

TANGENTOPOLI

dEEp. Friday 5 Nov.. Light-free zone. Our one and only light, a £20 mini strobe (someone sat on the U.V.), was left at HQ. Our brand new headphones (second pair in 3 weeks) left at HQ. (Thanks to Sean for bringing his down). Our joss-sticks left at HQ. On top of all this, we had the bad news that Andy 'Flower' Hardy, was unceremoniously sacked by the management of the Penny at the beginning of the week. Reasons unknown. Financial? Who knows? nobody is saying. A subdued atmosphere prevailed at first, numbers were down (boycott? Who knows?) Although Andy is our friend, after much soul-searching, we've decided to carry on at the Penny. We need somewhere to play our music reguarly, and the Penny is the best we've got. 2 car - loads came over from Sandwich and proceeded to dance and grin manically Mark S down from Southampton to dis the barstewards, especially the one who slagged Alice off, who was made to apologize. However, despite expecting the worse, a jolly night was had by one and all, as things got deep and hot. Good to see Steve refreshed from his hols at her maj's pleasure, and Sarah refreshed from the rigours of child-birth.

Onwards and upwards after to a party in Whitsable. Everyone sitting down stoned listening to a tape; students, eh? So, in went the decks, the music slapped on, and the party rocked, despite small speakers, and everyone bounced up and down so furiously the records were jumping. Half those who had been quietly sitting down left, (why?) but those that stayed, perked up. Cheers to Alex for nipping back to the pub for some much needed lubrication for all us teeth-grinders. Cheers to Oz for small portions all round at roughly 5, when Nick suddenly remembered she had to go to work at 9, and hastily rushed home to bed, only to lie unable to sleep. (why?) Then up at 7 to pick up the sounds and crew before work. Life on the edge, or wot? Nice strawberry Mark?

Pond Life - 12 Nov. got deep n' deeper n' hotter. Ed at the helm. Good to see Kier back in the bosom of his family with his garage stormers. The Whitstable posse well represented, loads of them in fact, with Veronica and Dawn throbbing mightily all night. The care-takers were mistaken for Police by a certain addled 'young lady'. Everyone got on down and just had fun. Someone muttered 'DiY without the Y', but there were appreciative claps at the end. Nick played a nice, mellow set, Alex was missed, too ill with Beijing flu, but Nick S made up for him, enjoying himself for two. Chris, our resident Guardian columnist was seen grinning from ear to ear, probably because his column was coming out the next day!! (Sat. once a month) Later, however tragedy struck, when Martin (seen dancing on the platforms, smiling wildly, and cuddling everyone, earlier (7.30)) was taken to hospital after having his little finger crushed beneath a large bass bin, ouch! He was kept in for a few days, so we hope you're alright Martin, you were missed at Rythm Method. Let's hope the intensity of his light show had nothing to do with it. I still can't see properly.