

HARDCORE HELL

This is CHA Grey Page Pin Up #1. CHA \$3 Out Soon. For Mail Outs Ring the CHA Yox Mail: 708-786-8654. Big Shouts to All Members, CHA Cru, All the Punters, Promoters, and Publishers. You Know Who You Are!

A Big Untasty GelCap™ or Something by Aaron Stigberg

I have tried to make it painfully apparent from my first contributions to CHA that I am an extremely sensitive person. More specifically, I pride myself on being that kind of nineties man who knows just how much responsibility to relinquish to a woman. For that matter, when it comes to women, I want somebody who won't easily be converted to my way of thinking. In fact, she'll often disagree. The ideal woman, in my book, is one who speaks up when her rights have been trampled upon—especially when I have failed to do so.

My ultimate failure happened New Year's Eve. Two suburban female friends of mine had offered to drive down to my home town of Champaign, Illinois (where I spend my Christmas and other breaks from the high-powered academic atmosphere which demands so much from me) to pick me up and take me back to Chicago. Never having turned down anything free in my life, I said, "Sure." The two arrived early, but I quickly threw on my clothes and we hopped in the car without a care but to get there. Before leaving the city of Champaign, however, my driver announced that she needed to fill up the gas tank. Being a gentleman, I got out of the car and went into the mini-mart as she paid for the gas. She asked if I wanted anything to drink (I had left my money in the car) and she got herself a Gatorade as I looked through my beverage options.

The man at the register seemed very friendly at first. He greeted my friend warmly as she entered with a "How's it going?" My friend responded with the customary "Fine. How are you?" Upon hearing this, the attendant roared "Can't wait till 4 o'clock!" Politely, "You get off work, huh?" "I'm going to go get drunk," he bellowed. Getting back to business, my friend said, "I'm paying for the gas, this drink, and him" (meaning what I was about to bring over). At this, the Amoco man laughed, "Oh, you don't have to pay for him. You've already got him."

My face got a little red. My friend was more composed, merely handing him the money and laughing innocuously. As we hurried out, all of us said, "Happy New Year", only the Amoco guy added, "Don't party too hard! And if you do, be safe!"

It took me only a split second to realize what he meant, and indignation rose up in me immediately. My friend didn't seem to be bothered at all, however, and just got into the driver's seat, looking comfortable. As we drove up to Kankakee and later to Chicago, I wondered why I didn't march back up to his register and yell, "Just because I'm a guy and she's a girl, do we have to be sleeping together? You jerk! Haven't you ever heard of platonic male/female relationships! Maybe that's one of the reasons you have to drown your sorrows in Milwaukee's Best, you cracker!" I was almost ashamed to hail from East Central Illinois.

Just so all of you out there know, I will return to that gas station one day a more mature, stronger individual who will be able to stare a less sensitive man down and tell him how he has offended a woman or a member of a racial or ethnic or sexual minority group. Until then, I regret that such people will have to fend for themselves, as weak as they may be to do so.



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No Past...

My first encounter with New York arose while my sister and I were slowly unpacking my piles of clothes and equipment into various corners of my new dorm room. With a feeling of exhaustion laying heavily on my road battered body, I was far from social. Well, that's right about when my roommate made his entrance.

"Hi!!," he exclaimed glowing with such energy that my sister couldn't help but give me a "what the fuck?" frown.

It is this kind of energy that is the topic of this little blurb....

He was quick to show off his vast collection of New York r've fliers, and all his r've gear, including a backpack that was covered with words like "moby" and "Techno". Needless to say, after that, I tried to shy away from the discussion of the heathen traditions of r've culture with my roommate, whenever possible.

That week, during the various freshmen orientation activities, it became obvious who the r'vers on campus were. Considering the fact that they traveled in a pack like an armored phalanx, it was hard to miss them. One day, while I was up in my room pounding away, alternating between the two 12's of C-tank's "Nightmares are Reality", I was greeted by a knock on my open door. Two kids, both with dyed red hair, baggy pants, and platforms stepped in. From seeing them around campus, my guess was that they were emissaries from the aforementioned posse. Both of them looked kinda put off and I quickly realized what it was, turning down the music. Now, coming from Chicago, my images of New York were that of relentlessly hard gabber and other such non-sense, from the likes of Lenny Dee and that mole Repete. With this in mind, I asked them why they were so put off my lone speedcore cuts. The boy named Amir responded that he was sick of hard, aggressive music, preferring house instead (I'd like to point out that I later found out that his favorite Dj is Jason Jinx, an 'ardcore junglist who is not to be reckoned with). This kind of response was something I had grown used, as Chicago had been going through a distinctly anti-gabber phase during the summer—however, New York's alternative turned out not to be a healthy dose of drums'n'bass, but the dreaded Progg instead!

As time went on, I began to develop a bit of a reputation around campus as a techno and house selector. This reputation proved larger than I thought, because while I was in Manhattan, pulling classics like "Powerhouse 3" and the like off the walls of Vinyl Mania, I was approached by Djs Scott Richmond and Mr. Kleen. Apparently they had heard me mention that I was from Chicago and wanted to know if I was the guy from Vassar they had heard so much about. Well, this little encounter initially led to a gig on campus with Scott and my later that night, my first night at Fusion, a club I'm now a resident at. Knowing that I was going to be playing house cuts on campus the next night, I figured that that Friday would be strictly technology. To my dismay, when Scott arrived with his crates, they were chock full of da unfunky stuff (sorry, we're trying to cut down on the occurrence of the "p" word in this respectable publication). As we began to tag-team, I realized Scott was surprised by my ability to blend. Now don't get me wrong, I think I'm good, but not so good that it would warrant the kind of accolades I was getting. Scott was a pretty good mixer, and it was evident that he felt confident in what he was doing, but it was August and he was playing "Deep Inside" for God's sake!! Realizing that the only record we had in common was "Doo Da Doo", I suggested that I leave for the

NEW YEARS EVE

New Years Eve saw the CHA crew split up at events across the midwest and even Canada. Here's a quick compilation of each event. Glad to hear everything went well. Hopefully our scene can build on this great start to a new year.

Chicago, Illinois.

Heaven and Hell was held at a cozy warehouse space on Diversey, the size of a 500 W. Cermak loft. Dr. Groo started off the New Year (sounds started at midnight) with some good 'ardcore. System was a bit quiet, but oh well. Highlights of the morning included Jamie Hodge playin' classics like Something For Your Mind and the original mix (not the B-96 version) of Pullover, that had at least one five foot ten raver looking confused but happy, and Phil from Free Art mixing Madonna with 2 Bad Mice seamlessly (!). Encouraging again to hear hardcore sounds warmly responded to. Props go out to CI and Pete for putting on an honest event that had real energy.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Paradise was packed with a few shy of 1500. The sound was thumping all night, pushed by the likes of Woody McBride, E-Tones, Merlin, Hyperactive, and others. If you didn't make it up to Minneapolis in 1993, you must make it your resolution to do so in 1994. With lots of enthusiastic ravers, this city will just continue to groove.

Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

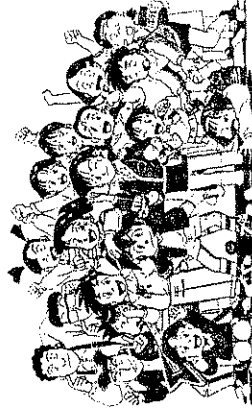
It is near impossible to put this New Years in words. The music was excellent, of course. The sound, visuals, everything the best I've ever seen. I expect nothing less from Toronto. But what made this party was the vibe. Yes, a vibe. It was nothing ever before experienced. Imagine 5000 people smiling and the positive energy that would create. If you threw your hands in the air the people around you would reach up and hold your hand. It was what every raver dreams about. Anything less is just not a rave.

'Ardcore Report...

Nuff tings-a-gwan in the UK hardcore scene. Due to the phenomenal success of Sub Plates volumes I and II, **Suburban Base** will continue with **Sub Plates volume III** in March. Expect to hear chewns from **E-Type**, **Sub Base** engineer extraordinaire, **DJ Rap**, who has parted ways with **Aston**, **D'Cruze**, and **MC Special A**, who you might remember from the old **Run Tings** single "Tribe Vibes". A bit of trivia about **MC Special A** and **Run Tings**: this duo is responsible for the rewind in the **Rewind** mix of "Gun Connection". It was **Run Tings** on the rewind with **Rachel Wallace's** "Pressure" and **Special A** calling it back and chatting. **Q Bass** got it on tape and sampled it for the toon. Ask JJ Jellybean for a copy of the show. **Sub Base** is adding more depth in their line-up, signing the number one DJ in England, none other than the man like **DJ Dextrous**. Watch for the wax 'cause yu know sey it be tuff. Two new record labels starting up to keep your crate packed - **Danny Breaks** (Sonz of a Loop Da Loop Era) has started his own record label, **Droppin' Science**. He'll use this label to release cuts that are not planned for a **Sub Base** **Sonz** release. And **U.S. Junglists** are about to be able to buy their first Domestic ardcore chewns that are worth something, thanks to the man like **AK 1200's** new label, **U.S. Rave On Wax**. The first release is slated to be a previously unavailable anywhere **Rachel Wallace** cut. Releases to follow will be a cut by **Run Tings** and one from the **AK** himself along with **Q Bass**. **Speaking of Q Bass** and **AK**, grab that "Gun Connection" 12" again and look for the shout to **AK** etched on the outside ring of wax. **Big It Up!**

- Chewns That Matter...** **AK 1200's** top 12"s
1. D'Cruze. "Watch Out" (*Suburban Base promo*)
 2. Droppin' Science **Volume I** (*Droppin' Science test press*)
 3. Noise of Art. Breaks and Andy mix (*Suburban Base*)
 4. DJ Crystal. "Warp Drive" (*DeeJay Records*)
 5. Tayla. "Bang the Drum" (*Good Lookin'*)
 6. DJ Psycho. ? (*Candidate test press*)
 7. M-Beat. "Style" (*Rank Records*)
 8. Desired States. "Give Me My Gun" (*Labello Blanco*)
 9. DJ Dextrous. "Lovable" (*King of the Jungle promo*)
 10. Dance Master. "Don't You Feel It" (*Grand Larceny 10"*)
 11. Acro. "Super Pod" (*Force 10 Records*)
 12. X Amount Cru. "Victory" white label

NOPE CARRY ON UP
THE JUNGLISTM!
CHA... MAD MAD CRU!



Fusion, leaving him to please the small crowd that had wandered in from the main dance floor (it was officially "Early-Eighties Night" on campus.... gag me with a monophonic synthesizer!!!). When I got there, I was pleasantly surprised. Mr. Kleen was up in the booth, spinning some good to mediocre trance. They're weren't that many people there, but the place was fun! Well, I spun my set and managed to almost completely clear the dance floor. Granted, I played X-103 and First Flower, but the kids were looking at me as if I was some sort of space alien. The kids who came up to me kept telling me how weird my set was. For crying out loud, I open with "I've Lost Control" and I got nothing but comments about how hard the first song was! Do kids know no history? Does this scene have a past?

Unfortunately, no. As I went to more and more events, and continued to work Fusion, it really began to trouble me how little foundation the scene rested upon. Scott Richmond is one of the largest promoters and DJs in New York, and he only started spinning about a year and a half ago! Because the kids in the scene depend on him to supply a background or history to the music., he is hardly qualified Sadly enough, *Edge #1* is about a far back as this New York heritage goes. Now mind you, Adam X and his girlfriend Heather know their roots, but their knowledge is certainly not well proliferated. It is because of this lack of music identity, that New York has blundered into its present state. Without gems like "Strings of Life", "Space, Time, Transmat", or "Something For Your Mind" to compare Gabber to, they see no alternatives but prog house and prog trance. The hopeless r'vers of New York do their silly, unrhythmic dances (something so bad, that it cannot be described) to the lu-nrg, excuse me, I mean prog cut of the month.

They associate with European shlock house, because it too has no reference to any sort of past. The big craze is the prog house return to disco, but all I can help but think of is the fact that those pale creatures overseas don't know what the fuck "Love Is The Message" is. They have never experienced the low, but driving energy of "Celebrate Life" or "1,000 Finger Man", songs that can only be heard in places like to the Loft nowadays. All they know is the frenetic energy of Techno, and before that, Hi-nrg. They associate musical busyness with energy, and still can't get down the Bpms, as evidenced by those 134 Bpm "house" tracks I've been hearing as of late. In the immortal words of Daniel Bell, prog has lots and lots of things going on that have absolutely nothing to do with each other! That slowed down, played out break doesn't have jack shit to do with those swung hi-hats, or those stupid congas. Just because it sounds like it was recorded at an intersection doesn't mean it's got energy. I get constant complaints from Scott and others, that my Carl Craig and Aphex Twin records don't have enough energy. **Mannnnn Fuk Dat!** My hyperactive roommate and the rest of the New York r've brats can suck my dick, because Technology is about a non-organic world, that steps into the future, with new sounds and textures, while still retaining its soul. It is not something that imitates live music, nor should it be trying to share musical space with cheesy disco..... Yet another dis' straight from the Authority. Fuck New York!

— Jamie Milan Hodge

MEDIATOR -JJ Jellybean

You would think that the media would have lost interest in rave stories by now, but in the past couple of months raving has been in and out of the news in Chicago. First came local news coverage on channels 5 and 7 on nitrous tank theft. Channel 32 (Fox) followed with an "exposé" on drug use among club kids and "ravers" on their Good Day Chicago program. After a call to Hot Jams, Fox got themselves two experts—CHA's very own DJ Hyperactive and Phantom 45. These two troopers got themselves up at six in the morning to be down at Rush-Presbyterian Hospital's emergency room for the interview. I guess Fox was hoping to catch some kid coming in on a GHB induced coma from the night before. Anyway, they had our two homies plus a kid named Zhora and a doctor. Now if you were to suspect anyone here was on drugs your money would be on the doctor 'cause this man could not stop fidgeting to save his life. And although Fox wanted to get the next River Phoenix story out of it, their man couldn't go any where with it. However, it was worth getting up early just for the nutty professor and Hypa's himing at Phantom's trip. Ask Brian to see it at Hot Jams.

Syndicated programs also jumped back onto the bandwagon following the River Phoenix scare. The one I caught was "Dark Justice". I normally don't watch programs about vigilante judges who ride Harleys, but it was two in the morning and the show's title sounds like a darkness remix of Urban Shakedown's classic 'ardcore chewn, so what else was I to do. And how ironic that the show be called Dark Justice because this episode happened to be about a dealer who "works the rave parties" selling "blue lightning", an instantly addictive contact drug. To make a boring show short, they can't bust the dealer because blue lightning's addictive substance is unknown since it's a designer drug manufactured by a mad biochemist so the judge has to let him off but then poses as another dealer who wants to form a partnership with him and instead pours a gallon of the blue lightning on the chemist so he goes crazy and runs outside right in front of a semi truck and gets squashed. Good stuff.

Now while the Fox "news" program was more a farce than anything, the Dark Justice show got me somewhat upset. It was obvious that the director of this show had no clue (does anyone in LA?), but if you are going to produce a television program about something that concerns my life, please get your facts straight. Even the "rave" was wack; it took place in a high school gym. At least get it in a roller rink, right Kurt? (HaHa, jus kiddin). But how can we get the establishment to understand what it's really about? A ruffneck B-Line just doesn't make any sense to them. Certainly there are kids out there who don't help by going on the news and saying, "Oh yeah, you can get all kinds of drugs at rave parties, they have nitrous balloons, pot, acid, everything", as a girl from Lombard said on channel 7 Eyewitness News. Well, drugs are a so-called "problem" everywhere, not solely at "rave parties". Hell, this girl didn't know what it's about, either, because you never hear a raver say, "I'm going to a rave PARTY". When will people realize that we are above and beyond spending a Saturday night slouched against the wall with a balloon in hand? It's music and dancing with a vision as a way of life. I don't have the answers but I'm hoping to raise some dialogue so maybe we can find them. It's 1994. Let me dance in peace.