



FEELING REJEKTED...

Simon A. Morrison continues his dot-to-dot dancefloor mission by travelling to Slovenia with The Rejekts.

The airport Tannoy crackles into action. "The flight to Ljubljana is about to depart from Gate 5. Would all Rejekts please cheg in."

DJmag puts down its second morning pint, imbibed at Luton Airport's somewhat plastic pub, and turns cautiously to the person next to us. "Did that announcer just say 'cheg' in?" "Yeah, as in Cheggers. That was no announcer... that was Jack." Sure enough, on closer inspection, it transpires Jack, aka Iain Taylor — DJ, producer, promoter, miscreant, Rejekt and thoroughly decent chap — has hi-jacked the airport's Tannoy to call The Rejekts to some semblance of order. It's a tough call. There are some 20-odd of these Mancunian clubbing compadres and it's akin to controlling a nursery full of toddlers on Ritalin. Chaos reins.

We are flying Wizz Air, which sends everyone into further paroxysms of giggling. DJmag is usually privileged enough to be upgraded to Gak Air but fuck it, these are lean times and one takes one's pleasures wherever they're offered.

The party starts on the runway. The fellow next to me — sporting two-stubble and a deer stalker hat — presses the call button and orders two bottles wine, two vodka cokes and three beers then removes the life jacket from under his seat and conceals it within his coat with a knowing wink. Jumping Jehoshaphats, what madness is this? Slovenia cannot conceive of what is about to hit it.

Slovenia is a small but perfectly formed country to the North of the former Yugoslavia; or, as they prefer to see it, the south of Austria. It was the first country to break away from Belgrade in 1991 that was still early enough to avoid the raw ugliness of the rip when



into the cliffs themselves, down into the Postojnska Jama caves ...

These disco adventures have led to some strange encounters, yes sir. Out there on far-flung dancefloors a man can come into contact with some exotic creatures... sometimes they even make you breakfast in the morning. But never has DJmag come face-to-face with a human fish! To be fair, we are miles inside the very bowels of the earth but still, these Gollum-esque creatures have human-coloured flesh, arms and legs and live up to 80 years.

Elsewhere in these gorgeous, grotesque caves The Rejekts consume magic potions and do their own bit of K-holing into the cerebral underworld. Their chosen poison is what, in the North, they call Keith Chegwin — after the first letter of his first name — or “Cheggers”, if we’re getting up close and personal.

This is the glue that binds The Rejekts. Spending a few days amongst them gives a unique insight into their world — their hierarchies, belief structures and soundtrack, the elevated subset of the Nimrods and, of course, the God to which they keenly prostrate their proboscis, Keith Chegwin.

Their dedication knows no bounds. Back up in the human world we return to the hostile hostel and, avoiding having our ankles broken, prepare for the evening. One of The Rejekts, himself a Nimrod, shows me the jacket he will wear for the evening. It’s blouson-style, with the words “Keith Chegwin” etched across the back in fluorescent buttons. This is not in honour of Cheggers... this is one of Keith’s own jackets from his days on Cheggers Plays Pop.

This Rejekt befriended Cheggers through Myspace, won the jacket in a competition, and met him, no doubt as he cut the ribbon at a new branch of Aldi. Of course, some might call that stalking, but for The Rejekts it’s more a case of showing due deference to their deity.

Once quorate, The Rejekts head into the fray, to a club called K4. The club is two adjacent rooms, simple in construction



and similar in size, with a bar area like an airlock in the middle. A Manchester DJ, John McCabe, sets up in one room with a local DJ Tadi Touch, Iain is in the other and DJmag sits down with the co-promoter, Mitja Loco.

“We always loved the UK DJs and UK music,” he explains, “so we started inviting DJs from the UK over. The response was great — everyone was waiting for something new to come.”

Guys like Chad Jackson, Atomic Hooligan and tonight, Riton, have been over and, in a game of disco swapsies, Mitja has been to Manchester, to spin at the warehouse parties Iain hosts for The Rejekts.

“The Slovenian club scene is really cool,” Mitja continues. “Slovenian people live for parties. Hardly anybody waits for the weekend to arrive. Wine and beer are terrific. Women are beautiful...”

The club slowly fills with funky Slovenians, with The Rejekts occupying the stage area in front of the decks where Iain spins. Like fairground bumper cars we bump one another through the night, as the music pulses and the smiles turn electric.

It’s a stripped-down, low-slung, ill-lit affair. Usually is, this world we live in. Clubland. Don’t kid yourself, friend — by definition, if you live out your life in discos it means you... like me... all of us, have been necessarily ejected from polite society. Discos are the only places that will have us now. We are all Rejekts. ★



TRAVEL TIPS

SLOVENIA

GETTING THERE

Try Wizz air at www.Wizzair.com. They’re very speedy. Rumour has it they may be cutting the Luton – Ljubljana flight, but there are also rumours Ryan Air may start handling that route.

SLEEPING

The BIT Center Hotel is at Litjiska c. 57, Ljubljana 1000. Tel: +386 1548 0055; email: hotel@bit-center.net or check them out at www.bit-center.net. For other options, try www.slovenia-guide.com.

BOOZE & GRUB

Aside from the bars along the river, we drank at a groovy place called Saloon, which was like climbing inside a glitter ball, and Galleria, a Moorish-influenced bar with art exhibitions. The local tippie is Zlatorog beer, which comes in green or red bottles. Go for the green one. Slovenian for beer is Pivo. There’s also Lasko Pivo and Union.

TO DO

First off, you need a guide. Look no further than these guys — they are the best at anything to do with adventure and Slovenia. See www.adrenaline-check.com.

The Predjam Castle is at Jamska cesta 30, SI-6320, Postojna (Tel: +386 5751 6015; www.turizem-kras.si). Such is the beauty of the castle they are filming scenes there for an upcoming Narnia film. The Postojnska Jama Caves are at Jamska cesta 30, SI-6230, Postojna (Tel: +386/5/700 01 00; www.postojnska-jama.si).

FISHY

See if you can lay your hands on some Moceradovec. This legendary drug is acquired by getting one of the rare black human fishes angry, turning it upside down (they hate that) and getting the juice of its venom to drop down into a schnapps glass. Gets you right off your tits, apparently.

GET REJEKTED

Aside from the warehouse parties in Manchester and parties across Europe, The Rejekt’s record label will start releasing Chegwin-inspired music in May. Contact them, if you dare, at www.myspace.com/rejekts or www.wearetherejekts.co.uk. On the Slovenian side, contact Mitja Loco at myspace.com/locototalfusion and Tadi Touch at www.myspace.com/taditouch

Croatia and Bosnia tore themselves away. Their war lasted one week — Milosovic seemingly giving up with a shrug.

As there are so many of us, certain hotels in the capital city Ljubljana won’t take us, especially when they hear the words “dance” and “music” liberally linked together. Instead, we are in the BIT Centre, a strange hybrid of gym and borstal. DJmag recently saw the film Hostel. At night the place is full of strange noises... Rejekts begin to disappear. DJmag is frightened.

Moods lift however when, en masse, we head into town for food and hi-jinks. Following a recommendation we find a restaurant called As — pronounced Ass — linguistic good fortune that enables you to turn to the person opposite and inquire, “So, do you like it in the As?” Despite such gutter-level hilarity and the cold outside, the Slovenian red wine and good company keeps us warm, as well as the food. Slovenian menus can contain boiled mice and horseburgers. DJmag plumps for a medallion of stallion.

Slovenia has plenty to occupy the day. Ljubljana itself is a pretty city and easy to navigate. Head for the triple bridge that traverses the Ljubljanica river. In the square is the main church and a statue of France Prešeren — a poet and legendary lush, who even penned the national anthem to wine.

The country is 70% forest and very much geared to outdoor activity — rock climbing, mountain biking, snowboarding, hiking — all anathema to slovenly folk who live in a pit of booze and ill health. Slovenians speak four languages and look as impossibly healthy as the scenery. However, the aphorism “When in Rome...” seems apposite, so we saddle up for the day and ride out into the hills. First stop is the Predjamski Grad Castle, a fairytale construction hidden beneath limestone cliffs; then we head