

B.EAST

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Gutterslut Work a corner with your thumb out, faggot.

Words MATTHEW MILES — Photographs Lottyloo Does

B.East does triple six with Ilona International – a totes maje party vamp picked from the floor at Gutterslut. What's that? It's the East End disco riding a wave of trash so far, far away from London's clones and VIP zones.

Jump on a pumping dance-floor and pick a freak – it's not hard at Gutterslut, the monthly East End party that lost control in 2008 and doesn't want it back. Just point a finger and take a spin on the wheel of fortune: flashing in lasers, a hero-tranny with a wig of bum-bags. Whirl. A New York Korean girl in a thigh-high boots plus riding crop who says this is the energy Mayor G killed. Roll. Three tattoo-strafed *Madrilenos* with hair from Jesus and the dance moves in Vogue. Stop. A pair of Bethnal boys commanding all who come close to copy their backwards batty-grind.

These Gay Mafia Beasts, they're centre of the world – technopartyhard bass-lines that wind up the floor; spit it at the walls. It's got a man from the board of an international bank dancing in devil drag with a skin-teen from down the road. It's called collision culture, and everyone's here to shift it – on stages, chairs, poles –nobody giving a fuck how long it took to put together your outfit,

even if half the crowd were made for magazines.

Sexuality, spirits, man-made fabrics in all the wrong places – it's the explosive reaction that might kick its way into your cubicle but be too damn friendly to do long-term damage. Anyway, point your finger, spin, pick a freak: we got the hot girl in the military cap holding a collection tin. Her names Ilona International and this is her triple six...

What the fuck?!

Me? I'm a DJ, gone from playing psychedelic trance to mostly funky tech-house. Stuff with melody that swings and lots of drum loops and, oh, disco, eighties, early house like S-Express. I've just remixed The Dandy Warhols 'Horse Pills' and I'm also dancer in drag-titan Jonny Woo's dance troupe Tartrazine Dream.

Woah, such work ethic! How come you got sucked into the Gutterslut whirl of vice?

My good friend Shaun O'Connor



(Prickimage) does the visuals and wearable projectors for GutterSlut and is the guilty party. I'm gratefully indebted. We all reluctantly leave when it's the final bell... 'One more!' Ha ha ha... But I gladly stay all, um, sucked in. The crowd GutterSlut pulls isn't exactly your average Joe Shmo, if you catch my drift. I mean, the name - genius. It certainly holds no punches, does it? 'Dear mom and dad, I'm off to GutterSlut, Love, Timmy.' Lock up your children, folks... lock 'em up! I usually jump on the bar at some point after a good dance-floor seeing to. And there's no question of no after party once that lot winds you up. It's one of the best less-than-salubrious corners.

Give me six reasons why GutterSlut is different...

They've never kicked me out. The house Gimp does what I tell him to. I sometimes get randomly kissed, which is cool. They show the cartoon Jiz! on repeat. The general feeling of need for release. It has the most glitter on the floor at the end.

Do you have a need to be flamboyant or are you secretly super-shy inside?

The quiet ones are the ones you have to look out for right? I'm not that quiet, ha ha ha! It's not something I try to do, but it just ends up that I buy lots of fabulously sparkly crap. My grandma was the same. I have an innate need to dress up all the time. It makes me feel good. It's great to have friends that not only generally have similar penchants but are so fabulous I actually prefer them out of drag. So when we all get dressed up it's an absolute riot that some of us may or may not remember, ha ha ha. A bunch of fine, upstanding young men and women to roll round with on a Saturday night.

Lady Gaga or Grace Jones?

Grace Jones is so hot. Loved her in Conan the Destroyer - one of the first films I remember watching. Saw her last year at the Roundhouse and shared the same stage as her at the Lovebox Festival in London with

Tartrazine Dream. Totally stoked! But you know, Gaga's cool. She's got her time and place for sure. My friend Alex Noble has designed a few pieces of wardrobe for her that so rock. She's really banded around her great artists, and all the related imagery you have to love.

Give us six more East End o'London must-hit hot-spots...

Dalston Superstore and Vogue Fabrics (Er, that's two but whatever). I Love Gay Bingo. The Trailer Trash parties plus Disco Bloodbath (rules?). Pale Blue Door. Sink The Pink. Wet Yourself @ Fabric.

What's the East End got that the world don't?

The Sex Bars. Ha ha ha... No. The parties really are second to none round here aren't they? It's the most happening part of London, scene-wise. Years ago I was squatting a house round Queensbridge Road and I've seen the East End change drastically.

I wouldn't really want to live anywhere else... Buckingham Palace perhaps. No, I'd be too isolated. I always see a familiar face here so the sense of community is strong. Oh, and it's got great wig shops.

Six ways to turn a party into an all-out slut-fest, please!

- Jonny Woo
- John Sizzle
- Ma Butcher
- Master David
- A Man To Pet
- James Jeanette

Check up on monthly GutterSlut parties and Gutter news: www.myspace.com/gutterslutuk