

was the start of the dirty electro times, before dirty electro was a dirty word. Living the dream, for years and years and years - just loving it. There was the time I ended up in hospital with dehydration after a three-day bender, I think it was after Hybrid and Steve Lawler at Family. There was the going away party before I went overseas when John oo Fleming played - I can't remember any of that. The night I found a tube of mystery powder at Sasha and Digweed at Family, scooped a chunk out of it with my credit card at a kick-on, swallowed it and fell over myself trying to walk down a hallway. There's been some massive nights. Millions. I left Brisbane in June 2008, travelled through South-East Asia for a couple of months and then landed in London, worked in a shitty job but it got too cold and expensive so I fucked off London and moved to Manchester. I got a less shitty job and traveled round and just did the Midlands thing hanging out with the filthy northerners, trashin' it up in Leeds, Liverpool and the rest. From then I got a job up in Scotland and worked up there for four months just saving, then went for my epic

East European adventure, starting off in Hungary for a few days and then going down for the Exit Fest in Serbia. Smashed the living daylights out of it there for the ten year anniversary – I saw Richie Hawtin and Dubfire back to back, Sasha and Digweed, Nic Fanciulli and James Zabiela, Carl Cox and

 $did\ the\ whole\ candy\ raver\ thing.\ Anything\ and\ everything\ -\ got\ into\ my\ prog\ breaks\ and\ was\ living$ upstairs at the Empire Hotel (I think 17 weekends in a row was my record), went to Monastery a bit and was working at Family for a while and knew half The Valley in Brisbane. The height of my fame

in Brisbane in November 2002 – that was the moment where I was like "well, that's me sold for the next five years". Being from Mullumbimby everyone thought I'd be a doofing kid, but I got into my prog and my breaks, then got into my hard trance and

This is a whole different story, but I swapped two pills for a lift the street to get to the airport through Croatia from a girl who I ended up getting engaged to a to fly to Ibiza. Then I was with week and a half later. For four months. That story's as good as, if a smashing hot babe on the not better than, the Ibiza story. I'm fucking serious. flight over there who ended up sleeping on my lap the whole We went back to the UK in August 2009 and things didn't go as way over and I was thinking it they should. The quick engagement ended and I started working was game on. in a pub in East Shoreditch, living above the pub with 11 people which was awesome. I went over to one of my mates' house and As far as I'm concerned, if got on it one night, and her flatmate had spent a couple of seasons anyone was going to do Ibiza in Ibiza as an illegal taxi driver around five or six years before. She out of the crew of ravers I had convinced me to go and we booked it on her iPhone on the spot. So in Brisbane, it was going to be

pay my first month's rent. And I knew no one. I had a huge going away party the night before, and on probably the hottest day in London for two years I was carrying everything I owned down

there was no pre-planning. I'd just got into this relationship with

this really fit Irish actress and London was going pretty well but I

just got hammered and booked it and woke up the next morning

and I had three weeks before I had to leave. And that was it - one

I got on an Ibiza Facebook group and met up with some random people who had a room available so I gave them some cash to

way ticket in hand. And no money.

Horrible.

I moved in with two girls, a

guy from Cardiff and another

guy from Ireland. We were

living in a block of mini villas,

worker's accommodation kind

of like a townhouse but smaller

and we were sharing rooms,

about 10-15 minutes' walk

from the centre of the West

I quickly realised that every-

End where I was working.

That was good. Real good.

Green Velvet, Arctic Monkeys, Moby, Prodigy, the list goes on.

there, but the idea I had was this nice, chilled out, awesome, hippy love-fest vibe of living on this serene love-trance island of amazingness with all the best DJs and everything in the world and it being this amazing paradise.

me. I'd had the idea, and I'd

heard about doing a season

I landed in Ibiza on May 17, 2010 with €150 to my name. After a few days in a shitty hostel, I met up with the girl who I was going to be moving in with and then got told I'd be sharing my room with a 20-yearold blonde from Manchester with massive fake cannons. I bought some pingers, went to El Paradis, spent €100 the first night I was there and started struggling

from day one. Shed a little tear 'cause I was there and I'd finally made it and I'd reached the peak of clubbing existence. Living in

The bottom half of the island is basically broken up into South, East and North-west as the opposing sides. East is where Ibiza Town and Bora Bora Beach are which is the nice, classy side of the islands, all high rises and big hotels. And then you've got the other side of the island which is San

Ibiza.

Antonio, where Mambos and Café Del Mar are, with the filthy, tragic, desperate, Brits abroad wallto-wall crappy bars, Irish pubs, Scottish pubs - the West End of San Antonio. Sin City. The Strip.

> body else who'd come over for a holiday or to work had brought a lot of money with them and I had none. So I had to start working and after multiple interviews got a job for a team selling tickets for all the big nights like Tiësto, Swedish House Mafia, David Guetta doing Fuck Me I'm Famous with an €87 entry fee, Armin van Buuren, Cocoon, everything. But you're only making two euro for every ticket that you sell - and little did I know that the ticket selling company that I worked for were set up across the road from the biggest ticket seller in the whole of San Antonio, who undercut our prices. And because of the international financial crisis, it was

the start of the slowest season that Ibiza had ever had.

I spent the week before I got the job meeting up with randoms and getting bang on it – before everyone started working fulltime it was just one massive party. I was going out with cunts who I didn't know who were taking me out and getting me loaded – honestly you could buy a beer for €1, a bottle of vodka at the cheapest shop in town for €3.88, amazing pills for €5, a G of K for 15, charlie for 35. So I was getting involved, learning the ropes. My first big night out was DC-10 when I had no money, we went out and crushed that. And went to Ushuaia and saw Luciano and the Cadenza boys.

I started off with the ticket selling, made no money and I was desperate - filthy, filthy desperate by this stage. I was doing ticket sales from four in the afternoon, door-knocking people's apartments when there was nobody on the island apart from workers, trying to sell tickets, making ϵ_2 each while there were heaps of other ticket sellers. Then at night, I started working for a 400 capacity club called The Vodka Bar doing PRing as well, so I was working from four in the afternoon until four in the morning and then going out after work and getting crushed until midday. Working seven nights a week and getting on it about five, drinking half a bottle of vodka a day or more at work and not

I used to stand on the street corner at the bottom end of San Antonio selling tickets, that's how

a lot of people got to know me - Aussie Max, 'cause there weren't many Aussies there. There was a stormwater grate there which I actually opened up with a pocket knife one day and managed to pull €3 out of. This was at the lowest of the low, when for a whole week for food I'd buy three bagels and a packet of the world's cheapest salami and dirty, dirty cheese for about €4 and live off it for a week. Fuck those people who are living off \$2 a day for a month - I was doing it in Ibiza, just with free drugs.

even realising because of all the other shit I was on. Fuckin' hectic.

Three dirty, chavvy Brits walked past and €10 dropped out of And this was after I'd had one of the guys' pockets. I was standing with all my mates and my darkest hour, my mental talking and I pretty much leapt across the road and stood on the fallout. This was after working 12 hours a day and partying €10 note so that he couldn't see that he dropped it. I think it was the quickest I'd ever moved. Talk about desperate times - in this with no money and thinking day and age if somebody dropped \$10 out of their pocket I'd give it wasn't for me. It got to the point where I was working so it back to them because I'm not filthy skint. I can remember going much and I was partying all to a place and sitting down and ordering a burger and ordering a the time and I didn't have any beer, and it was probably the finest moment I'd had in a month. I mates I really knew, I was living got to eat food and drink a beer in an actual café instead of having with these guys and they were to scab it off people. Fun times. quite cool and I was getting We had a team of ticket selling people and I became really good to know them, but everybody mates with my manager - but he was a K-head and it didn't really was either going up or coming work out for him and he fucked all the books up, so I got made down so you never really get manager of the ticket selling team. I thought this was awesome,

My darkest hour? I'd just finished work and it was six in the morning and we were all getting on it and I was walking by the pool – and it's like 34 degrees at six in the morning and it was fucking $disgusting\ and\ none\ of\ us\ had\ air\ conditioning,\ or\ fans\ for\ that\ matter.\ And\ I\ walked\ beside\ the\ pool$ fully clothed, I'd just got back from work and the girl I was seeing pushed me in the pool with my phone which had all my contacts from all over Europe in it and my wallet and a bag of charlie and I

it. I just snapped.

just fucking awful.

real princesses and by the end

of it they'd be slamming half

Gs of K in one hit and giving

made out of little mountains of K.

fulltime for a month and he paid me my wage.

then realised that he hadn't input half the fucking tickets, so I

had to sit down with the big boss in the party capital of the world

for a whole week and log 15,000 different club tickets from all

different types of clubs in Excel which was just fucking mayhem.

By the time that happened I'd probably been there about three

or four weeks and had people working underneath me and still

had absolutely no money, picked up a girl who I was shagging,

went to Cocoon which was my first big one seeing Richie Hawtin

absolutely tear the living shit out of Cocoon which was one of

my best nights on the island. But I had to borrow money to go to

After we logged these 15,000 tickets my big boss said he was

going to shut it down because it had all gone a bit pear-shaped,

but then he offered me a job managing a fancy little evening bar

designed by the same guys who did Es Paradis which got bought

really cheaply because it was in a shitty part of town. I was just

managing that, with two girls working for me and absolutely no

clientele, getting spastically drunk every night there and then

going out afterwards. Because it was the slowest season ever

there'd be nights where we'd get literally two customers. There

were places that were dying that had absolutely no business, there

It was mid-July by this point. I'd gone through the massive broke time and I was actually starting to get a bit of money.

were places going out of business left, right and centre.

Cocoon - I had to borrow money for everything.

just burst into tears. I ran home which was about 40 metres away, ran into my apartment and bawled like a little girl for an hour. I'm not an emotionally unstable type of person but I cried, bawled my heart out non-stop with tears streaming down my face. It was awful - my flatmates freaking out thinking somebody had died or something. Too much work, too much play, not enough sleep, not enough money, not enough good friends, so much instability which is something that I pride myself on being able to deal with and it all came crashing down around me. I just couldn't fucking handle

to know anyone. Everybody

who goes out there with their

friends still has their friends,

but everybody's either flying

off their nuts in the middle of

a three day bender or coming

down like a brick shithouse.

I started getting it on with

this girl who started working

for me and then she was

living around the corner and

started becoming mates with all my mates. So I was kind of

hooking up with her but not

- I was getting treated like

a little bitch, getting owned

pretty much for the first time

ever in a relationship, she was

just doing me in. She wasn't

even someone that I'd usually

run after, but I just needed

something to cling to. Because

it was all just spiralling out of

control, all the drug abuse and everything was becoming a bit

too much.

I worked in this little bar for about three weeks and they were so well-stocked – absinthe, Jäger, $six\ different\ types\ of\ really\ good\ Scotch.\ But\ there\ was\ pretty\ much\ nobody\ getting\ their\ arse\ over\ so\ nobody\ getting\ their\ nobody\ getting\ their\ arse\ over\ so\ nobody\ getting\ their\ nobody\ getting\ nobody\ nobody\ getting\ nobody\ n$ the boss just said sell off whatever you can, shut that down and I got €1000 because I'd been working What I should have done is taken it and gone backpacking through Spain and Portugal. But because it was the first time I'd had any real money in two months and was just desperate I blew the whole lot. I went and saw Faithless, went to Space for the first time for Danny Howells and Leigh Burridge back to back and Joris Voorn and Simian Mobile Disco, another night at Space saw Fatboy Slim, Salt-N-Pepa and Rusko on the same line-up. Went to a heap of parties and just lived the life, so that €1000 lasted me about two weeks even though I knew deep down inside that I was fucking struggling. The way I talk about it now it sounds all frolicky and lovely but most of the time it was

Some people were having the times of their lives. They were 21, overseas for the first time, living in Ibiza and it was probably the best thing that had ever happened to them. But they weren't old enough and wise enough and there weren't enough older people there to look after them, to let them know that they were doing themselves serious fucking damage. I'd get random young'uns coming up to me saying "Max, I fainted last night, I feel like shit" and I was like, "what are you eating?" These are like chavvy northerners whose idea of a healthy meal is something with tomato sauce on it. The island's rinsed opportunity, there's so many people lap dances for €5 a go; these fresh-faced youngsters who clubs and everybody's just have never touched drugs before and they're just in Ibiza to get pissed and have a good time, and by the end of it they're selling trying to make a fucking buck. I've seen people who work there you rocks of coke and they've got ridiculously good tans but they steal food, clothes, everything weigh about six kilos - really fucked up. All throughout the season just to get by, anybody who's you get people who leave because they run out of money or can't out there for a decent amount hack it or just burn out, they party so hard that they just crumble of time loses their morals. I met into a ball and have to scream to Mummy and go home. Which in theory I should have done, but I just wanted to say that I'd done the nicest, sweetest girls at the start of the season who were it the whole way through. There were some pretty tragic victims

of fucked up stories.

When I went to Ibiza I'd had K about five or six times ever - by the time I left I'd probably had it 106. K was the workers' drug of choice because you can keep topped up on it and semi be in Disneyland and keep on working through – we went food shopping on it because we couldn't do the 750m walk without some incentive and spent 45 minutes in the dairy aisle. At the peak of the season, out of the 14 mini-villas in our apartment complex, nine out of the 14 were dealers – and most of them dealing K. You'd get these guys by the end of the season, these really thin people moreso with blue eyes - I don't know if the K affected their eyes more - they'd have conversations with you where they'd speak really slowly like a stoner but much more in a daydream. And that's The Thousand Mile Stare - they'd kind of look right through you like they were constantly looking at a horizon that was

I booked my ticket home for the day before the last closing party. For the last month I was actually back managing The Vodka Bar – we had such illustrious names as Sash! play there – and in between this I had a little stint selling pingers and of course I had my two week stint when I was selling nos, bulbs and ballons to clubbers for €5 a pop and getting €1 out of that. I worked there a bit as bartender, but when there was no work and one of the Gas Girls wasn't there that was my life - I'd walk around the club selling nos bulbs and getting pissed and just fuck out. The PR guys who were

out there - some of the nicest people you'd meet had been in a

Spanish jail for possession, had the Mafia after them and all types

trying to get people in were selling drugs through the club as well so that made it all very interesting. I remember one guy bringing in some K one night and none of us realising how strong it was, I had to give my keys to the security guard and I walked up behind one of the bar girls and she had three cups upside down on the bar and was pouring the vodka on the tops of the cups. By that time I was done. Everything was getting to me. I was starting to go home early and try to go to bed before people came home and M-Kat rape me, sticking a key of it under your nose while you're asleep so you're breathing it in. The K was huge, but the Meow Meow was everywhere. 15 bucks a gram - fuck, I've seen really professional DJs come over from the UK and do four grams in four hours. Horrible. In amongst all this there were so many ridiculous gigs: Faithless, Prodigy, Leftfield, Hawtin, Omid 16b, Fanciulli, all the biggest drum'n'bass and dubstep DJs. I had free entry to Eden nightclub which had Pete Tong's Wonderland, Judgement Sundays which was Judge Jules' night, Mondo Loco which was like a psy night, then Wednesday was Reclaim The Dancefloor which had Tiga, Kavinsky, Switch, Major Lazer, Switch, Nero, Caspa, Rusko, Chase & Status, everyone. Everyone. But I was doing it five nights a week and it was just boring sometimes. I used to crave sitting at home watching a movie. I think this happened twice. $I\,think\,I\,left\,on\,the\,{\rm 18^{th}}\,or\,{\rm 19^{th}}\,of\,September.\,\,By\,the\,end\,of\,all\,of\,it\,I\,was\,like\,"fuck\,your\,drugs,\,fuck\,graph and the contraction of the contract$ your dance music, you can have your clubs, you can have your pretty little fucking island and you can

all fuck off". I couldn't wait to get back to my nice little pub in London and go to sleep on the floor.

I got home and I could still hold a conversation which everyone

All my mates were really quite shocked. Before I hit Ibiza I had a number of good mates actually take me aside and sit me down and tell me how worried they were about me, and rightfully so after I

it was a big relief. While I was there looking at the youngsters jumping up and down going nuts saying "this is the best night ever!", even though I was there in my element I was like "I've done this". And I'm just not

was really happy about. I had a nice tan and I put on about six kilos in a week – I only weigh about 65 kilos, so six kilos off that is a pretty big deal.

realised how ridiculous it was - it was so debauched I wasn't really ready to handle it. In saying that I didn't give it the best chance, I was working in the middle of skanky British dirty trashbag zone and four months is too much for a mere mortal. If I was 23 and I was there I would have smashed the fuck out

Ibiza owned me, and once you do it non-stop for eight years it's time to do something else of it and I would have done it so well. But being 27 and kind of and smash the fuck out of that

21 anymore. I love raving and I

love clubbing and I love going

out and I love dance music but