

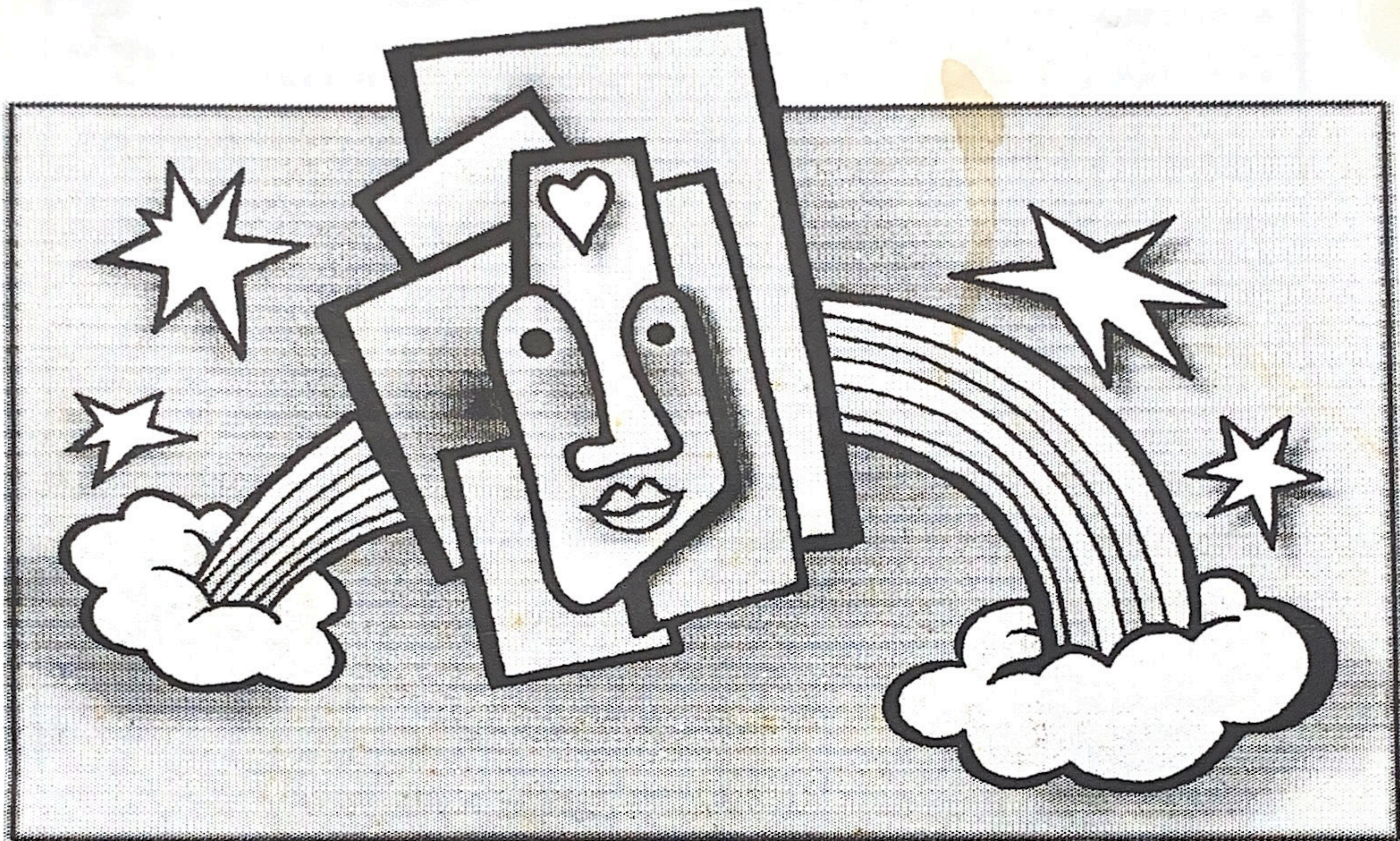
free to  
party people

# tangentopoli

the newsletter of tVC sound system, Kent

ISSUE 34

january 1997



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# Club scene faces drug crackdown

## Courts could close dance venues used by dealers

Club owners who allow their premises to be used by drug dealers face stringent curbs from new Home Office measures aimed at rooting out drugs from youth culture.

Courts would have power to close venues as soon as there was evidence that drugs were available on the premises, Tom Sackville, Home Office Minister, told the Association of Chief Police Officers' annual drugs conference.

He floated the idea of adopting US-style special drug courts which would link sentencing policy to compulsory drug treatment for offenders, and said the government was considering measures to screen every motorist involved in a road accident for illegal drug use.

The new clampdown on dance club venues comes in the face of police evidence that some popular clubs may be fronts for a highly sophisticated drugs business, often involving ecstasy.

Mr Sackville told the conference at Hinckly, Leicestershire: "Why is it that some club owners seem to be in reality running a drug business? Should we not reject the idea that drugs are an inevitable part of the club scene and attach strict licensing conditions, especially on the matter of door supervision, under threat of withdrawal of license the moment there is evidence of organised drug supply?"

He declined to give details of how such a licensing regime would operate, but firm proposals are expected shortly.

The Government is to fund a nationwide study, beginning this month, in which motorists involved in road deaths will be screened for drugs. Mr Sackville said changes to the law would follow if it were shown that drug driving was a problem on a large scale.

### TANGENTOPOLI JANUARY 1997

We're back! After an enforced sabbatical!

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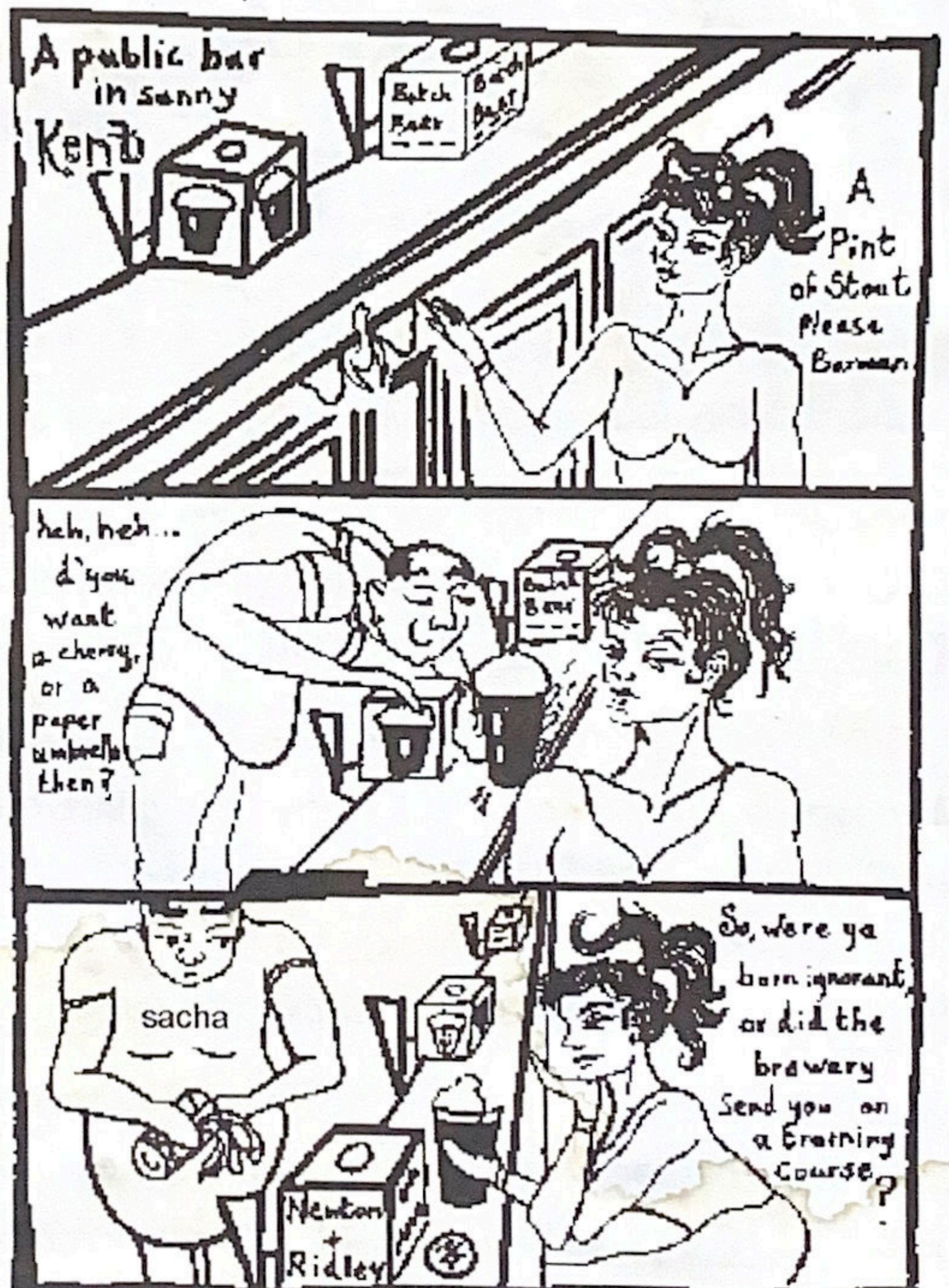
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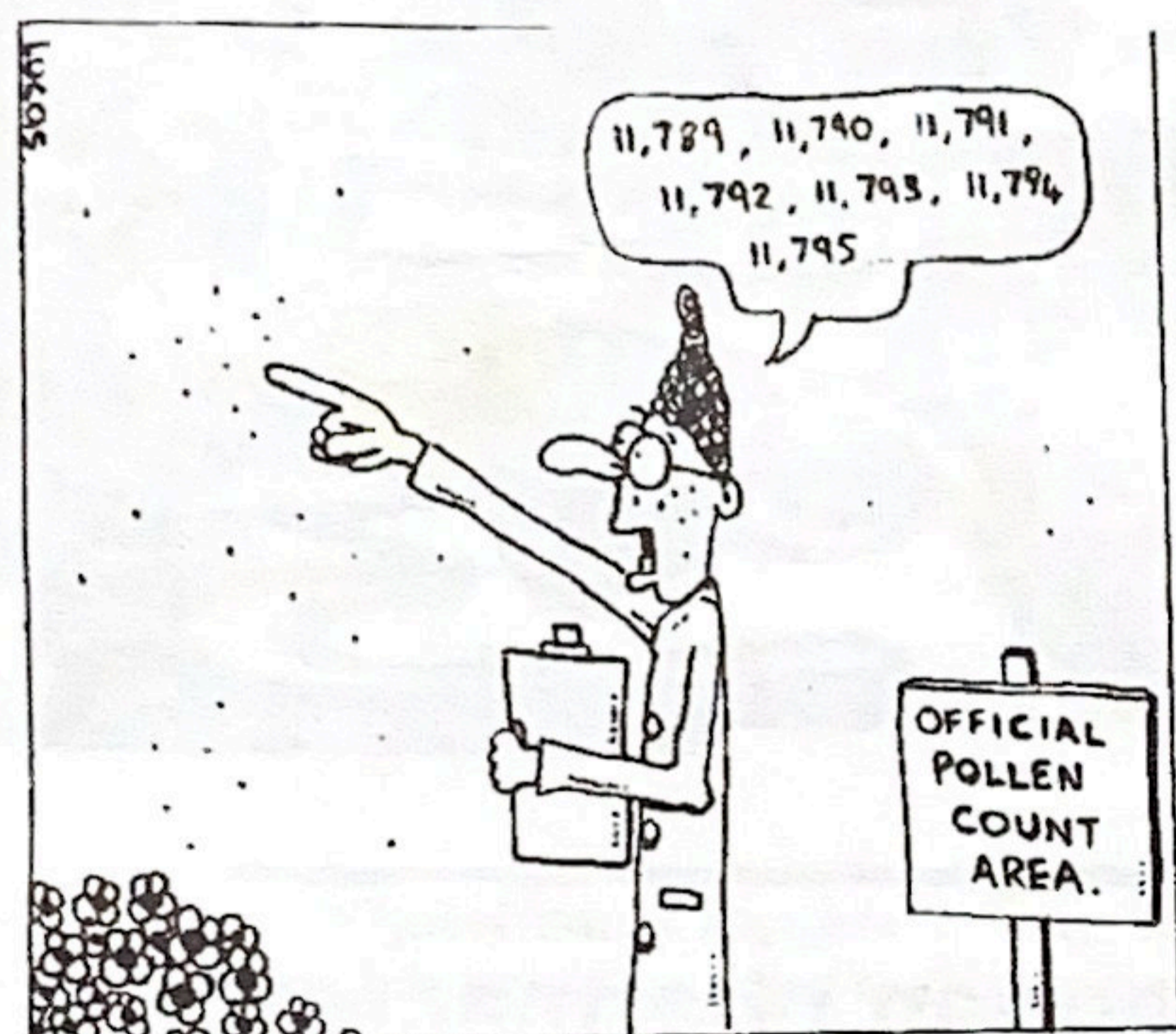
## Go-ahead for all police to carry CS spray

**P**olice patrol officers throughout England and Wales are to be allowed to carry CS sprays, it was decided in August.

Officers from all 43 forces are likely to have the spray by the New Year. Hand held CS canisters were issued to 3,800 officers at the beginning of March. The spray reduces someone to a coughing spluttering wreck within seconds.

Liberty attacked the decision, arguing that there were still severe problems with the training of officers in the use of CS and unanswered questions about side-effects.

The home secretary gave the police permission to carry out trials of CS after rejecting experimentation with pepper sprays on the grounds of potential health problems.



MICHAEL WAS ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES TO GET A PLACE ON A GOVERNMENT EMPLOYMENT SCHEME.

## Bid to back terror law phone taps

**E**vidence obtained by the police and intelligence services during telephone tapings should be admissible in court in cases of national security, a radical review of anti-terrorist legislation urged recently.

The proposal, endorsed by MI5, the Royal Ulster Constabulary and Unionist politicians could be added to the forthcoming Police Bill. The Inquiry Into Legislation Against Terrorism by Lord Lloyd of Berwick proposes replacing emergency laws with a permanent UK-wide act.

Many of the most far-reaching features concern additional powers for the police and security services in Britain to tackle both foreign terrorist organisations and domestic groups. Telephone taps are to be admissible for court cases. There is to be a broader definition of terrorism as "use of serious violence...to promote political, social or ideological objectives." Membership of foreign terrorist organisations or conspiracy to commit terrorism abroad are to become criminal offences in the UK, with reduced sentences for terrorists that inform on their colleagues.

"The UK has a responsibility not to allow its territory to be used as a base for violent activity against a foreign government," Lord Lloyd declares. "The fact that an organisation is described as a terrorist organisation will make life generally more difficult for its supporters in the UK.

"The most significant additional measure which the Government can take is to amend the law of conspiracy so as to facilitate the prosecution of those who conspire here to commit terrorist acts abroad."

Civil Liberties groups have voiced fears that direct action movements, such as the A.L.F. or even anti-roads protesters, could find themselves defined as terrorist groups. The A.L.F., which has planted bombs, is specifically referred to in one section.

The law is presently anomalous - evidence from microphones and other bugging and listening devices can be used in criminal proceedings. Telephone intercepts cannot be revealed.

The Home Secretary welcomed the report as the "framework for new, permanent counter-terrorism legislation" even if there was lasting peace in Northern Ireland.

## Job Seekers Allowance update...

A groundswell of resistance against the JSA is growing, with actions occurring all over the country by both claimants and job centre staff. A march in central London was poorly attended, with only 300 people turning up. The JSA will make up to 70,000 people who are on income support lose their benefits altogether depriving them of what is after all only food money. JSA - more begging, more crime, more misery and desperation. Wanna get active? - phone Groundswell on 01865 723750.



## New stop and search power for police

New police powers to stop and search suspects, were proposed by the Government in November. The proposal was immediately condemned by civil liberties groups as a draconian measure that would lead to unrest and discrimination in inner cities.

The Home Office is proposing to amend the CJA to allow police to stop and search in a specified area for "a suitable period" if a senior officer reasonably believes that people may be carrying weapons or drugs. However, after opposition from Labour it is understood that the Home Office has agreed to drop the drugs aspect of the proposal and restrict it to knives.

This proposal follows an announcement earlier in the month by Mr Howard that the police code of practice would be altered to allow officers to stop and search anyone they believed to be a member of a gang known to carry knives or other weapons.

John Wadham, director of Liberty said: "This latest proposal is a massive extension of stop and search powers. Any young person, any black person, any person with long hair, in fact any person at all will be subject to random and arbitrary searches by the police."



## Dope to go on sale in German pharmacies

The government of the northern German state of Schleswig-Holstein has approved a pilot project to make cannabis available over the counter in chemists.

In order to prevent "drug tourism", shoppers will have to show identity papers to prove they are local residents. In addition, cannabis users, estimated to number 50-80,00 in the state, could be required to register to receive special coupons.

The scheme's objective is to sever the link between hard and soft drugs, thus depriving the underworld of a large chunk of its income. It is hoped that with no cannabis to sell, many dealers will go out of business.

The regional government, citing medical opinion, is adamant that marijuana poses less risk to health than the "intensive intake of alcohol or nicotine". Weaned off the dealers and at last decriminalised, the authorities hope that young users will shun the dodgy characters pushing harder drugs. It is believed that the controlled sale of cannabis could be the suitable means for preventing drug abuse. If the scheme is vetoed under pressure from Bonn, the humble hemp could trigger a constitutional crisis. Schleswig-Holstein, one of 16 Lander empowered to run their own affairs, claims it is acting on the instructions of Germany's supreme court, which ruled in 1994 that regional governments should seek new ways to combat hard drugs.



## Cannabis law reformer plans mass production

**A** triumphant Dennis Peron, architect of the Californian cannabis reform law, plans to grow thousands of plants in warehouses to supply the sick and dying.

He says that the referendum law decriminalising the drug for medicinal purposes, which was passed in the November 5 election by a 56-44% majority, makes his Cannabis Buyers' Club in San Francisco a "primary care giver", protected from prosecution if it supplies the cannabis direct.

The wording of the law is vague. Mr Peron claims that the definition of a care giver as the consistent provider of "housing, health, or safety" to a patient needing cannabis entitles the club to grow what is now recognised in California as a medicinal herb.

Yet Mr Peron's chief ally, David Fratello of Californians for Compassionate Use, says the warehouse plan "lies outside the spirit of the law". The law allows a patient to cultivate small amounts for personal use, but the matter of large scale supply and distribution has yet to be addressed".

The state's pot farmers activities are still illegal and under federal law possession and use of any amount of cannabis remains a crime.

The state attorney-general, Dan Lungren, who closed Mr Peron's club last August and then arrested him, said: "It's a disaster. We have legal anarchy."

The law lists cancer, anorexia, Aids, chronic pain, spasticity, glaucoma, arthritis and migraine as candidates for cannabis treatment with a doctor's recommendation, and adds "any other illness for which marijuana provides relief". Critics say this is too vague and could lead to abuse.

Californian police officers are also confused about applying the law. Different forces have received different orders, but nobody claiming medical need has been arrested and at least three pending cases have been dropped.

*Christopher Reed*

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## Dutch win time in coffee shops war

**T**he Dutch government appears to have seen off, for now, French-led attempts to force a drugs clamp-down, which would have led to the closure of Holland's famed coffee shops where the sale of cannabis and other soft drugs is openly tolerated.

At a meeting of European justice and home affairs ministers, The Netherlands signed up to a "joint action" which commits them to do more to combat drug trafficking and addiction, but they held out against a clause which they claim would have forced them to enforce a ban on the small-scale sale of cannabis. They claim that turning a blind eye to the sale of "soft" drugs in strictly regulated conditions falls within the scope of a progressive and effective hard drug addiction prevention policy.

"The key element in this compromise is that governments can either strengthen or maintain national policy on addiction. The original text would have obliged us politically to close the coffee shops," said a Dutch government spokesman after the talks.

"This gives us more room for manoeuvre. We accept that drugs are damaging to all our societies and we want to work with our European partners on the problem. But the one element we do not want to give in on is the possibility to sell small amounts of drugs openly."

French minister Jaques Toubon made an impassioned plea for the Dutch to accept at least an "approximation", if not full harmonisation, of EU state's laws on drugs. But he accepted the compromise, hinting that it would provide a basis which the French could use to exert further pressure on the Dutch.

Michael Howard admitted the Dutch would not have to close their coffee shops as a result of the agreement. Echoing the majority of ministers he said he personally disapproved of Dutch permissiveness on the question.

Greek minister Evangelos Yannopoulos, said repression was the only policy which worked. He accused the Dutch of adopting a too "intellectual" approach.

*Katherine Butler*



## Fears for justice as fingerprint rules eased

**S**ome of Britain's leading forensic experts have accused chief constables of scrapping the standard of proof for fingerprints matches to boost convictions using questionable means.

Fingerprint specialists at Scotland Yard are angry that police chiefs have decided the current 16-point match standard is unnecessarily tough and results in "guilty" people going free.

But the Veteran Fingerprint Experts' Association, which is made up of civilian specialists in the Metropolitan Police, with at least 25 years experience, believes the changes could result in miscarriages of justice.

The Association of Chief Police Officers (Acpo) has agreed to drop the existing standard in favour of a similar one used in Australia in which the prosecution relies upon a qualified expert to determine whether two sets of prints match.

Under the current system, which was introduced in 1910, police must usually obtain 16 identical matches between unique joins and ridges of a suspect's fingerprint and the mark left at a scene of a crime, before it can be used in court. Peter Jones, chairman of the Experts Association and member of Scotland Yards scenes of crime branch for 38 years, said: "It's due to pressure from Acpo to enable them to increase the number of convictions.

"As soon as you start tinkering with the standard, there's a chance you could get it wrong. I know there's not going to be any miscarriages of justice with the 16-point standard."

Ben Gunn, Chief Constable of Cambridgeshire police and spokesman on forensic science issues for Acpo, argued that lowering standards would not harm justice but enhance it by enabling more cases to go before the courts.

## Police cells to take prison overflow

**P**risoners are to be held in £300 a night cells as an emergency measure to cope with the steep rise in the jail population, the director general of the Prison Service, Richard Tilt revealed in November.

He also announced that the Home Office had leased an old air force base, RAF Finningly, near Doncaster, for 18 months to hold 300 prisoners from January with a possible expansion of up to 800 inmates. These contingency plans came as the jail population exceeded 58,000 for the first time and the Chief Inspector of Prisons, Sir David Ramsbotham, warned that overcrowding, money shortages and the "evil of inactivity" of inmates jeopardised improving regimes in the prisons.

Mr Tilt also announced a big reorganisation in the management of the Prison Service. He said the early release fiasco involving 541 inmates whose sentences had been miscalculated had shown the Prison Service needed to "be better run and organised". The changes will include a management unit to look after the interests of women and young offenders.

The director general said the 135 jails in England and Wales had "absolute capacity" of 59,000, but the 1000 places currently spare were the minimum needed. Ten thousand prisoners are sharing cells built for one. "If we go up to 59,000 then that figure will increase to 11,000," said Mr Tilt.

Prison service chiefs are hoping the seasonal dip in the prison numbers between December and January will relieve the pressure in time for RAF Finningly to be pressed into service. A further 1000 places have been ordered in house blocks built within the grounds of existing prisons.

RAF Finningly closed a year ago as a training base. It will have a perimeter fence built around it, and will house low-security inmates, mostly in dormitories. The Prison Service has an option to buy the camp outright.

The imminent return of the use of police cells is particularly embarrassing for the Prison Service. Three years ago the House of Commons public accounts committee excoriated the police charges for holding prisoners. One Welsh force had charged £1,200 to hold an inmate over a weekend.

The response to the crisis in prison numbers was announced as the Chief Inspector of Prisons published his first annual report. Sir David Ramsbotham describes morale in the Prison Service as fragile and says staff should be handled with care.

The root causes lie in the pace of change, financial cuts, the negative attitude of many in the media and concern that staff have about ministers' commitment, support and understanding.



## Police plan 'ethnic database'

**C**oncern is growing inside France's national commission on electronic data and freedom, about police plans to create a super -data-base, pooling details of the ethnic origins and political views of anyone detained by the police.

According to sources in the commission (the CNIL) police want to combine up to 20 computerised personal data banks, giving them access to intimate details on any person, who at any time has been held in custody, whether the person was charged or not. These would be kept on record for up to 60 years, even if an accused was set free or acquitted.

French police already carry out random identity checks and searches, under measures introduced in 1993. Failure to produce official identity papers results in automatic police custody until proof is produced.

During last years terrorist attacks, hundreds of thousands of people were stopped for questioning and several thousand were held until their identity had been confirmed. This enabled the police to deport hundreds of illegal immigrants.

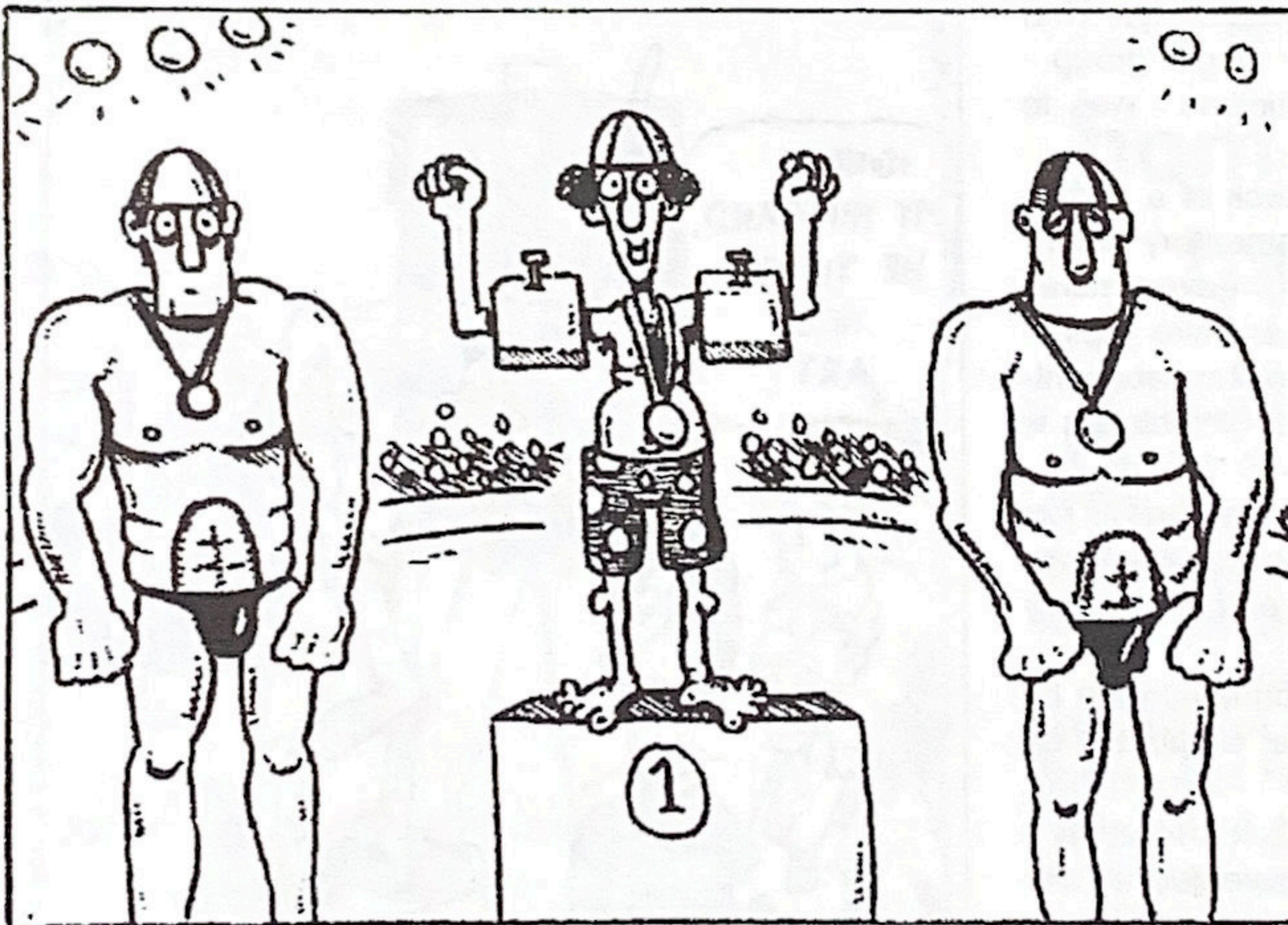
Police cars are equipped with computer terminals which allow instant access to some data banks which have been particularly effective in arresting illegal immigrants. Under new powers being discussed by the interior ministry, restricted police files would also be open to the special branch and the secret services, which would contribute their own classified data on political views, friendships and international contacts.

The interior ministry has submitted plans to create new detailed files which would be accessible to police. A master file, linked to other computerised sources of information and up-dated from manually kept files, would identify about a dozen ethnic types, some of which would be divided by colour nuances.

The master file would include details of accents and a vague area linked to acquaintances and personal life.

Police files based on ethnic information have been a sensitive and emotional issue since the second world war, when French police made a detailed census of more than 300,000 Jews. The files were used by French and German security forces in round-ups which led to the murder of 75,000 people in Nazi camps.

Paul Webster



**BRYAN WAS THE FIRST MAN EVER TO WIN AN OLYMPIC GOLD SWIMMING MEDAL WEARING ARM-BANDS.**

You are 35 per cent more likely to die from going on five rides at a fairground than from a 100mg dose of Ecstasy.

*Risk of dying from taking MDMA: 1:2.4 million. From taking five fairground rides: 1:3.2m.*



## UK 'failing' its human rights duties

**B**ritain is guilty of more than 40 violations of its international human rights obligations, according to a 'democratic audit' published this summer.

The most serious violations, it says, are the absence of constitutional and judicial safeguards relating to privacy and equal protection under the law. But failures range from lack of freedom of information to the use of security services in Northern Ireland.

The audit, *The Three Pillars of Liberty - Parliament, the courts and public opinion* - was drawn up by the Human Rights Centre at the University of Essex using benchmarks including the European Convention On Human Rights and the United Nations Covenant on Civil and Political Rights.

Britain's traditional legal, constitutional and political arrangements fail to protect civil liberties and "do not fully ensure that an effective remedy is provided", says the report. Since 1975 the European Court of Human Rights has ruled against Britain in 42 cases - in 25 as a result of acts passed by Parliament, in a further 10 as a result of secondary legislation.

These violations are historic; the audit has found a further 42 current and continuing violations of obligations.

It acknowledged that Britain is a liberal democracy free from widespread and gross violations of human rights. But it says that Britain's traditional legal, constitutional and political arrangements fail to protect political rights and freedoms effectively. That failure, it says, is systematic and no single group - whether judges, civil servants or politicians - was to blame.

It points the finger at the lack of a written constitution and the doctrine of 'parliamentary sovereignty' with party discipline ensuring governments dominate the Commons. "Britain's secretive regime severely limits MP's powers to hold ministers accountable," the report says. "Scrutiny of new legislation is partisan and largely nominal".

Parliament, it says, "has neither the will nor the resources to check the mass of secondary legislation which pours through every year and continually extends ministerial and official power".

It says the problems are compounded by Britain's political culture - a traditional emphasis on public order and strong government. Professor Kevin Boyle, director of Essex University's human rights centre, said the audit revealed a "disturbing neglect of basic civil and political rights in Britain". He has written to Lord Mackay, the Lord Chancellor, asking him to conduct an immediate review of British law and constitutional procedures to ensure they met the country's obligations. The Lord Chancellor's department said they would respond in

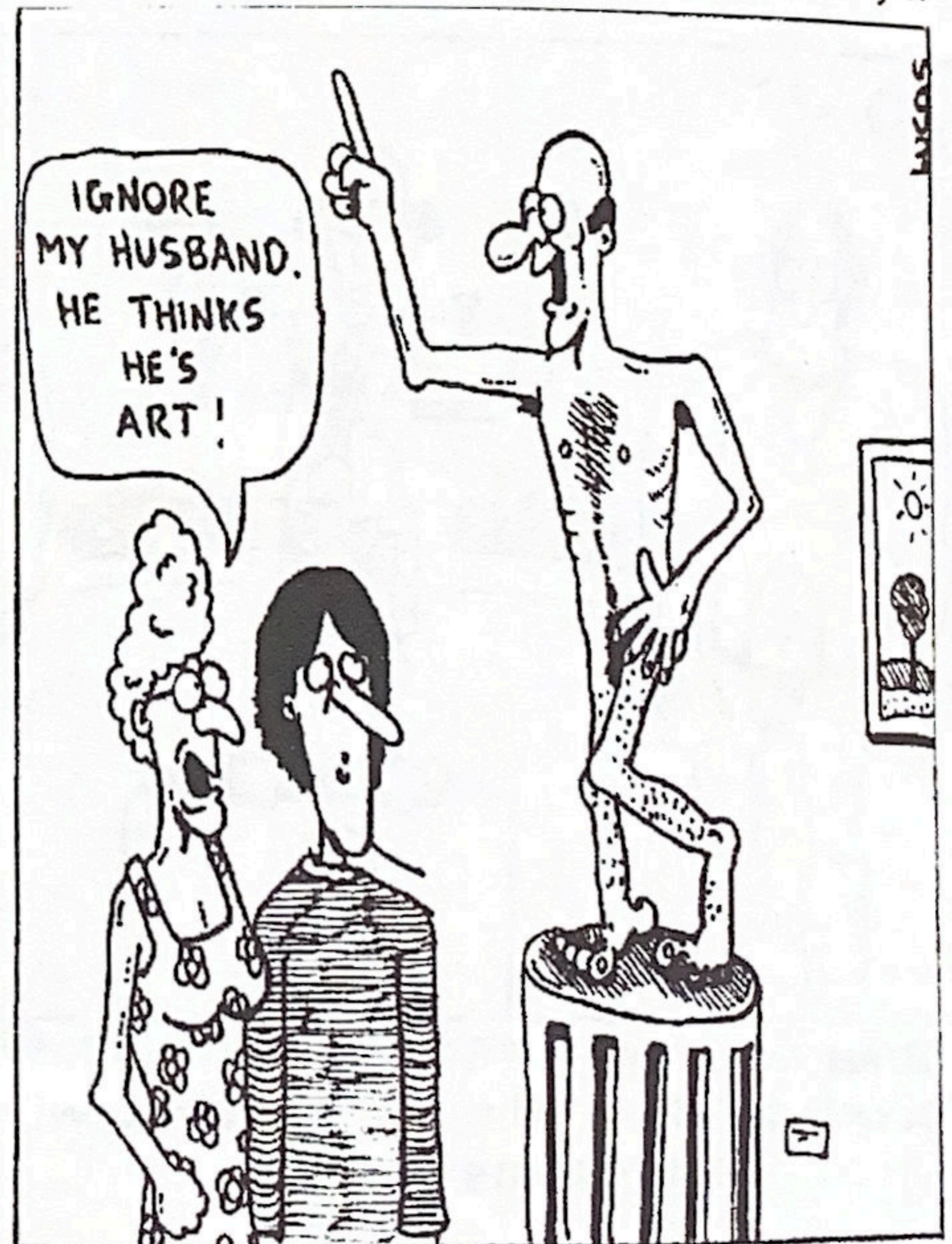
due course.

*The Three Pillars Of Liberty, Political Rights And Freedoms in the UK*, by Francesca Klug, Keir Starmer and Stuart Weir. Routledge

### THE VERDICT

- \* Equal protection of the law: no general right of equality. Religious, but not racial, discrimination is permitted in Northern Ireland; racial, but not religious elsewhere. People are not protected against other forms of discrimination.
- \* Freedom of information: no right of access to official documents.
- \* Freedom of expression: can be severely compromised by court injunctions, and laws of defamation, official secrecy and blasphemy.
- \* Freedom of assembly: denied by trespass and traffic laws. Right to public protest depends on "commonsense" of authorities.
- \* Trade Union rights: employers can dismiss anyone taking part in strike action. Public servants restricted from joining a union of their choice.
- \* The right of privacy: does not exist.
- \* Protection against state surveillance: the law fails to regulate police surveillance and their use of secret listening devices.
- \* The right to vote: absence of precise rules on description of candidates on ballot papers, the restrictive nature of conditions for proxy and postal votes, disenfranchisement of most prisoners.

Richard Norton-Taylor





## Middle-aged men joining women and the young in low-pay ghetto

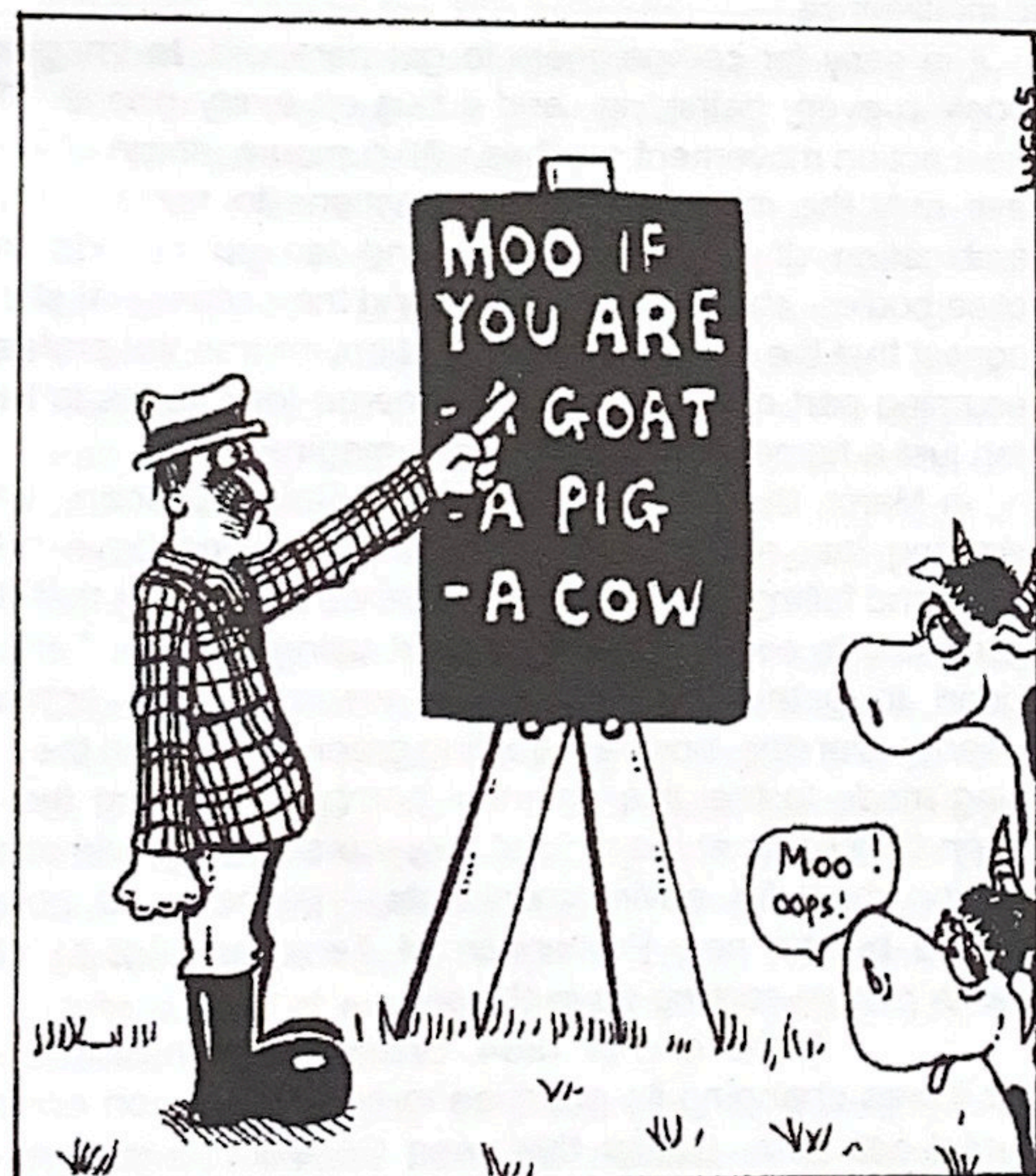
Middle-aged men are dropping into Britain's low-pay ghetto, traditionally populated by women and young people, according to research recently published.

While women are still twice as likely as men to receive poverty wages there has been a dramatic shift since the 1960's - when low-paid female workers outnumbered low-paid males by six to one.

Launching the first of a series of papers analysing "welfare to work", Steven Webb, Jane Millar and Martin Kemp from the University of Bath say the number of men aged between 25 and 49 on low pay has quadrupled in the last 30 years.

The authors say the spread of low pay - defined as less than 3.87 an hour, half the median of all wages - to former breadwinners has increased the impact of low wages on family finances. The number of working households in poverty has risen from 3 per cent in the late 1960s to around 12 per cent today. Using official data they found that 4.6 million people - 22 per cent of the workforce - are low paid.

*The Changing Face of Low Pay in Britain, Centre for the Analysis of Social Policy, University of Bath, Bath B.A.2 7AY*



IN ORDER TO DECIDE WHICH OF HIS COWS WERE MAD AND THEREFORE SHOULD BE SLAUGHTERED, FARMER McDONALD SET THEM A SIMPLE TEST.

## Dying for a home

Homeless people are dying on the streets at the age of 42 - five years younger than they were in 1992 and more than 30 years before the average population.

According to research by Crisis, life expectancy is continuing to fall despite the number of people sleeping rough on any one night dropping by two-thirds over the same period. Nationally life expectancy is 76.

The report, *Still Dying For a Home*, examined the London Coroner's Court records for the year up to the end of August 1996. "Someone dies on the streets every five days in London alone," said Crisis' chief executive Mark Scothern.

"They die well before their time in discomfort and without dignity. This cannot be allowed to continue. So much more needs to be done.

"In the long term, it means putting an end to rough sleeping. In the shorter term the research indicates that we must target services to getting people off the streets quickly and helping those with multiple problems."

## One in ten in homeless hostels has a degree

**A** degree has proved a passport to cardboard city for hundreds of graduates, according to a survey published in September by London's biggest organisation for the homeless.

The St Mungo Association found that one in 10 of its adult residents in hostels, care homes and halfway houses had a degree.

A further 10 per cent were educated to A level standard and a further 24 per cent had O levels or GCSE's.

"Almost half of those surveyed had an academic qualification, refuting the image of homeless people being ill-educated," said Charles Fraser, the associations director.



## Telephone taps double in five years

**M**inisters authorised a record number of telephone taps last year, according to official, though incomplete, figures published last month.

Michael Howard, the Home Secretary, and Michael Forsyth, the Scottish Secretary, approved more than 1000 warrants - some covering more than one telephone - at the request of the security and intelligence agencies.

The figures are contained in the latest annual report of the Interception of Communications Act Commissioner, Lord Nolan. He does not disclose the number of taps authorised by Malcolm Rifkind, the Foreign Secretary, or by Sir Patrick Mayhew, the Northern Ireland Secretary.

A total of 910 telephone tap warrants were approved by the Home Secretary last year, nearly double the 473 of five years ago. The figures for Scotland were respectively 137 and 66. Eighty-eight warrants for intercepting mail were authorised last year against 97 in 1994.

Lord Nolan gives no indication of the breakdown between different targets. He says only that the number of warrants issued to counter domestic "subversion" was "very small."

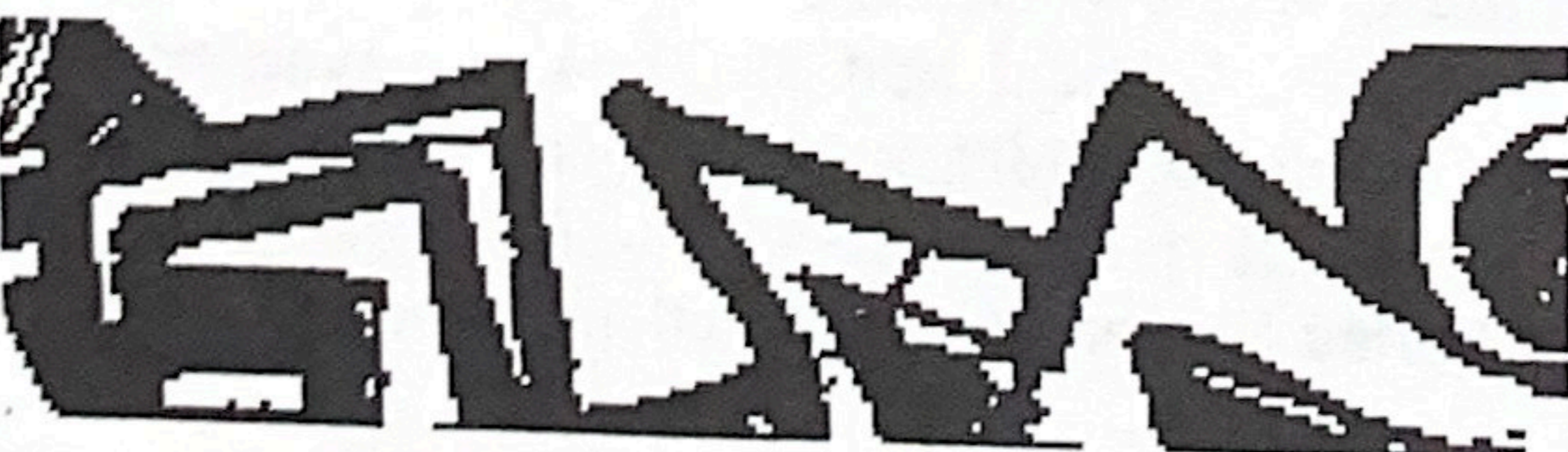
Two further recently published reports clear the governments three main intelligence gathering agencies - MI5, MI6 and GCHQ - of any wrongdoing. However, they do not disclose the number of warrants the agencies obtained to bug and burgle private property, as opposed to tapping telephone lines. Lord Justice Stuart-Smith, the judge appointed to monitor their activities, officially confirms that GCHQ, the Government's electronic eavesdropping agency, targets British citizens as well as the communications of foreign countries.

He says MI6 operations abroad include obtaining documents "which might involve theft ... or payment to an agent which might involve bribery".

The three reports confirm that not one complaint to tribunals set up between 1985 and 1994 has been upheld. The tribunals meet in secret, and complainants are not whether they have been under surveillance.

Lord Justice Stuart-Smith also points to different systems whereby the police and MI5 property warrants. The police get authority under non-statutory guidelines from a senior police officer; MI5 has the statutory authority to obtain warrants from the Home Secretary.

One suggestion is that the police should seek warrants from the courts, but MI5 want to follow suit, even if this has the advantage of having the same system for both. Lord Justice Stuart-Smith said it was important to settle the question without delay.



## Campaigners become enemies of the state

**T**here was an uninvited guest at the street party organised by traffic protesters in Brighton at the end of August. An inspector with the Metropolitan Police's Forward Intelligence Team, he seemed to know rather more about the rest of the guest list than the organisers did. Before the party began, local police conferred with him, then darted into the crowds to pull out known activists. Only when the officers stopped relying on the inspectors advice and started picking up people who looked as if they might be involved did they start making mistakes - one of the 80 people arrested was a man handing out leaflets about Dianetics.

The inspector was well placed to know who to grab. His unit had been monitoring environmental protesters all over the country. In June and July it used a house opposite the London offices of Reclaim the Streets to watch activists movements. Whenever anyone left on a bicycle, a car and a mountain bike would follow. When the campaigners minibus pulled out, four cars took off behind it. In July the Forward Intelligence Team raided the office and removed its computers.

Environmentalists subjected to crude observation of this kind say they find it taxing but not particularly alarming. They are far more concerned about the sort of surveillance that is often suspected but seldom proved. As the action campaigns develop, they are accumulating more and more evidence to suggest that environmental protest is becoming the state's "necessary enemy", replacing miners, communists and terrorists as a justification for lavish spending on domestic intelligence.

It is easy for campaigners to get paranoid, to imagine a spook in every gathering and a bug on every phone. The direct action movement seethes with rumours, some of which have only the most tenuous connections to reality. But a combination of announcements and leaked reports from police bodies, changes in practice and the occasional slip-up suggest that the notion that peaceful environmental protest is becoming part of a job-creation scheme for spooks is more than just a figment of over-wrought imaginations.

In March the Association of Chief Police Officers, while admitting that no terrorist offenses by greens have taken place, and failing to furnish any evidence to suggest that they were likely to occur, decided to start using the Anti-Terrorist Squad to gather intelligence on environmental activists. Already, even the most law-abiding greens complain they are being made to feel like potential bombers. During the Big Green Gathering at the end of July - a sort of gymkhana or country show for environmentalists - police used powers granted by the new Prevention of Terrorism Act to strip-search people coming on to the site.

At the end of 1994, Special Branch announced that it was changing its priorities to concentrate on environmental activism. Earlier this year, Contract journal carried extracts from a Special Branch report, suggesting, again without accompanying evidence, that environmental activists might be preparing for 'suicide attacks' on road builders.

To avert this and other peculiar possibilities, the report has identified 1,700 campaigners. During the McDonalds libel trial, one of the companies vice presidents testified that



Special Branch had been passing him information about potential protesters.

In court last year, activists who had planned a demonstration against an open cast mine in Leeds asked a police officer how his force had managed to arrive at the protest site before the protesters. He replied that the police had found the details of the Internet. But neither the date nor the location had been posted on the Net - these details, the activists believe could only have been obtained by bugging or infiltration. Several campaigners complain of hearing previous conversations played back to them when they pick up the telephone, or getting through to Group 4 headquarters while trying to phone a friend.

Seventeen months ago, 40 MoD police burst into Greenpeace's offices and, guarding the staircases and corridors, downloaded data from the organisations computers. They were looking, they told staff, for criminal evidence. But no one has been charged with an offence, and the data has yet to be returned. Employees are beginning to suspect that the raid had more to do with future activities than with past misdemeanours. At Newbury, private detectives have been filming people at art exhibitions and noting down conversations in pubs. Even so, campaigners claim that this sort of surveillance alone cannot account for some of the information included in the 100 page dossiers issued in August by the Department of Transport to support injunctions against them.

There can be little doubt that environmental campaigners, being "a large number of persons in pursuit of a common purpose", now qualify for MI5's attention, under the terms of the new Security Services Bill. Whether or not this will make much difference remains to be seen. During the IRA ceasefire, while the monitoring of domestic subversion should have declined sharply, the number of warrants for phone tapping approved by the Home Secretary doubled.

Were there evidence that green campaigners had become a genuine terrorist threat, all this attention would be justifiable. But environmental protest in Britain is avowedly non-violent. Campaigners routinely break the laws designed to contain them, such as the aggravated trespass and trespassory assembly provisions of the CJA, and sometimes commit obstruction, a breach of the peace or even criminal damage. But that's about as far as it goes.

To apply the tactics of counter-terrorism to people organising openly on behalf of popular causes is about as measured a response as using 50 horses and 30 hounds to kill a fox. In a sense it is a great compliment to the effectiveness of a comparatively small number of people. But, as well as providing work for unemployed spies, this surveillance is also a deeply worrying indication that the state is so ill at ease with itself that it can brook no questioning of its wisdom.

But the ability to challenge the state's authority, reclaiming politics from the politicians, is good for the state, as well as society. Society is like an amoeba: it moves from the margins, not from the centre. Cut off from its margins, the state can only sclerotise and shrivel, becoming ever less responsive to change.

Heterodoxy and subversion are the ushers of progress.

*George Monbiot*

## The Enemy Within?

**O**ne understandable reaction to all this is that there are spies everywhere and the state is much too powerful, but there are ways we can reduce the risks of being caught out:

\* All campaigners should take proper care concerning the security of their membership and subscription lists. The very idea of 'central' collection of information should be discouraged, posting out newsletters etc, should not be delegated to any enthusiastic newcomer, but seen as a highly responsible job.

• Challenge the motivation of those who are more than naturally curious about the full names/addresses and numbers of others. Deal with such problems by reducing the central holding of information and be personally discreet. When sending off for even the most mainstream of publications, consider carefully whether you need to use your own name, address or bank account (as opposed to postal orders).

• Think very carefully about what is said on the phone, use code words where necessary, and if using the internet use a secure means of communication that so far seems uncrackable. 'Pretty Good Privacy' programme is freely available. Before telephoning make note of what you want to say, keeping digressions to the minimum.

• For postal communication, consider the setting up of small self-contained 'information loops', whereby neither address is formally connected with the person either end.

• Acquaint yourself with case-histories of infiltrators, books like Foreman's Eco-Defence as well as the excellent literature produced by the AR movement, in particular *Going Underground* and *Into the 90's With the A.L.F.*

• Use a suitably appropriate attitude towards journalists, noting their profiles and their features, don't make unguarded statements. Taping calls/interviews with such is desirable, as well as asking to see past features on similar subjects; it's also a good idea to examine the articles written by individual journalists rather than just the publications they work for.



- Ensure that in the event of (covertly) illegal actions being considered necessary at any point, they are discussed with as few people as possible, and certainly not over the phone.
- Film, collect and publish data on the personnel used by Bray's and others to spy on activists.
- Balance an appreciation of the power of the state with an equivalent understanding of the strength and power of mass opposition, to which the anti-roads campaign is a recent addition.

I am not necessarily advocating illegal actions, merely pointing out the range of tricks the state gets up to, so that activists can consider a wide range of options.

Larry O'Hara

***The vast majority of those engaged in information gathering and operations on behalf of the state are full-time employees of the security services or Special Branch, we can safely say the following are the range of their actual activities:***

- Obsessively gathering information - membership lists, names and addresses and phone numbers of many activists. So, getting jobs in campaign offices, or even turning up there unannounced and proceeding to accumulate such data is a tried and tested modus operandi. Burglaries are another means of obtaining much of similar information. Allowing 'mass protests' to occur, and then gathering details on attendant activists can also fulfil the same purposes, so can arrest without charge.
- Sending assets into organisations and seeking to 'turn' especially while in prison or under threat of it, activists into such 'assets'. Money and the threat of blackmail due to sexual proclivity are two additional recruitment levers.
- Intercepting mail (including E-mail), tapping phones of activists, and even cutting off phones altogether.
- Harassing activists, by a variety of measures ranging from the creation of problems for benefit claimants to actual arrest and confiscation of personal belongings.

- The planting of stories in the media to be carried by 'reliable' journalists.

- Closing down alternative sources of information, including seizure of publications from bookshops and publishers (Copies of Dave Forman's excellent book 'Eco-Defence' along with Green Anarchist were confiscated in a raid on Manchester's Frontline Books last June for example).

- Pushing activists in a violent direction. This is achieved by the use of agents provocateur. There is obviously a wholly legitimate strategic debate about this question of violence/non-violence generally, but agents provocateurs are those who seek to encourage violence to suit the interests of the state, as opposed to the campaign. This could include not just 'framing' people, but also the provision of guns and explosive: how many of you know, for instance, that the bulk of the arms possessed by Ulster Loyalist paramilitaries were provided by shipments organised under the auspices of MI5 agent Brian Nelson?

- Seeking to 'criminalise' peaceful protesters, by implying that they are all violent or calling upon them to dissociate themselves from any in their ranks who would ever use violence.

- Alleging 'connections' between anti-roads activists and others who are already defined as 'criminals' or 'terrorists'.

- The use of sub-contracted agencies, such as Bray's, to gather intelligence on protesters. One reason for the admitted use of such agencies is the redirection of anger by Special Branch/MI5.

- Actually taking over or setting up dummy groups ('pseudo-gangs' in the terminology of the pioneer Brigadier Frank Kitson.)

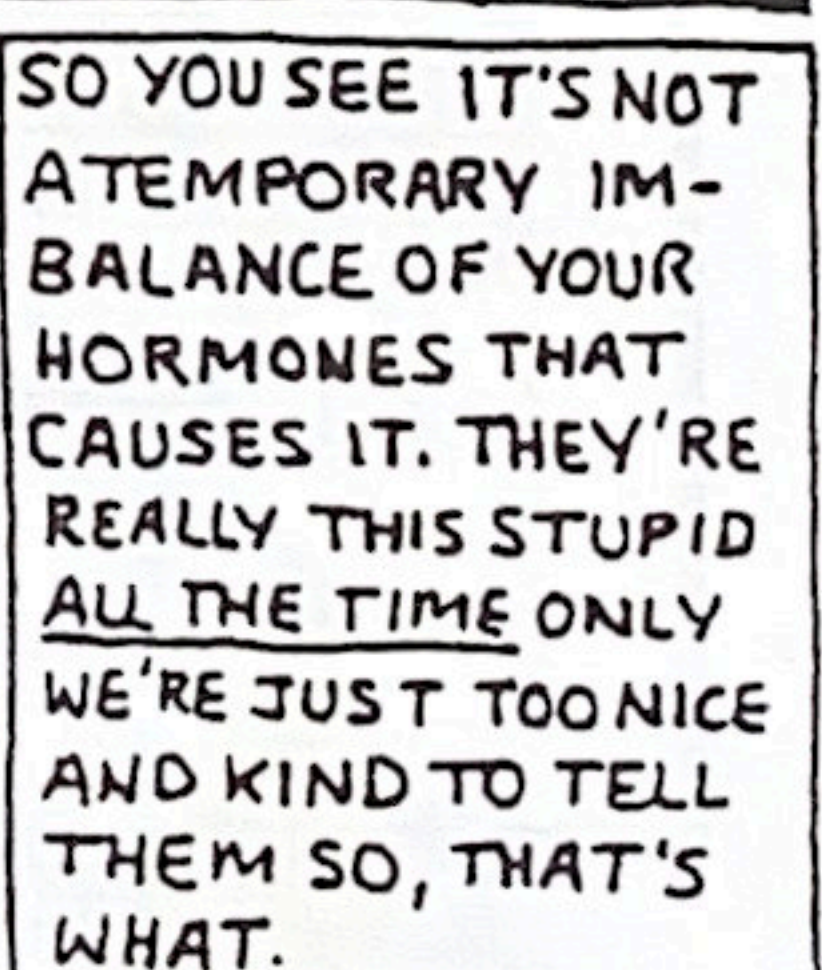
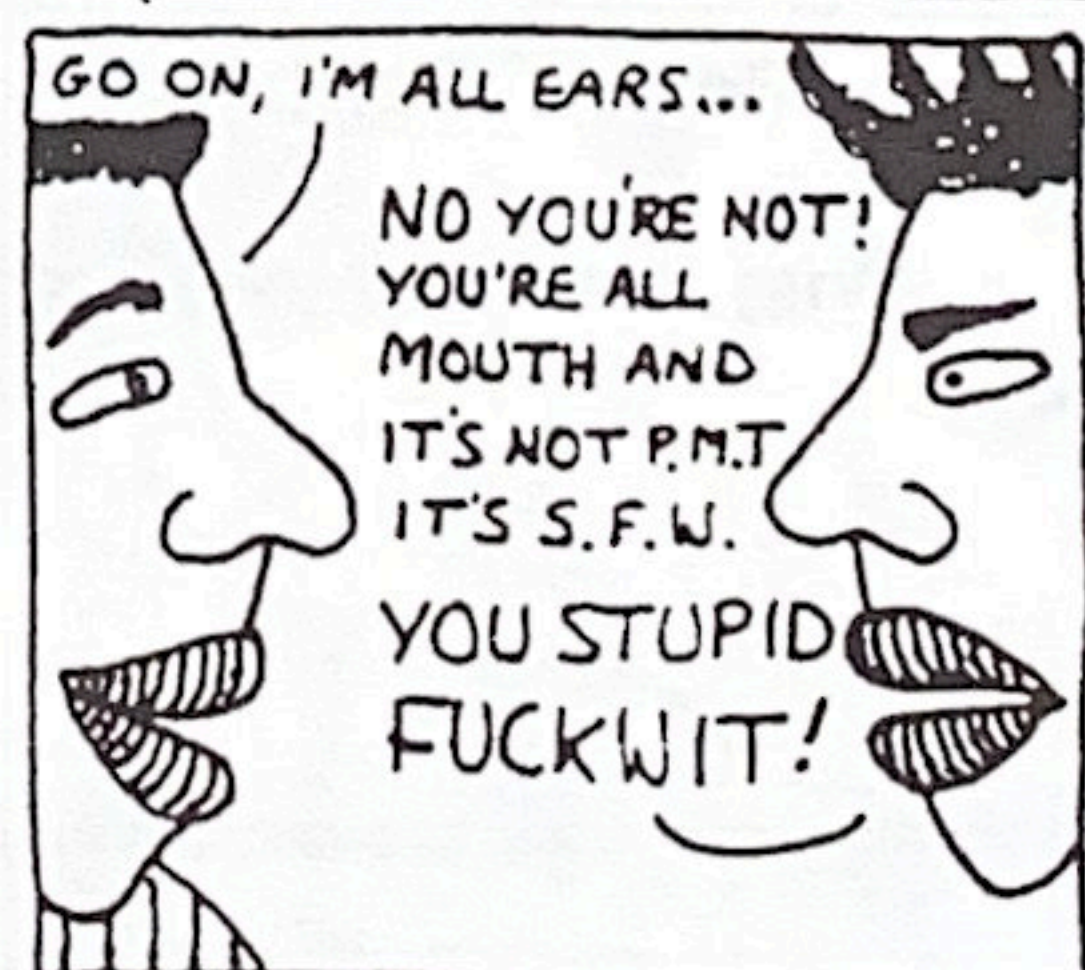
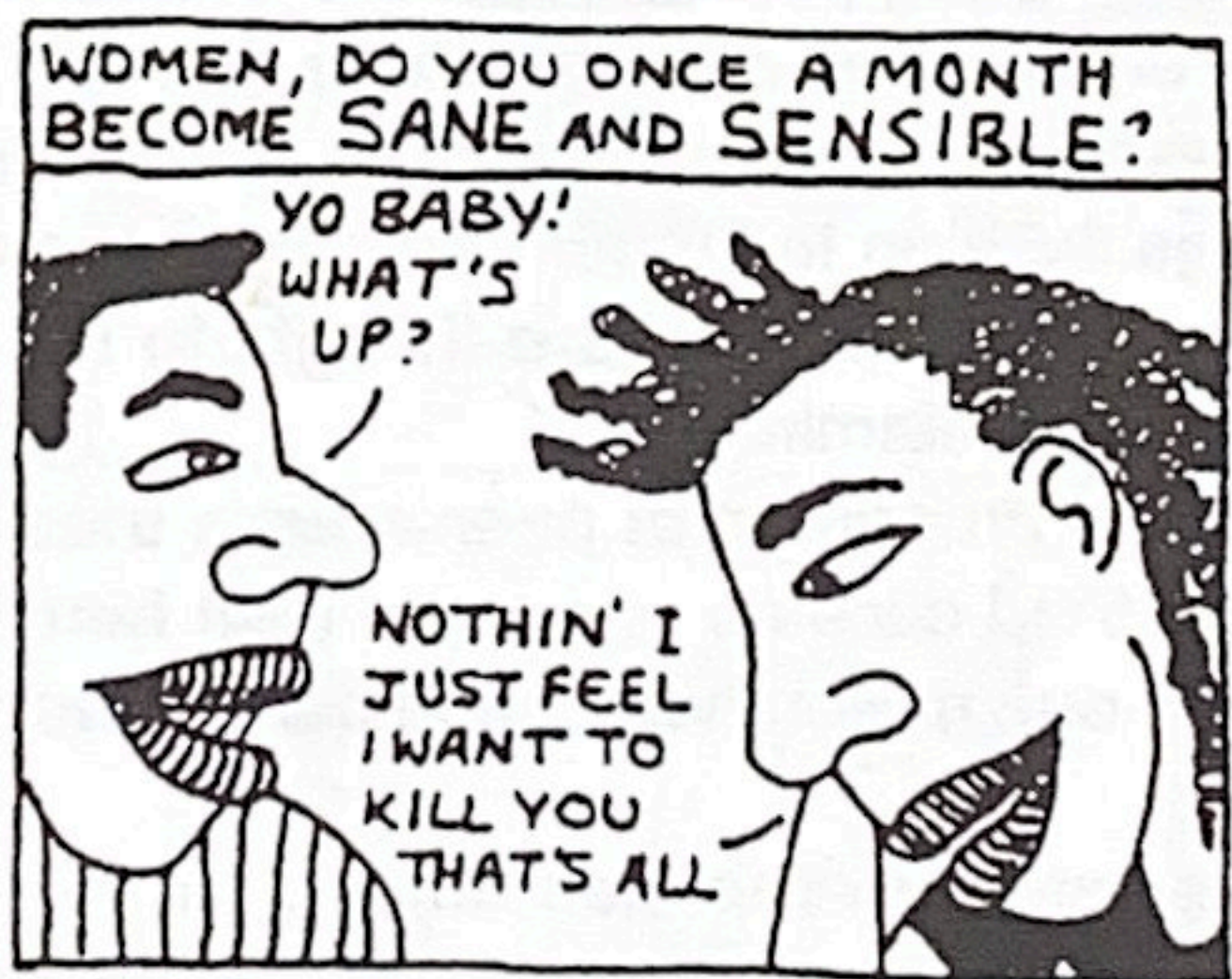
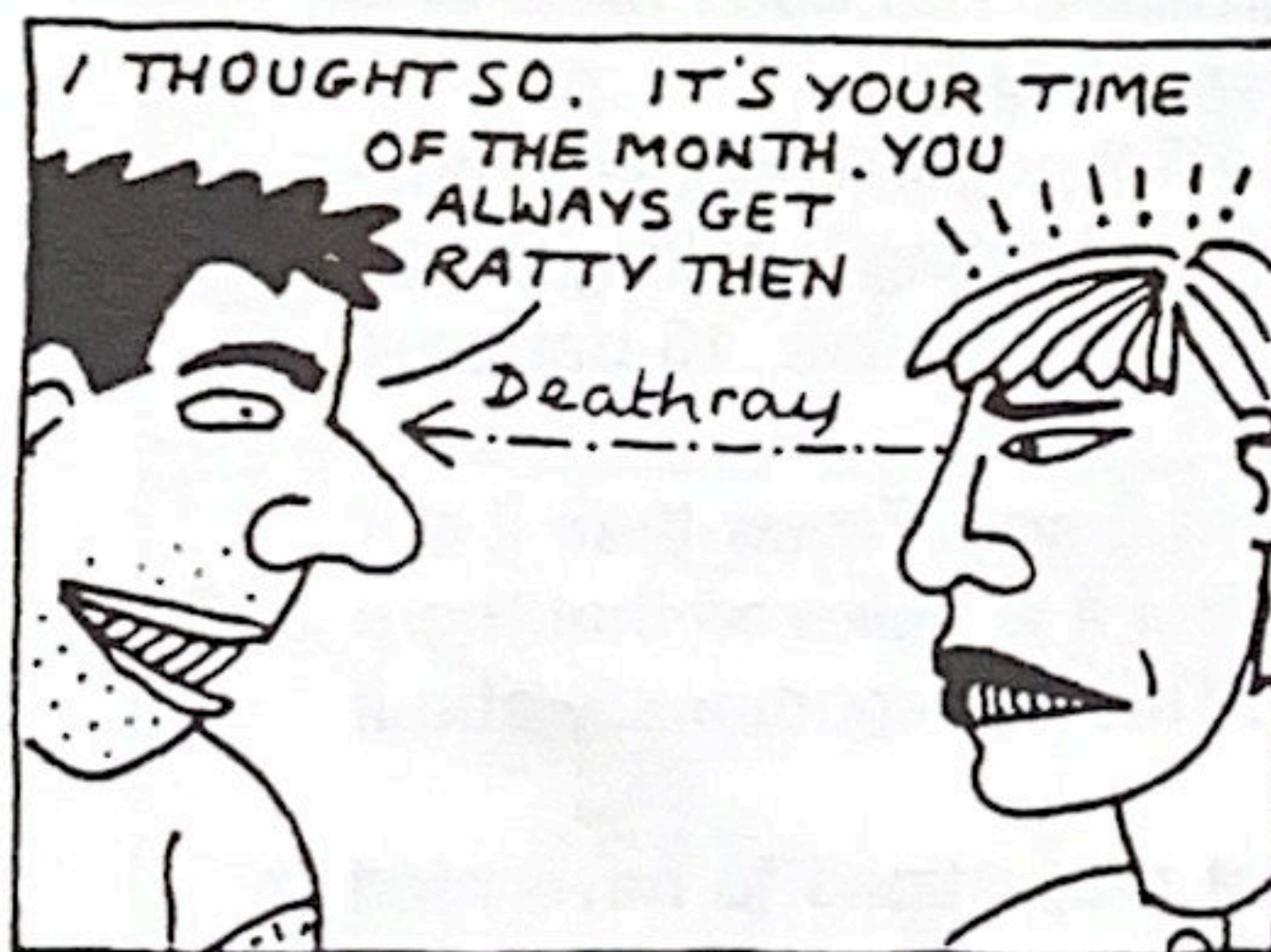
*From 'Frontline' magazine issue 3, summer 96. (The next FOUR issues for the price of three only £5.55 (inc p+p) from FRONTLINE, Victoria Road, Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, PO41 0QW or phone 09762 36216.*

*Editorial/Contributions c/o 53 Edithna Street, Stockwell, London SW9 9JR.)*



# TIME OF THE MONTH

by Dr. Snopes





## Euro report highlights ineffectiveness of British policy against growing drug use among the young

Legislation fails to curb drug abuse

*Stephen Bates in Brussels*

**Tough** national policies on drug users may be no more effective in cutting crime than those which are more lenient, experts working for the European Union's new monitoring centre said on October 8th.

The centre's first annual report on the state of the drugs problem across the 15 member states concludes that the use of drugs, particularly hard drugs, is rare, but that users form between a third and 40 per cent of Europe's prison population.

The surveys place the United Kingdom high on the list of states where drug abuse is common, despite higher penalties than most other member states.

The British authorities' record in capturing illegal drugs is less impressive than countries with more liberal attitudes to drug use.

Richard Hartnoll of the Lisbon based monitoring centre told a press conference in Brussels: "There is little relationship between the prevalence of the problem and the policies adopted to combat it. There is no obvious, direct correlation between what countries do and what the figures for drug abuse show."

Britain has some of the toughest legislation against drug users with up to five years' imprisonment for smoking cannabis, seven years for the use of harder drugs and life imprisonment for trafficking. Other EU countries specify lower penalties.

In the Netherlands, the maximum sentence for smoking cannabis is a month, while a trafficker in hard drugs might receive less than four years. Spanish penalties are similarly light.

In 1994, Britain seized 63,021kg of cannabis, but the Dutch police captured 238,258kg, and the Spanish 219,176kg. The Spanish also captured more heroin and cocaine than the British.

George Estievenart, director of the monitoring centre, said: "If you look at the main figures for the Netherlands, say, or France, you will not see such large differences that you can say there is a great problem with the overall approach. You don't have one case where results are brilliant and another where they are lamentable."

The report estimates that up to 16 per cent of the adult population has experimented with illegal drugs, with up to 20 per cent of young adults admitting to taking them. As many as one in five 15-16-year-olds are thought to have tried cannabis, 16 per cent solvents and 5 per cent amphetamines.

A much smaller proportion of people have tried hard drugs. Fewer than 2 per cent are thought to have tried cocaine and 1 per cent heroin. But it is believed that there are between 500,000 and one million heroin addicts in Europe. This is proportionally about half the level of the US.

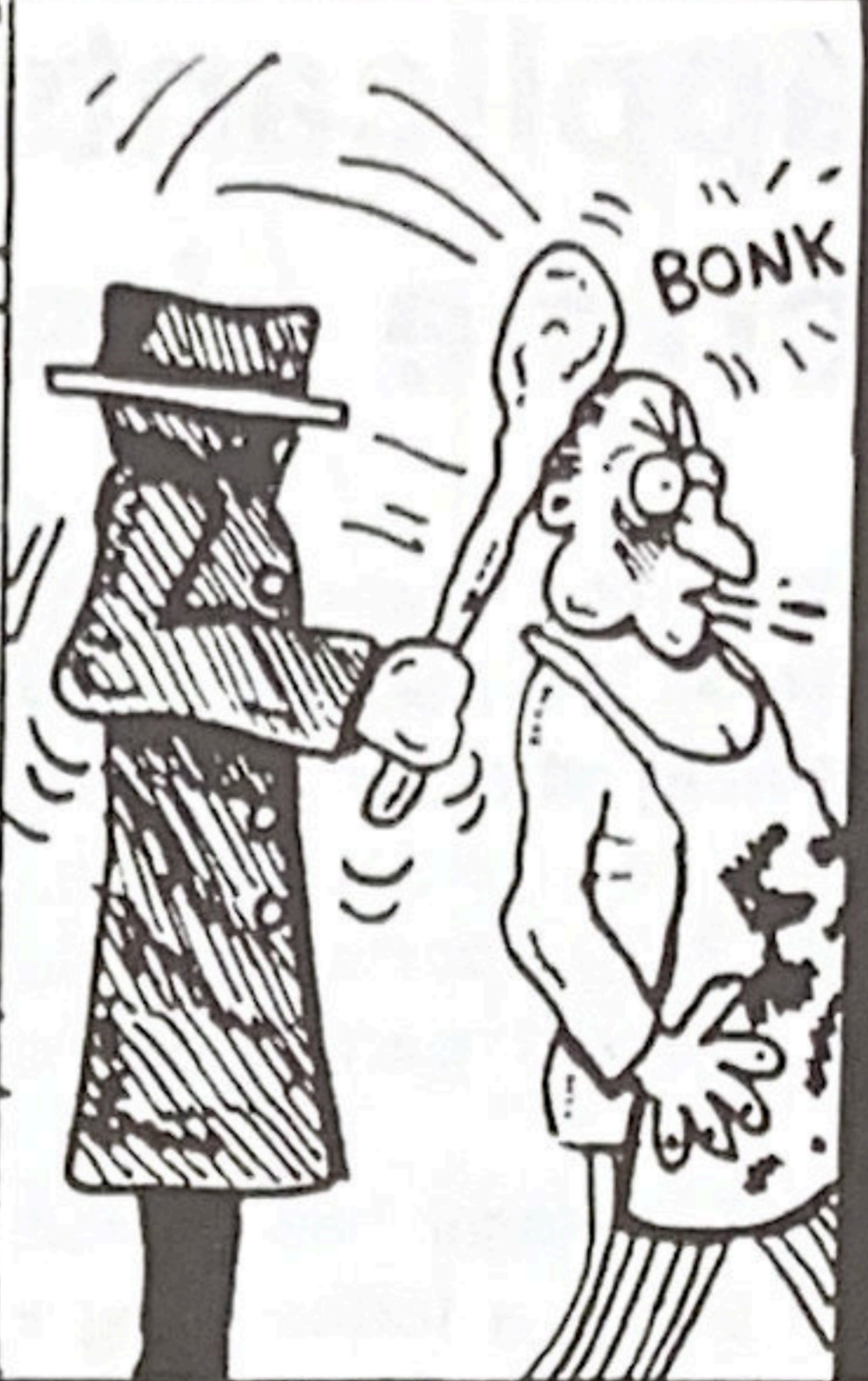
In almost all cases, Britain has among the highest proportions to have tried drugs: 2 per cent of adults have tried cocaine, up to 16 per cent cannabis. The British, along with the Belgian, Dutch and Spanish, are one of Europe's highest LSD and ecstasy users.

Drug use levelled off in the early 1990's but is now thought to be on the increase.



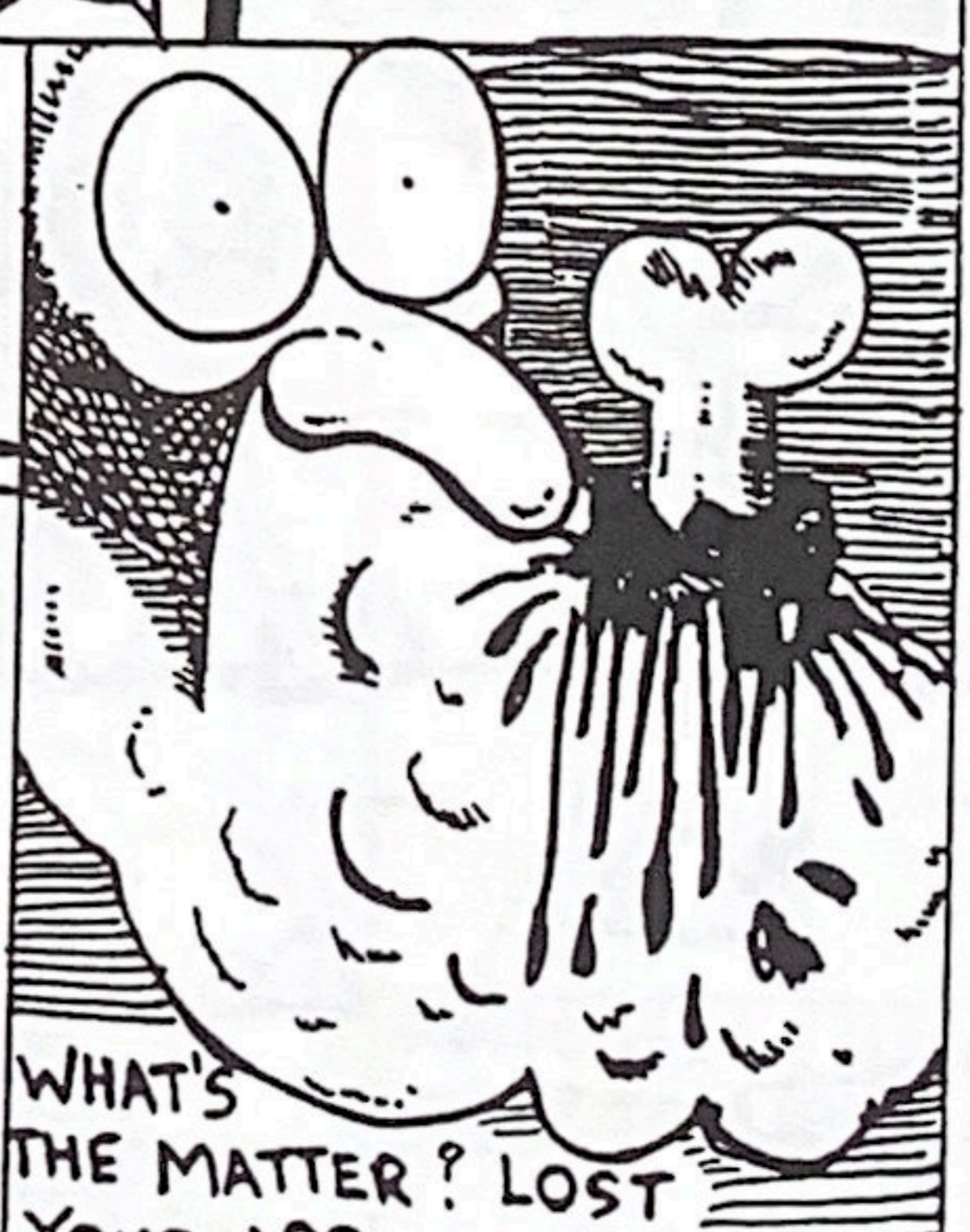
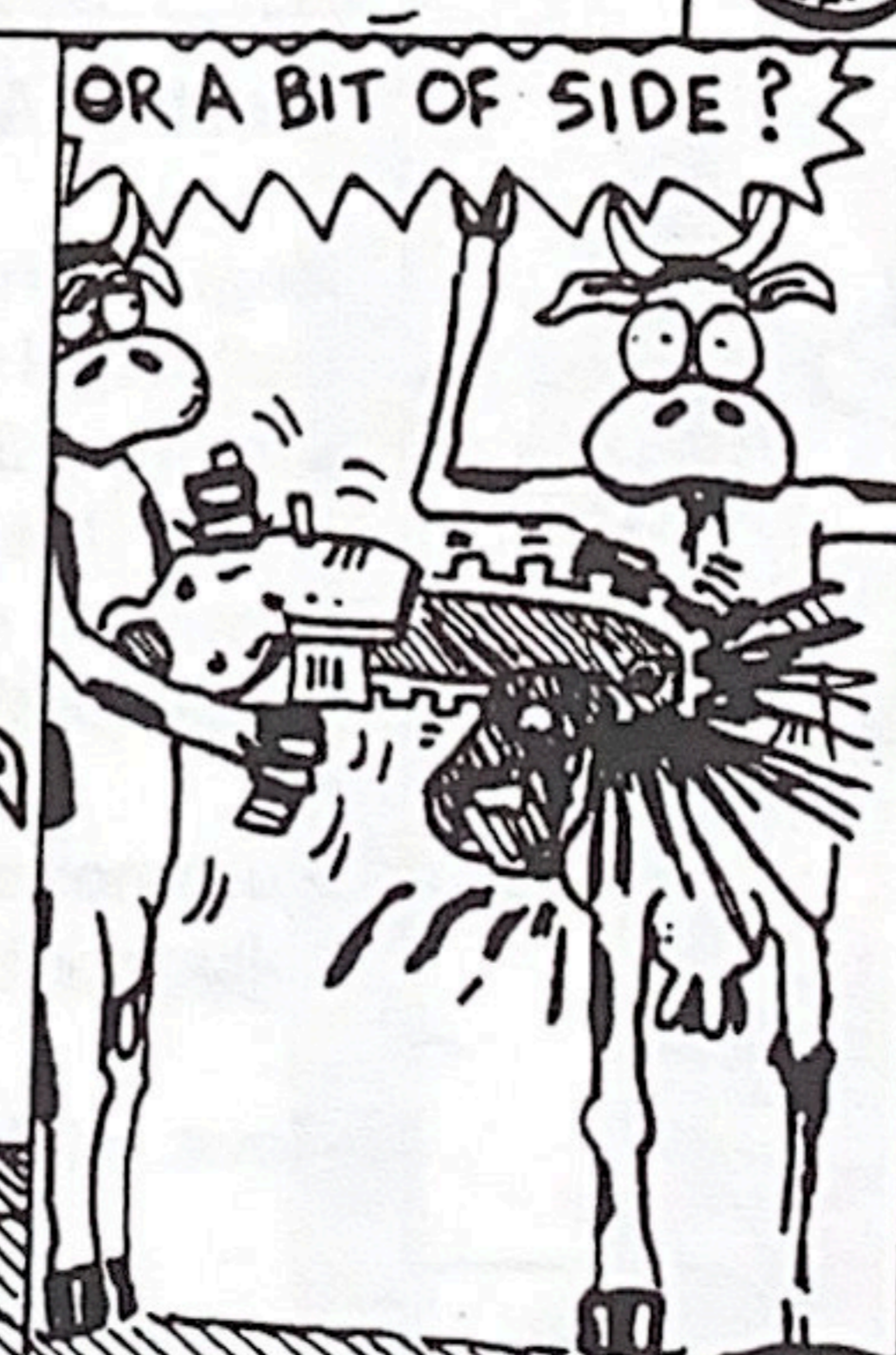
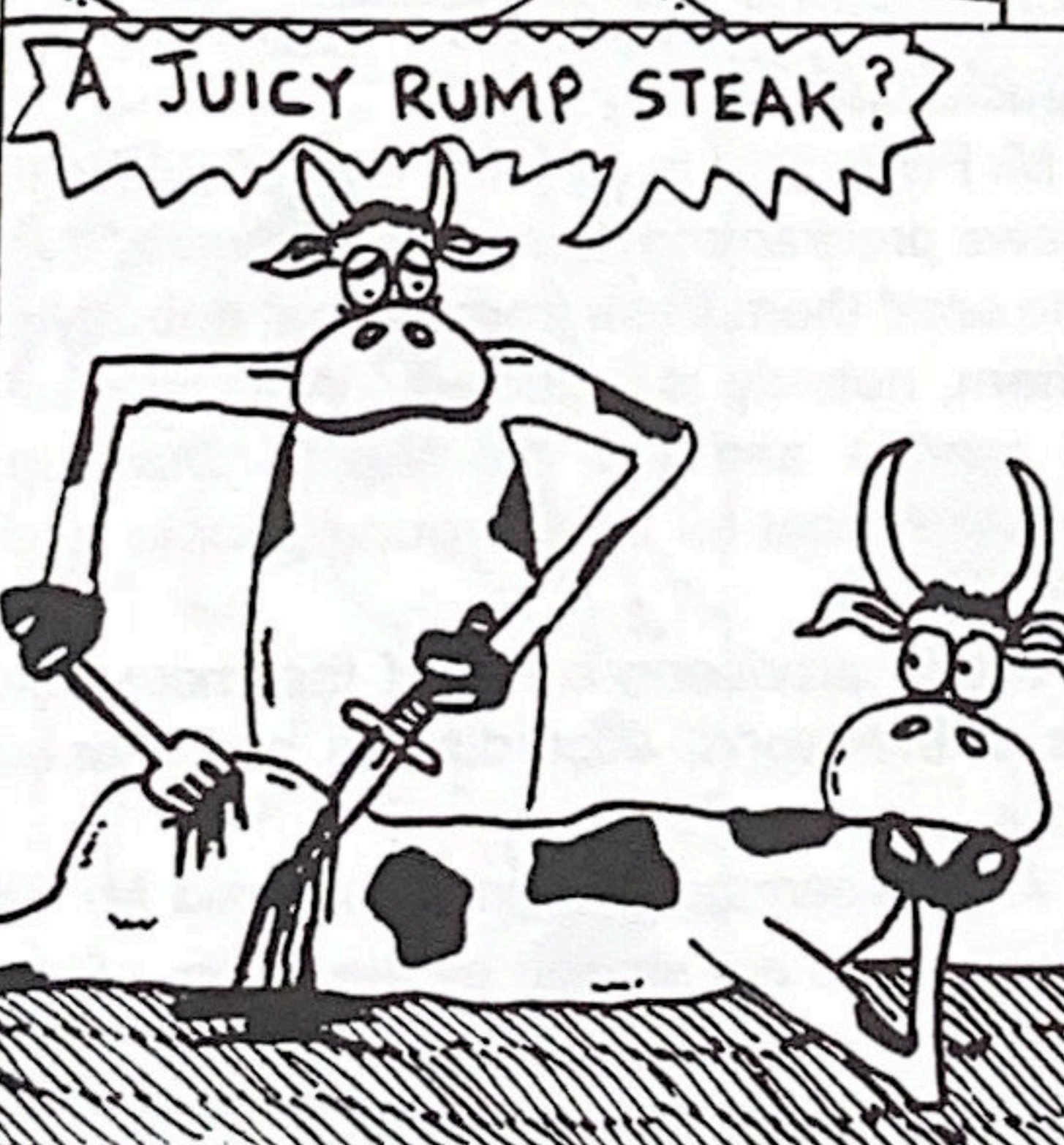
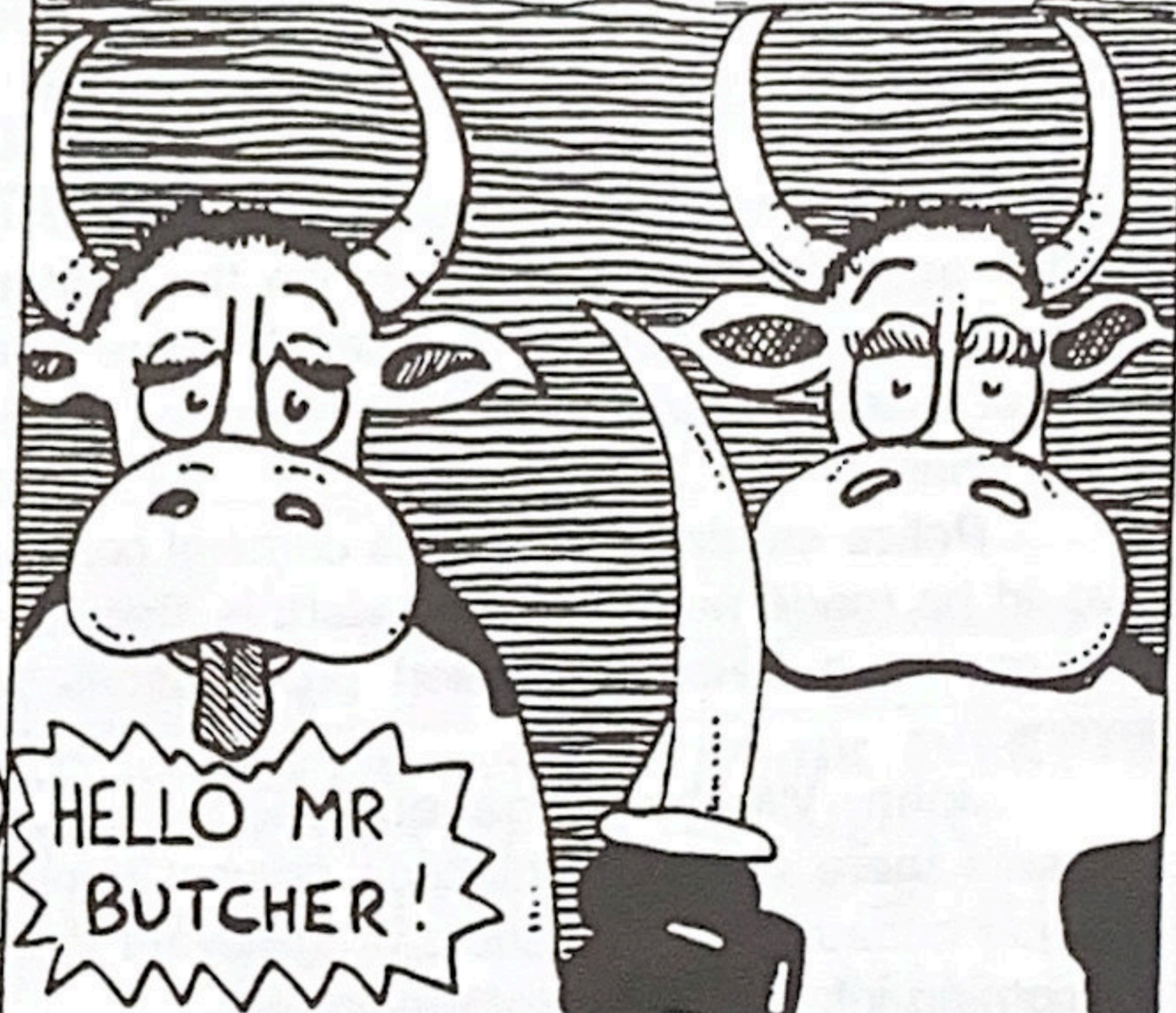
REVENGE OF THE MAD COWS.

TREV THE BUTCHER WAS ON HIS WAY HOME AFTER A BUSY DAY.



HE'S COMING ROUND!

GET THE SAW READY!





## Job applicants to face crime checks

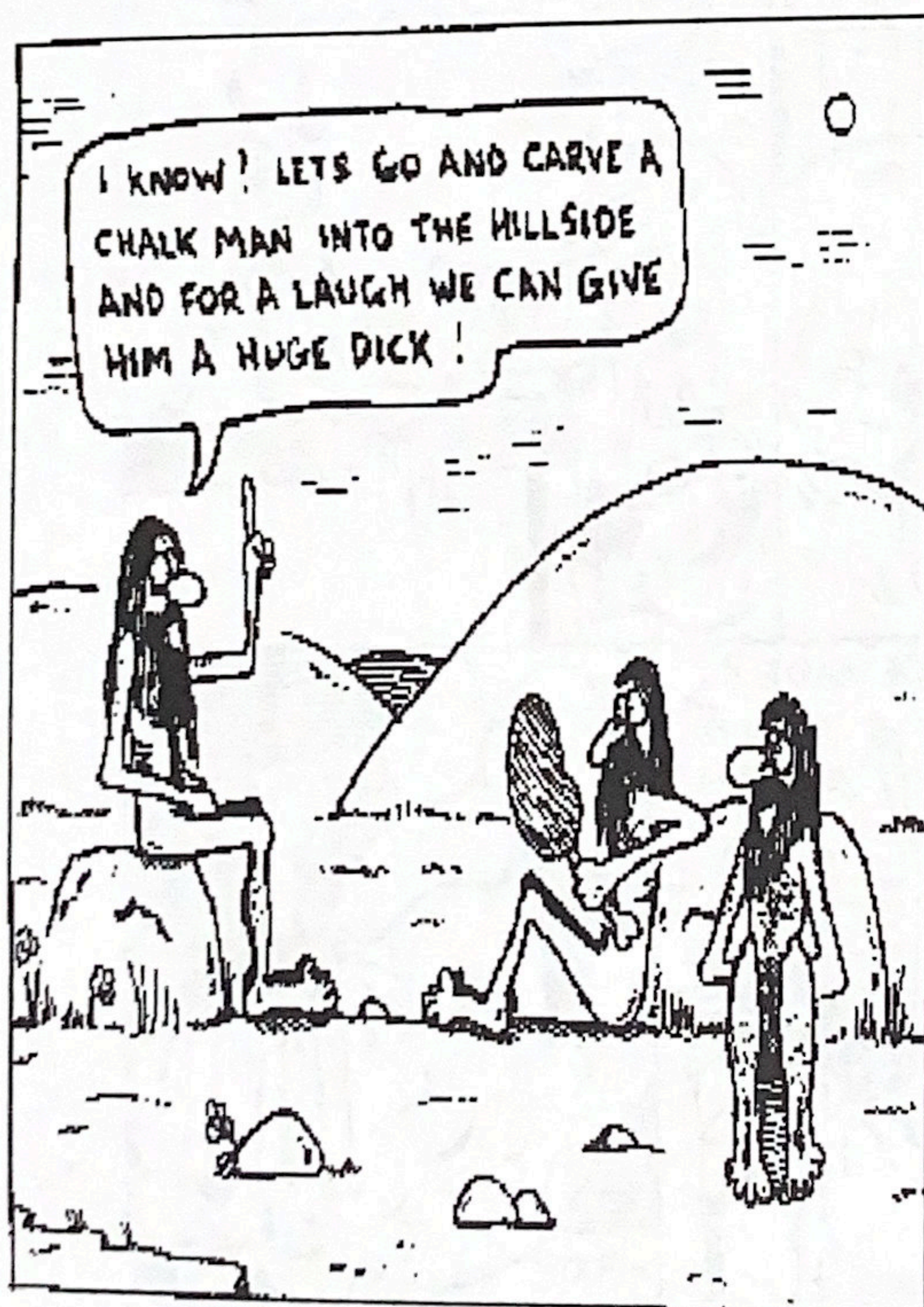
Plans by the Home Secretary, Michael Howard, to make all job seekers show employers certificates revealing whether they have a criminal record, will be backed by Jack Straw, his Labour shadow, reviving civil libertarians' doubts about both the main political parties' commitment to human rights.

The Government has confirmed that the move will be set out in a forthcoming Home Office White Paper which will propose a Criminal records Agency to track the court appearances of everyone in Britain.

People wanting to work with children would undergo more rigorous checks via the central police computer. Prospective doctors, lawyers and lottery ticket sellers would also face detailed examination of their past.

Police cautions as well as criminal convictions would be made public. Mr. Howard is also considering revealing details of failed prosecutions to employers.

John Wadham, general secretary of Liberty, said there was no protection against people losing a job because of misleading or irrelevant information coming into the hands of employers.



## Gossip's good for you, it's official

Recent studies in Britain and abroad show gossip is not merely entertaining, it is an essential part of human behaviour. It's good for us, psychologists claim. And without it, some say, we'd all suffer from a sense of isolation. "Asking why people like to gossip is like asking why people love to breathe," says gossip expert Dr Nick Emler of the Department of Experimental Psychology at Oxford University. "Exchanging information and opinions is essential for our social survival. You can function more effectively in any community if you are armed with information about who gets on with whom and what people's personalities, strengths, weaknesses, talents and virtues are. Ignorance makes life dangerous."

Dr Emler argues that "Men gossip just as much but they disguise it by calling it something different - like talking politics." (Music more like!) And they call what women do 'gossip' to discourage women from doing exactly the same thing by making them feel they are being superficial, trivial, malicious and destructive. It's very cunning."

## Magic mushroom 'export' drive

A Labour MP suggested on 29th December that Welsh youngsters be given grants to export magic mushrooms.

Paul Flynn, MP for Newport West, called the hallucinogenic fungi "the truffles of Wales", which could be marketed around the world. Mushrooms from his constituency can command a price of two grand a kilo in the streets of Amsterdam.

Mr Flynn said in an interview for S4C's Welsh language news programme Y Byd Ar Bedwar: "It is perfectly legal to send them fresh from Wales; nobody is poisoned by them, nobody is addicted. Why on earth not exploit the market and get the Welsh Development Agency to give a grant for a few young people to set up a business?"

Wales produces some of the most powerful mushrooms in the world, according to connoisseurs of hallucinogens.

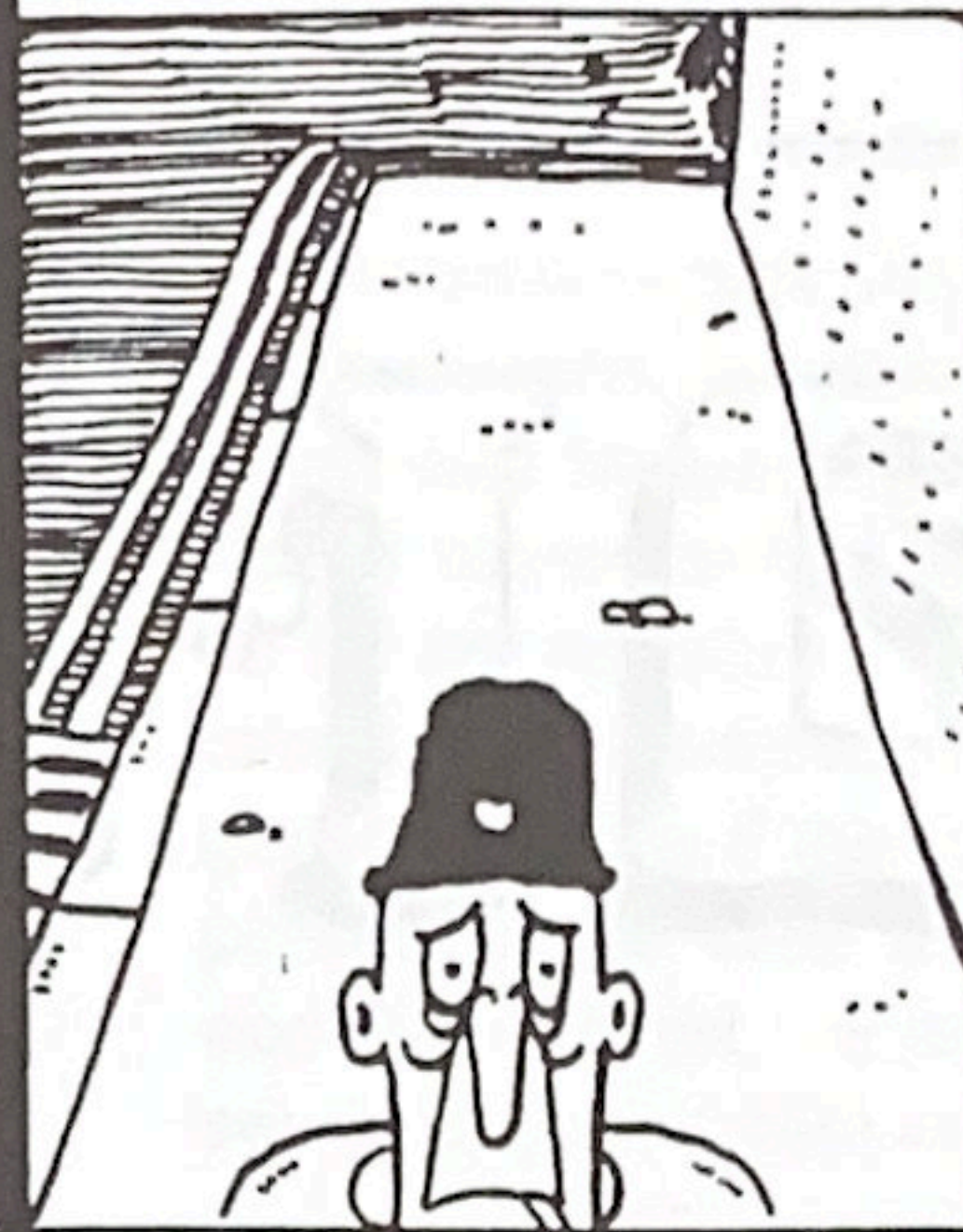
A spokesman for Tony Blair said Mr Flynn's views on drugs were not shared by the Labour Party.



RETURNING HOME FROM A "STARTREX" MEETING I WAS PASSED BY AN EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL BEING. MY DREAM HAD COME TRUE.

# THE FILE

I SET OFF IN PURSUIT.



MY HEART WAS RACING.

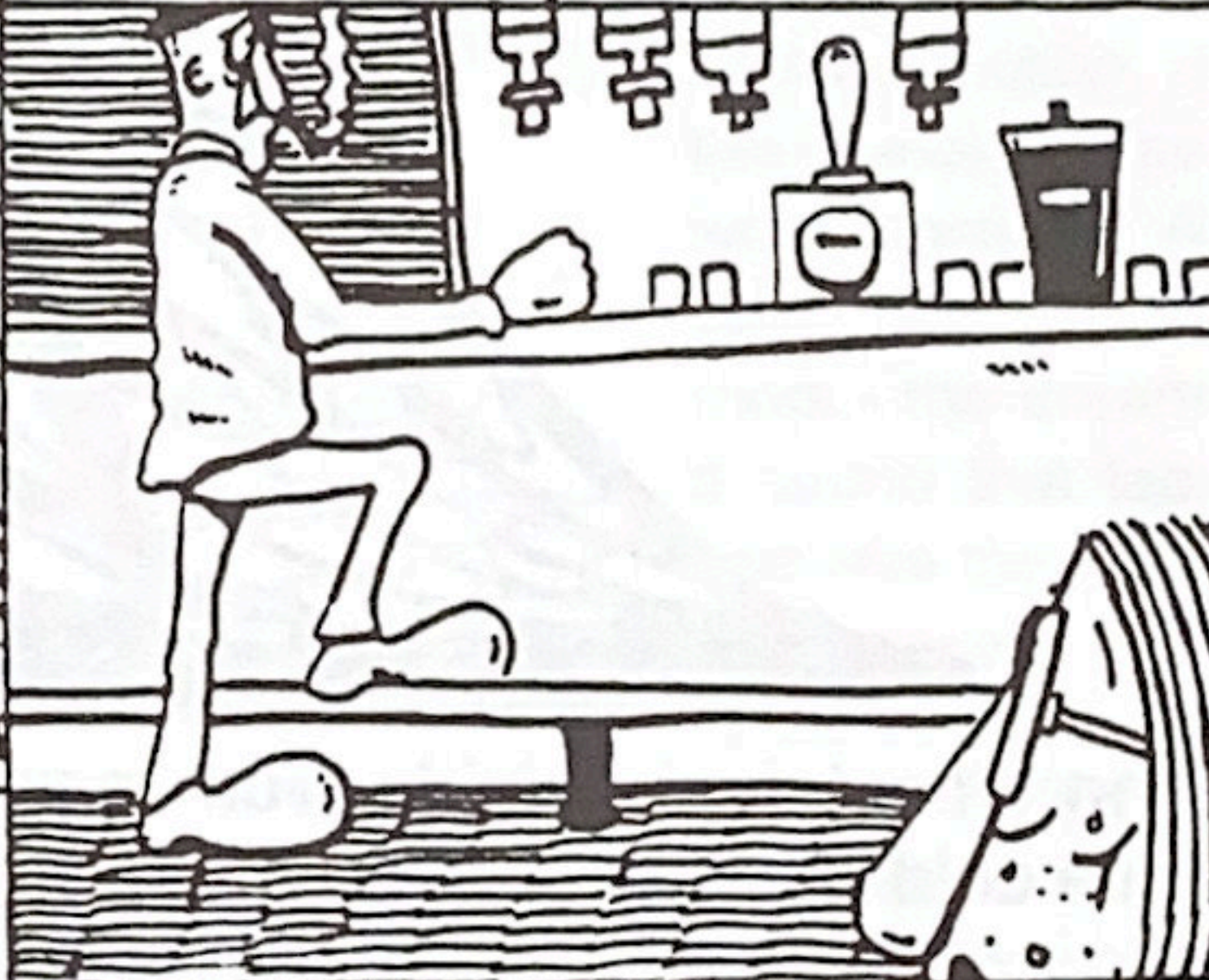


THIS WAS A CLOSE ENCOUNTER.

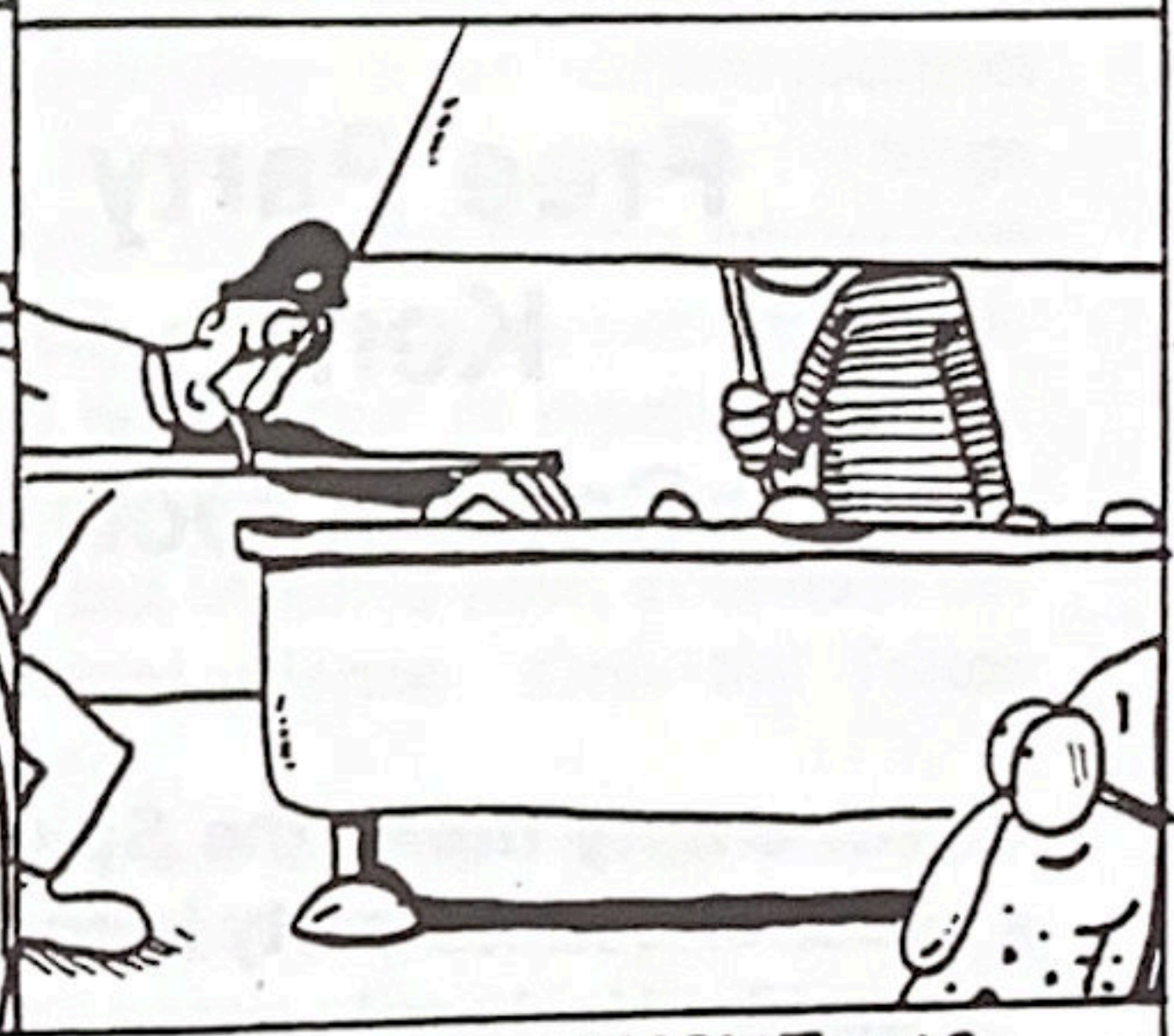
I FOLLOWED HIM TO A PUBLIC HOUSE...



WHERE HE MET UP WITH OTHERS LIKE HIM - STRANGE CREATURES.



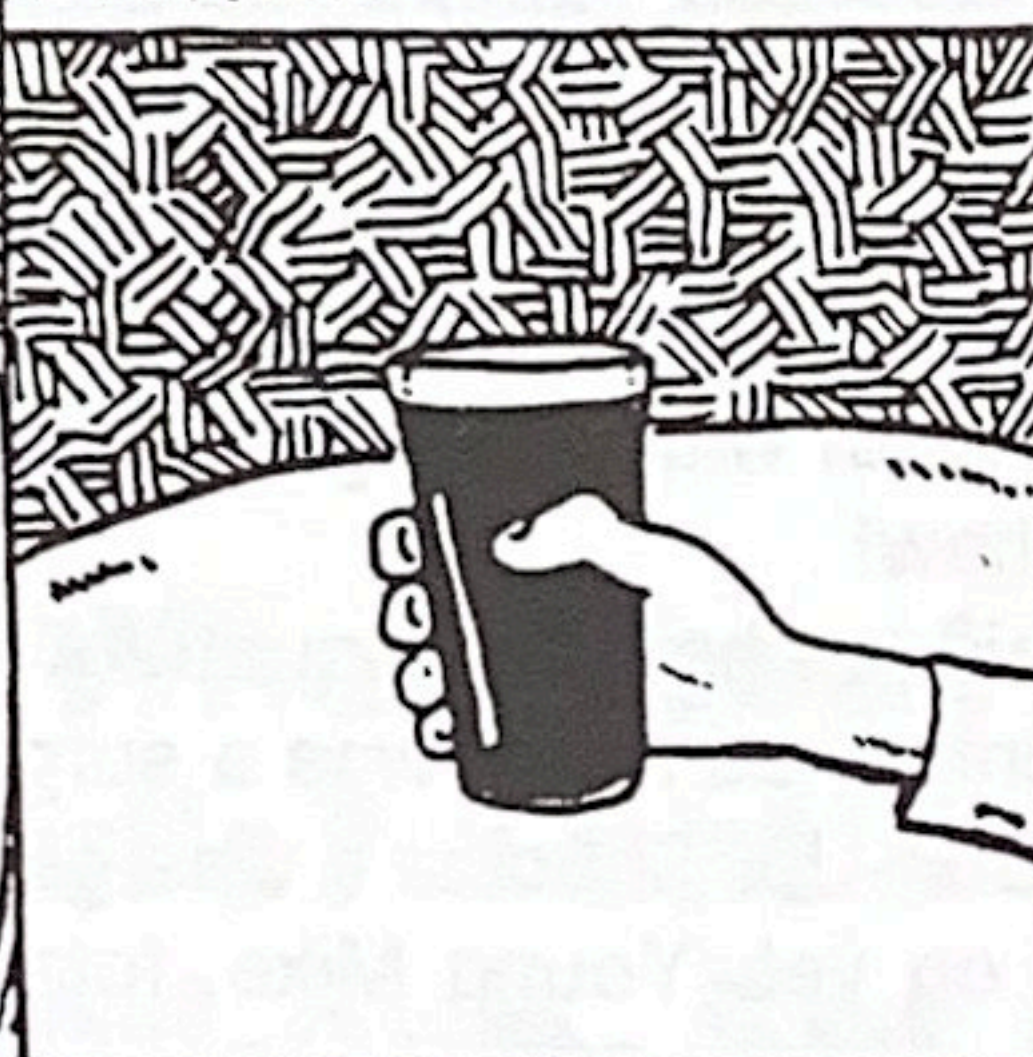
I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY LUCK - A ROOM FULL OF ALIENS.



I WATCHED, AMAZED, HOPING THEY WOULD LEAD ME TO THEIR MOTHERSHIP.



I WAITED FOR A LONG TIME. SO AS NOT TO APPEAR OUT OF PLACE I ORDERED MORE DRINKS.



AFTER MY 4th DRINK EVERYTHING STARTED TO GO WEIRD.

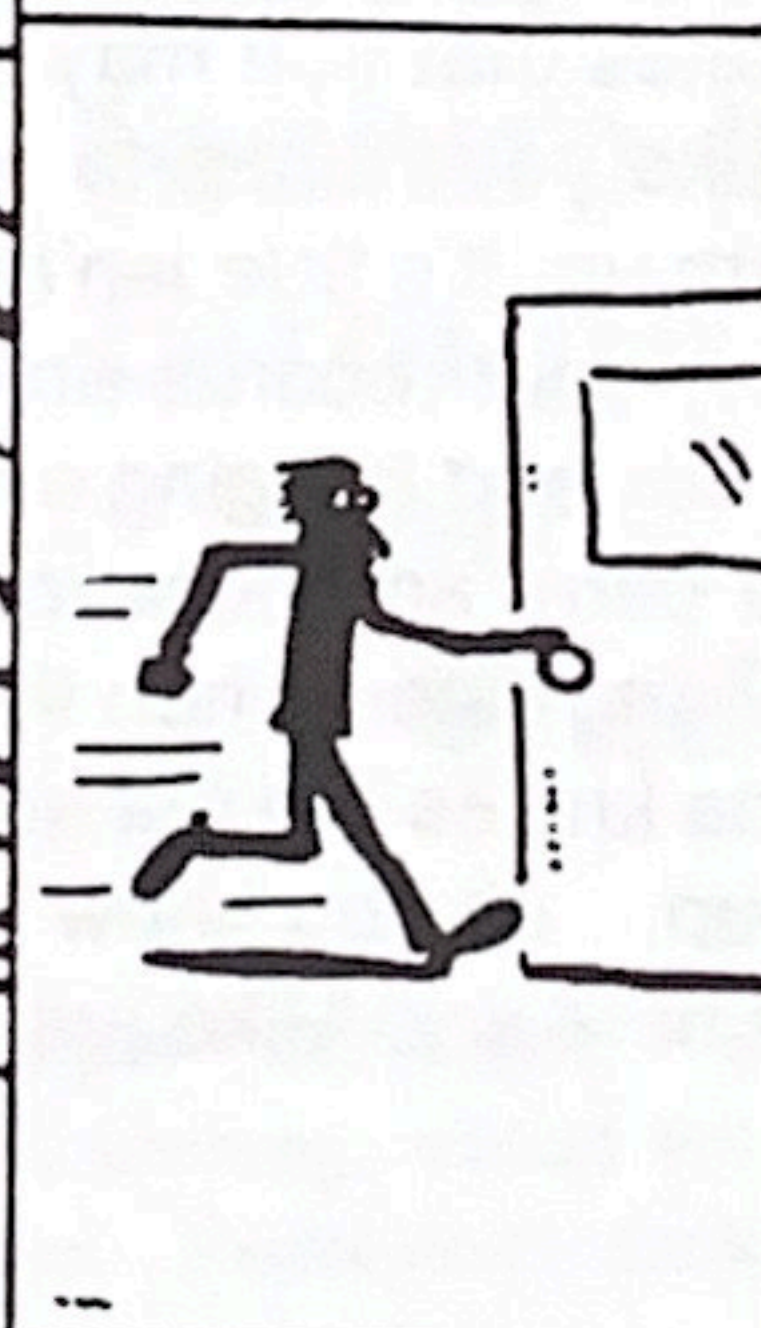


THEY WERE DOING SOMETHING TO MY MIND. MY VISION WENT BLURRY.

I HAD TO GET OUT.



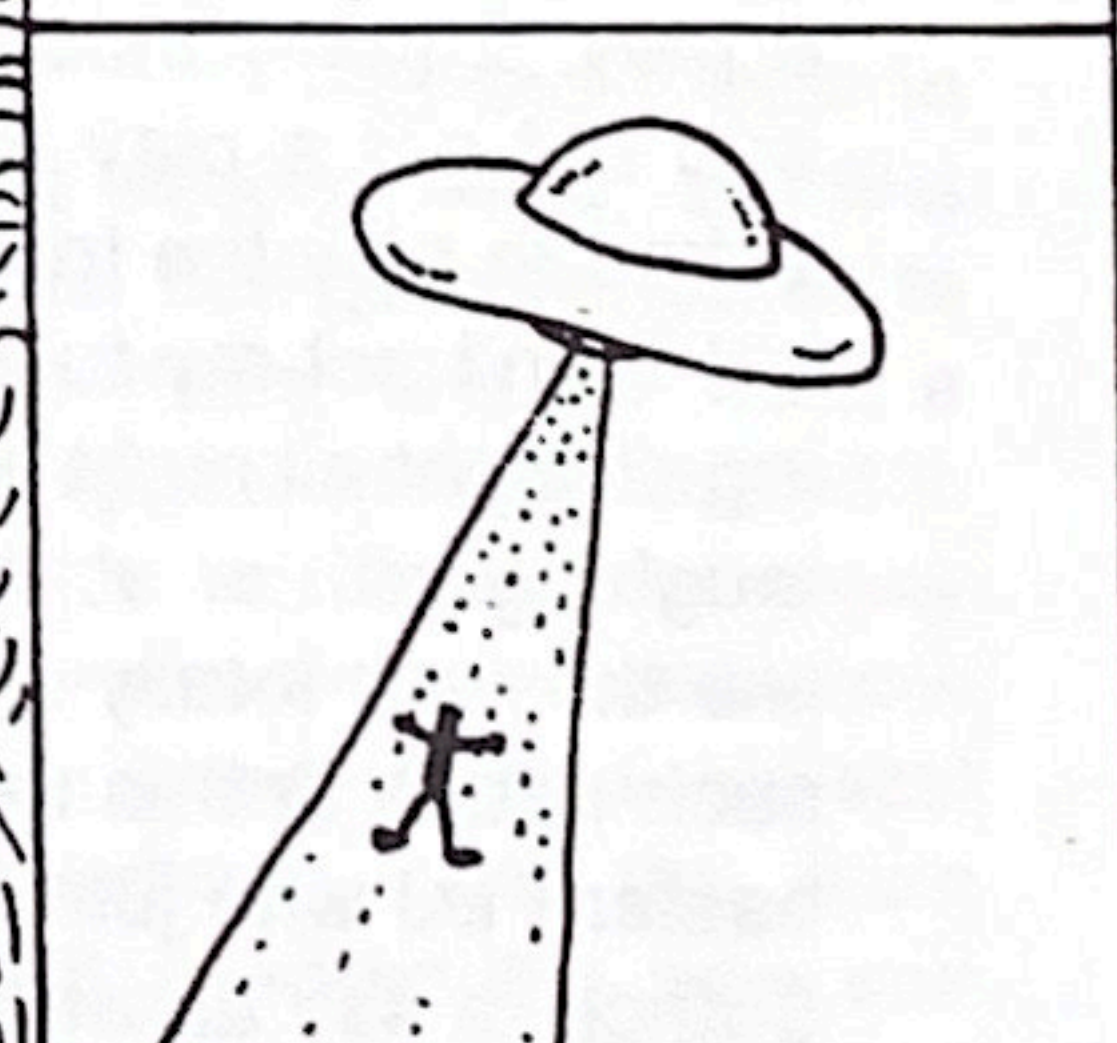
I MADE IT TO THE DOOR BEFORE EVERYTHING WENT BLACK.



WHEN I AWOKE IT WAS THREE HOURS LATER



I FELT AWFUL, COULDN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING AND WAS COVERED IN VOMIT.



OBVIOUSLY I HAD BEEN ABDUCTED BY ALIENS.

TO BE CONTINUED:



# parties

**Free Party  
Kent  
Sat 5th Oct**



**An empty hotel, the Spinning Wheel, just outside Womanswold, acted as the setting for just one more party before the cold weather comes down hard on us and we have to move inside. Ho hum!**

Anyway, the tVC splosh-core swung out of inactivity and into action to stupendously decorate the rather tired interior of the once grand hotel function room. Ria, Polly and Holly totally transformed the room with nice little touches such as the glittery silver background behind the DJ deck and a spacious chill out area comfortably decked out with sofas. Gary Purple Ambulance provided some lovely candle lamps and a few UV's for subtle lighting and mood enhancement whilst a large raging log fire sparked up outside provided what can only be described as free party ambiance. When the sound crew arrived it was simply a matter of plugging in the rather immense and extremely loud sound system and we were off. The "Monk," on top form and bang on the case, supplemented the splashed-out grandeur with moving video images mixed in a truly stupendous fashion with his new video mixer. Phew!

A lone security guard - "I just get paid to check the squatters haven't come back" - seemed well happy when an unflustered Rosie informed him it was a surprise birthday party for a friend and fellow DJ of ours; the ever bashful Sun-Up. Shucks! It was getting far too emotional already and we hadn't even turned the sounds on yet. Young Mike, totally unaware of all this preparation behind his back, was due to arrive about 11.30. The "Girls" had great problems getting stuff in and out of the house without him clicking on to anything and explained their strange behaviour away in a most convincing manner. It proved more difficult to persuade Mike to take his records to the party as he, politely, moaned that whenever he takes his records to a party he never gets a play. Equally though the law of DJ averages states that you may take your tunes to 9 parties and not get a play but as soon as you do not take your tunes to party 10 you'll inevitably get asked to play the top spot coz the big DJ didn't turn up. It's true isn't it? Can you say "sorry man, but I ain't got my tunes with me"? No! Always carry your records around, even if it means staying straight all night and keeping one eye on your box and hanging on till the end to get a slot and laughing with or at the other DJ's as they rip and parry and consume tons of stuff and still look like they are totally straight (how do they do that)? and listen when they bore you about such and such a tune or this venue or that venue or when the knives are out and they're filleting some poor bastard DJ who just happens not to have turned up... oh you know what I mean?

Suffice to say all went well, everyone had a great time and Mike just got one year older.



# Reclaim the Treats



*Tangentopoli was there for the big Reclaim the Streets motorway party in West London. Kevin Marman reports...*

**"A society which abolishes every adventure makes its own abolition the only possible adventure"**

banner slogan - Reclaim The Streets '96

I thought I'd died and gone to heaven. Okay, not quite... but it was like this: I'd had a couple of beers, and the sun was shining, and there was music was playing, and I was with a load of friends (about 5,000 of them I think)...oh, and I was dancing on the outside lane of the M41 at Shepherd's Bush...

...and all around me people were sun-bathing, singing, laughing, drinking, toking, juggling, planting trees, firebreathing, playing Frisbee or football.

And there wasn't a car in sight.

And all of it was against the law.

So it felt like heaven.

Put it this way - it was Michael Howard's vision of absolute hell...so heaven it must have been.

At the start of the day I don't think anyone really knew if we'd pull it off. A couple of us arrived at the pre-arranged meeting place - outside Liverpool Street Station - just after 11, and the crowd didn't look too promising; about 60, if that. A few police were there. Passers-by looked

on bemused - probably thinking it was a convention for musicians, jugglers and face-painters. Nothing much was happening. I sat with a beer and read a leaflet someone had handed me, telling me what to do if I got arrested. If the police assault you, go to casualty immediately it said. I wondered how I'd get to casualty if the police broke my legs. Then I pondered the cost of travelling up to London to appear in court. Even the beer didn't dilute the sense of pessimism welling up.

Then I looked up, and suddenly the 60 or so had become 100. Then 200. Then 500. Then fuck knows. People were appearing from every direction, converging on the station precinct like massed tribes summoned by drums. Things were starting. Above the buzz of the crowd, we could hear the steady pulse of approaching drummers - the dreaded succession of repetitive beats: a sound that taps into the collective unconscious and stirs the spirit - but which is now, in certain circumstances, a criminal offence. Only the Tories could outlaw a feeling.

The drummers arrived - faces and bodies daubed with tribal paint - and played for us a while as people assembled. Then, at 12.15, someone gave the signal and they descended through the crowds and into the station mall - with everyone pouring in behind them. The message was passed about that we were all to take the westbound Central Line tube and stay on till told otherwise. At the tube entrance, we stopped briefly as the drummers did an impromptu session. The whole station was brought to a standstill as people danced.

Then it started to rain Frisbees. Tourists on the overhead walkway stopped to take in the spectacle, wondering were it was that they'd heard all that crap about the British being conservative by nature. If the revolution ever comes in this country, it'll probably start like this.

Jas and I were in the second wave; the first train had gone off stuffed to the rivets, and we were a couple of minutes behind it. We'd no idea how many were behind us, but by now we knew it was several hundred. On the train

(standing room only) we'd checked the map and made bets on the likely destination: The Bank? Tottenham Court Road? Oxford Circus? What

**"What about St Paul's? That'd be a good one. Set up a sound system in the cathedral. 50K of techno blasting up through the dome: God's personal Walkman."**



about St. Paul's? That'd be a good one. Set up a sound system in the Cathedral. 50K of techno blasting up through the dome: God's personal Walkman. He'd probably have been grateful; make a change from all that dreary organ stuff he usually gets. That and the harps.

But it wasn't to be. As we headed into Bond Street, an announcement comes over the train tannoy: "Due to a police request, this train will not be stopping at Holland Park". The first wave had obviously disembarked there - which, we later discovered, was the first decoy of the day. We got off at Notting Hill Gate (the stop before) and made our way along Holland Park Avenue towards Shepherd's Bush. Ahead of us we could see a hundred or so people walking in the road - but behind us was a huge sea of heads as party-goers flooded out of the tube like life-blood from an artery. The buzz was on, now...although my main preoccupation was that I was desperate for a leak. Toilets, like the police, are never there when you want them (except I can't remember the last time I ever wanted the police; they both have similar functions, though - with the police marginally better at taking the piss).

At Shepherds Bush Green, we found it. One part of the insanely busy road intersection had been cordoned off, and the party was in full swing. After all the build-up, it seemed like a bit of an anti-climax: we'd arrived just too late to be part of the main action, and the police seemed quite pleased with the run of events. In fact, it looked almost as if they'd planned it. Meanwhile, my bladder was beginning to take on a life of its own, so I snuck around the corner into a quiet side street to look for a handy drain.

And that's when I discovered that the nicely-contained little party by the traffic lights was, in fact, the second decoy of the day. Quietly assembled in this side street was a small group of people. One of the organisers was there, issuing instructions about being ready to move off when he gave the word. I hung around for a few minutes

and watched as the numbers swelled. When there was about a hundred of us, we moved along to the bottom of the street, past some garages and through an old coal yard beside the railway, keeping as quiet as we could. We passed some bloke washing his car: 'If anyone asks, you haven't seen us' someone said to him. He didn't reply - he just stood there with his sponge in his hand, and an expression on his face like he'd just seen an UFO land and Mrs. Thatcher climb out stark naked. At the end of the coal yard, I looked back and saw the silent, colourful army advancing. We

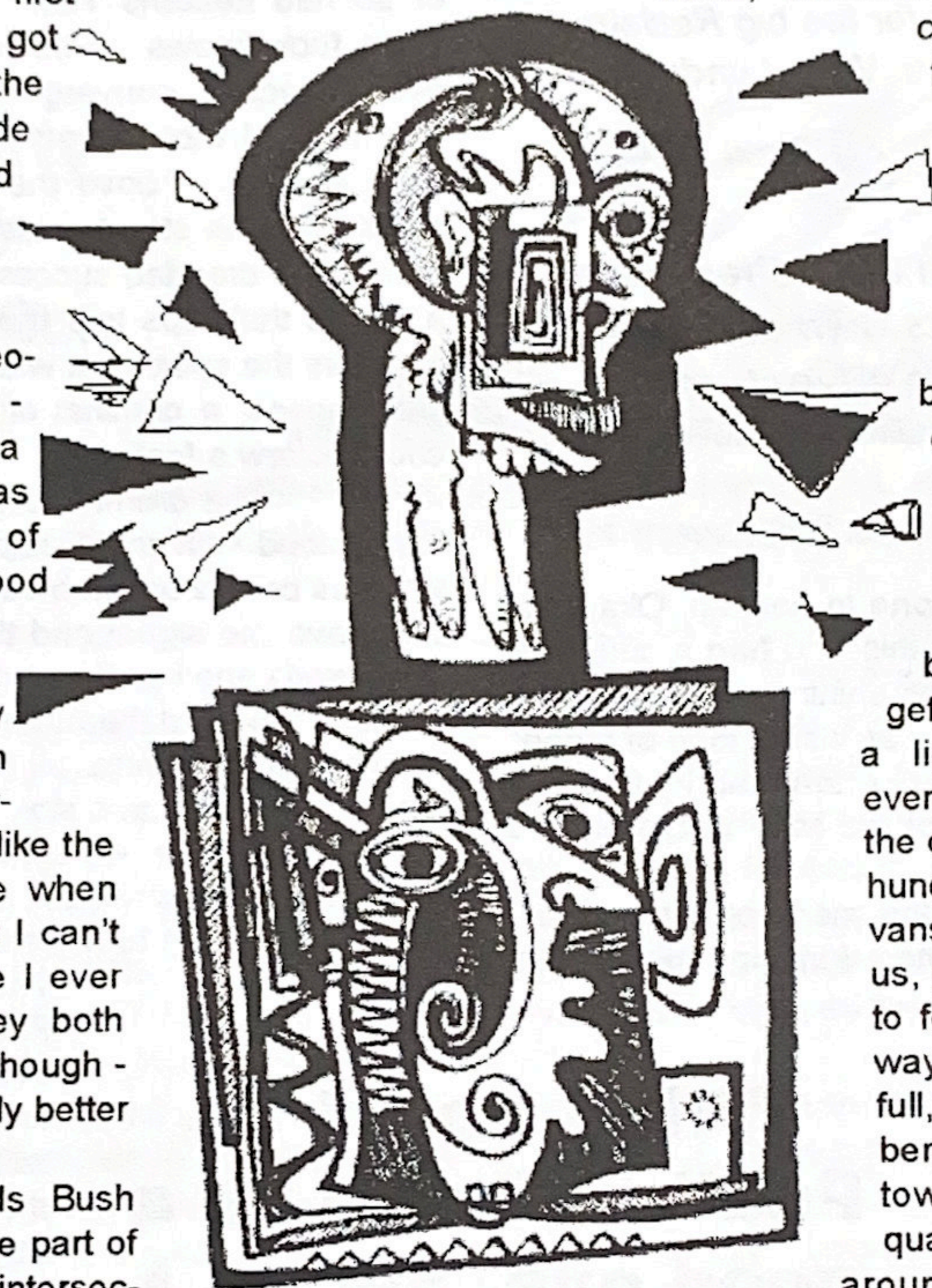
could still hear the noise from the Green, so the police hadn't sussed yet.

Then it all moved up a gear: voices ahead shouted 'Run!' and we clambered up over a wall - and before us lay the six-lane expanse of the M41 West Cross, running up about a mile to the White City interchange. Traffic access at our end had been stopped by people getting into the road during a light change, and now everyone was flooding across the carriageways. Within two hundred yards, several police vans came screaming past us, getting far enough ahead to form a road block all the way across. Each van was full, and as the police clambered out and ran back towards us, my earlier qualms resurfaced. I looked around and guessed there

were no more than a hundred and fifty of us. More vans were coming up fast, too. Except for a broken down truck abandoned on the hard shoulder of the southbound side, there was no other traffic - but I had serious doubts about how long it would last.

We reached the police lines and they started pushing us back - there were too few people to break through. I stopped then and waited for the inevitable nickings to start. The buggers had outwitted us after all. People were still on the carriageways, but many were heading for the neutrality of the central reservation. If only there were more of us, I thought.

Then I turned around and saw it - like that scene from Zulu when Cetewayo's massed tribes pour down from the hills onto the British





camp at Rorke's Drift. As far back as I could see, the people were advancing. Hundreds and hundreds of people - thousands, as it turned out - pouring onto a six-lane motorway in the middle of a hot, sticky and normally traffic-filled afternoon in July. It was critical mass. It was a sight I'll always remember. Whatever happened before and after on that day, that moment was the focal point - the essence of it all: the moment that the street was reclaimed. The people around me now were laughing and cheering. 'We've done it! We've done it!' A woman shouted. 'The police don't know what the fuck to do! We've done it!' She was wrong, though: the police did know what to do. They clambered back in their vans and retreated. They knew when they were beaten.

As the crowd finally caught up with us, people started shinning up lamp posts to hang out the banners. I glanced across the road and noticed that the 'broken-down' truck was now swarming with protesters - down the sides, in the cab, on the roof. The curtains covering the sides were finally dragged apart, revealing a sound system big enough to blast out Wembley Stadium. The music started. Stalls were set up. The party was officially cooking. Running along one side of the road was a housing estate, and the tenants came to their win-

dows and balconies to watch the festivities. For the first time they were breathing reasonably unpolluted air. The noise must have been an improvement, too. Many of them came down and joined us. (Well, it's not every day you get to go to a free party on a motorway.)

More and more people arrived as the afternoon wore on. People on bikes. People in wheelchairs. The young. The old. The infirm. Some in fancy dress, some in just the suit they were born with. Anarchists, Greens, hunt sabs, fed-up pedestrians.... and plenty without labels. I spoke to one chap who must have been in his seventies, decked out in sober grey suit and white shirt, who was sitting on the tarmac near a sound system rigged to a Sinclair C5 with a solar panel on

top. 'Some of us can't dance like we used to,' he said. 'But we can still take part.' And that was what it was all about: taking part. Being there. Registering your complaint against car culture in the most direct way you possibly can: by non-violently disrupting it - even if just for an afternoon. That's the pull of direct action: in a world where the individual feels increasingly helpless, direct action instills a sense of power and confidence. It brings people together and gives them hope.

Jas and I stayed until around 8.30, when things were still in full swing. I'd drunk a few cans, but I was stone cold sober. I'd sweated most of it away. Some people had lit small fires and looked like they were settling in for the night. The tarmac was scattered with sleeping bodies, sprawled out in what seemed like a grotesque parody of a road accident. We estimated the days' crowd to be in excess of 5,000 - around the same number of people killed on British roads last year.

The police were still there, where they'd retreated to earlier, standing around their vans - wondering what the overtime would amount to, and who would get carpeted on Monday morning for cocking up so seriously on something they'd expected for months.

The RTS organisers deserve every accolade for their magnificent planning: they should be in government - not that they'd want to be.

As we headed back towards the tube station, it occurred to me that we were only a stones' throw from Wormwood Scrubs nick; in fact, they could probably hear it all - the music pulsing across the night like a racing heartbeat: one that will remain - growing steadily louder - always through the years ahead. Ironic, really: there they were, incarcerated by the state, while we were here, free as birds, actively breaking the law under the laws' very nose - with nothing anyone could do to stop us.

Now, one day, maybe....





## Cheap, strong cocaine and its effects on the gender conditioned male

There's been a worrying trend in evidence at the parties recently. A certain type of behaviour, that has always been there, but is starting to become prevalent. The norm. A type of loaded laddiness that may have started off as ironic, but now has become lauded and celebrated amongst certain sectors of the party community.

Parties are our sacred space. They exist because we give them life. They are meant to be spaces where all the excess baggage that society has dumped on us can be left at the gate or the door for a few hours, and values and emotions not encouraged by society are allowed the nourishment they need, within a warm, loving and tolerant environment. Everyone's behaviour is tolerated, as long as it is not affecting or oppressing anyone else. Everyone is free to be themselves, to explore the parameters of their individuality within the community.

Unfortunately, however, lately the "largin' it" mentality has reared its ugly head. Sexist behaviour is being tolerated and encouraged, under the guise of new laddism, for blokes who should know better, but unfortunately don't. Depicted as only having a 'laff', you're doomed if you succumb to the pressure and join in, or damned if you don't.

Speaking as a woman, parties are meant to be somewhere where no matter how many clothes you wear, or how few, how short your hair is, or how long, you should be free to get shit faced in a totally safe environment, without having to put up with this depressing sexist shit. This is no longer happening. Sexist, demeaning behaviour and attitudes are being celebrated by certain sectors of the dance community, and it's not on. Why should men who have made the effort to respond to women around them in a respectful and non-sexist way have to put up with it either?

Sort yourselves out, or don't bother coming out.

**Whitstable Oyster Week - Sunday July 21st - tVC on the beach.** . Mike's on great form. At 10am I ring to confirm the afternoons soiree. "I've already been up Tesco's. Got me bricks n' stuff", he enthuses enthusiastically. "I'm gonna get a few more bits and I'll be down there waiting. Kate's done a lovely potato salad."

On the beach the sounds are set up in the achingly baking 90 degree heat, or 30 degrees centigrade if you prefer. It might sound a lower temperature but believe me, it isn't! Mike's on great form. Bar-B-Que's filled with bricks and flaming away merrily only after the help of Throb Felt's liberal sprinkling of some sort of inflammable liquid and a few twigs. There's a separate Barbie for the veggie 'bastards' and one for the 'hard' meat eaters. Unfortunately, after the half hour or so it took to actually light the things, and by the time the mountain of food has been cooked, no fucker actually feels like eating anymore (for some strange reason).

The Neptune Pub is conveniently situated a few groynes along and a generous consumption of much fizzy, brown stuff ensures that come sundown a small, pumping melee is formed in front of the speakers. The sounds are chilled further, the further the sun sinks down into the virtually cloudless sky of brilliant hotness, until it eventually dips, at the last moment, behind some wispy clouds. The beach people muse in contemplation and share in the simple pleasure of enjoying the peaceful company of one's fellow man whilst witnessing the joys of nature.

The children had run and splashed and swam in the shallow sea, whilst we all danced and drank and splashed. The adults lay with minimum clothing and maximum sun factor in the searing heat, occasionally turning for an even baste, but always looking and always talking. Dare I say it? Everyone was on great form. Relaxed. Beautiful. At ease. Having fun. Soaking the ambiance. People began to join us from other parts of the beach and dance gently in the searing heat, partaking the vibe. It was great. A club on the beach with a few extra codes thrown in.

Music always deep, always mellow, provided by the spinners Oz, Simon "Light"house, Throb Felt and his Australian DJ chum Brad, who's experiencing his first time in this country, arriving only 7 days ago. He plays out in the sun with a maniacal grin on his face, swaying badly as his wuss Aussie body tries to cope with strong English lager.

And, as it gets darker and people get more pissed and as the temperature thankfully begins to drop, just a tad, the mothers leave with their charges, the blankets are rolled up, the barby left to cool off and one more beer to be got in, the pressure begins to exert itself. Pressure from drunk people to play harder music (ho hum) and pressure from high people to 'play forever' (ho fucking hum) is ignored and the music begins to be wound down, when conveniently, bang on 11pm, the generator thankfully runs out of petrol and we all pack up the gear before gently wobbling towards the direction of Mike and Kate's for "just one more" aperitif before bed time.

Big thanks all round to Mike and Kate, you were great. The neighbours and The Neptune for tolerating the noise. Phoney Tony for the genny and all who helped carry the equipment past the hoards outside the pub, without embarrassment. The first of many?

(And indeed it was. This rapturous sun-baked experience was to be repeated over this short but hot summer, in various locations but equally successful. Who needs Goa, Thailand or Brazil when you've got Tankerton beach, eh chaps?)



Oh, by the way, Sacha  
is a bullshitting twat  
OR  
Pat and Teds Big adventure  
Woodpeckers Annual Urine Up  
Boxing Day 1996

Nick Dent and his brigadoon of alcoholic cohorts got the night off to a great start. The crew, hired hands to a man tonight, sauntered into venue around eight to find owners Pat and Ted off on the first of their nights adventures. In an obvious yet siruptitious manner a bottle of smuggled in vodka was being heartily consumed with only the gusto that ol' Goa and a gang of mental health workers could generate. He was later seen stubbing a cigarette out on Pats arm. "Don't worry" said someone "they'll all be asleep by midnight." Were they fuck.

A very unusual arrangement saw two rooms with exactly the same music being played simultaneously at the same time. Together. Apart from a brief "techno stroke hard house" interlude thrown in at random for a few hours to confuse the assembled throbbing hoards of house devotees, a deep house vibe swallowed 22 of the 24 hours of music on offer. Whatever happened to plethoratic eclectality?

The "76" boys kicked off with ex IVC-DJ Ed warming up the floor nicely. The Alien Nation "lot" punked in a few hours to make up for the fact that they had closed their monthly club down that very night for the dubious pleasure of splashing with the sploshers splushily. Hats off Warren and Stu 'Go-Kart' Long.

Kier and Tom played their usual Kier and Tom-esque eclectic blend of favourite tunes and rough and dirty dub-trance workouts whilst keeping their moody, detached air solidly intact.

Timo houso-ed the (by now) extremely "warmed up" melee of crushed, sweated, marshmal-  
lowed clubbers to within an inch of their life whilst Oz gave it a bit of everything from disco to chicago and not once did he play Herbert Three. He was heard queezily mumbling: "Tim, put that last tune in for me, I'm going to be sick" before stumbling off over the body of an unconscious Nick never to be seen again.

Our chums from Nottingham, Digs and Woosh, were due arrive "at midnight". By three an

extremely frazzed and hassled Ed was having kittens (ask Steve). "Don't worry" we said "when they say 'midnight' they actually mean 'we're leaving Nottingham' at midnight. Which means they'll be here at five."

D and W hit the decks at six. Four hours were then spend in the company of some of the loveliest music you could ever wish to hear. Soaring. And consolidating their position as originators and best.

Meanwhile back at the ranch, or the bar as some called it. Jes kicks some serious butt for four hours to a rammed floor. Nick Dent is spotted swaying groovily, bottle swaying in cool arcs. The London posse hang by the decks and look cool and well dressed and sussed. Shaun Organic Earth Crew surprises a few with his well thought out set of earthly delights cannily mixed.

Which, after all that, leaves Sacha. This party is the first time the three Scales brothers have DJed at the same gig (he told me to say).

The idea from Ed was to close the bar sounds down at 6 so every one left would go next door and fill Digs and Wooshs' room out. No chance, it was rammed solid *all* night. Anyway, we're sitting in the bar being insulted by Pat ("Right that's it. It's 10. Piss off. No, No I'm only joking. No I'm not. Leave. Now" etc) and this interminable noise is



"OH NO! THAT'S RUBBISH. IT LOOKS NOTHING LIKE AN ANTELOPE. AND WHAT ABOUT THE PERSPECTIVE!"

assaulting our fragile minds. Double beats vie with shards of off key edits. We scream "Aaarrrgh!" and then as another stonking 'top-o-the-nighter' tune is atrociously mixed in we scream again "aaarrggghh!!". Then leave the room. "At least he's not hassling any women" says Nick as we beat a hasty retreat to the warmth and comfort of Pond Cottage (cheers Tania).

CJ Stone 'over forties raver' fresh from the Mixmag crimbo party ("They were all really well dressed") 'let his hair down' and succeeded in 'cuddling' every single person at the party. Twice. A constantly full glass of beer and a few whiskies endured the lovely chap right to our heart.

Well, five years in to this party, what's the verdict? Overall a top night out. Different sounds needed in bar though (techno, jungle, hip-hop, trip-hop, ambient or soul for example; even the Aliens' given a longer slot. Although this was a fuck of a lot better than Ramsden playing crap tapes like he did the other year). Big shout to Ed, Liam, Pat, Ted, The DiY crew, Robin for the lights, the DJ's and last but not least Dylan.



## Jes has loads of football tops

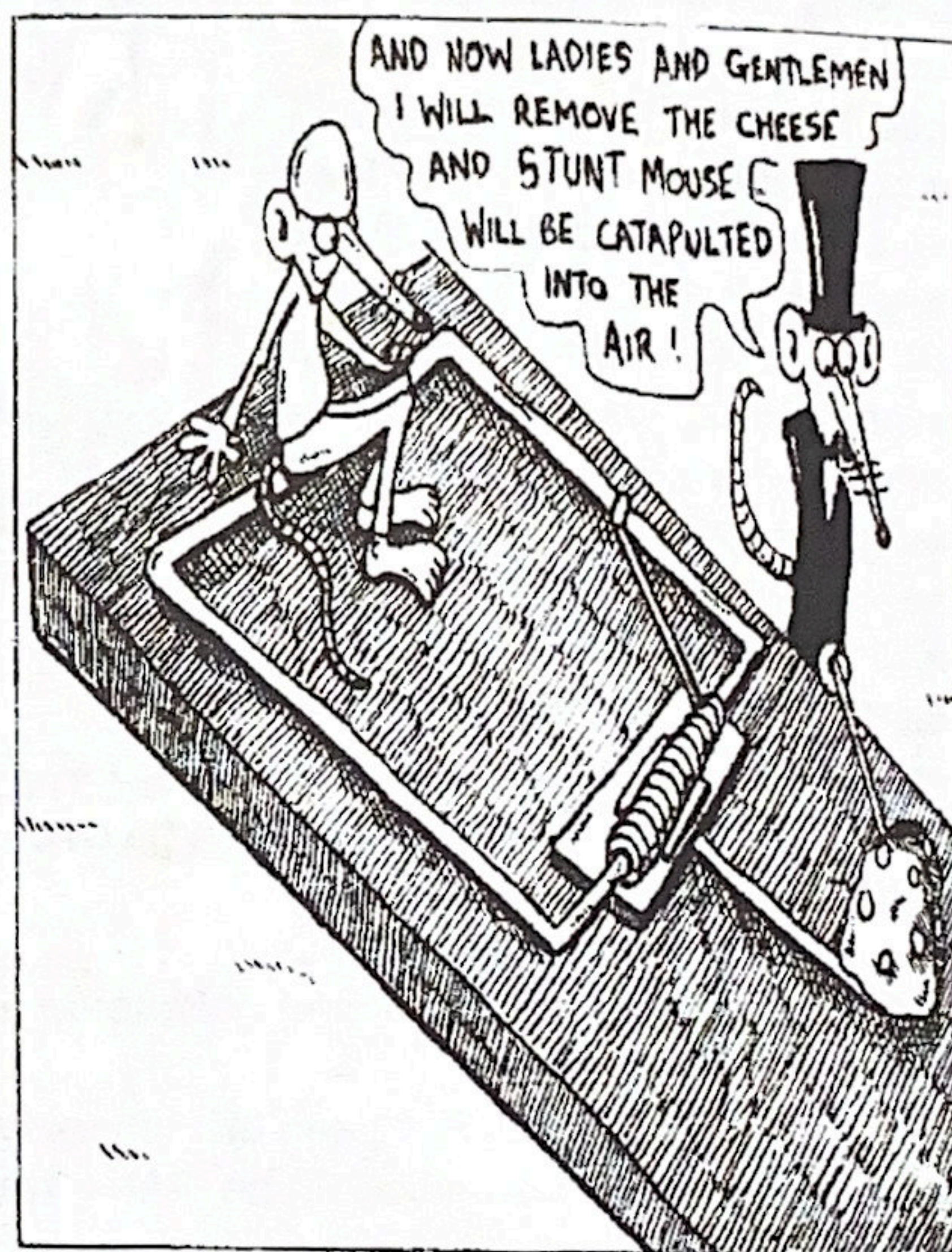
Chunky 4 - Saturday 22nd June - Pier One Nitespot - Dalston, London

Adam is flued up (what again?) and has to miss his twosome with Timo. Timo, meanwhile, is chuffed coz he gets a longer set. He's never been a short set man; give him 4 hours and he starts to be happy. It gives him time to 'get a good groove going', as he says.

The two other "Chunks", Jes and Oz, play about with a little experiment (what again?) and decide to play a two header and manage 3 records each for the last 4 hours. Not enough time! Why do most London clubs shut at 6am? It's not enough time! 8am would be nice but 10am would be better. Let's have the clubs open later, Mr Authority Man? Do you hear us?

This is a strange day. England had just beaten Holland in Euro 96 and London was on a right buzz. Groups of old and new lads congregated on any spare space, especially in Trafalgar Square, and jumped up and down, hugging each other without shame and with love. 'Football's Coming Home' filled the air everywhere and the goals were shown constantly on TVs in every bar and home across the land. A strange day for London. And us.

Austin thinks he is cursed. Every time, over the past few years, and more, whenever he watches ANY England game; they always lose. While the entire population watched the England Germany game Austin was squeaking "Nooo!! Can't watch!! We'll lose!" and running out of the room, while quickly watching a sly 10 seconds of the match. By the time of "the" penalty shoot out he couldn't wait or handle the self imposed exile any longer. "Fuck it!!", he declares, the score 5-5, "I'll watch England win and lose my curse". So he perches on the edge of the sofa, like us, and we reassure him that of course he's not cursed, and how could his presence in a room influence the course of a football match being played 60 miles away? Reassured he relaxes a little, just as 'poor' Gareth Southgate missed his famous sitter. Meanwhile in some murky bar in Sleaford, the Rogue's Mark Dixon is (along with the rest of the country) watching the match. However, after having imbibed most of the barrels within the vicinity, he gets rather confused and shouts at the top of his voice, in a hushed bar, tense with suppressed agony "MMIISSS", just as 'poor' Gareth does just that. Leaving him to extricate himself from a potentially fatal situation, involving the whole pub.



Meanwhile, back at Chunky both the Whitstable and Dover posses are severely depleted in numbers, due to everyone going out on the piss that afternoon to watch the footy in one of the many pubs that have got huge Sky screens in especially for the event (the alcohol industry sighs relief). After the euphoria of actually winning and having England's national pride restored, many continue their afternoon splash well into the evening, before crashing out in puddles round various flats and in various quiet corners of pubs. Those of us who resisted the urge to pour yet more alcohol down our necks for a few extra hours, ie the 'sensible' ones, are there to party and can only despair at what delights our alcohol and victory befuddled brethren are missing as we experience in full the holy triumpherate, the great T-O-J wankathon. Glorious. We forget about football, except for Jes, who has loads of football tops, and get our groove going. The London and Kent crowd intermingle minds and juices in a warm connection, that if it were a drink would be orange juice and rocket fuel.

We leave the club all too soon, in warm huddles and disappear to various HQ's for more social refreshment.



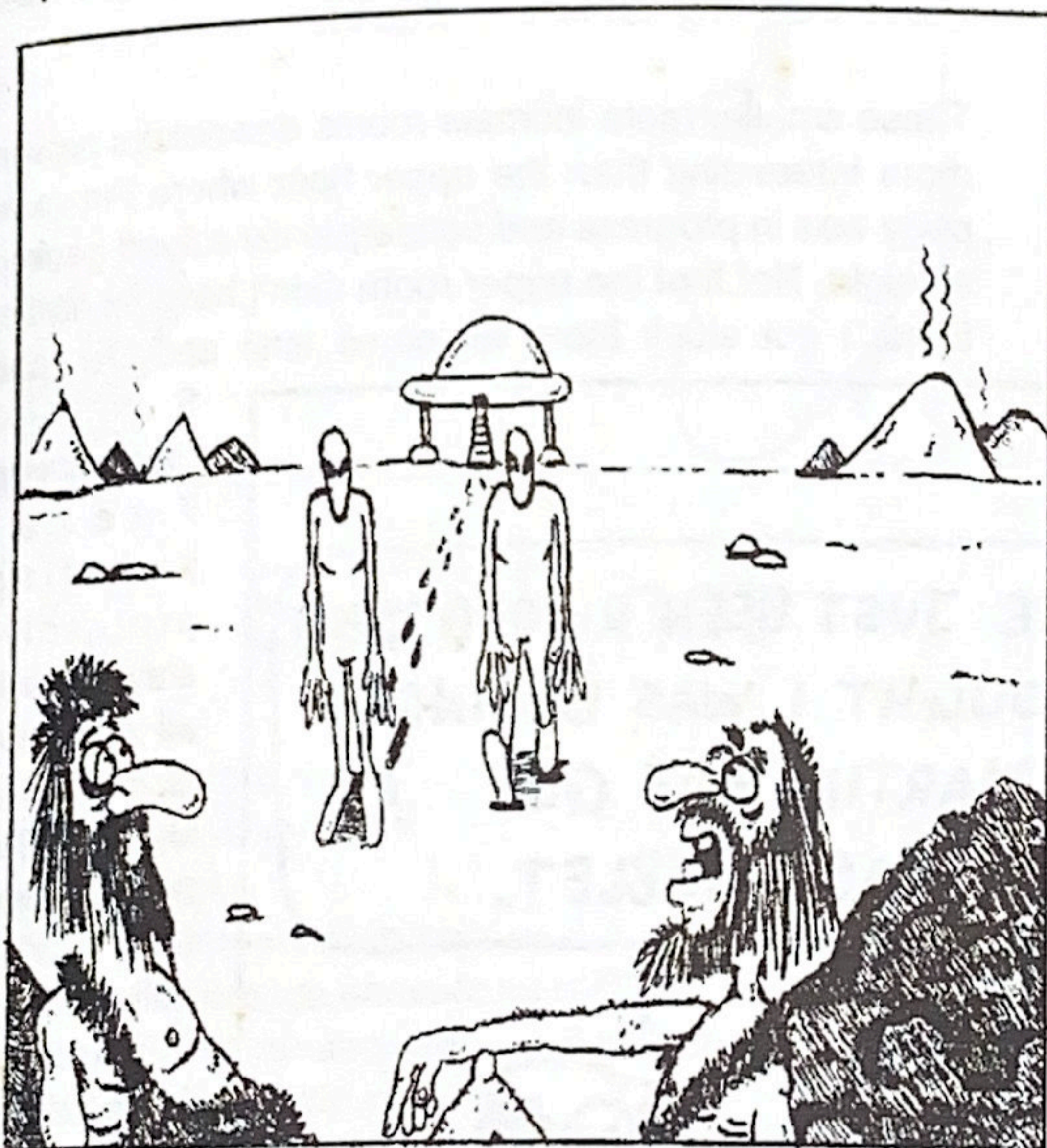
# Terri's Ball

Pond Life at Pond Cottage, Terri Balls birthday mash up, Saturday 9th November

A gravel floored marquee, full to bursting. Breath hits the November air like hundreds of little smoke machines. Outside it is raining, moistly. All night. Raw sewage pumps down the hill in a torrent, greeting peoples feet as they fall in huddles from their cars. Inside, we are oblivious, as we grind and pump, groove and stumble, cuddle and laugh, and love in a collective embrace. The tVC community.

Perfect sounds emanate from the majestic speakers. Shards of colour light the smoke filled atmosphere, dancing off people's happy, shining faces, mirrored in their glowing, excited eyes. This most definitely is it. How could it ever get much better than this?

We undulate and reverberate to the sounds the DJ's caress our lucky ears with, as we josh and splosh, expanding into space around us.



UH OH - HERE COME THEM WEIRD BLOKES AGAIN AND WE HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED ON THAT WHEEL THING THEY TOLD US TO MAKE.

Terri Ball is an ecstatic, smiling dervish. All power of speech lost, she is a wreath of lovely smiles, celebrating life itself in the Love Tent, within the bosoms of her chums. Bara and Wiggy, fresh from the tyranny of revision, forget about exams and moving and dance expectantly. Later Wiggy is captured with Megan trying to attract Tim and Jes' attention. They lift their tops up in mock desperation. The only person who noticed (in the whole party!) was Oochie and he had to sit down for a week after. Breasts are no match for those shiny bits of black plastic that have so many addicts. Ria skips around coltishly, pigtailed swinging, bosoms bouncing. Chris keeps disappearing outside into the elements to save the marquee from blowing orf. Scouse (oh what a cheeky little chap he is) has great fun bashing the roof of the marquee where the water has collected, after having made sure that someone stands underneath first so they can have a nice invigorating cold shower of ice cold water soaking into every fibre of their being.

"Let's have some smoke", says a bewigged and bearded Oz, and within seconds the whole tent is so filled with thick smoke that you cannot see a centimetre in front of you. For moment on glorious moment we are lost in a misty world and pull as many faces as possible. "I'm having an attack" shouts Mia, as we stumble and lurch spectacularly. Robin has no control over his spout. He whips out the lead to turn the monster machine off, and instead unplugs the lights, and the smoke takes on a new density as dark becomes a new concept. It's a glorious feeling, being lost so completely, within inches of each other and we make the most of it before order, of sorts, is restored.

It really is most perfect. The smiles build up so much inside, you feel as though you're floating in a gleaming bubble, and although it eventually bursts, nothing can ever be the same again. Everything for a few hours is wondrous and friends are the key to everything. And then you come down. But this tantalising silken thread allows us to put up with the everyday shit. As long as we have this, nothing can touch us! We hope!



# FLY

**Fully Liberate Yourself are Up In Arms  
Saturday 16th November at the Rocket,  
Holloway Road, N7. 10pm - 6am**

I suppose it's only normal nowadays to be touched up by a burly black bouncer at any London club, but what wasn't normal was to pay a fiver for the privilege. The venue - The Rocket - some university recreational area moonlighting as a night club I suppose was interesting. Inside the vestibule was a choice; two rooms in front - strangely wrapped around each in some act of architectural perversity and a larger barrel vaulted room at the top of a flight of stairs.

Here the Main F.L.Y. party was already in full hard house / techno mode and not for the fainthearted. We partook of the lager on sale at the bar one end of the room and soon got into the mood, leaping about to the frantic pace the music had already reached by 11pm. Nagual's paintings (I'm reluctant to call them backdrops) graced the walls in all their slimy, insectoid mutely fluorescent splendor. If you haven't seen them try the next F.L.Y. Unfortunately this room, too brightly lit, swallowed the subtleties of the music only leaving a loud bangy sound.

Gazza, surrounded by colourful young men obviously eyeing up his bulky frame, danced his casual Broadstairs shuffle as Shezza looked on in amusement - well, we'd been invited to Fully Liberate Ourselves.

Retracting downstairs and entering the right-hand room I found another techno/house party in full swing. The backdrops and music had a distinctly Pendragon feel - which wasn't particularly strange as on looking over the decks who should be playing but one Mark Sinclair; playing a strangely fluffy (for him) set. But it was still early and, after Mark finished, it progressed into full techno bang which somewhat offended this mans sensibilities. I left this and tried the left-hand room - in fact very left-handed, in fact a path to ruin. This was more to my taste - sensual, experimental rather than deep house was being played, but compared to the rest it was at least five and a half Heaven. This music ranged from house, with an almost reggae feel to house with rock guitar riffs and finally onto hard - each DJ being somewhat different.

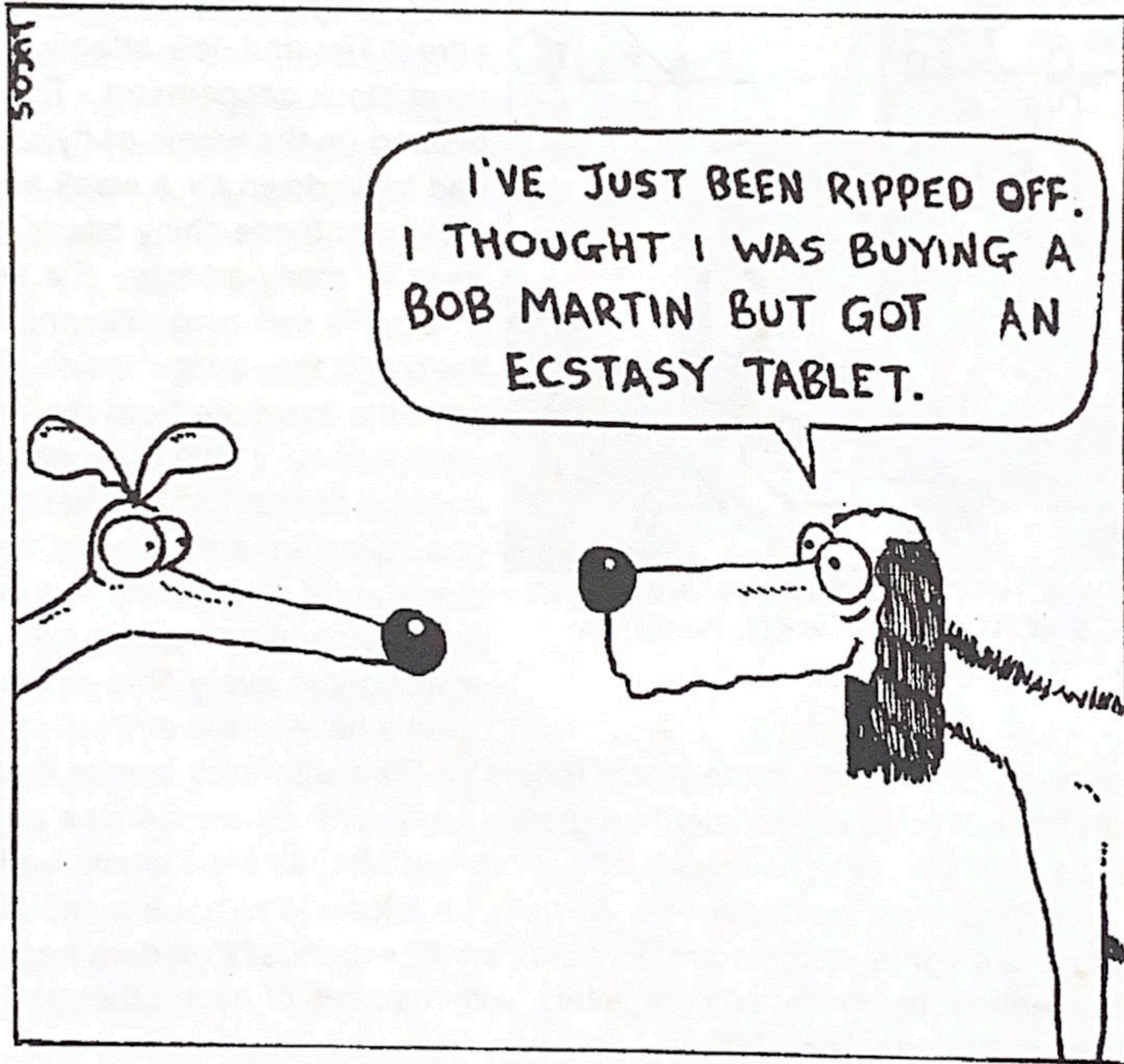
These smaller more intimate rooms downstairs proved more interesting than the upper floor where the main party was in progress and consequently stayed packed all night. Not that the upper room didn't have its attractions. I got stuck there for some time and Dee and

Scotty, Geeza and Teeza, sweating profusely, stayed there all night. Or so it seemed. But believe me that wasn't difficult. 6am found me, far too soon, downstairs dancing madly and unready to stop.

This party lived up to the name of Fully Liberate Yourself more so than previous F.L.Y.

parties I'd attended. Only next time F.L.Y. people let's have a deep house room with tVC OK?

Jon







## SLEEP not

Sleep not; dream not;  
This bright day will not  
Last forever.

Do you not feel within your soul  
A flood of strange sensations roll?  
We're night time dancers: Romanticizers  
Of our own utopian dreams.

Cry not; weep not,  
This bright day can not  
Stay till dawn.  
Do you not see within your thoughts,  
Perfection; A happiness of sorts?  
We're music makers, lust life takers  
Of a previous beginning.

Fear not; think not;  
This bright day shall not  
Be the last.  
Do you not feel within your heart  
That a better life is about to start?  
We're lifetime jokers, thought provokers.  
We're the new generation.

Leon

## THE LEVELLERS

**C**rusty Leveller Jeremy Cunningham walked into the room, his dreadlocks piled on his head like a bird's nest. He grinned, stuck his hand out and said hello. I knew at that point it was going to get a lot easier.

I launched into my questions. I'd read - in the Leveller's official biography - that he'd sent an NME reporter a turd through the post. I was intrigued: why did he do it?

"It's not the sort of thing I would do these days, I don't think," he said blushing slightly: "but they made me so irate. I just thought up the worst thing I could do, and posted it!"

At this point guitarist and lead singer Mark Chadwick walked in. He smiled and shook my hand, though he didn't want to participate in the interview. By this time I had relaxed into one of the big sofas that occupied that spacious room. It was part of the bands dressing rooms. Jeremy helped to relax me even more by re-assuring me that I was doing well in this, my first ever, interview.

Jeremy is a very speedy sort of character. He's always talking and laughing, a very friendly, cheery sort of bloke. His sense of humour is great, and I had to suppress a laugh at several points. Tea seemed to be one of his favourite drinks: Earl Grey, without milk or sugar, which he would splash all over the place while waiting patiently for me to rack my inexperienced brain for more questions to ask.

On the way up to this nerve-racking interview I had noticed that being in a band wasn't as glamorous as some people like to make out. Certainly there were people there helping the band, but they weren't being waited on hand and foot. They were there helping each other and working as a team. It's clear that the band get pleasure from pleasing people with their music. They enjoy touring and doing different venues, unlike some other bands, who seem to think that touring is a drag.

I'm not really sure if the Levellers have a message in their songs, apart from: "Do what you want!" Many people have heard that message, and thousands now listen to the Levellers and their brand of folk-punk music, go to their concerts and marvel at their strong, positive lyrics, jump and bounce about to the sheer energy of the music.

We should all be thankful that there is such a band as the Levellers!

Ria Goodman



**THE MOOD IS RELAXED - 7th Heaven - Thursday 7th November - Jes' 5 hour set** The first of the 5 hour master classes is under the guidance of starship Jeswold the third. "Play some house music, ya bastard" bellows Oz after an hour of drum n' bass. (Really an 8 bar break in the middle of a trip hop tune!) We shine the lights into the farthest recesses of the club, to make everyone get up and dance, as Jes takes us on a journey of spectacular aural beauty.

The mood is relaxed and gentle as the Heavensers plop about in most unaffected manner. Safe in the warm wrap around that is the Werks, we chug along in a most exuberant and noisy display. Compare this to the nasty, aggressive, angular bustle that is the Bizz at kicking out time, as testosterone goes on the rampage and deflates all it touches. A very successful experiment.

**LOVELY LADS AND SO TALENTED TOO - 7th Heaven - Thursday 24th October - Tim and Max, John and Sam, Nick and Iain** This Rubberneck Records party cleans Canterbury right up! From the main men Nick and Iain's sublime dub beat massage through to the Smokescreen and Go Tropo deep delightful gloriness, this party rocked. Well, after John and Sam the peaks of chocolate cream bunland with no calories was reached. Tim and Max were indeed Humans Close to Orgasm; as were we. Unfortunately Louie fucked the tapes up. Again!

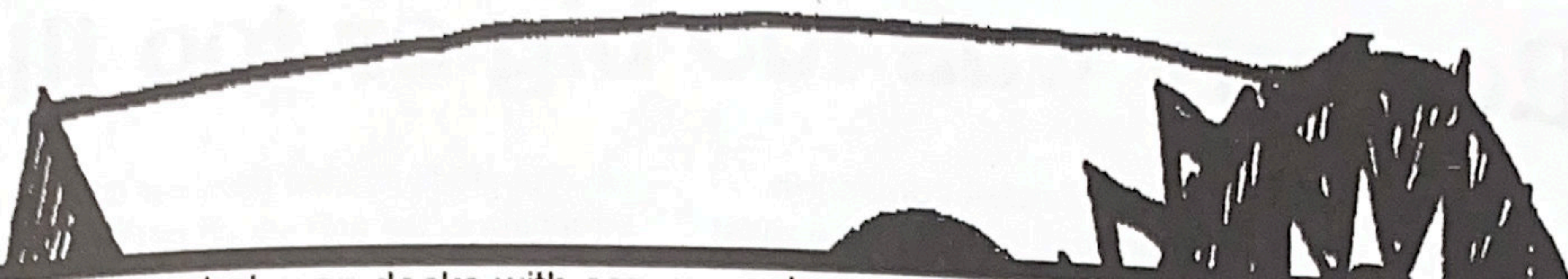
**A FAR FLUNG CHUM = Mark Farina (squeaky cleaner) - 7th Heaven - Canterbury - 26th September** From Chicago, via San Francisco (or San Fran, sah, as our chum Al Jay would say) to that great mecca of house music, Canterbury. We opened our arms to a far flung chum, over on a short tour of Britain. Over for two weeks he flits between London and Nottingham, spending much of his time with Derek Carter in London, with whom he shared a flat for 7 years.

He alights from the train at 8.30. A small, slight figure, dwarfed by three huge record bags. Despite an organizational cock-up, he has managed to find his own way, by train, to a strange new town. Yet people who have lived all their lives in Whitstable are still incapable of finding their way 5 miles down the road...

He sits patiently as we try to plug in the new rig, scratching our collective heads, as Charles hasn't arrived yet (so no change there then). Maurice, on what is to be his swan song, sort of cracks it and sets it up, only for him and Charles, when he arrives, to form an instant dislike to each other and nearly come to blows. Sound engineers, eh? What are they like, eh? Who'd 'ave 'em? Well not us, obviously.

With 3 decks, Mark is off at a tad after 9. Expertly weaving a shimmering and beautiful musical tapestry that is to envelope and enthrall us for the next 5 hours (masterclass 2). A true





professional he moves between decks with consummate ease as we palpitate expectantly on the dance floor. For hours we get lost in an amazing fluffy cloud, where time and place cease to be. We shiver ecstatically and worship at his altar, not wanting it to end, which it does of course, far too soon.

After it's the usual "Let's decamp to Paul and Nick's to trash the place beyond all recognition and enrage the neighbours". Much debauchery ensues, whilst Mark retires to bed. Unfortunately when he awakes in the morning, things have got worse, with everyone much the worse for wear, swigging out of any bottles that remotely resemble anything alcoholic. We manage to find the dregs of a carton of orange juice for our guest, before scouse offers to drive him to the station. And we all know what a white knuckle experience it is being in a motor with him, at the best of times, let alone after an all night bender. Suffice to say he broke down in the middle of the high street, causing as much mayhem as possible and frightening Mark to death in the process. It's a laugh, though, innit?

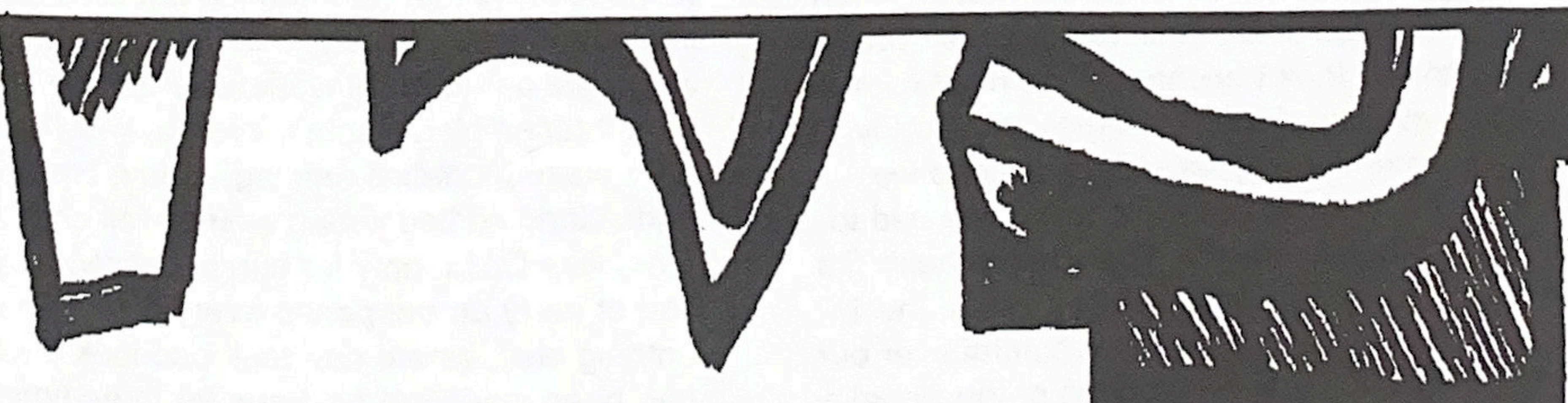
Unfortunately the tapes for tonight's spectacularly good sounds didn't come out too well. Ask Louie...



## A SMALL BAND OF TRAINEE TERRORISTS - Terri's birthday - 9th November

We arrived at Pond Cottage sometime in the still early evening. A huge bonfire was blazing and from the marquee issued the happy sounds of house. The party had already begun. A small band of trainee terrorists, exploding the bangers smuggled into the country the weekend before, ran wildly through the gathering as more and more people arrived. Soon, crammed together, moving, dancing, we began to melt and unwind and to become entranced by our own indulgences. The detonations still just audible from outside, added to the explosive nature of our celebration. Higher and higher rose our mood as we swirled and stomped, strutted and sailed freely into the anonymity of dance. Through the night, unable to stop, we danced and danced to keep our bodies warm.

On through a grey damp dawn, the elation of being together, moving together, set us free as we celebrated existence and enjoyed our oneness. The music caressed our bodies and relaxed our minds until our energy subsided into exhaustion. And so we fell and slept until awoken by our children. Thanks to Tania and happy birthday to Terri.





# No party was too big or too illegal

**A** year that swung from the heartfelt conviction that you could have more fun locked in the toilet whilst banging your head repeatedly on the wall; to the knowledge we were part of something that was bigger and greater than we all could possibly imagine.

The lows started with our friendly local burglars breaking into HQ and nicking all our (uninsured) gear, the very evening the last Tangentopoli rolled off the press. This vein continued to be richly plundered with petty back stabbing and bickering amongst former friends.

The parties were slow to get off the ground, due to the crap weather that continued well into May. Having no rig to do them with, caused a few problems too. New sites were discovered and broke, leading to that depressing phenomenon of crews ripping the arse out of these established sites, instead of getting up off their jacksies and finding their own. A couple of amazing parties were held at one, deep in a Kentish valley, with the Rogues saving the day and coming down to do the sounds. Special K was the order of the day (for the less salubrious amongst us), as the site lurched collectively, like so many zombies in Day of the Living Dead.

Unfortunately, the annual extravaganza that is The Warren, had to be held elsewhere due to London sound systems coming down all of last year and screwing the arse out of the place every weekend. Now, somewhere that has seen parties for 30 years, probably more, is out of bounds to the people who live and party there. But what can we do about it? A hasty compromise was made on August bank holiday, as we searched for a site in the pissing rain, with two hours left till show time. Timo maintained a hasty erection, the Rogues saved the day, yet again, and we rocked Lyminge forest till the next evening. However it just wasn't the same. The directions were so crap most people couldn't even find the place (including us) and however much we pretended otherwise it was a massive anti climax.

Things took a turn for the better though when Her Maj's Police donated some dosh to our cause (due to their inability to control their truncheons one night over five years ago) thus enabling all the problems with stropky sound system owners to be bypassed, as instead we swelled their ranks. Unfortunately this meant we had to wave goodbye to Maurice after his years at the helm (for which he is much appreciated) but really it was a much needed kick up the arse as we now had control over our own destiny. At last no party was too big or too illegal as

we repeatedly loaded the gear into Mr Tubby's purple throbbing beast and set off excitedly into the great blue yonder....

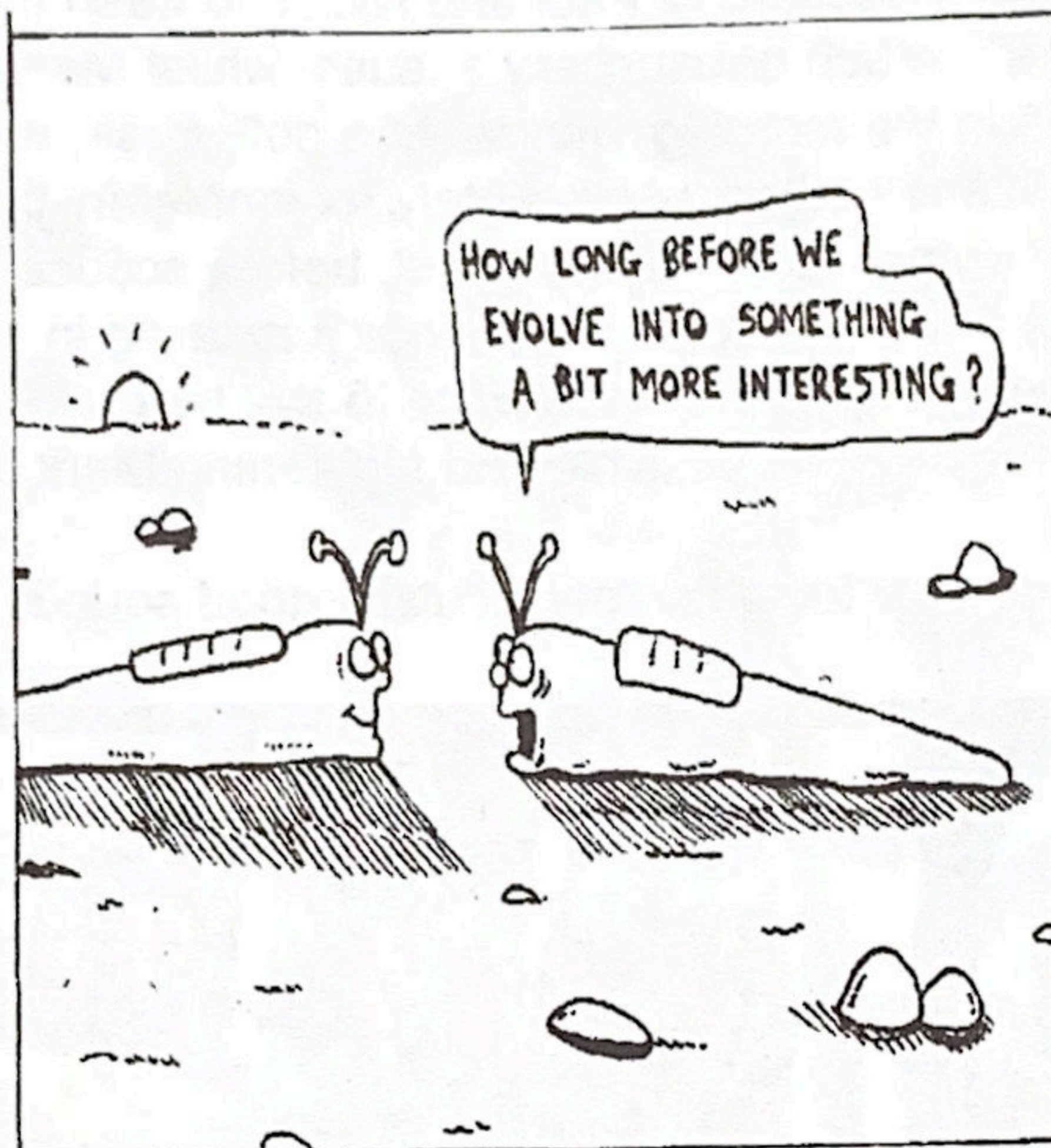
A year that saw a couple of trips to France, the second to the second Ceauce festival with Pendragon, where we were fed and looked after and entertained for a week courtesy of Kate, Mark and Ford Pendragon. A curi-

ous mishap meant that the only people who knew the festival was on, were the two thousand British who bothered to turn up. Due to a printing error on the flyer the solitary French contact number was wrong, so come Friday night the expected 20,000 Parisians failed to materialize. With one (!!) French DJ on the bill (the redoubtable Pacco) the French taste for extremely fast gabba was totally uncatered for. What the site lacked in French they more than made up for with London techno crews who landed en masse, displaying the same kind of spirit that forged Britain's empires in the Victorian era (subjugating the locals with that same old arrogance) and proceeded to play, what seemed like, the same music as each other all week; Techno. Or that "T word"

as it came to fondly be known. Banging techno in that indomitable London style. All that is except for Pendragon who showed the way to go and really rocked it for much of the time with an eclectic blend of dance music styles that really did stretch right across the dance spectrum. Pendragon we salute you.

The monumental organizational cock-ups meant that the crews weren't paid, so whether there'll be another next year depends on how forthcoming monies owed are.

It was also a year that witnessed our tardy entry into the exceedingly healthy London squat scene, lonely spreading the gospel of deep groovy house. A party in Hackney with a heated room and everyone on K. There was one gate in and out which was locked to keep out the police. Unfortunately the 'Keeper of the gate' got completely twatted and lost the key, so no one could get in or out until well into the next afternoon. This didn't matter to those of us that had nothing better to do, but the poor cunts that were waiting since the early hours of the morning to get out to go to work were not too amused... By 9am it resembled Dante's infemo, knee deep in water with drug crazed lunatics running around creating bedlam. A particularly addled young women fell onto the decks as Timo was Djing, only for him to calmly carry on as if this sort of carry on happened every day... An experience if nothing else, where one took one look at our driver who had been staring at his hand for three hours and wondered if we were ever going to get back in one piece.





## Tales from the deep....

Phonecall to... Brazil.

New Year's Eve 1996

"There's a kind of crazy, cultural mix going on. I'm over with my friend Mario. He's come out and he's fucking rockin'! All the rest are people we've met over here. We've met two other English guys in Sao Paulo who're doing parties there. Just starting to get 800 paying \$5, outside the city. We've got one party in Rio which is a benefit to get food for the Favela. Everyone just brings the foods and then we give it to them. Then we're going to the north of Brazil to Bahia, to a wonderful place called Tao Cozo and it's gonna be global vibes, like Thailand or something.

The scene has been going out here a few years, but it's only this year that it is starting to actually take on a deeper, more spiritual angle. In Sao Paulo, the music is generally as hard as fuck. Hard as fuck. Detroit techno. It's been hard to get the deep stuff out, but it's just getting the places to play it to the people, in the right way. Coz they don't understand. They read British magazines to get clued up on what's going on. They're reading all that shit from back home.

You have the rich Brazilians and the poor Brazilians. The poor Brazilians haven't had access to this music at all, yet. We're trying out a few parties in the slums. Soon. But it's taking many months to organize because it has to be done in the right way. To be safe. But there is a whole social movement starting here. It's crazy man. Getting down in Brazilian ghettos is some-

thing I've always wanted to do and we're coming close to that.

The place we're going to next, for a month, is wonderful. You get the bus for 12 hours from Rio and then you get off and get a taxi and then a boat across a river. It's in the north, in Bahia, near a town called Port Sagu and that's where all the E people are heading. The place we're going to is called Tranq Cozo and it's going to kick off this year. The word is out. Everyone is getting there, chicken-ey about it. They're all clucking away. All the young people are leaving the cities, Sao Paulo, Rio, Bella le Sanche and heading up there, and it's just gonna be crazy. It's just gonna be total paradise. Beaches. Free parties. We might get 50 the first time or 1000 the next. The pillage and everything's cool. It's wilderness. Wonderful.

At the moment we've rented a house, \$400 a month overlooking Rio and we're gonna live here and do parties. We've got decks and everything now. This guy I know turned up from San Fran recently with an 8K Community system. They're fucking pukka. The bass is clean. We were using that to do a full moon party up in Salvador where they used to bring all the slaves to Brazil from Africa. It's still like that up there, it's mental man, rasta'ed up, and we're doing the first techno and house parties up there. Pretty interesting the African descendants getting off on this music for the first time.

It's been hard work, but we're having the life man. A bit of a yo-yo trip though, coz Brazil's so expensive. You gotta work in the cities to get a crowd. We're doin' all sorts to keep our heads above water, but

nothing illegal. I've been DJing all over, not as much as I'd like in good places though. There's a lot of clubs, but they are no good. You go and play but it's no fun. It's so multi faceted here. Different people go to different places and they don't mix. It's fucking expensive. We're firing in with a New Year's Eve party for \$10 and everything else is \$40. The currency is equivalent to the US \$, but everyone's fucked as the basic wage here is \$125 a month, but everything costs the same as in the West. Except electrical goods which cost double as there is a 60% tax on anything electrical. So it's really hard to get a rig together.

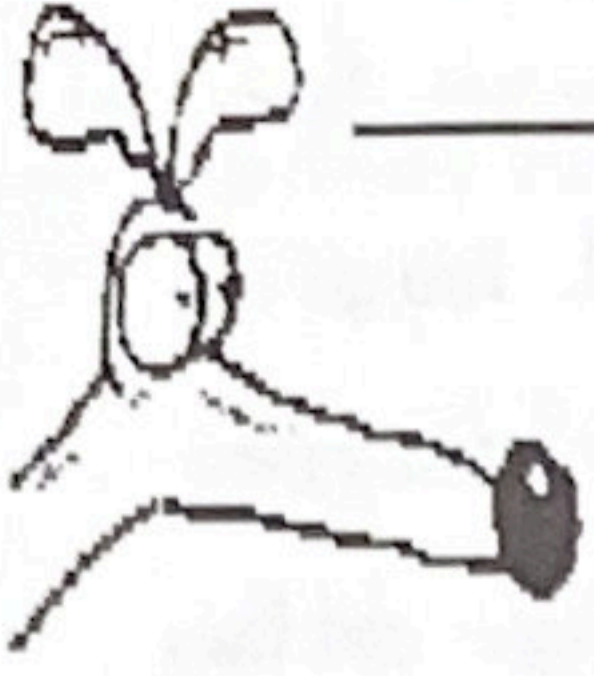
I've recently been off to the States, to San Fran. Just seen Mark Farina a couple of weeks ago, cycling on his bike, with all the gear an' that. He's fuckin' well on the case. He's got fuckin' top respect man.

There's just started to be the first big warehouse parties over here and I played at one a couple of weeks ago in Rio. It was blinding, about 800 people. It was just fresh. I've had from fucking crazy, fucking terrible experiences to playing in major clubs and that. You know, from like going in and there's like half a deck and that. I've been doing a radio station, pirate radio. The first time I went in there was 2 dodgy old decks, you wouldn't believe it. I was having to mix, listening to the radio signal coming through a personal stereo to do a mix. It was mental. But it's all good man. We just wish there were more people here to get into it. It's just going off and everything's arriving that needs to. It's all coming round..."

Al-Jay

*(due to Al's Scottish accent, a bad international line, no map and deadline pressure, we apologise if any place names are spelt wrong)*





# E for Exaggerated

**"The legal status of drugs is always related to historical, cultural, power and business factors and has absolutely nothing to do with the health or scientific or criminological issues concerning the toxicity, addictive qualities and social damage caused by a particular drug."**

*(Irvin Welsh)*

**E**stasy has been a favourite bogeyman of the British media for some time. The most recent wave of hysteria started in October 1995 with the death of Daniel Ashton, age 17, after taking an E in a Blackpool nightclub. The Today newspaper followed this up with a double page spread on the death of Clare Leighton, but fever pitch was reached following the publication of pictures of pretty, white Leah Betts, 18. A few weeks later Andreas Bouzis, also 18, died after taking an E at Club UK, Wandsworth. He received markedly less coverage, perhaps because he was markedly less pretty and white than Leah Betts. The media was highly selective in the information it emphasised.

In reality Clare Leighton died after suffering an extremely rare allergic reaction, Leah Betts died from water intoxication after drinking too much, and Andreas Bouzis was already suffering from a heart condition. Most of the people who have died after taking E have succumbed to overheating following dehydration whilst dancing in clubs, not as a direct result of the toxicity of MDMA or related compounds.

In fact E is extremely rarely fatal when taken with an understanding of the basic precautions that will minimise risk. Dr Karl Jansen, an eminent neuro-pharmacologist who appeared in 'Sorted' the Leah Betts video, estimates the chance of dying from taking one E at 1 in 6.8 million. The media attitude is that

drugs are an evil pushed by monsters to victims. Yet 75% of drug related deaths, 2000 per week in England and Wales alone and ultimately 1 in 3 users, are attributable to the state sanctioned tobacco industry.

Smoking in three generations has killed more people than all the wars in history, the holocaust included. E has killed approximately 60 people in the UK in the 10 years it has been popular, smoking has killed over 1,000,000 in the same time. The government attitude on this issue is clearly not simply motivated by what is in the best interest of peoples health. The 8 billion pounds paid in excise duty each year by smokers may have something to do with it. The tobacco industry provided the Conservative Party with extensive billboard space for advertising prior to the last general election, and upon her resignation gave Thatcher a £50,000 per annum job as an advisor.

It would be foolish to understate the dangers inherent in any drug use, and E has caused some deaths (there is also growing evidence of heart, liver and brain damage with prolonged use). Equally important, however, is to give an honest and complete picture. 'Just Say No' hasn't worked, more than 'Smoking Kills' has either. Simplistic and dictatorial messages are uninformative and seem ineffective as deterrents. This is particularly so when they come from sources that are clearly being inconsistent, hypocritical and paid in power if not money to remain that way. Far more useful for saving lives in the long run would be an explanation of comparative and real risks, means to minimise damage and extensive research to determine the true situation. Widespread anecdotal evidence suggests people were actively seeking the Apple E's that Bett's took because government labs had declared them to be pure MDMA, so users could be sure they weren't taking some far more toxic mixture that any old E might contain. This country needs a drugs policy aimed at looking after the well-being of millions who take drugs, and the health of the society we live in, rather than convincing outraged potential Tory voters that this scourge is being stamped on. Just Say No... or Know?

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# MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

What is music and why does it move us? Scientists mapping the activity of the brain are beginning to unravel the reasons for the universal human response to rhythm and tone.

**Music,** with its power to move and soothe, has long been recognised as a measure of civilisation.

Indeed, for many previous cultures, such as the ancient Greeks, mathematics, astronomy and philosophy were all interconnected, seen as different aspects of the same knowledge. Every physical phenomenon, the Greeks believed, could be explained in terms of musical laws. Then this view of the world changed. Science and music were hived off into separate disciplines, the later becoming part of the canon of "artistic" thought. Now, the process may be about to turn full circle. Scientists are re-discovering the fundamental importance of music to the human mind, building a bridge between disciplines.

The contemporary meeting place for music and science is in the area of brain mapping - and, in particular, the finding of modern neuro-psychiatry about the physical basis for our musical perception. Though the scientific language is entirely new, many of the questions being asked are as old as human thought itself. What is music? Why do we have it? Is music a language? If so, what does it communicate? Why does music move us? Many of the answers lie in the inextricable connections between the evolution and the anatomy of our brains and our fundamental musical responses. Our musical language is, it seems, a product of our neurology.

To consider music as a language, we must understand the functions of the brain hemispheres, research has shown that the left half of the brain is dominant, in right-handed people, and devoted to sequential, logical thinking - verbal language. The right hemisphere views the world spatially and emotionally. Though it has no verbal ability, it is highly musical. Most importantly, it invests our perceptions with meaning. (In left-handed individuals, the right hemi-

sphere is dominant.)

Patients who have had the right hemisphere of their brain removed seem to inhabit a literal, cold, emotionless world - yet their ability to use words and think logically is unimpaired.

It is broadly accepted that, for the right-handed, music is largely a right hemisphere function. So, what remains for an individual who suffers gross left-brain damage? The case of Stephen Wade illustrates this. Until about three years ago, he was a multi-lingual international telephonist and amateur composer. Then he suffered a massive stroke in the left hemisphere of the brain, which left him wheel-chair bound and unable to use the right side of his body. Because the left hemisphere of the brain is so involved in speech and verbal language, Stephen's stroke left him bereft of words. His short term memory is also severely impaired. Questions cannot be framed as choices - "Tea or coffee?" - because he cannot retain more than one item at a time in his mind. Stephen cannot speak, only nod or shake his head, yet he is able to use his left hand and play a keyboard fluently. Miraculously, he can pick up a pen and use it - not to write words (even his own name is impossible for him), but to write music as witty and as energetic as ever.

Cases like this, together with modern technology used to trace specific areas of brain activity to particular musical skills, are enabling scientists to map the musical mind. We now know that discordant ("clashing") chords create erratic neurone firing patterns in the brain. By contrast, concordant ("harmonic") chords give rise to even neurone firing. Various studies confirm that "tuneful" traditional music appeals to our right (emotional) hemisphere and that preference for such musical "concordances" is shared by other mammals.

Measuring the brain's electrical response to music is also illuminating. All listeners have an equivalent electrical brain surge after hearing a "wrong" note or an incongruous silence in a piece of music. We are all seemingly "wired" to be musical by nature. This response to sound underlies not just musical language, but verbal communication as well.

Diana Deutsch in San Diego, California, is an expert in the field known as music cognition. She has discovered that we interpret the significance of certain combinations of notes according to where we learned our mother tongue. Cultural origin seems to dictate how individuals "hears" pairs of tri-tones - the interval obtained by dividing an octave exactly in half, so called because two notes are then three whole tones apart. What Diana Deutsch discovered was that different listeners, when presented with pairs of tri-tone chords, tended strongly to hear either a rising or a falling sequence, according to where they had learnt English. Why? In fact, these chords neither rise nor fall. The answer must lie in our very earliest responses to language.



Our response to sound begins in the womb. Unlike our eyes, our ears cannot be "shut"; all sound at all times has to be interpreted. To do this we have evolved exquisitely complex set of systems. As early as six months old, babies display highly developed abilities to recognise musical structure. Recent research suggests that music and language may sound very similar to them, because they simply hear the intonations of the voice (prosody). Even in our earliest development, sound has a special significance, newborn babies clearly respond to particular voices and prosody - the musicality of speech. The speaking voice of adults reflects their emotional disposition. Musical significance precedes verbal.

So how does this system develop? Tony de Blois, an "idiot savant", provides us with some clues. Brain-damaged at birth, blind and autistic, 21-year-old Tony has only just learned to make himself a sandwich and is still unable to tie his shoe laces. Yet he is an outstanding pianist, with a musical memory for over 7,000 songs and a gift for jazz improvisation.

An idiot-savant often has limited intellect but is computational (skilled at maths or dates) or has extraordinary memory. Tony's exceptional ability became evident at the age of two, when his mother bought him an electronic keyboard. She hoped the sound might encourage him to reach out and sit up - something he had so far been unable to do.

"For the first six weeks it was hell," she remembers. "Tony simply played every possible combination of notes randomly over and over. But one day, I heard the first three notes of 'Twinkle, twinkle little star'; I went in and showed him the rest of it. There has been no looking back." At the drop of a hat Tony can play any one of his 7,000 songs. He will leap without any clumsy transition from Bach, to Lloyd-Webber, to improvised scat. He sings as he plays incredibly complex jazz improvisations.

Through his music, Tony is expanding his interior intellectual world and his ability to relate to the outside environment, too. He can now converse fluently, and is able to relate to others in words - albeit at a somewhat literal level. Musically, he can express directly very powerful feelings. His limitations and his great gifts suggest strongly that music may endure and develop even where other skills are undeveloped.

Music can also provide examples of providing the aid to recovery for people who have been lost in a schizophrenic fog, where life involves being in and out of institutions, for decades. Peter Green was lead guitarist and singer with Fleetwood Mac in the late '60's, when they were outselling The Beatles. He lived the rock 'n roll lifestyle too literally, abusing LSD and entered a bad trip that effectively lasted a quarter of a century. With no improvement in his mental state ever being evident over the years, it took one

of his close friends deciding to place Peter's guitar in his hands. He had not touched his guitar for over 25 years, despite once being ranked right up there with Hendrix and Clapton. He immediately began playing it. Hesitantly at first, but eventually to such an extent that he has been discharged, and is back in a band, playing gigs and interacting with those around him, although on a limited level. In his case, it could really be said that he has been saved by music. It has expanded his interior intellectual world and his ability to relate to the outside environment, too.

Our musical responses are in part physiological, the sequence of notes drawing on rhythmic empathy for its effect - in other words, its sounds echo the natural rhythms of our own bodies. Film and television advertising and pop music is largely based on the rhythms of heart beats and breathing. It is this that makes it powerful and pleasing. From the formative period in the womb onwards, the beating heart in particular measures out the tenor of our days. So persuasive are these basic pulses that we hardly ever hear them consciously, yet they can and will directly affect our responses and our moods.

The exploration of pulse is, of course, a prime consideration for musicians (as it is in Oriental medicine) but it is only recently that it has attracted scientific appraisal. David Epstein, conductor and Professor of Music at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has researched how these underlying rhythmic systems are expressed in music and why these tempo relationships affect us so profoundly. He concludes that the simple tempos we prefer in music are intrinsically compatible with our neurological and biological make-up. In fact, they reflect the way we process time at the most fundamental level.

Music reinforces our impression of passing time as a series of unfolding events, and structures it in unique ways. Motion, the quintessential basis of all music, is profoundly linked with emotion - hence their common semantic origin, *ex motus*, "from movement". In shaping music, performers shape the flow of time and they also shape emotion. By doing so they communicate with others.

This idea ties in with Dr Manfred Clyne's original research into the expressive qualities of music. Many years ago he began to explore the physiology of emotional expression - how emotion is expressed through our bodies. His theory was that an emotion must suffuse our whole system. Feeling angry, for example, is not merely a thought but a broader sensation which involves "angry use" of the whole body. We are able to recognise many such systems of expression. We all know if someone is angry without their having to tell us.

Clynes discovered that, across cultures, similar emotional states are expressed by similar micro-muscular responses. These are the building blocks of our repertoire



of emotional gesture. Clynes proposed that such emotional-body gestures must underlie our body language and other ways of expressing emotions. He proposed that music - a particularly potent system of emotional expression - would use just such a repertoire of reflexes.

Using computer modelling, Clynes analysed this link between our emotional feelings and muscular movements. Working with musicians, he found that interpreting a composer successfully requires a specific expressive style - not just achieved by intellectual study of the score, but by a deeply physical muscular empathising. Applying the tonal weight and rhythmic attack of Brahms to Mozart, for example, ends not with an interpretation, but a parody. These principles he has quantified and used within his remarkable new interactive computer system.

The link between physical gesture and musical expression is being explored further at the Health Centre in San Antonio, Texas, where neuroscientist Peter Fox is looking directly into the brains of performing musicians. He uses PET (positron emission tomography) scanners to provide visible cross-sections of the blood flow within the brain. These scans reveal not only the activity of the motor function centres that control and remember the body movement involved in

playing, but - **“emotion must suffuse our whole system”** even more

remarkably - the areas of the brain that experience or create musical meaning. By comparing differences in brain activity when performing music and when playing scales, Fox and his team are getting to defining the very essence of music. This is the cutting edge of musical science.

The information from PET is ascertained by a process of subtraction. For example, the brain's activity is measured when a pianist is at rest; then the pianist is asked to play scales. The difference between rest state and scale state clearly shows which parts of the brain are involved in that task - including, in this case, the motor function areas which control movement memory.

Next the pianist is asked to play a piece of Bach (chosen because it is itself largely made up of scales.) When the scale reading is compared to the Bach performance reading, we can see that those areas in the right hemisphere implicated in auditory perception are highly activated. This is the area associated with emotion, movement and meaning. Emotional qualities are being added to the physical movements of playing.

Right-handed musicians do most of their motor programming in their left brain motor areas, but the programming used to play Bach is all right-lateralised. So this “musical” content comes from the non-dominant hemisphere. Emotional qualities are literally being put into the movement of playing.

The complex motor skills involved in playing a

musical instrument are interesting in themselves. Such patterned, planned and executed movements form neural pathways - measurable physical bridges in the nervous system. It is now scientifically proven that merely imagining these repetitive finger movements develops neural pathways in the same way as actually doing them. Separate research has shown that, when asked to imagine listening to tonal music, the same areas of the brain are brought into play as when actually hearing it. Intriguingly, when imagining listening to music, an area of the visual cortex also comes into play.

For most cultures, music, science and healing were merely different aspects of the same art. Now, modern medicine is beginning to embrace a broader view of mind and body, and science is helping to rediscover the true potency of music. In Germany, Ralph Spintge has brought music and medicine together. While most of us would accept that music might ease emotional pain, he is using it in a clinical setting with remarkable results. Dr Spintge heads a pain clinic and has now established a database on the effects of music with 90,000 patients. In between treatments, or when waiting, they can choose music which they think helps them; this is proving helpful and soothing to patients in an intimidating hospital environment. It also improves their

quality and speed of recovery.

Musical pieces have also been specially composed to induce the optimum conditions, mentally and physically, for specific medical procedures. In painful operations, for example, 15 minutes of soothing music lulls the patient into a sense of well-being so that only 50 per cent of the recommended doses of sedatives and anaesthetics are needed. Indeed, some procedures are now undertaken without any anaesthetic at all, something previously unthinkable.

Dr Spintge believes the rhythmic components of the music are the most effective in his work. The pieces specially composed to create specific physiological change in his patients lock into the innate neurophysiological and biological rhythms that underlie the vital functions of the body. Spintge agrees that part of the value of the music is that it distracts the mind and allows the patient to ‘escape’ into some favourite situation. However, the potency of music to change the physiological state goes beyond distraction.

These examples, sampled from a much larger body of research and clinical practice, demonstrate that music does seem to be, as its Sanskrit name ‘sangita’ suggests, at once a true language, an endless game, and an outgrowth of the very roots of our being as moving, time-conscious creatures. It appears to be one of the earliest sciences of healing, and is still relevant for this purpose today.

*Paul Robertson is Visiting Professor of Music and Psychiatry at Kingston University*



# CJ Stone

## court correspondent

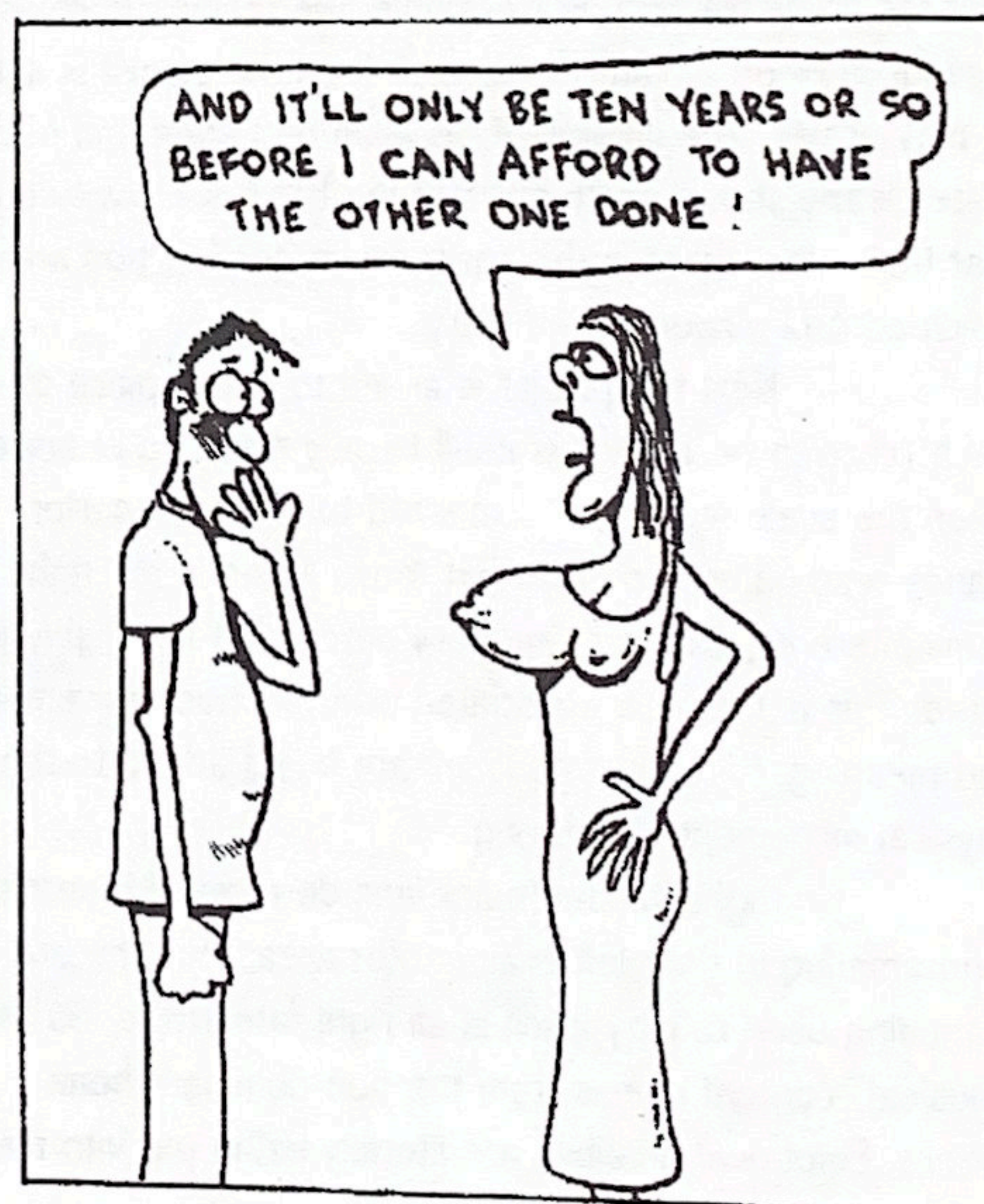
**I** was up at the Magistrate's standing Surety for a friend of mine. I can't tell you the charges, nor the name of my friend: all this is Sub-Judice. What I can tell you is that we got up very early; that we drove furiously from Kent to London; that we braved the rush-hour traffic and the rush-hour tubes; that we made it with only five minutes to spare; and that, after all this we were then kept waiting for a total of two and a quarter hours. All of this is normal of course. Anyone who has ever been to a Magistrate's Court will know that - guilty or not- the time they ask you to arrive is purely nominal and that, once there, you are expected to wait upon their leisure. What's more, you won't get any apologies for this, nor any sympathy. It's a case of guilty before being proved innocent. The fact that you are there at all implies that you must be guilty of something. In my friend's case this was made even more exasperating by the fact that his was a purely rubber stamp procedure. We were in and out within five minutes.

Things got so desperate for me that I even found myself reading a copy of the Sun. I

mean: I actually read it for once, rather than just skipping through the odd found copy to read my stars or the jokes. I read it from cover to cover only to find out -what I already knew- that there's nothing in it to read. After that things got measurably worse. Having read every letter in my pocket at least three times, having read the notices to the defendants on all the walls (in Hindu, Urdhu and English), having read just about every leaflet in the place and smoking countless cigarettes on the steps outside, I eventually found myself reading the Camcorder News. It meant to me. I haven't got a camcorder.

Well all of this is mildly disturbing, not to say inconvenient. But it's not of course what the Law is really all about. That two and a quarter hours felt like half a day. But at least I wasn't about to be locked up.

I was reminded of the true meaning of these legal processes when a high pitched shriek emerged from behind the door to one of the Courts. The door burst open and there was a young black woman wearing a tight-fitting skirt being led out by two police officers carrying sets of keys and with handcuffs at the ready. The young woman was nearly doubled over, clutching her stomach in pain, and sobbing uncontrollably. It looked like she was in the throes of a severe stomach cramp. The police





officers led her to a steel door, which they unlocked, and then down a stark gray staircase to the cells below. It gave vivid new meaning to the old expression "being sent down".

There was a young white woman sitting nearby. "She said she'd go down," the woman said, turning to address me, matter of factly. "She's got two kids." The white woman proceeds to tell the black woman's story. Apparently she'd got caught cashing dodgy cheques. She'd been on a day trip to Southend with some friends, but they'd only got £15 with them. They wanted to have a good time. So she'd done this cheque book fiddle and eventually got caught. "She's been inside before," the white woman said. "She used to be on drugs, but she's just managed to get clean. She wants to get out of the place she lives. It's the thought of losing the kids she can't stand."

And here's me moaning about having to read *Camcorder News*.

After that my friend and I went before the Magistrates. You could see them judging us as we walked through the door. They had a visible air of superiority. There were three of them - the same three who, moments before, had sent that young woman on her descent into the echoing steel box below: two men and a woman. The woman had permed hair and a twin set with pearls. The men were jowly and wore dark suits. There was something weighty about their presence: as if they knew their own value to the last half pence. I got a clear picture of the young woman's life compared to theirs. I

could see the dereliction of some vast, faceless sink-estate, the young woman's frustration and her sense of hopelessness. What did these starched Magistrates know of this? You could see that they'd never done anything wrong in their lives. The theory of the Magistracy is that you are supposed to be judged by your peers. But how can they be our peers when they have never done anything wrong in their lives?

And then something struck me. So: say the young woman had fiddled £500, or even a thousand. Say she had spent the day drinking Moet and Chandon and going about in

taxis, visiting all the clubs. Say her and her friends had had a right rip-roaring rip off day. And for that she was going to Gaol. And for that her children will be taken into care. And for that the lives of three people will be broken. Such is the devaluation of human life according to the Law, that the lives of three people are considered less important than a measly thousand pounds. What's a thousand pounds to these Magistrates? Pocket money for

the kids. And that young black woman's kids, what about them? Aren't they going to grow up disturbed, angry, inclined to criminality? So for the sake of maybe a thousand pounds the Magistrates have heaped up crime for the next generation too.

So much for the future. So much for Justice. So much for the Equal Treatment under the Law.

There has to be a better way.





# ALL RIGHT ON THE NIGHT

A new piece from occasional contributor Davey King  
written exclusively for Tangentopoli

*"Music blends with the heartbeat universe  
and we forget the brainbeat"* (Jack  
Kerouac)

*"heartbeat: the regular contraction and  
relaxation of the heart, and the accompa-  
nying sounds. As blood passes through  
the heart a double beat is heard."* (The  
Hutchinson Dictionary of Science)

'Hi folks & welcome at our party we are  
here to celebrate the foetal heart's repet-  
itive beats & if you think you've heard any-  
thing yet just wait till this baby is born'

well now & wouldn't you know now who  
should it be now but your old buddy Grand  
Master Moisture at the Medley Mixing  
Desk

& he's just pottering about you know with  
piping hot-stuff serving up some real alive  
vibes for the tribes & playfully picking a  
well kicking mix to fix flux of you know like  
luminous electromagnetic tracks of neu-  
trons in sound waves to fire your neurons

yes tho to the casual observer it may look  
like he's only fiddling about haphazardly  
you know better he's using nan0-technol-  
ogy to manipulate molecules and modu-  
late oscillations of atoms in ether

now as the ignorant and uninformed may  
mock as they are wont to do but listen  
dude there's something in the air you  
know vibrations are pressure variations &

he's pitching them at you with increasing  
frequency and at amplitude they bang on  
those ear drums of yours that's tympanic  
membranes if you want to talk fancy you  
hear the clang of the hammer on anvil  
your auditory ossicles leading to the inner  
ear spiral you following so far well your  
nerve cell picks up the message d'you  
hear this information is a travelling wave  
of electrical changes signals that are  
action potentials & this pulse of electro-  
chemical charge follows the thread of  
axon to synapse & that's where your neu-  
rotransmitters come in you know

& you just gotta dance surrender to the  
body's wisdom no use fighting it in the  
battle of wills dear Mother Nature's way  
always wins in the end & it's a victory  
dance of triumph & exultation

so like the guy's a scientist-shaman-MC all  
rolled into one Host to Full House in ultra  
violet radiant white O all very techno in  
trance as he licks lips a-swigging spring  
water bottle like well a fountain of life as  
eese he does it fluffily puffs at a spliff a-  
fire from mouth

well his feet on the ground tap fingers  
snap clicking time to the music you know  
as ever so slowly languorously lilts he an  
O almost melodious fluid flow of vocal liq-  
uid language in a slipstream of soft air  
breaths

barely audibly intoning magic spell-  
prayer-mantra you know into listening  
microphone his drowsy sleepy patter like  
the little pitter-patter of tiny dripping rain-  
drops on a coolcat tinny roof in rhythm as  
hypnotic heartbeat patterns of percussion  
made of O you know so many moving  
grooves of parts in particular and parti-  
cles of all a-merge in one amorphous vor-  
tex of whirlwind blowing jazzy jacuzzi pool  
full of swirling swimming singing soaring  
sonic synthesised symphonic sound and



fury storm of maelstrom of Energy  
equaling Mass of bodies dancing times  
the speed of laser light in spirals  
upwards higher to heaven the revolving  
crystal mirror ball you know

& now the ceiling seems to be lifting &  
some truly do believe it vanishes completely  
revealing a big round moon resplendent  
queen & stars like diamonds a-sparkle  
on sable satin or something similar amid  
the music of the spheres some even see  
a comet crossing the sky & just possibly  
a supernova well who can tell this time  
of night's too early for dewy glad  
morning's Venus in the West but you  
know the floor may be slippy underfoot

it may not even be there anymore but  
anyway you are dancing in space with  
no visible means of support except the  
music raising you as you reach up a  
thousand arms a rainbow sea  
anemone all oceanic

& can you feel it you know that quick-  
silver eeling up & down your spine like  
a mercury thermometer measuring  
sunshine in this heat with shivers of  
pleasure & sweat & a tinkling of glass  
laughter thru belly bass heart drum all  
the way up from the perineum to the  
top of your crown

don't worry it's all only a temporary  
excitation of atoms nothing to get too  
worked up about you know there's a  
rational explanation for everything  
even this tho better to hear with heart  
than head to bodily experience the  
power & glory like little children

yeah well when the mix is at max now &  
this boy's burning deck pumps water  
to clouds of steam humid dry ice  
smoke red gold fire thru those speakers  
pounding decibels of syllables of

sound pouring molten from alchemical  
melting pot of styles you know all of a  
sudden any time now no time at all now

## SATORI-ORGASM

pause of the syntactic synaptic gap  
between synchronised breath & heart-  
beat thought of eye open at the deep  
still centre inner-silent mind and well  
you know

Man isn't it another one of those shining  
golden Siddhartha moments when you  
hear & see so clearly you can't express  
in words the fusion within confusion &  
ecstatic flash of insight & white light  
blinding revelation into you know  
stroboscopic pulse & all of the a-  
spiralling lasers & dancing densely-  
textured so minutely-infinite & O  
complexly-simple it's obvious when you  
know it from the inside out in all  
directions always interdependence of  
the dance the dancers & the sacred DJ

Davy King  
(excerpt from hypertext  
... to be continued)

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## apology

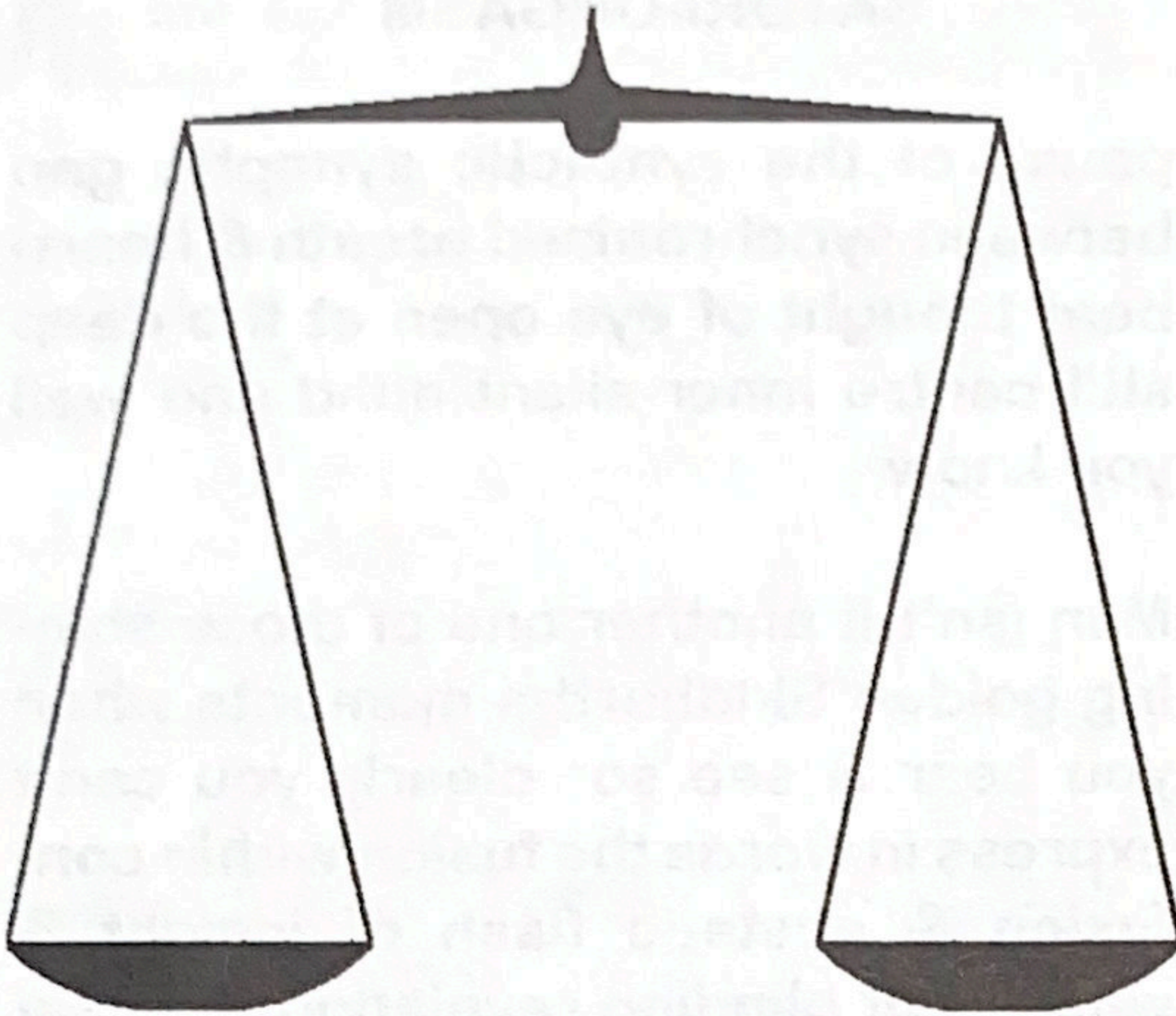
Tangentopoli 34 made a reference in an  
article entitled 'The System' implying that  
'R's Bro' was a thief. This is totally untrue.  
We should have checked our facts rather  
than listening to idle gossip. We apologise  
most profusely for any harm and distress  
we inadvertently caused to the said young  
mans reputation.

---



# Shoplifting hints

## “The art of shoplifting”



**W**ithin capitalism, most of us are either (1) alienated from our labour and hence dependant on the ruling classes for commodities as basic as food and clothing, (2) excluded from the division of labour, in which case we are likewise dependant on the State, or (3) performing unpaid and/or unrecognised labour and hence dependant on patriarchal relations for food, clothing etcetera. In any case, our access to resources is severely limited by contemporary relations of domination. One particular solution to this problem may be to *steal*.

Sadly, however, many people living precariously on low incomes tend to either: (1) avoid shoplifting for anachronistic moral and/or ethical reasons; or (2) remain ignorant of the better methods and techniques of shoplifting, thus failing to maximise their lifting potential.

From the onset, the golden rule of theft should be enunciated: *never steal from someone who could conceivably be a comrade*.

It is best to play it safe and go straight for the big corporate fuckers. Some people will suggest that shoplifters are a selfish breed, since “we all pay for it in the end” through inflated prices to cover losses and so forth. However, comrades, this and closely analgeous arguments are used to justify lowering wages, breaking unions, lowering corporate taxation and taxation on the rich etc.

No, the injunction against stealing from capitalism is itself a capitalist ideology and should be spurned as such. Although we have been taught that “thou shalt not steal” an order historically backed by threats of divine retribution, this should not stop us for one minute from taking the redistribution of wealth into our own hands. Believe me no one is likely to do it for us.

If possible you should always have some money on you when intending to shoplift, because if you've got none, it's rather hard to argue that to steal the article was a spontaneous decision. As a result, if you've got no money and are caught shoplifting you are more likely to be charged for burglary as well as theft.

Buying something at the same time that you steal stuff doesn't necessarily ensure success. Approaching staff for items that you are absolutely sure they don't have is just as good. Think of something that you know they don't have and pretend you are looking for this, so that you have an excuse for being there.

It is always a good idea to carry a bag although you should never stash anything in it - if security/sales staff have sussed you, the first thing they'll check is your bag and it might just get you off the hook if they can't find anything suspicious inside of it.

Remember that there is no such thing as a standard store detective — there is no qualifying dress code, age, race, gender or class. Grandma will bust you this week and next week it'll be a five-year old kid.

Just as there is no standard store detective, nor is there a standard shoplifter. Security do not go looking for the poorly dressed people. They may pick on you out of boredom. But remember only an unsuccessful store detective picks on poorly dressed people.

**On Entering the Maze:**

As soon as you enter the store, suss out the sales people. First impressions often count here. You could find a valuable blind-eye turning ally in younger or less affluent employees. Alternatively, an employee can often stand out as a more wishy washy gullible individual - so often even if they see you they are likely to be too gutless to mention it, either to you or to security.

Don't be put off by signs such as “shoplifters will be prosecuted” or “security police patrol this store”. Often this is just a bluff anyway, and in any case there is no security measure that cannot be undone by a clever shoplifter or a quick talker. Do, however, keep your eye on security and be on the lookout for surveillance cameras.

Try to find where the video surveillance monitors are and who is watching them; often they are not even looking at them. See if you can get a glance at their monitor. Often it is one monitor hooked up to 20 cameras which changes sequentially (every 30 seconds or so). Other times, it's one guy in a room looking at 50 screens while reading the paper or glued to the box. These monitors are usually pretty small, and have a wide aperture, showing more of the room but not enough detail to adequately show what you're up to.

It is a good idea to keep your back to the camera as much as possible without looking suspicious. Checkout cameras (hold-up cameras) are often set up to check on employees, so they are not hard to keep your back turned to.

(From the Marxist Listserv)



## Advice to consider before jumping into the parental scene

### Men: To prepare for paternity....

Go to the local chemist. Tip the contents of your wallet onto the counter. Tell the pharmacist to help himself.

Go to the supermarket. Arrange to have your salary paid direct to its head office.

Go home. Pick up the paper. Read it for the last time.

### Women: To prepare for maternity...

Put on a dressing gown and stick a pillowcase filled with beans down the front. Leave it there for nine months.

After nine months, take out 10 per cent of the beans. Drink a gallon of water. Do not go to the loo for 24 hours, or go to the toilet every 3-5 minutes with no regard to the 'amount' you have deposited.

Either way you will have a good sense of what bloatation is like.

To discover how the nights feel.....

Walk around the living room from 5pm to 10pm carrying a wet bag weighing approximately 8-12 pounds, with a radio turned to static (or some other obnoxious sound) playing loudly.

At 10pm, put the bag down, set the alarm for midnight, and go to sleep.

Get up at 12 and walk around the living room again, with the bag, until 1am.

Set the alarm for 3am.

As you can't get back to sleep, get up at 2am and make a drink.

Go to bed at 2.45am.

Get up at 3am when the alarm goes off.

Sing songs in the dark until 4am.

Put the alarm on for 5am.

Get up, make breakfast.

Keep this up for five years.

Look cheerful.

Dressing small children is not as easy as it seems:

Buy an octopus and a small bag made out of loose mesh.

Attempt to put the octopus into the bag so that none of the arm hangs out.

Time allowed for this - all morning.

Taking a long trip with your toddler:

Make a recording of someone saying "Mummy" repeatedly.

**IMPORTANT.....**

No more than a four-second delay between each "mummy".

Occasional crescendo to the level of a supersonic jet is required.

Play this tape in your car everywhere you go for the next four years.

Talking to an adult of your choice...

Have someone tug on your:  
skirt hem  
shirt sleeve, or  
elbow

whilst playing the tape made above. You are now prepared to have a conversation with an adult with a child in the room.



A PANEL OF GODS DISCUSS THE BEST DESIGN FOR THEIR CREATIONS.

"There is a time when the operation of the machine becomes so odious, makes you so sick at heart, that you can't take part; and you've got to put your bodies upon the gears and upon the wheels, upon the levers, upon all the apparatus and you've got to make it stop. And you've got to indicate to the people who run it, to the people who own it, that unless you're free, the machine will be prevented from working at all."

Mario Savio 1942 - November 6,  
1996



## you are safe

You are safe / You are loved / You are strong / Love your body / Be at peace / You can do anything / You are powerful / You deserve prosperity / Rivers of riches flow into your life / You attract opportunity / You are in harmony / You are in control / Your body functions perfectly / Your body heals itself / Laughter brightens your days / You like people / People like you / Sense your true purpose / Your goals can be reached / You realize your goals / You are ethical / You are calm and confident / You can handle your life naturally / You are a winner / Your energy flows freely / You create prosperity / You are ready to succeed / You attract opportunity / Your body is healthy / All your cells function properly / You are vital and whole / You are in harmony / You are in control / You are at peace / Your being radiates clear energy / You can do anything / All resistance is dissolved / You are free to do anything / You are strong and secure / You have inner resources / You have the power to realize your goals / You create the life that you want / You are in control / Take charge of your life / Allow power to flow through you / You are peaceful and alert / Your heart is full of love / Feel joyful now / See yourself as a healthy person / Your body functions perfectly / Your body heals itself / Your body is beautiful / You are beautiful / People think you are beautiful / Your energy flows freely / You are free / You are free / You are free / You are free / You are free / You do your work well / You achieve your highest goals / You attract the right people into your life / You are divinely guided / You are safe and comfortable / You create prosperity / Multiplying money is fun / You are happy about wealth / Rivers of riches are flowing to you / You are powerful / You are a creator / You create your own reality / You create what you want / You want joy and expansion / You create joyous relationships / You create joyous abundance / You create joyous health / You create joyous love / You create joyous fun / You create joyous comfort / You create joyous work / You create joyous thoughts / You create joyous creation / You create joyous life / You create your own reality / You are a creator / You are powerful / You use your power wisely and well / You create a world of peace and joy / Touch your own power / Trust your own guidance / Trust the wisdom inside of you / Feel powerful and alive / Relax and let yourself be / Be open and willing to change / Creative energy flows through you / Find fulfillment in everything you do / Do what feels right / You have everything you truly need / Flow toward your greatest good / You are living in harmony with the universe / Within you is serenity and power / Trust your inner knowing in all situations / Today be honest and true to yourself / In your own way you are a genius / You are a channel for creative inspiration / All your feelings are a natural expression of life / You receive everything you need / Life force flows through you / Listen to your gut feelings / You are unique and special / Accept yourself exactly as you are / You are free / See the light in each person you meet / Receive a gift from each person you meet / Love being you / Love being with yourself / Live life fully and passionately / Divine light and divine love flow through you / Feel the magic of the universe in you / Today expect the best / Your thoughts are creating a perfect life / Imagine only the best / All is well / All is well / All is well / All is well / All is well / All is well / All is well / All is well / Your desires and goals are good / Desire, believe in, and accept your highest good / In your own way you create miracles / Trust in the power of the universe / Trust in yourself / Your heart's desire is coming true / Your life is your wondrous creation / Follow the natural rhythm of your energy / Money is flowing freely into your life / Money is flowing abundantly into your life / You are strong and open / Open to more joy / Love all your feelings today / It is safe for you to feel the ecstasy of life / Your body grows healthy and vital / Your body is a beautiful expression of your spirit / You deserve the very best in life / Love and appreciate yourself as you are now / Be your own best friend / You are a beautiful perfect spirit / You have a wise and loving friend within you / You are whole / Value who you are / You are the master of your life / Your desires are coming true / Believe in abundance / Desire abundance / You are free / You are free / You are free / You are free / You are free / You receive abundance / You are now attracting everything you need / The universe cares for you / Choose life / Trust your body, trust yourself / It is safe for you to be powerful / You are now clearing your negative beliefs / Today follow your own path / Today accept yourself as you are / You are a natural spontaneous being / It is safe for you to let go of old habits / There is enough of everything for everybody / Follow your creative impulses / Your learning is full of joy / Your joy is felt by everyone around you / Nurture yourself / You deserve love, happiness, and prosperity / As you grow, everyone grows / As you nurture yourself you nurture others / As you nurture yourself others nurture you / You have all the qualities you admire in others / Love life / You have the courage to ask for help / When you speak the truth people feel safe / You are attractive, desirable, and lovable / You are a wonderful person / You deserve love and appreciation / All is well / All is well / All is well / All is well / All is well / All is well / All is well / All is well / Each moment is a wonderful opportunity / You are beautiful, strong, and energetic / Be willing to believe in yourself / You are balanced and healthy / Release what you no longer need / You create positive change in yourself / You create positive change in your relationships / You are innately perfect and so is everyone else / Your life is unlimited / Feel the life force within you / All your feelings are valid / Be true to yourself and honest with others / Be willing to learn and grow from every experience / The universe wants you to be happy and fulfilled / Every day in every way you are getting better / You are a radiant being, filled with light and love / You are naturally enlightened / Your life is blossoming in total perfection / You are the master of your life / Everything you need is already within you / Perfect wisdom is in your heart / You are whole and complete in yourself / Love and appreciate yourself just as you are / Accept all your feelings as part of yourself / Love to love and be loved / Give and receive love freely / You are an open channel of creative energy / It's OK for you to have everything you want / This is a rich universe and there's plenty for all of us / Abundance is your natural state of being / Every day you are growing more prosperous / The more you have, the more you have to give / It's OK for you to have fun and enjoy yourself / You are free / You are free / You are free / You are free / You are free / This is a rich universe and there is plenty for all of us / Abundance is your true state of being / You deserve to be prosperous and happy / The universe is total abundance / Life is fun and you are willing to enjoy it / You deserve the best / The more you receive the more you have to give / You are beautiful and lovable / You are talented, intelligent and creative / You are growing more and more attractive every day / You deserve the very best in life / You have a lot to offer and everyone recognises it / You love the world and the world loves you / Be willing to be happy and successful / Love and accept yourself completely as you are / You don't have to try to please anyone else / You are a powerful, loving, and creative being / You are free and healthy / You are now full of radiant health and energy / Love and accept your body completely / Your body is in perfect harmony with the universe / You have ever increasing health and vitality / Accept yourself completely here and now / Love yourself completely as you are / You are getting better all the time / Be willing to experience all your feelings / It is OK for you to have fun and enjoy yourself / We are glad you were born / Love being alive / Love yourself / You naturally attract loving relationships into your life / You are now ready for all your relationships to work / Inspiration comes to you every day / You are the creator of your life / You are now creating your life exactly as you want it / You are now being guided to the perfect solution / You now release your entire past and you are free / You now forgive and release everyone in your life / You don't have to try to please others / You are good and you do good things / The world is a beautiful place to be / Everything you do adds to your health and beauty / You are now irresistibly attractive / You are one with all the love in the universe / You are ever expanding love / Love it the way it is / Love yourself the way you are / Whatever you think love yourself for thinking it / Whatever you feel love yourself for feeling it / Whatever you do love yourself for doing it / There is no opposition / It is easy to control your existence / You are totally aware / Be easy on yourself / You are free / You are free / You are free / You are free / You are free / You are safe / You are loved / You are strong / Your joy is felt by everyone around you / Nurture yourself / you deserve love, happiness, and prosperity / you grow, everyone grows / As you nurture yourself you nurture others / As you nurture yourself others nurture you / You have all the qualities you admire in others / Love life / You have the courage to ask for help / When you speak the truth people feel safe / You are attractive, desirable, and lovable / You are a wonderful person / You deserve love and appreciation / All is well / All is well / All is well / All is well / All is well / All is well / All is well / All is well / Each moment is a wonderful opportunity / You are beautiful, strong, and energetic / Be willing to believe in yourself / You are balanced and healthy / Release what you no longer need / You create positive change in yourself / You create positive change in your relationships / You are innately perfect and so is everyone else / Your life is unlimited / Feel the life force within you / All your feelings are valid / Be true to yourself and honest with others / Be willing to learn and grow from every experience / The universe wants you to be happy and fulfilled / Every day in every way you are getting better / You are a radiant being, filled with light and love / You are naturally enlightened / Your life is blossoming in total perfection / You are the master of your life / Everything you need is already within you / Perfect wisdom is in your heart / You are whole and complete in yourself / Love and appreciate yourself 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it / You are now being guided to the perfect solution / You now release your entire past and you are free / You now forgive and release everyone in your life / You don't have to try to please others / You are good and you do good things / The world is a beautiful place to be / Everything you do adds to your health and beauty / You are now irresistibly attractive / You are one with all the love in the universe / You are ever expanding love / Love it the way it is / Love yourself the way you are / Whatever you think love yourself for thinking it / Whatever you feel love yourself for feeling it / Whatever you do love yourself for doing it / There is no opposition / It is easy to control your existence / You are totally aware / Be easy on yourself / You are free / You are free / You are free / You are safe / You are free / You are free / You are free / You are free / You are free / You are free / You are safe / You are safe /



# missives

send your letters to:  
Tangentopoli  
10 The Borough  
Canterbury

with this letter from the local council (right) it seems that merely turning up to a party in your vehicle constitutes an involvement in the organisation of 'illegal raves' Somhow we don't think so!

## My first piercing

Me and a few friends were watching a video called 'Body Shock' by Psychic TV about 10 ten years ago. It was about genital piercing. All my mates legs were crossed, but not mine.

Cut to 10 years later, Clerkenwell, London. Me, my body coursing with pain killing drugs and Dutch courage alcohol. When watching that video 10 years ago I had decided I definitely fancied a Prince Albert piercing (for those not in the know a ring down the Japs eye of your knob and out of a hole in the side). it had taken 10 years to pluck up the courage, I am a complete coward.

So I staggered into the studio trying to look straight (tattooers and piercers won't do people off it) and sat down next to a middle aged couple.

The piercer came out with her last client, who left, and motioned the middle aged couple in. Then she saw me.

"Ah you must be Austin... for the P.A.?" I nodded. When the couple left they gave me very odd looks. "I told them what you were having done. They thought her getting her nose pierced was risque!"

My knob didn't just shrink, I had a lump on my back. And yes of course it fucking hurt. I had to tip-toe to the tube. I was staying at a mates. When I got back I was showing him the build up of blood on my knob ring when his girlfriend came in. She fainted.

Austin Space

Shepway District Council  
Civic Centre, Castle Hill Avenue, Folkestone, Kent, CT20 2QY  
Telephone (General Enquiries) 01303 850388  
Fax: 01303 245978  
DX 1912 Folkestone

Your Ref: MISC/tlk35/Mr Moore  
Our Ref:  
Ext. No:  
Tel. Direct Dial: 852208

**SHEPWAY**  
DISTRICT COUNCIL

Date: 19 August 1996

Mr G Tub  
Grassmere  
St Marys Bay  
Kent

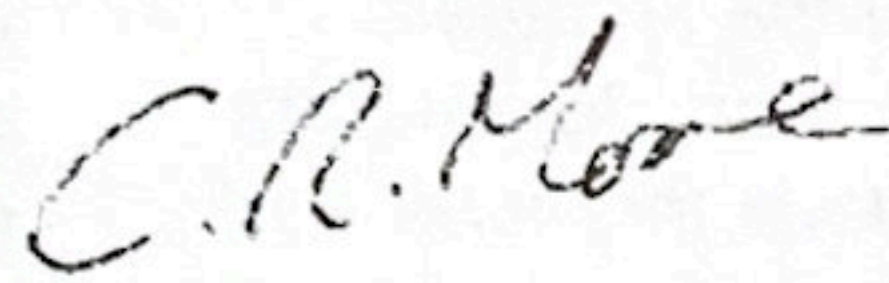
Dear Sir

### ILLEGAL RAVE IN WESTWOOD FOREST, LYMINGE

It has come to the Council's attention that a vehicle registered in your name was parked at an illegal rave in Westwood on 25 August. Complaints were received by the Council about loud music and upon the basis that your vehicle was involved, it is reasonable to assume that you were involved in the organisation of the rave.

The Council regards such raves very seriously and you should note that if you attempt to organise or take part in further raves in Westwood Forest or elsewhere within the District of Shepway an injunction will be applied for. If you disobey an injunction a judge could sentence you to a fine and or imprisonment. A copy of this letter has been sent to the police.

Yours faithfully

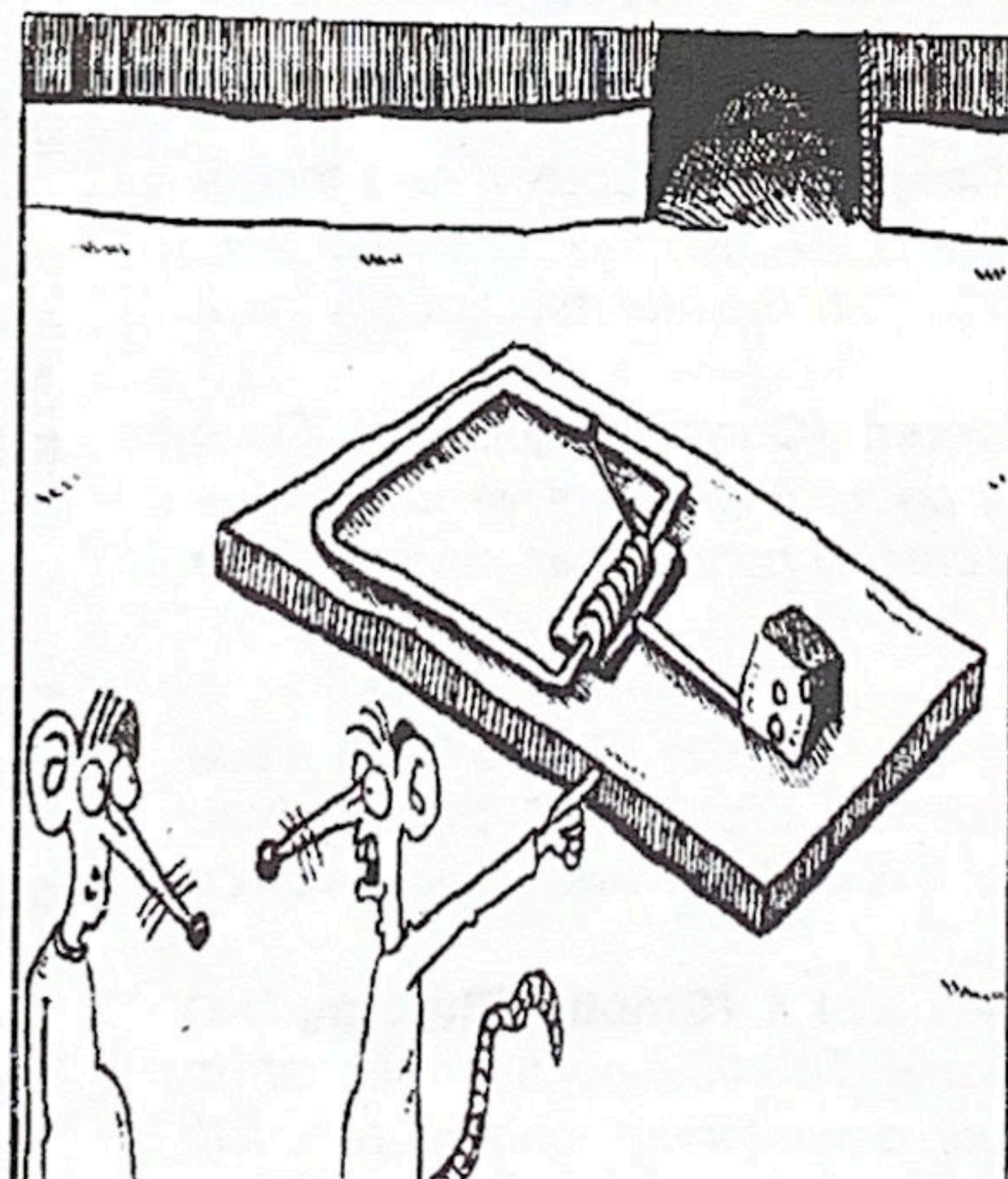


Mr C R Moore  
Principal Assistant Solicitor

THE GARDEN COAST



INVESTOR IN PEOPLE



HOW IRRESPONSIBLE LEAVING THAT LYING THERE!!  
SOMEBODY COULD GET HURT!

## SLOW LIKE A POEM

slow like a poem  
i went down by love's harbour

love, like a poem  
slow, unfolding

i made the sun and wind  
i made the harbour calm  
i made the light scattered and shifting  
sea

slow, like a poem  
love's unfolding



## DEEP UNITY

with Doris Days' Dog

**CEVIN FISHER AT WORK VOL1** - New York, New York (Nite Grooves, US) We love it when "wor cev" gets to scratch his funky melons on the dancefloor! Go on my son (pumps arms furiously in blissed out delirium).

**WESTSIDE PLAYERS** - New York City (Freeze Dance, US) Tony Edward with one side of tribal tinged house and one of funk down hop-hip.

**NORTY COTTO PRESENTS UNITED FUNK PILOTS** - Let It Out (Henry Street, US) Well reasonable five tracker with "That Club Last Night" the standout track (for now).

**JOHNNY D AND NICKY P PRESENTS BROOKLYN SOUTH** - Creation (Digital Dungeon, US) Phew! NYC is pushing some great fucking tracks out the past few months. Shout it from the rooftops, naked: "healthy, healthy, healthy". Miss these, always, on form producers at your beryl.

**A MAN CALLED ADAM** - Que Tal America? (Prescription, US) Chip shop Cuba from the UK via the US. This double pack of four mixes from one of Deep Unity's favourite sons (and his most commercially viable packages to date) deserves the big push from the back. "Just keep layering them," says Lazy Houser Iain 'I'm not a pervy bastard' Smith, "it's fucking brilliant".

**ABSTRACT TRUTH** - Get Another Plan (the remixes) (Streewave, US) FK and Eric Kupper classic. Well, on the tVC floor it is anyway. Although Scouse Steve hates it with a passion.

**DJ ROMAIN AND MATT KEYS** - Brooklyn (Romatt, US) Good to see Romain still putting out the good stuff. This time he ruffs it up somewhat for us teabags to no detrimental effects on the overall deep and dangerous proceedings, emphatically implementing themselves in front of the speakers.

**DAFT PUNK** - Chord Memories (Force Inc, Ger) Quick thanx to Timo for this tune. Gorgeous, lovely, lovely, gorgeous. I fucking love this tune and now, it's mine, all mine. Hyuk, hyuk.

**SUBWAY** - The Fly (Kumba, US) Kumba 19. E-N aka Ian Apell gives it darker, rougher and altogether more, damn it, funkier than that irritatingly omnipresent 'Horn Ride' that every fucker and his mother caned to a sad and sorry death some months ago. All aboard.

**EL GUAJIRO** - 'Que Sabor' (Kumba, US) More quality from Kumba (22). One of the few labels you can't just repudiate. This trip has the rather splendid Oscar Gaetan for Murk productions laying tribal drummage down into a heady, annihilating, bass-line driven latin hoe-down.

**OSCAR G feat MARCK MICHEL** - Love Will Find a Way (Kumba, US) Kumba 23 and Oscar G, again. And if the vocal on heavy repetition gets too much then the 'Dub Will Find a Way' should sort out any misdemeanours.

**JOYRIDE** - Sensuist (Thank You, US) First release on a new label. Techno funk, nice drum patterns, wierd noises, soul full vocal and other snatches, hard, groovy. One to watch.

**STEVE BUG** - Future Line (Stickman, Can) The tenuous insect theme develops, lovely and wobbly deep techno that soothes the cortex but gets that spine bending just right, 'Girls on Lighters' gets the monthly top silly track name award.

**NIMBUS QUARTET** - deep, deep, blue, green (Communique, US) Dave Stevens with Woody McBride on a double pack (7 tunes) of various excellence. Deep, dubbed out drums and bass, crisp hi-hats and as sexy as Dave Duvet from Exeter's Groove Police on 3 pills and half a dozen pints. Essential.

**MOODYMAN** - And now a message from our sponsor: "The City A place where most suburban kids think they're from. Detroit! A place where Neggahs roam, Neggahs like Me. Don't be Misled!" Er, yes! Hypnotic disco pumper rinsed through with early morning sweat.

**WAMDUE PROJECT** - Resource Toolbox Vol 1 (Strictly Rhythm, US) Anyway, another double pack from Chris Brann. This time not as essential; 'In the Back of Your Mind', again! Its the four down-tempo jobbies, two with breaks that provide the interest.

**THE MEPHISTO ODYSSEY** - Ya Came Here To Get Down / Come On (City of Angels, US) Orpheas DeJournette and M Kael Johnston produce two

tracks with real electric bass, sax and guitar. Down T, jazzual after hours vibe soaked music for the grass between your toes and that hot sun on your face. 'Come On' pumps it down for a wah-wah and organ boogie-woogie.

**IDJUT BOYS & LAJ** - Oh La La La Tea Party / **BAM BAM** - Funkyland (Discfunction, UK)

Two remixes from hot boy Crispin J Glover. Both of them guitar monsters. What house music would have sounded like in 1972. Bloody brilliant.

**CRIME** - Breaking Point / Don't Fake It (Neuphonic, UK) Crispin J Glover still out and about on his tour of the worlds studios.

This time under his Crime guise providing more wierd dub house for the ever forward frontier folk out there (on 'Breaking Point'). 'Don't Fake it' is more accessible to the deep funk disco massive.

**STUDIO 32 & LUIS RADO** - Universal Grooves EP (Kult, US)

Retro-funk guitar on a killer bee-line. And More. Has quality stamped all over it. 'Philly Flute' weaves a smooth flute riff through a bleepy disco groove and a backing of woody percussion. 'Universal Groove' opens with rocky guitar licks and rolls into a jazzy driving garage dub and 'Funky Organ' is a chunky express train with a fat sax and an earth shattering bottom end worthy of some peak time action. Class.

**FUTURE FUNK** - Black Classical Music / Switch Lock (Plastic City, Ger)

Jerome Isma-aa and Marcel Krieg may state 'made on earth' on the label but this minimal, clinically produced German house techno ('houso' anyone?) certainly has plenty of 'space'. Rather good.

**THE INNOCENT** - Acid Blue / Jack 1/2 (UKN)

Upon hearing this in the record shop (Tuff Trax in Canterbury) DJ Ed 76 goes "Naaaaaaaaa Maaaaan! That tunes three years old!" Of course it isn't but, maybe at a push, could sound like it was. Still, one side is good, bounding, chilled houso and the other goes all Derrick Carter (sah!) round at Johnny Fiasco's on us. Or maybe it is 3 years old?

**DJ PEACH** - Guilty (Velocet, UK) Trax by D Probert, produced by right on form Nail and put out by on the ball Velocet. Another strong release worthy of perusement.

**ANALOG SCIENCE** - Try and Proove It (Climax, Ger)

Part of the German conspiracy to push 'houso' on us. hard, deep and spacious with a bottom wobbling acid line. Pino Shamlou and Benjamin Wild are the people responsible.

**DAVID SUMNER** - Function (synwave-newyork, US)

Quality deep techno. More firmer in demeanour than most of what we listen to but nevertheless strangely satisfying when consumed with gusto or other some such chemical imbibement and listened to through loud, clear equipment in the presence of your friends and peers.

**DANNY TENAGLIA** - Oh No (Twisted, UK)

Twisted, dark, mayhem. Of the four mixes Club 69's future mix ensures looped, tranced glances whilst Danny'd twisted realness is.



what some would call in some quarters, the real shit man. Mix with it you bastards.

**HOT ISSUE! - Hornet (Brooklyn Trax, US)** 'The record everyone is buzzing about.' Arf! Insects trapped in synthesizers fly over tough funky, string and bongo workout from the ever productive Victor Simonelli.

**L'HOMME QUI VALIATI 3 MILLIARDS** presente Dinapoly versus FoxyLady (Cassius, UK) Two intelligent, left field, back room, 5am. hot, sweaty, dark tracks of seriously funky rinsed up potential. Seek it.

**PURVEYORS OF FINE FUNK - (Peacefrog, UK)** Four slices of groovy electronica with a distinctly jazzy Detroit flavour that will work well at the 'top of the night' or for the 6am wobblers. Peacefrog: right on the case.

**GLENN UNDERGROUND - C.U.O. Trance (Peacefrog, UK)** The hard working Mr Underground comes up with the goods once again. No big tunes here. just three working cuts of impeccable quality. tailor made for the late am groovers.

**ROY DAVIS JR - Gabrielle (Large, US)** A warm slice of deep Chicago garage with four mixes to choose from. 'Words to Give By' stands out, with its chugging groove, moody vocal and trumpet hooks provided by Pevin Everet. The 'Live Garage' mix takes a softer approach on the bottom end, letting the vocal stand out.

**KILPRIT - Curve Technique (Headzone, UK)** Quality tech-house from Massimo. Hard and driving with a real balearic feel and solid percussion dropping in and out of electrifying synth lines. Grab this while you can.

**BASEMENT JAXX - EP 3 (Atlantic Jaxx, UK)** The long awaited third EP from Ratcliffe and Felix B. and what a corker it is. 'Fly Life' is a heavy tweaked disco monster of outrageous proportions. 'Slide Slide' is fat and jazzy. 'Daluma' is an epic melting pot of latin percussion and 'Jus Becuz' opens with minimal drums then builda and builds to a breathtaking climax, aided by vocal snatches from Corrine Joseph. This is deep UK house at its very best.

**BAKCHICH - EP#1 (Basenotic, Fr)** An odd four tracker from four separate artists. The standout cut is Cheesy D's 'Get the Cash and Run', a tweekin' disco groove with a kind of Daft Punk feel to it.

**FURIOUS GEORGE UNRELEASED (White Label, US)** Cheeky cut and paste disco thievery on 'Size it Up' and 'Soul Searcher' with a chunk of M.A.W.'s 'Mind Fluid' to create a spooky bottom heavy groove on 'Sackett Anthem'. One for the odd squad.

**JINXED - 'Don't Got Time' (Strictly Rhythm, US)** Jason 'Jinx' Zambito produces a tuff 303 driven pounding deep houser with a nagging vocal hooks and an ever building groove. Irresistible.

**URBAN FARMERS** presents Last Chance to Dance (20/20 Vision, UK) Rounded, bouncy bass beats with light jazzy intervals.

Tunnelling sound of easy-going layout. A nice Sunday splosh-out or morning chug-a-long. Whatever your fancy!

**ABACUS - The Earthly Pleasures EP (83 West, US)** 'Moonbeam' - smokey filled funky liner! - oh yes; another one of what I will repeat myself in explaining - a 'chug-a-long' tune. Guitar and light beats with that all too well known keyboard effect that does something to the above mentioned 'guitar'.

**IAN POOLEY - Welcome to the Tunnel (US Edition)** Ghostly vocal, and far away, in good ol' bass happening. This one is so nice and keeps the soft morning slow. Flip side: different sound - bongo drums light, rolling, chiming, also got that sort of moaning female in there. Absolutely excellent track, and will be played masses.

**DJ SNEAK - Dancin' (Strictly Rhythm, US)** Double pack. Six different cuts. 'Dancin'' - very light up lighting, bouncy. Certainly makes people more tune. Excellent.

**GENE FARRIS - Visions of the Future (Roy Davis and DJ Skull Mix) (Fimus, US)** Gene Farris steers clear of the left-field this time but still produces a great tranced out track with loping bass loop, steel drum keys and muted horns. Flip sees mellow jazz tinkles and a piano snorter with a kicking kick.

**FREAKS** presents The Shrunken Heads (Phone DJ 01, UK) Luke Solomon and Justin Harris of sound industries give us five tracks over two records. The bass on this is tremendous and it's funky, funky minimalism all the way. A1, The Shrunken Head Live, is still too slow on +8. Beat Freak Mix sorts the wheat from the chaff, pumped up dark funk. If fact playing it all back to back induces the sort of dance floor delerium most DJ's would kill for.

**SEAN DEASON - Razorback (!R7, Ger)** US label Matrix via !K7, Germany. Seven tracks, all of varying strenght and excellence. But, from the depths of the deepest house to the cracked, pristine vistas of D & B to the coolest of funkyed up techno, it is, indisputably, melancholy that soaks the vibe right through. Chillin' at its very best.

**NU Yorican SOUL feat. GEORGE BENSON - You Can Do It (Baby) (Talking Loud, UK)** With 'Little' Louie Vega and Kenny 'Dope' Gonzalez producing, Albert 'Sterling' Menendez on keys and George 'Tash' Benson on vocals you's think you'd have a match made in Heaven. And you'd be right. For all the nu-soul boys and girls out there; sweetness.

**CHEEK - Venus (Versatile, Fr)** One tune, Three good mixes. Gibr'b original mix is a gently lulling lush with some haunting guitar from Rico and a nice change in drums after the last break. DJ Gregory provides the dance floor action and I haven't even mentioned the excellent I-Cube mix.

**FAZE ACTION - Turn the Point (Nuphonic, UK)** The ghost of Hendrix rises for the intro of this epic musing. Quality Nuphonic vibe stares gently out at the sunset before embarking on a standing naked on top of a mountain guitar and bongo workout.

**THE HEARTISTS - Belo Horizonti (Atlantic Jaxx, UK)** Basement Jaxx give two mixes to a Claudio Coccolto tune recorded in Italy but sounds like they're at the Carnival in Rio. Latin samba-tastic if you like that sort of thing.

**JOHN CULTER & DJ ROMAIN - The Sounds of Life EP (Distant Music 3, US)** Head straight for 'Soon We Will Be', with a vocal by Mischa, for some solid NY vibes with an uplift or 'The Ride' for an hypnotic, flanged chug-a-long.

**MASTER BUILDERS - Brazil (Matrix 14, UK)** Rob Aitken produces his best tune to date (with Simon Mattocks). Excellent drum patterns sustain a latin brass flavoured frolic on top of a funky ass bassline on the Aitken and Mattocks mix.

**THE VEGAN PROJECT - Minimal Potential (Power Music Distribution)41,US)** And now a word from our sponsor, DJ Duke; "6 reasons to become a vegan. 1) In the world today there are over 3 times more livestock than people. 2) An animal centred diet is linked to the majority of cancers today. 3) As a result of drugs and antibiotics, consumers are now being told to expect dangerous bacteria such as E. Coli and Salmonella in animal products. 4) US livestock produces 230,000 pounds of polluted excrement per second. 5) Livestock agriculture in the US is responsible for 40% of nitrogen and 35% of phosphorous released into rivers and lakes. 6) It costs health care 24 to 61 billion \$ from the result of the American meat diet. As high as cigarettes. Join da movement!" The tune? Only the best tune Duke's done.

**MATO - Tribal Drifting (Wave, US)** Toshiyuki Goto and Masabumi Kikuchi from Complete Records in Japan are picked up and tweaked by FK for Wave. Very good, laid back, minimal, tribal house. Acquire.

**NAV - Space Chase (Alola 7, UK)** More essential nu-brit-deep-chip-shop-excel-



lent-superb-house-techno-dance-break-bliss music.

**THE OTHER PROJECT - RMA (Big Boy, US)** On form Mark Poperoy takes us nicely down to the funk and brass tracks but it's A Man Called Adams 11 minute opum that demands attention. Ambient, so so relaxed, funk up smooth and damn it, lovely. House with an Idjut boys feel.

**CHICAGO UNDERGROUND COUNCIL - 2 Days (Peacefrog 60, UK)** Lidel Towsell, Regie Miller, Debrice King are the C.U.C giving us 5 tracks of soft keys, laid back dreamy vibes and plenty of funk up attitude. Builds through the tracks to a rather jolly but deep hoe down.

**95 NORTH PRESENTS DA HOOLIGANS - Who's Hoo (Henry Street 199, US)** 2 tunes 2 mixes of each. Head for A1. It's the clarinet that stands this one out. Usual impeccable production. Hats off to Henry Street, fast approaching 200 releases.

**FRESH & LOW - Take Your Time (West Side, UK)** 3 tracks from Fresh & Low who continue their run of witty and inventive meister werks. Gorgeous, fluffy UK house and full of sunshine.

**MASTERS AT WORK - Nu Yorican Soul (Talkin' Loud, UK)** Well, here it is! MAW's 6 record, 14 track epic production. Taking in guest vocals from India and Jocelyn Brown, vibes and scat vocal from Roy Ayres and vocal and guitar from George Benson. Stand out tracks include MAW Latin Blues, You Can Do it (Baby) (fuck it, they're all great). Sunday sesh bistro relaxant.

**DIANA BROWN - Love in Return (Minimal, UK)** Arthur Bakers Minimal label outa NYC via Dorado records UK. 7 tracks over 2 records. Of all the mixes, including Baker with Merv de Payer, Eric Kupper, Blow Out Express, it has to be Cevin Fisher taking the dance floor and Faze Action the back room.

**NAIL - Big D's Lounge (DiY LP1)** First 'proper' LP from the DiY stable and what a strong one it is too. Fusing various deep styles into a most satisfying gumbo with the harder edge tunes providing the dance floor action. A medley of Nail tunes rocked the Pendragon tent at Ceauce this summer so ignore the publicity saying listen at home. Recommended.

**DIGS, WOOSH + MR SKI - Rumpfunk EP (DiY Discs23)** Kicking off the new look label it's, yet again, D and W's mixes with their b-line dominated languidity which take accolades. Chilling down but served hot.

**ESSA - Tales from the Furnace (DiY discs24)** Return of the mighty Essa. Their 4 tracks all play and experiment to varying degrees from wah-wah and disco to pure pipe heaven to deep, driving soothing waves of gorgeousness.

**THE AQUANAUTS - Karma (Guidance, US)** Onward and upward. Sliced thin and smoked. You know that time in the morning, at a free party, after the big boys have had a spank, after the beer boys have gone to bed, when the DJ plays the sweetest of house fruit? Well this is one of the tunes that they'd be playing. All hail the Aquanauts when you dance around, thinking... thinking...

**ROUGH CUT VOL 2 - (Rubberneck 4, UK)** The excellent Rubberneck return with a great 4 tracker. Essa's 'Deaf of House' funk kicks with that familiar Rubberneck wobble, whilst Luther Rigno's 'Minnies Dope' skulks the deaf beats with some soothing keys. Further proof of the rise and rise of the Nottingham sound.

**CEVIN FISHER - I Want Music (Subversive, UK)** Pretty cheesy offering but worth checking 'Cevin's Bass 'n' Drums mix' for some solid, deep dancefloor action with a kick.

**GENE FARRIS - Spring Fling (Sounds 19, US)** Gene Farris can do no wrong in Deep Unity's book. Another label switch sees him up the driving, dirty, repetitive funk quotient

to great effect. When those jazzual keys hit he's got you good and proper.

**UBERZONE - Braindust EP (City of Angels, US)** Very diversified has been the output of this label. Here a sublime excursion into down tempo, 'Laughing Policeman' style acid dope beats totally killing the hip hop funksters in their Vans clad tracks.

**TRIP TA FUNK - Five (Imperial Dub, US)** Spanish San Fran grooves with a funk up bass line and simple percussion that belies its west coast origins (it could well have come out of Nottingham UK). Still, it's a tune of considerable understated power and maturity and well worth hunting out.

**MOTTO feat IZUMI - Aishitem (Freeze, US)** Written, produced and seduced by Benn Starr, DJ Choco and Sam FM. 'Love from Tokyo East Village Mix' is a beaut of a deep sigh.

**2 BE CONTINUED - Laydown (Aspro, Dutch)** Top Dutch house. Remember them days? Well, they're back!

**GLOBAL COMMUNICATION - The Way (Global Communication, US)** Check A1 of this double pack for some tuff garage action with great repetitive circular whooshes.

**THE GALLERY COLLECTIVE - The Dance (Urban Sound Gallery, US)** Ron Trent shows he's lost non of his jazzed up, pumped down exquisite mellowness.

**TWO LONE SWORDSMAN - Swimming not Skimming (Emissions Audio Output, UK)** Double pack of quality fluid techno funk from Andy Weatherall and Kieth Tenniswood. Positively oozes loving aura.

**MOODYMAN - I Like to Know (Music Is..., UK)** Four tracks of Moodyman at a UK price. Subdued and soothing, smooth 6am workouts.

**CALLISTO - Need UR Love (Guidance, US)** Guidance right back bang on top form with 4 tracks of more sumptuous Guidance. Recommended.

**DSL - Enfusion (Chilli Funk 001, UK)** Produced by Diesel for Yellow Sox Production at Can Can and engineered by James Brown. So you should know where it's at. UK deep house has never looked so healthy. 1997 here we come.

**L.H.A.S. - The Hevalo (Push II Shove, UK)** The Larry Heard Appreciation Society AKA J. Read with more dreamy, laid back 'appreciation'. Summer's on its way.

**SOMORE - I Refuse (What You Want) The Remixes (!! Records, US)** Filthy smooth, AntmanAnt give a mix each, but it's Kevin Yost's 'Jazz House vocal' a Murk style, tribal lead jizzer and the shuffling '70's Trainspotting' mix that are dealt the best cards. Another snorter for!!

**TREVOR LOVEYS - Distorted Jazz EP (House of 909, UK)** Release 5 for this excellent label sees the swelling, floaty, bright and breezy low key love house UK continuing with aplomb.

**BLAZE - Trans-Jazz EP (Simplex, US)** Cool garage for discerning punters who demand the best. Record of the month.

**CINE CITY - Are You Sure Joe? (Paper 10, UK)** Hollway, Eastwick and Wai Wan (tongue firmly in cheek) with top o' deep nighter earth mover on 10". Another notch on Paper's bedpost.

**CLASSIC HERBERT - Fat King Fire (Classic, UK)**

**NAIL - Spines (Classic, UK)** Two more strong classics for the backroom box. Luke and Derrick we salute you. (Sah!)

Thanks to Rob and Mark at Tuff Trax in Canterbury. Also Timo and Rosie for additional reviews.

Anyway, more next time.

Woof!



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## tVC in Jan/Feb

**EVERY SUNDAY - "Cabbaged" at The East Kent, Whitstable 'till 10.30pm free.** Chill down from the weekend over a few quiet pints of Hurli-person. Ripping the piss out of Mike if Arsenal have lost; stealing Max's brandy if you're the thieving toe-rag; staring blankly at the wall; and drink driving are all optional extras.

**THURSDAY 16TH JANUARY - 7th Heaven at The Works, Canterbury. 9pm - 2am. tax3.** The "Cabbaged" residents get their shot. Vinyl, Rosie and Sun-Up dish the house delights to a hopefully by now seasonally recovered dancefloor.

**THURSDAY 23TH JANUARY - Alien Nation at The Works, Canterbury. 9pm - 2am. tax3.** 'Tuff annihilating grooves' from the resident Aliens Stu Long, Warren and Josie. Hard house and techno action pumping you up.

**THURSDAY 30TH JANUARY - 7th Heaven at The Works, Canterbury. 9pm - 2am. tax3.** It's Lazy time. Guests this month are those full on pull your trousers up you bastards The Lazy House Crew from Exeter. Bazil and Iain 'Lazy' Smith give us a right royal funk up of serious disturbance in the underpant department. So don't miss it.

**SATURDAY 1ST FEB - Dig Deep at The Soundhouse, Swingfield near Hawkinge. 9pm - 2am tax3.** Timo on the houso headlines with Oz and Liam providing warm up. Low key. Laid back. Chummy.

**THURSDAY 13TH FEBRUARY - 7th Heaven at The Works, Canterbury. 9pm - 2am. tax3.** 7th Heaven celebrates its third birthday! Who'd have thought it'd last so long? Expect all the usual tomfoolery and jolly japes as Oz and Timo play with each other for your delectation.

**THURSDAY 20TH FEBRUARY - Alien Nation at The Works, Canterbury. 9pm - 2am. tax3.**

Mark Sinclair guests for the Aliens.

**SATURDAY 22ND FEBRUARY - Good Omens at Lydd Watersports Centre, Lydd. 10pm - 6am. tax 5 for concs otherwise 7.**

Refurbished Lydd with even more space has a tVC house room complementing a techno room featuring Beamish, Janx and Zebedee. Also a chill out room playing ambient. First of new monthly night. Support it and watch it prosper.

**THURSDAY 27TH FEBRUARY - 7th Heaven at The Works, Canterbury. 9pm - 2am. tax3.**

Special guest Simon DK re-schedules his date from May last year. Expect a night of beautiful deep pleasures from the Nottingham meister as we welcome him to the collective bosom. Wa hey.

**SATURDAY 1ST MARCH - Dig Deep at The Soundhouse, Swingfield, Nr Hawkinge. 9pm - 2am. tax3** Oz headlines whilst Timo and Liam support. Expect smoke, smoke and more smoke.

*"You must each decide what your life will be. You must always know that a hand extended to your fellow man is a gesture of love. Love that asks nothing, expects nothing. It is simply there. And if love is in you, then gentle will be all your steps as you walk beyond this valley."*

Beyond The Valley of the Dolls