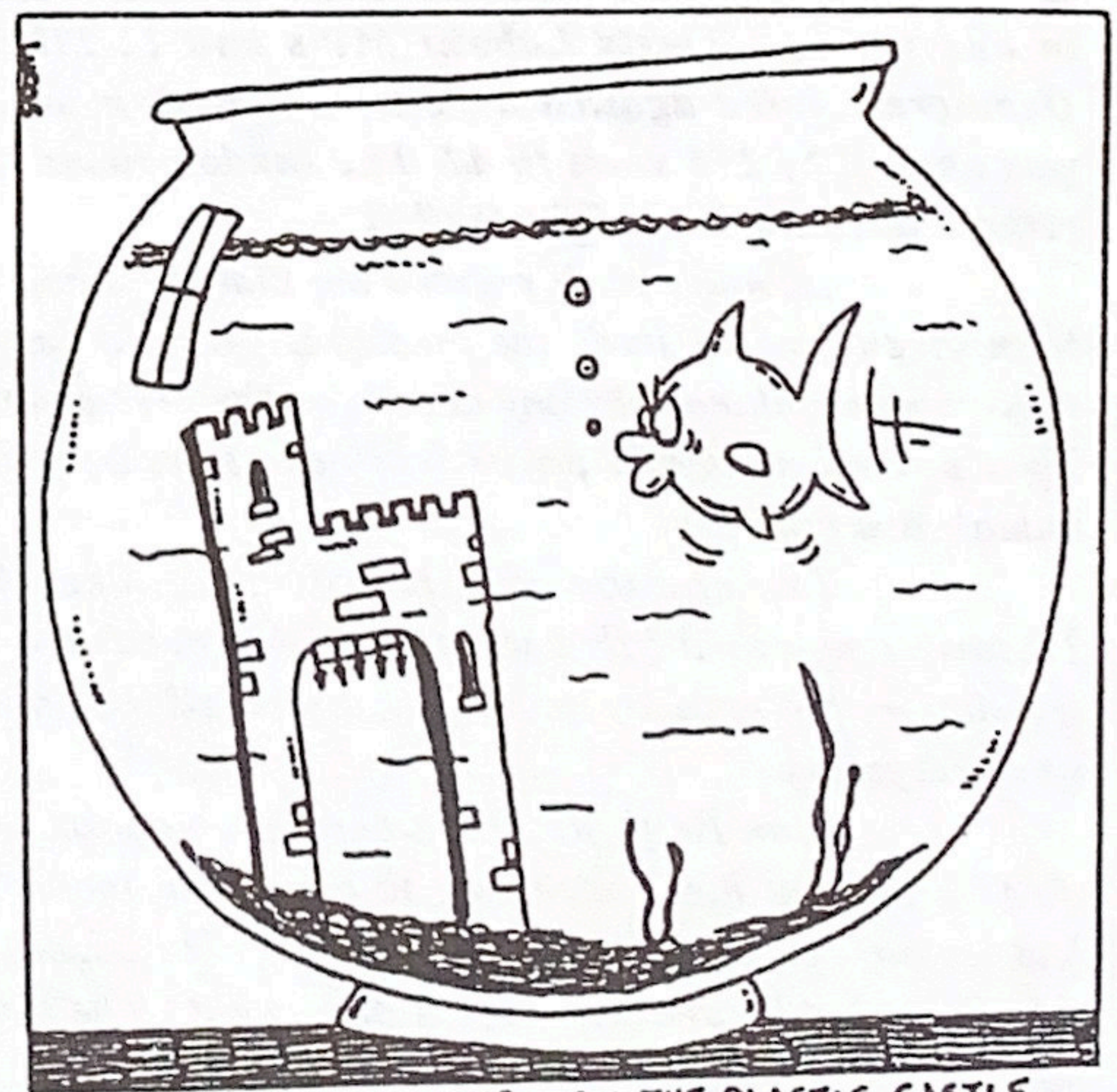
The Prison reform Trust's deputy director, Nick Flynn, said the cost implications of the extra monitoring of visits, and the restrictions on prisoners rights to have physical contact with their children and wives, made nonsense of the initiative.

Ball games

What is your chance of winning the lottery jackpot? Let us eavesdrop on the British public as the numbers are drawn. Here comes the first ball: all punters who did not choose that number are immediately out of the running. There are six ways to be right out of 49 choices, so on average only 6/49 of the population remains in the game. One reason for betting on the lottery is the excitement of the draw - well, roughly six people out of seven get very little excitement. Here comes the second ball: surviving punters have five chances out of 48 of getting this one right (they have five chances left and one ball has been drawn already). Now only one person in 80 has any interest in the jackpot. Ball three reduces the interested population by a factor of 4/47, and one person in 921 survives. So halfway into the draw, of the 20 million watching, only 20,000 still have jackpot hopes. Ball four reduces this by 3/46 and we are down to one person in 14,125; ball five cuts the numbers by 2/45 and only one player in 317,814 remains. Finally the sixth ball reduces the survivors by 1/44 and only one person in 13,983,816 is left.

That's your chance of winning: roughly one in 14 million. Yeah, sure, but it's a big prize, innit?

Ian Stewart, professor of mathematics at Warwick University.



"RIGHT. I'VE SWUM THROUGH THE PLASTIC CASTLE FOUR TIMES. NOW WHAT THE FUCK SHALL I DO?"

Cocaine jab beats addiction

*New generation of vaccines may help in
fight against drug and nicotine abuse*

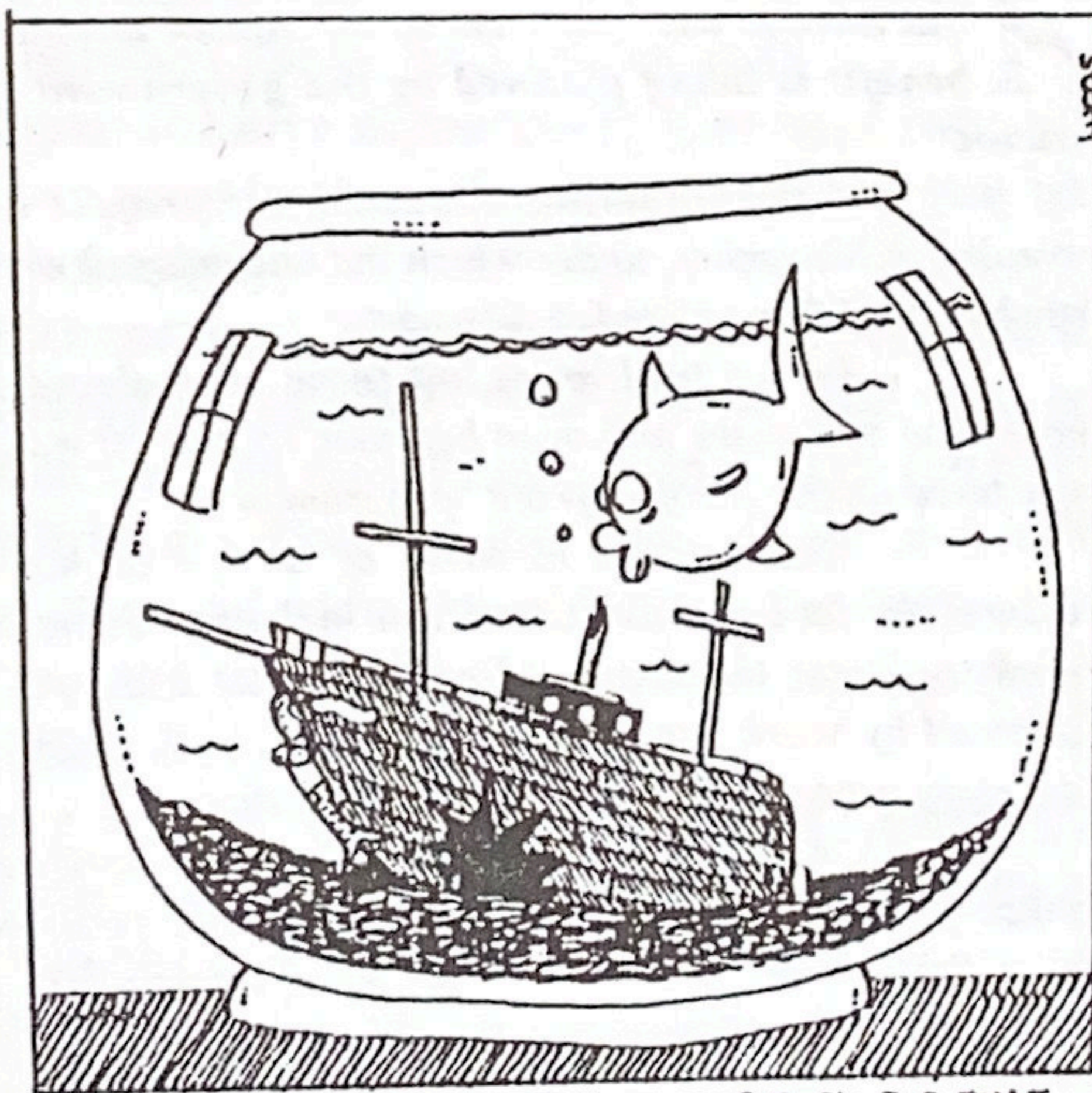
Doctors are planning to test a cocaine vaccine on human volunteers. The 'anti-coke' or 'crack shot' could be the fore-runner of a new generation of vaccines, transforming the treatment of drug abuse - from marijuana to nicotine.

The revolutionary shot, which like other vaccines provokes an immune response with antibodies, is made by attaching a protein molecule to cocaine. This is then injected into the body. Cocaine antibodies bind to and neutralise their target so the drug has no effect.

Research has been built around two strands. 'Active vaccination' is designed to make the body produce its own cocaine antibodies and is longer lasting. 'Passive vaccination' involves injecting antibodies into the body and lasts for as long as the treatment is effective. At the moment the 'active vaccine' only, is being pursued.

The vaccine has been developed by US based ImmuLogic in Waltham, Massachusetts. Announcement of the trials by the American Society of Addiction Medicine in Atlanta, Georgia, last week, led to speculation that the 'crack shot' could be the key to a new broadside in the drugs war. Vaccines could be as revolutionary against drug abuse as they were against smallpox and measles. Doctors envisage the emergence of 'combination vaccines' against several drugs - say cocaine, marijuana and ecstasy.

The trials have yet to be cleared by the US Food and Drugs Administration.



THIS IS A GOLDFISH BOWL. HOW THE FUCK DID THAT
GET THERE ?!!

Claimant's Action News Against The Jobseekers Allowance

In case you didn't know....

The Jobseekers Allowance is another vicious attack on the welfare state, which will have important implications. Not only for the unemployed but also for those in work.

From October, Income Support and Unemployment Benefit will be abolished and be replaced by a single benefit - the Jobseekers Allowance. It will merge job centres with the D.S.S. and involve;

Benefit cuts:

Unemployment benefit, which presently lasts for a year and is paid for through N.I. contributions, will be replaced by contributory J.S.A. and last for only 6 months. After this claimants will face means testing and possible disqualification. There will be no reduction in N.I. contributions, indeed they have increased by over 50% since 1979.

18-24 year olds will suffer a 20% cut on their present unemployment benefit.

Benefits can be lost for up to 6 months if you voluntarily leave a job, if you are sacked, refuse a job or fail to make yourself available for work.

People whose partners work more than 24 hours a week will not get means-tested J.S.A. and even a partner's part-time earnings will be taken into account. Redundancy payments and other savings will be used to reduce or deny benefits.

Active signing

You will have to provide evidence of jobsearch activity every time you sign on.

Jobseekers agreement

You will have to make an agreement with the Employment Service as to how and when you are going to look for work. No agreement, no money.

Failure to keep to the 'agreement', i.e. not applying for a job when told to, or not going for an interview, can lead to loss of J.S.A. for up to 6 months with reduced access to hardship allowance.

An ES bonus scheme for staff who deny someone benefits is already causing anger.

Part time students

Part time students studying for more than 16 hours of 'guided learning' per week will not be considered to be actively seeking work (a cut from the current 21 hours) and will therefore get no J.S.A.

Take that job

You have 13 weeks to find a job within your trade or profession, after that you will be ordered to take up any job offer, irrelevant of pay, conditions, environmental or ethical concerns.

Orders for job seekers

ES staff can order you to make yourself more presentable and to take part in training courses. Failure to comply will

result in the loss of 2-4 weeks benefit.

These powers are designed to hassle claimants into competing for low paid work, so that they undermine the level of pay and conditions in the labour market.

Despite its name, the Jobseekers Act (the legislation by which the J.S.A. is being introduced) does nothing for 'job-seekers'. Neither the J.S.A. nor the Jobseekers Act create a single job! On the contrary, with this 'simplification' of the benefit system the government is hoping to make more than 10,000 workers redundant in the D.S.S. and the Employment Service.

The exercise of these powers falls largely to the front line staff and their immediate superiors. Cameras are being installed in Job Centres, for increased security on one hand, but also to monitor the workers, to check they are working hard enough. 'Performance related pay' is being introduced to the Job Centres, stepping up the pressure on the workers so they can not afford to be sympathetic to the real needs of the unemployed.

Now, with the J.S.A., the government will have the power to withdraw the entitlement to basic benefits from large swathes of the unemployed who they deem don't conform to the needs of the capitalist system. Thus those who have recently been on the receiving end of the C.J.A. will find not only their lifestyles under attack, but also their very means of subsistence.

The J.S.A. does not affect only those on the dole. By attacking the welfare state and increasing social insecurity the government hopes to create a low wage/high profit economy. With people desperate to find work, whatever the pay or conditions, employers will be able to pressure those in work to accept worse pay and conditions or risk being replaced by someone who will.

The J.S.A. is thus an attack on the whole working class, working or not. It is an attack on benefit claimers and Employment Service employees, and as such has been being met by an increasing series of strikes around the country by Employment Service employees, joined by claimants! The strikes provide an ideal opportunity for claimants to join the picket lines and start building support for strike action amongst both claimants and dole-workers. If strike action can be escalated, the government may be forced to postpone the starting date of the J.S.A. for a second time.

Draw the links, make the connections. France has shown us the way! (The fourth national meeting against the J.S.A., Groundswell, heard from reps from France, where the unemployed have organised into a movement called 'Enough'. They have successfully campaigned for reduced and free fares on public transport.)

The Low Pay Network has just published a report which highlights how pay levels have fallen since the Wage Councils were abolished in 1993. The proportion of employees earning less than three quid an hour rose between April '94 and April '95.

Low Pay Network, c/o 102 Commercial Street, Batley WF17 5DP. Tel: 01924 443850.

For more info on the J.S.A. send SAE to;

London Against the J.S.A., P.O. Box 3140 London.
They will put you in touch with your local group.

Brighton's Claimant's Action News produces a newsletter "Get Your Hair Cut!!" against the Jobseekers Allowance.

Send SAE to;

Brighton Claimants Action Group

c/o Brighton Unemployed Centre

6 Tilbury Place

Brighton

BN2 2GY

tel:: 01273 - 601211/671213

fax: 01273 - 676471

How to survive the J.S.A.

- **Get clued up.** Pretending to fulfil your agreement is easier if you know what's in it. If you appear to know your stuff, they're less likely to see you as an easy 'quota filler'.
 - **Don't give them an excuse to target you.** Be on time, friendly, confident and 'smartish'.
 - **Don't accept Job Club (unless you want to).** They're bound to find an opening.
 - **Interviews are easy to mess up.** Ask awkward questions, e.g. about the union or the company's ethical practices. Make yourself an undesirable worker. Don't be too keen.
 - **If you are forced into employment remember the possibilities for direct action in the job are endless.**
 - **Lastly... Sort your life out so you can be an activist without relying on benefit.** Form housing co-ops, join local exchange trading systems, look after each other.
- (From EF! Action Update)*

Workfare?

A workfare scheme, under which the unemployed will have to work in order to be entitled to receive benefit is being planned by the government for Britain.

A twelve million pound pilot project was revealed in November, under which the unemployed would lose benefit if they refused to take part.

In two trial areas, all those unemployed for more than two years and aged between 18 and 50 will be registered on the "Project Work" programme.

This involves 13 weeks of 'advice' on how to re-enter the labour market, and will include training and 'work trials' for those deemed needful of it. This will be followed by work experience placements with charities, voluntary organisations or with private industry.

A refusal to attend the mandatory work experience programme will lead to loss of benefit: two weeks for a first offence and four weeks for a second (like the Jobseekers Allowance.)

Although most of the work would be for voluntary organisations, Paul Convery of the Unemployment Unit said: "This is a decisive and clear step towards a comprehensive workfare system." •

Udder theory

Need a little help with political theory? The following definitions are from the Net:

Feudalism: You have two cows. Your lord takes some of the milk.

Pure socialism: You have two cows. The government takes them and puts them in a barn with everyone else's cows. You have to take care of all the cows. The government gives you as much milk as you need.

Bureaucratic socialism: You have two cows. The government takes them and puts them in a barn with everyone else's cows. They are cared for by ex-chicken farmers. You have to take care of the chickens the government took from the chicken farmers. The government gives you as much milk and eggs the regulations say you should need.

Fascism: You have two cows. The government takes both, hires you to take care of them, and sells you the milk.

Pure communism: You have two cows. Your neighbours help you take care of them, and you all share the milk.

Russian communism: You have two cows. You take all the milk.

Cambodian communism: You have two cows. The government takes both and shoots you.

Dictatorship: You have two cows. The government takes both and drafts you.

Pure democracy: You have two cows. Your neighbours decide who gets the milk.

Representative democracy: You have two cows. Your neighbours pick someone to tell you who gets the milk.

Bureaucracy: You have two cows. At first the government regulates what you can feed them and when you can milk them. Then it pays you not to milk them. Then it takes both, shoots one, milks the other and pours the milk down the drain. Then it requires you to fill out forms accounting for the missing cows.

Pure anarchy: You have two cows. Either you sell the milk at a fair price or your neighbours try to take the cows and kill you.

Libertarian anarcho-capitalism: You have two cows. You sell one and buy a bull.

Surrealism: You have two giraffes. The government requires you to take harmonica lessons.

STREET PARTY 96 SATURDAY 13TH JULY A Festival of Resistance!

Remember the London street parties last year? Camden High Street closed to cars and open to people, with free food, free music and freedom to party? Islington's Upper Street reclaimed, where 1000's did it in the road to the sound of repetitive beats, where kids played on the newly laid beach above the tarmac?

Well, it's happening again...! With the state cracking down on unauthorised resistance and 'image politics' providing its usual display simulated change... It's time to have the biggest, freest, most spectacular Street Party yet! A chance to halt the grinding rush for growth. A chance to express the diversity and creativity daily suppressed by the market system.

The support shown for last year's parties by partygoers, sound systems, bands and performers of every description was incredible. If you were involved - nice one! But whether you were or not, the question is:

Do you want to help make it happen this time?? Whether musician, DJ, acrobat, clown, caterer, artist, campaigner, infiltrator, speaker, comic, magician, superhero or just plain interested, contact:

RECLAIM THE STREETS

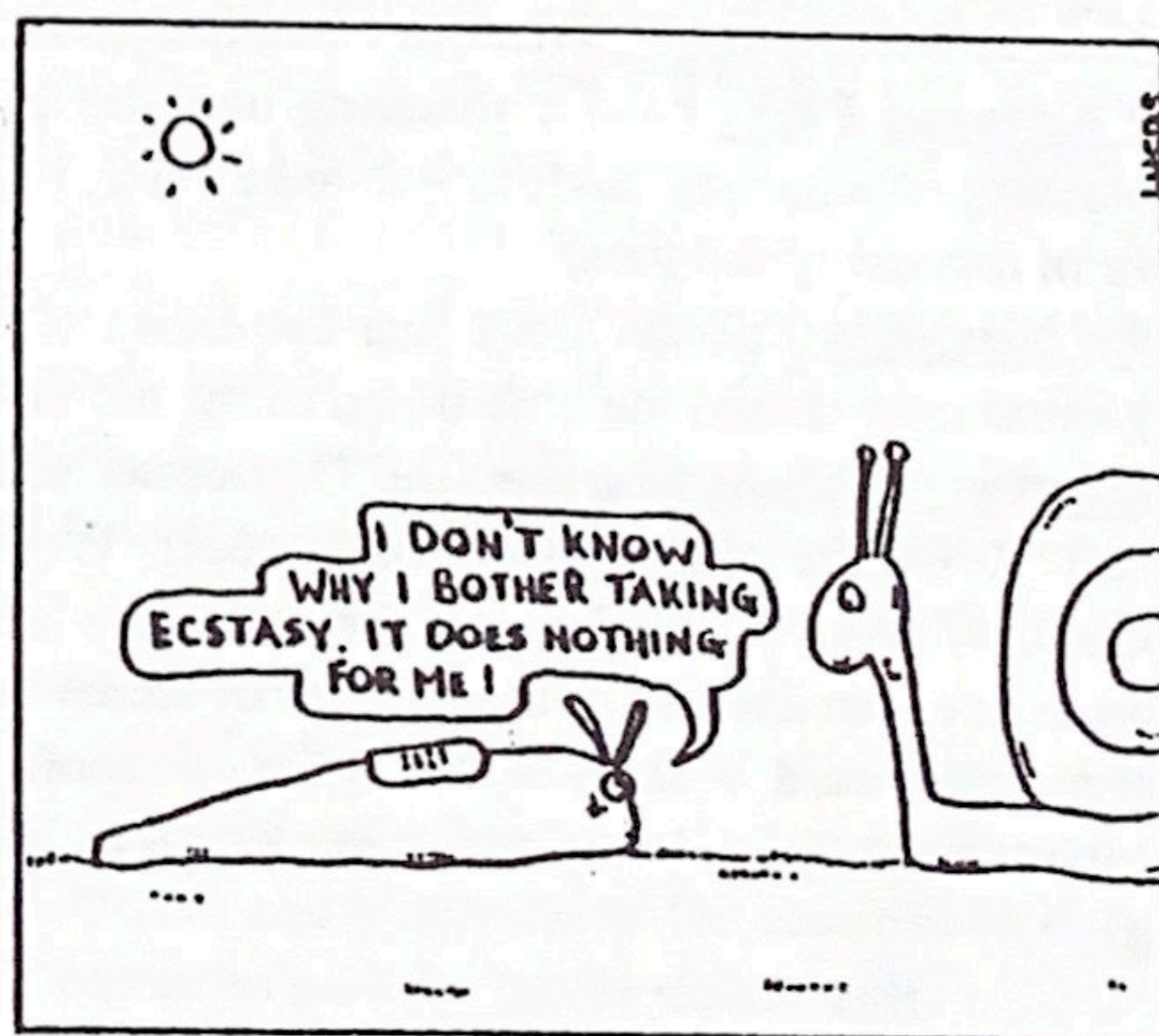
0171 281 4621

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rts@gn.apc.org



Police chief warns of electronic underclass

An electronic underclass, denied access to the Superhighway society, is being created and could cause major problems of crime and disorder, a senior police officer warned yesterday.

While the wealthy will be able to shop, bank, enjoy live entertainment and even vote electronically from home, an alienated group could haunt the wastelands of the future, suggest David Blakely, chief constable of West Mercia and secretary of the Association of Chief Police Officers crime committee.

Writing in the latest ACPO journal, Policing Today, Mr Blakely says that in the future the educated will have the means and skills to access any information in the world." But below that level an electric underclass could be created.

"This underclass will be alienated, denied access to the new society because of lack of education and wealth," he says. "They will haunt the now empty shopping and entertainment areas, causing major problems for the police and for the rest of society." That process is already taking place, he argues.

The Internet is presenting other problems for the police, he says. Shopping and banking on the Internet will attract fraudsters, thieves and money launderers. But only a small number of police officers are trained to detect such crime.

"Recently on the Internet we have seen information about military bases in Northern Ireland and how to make bombs," says Mr Blakely. "The Internet presents the views of the zealot, racist or madman in just as well packaged a way as those of government agencies and churches."

Although legislation, such as The Computer Misuse Act and Data Protection Act, already exists, more laws are likely to be necessary as use of the Internet expands.

•SchNEWS•

•**ARE BACK** with their weekly news-sheet of all things subversive. Just send 1st class stamps (e.g. 20 for the next 20 issues) to SchNEWS, c/o On The Fiddle, P.O. Box 2600, Brighton, East Sussex, BN2 2DX. tel:/fax (01273) 685913. e-mail: justice@intermedia.co.uk e-SchNEWS : <http://www.cbuzz.co.uk>

•**PARTY ON?** The May Bank holiday Tribal Gathering was called off, supposedly because of traffic problems. Ian Blair, Assistant Chief Constable of Thames Valley police, said 'We wish to emphasise that we have no objection whatsoever to music festivals. Our objections were based on the unsuiability of the site.'

•**Help keep SchNEWS afloat!** They have a series of 21 wicked 'n' wild anti-C.J.A. postcards available at the knock down price 30p each or a fiver for all 21 designs.

•**They still have copies of the 'witty and wonderful' SchNEWS Reader**, a compilation of the first 50 issues plus pages of cartoons by Kate Evans, a bargain at four quid. Please send cheques payable to Justice?

•**Wicked new book** 'Senseless Acts of Beauty' by George McKay is published by Verso. Authoritive account of counter-culture from the days of the Windsor Free festivals in the early 70's 'till the present. Well worth a read. Order it from your local library.

•**Tory MP Ian Mills**, piss artist extraordinaire, was found slumped in a doorway in Westminster by a Met police officer. The MP, who campaigned against drink-driving in the past was given a warning for drunkenness.

•**Sky**, a traveller on the road for 13 years, is now detained at Her Majesty's Pleasure for running over a copper's foot. He wrote to SchNEWS : "I am sad and very much alone... I am locked up without any vibes from anyone, I don't have any music. My family live in Scotland, so I will not have any visits to keep my head strong. Can you help me by finding someone to write to me?" Write to Clive Dalymdle, PB 2529, HM Prison, Pentonville, Caledonian Road, N7 8TT.

•**The Advance Party** have a spanking new leaflet "SOUND ADVICE" full of spot on information about the legalities surrounding free parties. SAE to Advance Party, P.O. Box 3290, London NW2 3UJ. Tel.: 0181 450 6929 (see article elsewhere in this ish of Tangent)

•**Stoke Newington** plods, those fine upholders of the law, investigated Club Lunacy after flyers showed an alien token'. They eventually closed the club down as the old bill 'didn't like the wording' on the flyers!

•**Remember Michael Marlow**, the Gloucester musician banged up for a year for producing a grow yer own cannabis manual? Well, he needs letters of support. Write to Michael Marlow MK 2057, HMP Blakenhurst, Hewell Lane, Redditch, Worcs B97 6QS. Never written to a prisoner before? Remember these simple things: Don't expect a reply - prisoners are restricted as to the amount of letters they can write. All letters to prisoners are read, be careful what you say. Don't go overboard, 2 sides of A4 is OK, as some prisons restrict the amount of letters received. Always put an address on, otherwise they probably won't get through. Writing to prisoners really helps to alleviate the isolation, so get scribbling! •

BRIGHT ISLAND

SOUND ADVICE

Clive (ex-Ohm) from the Bright Island collective would like to ask for your help...

Do you... MAKE MUSIC? PRODUCE ART-
WORK? WRITE STUFF? ...have an interest in
ALTERNATIVE CULTURE and creating it?

BRIGHT ISLAND is a forum for ideas and their exchange, a network of people, a record label, a magazine and a promotional organisation.

We need contributors - COMMUNICATORS, PERFORMERS, ARTISTS, SPEAKERS and TECHNICIANS. BRIGHT ISLAND will put out challenging and experimental material in a range of formats; releasing MUSIC, SPOKEN WORD recordings, VIDEO films, LITERATURE and VISUAL ARTS. Live events will be organised to promote the work...

We like ROOTS CULTURE, TECHNO, NEW AGE, FOLKLORE, ANARCHOPUNK, POETRY, SURREALISM, PSYCHEDELIA, INDUSTRIAL, THEATRE, STORIES, DJ'S, ORGANICS, ECO-POLITICS, SHAMANISM, MAGIC, HUMOUR, TRIBAL, GLOBAL CULTURE...

Send us material, make contact or send an SAE for further information... WRITE TO:-

BRIGHT ISLAND
P.O. BOX 180
DEAL
KENT
CT14 OGA

New Forum for dance information

A new organisation has been set up to provide a forum for organisations committed to the health, welfare and safety of those attending dance clubs, events and free parties.

The dance Information Network held its launch meeting in February. Its aim is to place the welfare of the dancer first, providing a "forum that recognises the positive side of dance culture" with "an important role in promoting a more accurate and optimistic picture which reflects the confidence, creativity and vibrancy of young people attending these events." For more information contact Gary Woolvett at Release on 0171 729 525 •

The following information is from a leaflet published by the ADVANCE PARTY, P.O. BOX 3290, London, NW2 3UJ

This is what to do if you or the party/festival you're attending appears threatened with closure, or worse. If the police attempt to enter premises without a warrant, they will bluff, cajole and threaten. The new powers under the CRIMINAL JUSTICE and PUBLIC ORDER ACT 1994 (C.J.A.) give the police fresh powers to enter, stop parties and confiscate equipment. Nevertheless the police may also try and gain entry on the grounds of different offences. All of the likely ones are dealt with here - but not all!

1. C.J.A. SECTION 63

(this section defines what a rave is)

"a gathering on land in the open air (or partly open to the air) of 100 or more people whether or not trespassing at which amplified music is played at night which by reason of: its loudness, its duration, the time it is played, IS LIKELY TO CAUSE (i.e. does not have to have caused) SERIOUS DISTRESS TO THE LOCALS"

It includes parties on your own land or anyone else's. It does not include raves in an enclosed space e.g. underground tunnels, caves etc, nor fully enclosed warehouse spaces. It could catch any decent house party!

Once the above circumstances have been found to exist, police have extra powers of stop, search and seizure. They can ENTER A PREMISES WITHOUT WARRANT: to see if the situation would justify a section 63 direction, or to use any of the following powers:

- They can DIRECT: 2 or more people PREPARING for, 10 or more WAITING for, 10 or more ATTENDING a rave...

- to LEAVE and remove ANY VEHICLES or PROPERTY from the land. They can ARREST you if you fail to comply within a reasonable time OR return within 7 days. They can SEIZE AND REMOVE VEHICLES AND SOUND SYSTEMS if a direction to leave is refused, or you return within 7 days. If the police exercise powers under this Act there is little you can do (legally) except try all the usual tactics. It is unlikely the police will arrest the whole party (there's always a first time!) but they will seize equipment.

CASE HISTORY: Blackmoon at Corby (Aug '95). At the trial (Feb '96) they were found guilty and the PA was forfeited and is scheduled for destruction, the cost of which has to be paid for by the defendants.

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DEFENCE: "Reasonable steps" must be taken to inform those present that a direction to leave under Section 63 has been given. Was it? How? When? By whom? The direction must be given by a Superintendent and then any constable at the scene can communicate this to those present. A single constable cannot issue a direction. The officer must identify which section they are using. It can be a defence to argue that the time given was "unreasonable", e.g. vehicle broken down, overheated PA, etc. Think it through... **It is a defence** to have a reasonable excuse to re-enter the site. To collect something? Another different gathering? Powers relating to seizure of PA should not include staging, lighting, vinyl, backdrops, instruments, just the actual PA equipment. **The police regularly abuse their powers** in relation to this one and it helps if you have someone there willing and able to argue the point. A lawyer on the end of a mobile phone can be very useful. Prepare yourself in advance! Hired equipment can be retrieved by the owner if it can be proved that there was no knowledge of the PA being used at the gathering. The owner must apply to the court for its return and will get it back eventually.

loophole: If you are an 'exempt person', you cannot be arrested - nor can your stuff be taken...

"exempt person" in relation to land, or any gatherings on land, means the occupier (includes possible squatters), any member of their family and any employee or agent of theirs (that could mean DJ's etc) and any person who's home is situated on the land. (Check the local phone directory for a local name). **It is not clear** how far the idea of agents can go, it may be possible to argue with the police that you are an agent of the occupier and it is your equipment and therefore cannot be taken under this section.

2. BREACH OF THE PEACE

There is no clear definition, either for them or for us, hence the C.J.A. to do away with uncertainty.

Breach of the peace is used in public order circumstances when there is aggro or something that is breaching the 'Queen's peace'. Usually it has meant when harm is actually or likely to be done to a person, or, in their presence, to their property, or when someone is in fear of being harmed through assault, riot or unlawful assembly. If you are trespassing, a landowner or their agents can use force to remove you, but the police cannot act as the landlords agents.

Trespass is not a criminal offence, and as such is not

arrestable. If you should resist the landlords attempts to remove you while the police are present you may be arrested for breach of the peace. Always ask who the landlord is, asked to be introduced, and calmly insist on knowing what is meant by Breach of the Peace, and if all else fails and the police force entry without a warrant, and arrest etc., immediately contact a 24hr helpline and complain or sue.

**Noise alone cannot be used as a Breach of the Peace. So we should see Breach of the Peace being dropped as a means of stopping a party.*

3. NOISE COMPLAINTS

It is possible that the police will try and shut down a party via the Local Environmental Health Officer or vice versa, even though they have a whole range of other powers to choose from. They may turn up with someone from the Local Authority. They can serve an 'abatement notice' on the party organiser at the time or before, and failure to

comply with any such notice could well lead to confiscation of the PA. However, it is the Local Authority, not the police, who would bring any subsequent prosecution. **The police themselves do not have the power to close anything down or seize anything under this law.** Many councils now have Party Patrols and are using them and occasionally taking people to court. Fines for ignoring enforcement notices are stiff, max 5K, or 20K if the premises were 'business premises'. Some councils are not using the courts but are using a 'bind-over' to keep the peace, or lose your home! They will return hired PA's on the following Monday.



4. PRESENCE OF DRUGS

Insist on the presentation of a search warrant if the police want to search the premises. **DO NOT INVITE THEM IN!** Once inside by invitation they can search but do not need a warrant to search a person vehicle or vessel if they have reasonable grounds (e.g. smell) to suspect there are drugs present. *The mouth is NO LONGER an intimate area and therefore can be searched WITHOUT CONSENT. This is important to remember for obvious reasons.*

Obstruction under the Misuse of Drugs Act 1973 is designed to cover any disposal of the drugs, e.g. swallowing, dropping, throwing etc. Use your common sense: the

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police will need to be able to prove that it was your drugs they saw thrown to the floor or whatever. It is important to remember that "obstruction" is potentially more serious than mere possession, and carries separate penalties!

5. PUBLIC NUISANCE

Basically this is another popular catch-all. It means any act or omissions that may endanger life, health, property, morals or the comfort of the public, or obstruct the public from enjoying their rights! It must affect a proportion of the public (i.e. there needs to be a lot of complaints, not just a few). Despite the C.J.A. and all those lovely new powers, police still use 'Public Nuisance' or 'Conspiracy to Cause Public Nuisance'. Raves / acid house parties have been held to constitute a public nuisance. (See *Regina v. Shorrock [1994] 98 Cr. App. R.67*).

6. ILLEGAL SALE OF ALCOHOL AND UNLICENSED ENTERTAINMENT

You need a license to sell alcohol and it is illegal to sell it without one. To do so leaves you open to charges of organising an "illegal entertainment" which is quite serious, as it's all to do with health and safety, fire regulations etc., and could justify arrest. Max fine 20K and/or 6 months imprisonment. The C.J.A. does not apply to anything that is licensed.

It's best to stick to teas, soft drinks and plenty of free water.

ON THE ROAD:

Roadblocks: Police can set up roadchecks if they believe there is a breach of the peace, or one is imminent, although they can be asked for reasons and might later have to justify their actions. They may turn you back from your destination. Get organised. Get names and numbers, record dates, witnesses, etc., because there are no constitution and no "rights".

However, now, under the C.J.A. the police have new powers to stop any person who is en route to a section 63 gathering within 5 miles of the suspected location and direct them NOT to proceed in that direction. If you fail to comply, or come back, you can be arrested and you are committing an offence.

The important thing to remember about section 63 is that it applies equally to places that are NOT trespassed. It's worth remembering that the blocks can be in the middle of the country and a long queue of cars is not what they want. Don't give up, don't go home, there's safety in numbers, and the persistent and sorted get there in the end.

IF YOU WANT A GATHERING - YOU GOTTA WORK IT

- Keep cool and calm
- Always record times, dates, names and numbers of officers etc
- Get a dictaphone and use it when talking to an officer
- Inform the Advance Party of any arrest or confiscation
- Always complain and/or sue if the police exercise unlawful powers
- Don't get drawn into confrontation: this simply gives them the sort of evidence they can use

LAWYERS LIST

TONY STOKOE:
0181 549 4282 (0973
119 364 - AFTER
5.30)
4 Clifton Rd, Kinston,
Surry, KT2 6PW
e mail: 100625.1241
#Compuserve.Com

GREG POWELL:
0171 624 8888 (01459
118 181 - AFTER
5.30)
290 Kilburn High Rd,
London NW6 2DD

MIKE SHWARTZ:
0171 833 4433 (01459
166 205 - AFTER
5.30)
275 Greys Inn Road,
London WC1X 8QF

PETER SILVER:
0171 209 5000 (01459
127 774 - AFTER
5.30)
52 Malden Road,

London NW5 3HG

The Advance Party NEEDS MORE SOLICITOR!

Especially outside London!

CONTACT:
P.O. BOX 3290
LONDON NW2 3UJ
TEL.: 0181 450 6929

For a copy of the Advance Party newsletter 'Enuffs Enuff' send 4@25p stamps for the next four issues.

Defending your freedom

Part 7 in our series

Intentional harassment, Alarm or Distress

The offence of intentionally causing harassment, alarm or distress was a late government amendment to the Act which many commentators appear to have missed. Section 154 inserts a new s4A(1) into the Public Order Act 1986 providing that a person is guilty of an offence if, with intent to cause a person harassment, alarm or distress, s/he:

(a) uses threatening, abusive or insulting words or behaviour, or disorderly behaviour; or

(b) displays any writing, sign or other visible representation which is threatening, abusive or insulting,

thereby causing that or another person harassment, alarm or distress.

The offence may be committed in a public or private place (unless the behaviour and the persons involved are both inside a dwelling) and a constable may arrest anyone who they reasonably suspect is committing an offence under this section. The penalty is up to 6 months in prison or a level 5 fine.

S154(3) provides that it is a defence to prove that the conduct occurred in a dwelling or that the conduct was reasonable.

This section is so wide ranging that it could catch many forms of political protest and demonstration as well as such practical jokes as whoopee cushions. People involved with TV programmes such as "Beadle's About" could face prosecution from aggrieved victims, forcing them to show that their conduct is reasonable. Effigies of unpopular persons burnt on November 5th might also offend against this section.

It should also be noted that the preceding s4 of the Public Order Act 1986 creates a similar offence for threatening or putting someone in fear of violence, with identical penalties. It is another sign of the creeping criminalisation of peaceful and non-violent protest, in that such activity is now perceived by the State in deserving the same punishment as violent protest. ¶

Whites use drugs more than blacks

Image of young Afro-Caribbeans 'is now history'

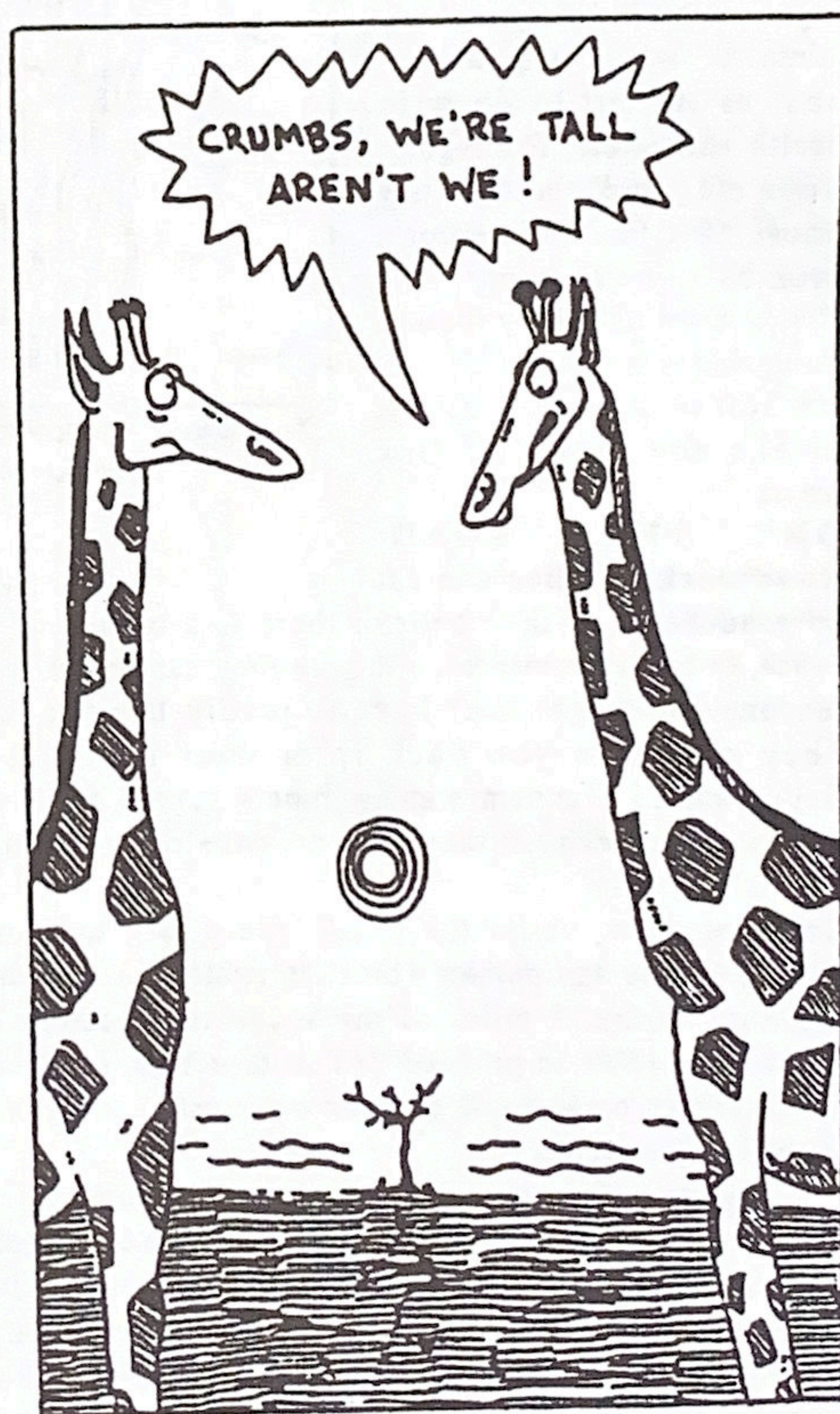
Drug use is "substantially higher among young whites" than among blacks of the same age, a government report revealed recently.

An upsurge in drug-taking among whites in their late teens and 20s means the stereotype of Afro-Caribbeans having the highest drug use is "passing into history", the Home Office report said.

Although only 22 per cent of whites aged 30-59 say they have taken drugs compared to 25 per cent of Afro-Caribbeans of the same age, the figure rises to 43 per cent of whites aged 16-29, compared to 34 per cent of Afro-Caribbeans.

The study differentiating drug use by race is based on the 1994 British Crime Survey and covers almost 10,000 people aged 16-59. It suggests that only with the hardest drugs do young whites still have lower rates of use than their black and Asian counterparts.

Overall, the authors say, drug use is higher in inner cities; in areas with youthful populations; among poorer, unemployed and single people and among those who visit clubs or pubs or spend a lot of time away from home.



Ancient Britons held raves on a rancid rubbish dump

He may not have had dance music blaring from speakers but Iron Age man certainly knew how to throw a spring bank holiday "rave".

An ancient rubbish dump on Salisbury plain has given archeologists a bizarre insight into party-going circa 800BC when Celtic Britons really knew how to let their hair down. Revellers came from miles around to sit on a heap of dung and celebrate the fertility of the land with feasts lasting days.

For two centuries hundreds, and possibly thousands of people gathered for regular binges on top of a spur overlooking the plain to eat and drink to such an extent that their accumulated detrius became a prominent landmark.

The mountain of waste has since decomposed to a grassy hillock the size of a football pitch and until now went unnoticed because it was thought to be a natural feature.

Researchers have just discovered that the mound at East Chisenbury, Wiltshire, is made from the ritual accumulation of rubbish which is probably the earliest mass homage to consumption. It consists of 65,000 cubic metres of decomposed waste and is thousands of times bigger than other dumps or middens of ancient times.

David McOmish, the archeologist at the National Monuments Record Centre in Swindon who made the discovery, said the revellers must

have held their feasts on top of the heap, probably with flooring made from flint and clay to stifle the stench.

Preliminary work has found large amounts of broken pottery, flints, stones, bones from cattle, pigs, sheep and deer and fossilised human excreta. Of particular interest is the discovery of large quantities of bones from aborted lambs which indicate that many of the feasts took place at springtime.

Archeologists believe that the East Chisenbury "mega-midden" evolved during the transition from the Bronze Age, when people lived in isolated communities, to the Iron Age, when there were the first loose federations of local tribes.

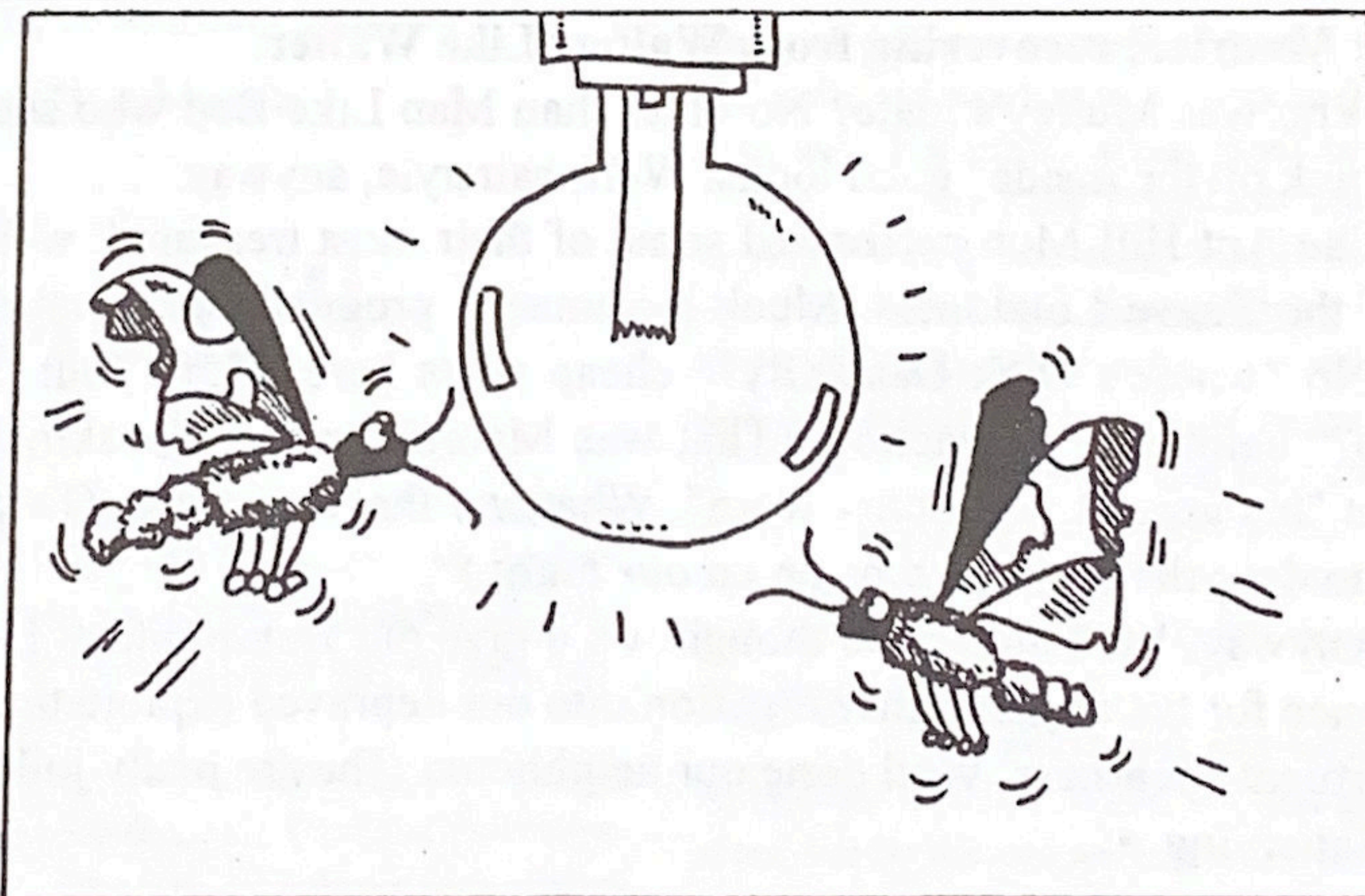
The midden itself may be the physical evidence of the mass socialising between different tribes that led eventually to the wider regional co-operation which was a hallmark of the Iron Age, McOrmish said.

"People were starting to come together and see things on a larger scale. East Chisenbury draws on people from a wide area and some of the pottery we found comes from 30 miles away," he said.

John Barrett, professor of archeology at Sheffield University, said that massive consumption at East Chisenbury demonstrated how important it was for people to celebrate the land's fertility.

"The leftovers of these festivities seem to have had some kind of religious or ritual value," he said.

Steve Connor.



FUNNY ! I ALWAYS THOUGHT THE MOON WOULD BE BIGGER THAN THIS.

HEDONISTIC

pleasures

Mutley

7th Heaven

14th March

"prognathous"

Whoops! Due to publishing cock-ups this one slipped through the net. It was only when Mark Sinclair came down and casually remarked in a nonchalant round-a-bout manner "Oh, where's the Mutley review?" that we realised that there wasn't one. Till now.

Playing against a technicolour panorama of "ooooooh! aaah thought it would be 'arder coming from Pendragon" we bravely sighed, cast our eyes heavenward and stumbled mercilessly towards the dance floor as Mutley bugged us out most throbbingly in a thorough sort of manner. We postulated and gesticulated. And that was just at Maurice; recovering from Walter. Like Walter.

Who was Mutley's mate? No other than Man Like Ben who shocked all with his Oasis "all pink on the inside" good looks. Well, hairstyle, anyway.

The Ant Hill Mob performed some of their most treasured, well rehearsed moves in front of the Suave Londoners. Much grimaced prognathous (protruding jaws) was in evidence. No "where's Dick Dastardly?" cheap shots here. More your "have you got any Status Quo?" calibre of interaction. (That was Maurice to us). Speaking of Maurice, Nick noticed that "his gussett was rather worn". Whatever that may mean Gregg. (At least you're not forced to drag the big bass bins up on *our* night.)

Anyway, back at HQ we thought we'd give our Environment Health Officer some more evidence for his ongoing investigation into our depraved exploitation of the areas good will and fortunate deafness. Well done our neighbours. They're really jolly decent sorts.

Satisfying. •

Pete Woosh

7th Heaven 11th April

'..bouncing..'

What with Rick Digs off to Dallas with DK, it was a rare pleasure to welcome Pete Woosh down to Canterbury. He played a blinding 2 hour solo set. Bang up to date, the smooth, cavernously deep and extremely sensual DiY sound had the floor bouncing flagrantly with underground pumped down ease. We knew Pete was one with us. A big shout to Little Lee too. It was nice meeting you after hearing all those stories from Austin Space for so many years!

Post party pangs back at Timo's saw the DiY crew satiated on endless cans of beer (well, at least four); mucho rooby dooby, scalectrix sessions (including new lap counter) and music till 10am.

Timo-why's support slot for Woosh was, it was generally agreed, to be the best 3 hours he'd done this year. Please hassle 'fucking' Ooch for a tape *now* and see for yourself. With both DJ's (and deep house music in general) it's usually only later when listening back in a more informal setting than the club, that their beauty can truly be appreciated fully.

Despite one 'charged up' negative criticism from a person who wasn't on the vibe (he was a big, big, big, techno techno techno... techno fan) the majority of the clubbers present were, how can I describe it fully, on one (as they say, 'They' being the dance mag gig reviewers). And to the few sad saps who complained that it wasn't 'pumpy enough', we say "Fuck you". (Little bit of politics creeping in there). If you want "pumpy" go to T4 or Alien Nation or London or Tribal Gathering (but only if you don't cause a traffic-jam [snigger]), and stop moaning and whining and whinging to us. Or sort *your* own parties out where you can play the music *you* like listening to. 7th Heaven exists to spread the deep house vibe. If you are not into that, then don't come. It's that simple, maan.

Well, suffice to say some of the now near legendary floor antics were out in joyful abundance amongst the more 'extrovert' members of the tVC posse. Ooch throbbed and pulsated, sweatily, happy in the knowledge that he'd at last had a shag after 6 months of enforced celibacy. Just in time too as we were just starting a collection for a blow-up doll for him. Pen-Is sat quietly (yes, unbelievable though that may seem) shit faced in the corner. Spotted near by were Laura and Tejen looking fit and sickeningly healthy on a brief respite from the vigours of inner city living. "Drug-Free" Tejen spotted with a pint in one hand and a 'roll-up' in the other. Dover sploshers littered the dance floor, along to support their fave rave, Tim-diy (spotted at one point un-doing his jeans mid mix!) with Wiggy wiggling suggestively in front of the DJ booth in deep delight. Topp.

We're well pleased to report that the 'tVC curse', which apparently sees all invited members of DiY crash their car on the return journey to Nottingham finally broken as a safe trip back (the next morning with even less sleep) finally put paid to any of Louies interesting 'interventions'. •

Mad Professor

Whitstable Assembly Rooms

Fri 21st March

"brillo"

It's Friday night. All the tVC fans have bugged off to a tremendously big party in Cambridge. They're gonna come back with scrambled brains and talk gibberish for the next day or so, but who cares?

Whilst they're driving up in the coach, the left-over tVC clan are preparing for the Mad Professor. Doors opened at 7.30. Roughly 60 eager peeps rushed to give their five pounds in to the money handling bouncers, and ran up the inside stairs to the hall. It

seemed that coach loads of people were coming into our sprunged dance -hall. Soon the hip-swaying, pelvis-poking dancing began. The dance floor filled up with loads of different people: Crusties, tarted up girlies on the pull, old-aged men, gorgeously available young men and a few other various typed peeps.

The Mad Professor himself was a small man but with a vast mind for his brillo music. It was the fullest Assembly Rooms I have ever seen. Hoards of people came to the pelvis-poking night and loads of people enjoyed the slow, beaty reggae music.

Drinks were sold very cheaply. 50p for 1/2 pint of orange juice, a pound for some sort of alcoholic substance. The 'rooms' were brillo dressed. We had UV lights, fractals, strobe lights and (choke me) smoke machines. It was 'kool'.

The music was soo much different but just as brilliant as tVC. When we first got there it was very slow, but by the end we had some pro-reggae singers.

Blinding night, blinding night. •

Ria. •

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SATURDAY 25th. 6:54 a.m.

TIME IS RUNNING OUT FOR ME. ☐

I KNOW TOO MUCH. I KNOW WHO THEY ARE.

THEY ARE COMING TO GET ME. THEY WILL BE HERE SOON.

THIS WILL BE MY LAST INVESTIGATION



I CALL IT...

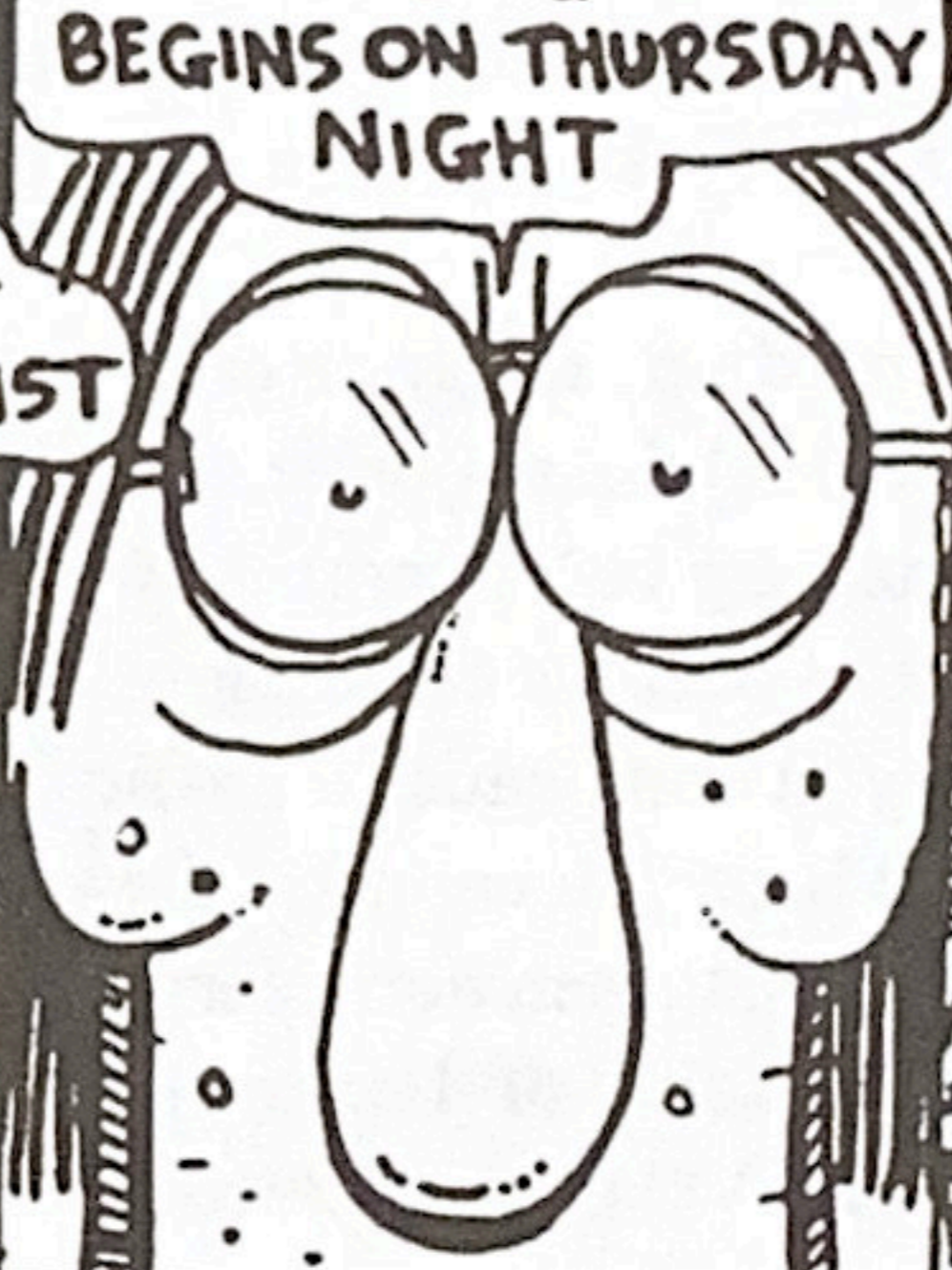
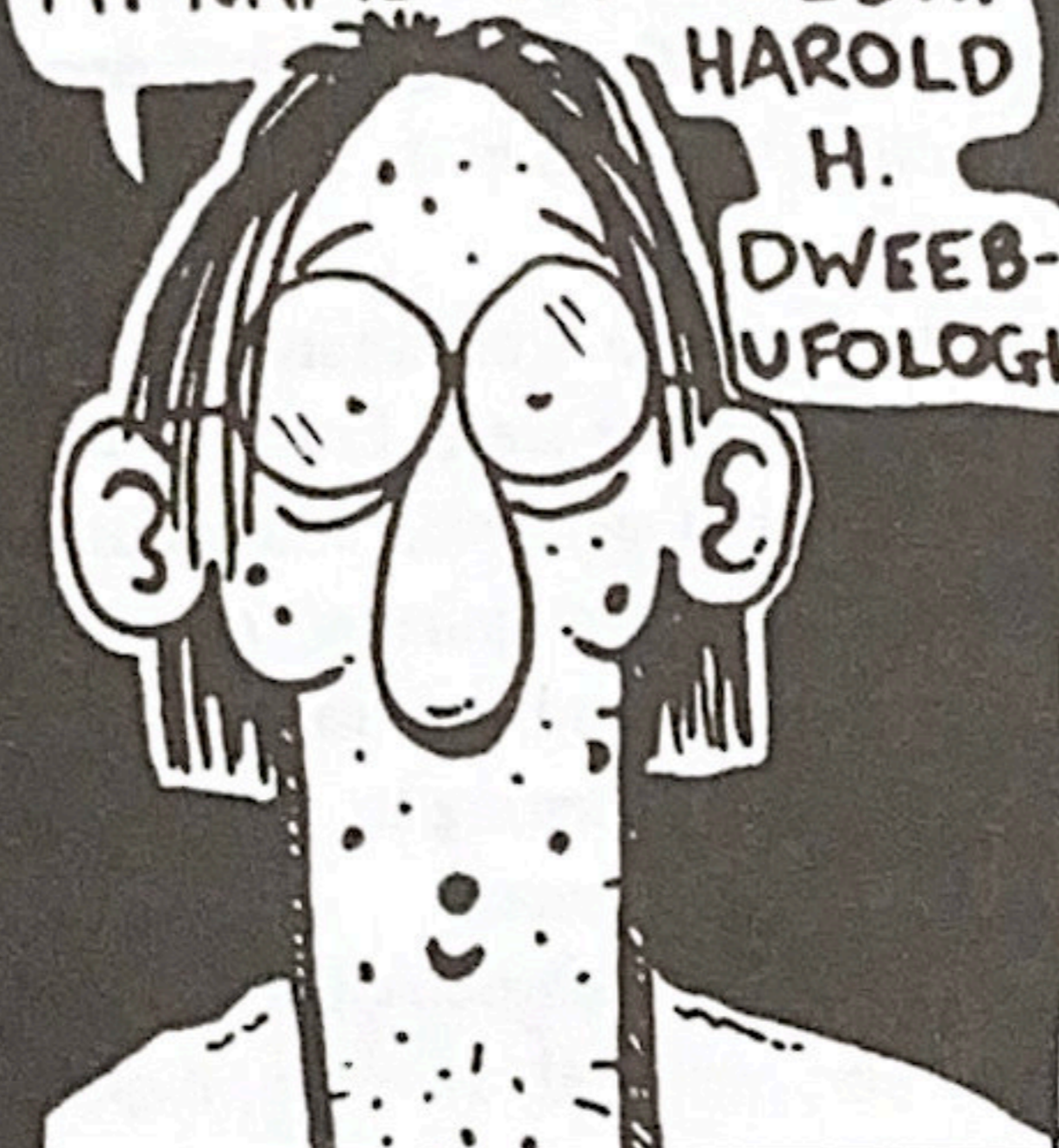
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MY NAME IS DWEEB... HAROLD H. DWEEB-UFOLOGIST

THE AMAZING STORY BEGINS ON THURSDAY NIGHT

I WAS GOING HOME AFTER A VERY INTERESTING 'STARTREX' MEETING...

OF COURSE, THE FIRST SERIES WAS THE BEST. I HAVE THEM ALL ON VIDEO AND I KNOW THEM OFF BY HEART...

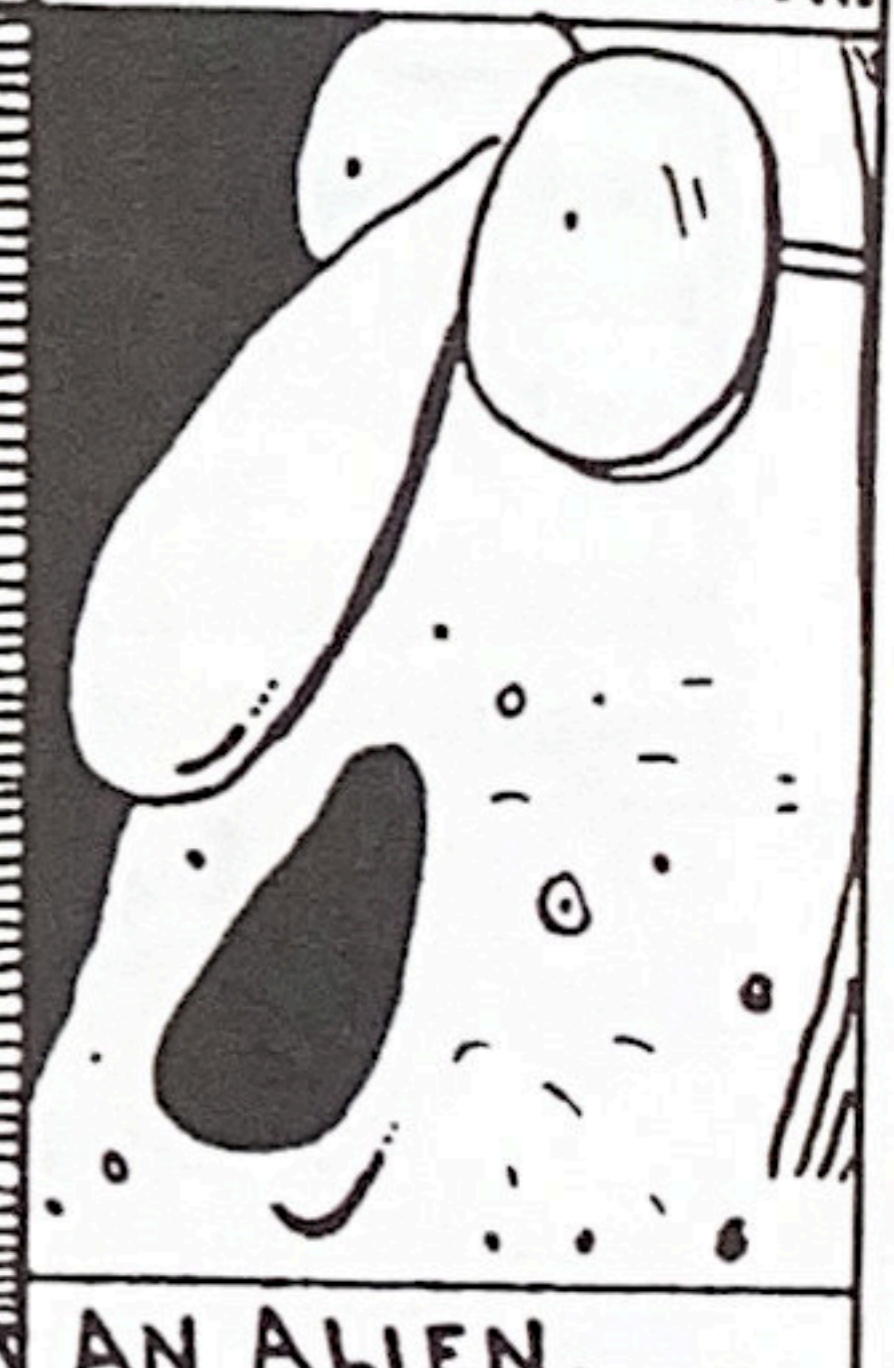
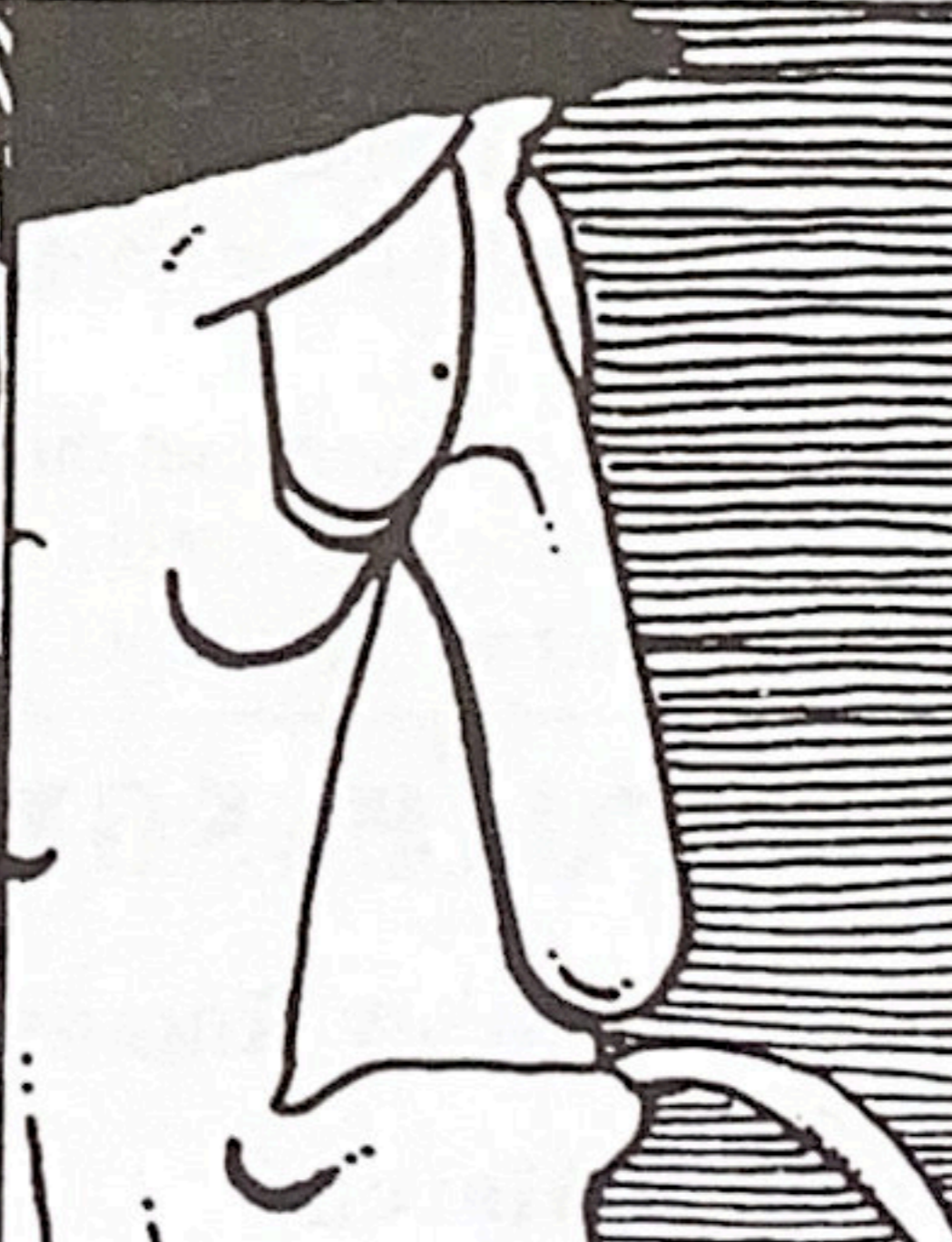
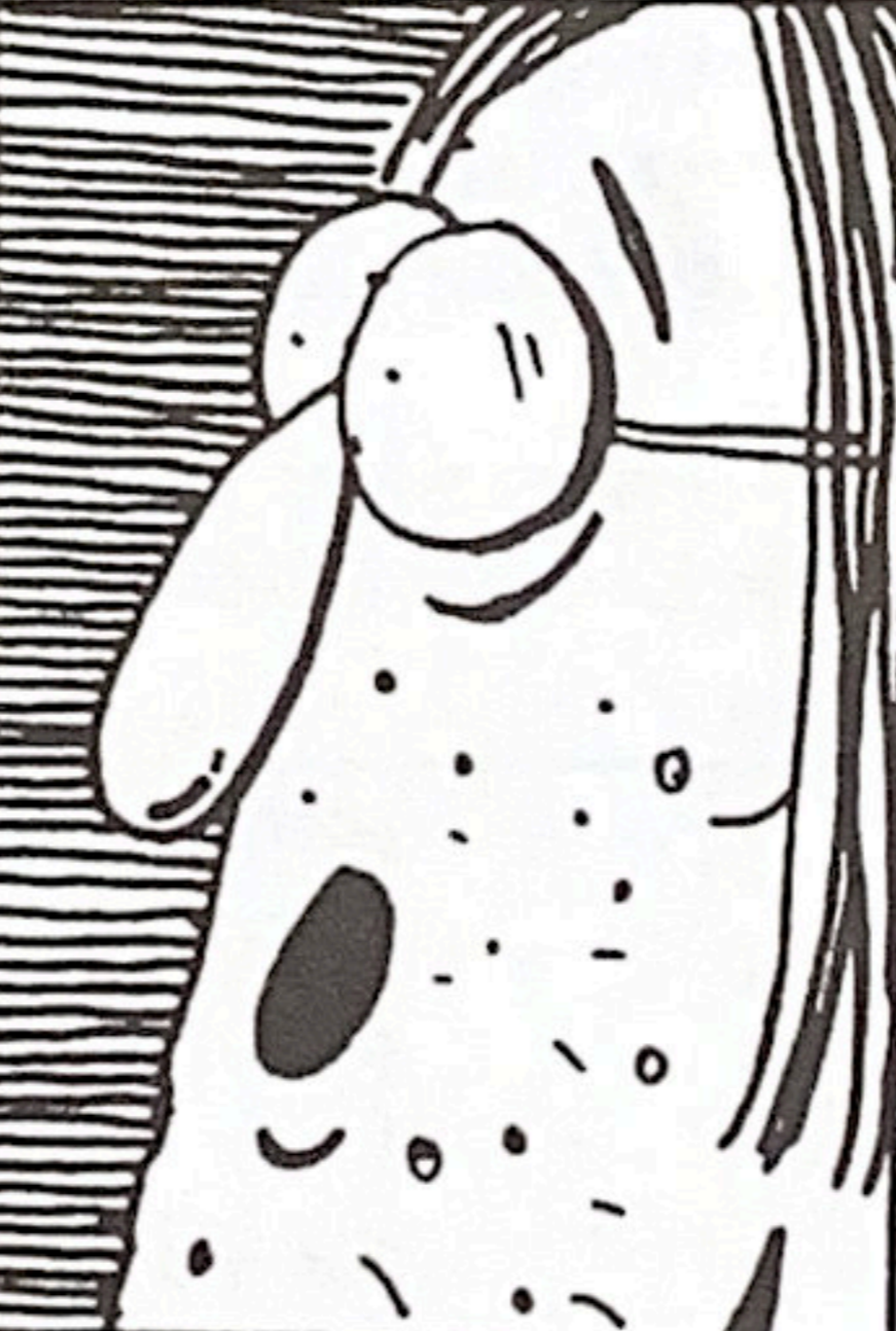
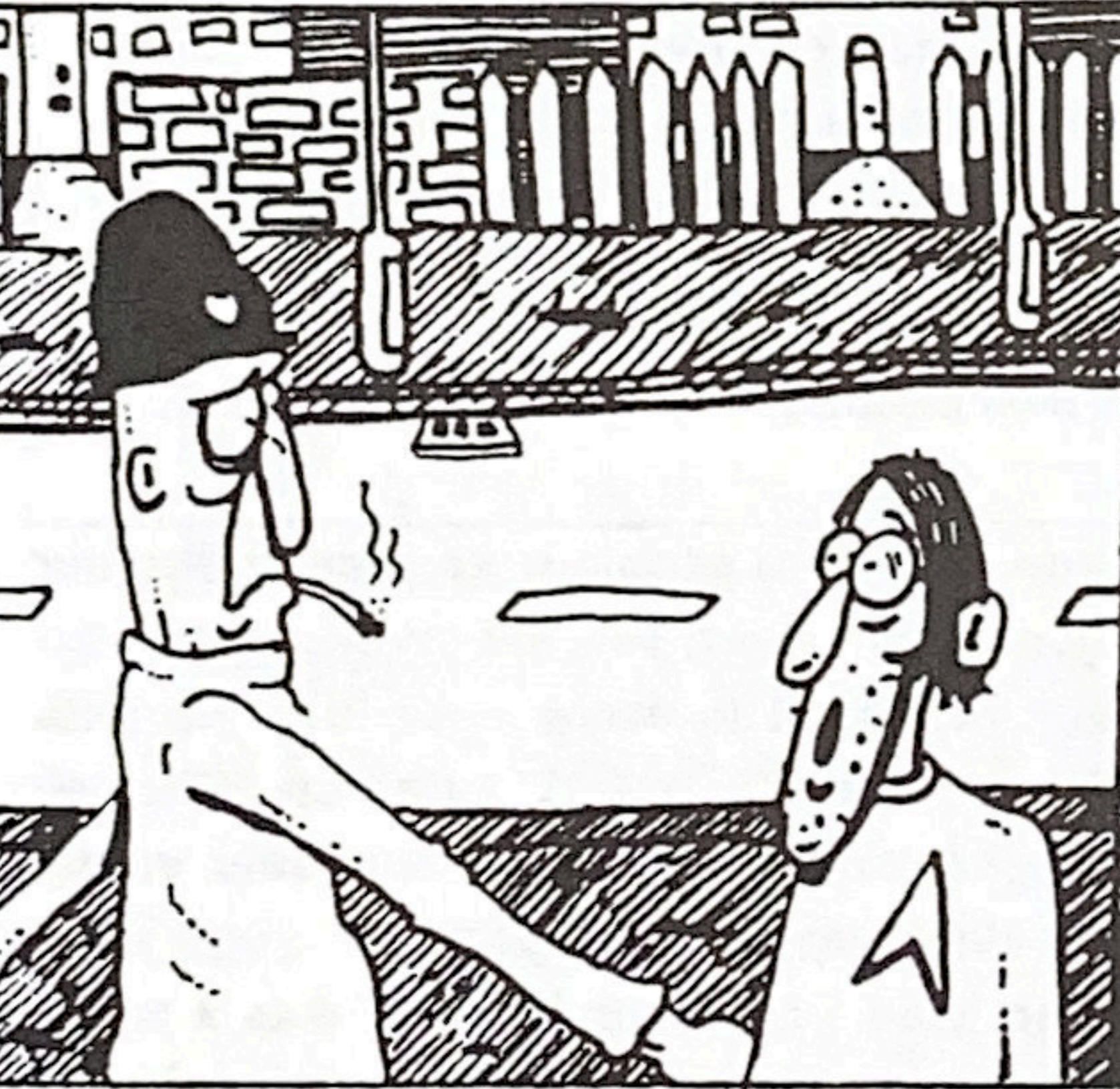


WHEN HE WALKED PASSED.

I KNEW AT ONCE.

HE WAS ONE OF THEM

HE WAS A VISITOR..

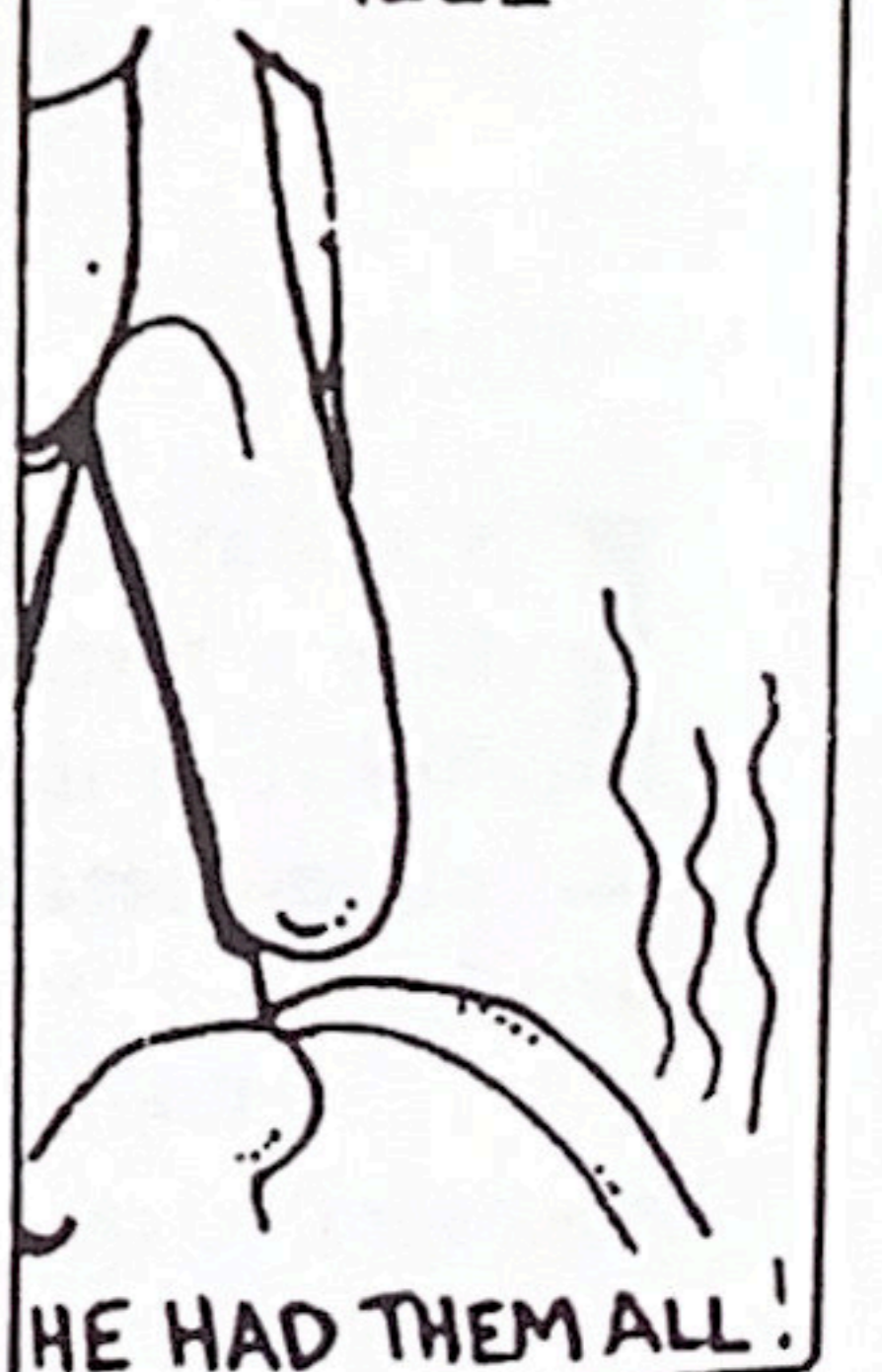
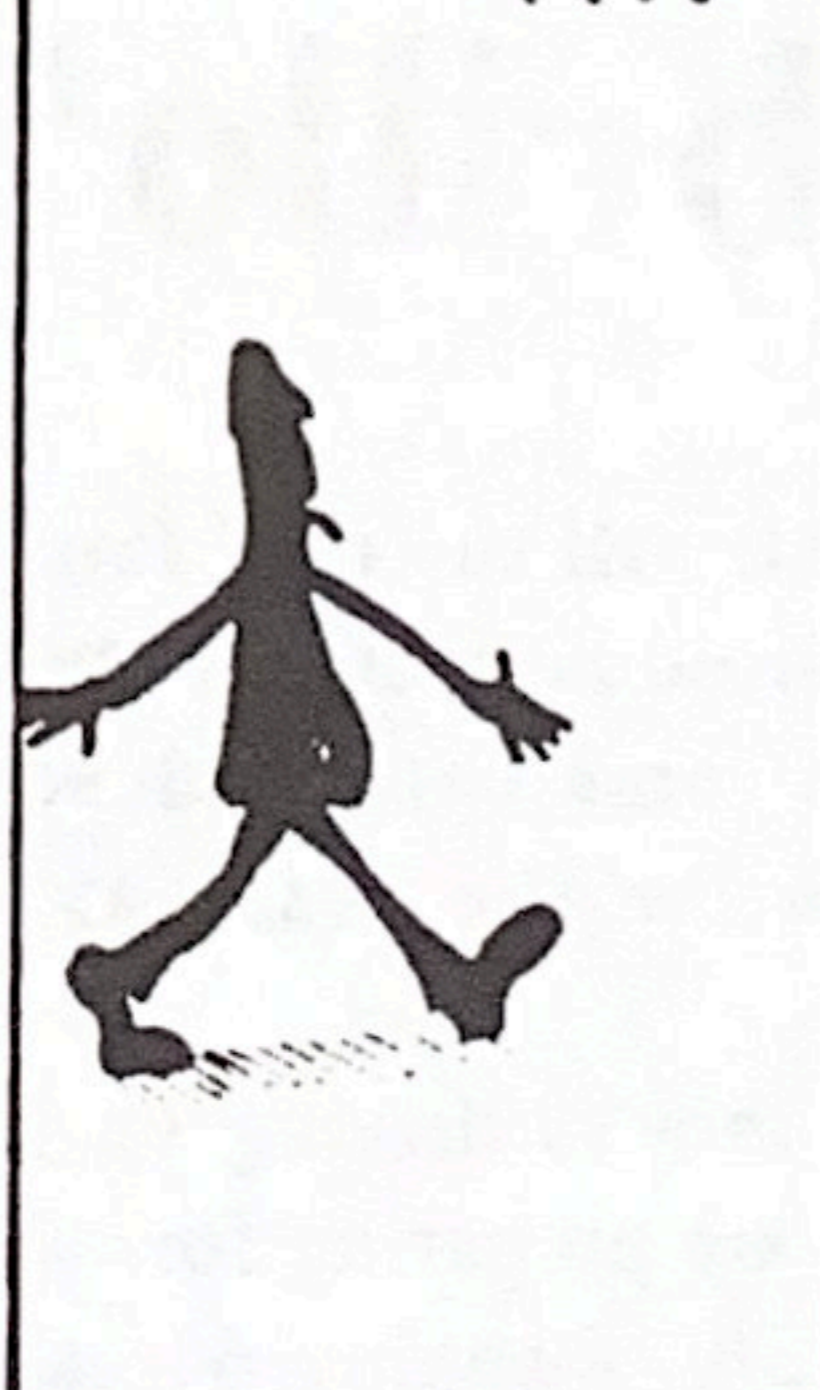
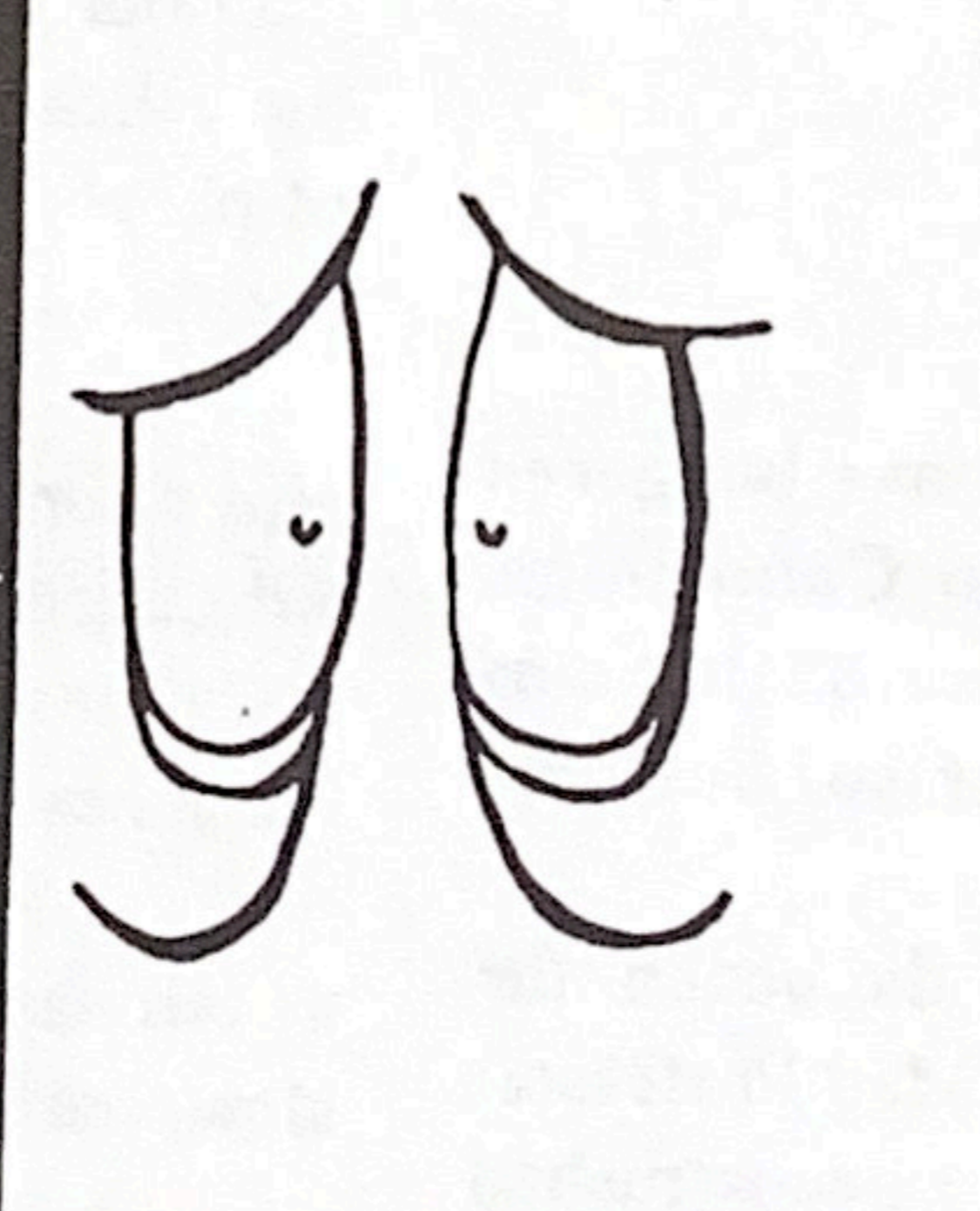
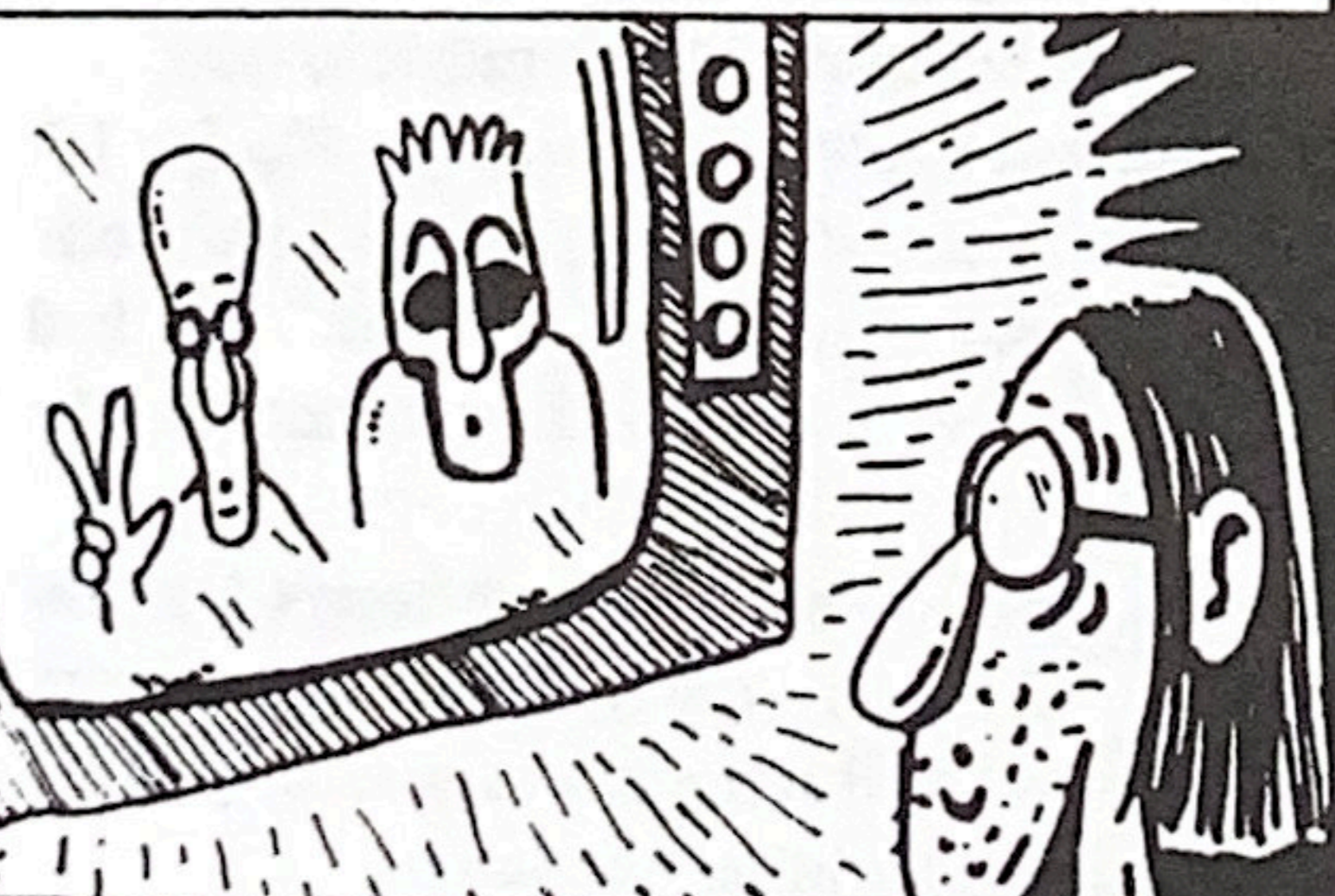


I HAD DONE MY RESEARCH. I KNEW WHAT TO LOOK FOR.

THE STARING, BLANK EYES...

THE PECULIAR WALK...

AN ALIEN. AND THE FUNNY SMELL



HE HAD THEM ALL!

MY DREAM HAD COME TRUE. I HAD FOUND AN ALIEN. I KNEW I MUST FOLLOW IT - FOLLOW IT TO THE MOTHERSHIP..... TO BE CONTINUED.

Housework

Le Stanley, Rennes

Friday 12th April

"too cool"

After experiencing the delicacies of Pete Whoosh, it was straight off, via a 115 pound return (yes, you read right, 115 pounds!) on le Shuttle to France for another meeting with our favourite 'trance-core' nation.

Narrowly avoiding the first of many near accidents, we swerved past a set of traffic lights that appeared out of the impenetrable fog that swathed the dark Kent countryside, we relaxed and looked forward with relish to the 8 hour drive that stretched ahead in France.

Soon after we were getting the proverbial 'good going over' by customs. They took one look at our battered old 'wardrobe' (copywrite Lazy Iain, circa '96) and hauled us out, to watch nonchalantly, as they went through our stuff. We blithely chatted away to the poor chap sandwiched between us until he got so sick of our incessant, Tony-like, ear-tattering dronings he desperately motioned his pals to wave us on.

115 sobs down and 30 minutes later, we were in Francais, ready for our mammoth trek. It was pissing down and so foggy, you felt heading to destruction over 25 miles an hour. Eight hours metamorphasised into a nightmare of perhaps half as long again.

Gap had 'exceeded' herself, somewhat, earlier at 7th, and was already falling asleep at the wheel. Oz manfully took over driving duties, while she lay in the front seat drifting in and out of (u.n.)consciousness...

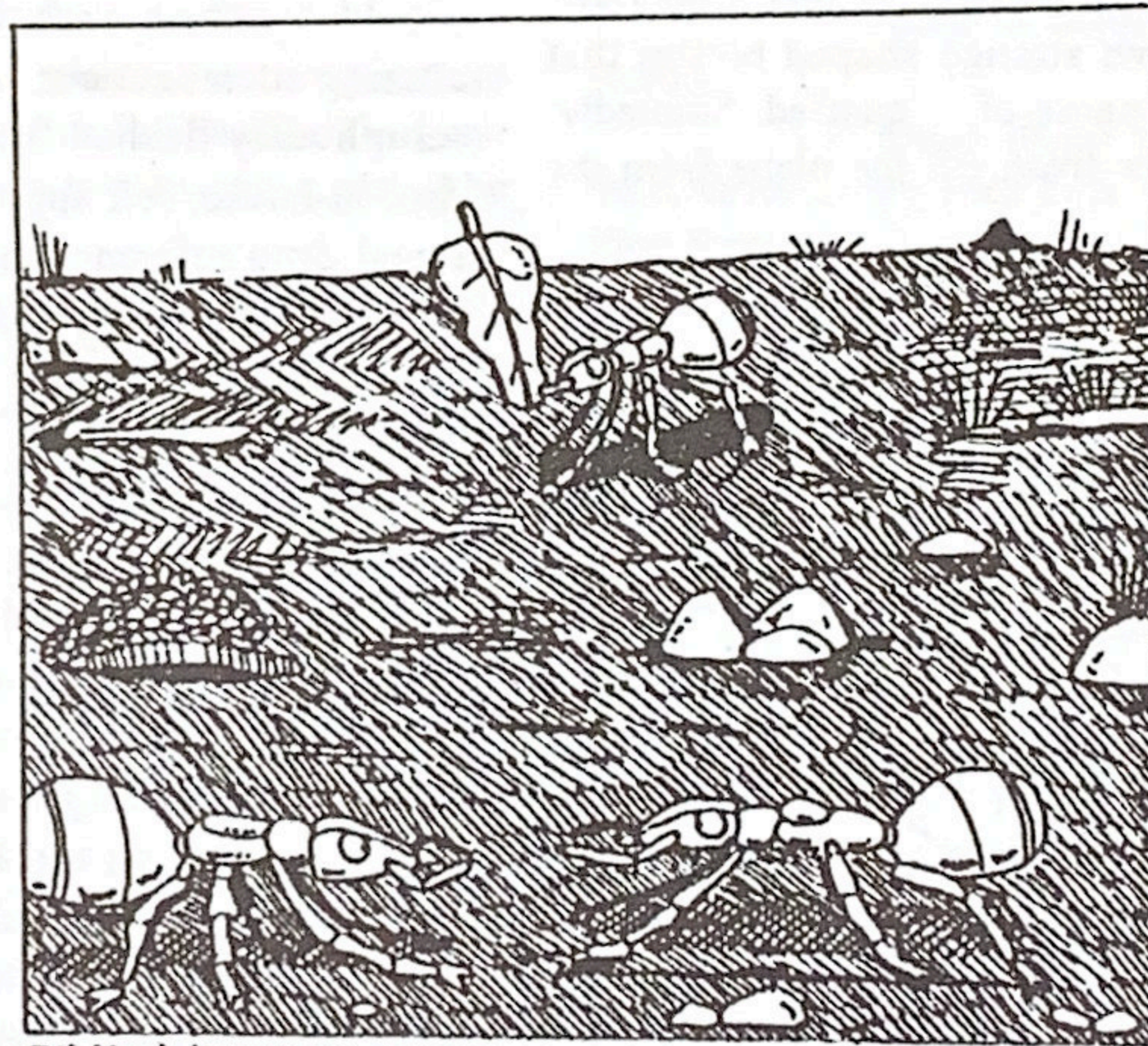
Later, after recklessly deciding to trust Gaps renowned map reading skills, Oz placed his implicit trust in her hands and regretted it, deeply, as they were led through a series of ever shrinking French towns. Dawn broke on the horizon. The rain had stopped. Come mid-day, they were stuck bang in middle of a small provincial town, on market day, not knowing where the fuck they were going, with

the car in serious danger of overheating. Like the occupants inside. Luckily out of nowhere appeared the sign they were looking for, just before the atmos became a little more strained. They were on their way...

The French are cluing up, slowly, and it was an expectant Oz who walked into a packed Cafe Chantier, in the heart of Rennes, full of the beautiful and the damned chummy French clubbers. After the tired Gap went out to the car to grab an hours kip (or four), a guy called Arnoud designated himself official Oz-looker-afterer. So as the night gently chugged towards 1am, glass after glass of (sometimes) evil smelling, foul tasting, strong alcoholic spirit after different alcoholic spirit came and went. Luckily the pizza provided by the club owner, Bruno, absorbed some of the excessive alcohol intake. "You're pissed" says Oz to a pissed Arnoud. "Show are you my friend. Show are you", replied a pished Arnoud.

After a receptive two hours or so with the bar jam-packed and entering very enthusiastically into the spirit of things, it's off into the vast, dark French countryside. To le Stanley again. One of the most amazing little clubs you could ever have the pleasure of going to. Bruno cracks open the champagne (as do Oz and Nick) and the night is off to a hearty 'cheers'. A 3 hour set at the club (in the small back-room) sees Oz fending off a range of French variations of the usual complaints. "Thees music is too cool," says one. "You're right, it is," comes the reply. "Have you anything more violent?" "No". And so on and so on. It appears the musically narrow minded are present

everywhere. Beware of DJs who play strange music that doesn't conform to strictly defined terms. Who experiment with a different vibe. Who play across 'genres'. These people are dangerous. Dangerous because they dare to play the future. Dangerous because, to some, the ultimate sin is to not play "what the crowd want". Is it me or is the club scene turning into one big exploitationally centred money making (beer selling) machine? To these we say "Open your effing eyes you blind person you".



OH NO! HERE HE COMES WITH ANOTHER LEAF. WHY CAN'T HE BRING HOME SOMETHING USEFUL LIKE A FRIDGE-FREEZER.

Stick to the underground. Keep the faith.

Eventually the drugged up 'violent' music loving lads exit the room and the gorgeous 'too cool' French women and a handful of the more liberal men dominate the room. The tired Gap once again retires to the car for a few hours (1) power nap to ready herself for the long drive back to Blighty, and believe it or not, another party, this time the first Dig Deep. Blimey. •

Dig Deep

The SoundHouse, Hawkinge.
13th April 96

We dug.

76 Union

Alberries, Canterbury.
thurs 18th April

"dronery toning"

Oz guests for the 'Breakaway Boys'. Nudge, nudge. Decks back on the dancefloor. Three very different and nasty viruses going round. Flap liaming. Sasha tripping and nearly knocking off one of the decks on the table. Simon "Light"-house was there in top 'chav' mode. But where was Rob "Yorkie Boy" Phelps? On an 11 day drive across Europe to Romania to "check the nightlife out", we hear. Sara and her "sis" quaffing champagne. Copiously. DJ Emma "San Fran" down checking out the opposition before her DJ debut next 76. Dronery toning on. And on. Pee and Jay free zone. They were off to Egypt the same day those 18 Greek tourists got shot dead outside their hotel. Pee was heard to remark; "I feel a bit flat". Much of that beer in brown strange shaped bottles that nobody can remember the name of - quaffed. Skintedly. Two hours of choice tunes fresh off the plane from the strand of Oz. Intimate.

Ascent

Assembly Rooms, Whitstable.
Fri 19th April

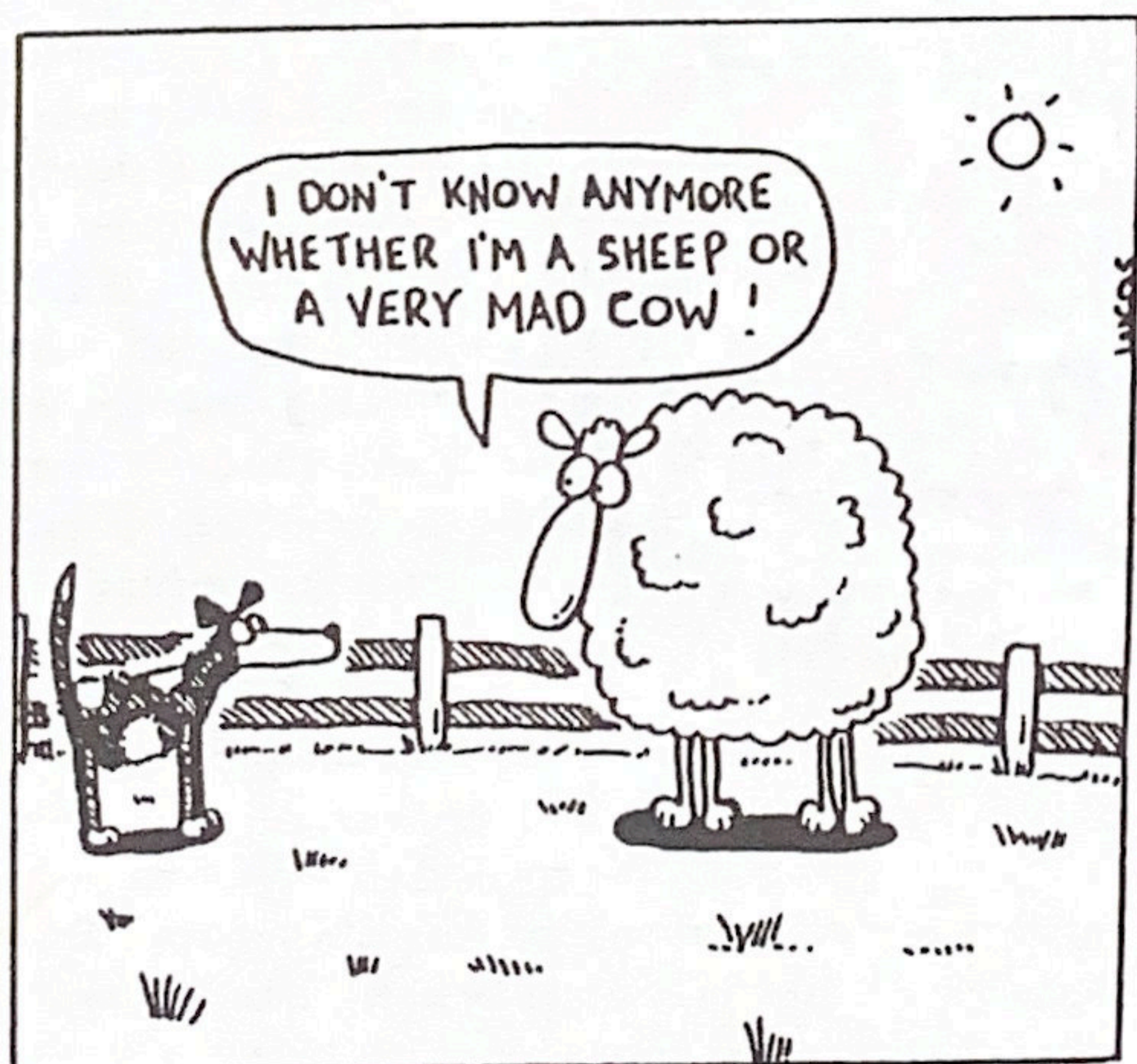
"drug free DJ"

The Grin posse can feel well chuffed with tonight. Although not as packed as they hoped the crowd soon got down to creating a lovely little vibe rarely seen outside the deep house environs. A chum factor 10 pertained and the Ascentors, with the added bonus of the Assembly Rooms justifiably famous well sprung dancefloor adding to the bounce, just, well, got on with it and a had a jolly good glide around.

Despite Matt Keeting failing to show cos he was "in London" the other DJ's more than made up for his absence. Keef filled in admirably with a well mixed set of big grinning tunes.

Turtle was on when we got there. He played a 'little' tougher than down at the EK Cabbaged Sesh and, frankly, seemed more at home playing that harder, spacious "BT" type trance-house vibe. Not that taking shit loads of consumerables (which Turtle most certainly doesn't) can get you on it, but hey, it can help, can it not? Not of course that any of us at Tangentopoli would condone such frivolous and expensive mind altering social actions. Any and all drug references are scrupulously flushed from these very pages by our resident in-house, self appointed censor, (drug-free) Nicky. Legal drug reference is, of course, "permitted" and oh how we laugh uproariously as Nicky once again gets blasted and falls asleep in unusual places (weather permitting).

Oz gets the last hour and because of the burning desire to bring deep house to the nation compromises his set, no 'difficult' tunes played, and produces what some would call deep, spacious with a harder (lets say more commercially acceptable) edge. Or what others might call a pile of cak. A lot of the crowd jumped on the bass lines and rocked out for a good hour. However due to the fortuitous guidance and foresight of our community peers and betters, who deem a midnight curfew quite sufficient for the youth of Whitstable, things ended just as they were starting. Why this very same night also saw the end of our good chum Steve West (DJ Mr Wilks) and his Levitation parties. Pressure on the venue from the police who reckoned that the under-aged youths who frequented the place were all on drugs. Naaah! Now they all hang out round the street corners and chippies inadvertently frightening the vans full of bored police officers waiting for the Bear and Key to chuck out at 11. Sad but true. A UK provincial town in the 90's. More soon.



tVC

Definition of Sound

Sugarcubes

Lincoln

Sat 20th April

"Hardkiss test-press"

There's a problem! So it's off out and about with two of the Rogues and we're visiting an acquaintances house in the hope of securing two decks for the chill room upstairs.

"...And can we borrow the mixer as well?"

"Er," says their chum, "You'd better *not* take that."

"Why not?"

"Er...", sheepishly, "...in case someone, er, recognises it."

"What about the phones?"

"Someone might recognise them too." The two Rogue boys look over at me and we all snigger in mock embarrassment.

"We'll take 'em anyway."

Back at the club the massive rigs have been assembled and Al-Jay, Oz's deck partner and fellow deep demon, is, head down hard at work, selecting a tune to play whilst assembling a 'roly'. Life at the top, eh?

Timo, who was to play here tonight, had ducked out due to a rendezvous with a full handkerchief and his mattress - flu-locked. "I'm just a snot machine, mate," he sniffs over the phone.

"So. Is Timo ready for the off then?" Al says, ringing up just before the long drive to Lincoln.

"Unfortunately not. He's got flu and can't make it," sighs a rather depressed Oz.

"EXCELLENT," announces AJ, "I'll get my records!"

We'd been warned the Rogue 'lot' like it 'deep but spanky' and proceeded to start the night off with the fluffiest of deep darling fluffiness, and as the crowd filter in, the curve progresses ever upward till a full, sweaty floor of deep house fanatics were giving it max welly on a crowded dancefloor. So with Gary Marson from Pacific Records (them Hot Lizard tunes are quite remarkable) DJing in the same club the week before, and Digs and Woosh on the week after, Oz and Al were in the good company of their most respected peers.

The crowd were great, what ever way the boys took it. From the depths of Scottish Tropiqueness, to the heights of Chicago guru Derrick Carter's 'drummage' it rocked all the way. From Smack Productions full vocal garage to the tuffest of coolly sensual Love from San Francisco and left field Hardkiss they pumped it right on down. From Glen Underground to the Moody Man. From the whirling Rasoul and McCarthy to the linear smorgasbord of the underground from NYC to London and back again. Connected. And fucking 'avin it, mate. Mr and Mrs Scales, Lovely Linda and Scouse Steve (house-sitting?) fly

the Kent flag high.

Earlier, during set-up. A conversation with 'Brian', a guy who stepped off the street to 'check out the score'.

"...oh, yes...I haven't been to this club (Sugar Cubes/ex-Lazers) for a while...the last time I was here, some guy came up to me and said, 'are you Brian?' 'Yes' I said...cos what's the point of lying?... you've got to stand up to them you know... show them you aren't frightened... even though I was... anyway... he started to punch me around the head but I kept my head up and looked him straight in the eyes... I take this kind of punishment a lot... it's not just in this club... which is an old bikers club you know... quite rough..."

Conrad Rogue brings over a tune. 'Deep Sax' by Safe House.

"It's, er, something we've been working on in the studio," he modestly admits. Salivation mode immediately clicks. It's a one sided 10" dub-plate.

"How many plays?" they ask.

"Six," replies Conrad.

Oz and Al look at each other and say; "about six more plays?"

"Aye."

"Have you played it to a crowd yet?"

"A small one..."

"We'll play it tonight! As the last tune!" they say, snatching it out of his hand.

"That'd be nice..." say Conrad a little embarrassed.

A quick listen during soundcheck reveals a hard, cavernously deep kick. On top floats jazz overdubs. Free form top vibes percolate. It's good. (get it out NOW). The boys put it at the back 'till "the end" only to forget thus not playing it and then, to cap it all, "accidentally" slipping it into Oz's box "to give back to Conrad once we get back to his house." Oh yeah?

Back at Rogue HQ a "small" number of close chums buzz around skinning up, 'booting' up, opening cans. Sue Rogue makes us all feel most welcome. It's like being amongst old friends. We do the old 'loaves and fishes' routine and, what do you know, before we get a sit down 8 conversation loaded hours have flashed by (as well as a quick 'power nap'). Around 10am, when the crew are supposed to be back in Kent preparing the Sp-Ex sesh at the Shift Hotel, we find Mark Dixon and Al-Jay larging it up trainspotter style with only one deck. Both DJ's have their boxes open and are taking turns to out-rarity each other.

"How much do want for that?" says Mark about (one of) the new Hardkiss test presses freshly acquired by Al not one week before from his mates Gav and Niv (the brothers).

"No way! Not for sale!" replies Al, loving it. He shakes his head exaggeratingly, waving his hand and turning his back on Mark.

"Go on, how much, how much?" Mark elbows him in the ribs and winks.

"No sale," laughs Al, all tickled. "No sale." Aaah! DJ chums. Rocking.

Spiritual Experience

The Ship, Faversham
Sun 21st April

"Jes waddles through"

We've got guest Ed today. He's waiting for us when we get back from Lincoln three hours late. He's pissed right up. Uncle Walts been 'looking after' him for us.

As we walk through the door, believe it or not, Ed's cueing up his first tune and Walts pulling our plonkers, sorry, the first of many pints Gap was to throw down her Gap that very afternoon. With the balls racked and the cues chalked we slipped straight into 'chill-out' mode or rather the age old tradition of getting completely and utterly slaughtered.

The next week we manage to persuade a certain person with a modicum of DJ talent to scrape all her old chestnuts out from the back of the cupboard just so she can get access to her deep library of choice (meat-free) cuts of lardless house classics (past and present). A tape of one of her sets can command great favours and will ensure that the great one known as "A-Lot" will make plentiful supplies of cups of tea and such like sundries available to the holder of such a treasure.

Two minutes after the door opens and Jes waddles through with enough records to ensure the continuation of the petro-chemical industry for at least three minutes.

"Got this one mate?" he casually tosses into the conversation like some maggot dangling on a fishing line. The tune in question is so new the vinyl is still warm. "Old Hanson and Nelson at Tag Records really look after me." Looks me straight in the eyes and smiles.

He's on a 'wild' one today and I refuse to bite.

"Oh yeah". Biting. "That's not the elusive 'Herbert Four' perchance"?

"No. It's the new 'Hot Lizard'".

Nick Gap interupts. "I hope you two sad sap trainspotters aren't talking about records" she shouts from the opposite end of the room.

"Er... no. We're not".

Bullshitting. •

Cabbaged

The East Kent
Whitstable
Sun 21st April

the "system"

It'd been a long, long, extremely pleasurable weekend. As usual. We were looking forward, after the extensive travelling, to finally settle the dust collected in our parched throats with a well earned swill down the, now infamous (to us anyway), EK Cabbaged Sesh. Relax with a few old chums, you know?

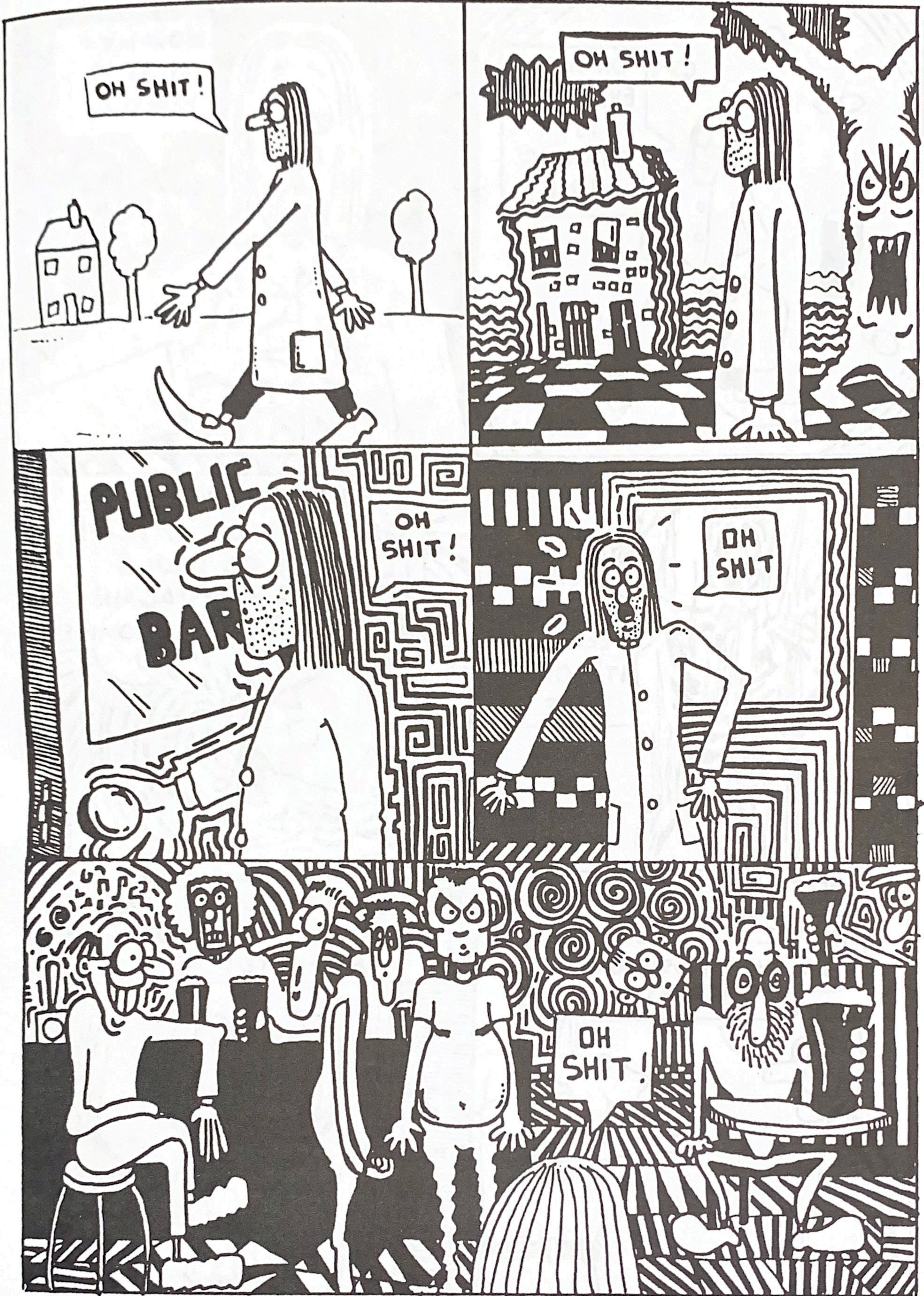
The "SYSTEM", for what it is, works like this; the rig is set up and ready to go by 7pm (depending on what level of wind-up the pissed up dart playing Petangue team deem fit to bestow upon us). All the DJ's who are in town and want a play that night are there by 7pm, and the spots are duly distributed in a fair and sporting manner over a fag and a pint. If any DJ arrives late; tough. That's the "SYSTEM" and, imperfect though it is, it's worked reasonably well for six months.

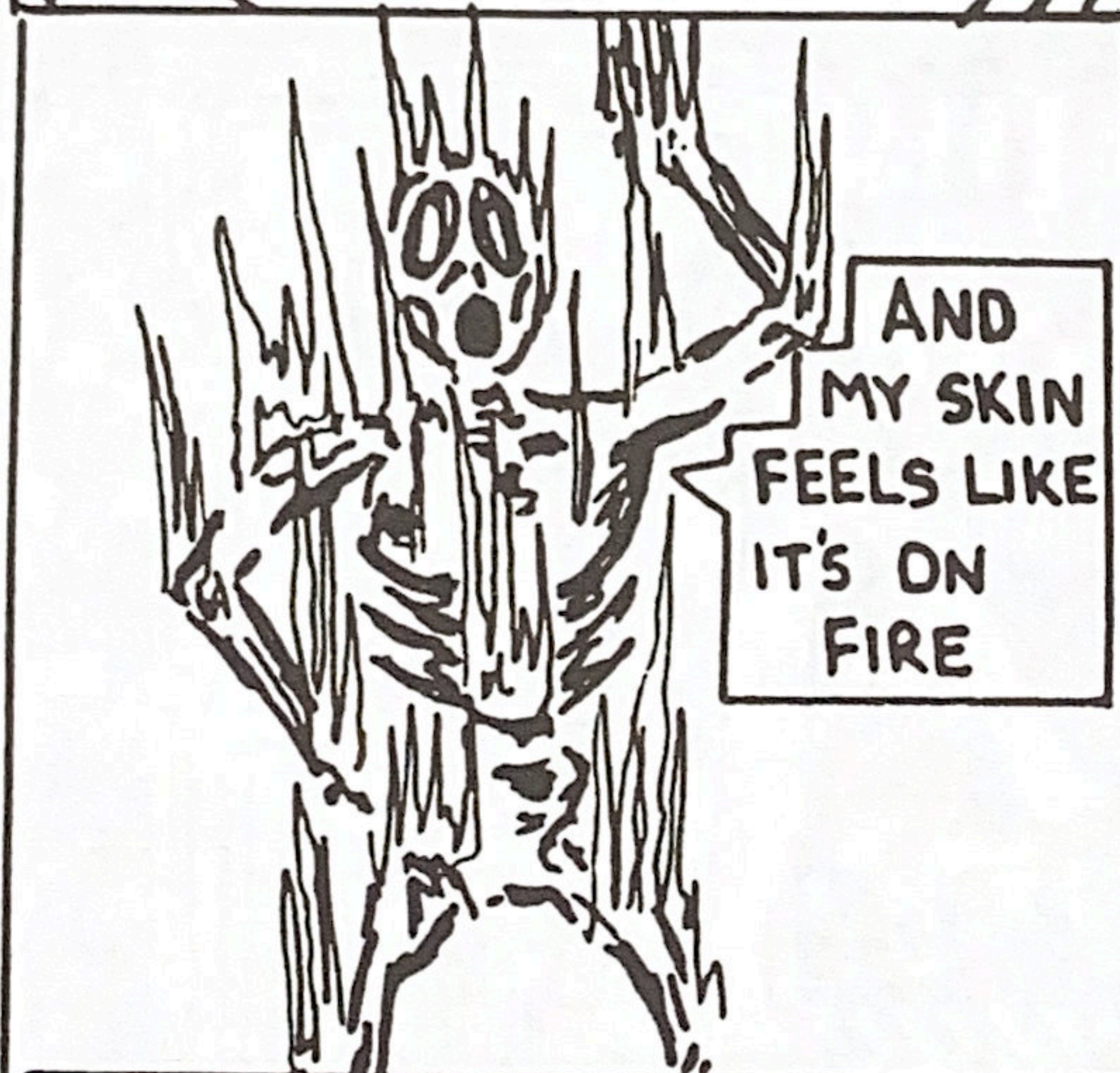
This particular night most of the regular lads (cos there ain't no lasses) turned up; Turtle, Dr. Pete, Vinyl, Al-Jay, Oz and new boy Mr Wilks. We were off.

The place slowly filled with the usual Whitstable "let's squeeze the last drop from the weekend" fiends. You should have seen the fucking state of us. Chris "the groin" and Tangentopoli's very own party reviewer Ria. Terry "she's got balls that gal" as well as "disco dancing" Ollie. Plus Creaky, our greatest pub fan who administers soothing concoctions to our flagging psyches (this week without "young creaky" in tow). Mike and Kate all glammed up (so no change there). Paul Baker. The Nick who finds our free party sites; Nick. C.J. "sobbing" Stone (famous author). Rosie (buying some 1210's and selling her belt drives to Ria, if she can persuade Chris to help out financially). Sara (stalwart). Some of the moody but cool younger guys. Everyone was getting lashed up except Max who was already well into the "me 'n' you we'll take on the world, mate" stage. Allas int ordnung (or however you spell it). The music was sweet, flowing, sound.

Around 8.30 pm they appeared. R., his brother, his dad, his mum and a few of their friends. R's brother used to work in DJ Marx's record shop but was caught red-handed choring stock. Marx sacked him. Later on he returned with R. and family in tow. They gave him a good kicking and wrecked the shop (which soon after closed down).

We knew tonight there would be problems when Nick interupted me having a sly smoke in the car park. "R's trying to get his bro' on the decks", /cont p.23





THE NEXT DAY:



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she says through clenched teeth. "I told him no!"

Not five minutes later and R. and his bro' loom up.

"Alright Oz? I've brought my brother down coz it's my birthday". That's nice. "Any chance of a spot for him?"

The "SYSTEM" is explained to him, again, and it is suggested that, as it is too late this week, he brings him down next Sunday at 7pm and we'll give him a spot. This they seem to accept. "It's my birthday", he announces.

"That's nice".

By now James, or Vinyl as everyone has always called him, is doing his 40 minutes. He's a gentle, passive, polite guy who wouldn't hurt a fly. R. and his brother are behind the decks haranguing him. From a distance we see Vinyl nod then watch Bro bend down and open his record bag. We step over.

"What's going on?" we ask.

"It's my birthday", announces R. "and my brother's gonna play a few records. Vinyl says it's all right!"

A harrassed James looks sheepish, avoids eye contact and shrugs. He's frightened of them. The whole town is. Stories of R's legendary rumbles are rife. Most of them aren't exaggerated. One of his most recent involved him taking on eight down the Bear and Key before putting a few windows in.

We stand up to them and, politely, explain that we are glad that it is his birthday but we have a night to run and his brother isn't playing tonight as the spots have already been sorted out. OK? He grudgingly accepts this and goes and has a drink with his dad.

Talking to James, our dreadlocked barberperson fresh back from Thailand, he recounts how earlier he went down to the off-license and saw this guy in his forties sitting on a bench, pissed up, with a fat lip dribbling blood. "It was R. Watch out. He gets punchy on Hurliman and he's had a skinful tonight".

I hear Nick shouting; "I don't care if it is your fucking birthday, he's *not* playing. No matter what you say or do they are *our* decks and *we* decide who's

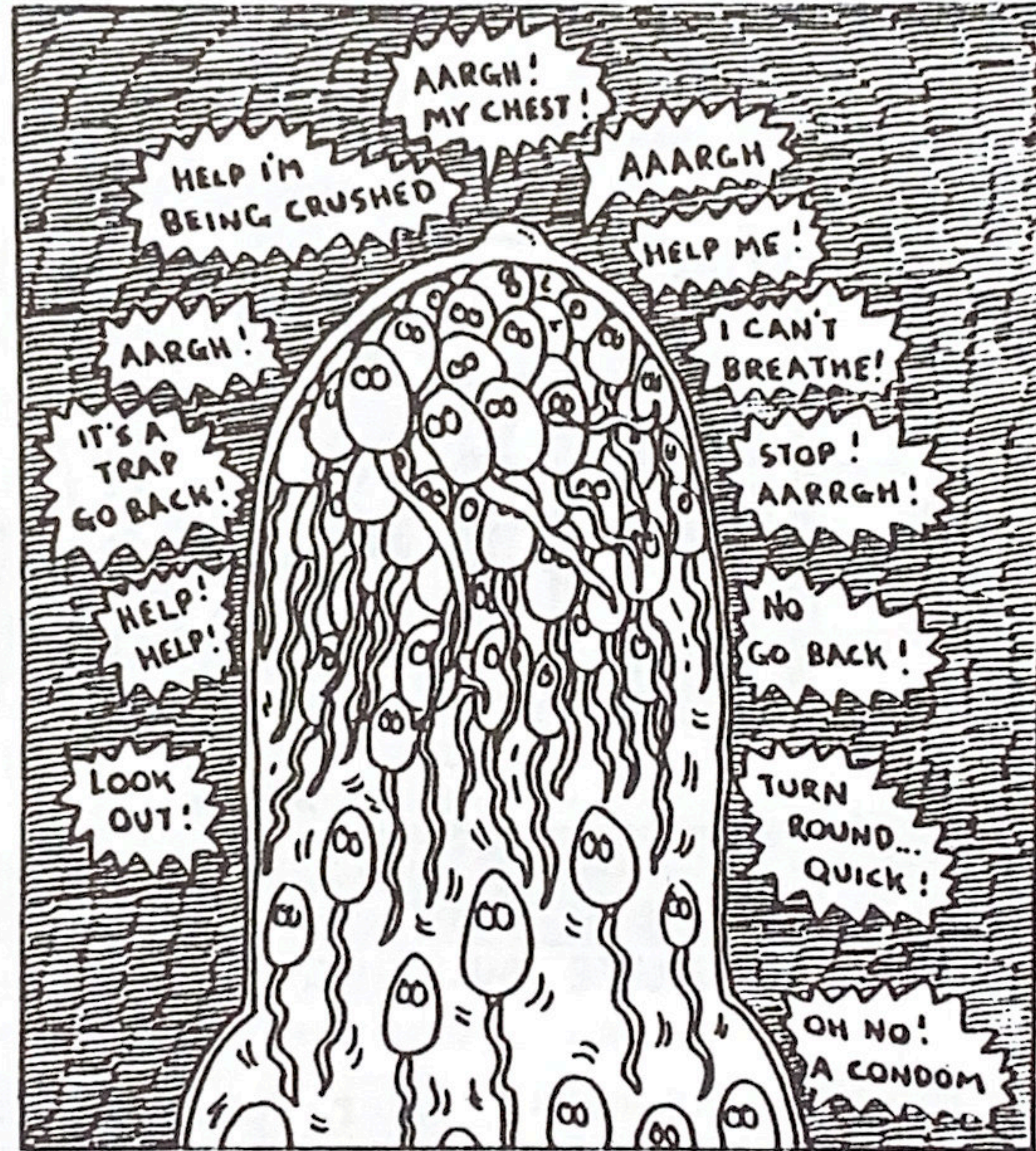
playing and who's not." She spits her words out, centimetres from his face, really angry that he's still on the blag. He says to me, locking eyes with an icy stare; "You're not very friendly".

Fuck me, I thought, eyeing up the empty glass in his hand warily, I'm going to get a slap. Still, what can you do? The other lads in the crew mill around, on yellow alert. No-one needs this.

Turtle plays some deep delights and the night slowly gets back to normal. The vibe settles and the usual business of ripping the piss rotten, or the gentle art of conversation (whichever you want to call it) dominates the social flux crackling away like a wood fire. I talk to CJ Stone, who seems in a good mood, about Tangentopoli and the forthcoming "Fierce Dancing" book tour. He really is on a good one. And why not? His book is bloody good, he's looking forward to the tour, the writings flowing and for a depressive

with a broken heart he seems at ease with himself and positive vibes rush out of him.

As CJ leaves R's dad sidles up. "Hello. I don't know anything about what you do", he begins, "but", here it comes, "it's R's birthday", that's nice, "and he wants his brother to play a few tunes. Only for 10 minutes. Look! If one of the DJ's wants to give up 10 minutes I'll give them a tenner". Then as an afterthought; "Don't tell the boys though. That I offered you a tenner that is". I explain the "SYSTEM", again, and promise I'll see what I can do.



SAFE SEX - THE SPERM'S PERSPECTIVE .

"No fucking way", says Al-Jay shaking his head. "I'm having my slot". And he does.

This reminds me of the other week when Alex "twigmaster" Bird arrives late expecting a DJ slot. The "SYSTEM" is explained once again, but, determined to play, he approaches Vinyl (wonder why) who promptly sells him his spot for the grand total of two quid. "Well", he later laments, "If he wants to play *that* badly..."

At 10.30pm I slip off for a chinese take-away. The night was ending and balance seemed

restored.

R. talks to Gap and apologises profusely for his drunken behaviour. "Don't worry about it", says Gap, "It's your birthday!"

The next day the finished "Fierce Dancing" books arrive from Faber and Faber. They look good. They feel good. A testament. A document. A solidifying, funny, edifying snapshot of the underground DIY culture. The postperson says; "That's the second parcel I've delivered like this today. I got him out of bed too!" C.J.!

I ring him up to congratulate him.

"At the end of the East Kent last night", he says, "Max (the landlord) asked R. to leave. R. punched him after throwing a few glasses at him first. 'That's well out of order' I said, then he turns around and punches me right in the mouth. I've got a fat, throbbing lip and it hurts".

A pang of something (responsibility?) ripples through me. All I can think is 'poor Chris' saying the wrong thing to the wrong man at the wrong time. All my good feelings crumble to guilt.

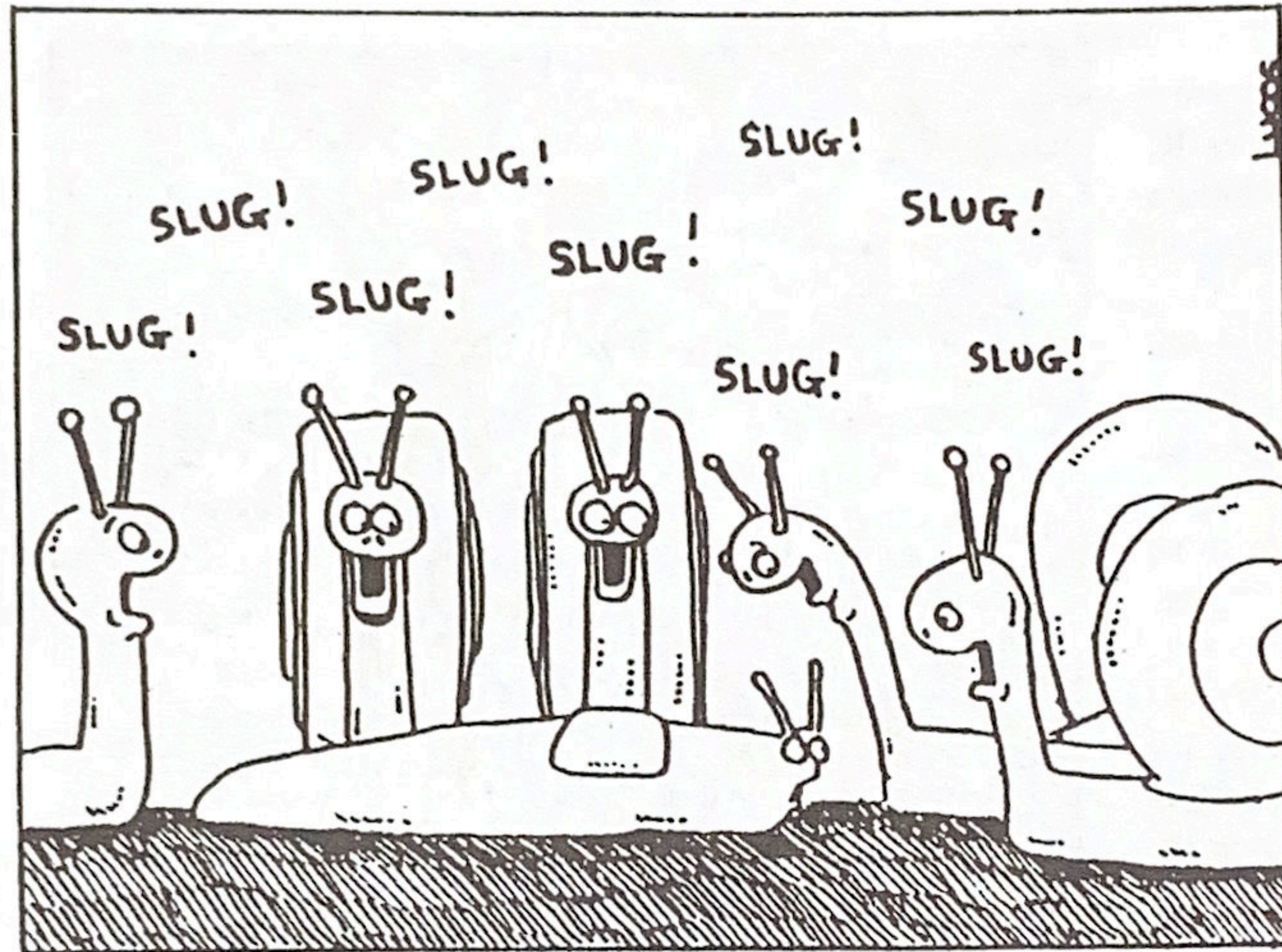
I put the phone down. Next week we change the "SYSTEM".

Kent's first free party of 1996

11th May

Everyone had been looking forward to this for weeks now. I can remember being pissed and saying just that, till I think I bored myself, and Maurice. It was great setting up - Paul showing Al-Jay how to put the bloody marquee up, and shouting "I've put this marquee up loads of times", and Nicky wrapping the ropes around the trees against orders, and swinging round the poles, WEEEE, and even looking quite obscene on one. Tony with his mobile phone, which grandma bought, unconscious in the morning,

trying to figure out how he was going to pay the bill!! Me seeing Martin Martin for the first time after flashes, and laughing, "I was punching that man the last time I saw him". "A bit of a mad one" as we put it



INVERTEBRATE BULLYING!

later. And in the morning A BIG HUG. I do love how things can be made up at times, between humans. It has a sort of magic and "I like you anyway" to it.

The place was lovely. Thanks to Nicky and her sawing skills, Andy's van was OK, and saved him a blag to bosses on Monday. Putting Andrew's van to such good use, was a buzz in itself and Andy lying in the nettles showing me the moon, on a good one, was proof of that. Mike in his Pinic SS Shirt. Chucking of milk in the morning, and "I'm only giving you your bloody milk." Nicky's pink hair band cheered me up when there was no

table there. "The DJ's going to get muddy knees", said Andy. Walter had no table. I nearly picked one out of his pub and chucked it through the window. Luckily I didn't, as I would of had one pissed off Walter and a mess, and I'd have had a bill to pay - so glad I never. Luckily the table came, and shouts of "Oh Louie" as it was put in place.

"If you want logs, we'll get you logs", said Aaron, as he, and Orangeade Hooch drinker, pulled them out of his black van. The start of three fires of the party. The first sounds of the party with Martin's Magic Finger, were great. I was dragging wood, jumping and shouting to Louie and Andy, "It's started. Yes." Sue was smiling and happy. The police came three times. I never saw them. As Andy says, I was away with the fairies! Hooch drinker, whilst collecting bracken said, "Who'll be first in the nettles?". Can't remember how it happened, but I was.

Steve and Tracey, dancing with joy of the whole thing. Mike has one brain cell, Holly has no tables. The marquee was dancing. Happy faces and jiggling all night. BUZZ BUZZ and her MUM were the FIRST there.

Katie smiled her terrific smile, if such a word can describe such a smile. Lovely Paul and his jacket were cuddled. Sue was remarkably calm in a crisis and seaweed was spotted as she tended the young man's finger. Later all is well and bandaged and he dances in the early morning sun.

The lake was lovely. Thanks to Paul for shouting, because as Nicky says, "If no one did, we'd get nothing done". Pam and Jon hiding their beer, locked. Wish I had, as I had no beer left in the morning. Louie was kissed, Chris and Terri were dancing. I named them "Lovers of the night". Terri says, "Chris said I never went near him all night". Well with me own eyes she did. Me and Andrew skipped past each other all night. I've been told me and Nicky were "Fucking Off" to each other, but as experience shows, these are small misunderstandings in what I consider to be a beautiful, fucking excellent, needed (and need I say more) part of mine, and all who are reading this, LIVES'.
Melissa.

Free Party

Saturday 11th May 1996

Somewhere in Kent

Standing by a gate in the middle of everywhere. Darkness. Silence. Only the red tip of a cigarette glows in the pitch and inky air. Suddenly, over the brow of a hill a quarter of a mile away, a car is spotted, headlights illuminating the sky, the trees, the night. The guy puts his fag out and hides behind a tree trunk, hand over the white light of his now switched on torch. He waits.

As it nears the car light reveals a strange sight. People. Or more accurately the silhouettes of perhaps a dozen people, all walking up this quiet country road. Human voices begin to penetrate the silence of the night. The guy cautiously flashes the torch and the approaching car, rather than speed up and escape the puffa jacketed spectre, instead slows down, and stops.

"Alright, man", says the driver. Six pairs of bright, eager, alive eyes, sparkle, glowing back positive, gorgeous vibrations. They are all riding on a crackle of energy. It is 10.30pm and they are the first to arrive.

"Down there", say the guy shining the torch to reveal a hidden lane. "Park up there", torch indicates empty space, "and turn off your lights. Then walk through the wood down that bluebell lined path, it's on the left, the music is about to start".

The door-guy asks for no money, searches no people. He merely performs his function. More people arrive. More cars. Quickly, quickly, get everyone on site, speed is imperative and within the first hour 150 people are parked up and partying. Not bad for 10 phone calls and 6 hours notice. Besides the first gathering of the season should always be a small, intimate, special affair. Shouldn't it?

This ain't no ordinary free party either. This is free house not free techno trance. This musical vibe is decidedly laid back, groovy, soulful. Never dischordant, never scary, never aggressive. It's the soothing balm of deep house, the preferred choice of these people. And they like it. A lot.

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Especially when it's free.

DJ's, mainly tVC, are Nick 'Parting' Gap, Simon Stonehouse, Adam (Chunky chap), Mark Dixon (from the lovable Rogue Sound System in Lincoln), Al-Jay (visiting traveller from San Fran and Japan via Scotland, spreading the deep credo), Oz, Timo (that's tVC Timo, the original one not the newly appeared jungle Timo on UKC Radio) and Jes (Chunky and London large).

Let's get off to the low-down dirty business of free expression, love, unity and the joyous celebration of pure hedonism, you know, the real serious stuff about *being* human? The stuff Section 63 of the Criminal Justice Act was designed to repress. The stuff we won't stop doing, ever.

The Love Tent was brimming over with smiles, slaps, hugs, kisses, pushes, looks and dancers. People stood, sat, had a chat or a pat or even put on a hat. Got that? It was so beautiful just seeing people being happy, being themselves, expressing themselves out loud, without inhibition, without pressure. This is a mind and body concept of ancient, awesome power. This is big time primeval sensuality. This is dancing on the earth together. Powerful invocations are there to feel.

Dancing. Tight, fluid, mathematical, organic designs. A single phrase will be rigorously repeated, inverted, condensed and embellished as if the dancer had been programmed to work out all its possible variations. Watching a weather front blow across the space. It's extraordinary how forceful a personality can be projected through the curve of a shoulder, the moulding of a spine, the flattened palm of the hand. Where complexity is pared down to such simplicity that form becomes loaded with drama. Dance and music create a multi-layered puzzle

in which dancers ripple and weave in counterpoint with each other, as well as with the music. Even the tiniest shift of an arm can register an independent rhythmic variation. But just as our eyes and brain are ready to short circuit on the amount of information we're receiving, lovely moments occur when the dancers and the music all unite in harmonious resolution...

Conrad stumbles out of the bushes, vodka bottle sticking out of his top breast pocket. He's a little drunk but agrees to help look for fire wood. He turns on his heels and dives straight back into the undergrowth. "You ain't

gonna find any wood walking along the path", he shays, "you gotta get right in *there* and look around". He's gone. I hear him fall over.

We walk past the lake and stop by a fence to partake of a smoke and enjoy the extraordinary in house lighting effects afforded by the sunrise as it creeps slowly over the horizon. It had been a little cold but inside the Love Tent it was hot. At least Sasha was asleep. "Is that man simple?", someone asked earlier... Scouse spotted laughing, dancing and enjoying himself, *all* at the same time. Gone caught sniffing Tracey's cup. A Lot wreathed in smiles despite spending all night in the hospital with Spud, who had sliced a fifth of his finger off earlier. Oblivious to the blood pumping through his bandage, he pumped on. Lighthouse, still awake, despite devouring a bottle of vod with Pilly earlier, who fucked off with all the beer, just as we were getting desperate. Alcohol beckoning, we took down the love tent, whilst Al, Crusher and Martin declared their intention to "Carry on forever!" Cars full to bursting we left for the pub. 10 minutes into the first pint there's Al on the phone. "Come and get us, everyone's gone and the Environmental Health have turned up threatening to seize the rig," he whines. Oh how we laughed!



WAYNE WAS HAVING A FEW PROBLEMS WITH THE BAG-PACKING COURSE.

More rammed than Ramsden

7th Heave-on 23rd May
Caner-bury

With Oz and Gap finally remembering that flyers are best if they're actually handed out, rather than kept in pretty piles around the flat, the night was, how shall we say, more rammed than Ramsden. We returned from the brink, and fucking good it was too.

With DK's '4 hour set' getting shorter by the moment, until it looked like the '4 hour' was a misprint and should have read, 4 minutes, we did it ourselves. Al was even congratulated by one satisfied clubber, "It's good to have the big boys behind the decks", to which he replied, "We're just tVC, sah."

It later transpired that DK was unable to attend due to severe ill health that led to him believing his 'party-ing career was over'. We'd just like to say, don't worry about it mate, we'll reschedule the night for a later date. Although if you'd have heard some of the tunes that AJ was playing under your name, you would be very worried

Anyway, we quickly got down to time-honoured business and did all the things that have been written about ad nauseum in this 'scruffy' (CJ '95) little tome. It was Simone's birthday and she brought her band of reprobate health food lovers along for the ride. Kev and Jason from Canterbury Wholefoods sat looking awkwardly nonplussed at it all, tempered by shock at the price of the piss weak beer. Caroline bravely managed to fight off sleep for a couple of hours but was later to be seen, face down in a sofa that has seen many farty bottoms spilling their contents. Simone splashed around delicately, in the way she does best, whilst Goa was exceptionally well behaved. This was much appreciated by many, but secretly some of us all yearned for the 'Pan' Nick of yore; raging full on about the injustices of the world, trying to start the revolution single-handedly (whilst hoping to get everyone into his boudoir) dressed in a particularly fetching A-line crimplene dress. Ooch watch out.

Whilst the dancefloor heaved, all night, solidly, sweatily and happily, More Rice appeared to miss the point somewhat. He kept saying how 'experimental' the music was that night, how we kept 'moving around' between fluffy stuff and garage stuff and Chicago dub stuff and Dutch stuff stuff and (oops) techno. This was his response to a particularly tasty tune that employed an unusual muted sound.

"What the fuck's this fucking music?" he enquired politely, "its playing havoc with my speakers and sounds all funny, like a chainsaw or something".

Oz and Al-Jay both turn around simultaneously and say to a somewhat startled and rocky Mauricimo; "Future sonic funk maan. Derrick Carter (sah!)"

And there you have it....•

'CJ STONE'S 'FIERCE DANCING' TOUR

What started of as a grand gesture supposedly on a par with the great debaucher Hunter S Thompson the "Fierce and Loathing" tour ended up, not with a trunk full of drugs and an epic, funny adventure, but with an oxymoron: a book reading tour.

Preferring pop, crisps and sandwiches to mescaline, LSD and alcohol we bravely faced Jane in the Avis office (a contact of a friend of a friend that took -oooh- weeks to organise) and took possession of a variety of crap hire cars with names that we forgot the instant we got into the buggers. The 'deal' we struck was pointless anyway (top o' the range for the bottom o' the range price) because top publishers Faber and Faber (tight-arses to a woman) were paying. Bow, Scrape.

Besides, the only thing we were concerned about was whether or not it had a good stereo in it or not. The Astra something-or-other won that particular competition most thoroughly. CJ braved stoically the music continuously blaring from first moment to last. His crime the fact that he wrote the book, his punishment the fact he had to endure a torturous tour just so he could read a few passages out through a succession of crap microphones to a succession of roomfuls of people who couldn't hear a fucking word he was saying half the time. Oh how we all laughed heartily.

In the Pendragon Ambient Room he shuffles uncomfortably in the corner; bottle of London party priced warm lager steadfastly held tight. If you learn anything from CJ's book its the fact that he likes pubs. And beer. Not lager. Or London parties.

He soldiers on with a nervous fight or flight energy carefully channelled to 'let's get through this' mode. People come up to him and talk. Kate Pendragon makes him feel welcome. He watches the musicians and dancers and displays his 'I can feel an article coming on' face.

A microphone drops from the sky and, realising that this is 'showtime', now, he gets an attack of stage fright. Cough. Shake. Cough. Shake. Falteringly; "Hello". His voice cracks and the sound feeds back with a vicious whine. "What do you call a raver in a filing cabinet?" he says. Someone shouts out; "Sorted". "Er... yeah", he says, only slightly embarrassed but pleased someone knew it. The room ripples with laughter. The bastard's got them. And after, as people come up to him and tell him he's funny and ask for a copy of the book he realises that he doesn't have any with him. Faber and Fabers assertion that they're supporting (ie paying for) the tour in order to get books into places where there normally aren't any (ie clubs) falls most foul. Whilst the CJ fans wait I am dispatched off to find some books. The place is totally rammed and even moving the 15 feet from Pete Blue's T-shirt stall to the room exit takes an effort of gargantuan proportion never mind the half an hour in a impression of the crowd at the front of the main stage at Glastonbury before Van Morrison comes on.

Lincoln. Another date, another car. People from the local bookshop cluck around Christopher James giving him the star treatment. He loves it. They have a table with a display of his books on it. They get him to sign all of them, which he does happily, and then he sits behind them, drinking another pint of beer, waiting for the rush.

Earlier, before the club opened, drinking in a local pub selected at random using the criteria of 'it's the nearest', we meet some of the locals. One guy walks past and does a double take. He points at Chris, a look of recognition on his face. I'd only seen this on TV and it's quite disconcerting seeing it happen 'in real life'. It transpires he's the leader of the local Hells Angels who's very handy at kick boxing. Luckily he likes soft southern namby pamby's and recounts tales of increased property prices around Lincoln due to the influx of southerners making their homes here during the property slump. Someone from a group of guys in the corner shouts over to confirm our new friends theories by saying that he had indeed himself moved here 10 years ago and how much the locals liked south-

erners like himself. Unfortunately CJ tells them he's from Birmingham originally, whilst I come from Newcastle and Al-Jay comes from Scotland. The Hells Angel nurses a hand with some frightening red and black swellings. Perhaps we have a secret anarcho-syndicalist in our midst?

In Brighton the hostess informs Chris that he was the best speaker they'd had for ages and that they have Attila the Stockbroker down next week. The two guys from SchNews are quite funny warming up for CJ and, amongst other worthy things, remark on the acute shortage of dope in the Brighton area. This appeared a strange pattern for during the previous few days calls from friends from as far afield as Wales and Leeds had noted the same phenomenon. We resolve to study the next official crime figures for the month of May to see if lawlessness increased during this inexplicable and countrywide drought.

During the question and answer session after the reading, and just as CJ was beginning to flounder on the rocks of his own 'outsider looking in' policy, Tash stepped up and made a few excellent comments on the current state of the heavily repressed travelling / free festival culture. His depth and commitment heartily roused the blood and it was indeed a pleasure to be in the company of such a good man. His slides, from past Stonehenges to present street parties, document the culture of resistance and freedom more accurately than a thousand books could. I introduce myself to him and remark that we had met during the infamous 'Tong' weekender that took place in Wales during a three day period in June 1995. He looks at me whilst holding my hand and says, shaking his head as his eyes glass over; "Tong... What.. a... party...!"

CJ Stones Fierce Dancing Tour continues at the Sub Club, Folkstone, Sat 1st June and Moves to Nottingham, again with Tash, Thursday 6th June and then to London with Irving Welsh at The Bluenote on 12th.

Fierce Dancing (Adventures in the Underground) is available now from Faber and Faber.

Ham Sandwich

Dig Deep 18 May

Soundhouse, Hawkinge

We'd have danced to a ham sandwich. And we did. •

7Th Heaven Mark Sinclair Man Like Ben 25th April 1996

After all the ribbing and joshing Ben received for his Oasis look-a-like hair do last time he was here, he returned a la Iain Lazy Bastard, that is his freshly shorn locks did not cascade luxuriously down his erect back. He actually looked exactly like Tim (Mutley) and confused us no end for a good couple of hours. Luckily the throbbing nature of his eclectic offerings proffered unselfishly *more* than made up for our earlier confusion. As did our sullied, and indeed rather slothlike uneffort, with the flyers whereby we, er, 'forgot' to put Ben's name on the list of credits. We apologise most profusely and have emphatically given ourselves a damn good flogging with a stripped twig.

Anyway, Mark flew his trance trews gently at half mast for the seveners, who were more used to the usual crap we dish up. With his long blond hair sticking to his naked, bronzed chest he looked like the God of trance he is. And a damn top fine chap he is also. He is the antithesis of the music he plays and is as mellow and cool in personality as his music is firm. Considering the firmness of his music the Heavens gave it all they got. Maurice moaned of course, but then again he always does. Does he actually like dance music? We know its not the glory (warehouse) days or Caravan but we say 'thank fuck'. Deal with it man. We're thinking of having a special night for ol' More Rice E Mo; we've approached the BBC and they think it's OK. So, watch out for a Radio Four meets T4 special at the Works real soon, just so he doesn't have to sit in his van all night.

Acid evangelist fights to give death a good name

*Dr Leary plans to die as he lived: outrageously and on LSD.
And, he wants us to watch.*

Rebellious to the last, Timothy Leary, the psychedelic Socrates of the sixties, has made plans to heap scorn on the final taboo by celebrating his death live, on screen, on the World Wide Web. "Visible, interactive suicide", he calls it. A wizened victim, at 75, of seemingly incurable prostrate cancer, he has declared his intention to ingest, in the presence of his friends and disciples, not a potion of hemlock but a cocktail of LSD. He has not yet announced the date of the event but will do so once the doctors inform him that further medication is useless.

The dying thoughts of Dr Leary will then be available to those wishing to access his Internet home page at <http://www.leary.com>. Owners of computers with CD-ROM will be afforded the opportunity to watch him join his old soulmates Aldous Huxley, Jimi Hendrix and John Lennon on the trip to the place whence no man has returned. Or not yet, at any rate...

Dr Leary entertains hopes that life's rest will not be eternal. Immediately after he is declared dead his head is to be removed, and his brain frozen. He has signed a contract with a California cryogenics laboratory for his brain to be preserved at a temperature of minus 320 degrees Fahrenheit until the day mankind discovers a cure for death. Or as a friend put it, "he is going to wait and see if a time comes when he can remanifest the software in a new form of hardware".

Meanwhile, the man who challenged the world to "turn on, tune in, drop out" - who Huxley described as having "a frightful penchant for cocking his snoot at authority" - means to continue defying the social orthodoxies by facing death with a grin on his face. He declared himself "thrilled" when he learned in January last year that he had received a visit from "Mademoiselle Cancer". Since then he has occupied most of his time devising what he describes as the means to achieve a "high tech designer death". "I am developing methods and technologies," he says, "to delay the ultimate onset of pain, coma, helplessness and indignity."

To keep his spirits up, for he is undergoing radiation and is in frequent pain, he has been sticking to a daily diet which includes, he says, 44 cigarettes, three cups of coffee, one beer, two glasses of wine, one cookie, one marijuana joint, one Tylenol PM, two prescription pain pills, 12 balloons of nitrous oxide (laughing gas), and three "Leary biscuits" - Ritz crackers topped with cheese and marijuana.

He has not been partaking of these pleasures alone. During the last week his home in Beverly Hills has been the site of what one visitor described as "a permanent party". The house has been teeming 24 hours a day with beautiful young women in mini-skirts and beautiful young men with rings through their noses, devotees of the dying guru's ethic of benignly rampant self-indulgence.

Yoko Ono, Susan Sarandon, Ken Kesey and Dan Ackroyd have been among the guests, feeding Dr Leary purple Nitrous Oxide balloons supplied from a tank he keeps in his bedroom, together with a collection of 15 wheel-chairs and the incubator where his head will be stored.

John Perry Barlow, who dropped acid with Dr Leary 30 years ago, and is today the head of the Electronics Frontier Foundation, a celebrated web philosopher viewed with almost as much veneration by the cyber generation as Dr Leary was in his day by the hippies, said: "Tim's home, I'd say, is as holy a place as I've been in a long time. He's surrounded himself with angelic young people and some of the great people of this century. And do you know what he said to me? 'I'm going to give death a better name, or die trying'. It's inspiring man, it's a life-inspiring energy he's created."

"He's violating one of the sickest things in this culture, that death is something to be ashamed of. He's doing what he's always tried to do, rearrange people's mental furniture. We deny death in the US, we're ashamed of it. He is affirming death, embracing it, and he's gonna do it live on TV."

John Carlin

The Quick and Painless Way to Die

Handy Hints On Facing Your Own Bereavement Without Dismay

by Davy King

(Davy King is an author from Falmouth, Cornwall, who publishes directly onto the Internet. He is currently negotiating with a national publisher for the rights of his next book.)

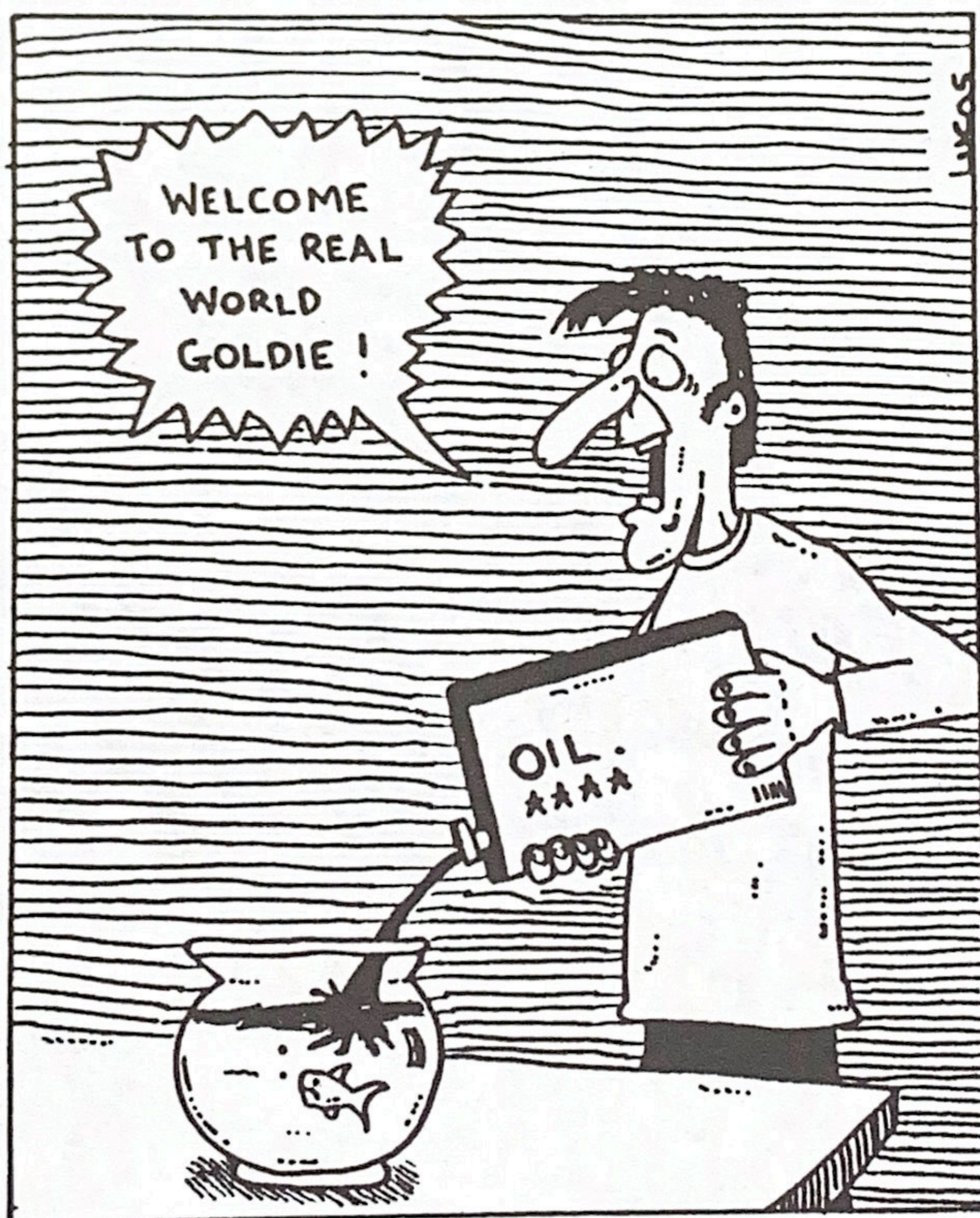
Why not DIE LAUGHING? Yes, SHAKE in uncontrollable mirth. ROLL about the floor guffawing till you hear the sweet parting music of that old death-RATTLE gurgling in your throat like the sound a baby makes. Sweet.

When it comes to shuffling off that mortal coil (and it comes to us all, mate) there's no finer or funnier way to go. Meet Your Maker in the Merriest Manner. It's fun, it's cheap and above all it's final.

First, you'll need a Sense of Humour. Being Human, this is usually provided in the Basic Survival Kit. It's that elusive Seventh Sense that comes after the other six (Senses of the Ridiculous and the Absurd are optional extras). But, please note, batteries are NOT included. You will have to recharge it yourself from time to time. If you are at anll eco-conscious, you could use solar-power and just go and sunbathe when it stops raining. But avoid too much exposure to harmful Comic rays, UVL in particular. LUV is much safer.

Anyway, then just turn it on and try to See the Funny Side Of Things. A Distorting Mirror may prove useful. Also, it helps if your Fancy is a wee bit Ticklish. There are Funny Sides to most things, espe-

cially polygons. Jokes about dead parrots seem to be very popular for some reason, as do ones about poorly pollys with nausea. Be thankful there are so many causes of genuine hilarity in this life. Sick jokes, old jokes, jokes that have seen better days, jokes on their last legs, jokes that are to all appearances stone-cold dead. Even necrophilia jokes.



Bad jokes, wicked ones, real killers. Jokes whose perpetrators should burn in hellfire if there were any justice in the world. Puns are the worst, and the worst ones never bested. Avoid them like the plague or ague, or they'll take you away in a straight-jacket babbling incoherently. You'll be diagnosed clinically-insane, locked in a long stay ward or in your very own personal and private padded cell where you can dribble away all day to your heart's content, live on a diet of mood-altering drugs, hysterical but alive, which is not the object of the

exercise. Or, of course, and this is more likley, you may just GROAN and that sounds painful, not a pleasant experience at all.

The truly fortunate are able to dispense with artificial aids altogether and just laugh at themselves. They are their own best joke. Talk about a

great big belly-laugh. The more eccentric and extravert among them wear clown costumes, and go around in red noses. They daren't look in the bathroom mirror, creases them up. Two mirrors are twice as bad. They double up. The danger is they may require emergency surgery and end up in stitches. Premature death by asphyxiation on your own wit is not compulsory.

So take a look at your life. There should be plenty to laugh about. It isn't all Doom and Gloom, is it? OK it is then. Let's face it some people are just born miserable. They wouldn't recognize Happiness if it came up to them, shook their hand and said, 'Hi, my name is Joy. Would you like a nice relaxing massage, or perhaps there's something else I could do for you. Keep smiling. Have a nice day. Have you heard the one about...' If you're one of those sort of people, who just wallow in hapless hopelessness, refuse to see a single silver lining when the worst that's likely to happen to you is that you'll get wet, well, quite frankly, I recommend Euthanasia. EXIT this way. Death I would imagine would come as a blessed relief to the likes of such a moaning-minny, party-poofer, spoil-sport and alliterative arsehole. What's the matter with you, did you fall and break your funny-bone?

Look at it this way. Death is the final knockout punchline in a long and tedious joke of dubious taste. The anticipation is exquisitely delicious. You can hardly bear for that voice that drones on and on to cease forever. The moment you've been waiting for when you can leave all the shit of your life behind (tho please try to wipe your arse afore ye go, it's not fair to bequeath that task to the nurse.) So, like, you needn't have worried and fretted so much after all, if this is what it finally comes to. All's Well that Ends Well and all that.

DIE LAUGHING? It can be done, otherwise where does the phrase originate? You could give a damn good try you know. Your very best shot. Why not? Die laughing or die in the attempt. Nothing to lose. You'll die anyway. That's what's so funny about this whole Life business. You just can't take it that seriously anymore. So lighten up a little, won't you? It's not the end of the world you know. Well, it is, but you won't be there to worry about it. Might as well just laugh it all off. Ha!

So, have a hoot, be cock-a-hoop, and cock-a-snook at that old Grim Reaper fella. Misery guts. Why doesn't he cheer up? Take a peek in Death's Jest Book. What a scream, you'll shriek with laughter. Death, what is that stink? Did someone just let RIP? Grin, Reaper. Yes you can cheek Death. It won't do you any good of course. You still won't be immortal, but you may be immoral.

Do you think it's mere co-incidence that skulls are always grinnng? They finally got the Joke (you have to make allowances, they're a bit slow, it's

the rigor mortis you know, can't move the facial muscles).

Anyway, you see, the sting in the tail is that Death isn't such a prick after all. The Twist is Death's a Joker. The skull's a mask, the skeleton is painted on. The Cloak with the Hood, the Scythe, and Hourglass are just in jest. It's an elaborate charade to wind you up. It turns out he's got a penchant (and a paunch) for fancy dress.

Trick or Treat.

At this point it's traditional to laugh and slam the door in D's face. Tell him to come back next Hallowe'En when if he's lucky, you might have some change. If that doesn't work, and He can be a bit like a Jehovah's Witness or a door-to-door Life Insurance and Personal Pension Plan Salesman at times, then you just humour him, play along with the gag, enter into the spirit of things. You'll soon be in Seventh Heaven.

When all else fails, you've got to laugh. It might even give you a new lease of Life. •

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The recreational drugs war: Alcohol versus ecstasy

The alcohol industry plots with the aid of local and national government, and the police, to manipulate our recreational drug use for financial gain.

Jim Carey outlines the fears.

When Kenneth Clark ran through his November budget last year he did so with a glass of whisky sitting on the table in front of him. It is his preferred drug. At the opportune moment of announcing a 26p decrease in the price of his favourite tippie, he took up the tumbler, sluiced his mouth and returned to addressing the televised House of Commons with a smirk.

For the distilling industry it was a cracking piece of product placement. For the medical profession, however, Clarke's public display was another in a long line of drug-induced contradictions.

Last December, Stephen Dorrell, Secretary of State for Health, raised the recommended limits of weekly alcoholic consumption by 33 per cent, in the face of warnings from almost the entire medical profession. The chairman of the BMA criticised the government as "irresponsible". Dorrell's response was:

"Alcohol consumption will always be a major public health issue and it is important for the Government to present a balanced view which recognises the risks but offers soundly based and credible advice on which people can base their own choices."

Yet, whilst alcohol is directly attributed to the cause of 25,000 deaths a year, Ecstasy is implicated in only 54 deaths in five years, and cannabis attributed to no deaths at all. In view of those facts and given the strict government stance on the latter two drugs, "The presentation of a balanced view which recognises the risks and offers soundly based and credible advice" fails to be convincing as an accurate portrayal of government intention.

Following Dorrell's announcement, Dr Maristella Monteiro, medical officer for the World

Health Organisation's programme on substance abuse, accused the government of "being in the pocket of the drinks industry". Her assertion clearly refers to the lobbying of politicians on behalf of the drinks industry, and its huge economic power gained through profits from recreational drug use.

Nowhere is the war for recreational market control more amply illustrated at present than the almighty battle going on between the drinks industry and rave culture. So why a war? The answer lies in the economic ramifications of a recent change in youth recreational drug preference. With the upsurge in rave culture came a corresponding decrease in off-licence sales and pub attendance. The economic implications of this change were highlighted in 'Leisure Futures' (published by the Henley Centre, a market prediction think-tank) which estimated that 1.8 billion was being spent each year by ravers, an average of thirty five pounds a night by each raver. That pub attendance fell by 11 per cent between 1987 and 1992 and is predicted to fall 20 per cent by 1997. The report concludes:

"This of course poses a significant threat to spending for such sectors as licensed drinks retailers and drinks companies; firstly some young people are turning away from alcohol to other stimulants...; secondly raves are extremely time consuming and displace much of the time and energy which might have been expended on other leisure activities like pubs or drinking at home."

With Whitbread alone spending twenty million on advertising each year ("advertising is the science of influencing public opinion") losing markets is something these companies take very seriously. But on a more sinister level, pay-offs and behind the scenes bargaining have helped facilitate *political involvement* in the war for market control.

In 1990, an Act of Parliament was passed, the Entertainments (Increased Penalties) Act, introducing massive fines for the culpable organisers of unlicensed raves. The Act's author was Graham Bright (Con MP Luton South) occasionally identified as the MP contributing least to parliamentary debates. (He has spoken for only 16 parliamentary minutes in the last three years).

Luton is also the home of Whitbread plc, one of Britain's largest beer companies, which has its headquarters there. Head of the company is Samuel Whitbread, a previous chairman of the mid-Bedfordshire Conservative Association. Mr

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Whitbread is also the Lord Lieutenant of Bedfordshire, whose powers involve the chairmanship of local county advisory committees, responsible for putting names forward to the Lord Chancellor for selection as Justices of the Peace for the area. Besides the chairman and secretary, membership of these committees is kept secret.

Justices of the Peace preside over Magistrates courts and include among their lists of responsibilities the granting of licenses to local pubs. Thus it is a matter of some concern that Samuel Whitbread occupies such an influential position, given the obvious potential for a conflict of interest.

Samuel Whitbread et al have had their own more immediate demonstration of the new preference for raves in the form of the Exodus Collective, a politically innovative and radical dance movement operating in Bedfordshire. Their regular unlicensed parties attract an average of 3000 people. The success of their activities include community events which has earned them a loyalty and respect amongst local youth. It has also induced a recognisable shift in local culture.

According to Chief Inspector Mick Brown, then deputy divisional commander of nearby Dunstable, Exodus' raves made a noticeable difference to Luton's nightlife: "Licensed premises were receiving a fair amount of loss of trade, loss of customers...Some licensees were starting to get into real financial trouble...".

Many court cases have been brought against members of the collective over the last three and a half years, including eight named police operations, several raids, violent evictions by riot squad, a drugs plant and currently a murder charge levelled at one of the collective. At the same time Brown noticed that high level interference was overriding the recommendations he was making about how the

authorities should deal with Exodus.

When freelance journalist Tim Maylon interviewed him in 1993, the Chief Inspector went on record to say: "I heard a number of members of parliament had written to the chief constable saying that this should stop, that the police ought to get on the case...there were some Members of Parliament advocating drastic measures."

Strong evidence suggests that one of the MP's to whom Brown was referring was John Carlisle (Con MP Luton North) who cited Exodus in the House of Commons as an example of the kind of group the C.J.A. would sort out with its legislative sanctions against raves. He informed the House: "The House must understand that raves are dangerous, and worrying for parents who have little

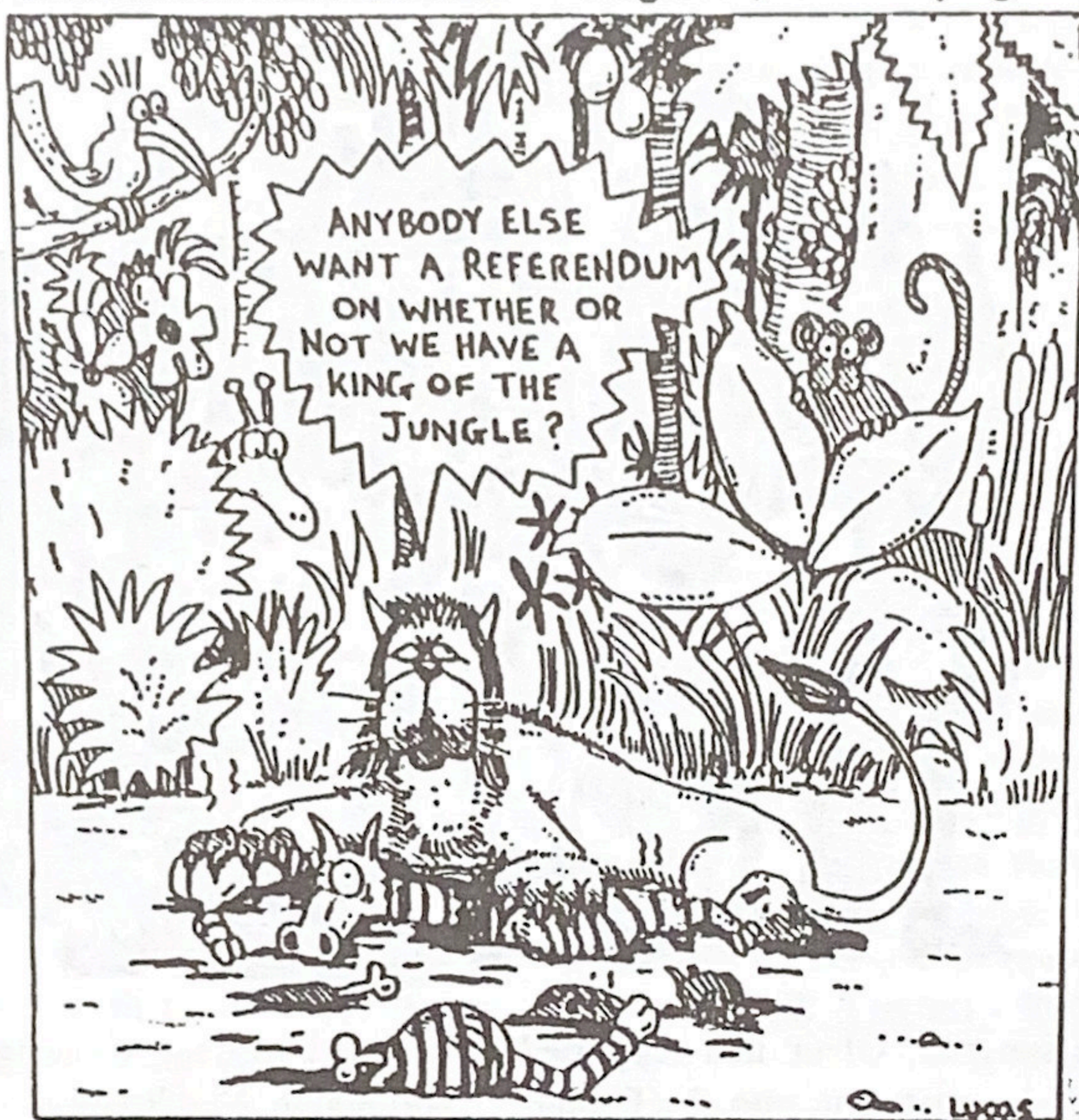
idea where their children are going when they set off in their various groups, over which they have little control."

Chief Inspector Mick Brown also stated that "there was a fairly widely held belief that Exodus and all its works wore horns and pointed tails."

The other local MP implicated in "advocating drastic measures" is Graham Bright, MP for Carlisle's neighbouring Luton constituency.

When allegations of national political sleaze reached their height at the end of 1994, interesting information leaked out from a programme made (but never broadcast) by Central TV's Cook Report team about parliamentary lobbyists Ian Greer Associates, in which Ian Greer boasts of a close relationship with Graham Bright.

There are no documents presently available to show if Graham Bright received any formal advances from Whitbread during the passage of his private members bill against rave culture. Bright himself claims that documents pertaining to such matters have long since been destroyed. However, Whitbread happen to be a major client of Ian Greer Associates.



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In the local Luton Herald, Bright was quoted: "There's no question of me directing the police, I cannot do that." Chief Superintendent Alan Marlow - divisional commander of Luton Police at the time - also claims in the same newspaper: "There has been no pressure from Mr Bright - the pressure has come from the public." However, these statements sit incongruously with John Carlisle's speech to the House of Commons, saying: "We have had to ask local forces to be on stand-by so that police can stop a rave before it takes place or go in and break it up." Who is "We"?

Chief Inspector Mick Brown was transferred from Dunstable in 1994 and given an office job at Bedfordshire Police HQ in Kempston and barred from speaking to the press. He has now retired early, reputedly to Scotland. Bedfordshire police refuse to facilitate any contact with him, saying they will pass on any letters.

Shortly after, Superintendent John Glenn was also removed from his position and transferred to a post of relative anonymity in Luton. As

Brown's immediate superior, Glenn had supported his Chief Inspector's investigation into the Exodus Collective, as well as the subsequent, honestly expressed findings.

Graham Bright was whisked from his position as parliamentary private secretary to the Prime Minister just as the media-controversy over corporate lobbying of politicians was at its height, with Bright being named and implicated in some of the associated press coverage. He was given a knighthood and sidelined to a politically benign position as one of three vice chairmen of the Conservative party, a post he still occupies, whilst the national war for which he was an active soldier, rages on.

The cyclone of hysterical anti-rave commentary following the recent death of Leah Betts

was certainly not instigated by the breweries, but without a doubt it was an event ridden upon by their corporate designs.

The nearest person the UK has to a scientific expert on Ecstasy, Dr John Henry, scientific advisor to the National Poisons Unit, was interviewed by just about every national paper. Dr Henry was unimpressed saying, "There was an over-reaction to her death. An awful lot was made of it that I don't think was very scientific at all because the press were jumping on every word. I had things served up to me by journalists." When asked what Leah Bett's death teaches us, Dr Henry says: "It teaches us that if you take a lot of fluid suddenly when you've got no reason to do so, it's dangerous."

Indeed the relatively ignored autopsy report published two months after her death, showed that she had died from drinking too much water.

"It's typical - the media didn't like that result because it wasn't what they wanted it to be saying - it wasn't sensational" observes

Chris Hughes, a drug outreach worker in Hillingdon, Middlesex.

One media campaign proving more resilient than the rest, however, was the Leah Betts/anti-Ecstasy poster campaign, organised by members of the advertising industry, which involved a total of 1,500 billboard posters, put up immediately after Leah Bett's funeral in the run up to Christmas and the new year; a period of prime time recreational drug use.

The poster sites for the campaign were negotiated by media marketers, Booth, Lockett and Makin Ltd, whilst the advert was designed by advertising agency Knight, Leech and Delaney. The 'street credible' wording of the advert was provided by youth marketing specialists, For Further Information Ltd, whose current marketing portfolio



includes the Mean Fiddler Organisation and its annual commercial rave, the Tribal Gathering.

Each company involved in the organisation and design of the 'Sorted' poster campaign gave their time and work for free, an unusual occurrence in a commercial advertising industry.

There are many possible motives for this campaign, but one contributing factor can be found by examining the companies client portfolios. Whilst Booth, Lockett and Makin have Lowenbrau as a major client, both Knight, Leech and Delaney and For Further Information Ltd are deeply involved in the media promotion of Red Bull, a new 'energy' drink sold to rave clubs and pitched as an energy-giving replacement for Ecstasy. Red Bull are the joint most lucrative client on Knight, Leech and Delaney's books, providing five million pounds worth of business. The 'Sorted' poster campaign presented obvious commercial benefits to their clients products.

The relationship between these tragic circumstances and their media representation, has now been shown to be the target of corporate manipulation. The sale of a few more cans of Red Bull, a few shots more of Absolut Vodka and a few more bottles of Holsten or Whitbread is a major factor in the accuracy of information presented to the public about Ecstasy and rave culture. And if more people go to pubs out of a manipulated fear of raves, then the threat posed by E to the drinks industry will have been lifted. Instead we will be faced with a situation where corporate interests have forced themselves into the driving seat of popular culture. What is more, the products pushed by these corporate interests, with the support of the government, are considered by the medical profession to be more socially harmful than many of the outlawed recreational drugs.*



This is an abridged version of an article that appeared in the Spring edition of Squall

New and Full Moon Chart, Summer-Autumn 1996

16 June - New Moon

1:36 Sunday

Gemini. This is a time of healing and power. It will create the need to look at your feelings around power and the use/misuse of it. Stand your ground and follow your inner voice.

21 June - Solstice

2:24 Friday

The longest day of the year. Because Saturn is now in a Cardinal sign and all the Equinoxes and Solstices mark these cardinal points they can be quite heavy this year.

1 July - Full Moon

3:58 Monday

A time for enjoying the sunshine and the sea.

15 July - New Moon

16:15 Monday

Cancer. For the last 3 years this new moon has brought very bad floods. This can be an inspirational time for emotions and learning. Neptune now stands alone without the upsetting energy of Uranus, so all higher things are now possible.

30 July - Full Moon

10:35 Tuesday

This is a very high energy full moon which can be very disturbing if you need to be in control of everything. For those of you who can flow with the energy this will be highly inspirational and better when experienced in groups of people rather than alone.

14 August - New Moon

7:34 Wed

The new moon in Leo is always exhilarating. Good time to plan for the long months ahead.

28 August - Full Moon

7:34 Wed

Great time to look at your health and find ways of making it better.

12 September - New Moon

23:07 Thur

Virgo. Time to heal and time to serve. A good time to make the changes you need to create the type of life you desire.

22 September - Autumn Equinox

18:00 Sunday

The sun is in Libra and also picking up the North Node and Saturn. This is a testing time and the more physical your reaction to the events around you, the healthier you will be. To remain balanced you will need to synergise your body, emotions, mind and soul.

*all times GMT

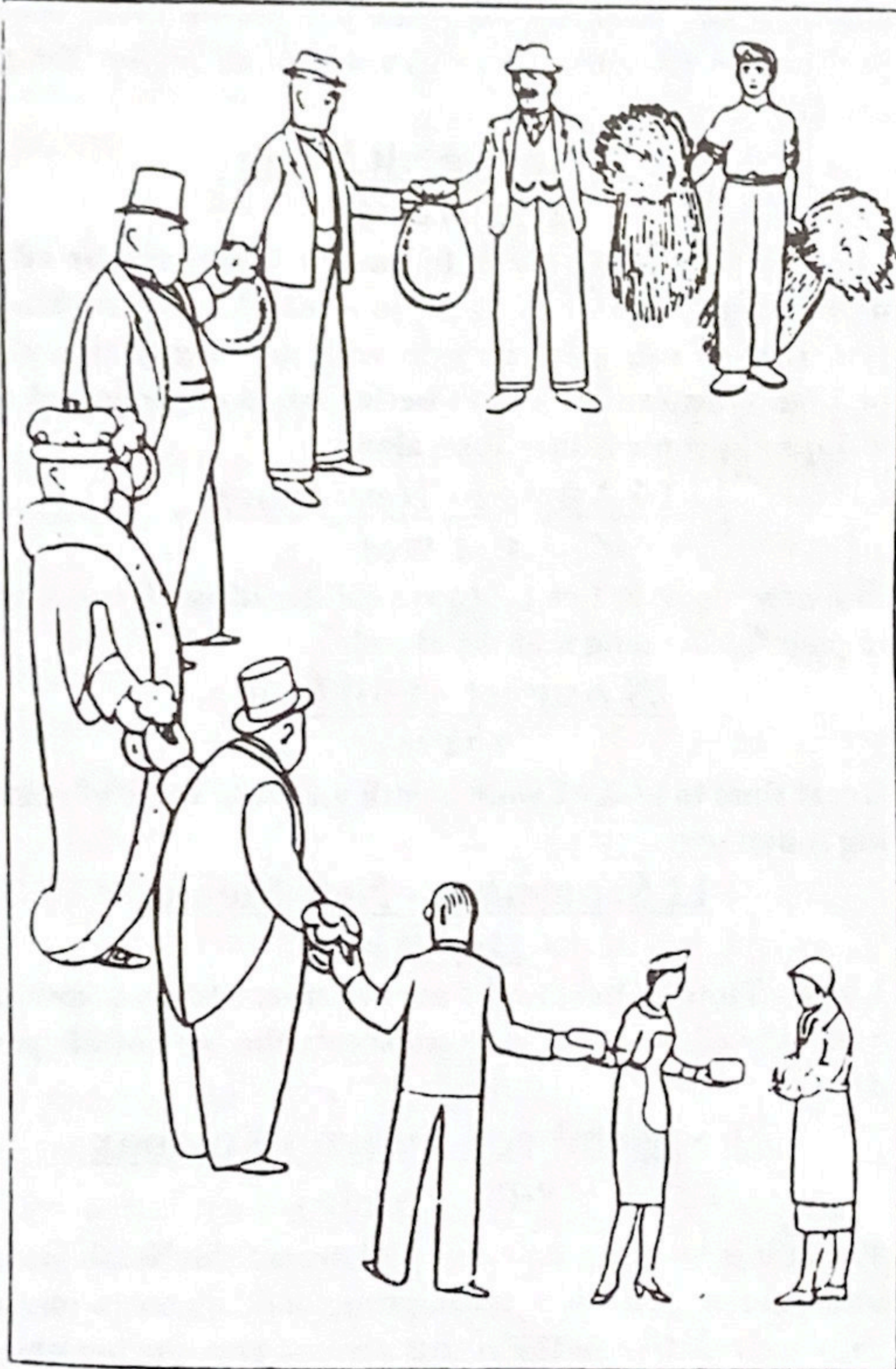
Chryss Alexander

Culinary delicacies from the Phillipines...

Buro - Starts with a stew of pickled vegetables which is allowed to cool, before being fed to a dog that has been starved for two days. The dog wolfs it down and after an interval, someone gives the animal a special blow behind the ribs with the edge of the hand which induces vomiting. The regurgitated stew is caught in a bowl, re-cooked with additional herbs, and eaten.

Pinik-pikan - A chicken is beaten to death slowly with wooden spoons. Once dead it is roasted briefly in its feathers before being cut up and cooked in normal fashion. A tasty combination is for it to be mixed with *itag*, which is belly of pork, dried and packed in salt in earthenware crocks until it becomes maggoty. This, when cooked with the chastised hen, yields a greenish, greyish sauce, described as 'hearty'.

Balut - Hard-boiled duck eggs which have been fertilised and in which the embryonic chick's tiny beak and wings are well defined but still soft. Eaten warm with salt.



BREAD

Pouys Evans

Pocket Money 10.80 a week

Teenagers got an average of 10 pound 80 pence a week in pocket money last year, up from 8.78 in 94, according to a survey by the Halifax Building Society

AND ANOTHER THING

What do you think of the governments new plan that there should be "several adequate breaks with no music" at all night club events, supposedly for the health of the clubber? And, what of the strange phonecall to the SchNews office from the security guards on the A299 Blue Route near Whitstable? They apparantly asked if they wouldn't mind starting the road protest again coz otherwise they'd all be losing their jobs!*** What do you make of Muzik mags campaign to collect 500,000 signatures in protest at the police cancelling the Tribal Gathering pay party? Mass politicisation of the party massive or cynical marketing ploy for The Mean Fiddler?*** Update on the Customs and Excise court action against the promoters of the Labyrinth mentioned in the last ish. After the court case in March, Sue Barnes and Joe Wieczorek heard that the criminal case against them by Customs and Excise for VAT payments dating back to 1992 could not proceed and that the matter should be dealt with in a civil court. The jury was directed to find them not guilty on all counts.

*** The National Association of Probation Officers says magistrates are illegally jailing people for failing to pay fines when they lack the means to pay. They have all-party support for their private members bill introduced in May, which sought to restrict court powers to jail for fine default ***

Here's a book for the tVC crowd (we wish!). The madness, hedonism and all round fucked-up spirit of the 24-7, long distance 'E-Plan' caners can be found in "Ecstasy, Sorted & On One" by AD Atkins. Only available by mail order from AD Atkins himself at P.O. Box 10583, London SW1V 32L for 9.99 plus 2 postage.*** Playboy Enterprises asked The Face magazine, who published a picture of an E with the Playboy rabbit logo on it, that they wish to point out that *they* are the registered owners of the rabbit head trademark and in no way do they authorise nor participate in the production or distribution of this illegal drug. Playboy Enterprises has now contacted the authorities in Germany and Poland in order to investigate the possible source of this pill and the misuse of its trademark.***

missives

letters should be sent to:
Tangentopoli, c/o 10 The
Borough, Canterbury.

Dear Tangentopoli,

They are talking to me... through space, across the air waves, bouncing their transmissions off satellites. The aliens tell me loads of stuff. How the government is watching me telepathically, using my T.V. That the postman is a sex murderer. That I must eat more beef. All the time they talk. I do not sleep.

Today I breakthrough. My cock is their aerial. I had a hand on and the transmissions and the transmissions were even louder. So this is the answer. With a cock-ring I become the transmitter and beam it all back! HA, HA, HA, HA.

Austin Space

Dear Tangentopoli,

Why not beg, borrow or steal a copy of CJ Stone's latest blockbuster "Fierce Dancing".

Any particular reason? Well, just to see if you're included in, or are the subject of, one of Mr Stone's rib-cracking anecdotes about your average boiustrous and chirpy (but slightly dim) Whitstable Characters and Individuals.

You'll instantly know who you are; you're the stupid bloody fool being pilloried or even compromised under a ridiculously thin veneer of so called 'anonymity' for the crass purpose of third rate anecdotal humour.

Love and Peace
"Matt the Hat"

A Manchester granny, aged 61, was given a suspended sentence when she admitted selling cannabis to help pay for care for her aging mother.

The U.K. has been found guilty of 38 human rights violations out of 79 cases - a worse record than any other nation. Another 14 cases are pending.

LOVELY JUBBELY!!!

The great outdoors back this year
Everyone lets out a huge big cheer
We're back in the open air again
Away from all the stress and starin
Of all the hot and stuffy clubs
And little cramped up smokey pubs
Tops DJ's, super, smashing, best
Better than all the hardcore rest
A twinkly night, a sunny morning
Why sit at home and be splosy and boring
Everyone's friendly, they all cuddle and kiss
Those are the parties you just cannot miss!!!

Ria



To those who do nothing....

There are many people who devote a great deal of time and energy into fighting to improve the state in which we live. Many are on the front line (Newbury, Hunt Sabs, Environmental and AR Activists, plus others) and battle ceaselessly against the oppressive powers thta seek to destroy that which we all love. Others seek to operate from inadequate, small offices (often home) to spread the word; give talks, make collections, run stalls, hold benefits and do many other things that assist in keeping the front line operational. There are also those who, although not working directly for any specific cause, do make a contribution by speaking out on the issues or making a donation. But unfortunately there are so many who do absolutely fuck all. Things will only change for the better when we all make the effort. Whilst realising that many people are unable to devote as much time as they might like to a cause, and that money is in short supply for most of us, it is apparent that there are those amongst us who basically do nothing. If you can do nothing more than read this publication then that is a start. But do something. Anything!

(From: Euff's Euff the Advance Party newsletter number 7)

DEEP UNITY

*Doris Day's Dog and Timo
give this months new releases the once over;
as well as sticking in a few faves.*

UNKNOWN SOCIETY feat **SABRINA JOHNSON** - **Reach Higher** (Hard Times, UK / Cutting, US) On release both sides of the Atlantic at the same time, reasons unknown! Benji Candelario and Wayne Rollins in their Unknown Society guise. One side is rough, hard garage dubs. Excellent for harder floors. Flip over for the spiritual tip; full vocal for garage purists and a hard soulful dub for tVC.

DIRTY JESUS - **Cut a Rug EP** (Paper Recordings, UK) Another fine release for Paper Recordings sees them drawing their sound together. A synth driven groove with a jazz injected piano and spacey sweeps. Eric Rug and Marc Collin outa Paris, France hit the deep vibe centre target. A tasty piece of product.

DIRTY HARRY presents **HOT 'N' SPYCY EP** (Hot 'n' Spycy, US) Tuff drums lead the way. Uplifting chants follow. It all floats on a gently undulating Moraes inspired funky bass line thats fatter than the proverbial cat. For the real goodies check the inside dubs. Two relentless grooves of supreme exqisitness. Creamy.

FUTURE MONUMENT EP - (FMT) Superb four track deep techno EP of unknown origin with Antennae and Swing Cafe standing out with clean crisp grooves that sit somewhere between San Fran and Detroit.

REDNAILKIDZ - **Electikdisco** (Sounds, US) Derrick Carter (sah!) and Chris Nazuka produce a hard grinding but compelling Chicago groove. Banging drums and bubbling 303 rumble the bass bins as a pure garage piano line and bleepy hook smoothly sweep through into jazzy breaks. A very classy and original tune.

RANDOM HOUSE VOL 1. (Remote, UK) Release 3 from Charles Webster Remote label. Three tracks of intricately layered funky techno / house. Quirky drum patterns lay a base for warm, soaring strings and smooth melodies. Deep, wobbly, beautiful music.

SUPERNATURE - **Don't Stop the Music** (Shindig, UK) Disco edged dub garage four tracker. The title track lifting the sample from a D.O.P. track of the same name, but it's 'Deeper Sound' that works best. A cool, sharp groove running close to the paper music sound (with a dash of Romanthony) that lifts the spirits and pumps the floor.

BIG MOSES - **Brighter Days EP** (King Street, US) A sublime piece of deep, pumping garage and I love it.

PARTNERS IN MUSIC PROJECT - (Touche, Dutch) Jamez and HP Vince produce another quality Touche release. 'The Outside Worlds' stands out of the four tracks with a funky slap bass line, slowly layering drums, that authentic wooden spoon in a bucket sound, and a topping of swirling strings. Electronic space cake for the 90's.

ROUGH CUTS VOL 1 - (Rubberneck, UK) Rough, dubby house from Nottingham; spicy drums, a muted disco bassline and a scattering of bleeps, squeaks and breaks. Another tVC sunshine groove.

HOT LIZARD - **Big Air** (Pacific, UK) Charles Webster pulls another fat rabbit out of the hat with the Love From San Fran mix but the original is hard to top. Hard, solid drums, rumbling dub bass and squelchy synth lines that just build and build to a beathtaking climax then smoothly trail into a beautiful outro. All in all a worthy follow up to last years 'The Theme'. Gary Marsden and Paul Wain produce and Mr Webster also puts the boot in. Superb.

EPHEBE ONE - **Think Twice** (Ferox, UK) Abstract Detroit style jazzy techno with razor sharp production from Steve O'Sullivan and Lee Grainge.

VARIOUS - **The Green EP** (Skinnymalinky, UK) Double pack 10" with four tracks by four different artists. Pretty cool. All work well and have the distinctive SkinnyMalinky fluid funk credentials, (with a dash of world fusion thrown in for good effect).

BLACK SCIENCE ORCHESTRA - **Save Us** (Funky Music) (Junior Boys Own, UK) Phew! Receiving major carnage and justifiably so. Funky, gospel, string soaked, percussion laden uber statement from Beedle, Tommy D, Classen and Woolford. Religious enlightenment of a high spiritual order or one big wind up. Who knows?

ME FOR YOU - **Faze II** (Ugly Music, UK) Second release for the buzz attracting Ugly Music sees a three tracker of diverse influences. 'Boom Beyo' stands out for the dominating latin brass on a bed of fluffy, bouncing drum patterns. Yummy. 'Groove Therapy' has chunkier drums and a swirling Hammond-esque workout to take the proverbial breath away.

TRAX 4 DAZE - **Vol 2** (Definitive, Can) Troy Brown comes up with a little goodie for the Canadian label with 'Music is Special'. Other three tracks cut up a disco rug a la Sneak / Henry Street and are reasonably OK despite (or because of?) some of the obvious samples.

POTATO GUN - **The Harland Sequences** (Sticksman, Can) Ruff and groovy undulations make 'Mr Harlands Opus' an essential.

MOOD II SWING - **Do It Your way** (Groove On, US) Another big tune for the Strictly Rhythm offshoot. Don Chiafone for Mood II Swing busts the crust with a simple yet devastating repetition (no breaks) sprinkled with spoken word overdub.

TONKA - **Feel (Remixes)** (Fimus14) Derrick Carter prolific he may be, lands another top track for the underground Chicago led drum fans. Oozes quality and stands way above other mixes.

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TRANKILOU - St. Glin Glin EP (BPM, Fr) First release on a new label has Pepe Bradock producing an excellent debut. Crisp drums, neat samples and a damn funky M.O. cause mayhem on 'Bill Collector'. 'Suaternes' has a ruff Chicago feel while 'Saumer' pipes it all drum minimalisation. 'Chicago Babe' slowing to hip-hop breaks is the proverbial icing on the dope-cake.

WAMDUE KIDS - Wamdue Works (IK7, Ger) Chris Brann with a little help from Chris 'Udoh' Express dishes up another snorter alert. Beautiful, gorgeous talented bastards. Seven tracks of thrilling deep house to tantalize and fuck with your brain. Not on The Wamdue Kids buzz yet? Why not? Get on it! Now!

RHYTHMCENTRIX - Expressions (Matrix, UK) Fernando Perez and Darrell Martinez with a nice, flute laden, low down funky bass driven, uplifting and deeply mellow late AM floorfiller. Timo was creaming his pants baaad over this one, and you know what? We don't blame him at all. It's a winner of epic proportions.

WAMDUE PROJECT - Breakdown (Strictly Rhythm, US) As if we weren't spoilt enough this month the Gods that be go and give us another Chris Brann meisterwerk. Excellent, excellent, excellent is the only word. Two tracks with two mixes a piece see the Wamdue sound consolidated. Soothing, imaginative, familiar, yet different, if you know what I mean.

SHAZZ AND ST. GERMAIN feat. DEREK BAYS - Muse Q the Music (F Communications, Fr) The three mixes from long time collaborators Ludovic Navarre and Shazz all have that cool, succulent French edge we love so much. The 'Rhythm-a-pella' is the one for damage.

FREE ENERGY - Happiness (Guidance Recordings, US)

PROJEKT:PM - When the Voice Comes (Guidance Recordings, US)

First two superb releases on a new label outa Chicago. The Free Energy four tracker has Joshua and Chris Nazuka pumping out the deep fluff. They don't just produce these tracks they position, embellish, explain, extend and construct. Nuff said. Projekt:PM is B:PM with more sumptuously immaculate 'Guidance'. Already a label to watch. Acquire.

AFRODISIAC vs THE STICKMEN - Baddest Little Boogie (Stickman, Can) Alert! Alert! Paul Jacobs and the Stickmen produce a *belter* (we can't keep using the word 'snorter' all the time can we?). Love the fact that the Stickman label has been 'mellowing' out of late. This track though is still 'ruff', still 'hard', still 'on it'. Catchy, pumpny, love it. Flip, as Maurice the sound man says, finger wagging, "does very strange things to my speakers. Don't play it!". I.E. play it. A lot!

007 - Do You Believe (Basement Boys, US) More tuff, gospel house. The Basement Boys DJ Spen and Maurice Fulton are ripping dancefloors everywhere with this no compromise underground groove. Dark, repetitive drums are eventually burst through with a swirling Hammond organ then the gospel vocal mantra of 'Do You Believe' enters slowly till it occupies the whole front of mix. The sun shines, enlightenment ensues, and

you do, truely, believe. Awesome.

KERRI "KAOZ 6:23" CHANDLER - Hallelujah (King Street, US) Kerri, Roy Davies and Hisha Ishioka trance house the fuck out of 'Roys 1999 Future Remix'. It's excellent. More conventional Kerri grooves on the Club (vocals) and Gospel Mix still satisfy though. **I:CUBE - Disco Cubism (Versatile, Fr)** Believe the hype surrounding Daft Punk. Their remix here takes all the inventive disco flair of Henry St and Sneak and smoothes out the whole package to produce a tune with its own individual merit and powerful dancefloor potential. Nicholas Chaix, with the original mix, does the opposite and wigs and wierds and mutes it out to good effect.

SNEAK ESSENTIALS - Vol 3 (Strictly Rhythm, US) Strictly number 444 has the fat guy who sits on a record box produce yet more of his cut up disco loop style. He's taking it out there. Great for mixing with as these tracks are pretty basic. However, when Colette comes in with "I Feel It" on 'Feel Da Music', you know what, you do.

LARRY HEARD - Alien (Black Market, UK) "What will they find here with this idea - let's call the planetoid sophia with its citadel of green, holy and untouched or is it that, with what little my detector detects, I'll man this ship with feel, as I was given to quest the beauty of Celeste is revealed". Saturday 8th June 1996. Nottingham Sky Club, 509 Alfreton Road. Larry Heard aka 'Mr Fingers', house legend, will receive homage and play a few tunes?. Support from our DiY chums DK and D&W, Be there. We will.

MORNING FEVER - Dance Floor Boogie Delights (Prescription, US)

THE LANGUAGE 12" - The Meaning (Prescription, US)

Good to see KMS re-releasing some hard to get hold of Ron Trent and Chez Damier back catalogue stuff. Check 'Ron and Chez D' (KMS054) and Chez Damier's "Can You Feel It" (KMS035) for sheer inventive, beautiful vibed out bliss. New tracks: 'Dance Floor Boogie' is a heart melting sunrise piano of breathtaking proportions from Ron Trent. Whilst 'Movement' (with Jeremy Newall, Dana Downs and Micky Simms), still with that piano there, pumps it right up, 'The Meaning' continues the tradition of the sunrise peoples choice of music to wobble to. Er... oh no... have to say it... again... but... they're snorters.

JOE LOUIS - Back to the Beginning (Relief, US) Relief number seven hundred and sixty. Yes, you read right; 760 *house* records. And so... 'Back to the Beginning'. Four tracks, all different, all unique, all very strong in thier own particular way. 'Touch Me' is a simple yet superb bass line over a basic drum pattern. Emotions are underatated yet glide free. 'Flying High' does just that; cascading strings and off-beat drums soar and drive in a spaced out melec. 'Candlelight' and 'Smooth Dancing' provide a more pumped Chicago icing on an already rich cake of undisputed power. Not to be missed. Record of the month.

And that's it for this month. Catch ya next time! Woof!

TVC DIARY

EVERY FRIDAY - SIMON AND OZ'S PUB RESIDENCY at the Ship, Faversham. 'till 11pm The beat goes on... the Friday crowd at the Ship are well cool and the atmosphere is spot on... so what more could you ask for? (Lots). Also, can Simon 'Light' House drink more than his record 10 pints of Caffreys this week? Come along and find out. Will Oz bring Paula's tape this week? Probably not, but pop along and see anyway.

SUNDAYS - SP-EX at the Ship, Faversham midday 'till 10.30pm. Go and have a laugh at Maurice and Walters expense or drink shit loads of beer while we all laugh at you when you fall over. Meet all your future AA fellow members whilst your life falls apart and before those expensive therapy sessions and new age healing bouts replace self administered cures and... fun.

SUNDAYS- CABBAGED at the East Kent, Whitstable. 7pm - 10.30. Free. 'Cabbaged' is taking a break for the summer and will be back as large and as drunk as ever on September 1st. You have been warned. After 6 months of doing this every sunday, pretty tough, even we need a little breather. And a respite from Max. "NNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHH!"

THURS 6TH JUNE - 7TH HEAVEN at the WORKS, Canterbury. 9pm - 2am. 3 pounds. All round nice guy Nick 'Ibiza' Brown guests with a set of deep but accessable house. Ed gives his soul and Bobby Chariot warms up in the guise of Oz. Again.

SAT 15TH JUNE - DIG DEEP at The SOUNDHOUSE, Hawkinge. 9 - 2 3's up. Everyone is feeding back with some great responses to this night. Chummy, low key and very much a tVC vibe. Timo gets the top spot this month so we get a rare chance to experience his unique fluffy vibe. Liam warms up and Oz fills in the middle. And Louie gets all the tapes mixed up. Again. A deepcore Oz sandwich.

THURS 20TH JUNE - 7TH HEAVEN at the WORKS, Canterbury. 9pm - 2am. 3 pounds. Grant Plant guests on this his third visit to Kent. The Shiny 'More Tea Vicar' supremo will no doubt give us the full enthusiastic werks with a little of that underground edge the Heaveners love so much. ie four hours of no lights on the heaving heavener dancefloor because no one possesses the mental ability and physical dexterity to operate the effing light switches. Ho hum Oochie. No wonder he gets those tapes mixed up. Again. Timo supports.

THURS 4TH JULY - 7TH HEAVEN at the WORKS, Canterbury. 9pm - 2am. 3 pounds. Full on, no compromise and deep underground, that's the Rogue Sound System for you. And Sue. Main DJ Mark 'Crusher' Dixon (Bev) headlines with a two hour set of sumptuous deliciousness guaranteed to blow you away, while the X-rated antics of the rest of the crew shock even the hardened tVC-ers. Missus. No, they don't really. Well, sometimes they do.

THURS 18TH JULY - 7TH HEAVEN at the WORKS, Canterbury. 9pm - 2am. 3 pounds. Lazy House Crew alert! Get your head clippers out. Give your self an all over and get them locks shorn. Practice them thar gurns and put on your skatewear coz we've got Bazil and Iain 'Trousers' in the area. Oh, and don't forget to lock up the children.

SAT 20TH JULY - DIG DEEP at The SOUNDHOUSE, Hawkinge. 9 - 2 3's up. The fourth Dig Deep. Lovely. Oz gives us his top new set of cheesy 2nd division non-anthems (if you believe some people) or he gives a sinuey, bubbly, bass laden set of uber nu-soul classics if you believe others (usually him). Liam supports large and Timo takes his turn on the warm up to do a nice tape.

Of course this isn't a full and comprehensive list. We've cleared the diary (well, we lost it actually) to accomodate those ample opportunities afforded by the inclimant English weather for various extended outdoor summer soirees. Stay in touch but remember 'never say anything over the phone that you wouldn't shout across a crowded street'. Or something like that.